



# Chosen By Love

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**Category:** Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

**Description:** No question about it, I want her, and I always get what I want. A Persistent CEO Businessman Brett Collins knows what he wants, and he never wanted anything more than his alluring assistant. Rebecca was everything he desired in a woman. A Brokenhearted Woman Rebecca Woods had her heart stomped on years ago by an insensitive jerk who didn't stick around when health problems arose. She has been leery with matters of the heart— until she noticed her boss in a new light. One night of love turns into more. But Rebecca may question if the relationship between her and Brett is happening too fast. The truth is... Nothing can stop fate when chosen by love.

**Total Pages (Source):** 27

# Page 1

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Prologue

Rebecca

Seven Years Earlier

“Rebecca, we need to talk,” Shawn, my boyfriend, said as I entered his apartment.

“Okay, but do I get a kiss first? You’ve been so busy interning at work that we’ve hardly gotten to see one another these past three months.”

“I can’t help it if I’m busy, Rebecca. My dream is to make partner one day at Bates and Montgomery. I thought you realized that,” he said, going over and slumping down on the sofa.

I didn’t miss the fact that he didn’t even take the time to acknowledge my request for a kiss.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about? Oh— before you begin, I forgot to mention that my surgery for fibroid removal is scheduled for next Monday at eight in the morning.”

Shawn’s lips stretched in a tight line. An uneasy feeling began to rise in my belly. “What’s wrong, Shawn?” I asked.

“I could use something to drink. Do you want something?” he asked, getting up from the sofa, not waiting on my reply. Shawn rushed off to the kitchen, and I sat there,

wondering why the hell he was acting like this.

We hadn't seen one another a lot lately. Every time I suggested we get together over the last couple of months, he always said he had a work thing, he was too tired, or he would put me off altogether. We texted much more than we got together, and that wasn't sitting well with me at all. I felt I had been busy at work too, but I made the time for us to be together. I just needed him to make more of an effort.

"Here, I brought you a juice because I know you can't drink alcoholic beverages with the medication you're taking.

"Thank you," I replied as he handed me over my juice, and he took a swig from his open bottle of beer. I sat the juice on the table on a coaster because I wasn't thirsty.

Shawn began pacing back and forth in front of me. The uneasy feeling in me upgraded to full-blown panic.

I had been nervous lately. I went for years with heavy periods, and the pain was something awful. Three months ago, I was diagnosed with Cancerous Myoma. I have muscular tumors growing in the wall of my uterus. I was put on medication to help my pain by my GYN. I was at first told that I would have to have a full hysterectomy. But thank God, my mother talked me into getting a second and third opinion from two other Fibroid Specialists. Both doctors came to the same conclusion, that I could have less invasive surgery and that I could have full fibroid removal without a complete hysterectomy.

I knew that was the best news for my mother and me. She wanted grandchildren in the future, but not so much if it risked my health.

"Shawn come and sit down. You're making me dizzy." I gazed up at him when he paused before taking my advice. He took a seat directly across from me instead of

sitting beside me on the sofa.

I couldn't help but notice how handsome he was. His hair was cut in a low wavy fade, his dark chocolate skin was smooth, free of any blemish, except a tiny scar above his right temple that he received from an accident as a child. His light brown eyes were fringed by the longest eyelashes. His full lips and muscular build would always cause other women to notice him. He was not only good looking, but he always showed me nothing but kindness and respect. I still thought he was the most handsome man alive— because he belonged to me.

“Ah, Rebecca, I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to come out and say it. I think we should have a break. I—”

My heart skipped a beat, my breath caught in my throat, and time seemed to stand still as I sat there. My stomach twisted and turned in knots. This couldn't be happening!

“What? How is this happening?” One hand flew to my chest.

“Don't get upset, Becca... just hear me out, okay?”

I took in a deep breath and expelled it before I spoke again. “Are you breaking up with me? I'm having surgery next week, and you're suddenly breaking up with me today of all days? You have perfect timing, Shawn!” I hopped up from the sofa.

Shawn stood and rushed over to my side. He urged me to sit back down and plopped down beside me. He took my hands in his. I tried to tug them free, but he wouldn't allow it.

“Rebecca, listen to me, please. I just think we need a break. I'm not saying we will never get back together, I just need to focus on my job right now. I—”

“Tell me Shawn, while you’re focusing on your job, will you be dating other people?”

He glanced away, his grip on my hands went slack, and I was able to slip them from his grasp.

“I— I don’t know what I want to do. I’m only twenty-five. We’ve gotten too serious lately. I just think—”

“You’re a liar, Shawn! Ever since I was diagnosed, you changed. I’m not stupid,” I said, standing to my feet. “Why are you doing this to us? I love you...” my voice trailed off as tears dripped down my cheeks.

Shawn stood to his feet and tried to grab my hands again, but I stepped away.

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“Don’t think I don’t care for you, Becca. I do. I just need some space. When I get my head on straight, maybe we could—”

I straightened my spine and stared him in the eyes.

“No! Here’s how this scenario is going to go,” I spoke in a choked, tearful voice. “If you allow me to walk out that door, we will be finished with one another forever. Is that what you want?”

His shoulders raised in a shrug.

More tears burst forth and spilled down my face. Hurt beyond anything I’ve ever felt before tore through my heart. I felt the muscles of my chin quiver, and I bit back words that I could never take back. Instead of spilling angry words from my mouth, I decided that they would only be a waste of my energy. This is what Shawn and my years together amounted to... getting dumped when I needed him the most. Well, good riddance! I didn’t need him, but my head warred with my heart because my heart felt I did.

“Have a good life, Shawn,” I gritted out before turning and running towards the door. I ripped it open and didn’t stop, even as he called me to come back.

\* \* \*

Mom held me in her arms for hours as she listened to me, unburden my heart after I left Shawn that day.

“Honey, you don’t need a man who can’t stick by you through good times as well as the not so good times. Trials through life are what separate the men from the boys. I want you to remember that,” she rubbed soothing circles against my back as I laid my head against her bosom.

I was glad my dad wasn’t around because he would have wanted to pummel the man that hurt me. To my dad, I was always his little girl, even at the age of twenty-four.

My parents, Joe and Faye Woods, were the best parents a daughter could ask for.

“Honey, allow yourself to grieve. You are allowed to for the years you and Shawn had together. But after you have grieved a while, let it go. Don’t close your heart off to meeting your soulmate in the future. One day when you least expect it, he will be standing there, demanding that you open up your heart and let him in.”

“I’m not falling in love again. It hurts too much. I’m just going to focus on getting through this surgery, healing, and living my life.”

“Your father and I will be right by your side all the way. Whatever you need, we will be here for you. Oh, and don’t let me forget about your best friend, Tracee.”

“Thanks, mom. I love you.”

“I love you too, honey,” she said and continued to embrace me in her loving arms.

## Page 3

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1

Brett

The Present

“Mr. Collins, do you need me to do anything else? I already placed your Armani suit in your closet that I picked up from the cleaners earlier today. Everything else is going according to plan.”

Tonight, I’m celebrating the opening of my latest hotel, and I’m hoping to make even bigger connections with the right people who will be attending. I’m thankful that my staff is top notch and this celebration will be a success.

“That will be all, Nate,” I said to my personal butler. Nate has been with me since I was a child. He’s more than an employee. He’s part of my family.

“I’m going to grab a shower and get ready,” I added. Nate nodded as he left the suite in the hotel I was using before I headed downstairs to the ballroom where the celebration was being held.

Once I’m out of the shower, it doesn’t take me much time to dress. I allowed my eyes to take in the freshly pressed suit as I adjust my black tie. Not too bad, I tell myself and brush a hand through my midnight black hair that barely touches the back of my suit collar.

Once I arrived at the bank of elevators, I took the elevator up to the third floor where

the venue is held to catch up with the caterer, of Kate Burton Catering. Collins Corporation has been using Burton Catering services for the last five years.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open. I walked off the elevator, swung a right and strolled down the hallway to the large room. The floor was tiled in beautiful marble, which made my every step echo. Linen covered tables were situated throughout the room. The staff bustled, making preparations ready for the guests. There were exquisite paintings hanging from the vibrant walls, and the domed ceiling rose at least a thousand feet high with crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling.

Everything looked great, according to my specifications.

“Mr. Collins, how are you this evening?” Mrs. Burton spotted me and strolled over with a friendly, professional smile on her lips.

“I’m great! I see that you have everything in hand,” I replied, glancing around the room.

“Yes, you don’t have a thing to worry about, Mr. Collins.”

I nodded, “Your company wouldn’t have been hired otherwise.”

“Thank you for the chance to serve your company needs once again,” Mrs. Burton replied.

I’m a hands-on man, I found that works best if one wanted to succeed in life and business. Success was the name of the game, and I must be successful at all times. Failure was for the weak.

“Would you like a walkthrough?”

“I would appreciate that,” I replied. We strolled over the room and I inspected every table along the way.

“Does everything work for you Mr. Collins?” Mrs. Burton asked.

“You did excellent, as usual, Mrs. Burton. You and your team will be sure to gain a big tip if tonight succeeds according to plan.”

I glanced up and my assistant walked in. I don’t know what it is that made me aware of her presence. Rebecca Woods is my very reliable assistant who has been working with me for the last three years. She’s the only woman that I find myself thinking about in an unprofessional compacity. Time to put on my game face, even if I could feel myself getting hard by the sight of her.

Rebecca Woods is short—she stands only five feet two inches tall, and her curves are enough to stop any red-blooded man in his tracks. A smile forms around her plump lips, as her dark brown eyes meet mine across the room.

Her shoulder length black hair meets her shoulders in a feathery bob. Her dark, sable skin is flawless and makes me want to caress her all over her sexy body.

“Good evening, Mr. Collins. Thank you for sending a driver for me,” Rebecca said, walking up to me.

She looked beautiful in a clingy, black, off the shoulder dress. The fitted waist accentuated her waistline, and the side slit left a decent display of her supple thigh. My eyes trailed down to her black ankle strap heels. Her French pedicured feet even looked pretty. My eyes slowly trailed back up to her beautiful face.

“You’re welcome. I didn’t want you to be driving in case you had a little too much to drink. I—”

“Don’t worry about me drinking too much, Mr. Collins. I realize this is a business event. I will need to keep a clear head if I’m to do my job properly.”

“Rebecca, you work hard. I never have a problem with your job at the office. I’m giving you permission to be carefree and have fun.”

Rebecca’s eyes widen, “I thought this was a working event.”

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“It is for me but not for you...” Rebecca blushes, and I continue, “I want you to eat, drink, and drink some more.” I hoped that my assistant would follow my suggestion. I would love to see her let loose—just once.

“I don’t know Mr. Collins,” she admitted, “I’m not a big drinker, and I don’t want to make a fool of myself,” Rebecca let out a shaky laugh.

“I won’t let you,” I promised. “So have fun, boss’s orders.”

Damn if I didn’t want to strip my assistant. I wondered what color underwear she had on, or if she had any on at all.

“You look beautiful. I hope you will save me a dance later,” I said, my eyes taking in the rounded neckline of her dress. Her voluptuous breasts displayed a plush cleavage. Rebecca’s dark brown eyes enlarged even further when our glances met again. My cock grew harder when the tip of her pink tongue swiped against her glossed lips.

Shit, I would scare Rebecca away if she had any idea what she did to me. She’s seduction personified. I grimace inwardly as my erection stretched uncomfortably against my zippered slacks.

“Since it’s boss’s orders, I will do as ordered.” I noticed a look of shyness enter her eyes as she looked down at her feet. “People have started arriving, so I’ll talk with you later,” I said before taking Rebecca’s hand in mine to give it an assuring squeeze before walking away.

Damn, I’m going to be balls deep in her pussy if that’s the last thing I do, I told myself

as I made my way across the room to network.

\* \* \*

Rebecca

Oh my God! What was wrong with me? I glanced at myself in the bathroom mirror. I almost came from gazing into my boss's charismatic green eyes.

I splash cool water against my flushed cheeks. Thank God I was as dark as I was or Brett would have known that I was blushing.

"Hey Rebecca," a coworker greeted me, walking out of the bathroom stall.

"Hi Macy, how have you been?"

"We are busy as ever in the accounting department. How are you?"

"I'm great. Thanks for asking."

"You know all the single women at work are jealous of you, right?"

"Jealous of me, why?" I asked in surprise.

"You get to work directly under Brett Collins. You hold the coveted assistant position. A lot of those women would kill to be able to see him every day. Not me though—I'm happily married," she laughed and held up her hand to display her wedding band set.

"Oh! I do realize how lucky I am to be employed at Collins Corporation as Mr. Collins' assistant. He's been nothing but fair in the years I've been working for him.

No one has any reason to be jealous of me. I just come in, do my job, and go home. Nothing more.”

“If there was more, it’s nobody’s business but yours. Let’s go get a drink and mingle. I’m sure dinner will be served soon,” Macy suggested, and I followed her out the bathroom, after she refreshed her lipstick.

The night was winding down by the time my boss found me again. I was sipping on my fourth martini of the night, and I was feeling every bit of the alcoholic beverage.

“Are you ready for our dance?” The rich baritone of his voice settled over me in a warm and fuzzy way.

“Yes, Mr. Collins,” I replied, softly setting my glass on the bar.

“We are not at the office. Brett will do for now,” he instructed me.

“Okay, Brett,” I said, placing my hand in his as he led me to the dance floor.

I felt like I was in a dream when he took me into his arms. For a moment, I closed my eyes and relished in the sexy woodsy scent of his cologne.

Brett and my body moved at harmony with the music. His arms at first were held loosely around my waist but now they tightened, bringing our bodies completely together. My heart beat rapidly against my chest, and my nipples budded to twin peaks beneath my dress. I took in a shuddering breath in embarrassment. I’m sure Brett could feel the hardness of my nipples, even through his suit jacket.

One slow song ended and another began. Every moment, every twist and turn of our bodies brought us intimately together as if we were familiar lovers. My panties became saturated with the desire Brett’s body, his smell, was causing inside of me.

This can't be. He's my boss for Christ sakes. Nothing would make me step from his arms, not even if I would regret it in the morning. I had my earlier drinks to thank for the liquid courage.

"Rebecca," Brett's gruff voice whispered near my ear. I shuddered once again. "I've already networked enough for tonight. Would you like to get out of here?"

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Brett squeezed my waist slightly before pulling away and glancing down into my face. A small grin flitted against his sexy lips.

“Yes,” I replied with a nod.

“Let me have a few words with the event planner. Meet me out front. My driver is already waiting,” he said before walking away.

I turned and made my way out the building. What had I done with agreeing to share a ride with my boss in my condition? I was asking for trouble, but somehow, I couldn’t find it in me to regret my decision. Not one iota.

The ride to my apartment passed too quick. Brett kept the conversation for the short twenty-minute drive going, asking me questions on my likes and dislikes. He knew I loved chocolate ice cream, and I mostly ate it in great supply when I was worried about something. I even told him I was a big romance junkie, and that I wasn’t a great exercise enthusiast even though I should be to combat my chunkiness.

I couldn’t help but to smile from the inside out when Brett said that I was beautiful all over. He told me that he loved sports, and even picked up a game of basketball with his friends whenever he had the spare time. Otherwise, he kept in shape in his home gym since that was the most convenient option for him because of his work schedule.

“So this is you?” Brett asked when the driver stopped outside my brown, brick two-bedroom home.

“Yes,” I nodded, hating that our time together was ending this soon. The twin

spotlights lit a path to my front door from the curb where we parked.

My house was on the small size but it was located in a peaceful, quaint neighborhood just outside of Atlanta Georgia. The one floor, carpeted home was comfortable, and just the right size for a single woman living alone.

The plus side was that my parents only lived about thirty minutes away. I could visit them or they could visit me anytime they wanted. We had dinner together at least once a week, and I looked forward to mom's cooking. In my book, she was the greatest cook in the world.

"Stay put Hendricks," Brett told his driver when he started from the vehicle.

The driver nodded and turned to give me a friendly smile.

"Have a good night, Miss Woods."

"Thank you for the ride home and you have a good night too," I replied as Brett opened the door. I slid across the seat and exited.

Hendricks nodded and faced front once again.

"Thank you also," I replied as Brett placed his hand at the small of my back and walked me up the short walkway to my front door.

"No problem. You have a charming home," Brett said.

"Thank you," I smiled because I really did adore my little house.

"Rebecca," Brett stopped me when I lifted my key from my handbag, just as I got ready to insert it in the door.

“What?” I asked, turning to face him under the porch’s light.

I gasped when I glanced up into my handsome boss’ face. The smothering look in his eyes caused my heart to beat erratically against my chest.

“I’m going to do something to you that I have wanted to do for a long time.”

“What’s that?” I asked so softly I’m surprised he heard me.

“I’m going to kiss you. If you don’t want that to happen, stop me now,” he warned as he drew closer.

“Do it,” I surprised myself by not hesitating. Instead, I wish so hard that he hurries. I wanted to confess that I was drawn to him from the moment I was hired and introduced to him as his assistant. My long-time crush had developed into a full-blown need.

Brett placed a finger under my chin as his warm lips met mine. “Open for me,” he muttered against my lips. My mouth opened and his tongue slipped inside. I let out a shallow breath of pleasure when our tongues began to tangle and explore.

Brett’s hands slid up to cup my face as the kiss went from gentle to intense and fiery. My hands worked their way up and around his neck.

Suddenly, Brett ended the kiss. “Thank you for making my dream come true,” he said, putting a little space between us. “I want to take you out to dinner on Saturday night.”

“Okay,” I nodded and smiled. Saturday night was tomorrow night. I silently rejoiced that he wanted to take me out on a date this weekend.

“Does seven o’clock work for you?”

I nodded my agreement once again.

“Goodnight Rebecca,” Brett reached for the key in my hand, and opened the door for me. He placed the key in my hand before urging me inside.

Speechless, I stepped inside and closed and locked the door behind me before setting the alarm.

I felt as if I was floating on air. The truth was that I was a thirty-one-year-old, and I craved my boss with a passion. I smiled because it seemed my boss desired me too.

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2

Rebecca

“What are you smiling about?” my friend Tracee asked as she settled down at the table in the Coffee Shop that we frequented on the weekend or sometimes before work.

“I wasn’t smiling,” I fibbed, trying to control the smile on my lips since my boss kissed me last night.

“Stop it. How long have we known one another Becca?”

“Since third grade,” I admitted. “Drink the coffee and eat your cream cheese bagel that I ordered you,” I said, trying to buy some time.

“Well tell me—did you win the lottery? Don’t hold out on your girl,” Tracee said, taking a big bite out of her bagel.

It was true. Tracee knew me as well as herself. I could count on her to dig until she knew the details.

“My boss Brett Collins asked me out on a date.”

“What? When did this happen?” Tracee’s voice grew loud with surprise.

“Lower your voice! I don’t want the entire coffee shop to know my business.”

“Oh sorry,” Tracee instantly replied in a softer tone. “I want to know everything. You know I’m happy for you. I know how long you’ve been in love with your boss.”

“Who said I loved him? I have never gone on a date with the man—so how did love to come in to play? Don’t answer that,” I said just as my friend got ready to reply.

“Well get on with giving me the info.” Tracee took a sip from her coffee cup.

I expelled a breath before launching into my boss giving me a ride home last night. I even told her about our kiss.

“Oh my God, Becca. He even kissed you too? How was it? I know it was good because that white man is hot!”

“Don’t let your husband hear you say that,” I warned.

“Paul isn’t the jealous type. He already knows where my loyalties lie. Now you have to admit, any woman would be blind not to see how attractive Brett Collins is.”

I laughed. “You got me there.”

I thought about my best friend’s marriage to her high school sweetheart. They got married straight after college. They had been married for almost eleven years. I could never think about Tracee without thinking about Paul Smith. I thought it was so romantic to be able to marry your first and only love—unlike me.

“Becca, I don’t mean to bring up the bad time in your life, but I’m glad to finally see you interested in someone else. Seven years has been a long time for you to close out your heart. Shawn was a dick for leaving you at the time you needed him the most. You were sick for God’s sake. I know he was only twenty-five at the time but you two had been together for four years, you know.”

My shoulders slumped from the words that my friend said. I glanced down at my half-eaten bagel and let out a long breath. I didn't want to think of the surgical procedure when I had to have a complete removal of cancerous fibroids from my uterus, or the extensive uterine reconstruction surgery I had to go through to achieve removing my fibroids without having to have a hysterectomy. "Shawn left me because he thought I would never be able to have children in the future, even though the doctor told me otherwise."

"Shawn just wanted a way out. He used your situation to make his exit."

"Well the last time I heard; he was married with two little boys living out his dream. Who was I to stand in the way of his happiness, right?" I replied.

"You never dated anyone since, Rebecca. No matter how many men Paul or I tried to set you up with, you always found some excuse not to go. All I'm saying is that what Shawn did to you happened seven years ago, and if you're going to taste the goodness of love, you have to realize that now is the chance to grab hold to love. Not every man is Shawn. Take advantage of what you've gotten because you and I know that life is short, and we can't take it for granted."

I know Tracee was right. But could I really let go of my past pains and doubts? That question and more warred across my mind.

"What are you going to wear for your date tonight?" Tracee's voice drew me from my thoughts.

"I have no idea! I forgot to ask Brett where we were going. What was I thinking?"

"Would you like another refill?" the waitress asked, cutting off a reply.

"I would," Tracee replied, but I shook my head no. One cup of caffeine in the

morning was my limit.

I exhaled, glad to change the subject and tone of our conversation. Talking about of Shawn was not something I relished bringing up... now or in the future. I already have a scar on my lower abdomen to remind me of that painful time in my life.

3

Brett

I placed my hand at the small of Rebecca's back as we entered the Royal Fez.

"Good evening, Mr. Collins and welcome to the Royal Fez," the hostess greeted us extending a friendly smile to include Rebecca as well. "How are you this evening?"

"Everything is terrific," I grinned, looking at the beautiful woman by my side.

"I see you have a reservation for two," the hostess said glancing down at her minicomputer. "Your table is ready, Mr. Collins, you and your date can follow me. We can set you up with our shrimp appetizer tray with Avocado and Tomato or an ice-cold beer, the Pabst's Dark is one of my favorites!" she said cheerily as she led us through the hallway.

The floral scent of Rebecca's perfume flirted with my nostrils as we made our way to our reserved table. Once we were seated, the hostess placed two black and white menus on the table before us.

"Would you like a beer or wine to go with the appetizer?" I asked Rebecca.

"I'll take a white wine please," she replied.

"One white wine, and a beer," I told the hostess.

“Your server will be here with your appetizers, and to take your order in a moment,” she said before smiling and walking away.

“How was your day?” I asked Rebecca once our drinks and appetizer was served. Our main entrée would be out in twenty minutes.

“My day was good. I spent some time with my friend Tracee.” A smile tugged at her plump lips as she spoke. “How was your day?”

“It was good, and getting better by the moment,” my eyes delve into her brown orbs. “I went for a jog this morning, spent the rest of the afternoon going over some contracts in my home office.”

“Do you always work through your entire weekend?” Rebecca asked.

My mouth broadens in a grin. “Not always. I’m with you tonight so that constitutes as me not working.”

“You’re right,” Rebecca laughed.

“I think you will soon learn that I’m mostly always right.”

Rebecca’s laughter bubbled over from my words. The sound of her laughter caused something inside me to soften. Why the hell hadn’t I stepped up and asked her out before now?

I knew the answer to that... It’s because I don’t date. The women I surrounded myself with knew the score. We had like minds on matters of the heart. Lately I’ve felt empty. I craved more, and whenever I’m around my assistant I want her, and not just for one night. Rebecca makes me live in expectation. Her beautiful face around the office makes all kind of emotions explode inside me. I know I’ve never told her about

my feelings, but maybe it's time. Maybe it's time to let her know that I've been secretly falling for her for a while now. My heart has finally chosen who to love.

"You're so beautiful Rebecca," the words just spilled from my lips.

Her eyes probed into mine. A look of uncertainty flickered across her face.

"Thank you. You're very handsome yourself," she replied with a softness to her tone.

The server took that moment to bring our meals. Rebecca ordered the surf and turf, and I ordered the prime rib entrée, and a bottle of wine for us to share.

"Mm, this is so good," Rebecca moaned and my cock hardened. I became mesmerized as she licked the butter of the lobster she just ate from her lips.

I wished it was me that she was licking.

"Do you come here a lot? I noticed the hostess knew your name when we walked in."

"I come here quite often. Mostly on business, but sometimes I bring dates here," I admitted honestly.

"Oh," Rebecca said and her smile fell from her lips. She glanced back down at her plate and twirled her food around with her fork.

It seemed like the light from the chandeliers had dimmed when Rebecca's smile disappeared. Damn it! I didn't mean to make her upset. I just needed her to know I wasn't perfect, but I would never do anything to disrespect her in any way.

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“Rebecca look at me.”

Slowly, her head rose and her gaze met mine. “Do you have a boyfriend?”

A frown creased her brows as she spoke. “No. Why do—”

“That’s good to know,” I cut her off, feeling elated. Not that I would have let that stop me if she did. As long as she wasn’t married, that made her available. “I don’t have a girlfriend either,” I said.

“I think you have girlfriends,” Rebecca muttered, but then her eyes widened and she slapped a hand over her mouth. “I’m sorry! I had no right to say such a thing. I—”

“You’re right. I had lady associates in the past. That’s not me anymore. I want something real. I’m thirty-seven years old, and it’s time for me to settle down. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Ahh—”

“I want to date you Rebecca. I don’t want there to be any misconception about my meaning. Tell me that you want the same.”

“Oh my God, are you for real?”

“Do you think that I play around with matters of the heart?”

“No,” she shook her head and took a deep gulp from her wine glass. “I’m just

surprised. I never thought that my boss would ask to date me. You never acted like you thought of me as anything but your employee.”

“I’m great at masking my feelings inside and outside of the boardroom. Do you want dessert or are you finished eating?”

“I’m stuffed,” Rebecca replied.

“Good. This place has a lounge with a dance floor. Do you want to dance?”

“Yes, that sounds fun.”

I signaled for the waiter, took care of the bill, and gave a generous tip. “Let’s go,” I pushed back from the table and stood. I held out my hand to help Rebecca up from her chair.

“Have a great evening,” the hostess called out to us as we made our way past her and to the connecting Lounge area.

We entered the darkly lit room with flashing multicolored lights throughout.

The dance floor was large and already had a smattering of couples already dancing to the slow music. I slipped my arm around Rebecca and drew her in my arms.

Our bodies meld together in warmth as she places her head against my chest. I inhaled the sweet scent of her perfume. I could get used to having her in my arms, and I could luxuriate in her scent for hours on end.

I would be lying if I said I didn’t think about making love to Rebecca. My head told me to take things slow, but my body urged me to take her and make her mine. It wasn’t like we were strangers. The plus side was we are both grown and single. We

wouldn't be hurting anyone if we did make love.

I pull Rebecca's body closer to me. My hand touched her softly in circular motions against her back.

How much longer could I stand being this close to her with her sweet tantalizing scent teasing me?

Suddenly, the music changed over into a faster tempo. Rebecca stepped away from me but I tugged her back close to me.

"I like this song, don't you?" I asked as No Guidance by Chris Brown featuring Drake piped through the surround sound speakers.

"I like it too!" Rebecca grinned as I leaned down to capture her words.

I grinned, took her hand and spun her around with her back plastered to my front. I looped my arm around her waist winding and grinding our bodies to the beat.

Rebecca followed my lead as we moved on one accord.

\* \* \*

Rebecca

## Page 9

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Damn, I had no idea that Brett had moves like these. I loved to dance even though I didn't do it regularly like I did in my years at Georgia State.

I closed my eyes and breathed in his woodsy citrusy scent. I could feel the impressive length of Brett's hardness at the indent of my back. His tall muscular physique had my panties saturated by this point. I secretly craved to be laying horizontal beneath him, or on top. It made no difference—I just desired him to be inside of me. It had been too long since I had any sexual contact with a man. One man—the only man I ever been with had been my ex. I had closed myself off to any sexual cravings after Shawn walked away from me, and after my surgery.

Now, Brett has awakened a sexual energy inside of me that I'm ready to explore again. Suddenly, Brett turns me to face him jerking me out of my thoughts.

"You dance beautifully," he whispered near my ear. The brush of his warm breath made me shudder.

"Thank you, but I didn't know you could groove like this," I replied loud enough for him to hear me.

Brett chuckled. "You didn't think a white boy had rhythm, huh?"

"No," I shook my head quickly in denial. It's just—" I started to say, but I stopped when I felt Brett's chest vibrating with deep laughter.

"I'm just teasing you sweetheart. I have some Latin blood, and dancing has always come easy to me."

I nodded and smiled. We continued dancing closely together. I relish in the hardness of his body against mine. The song comes to an end, and another starts up.

“Are you thirsty?” Brett asked me.

“Yes,” I replied, and he took my hand in his and led me to the bar area.

“What do you want to drink?” he asked once we were settled at the bar.

“I’ll take a margarita,” I answered.

Brett caught the bartender’s attention and gave him our order.

“Give my lady a margarita, and a beer for me,” Brett said.

Brett paid for our drinks when the bartender placed them before us.

“Are you enjoying our date?” Brett asked.

“Yes, I’m enjoying it very much. Are you?”

“This is the best fun I’ve had in ages and it’s all because of you,” Brett grinned, and took a long swig of his beer. “I feel carefree around you. That’s the honest truth.”

Emotions soared in my heart. His green gaze held a look of intensity. Something wild, and deep simmered in his hot gaze. Was I ready for whatever he had hidden there? Could I handle being around him in the office on a professional level if something intimate happened between us?

“Tonight is Saturday, and you don’t have work tomorrow. Would you like to get out of here and stop by my home for a drink?”

I held my breath in stunned silence but only for a second. “Yes, I would love that,” I replied.

The truth was I was tired of being alone. It’s been so long that I’ve almost forgotten what it felt like to be in a man’s arms intimately—I’ve forgotten the anticipation until now. I was tired of wanting and living in the past.

“Great,” Brett replied. “Let’s go.”

Before long, we were in Brett’s Mercedes Benz heading down the dark highway. We arrived at his home within thirty minutes.

“You have a lovely home,” I said once we were inside. Do you live here alone?”

“I have staff but most go home for the evening. My butler, Nate, lives in the guest house.”

“Wow it must be nice,” I barely got the words out before Brett had me in his arms.

This is what I secretly wanted. All night I felt like I wanted to combust just from the way he looked at me, and whenever he touched me, no matter how innocent it was, I just wanted to explode.

I stand still and a breath escaped my lips as his green gaze plunged into mine. I want Brett to kiss me and do so much more. I want him to own my body as if it were his.

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“I have been waiting to do this all damn night. Tell me to stop now, and I won’t take things any further. Tell me to take you home, and we can turn around and walk out this door right now. The decision is yours, sweetheart. No hard feelings and I will respect your wishes.”

“Kiss me,” I barely got out before Brett’s mouth slammed onto mine.

Currents of pleasure sizzled through my body, my mouth opened and his tongue slid inside to tangle with mine. I grabbed the front of his shirt as the kiss deepened.

“Fuck! I want you, Rebecca. I want to be gentle for our first time together but I don’t know—”

“I don’t care. I just want you, Brett,” I said when he pulled away. Both of our breaths were coming out in pants.

Brett’s eyes delved into mine for a moment before he placed both palms against either side of my face, lips capturing mine once again in a heated kiss. The taste of his warm kisses are like an aphrodisiac and makes me more drunk than an alcoholic beverage ever could.

Desire burned its way through my frame hardening my nipples and made wetness settle in my core.

I moan when Brett’s hands move to my hair. His long nimble fingers massaged my scalp. His kiss deepens and I whine my pleasure into his mouth as his hands left my face to begin exploring over my body. My hands began to travel over his chest, and to

the rigid muscles of his forearms.

Beneath the businessman and his suit and ties is a man of steel.

Brett hands cup my rounded bottom and pulled me closer. I want to be naked with no clothes between us, but I don't voice my thoughts aloud. I have never felt this forceful sexual need before—not even with Shawn all those years ago.

My fingers find their way up to his hair to graze the nape of his neck and sift through the electric strands of his hair.

“Let's take this upstairs to the bedroom,” Brett grunts as he stepped away from me. He took my hand in his and led me up a long spiral staircase that I thought would never end. “My bedroom is at the end of the hall,” he added once we made it to the second floor.

Once inside his enormous bedroom that looked more like a hotel suite, Brett turned to me and spun me around to ease the zipper of my dress down. The dress slid from my shoulders, and he pushed it down my waistline until it pooled around my feet. I step out of the dress and stand there in my lace black bra and panties as Brett takes in my body. Suddenly I remembered the scar on my abdomen and become self-conscious of all my body imperfections.

“Get out your head Rebecca, and live in the moment,” Brett said as if reading my mind. “You are beautiful—every ebony inch of you.”

“I'm sorry. It has been so long since I have been with anyone. I think I have forgotten how to—” a nervous giggle escaped my mouth. I forget what I was going to say when I felt the brush of Brett's hand against my breast.

“Tonight it's just you and me. No one else from our past matters. Think of it this way,

this is my first time being with the woman I dreamed about repeatedly. You are my fantasy Rebecca Woods.”

My gaze searched Brett’s eyes to see if he was lying. But all I observed was a look of sincerity in the depth of his green gaze.

“You have on too many clothes,” I said, reaching for the back of my bra hook. Once the bra was free of its closure, I released it, letting it fall to the floor.

“Shit! You’re beautiful,” Brett muttered as he stared at my size 36 D cup breasts.

He wastes no time getting off his clothes, and my gaze take in every delicious inch of him. My gaze pauses at his prominent erection that jutted out from his hips. He has to be at least nine inches in length with plenty of girth.

“I’ll be gentle, I promise,” Brett’s voice brought my gaze to his handsome face.

“I’m not worried,” I assured Brett as he grabbed my waistline and walked me backwards to the bed. I kicked off my heels along the way.

“You’re so damn sexy,” he murmured against my ear.

I didn’t view myself as sexy, but who was I to complain? On the other hand, Brett was too hot for his own good, but I didn’t voice my thoughts aloud.

“I want you so bad,” he said.

“I want you too, Brett.”

Brett was the epitome of my fantasies. He took his time, placing soft kisses all over my body.

I stiffened as he kissed his way down my pudgy belly. “Where did this come from?” he asked, tracing the scar on my lower stomach area.

Whelp, this was it. I needed to tell him the truth. Maybe Brett would be just as turned off by my previous health issues as Shawn. I guess it would be best to find out now rather than later.

“I had surgery because I had cancerous fibroids about six years ago.”

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“Are you healthy now?” Brett asked as he continued to trace the outline of my scar.

“Yes,” I said slowly.

Brett kissed my scar once more, then traced it with his tongue before lifting his gaze to mine. “Thank God!” he replied as his green stare delved into mine.

He kissed his way back up to my mouth. His tongue began to swirl with mine when I let out a relieved sigh. Brett’s hands roved over my back as our kiss deepened. I placed my hands on his shoulders as his hand began to move around and up to my breasts. I sucked in a breath when he tweaked a pebbled nipple between his fingers. Brett took the other nipple into the warm cavity of his mouth and laved it with his tongue. Pleasure ricochet through my body and settled in my core.

A whine escaped my mouth as his tongue circled my nipple, and I let out another moan when his teeth bit down. My nails dug into his muscular shoulders.

Brett’s mouth abruptly left my breast, and he trailed hot kisses against my neck. I placed one hand on the vast expanse of his chest, the other in his hair to grip his silken strands.

Brett lifted his head and planted his mouth against mine once again. The low rumble of grunts emerged from his throat. Every nerve in my body is tuned into this man. I loved the way he kissed me.

“Rebecca,” Brett’s deep, sexy voice caused me to tremble as he muttered my name in my ear, and his hand slipped between my thighs. His fingers swept against the

opening of my slick folds, and his finger began to fiddle with my clit. I moaned and grabbed his muscular forearms.

I knew it wouldn't be long before I lost control when Brett slid a finger inside my wet aching core. I closed my eyes, and a long breath escaped. He added another finger inside my wetness, and I wailed.

"Do you like that?" Brett asked as he sucked my earlobe into the warmth of his mouth.

"Oh my, yes!" I answered, panting.

Brett's manipulations were causing havoc in my body. It had been so long since I experienced this kind of pleasure. Self-pleasuring paled in comparison to what Brett was making me feel.

"Your body belongs to me," Brett grunted.

"Yes!" I immediately replied.

Brett started to move his nimble fingers in and out of my slickness, my entire body is on the precipice of exploding. My heart hammered incessantly against my chest. My pussy pulsed and my hips rose up and down off the bed. My mouth opened, letting out a loud moan as my orgasm rose, and splintered into combustible pleasure.

"That's it, baby, cum for me." Brett's fingers delve deeper, another sudden swell of pleasure overcame me, and I let out a cry of satisfaction. Brett's lips crashed against mine, I kissed him back, finding great delight in his fiery kisses.

Finally, Brett's fingers abandoned me, I whimpered out a protest.

“We are just getting started,” Brett assured me.

I moaned when his finger brushed against my clit. Our kiss deepened, and then he pulled away to trail heated kisses up my neckline.

“Fuck, let me grab a condom,” he said.

I watched him cover his impressive length. My pussy quivered with the anticipation of feeling his cock deep inside me. Brett came back and bowed over me. The tip of his erection touched against the inside of my upper thigh as he placed himself against my core.

“Brett!” I moaned his name.

“Are you ready for me, sweetheart?” he asked as his fiery green stare landed on my face.

“Oh God, yes.”

“I’m ready for you, too,” he grunted. “I’ve been ready for this—for so long.”

“Me too,” I admitted softly.

“Shit!” Brett muttered as his lips slammed down on mine, and then Brett started to push himself inside my slick heat. I was surprised by the pinching pain as the tip of his shaft slid in deeper, and I gasped.

“Am I hurting you?” Brett asked, stopping his movement.

“No, just keep going.”

“Rebecca, I don’t want to hurt you. I can go slower if you need me to.”

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“No, it has been a long time since I did this,” I said, drawing a deep breath.

“Alright,” Brett nodded and placed a soft kiss against my lips before pressing home. For a moment, Brett paused movement, and then he grabbed one thigh and lifted it higher around his waist. He started to thrust inside me. His slow thrusts gave way to longer, faster, and deeper thrusts. The sound of Brett’s grunts turned me on.

I sighed and relinquished all other thoughts as Brett filled me up and made me his.

“Is this my pussy?” Brett grunted.

“Yes, this is your pussy,” I whispered.

“Look at me and say my name,” he demanded.

I slowly opened my eyes; Brett’s green eyes are filled with heat as he continued to ram into me.

“Brett!” I called out his name, and his nostrils flared as he picked up speed.

Brett pressed my leg higher against his shoulder, going even deeper. I gripped his forearms and held on as my pleasure grew to higher proportions.

I couldn’t keep my eyes open when he angled and hit my spot. I let out a moan as his cock hit that sensitive spot over and over again.

“I’m going to cum,” I panted.

Brett's rumbling grunts filled the air with my moans.

"Cum for me," his hoarse, deep voice commanded.

Brett picked up speed as he pounded into me, my body ignited into fiery flames as I orgasmed against his latex covered shaft.

Brett kept on plunging into my wet core.

"Fuck—fuck—fuckkkkkk!" Brett thundered, as he kept pushing into me. His lips crashed down on mine, and then I felt his dick pulsing and throbbing out his release.

Moments passed before Brett slowly broke away from our kiss.

"I think I could love you for the rest of my life," he said before slowly pulling out of me. "Be right back," he said, getting off the bed to go dispose of the condom.

I lie there shocked from his words, but a smile formed on my lips.

Soon, Brett returned and pressed his lips to mine, then he gathered me in his arms, my head planted against his chest. I closed my eyes and relished in his embrace.

And just before sleep claimed me, I whispered, "I think I could love you forever too."

4

Brett

Two Weeks Later

I glanced across the boardroom for what felt like the hundredth time, and my gaze honed in on Rebecca. God! Rebecca was the epitome of beauty, and I couldn't seem to tear my gaze away from her.

I remembered waking up the next morning after our first sexual encounter two weeks ago, surrounded by the enticing scent of Rebecca and knowing that this was what I wanted to wake up to for the rest of my life.

I had woken her up, my cock hard, swollen, and ready. I pulled her in my arms and made love to her all over again. The thought of Rebecca's beautiful face, her scent, and her taste consumed me. The way Rebecca's plump lips formed into a smile, and her soft sensual moans beneath me when I fucked her had me wanting to lay her nude body on the conference table and slam my cock into her wet heat. I could imagine her cries as she came for me, her core tightening around my hardness until I splashed her pulsing walls with my hot seed.

Fuck... fuck... fuckkk. I was truly screwed.

I had been wining and dining her for two weeks now. I couldn't believe how fast my feelings were escalating for her.

I wasn't usually the type of man who got caught up with a beautiful woman. As CEO of Collins Corporation, I had specific responsibilities and needed to keep my head in the game.

The entire affair was highly unusual for me. In the past, I had never dated one woman long enough to have these kinds of feelings. But in this instance, my heart chose to run renegade, and I seemed to not have a say on whom I chose to love or fuck. Rebecca has surely ruined me from ever wanting another woman. My days as Brett Collins, the extraordinary player, were a thing of the past.

Rebecca's fingers flew across her laptop as she took notes. The same notes she will email me later. My cock hardened when the tip of her pink tongue swiped against her bottom lip.

My left brow lifted; I became sexually intrigued. I wondered what her hot mouth would feel like around my cock. Rebecca took that moment to glance my way again as her fingers paused over the keyboard.

My eyes hungrily raked over her flushed face. Yes, Rebecca was as sexually aware of me as I was of her. The energy in the room was palpable. I tore my gaze away, for I should be concentrating on the business the head of Marketing was discussing.

Fuck, it's not like Rebecca was the first attractive woman I had to manage in a professional setting, and, usually, I handled them with a far, level head. This meeting is not the place for me to want to ram my cock down my lovely assistant's throat.

"Mr. Collins, what do you think? Mr. Collins—" I finally realized that Peters was calling my name.

Just splendid Collins. Get your head in the game, I chastised myself.

“I’m sorry, can you repeat your question, Peters?” I asked, tearing my gaze away from Rebecca, who sent me a small smile just before I gave the head of Marketing my undivided attention.

I breathed a sigh of relief once the meeting was over. The grin that started to form around my lips disappeared when I noticed Elliot Clement, who was part of the finance department, cozying up to Rebecca.

My Rebecca.

Rebecca laughed softly at something he said. I noticed the way Elliot touched Rebecca’s arm as they chatted.

My spine stiffened. An emotion, unlike any I have felt before rose up in me. The feeling scraped almost painfully at the pit of my stomach.

Rebecca swept a stray thick strand of her wavy black hair behind her ear. She wore it down today, it framed her face, and her dark brown skin glowed along with her pearly white smile.

Elliot was in my woman’s fucking face, and I didn’t like it one iota. Rebecca’s dark brown gaze took that moment to meet mine, the smile on her thick glossed painted lips instantly melted.

She must have noticed the frown on my face. There were a few things I didn’t tolerate when a woman belonged to me. One was, I didn’t share, and another was I wanted to kill Elliot if he kept touching my fucking woman.

Rebecca turned to Elliot and said something and then gathered her laptop to make her way out of the conference room. I only exhaled when she was far away from Elliot. Little did she know, she had saved me from doing something I would have later

undoubtedly regretted.

Later that afternoon in my office, my personal mobile phone went off.

Kevin Duncan, the caller ID displayed. I grinned, seeing that it was an old friend of mine from University.

“Kevin,” I answered.

“Hey, dude,” Kevin replied.

I leaned forward in my seat. “What’s up?”

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“I’ve been scouting some property out west. You wanted me to let you know if I ran into any prime real estate. Well, I did. It’s around a hundred acres. But the thing is—”

“Who owns the land?” I asked, cutting Kevin off.

Kevin rattled off the information without missing a beat.

“Thanks for the heads up, man,” I said after Kevin and I had caught up for a bit. While we were talking, I had emailed Rebecca all the pertinent information. Ending the call, I buzzed for Rebecca to come into my office.

“Did you contact Ocean Front Realtors?”

“Yes,” Rebecca answered, walking into my office.

I stood as she took a seat in front of my desk. Leaning against the office desk, I planted my gaze on my sexy assistant.

“The offer for the property is \$22.5 million. The realtor won’t take a penny less.”

“Great,” I smirked. “Get the finance department and the lawyers on it ASAP,” I replied, loosening my tie from around my neck.

Damn it, Rebecca looked sexy as fuck sitting there in a black knee-length shift dress with a scooped neckline. Only a hint of her voluptuous boobs were on display, but I knew the fullness and how soft they were from memory.

“Alright, I’ll get right on it, sir,” Rebecca said with professionalism.

I cleared my throat. “I’m Brett when we are alone, remember?” I arched a brow as I stared into her dark brown gaze.

Rebecca crossed her legs, her gaze remaining on mine. Slowly my eyes trailed down to her thick brown thighs, and my shaft hardens instantly.

“Sorry about that, Brett,” she gave me a sweet smile when I lifted my gaze back to her face.

I stood and walked over to the door to lock it. Even though no one ever dared enter unless I had summoned them beforehand.

“Wha—what are you doing?” Rebecca asked as I returned to stand before her.

I grinned, taking the folder from her hand to place it on my desk before pulling her to her feet. In one fluid motion, my mouth slammed down onto hers.

“I need to make love to you, sweetheart. I don’t want to go a day without being inside you. Can I have this sweet pussy baby?” I grunted, easing one hand under her dress to cup her mound.

Nodding, Rebecca, gave me a glazed stare.

“I need words, sweetheart.”

“Yes!” Rebecca whispered; her voice thick with desire.

I didn’t waste time turning her to face the desk.

“Bend over and plant your hand on the desk.”

Rebecca did as I ordered. I lifted her dress over to reveal the rounded globes of her ass cheeks. I bent and placed a soft kiss on each soft cheek before tugging her red bikini panties down to puddle on the floor.

The zipper broke the silence in the room as I slid it down to release my hard cock. “Sweetheart, I’m clean. Do I need a condom?”

“I’m on the pill to regulate my menstrual cycle. I’m clean, too,” Rebecca replied, glancing at me over her shoulder.

“Good,” I grated out between clenched teeth. I had dreamed of going into her bare without anything separating us. I grew harder at the thought.

“I need you, Brett,” Rebecca said and nibbled on her plump bottom lip.

Something inside me switched when I saw the needy look in her eyes. I placed my erection at her wet entrance and slid home in one thrust.

“Oh!” Rebecca moaned, and she allowed her head to fall forward on the desk.

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I bent, wrapping my arm around her waist and placed a kiss at her neckline. I slammed into her slick heat repeatedly.

I wanted—no, I needed to see Rebecca’s face when she came. I desired to kiss plump lips until we got lost in our own sexual haze.

I pulled out of her and helped her step out of her bikini panties. Then I placed her on the edge of the desk. Rebecca’s thighs parted to accept me into her wet core. She wrapped her arms around my muscular back, and I wrapped my arms around the small of her back and shoved into her hot pussy.

I needed her; unlike I had needed any other woman. My mouth captured hers, and I slid my tongue along hers. Our breathing became in sync as the rhythm of our hips became a dance of love.

Rebecca moaned into my mouth, and I grunted my pleasure into hers. Pulling my mouth away, I growled, “Do you know what you do to me?”

Shaking her head from left to right, Rebecca looped her arms around my neck, bringing my mouth back to hers. I let out a guttural sound from deep within my throat as our kiss intensified.

“Shit!” I muttered against her lips as my strokes picked up speed.

The friction from our body heat was igniting a fire that would come to an explosion soon.

“Cum for me,” I demanded.

“Mm, I’m cumming!” Rebecca wailed as her body shuddered. I pressed a finger between our bodies to fiddle her clit to add to the sensation.

“Yes. That feels so good!” Rebecca cried out in abandon.

“You’re so fucking hot. So damn beautiful. Mine... You’re all mine damn it!”

“Yes!” Rebecca cried out, her inner walls still shuddering around my cock.

My thrusts became harder and deeper.

“I need you, Brett. Only you.”

“You’re the only woman for me, Rebecca. You’re all I’ll ever need,” I promised her.

I continued slamming ball deep into her wetness, possessing her, stretching her, making Rebecca mine entirely.

“Fuckkk. You’re so damn responsive.” I panted out breaths. I bent and took a brown pebbled nipple into my mouth to lave it with my tongue.

My soul rejoiced as our bodies continued to rock together. Rebecca grabbed my rock-hard ass, urging me deeper into her heated core. My mouth once again covered hers; I kissed her deeply, my tongue delved into her mouth, thrusting in the same tempo as my shaft.

“Cum again,” I commanded.

Rebecca’s inner walls clenched around my erection, as I pounded in and out of her

wet flesh.

I growled into her mouth, our tongues dueled and parlayed. “I’m cumming,” I grunted, burying myself in her womb to the hilt. My lips slid from her mouth to her neckline, and I began to mutter incoherently. “Shit, damn. Fuck. Shit, fuckkkk.”

“Don’t ever let Elliot or another man touch you like that again. I won’t be held responsible for my actions if you do. You’re mine,” I huffed, still breathing hard as the last spasms of my orgasm settled down. “I’m never letting you go,” I said, capturing her lips into another heated kiss.

“Yours,” Rebecca nodded in agreement, as all became as it should be in my universe.

5

Rebecca

The next Saturday, Tracee and I drove over to Lenox Square to do a bit of shopping. We entered the dimly lit store that specialized in women's clothing. The store was filled with everything from sexy dresses to exotic nightwear. I gasped when Tracee picked up a pair of crotchless see-through panties.

"I bet your sexy boss would go berserk if he saw you in a pair of these," Tracee said with a teasing glint in her eyes.

I could feel the heat rising up to my cheeks. I had never worn anything that scandalous in my life. This kind of store was not my usual place to shop, but my friend was an adventurous type. I assume that's why her husband couldn't keep his hands off her whenever I saw them together.

"No, I don't think—"

"Come on, Becca! You got to live and explore your wild side sometimes," Tracee laughed. "There is nothing wrong with being professional and sexy at the same time."

I gave Tracee a narrow-eyed look. "Do you expect me to prance around the office in these?" I snatched the scandalous pair of underwear from her hand. I glanced around the store to make sure no one was watching us. "I came shopping for a couple pieces of office wear. That includes a couple of skirts, blouses, and maybe a dress or two. Girl, you are too much!" I said, trying to replace the underwear, but Tracee snatched

them back and grabbed a couple more pairs of equally scandalous pieces to add.

“These are on me,” Tracee said as she held up some lacey colorful matching bras to go with the underwear. I already know your size, so go grab your straight lace dresses. You will be feeling like a sexy goddess underneath. I’m going to find something as well. Paul will love it, that I guarantee,” she chuckled.

I smiled and shook my head because there was no need trying to talk Tracee out of purchasing the items she held in her hand.

I walked over to the row of dresses and found a couple that I liked. I even added two skirts and blouses to my pile, before we were both ready to check out.

“So, when are you going to take Brett to meet the parents?” Tracee asked me as we devoured tacos in the Food Court.

“I don’t know, the subject never came up. I don’t know if we are even ready for that,” I admitted, even though I had no reservation with Brett meeting my parents.

“Well you should invite him over for your mother’s famous Sunday dinners or something.”

“Maybe I will. I will have to run it by mom first.”

Tracee cackled. “Now Becca you know your parents won’t mind. They will only be happy that you are finally moving on after Shawn. Am I right?”

My eyes roved up towards the ceiling before I answered. “Yeah you’re right. You are almost always right,” I replied.

“You’re damn straight,” Tracee laughed and I joined in.

6

Rebecca

The Next Week

Hey sweetheart. I'm happy you could meet me for lunch," my mom said as I joined her at one of our favorite restaurants, called Souls Kitchen.

I planted a kiss against my mom's fragrant brown cheek. She smiled up at me before I took a seat directly across from her.

"Well you look radiant and happy," mom's gaze gave me the once over. I hadn't talked to mom about my boss Brett yet. We had talked about everything else whenever we got together but since Brett and I had been dating over a month I decided to tell her.

"How is dad?" I asked mom.

"Your daddy is well. He's gone out on the boat with his friend Henry. He said he will catch us a mess of catfish to cook over the weekend."

I knew only too well how much dad liked to fish. He always tried to teach me to fish when I was a kid but I hated it. I hated the yucky sticky feeling of the worms on my hand when trying to bait the hook.

"Will he have hush puppies and his famous beer battered fries on the side?" I asked,

my belly grumbling with hunger at the thought.

“Of course! I’m making your favorite dessert—” my mom started to say but I jumped in to finish her sentence.

“A banana pudding!”

Mom laughed from my excitement.

Mom and I had ordered lunch, and I was sipping on my iced tea before I finally broached up the subject about Brett, but before I could tell her she spoke.

“Becca, I started to not tell you but your father ran into Shawn the other day. He said Shawn asked about you and wanted to know how you were getting along.”

My stomach felt like someone had punched me in it. “Why is Shawn in town, and why on earth would he be asking about me? Did he have his family with him?” I couldn’t help but be curious.

“Your dad said Shawn told him that he divorced his wife last year. Something about the children he had by her not being his. He had a health scare with one of his sons and found out that their blood didn’t match. He got the other one tested and found out that wasn’t his child as well. Come to find out, Shawn is infertile.”

Karma really was a bitch, I thought to myself.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I said chastising myself pushing away my bitter thought. “I wouldn’t wish that pain on anyone—not even Shawn.”

“I’m proud of you honey for taking the high road. Shawn did you dirty, but like I said, everything always happens for a reason. Bad things have to leave your life for

good things to come in.”

Mom had no idea how right she was. It may have taken me some years to get over Shawn, and the pain he caused me, but I did get over it. Completely.

“You’re right mom. I’m finally dating again!” I blurted out.

Mom’s hand flew to her mouth. “Who is it? Is it anyone I know?”

I nodded and cleared my throat. “I’m dating Brett Collins, my boss.”

Mom’s eyes widened.

“You should invite him to Sunday dinner tomorrow. Your dad and I would be happy to have him.”

“I don’t know mom. Brett just got back from a conference he attended in Las Vegas. I haven’t really talked to him since he flew in last night.”

I missed Brett. I had been so busy around the office that it wasn’t so bad during the day. But at night when I laid in bed I thought about the sound of his voice, the caress of his fingers against my skin, and the feel of his erection buried so deep inside me that sometimes I forgot how to breathe.

It was almost as if Brett had become a part of me, and I had to admit sometimes that scared the shit out of me.

My cell phone took that moment to chime an alert for an incoming text.

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“Sorry mom, let me get this. It won’t take but a moment,” I pulled my cell from my handbag and glance down at it. A shiver ran down my spine when I noted the message was from Brett.

A smile bloomed across my lips on its own accord.

Brett: I missed you this week. I need to see you ASAP. I can send a car for you.

Me: I missed you too but I’m having lunch with my mom.

Brett: I would love to meet your mom. I bet she’s every bit as lovely as you.

Just like that my smile grew and an emotion so deep spread across my body that it took my breath away.

“That must be your beau?” Mom asked, and my head jerked up to meet eyes that were the replica of my own.

“Yes,” I nodded. “He said he would love to meet you. Dad too I’m sure,” I added.

“Invite him to dinner tomorrow. Your father and I would be happy to have him.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, suddenly feeling nervous.

“Of course I’m sure. Text him now and ask him to dinner,” mom directed.

I did as she ordered.

Me: Would you like to come to Sunday dinner with me tomorrow? You could meet both my parents then. Don't feel obligated to do so since this is last minute.

I added that at the last second and hit send.

Brett: I gladly accept your mom's invitation. I can't wait to meet them. But in the meantime I can't wait to see you. Can I send for you after your lunch is done?

Me: I drove here and I know your address. I can come by after leaving the restaurant.

Brett: I rather you didn't. Go home and pack an overnight bag. My driver will pick you up. Text me when you get home. Until then, enjoy your time with your mom.

Me: Alright. I will see you soon.

I didn't wait to see if Brett texted back. I silenced my phone and told her that Brett accepted the invitation. Mom said she couldn't wait to meet the man who finally brought my beautiful smile back to life. I couldn't argue that fact because since Brett and I started dating, something inside me that had long ago died had truly awakened inside me again.

\* \* \*

Later that day the car pulled in front of Brett's home. The driver just opened the back-passenger side door when Brett stepped from the front entrance of his home.

"I got it from here," Brett told the driver as he took my hand in his.

"Yes sir," the driver replied, and went around to pop the trunk to retrieve my overnight bag.

“Thank you, Hendricks,” Brett said as the driver handed my bag over to Brett.

I smiled my thanks to the driver and lifted my hand in farewell.

“You’re welcome sir, and ma’am,” he added before being on his way.

Brett grinned broadly down at me. “I really missed you,” he said setting my bag down by the door once we were inside.

“I missed you too,” I barely got out before he swept me in his arms and planted his lips on mine.

I’m so glad I took the initiative to brush my teeth and gargle with Listerine before I came. I don’t think tasting the aftermath of my lunch would be sexy at all.

“I need you now,” Brett pushed me backwards towards the living room area, and towards the big cushiony circular sofa.

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Our clothes disappeared. Brett consumed me. I couldn't think or talk. All I felt was him on me, in me, all around me.

Brett devoured my mouth in a kiss so loving that I felt it down to my soul. I attempted to disentangle my arms from around his corded neck, but he brought me back to him. I could feel his dick hardening inside my core again. My eyes widened in surprise.

Even though it had been years ago, I don't remember Shawn being this enthusiastic in our sexual relationship. I always felt like I needed more after having sex with him.

"Come back to me," Brett peppered soft kisses on my face. "You got that faraway look in your eyes," Brett's green gaze delved into mine.

Damn, this man was so tuned into my inner emotions.

I tightened my arms around his neck and placed a kiss against his lips. "You have all of me," I muttered. "I just can't believe how much you want me," I admitted honestly.

Brett let out a low, deep rumble and rolled his hips slowly grinding deeper inside me.

"I will always want you like this, sweetheart. You are not only beautiful, but you're sexy as fuck. Anyone that made you feel otherwise can go to hell," he said and places his lips against mine.

"I love kissing you." Brett's growly voice sent shivers up and down my spine.

“Rebecca, Do you know how much I think about tasting that sweet pussy of yours?” Brett asked.

If I had been lighter, I’m sure I would be as red as a beet by now. “No,” I replied softly.

“Well, you know now,” Brett said and slid into my slick heat a little deeper.

He was molding me, making all of his erection fit inside. He trailed long nimble fingers against my cheeks, he cupped my face and kissed me again.

I adored the way Brett made me feel. I could become addicted just in the way he kissed me alone. I could feel my heart opening up and making room for him to set up home. I can’t even begin to explain how I’m falling so deep for Brett. I don’t want to put the brakes on.

“Brett,” I moaned against his lips, sifting my fingers through the silken strands of his close-cropped black hair. He grunted and deepened the kiss, his tongue intertwined with mine as he continuously pumped in and out of me. Brett slowly pulled his lips away, brushed his lips against my neck before trailing lower to take a hard nipple into the warmth of his mouth.

“Brett,” I wailed. “I’m... oh, God... I’m cumming again.” My body tenses, and I feel the world explode around me as I cum for the third time.

I can feel Brett grin against my breast.

“I love the way you feel when you cum around my cock. I could live in this sweet pussy of yours forever.”

“I want you to cum again!” I cried out as my pussy throbbed and convulsed.

“There’s no doubt I’m cumming, sweetheart.” Brett’s pumps lifted me off the sofa as he cupped my ass cheeks into his hands. He slams into me harder and harder. My head fell back as he pummeled me. I felt each of his strokes to the foundation of my soul.

Soon Brett rumbled out his release. The sensual way his green stare held mine made a fourth orgasm ricochet through my body.

I could feel every pulse and throb of Brett’s dick as his hot seed splashed against my walls.

“Fuck, sweetheart.” Brett’s head fell against my shoulder. My hands can’t help but caress his muscular back and shoulders.

My heart hammered against my chest. I knew without uncertainty. I had fallen in love with Brett Collins—my boss.

7

Rebecca

The Dinner

Mom and dad had raised me in the home that sat near a small pond on Pinewood Lane. It was nothing fancy but it was a home built on love, hard work, and a lot of patience.

My dad had even surprised mom with a newly remodeled kitchen for her birthday two years prior. The kitchen had a new shiny stainless-steel refrigerator with matching oven; the new cabinets built were a bonus to mom's surprise. This place would always feel like home no matter how old I got.

A slow grin spread to my lips, just thinking of the love my dad had for my mom. I knew that I wanted a love that great from an early age.

"Are you ready to meet my parents?" I asked Brett in a low voice.

Brett gave me a confident grin. "I'm more ready than you know, sweetheart."

I pressed the doorbell, and after a few seconds the front door swung open. Mom stepped out on the front porch to greet us as Brett stood beside me with a winning smile on his handsome face.

\* \* \*

Brett

We arrived at Rebecca's parents' home, and I took in the quaint red brick home with rose bushes dotting the lawn. The home looked comfortable and inviting.

Rebecca pressed the doorbell, and it gave off a whimsical chime.

"Rebecca! You made it!" her mom exclaimed taking both Rebecca and me in with a sweeping glance as she swung the door open.

"Hello mom, yes we made it," Rebecca's smile beamed brighter as her eyes met her mom's.

"Come in," her mom directed stepping aside as we walked through the door.

"Mom this is Brett Collins, Brett this is my mother Faye Woods."

"It's nice to meet you Mrs. Woods," I replied. "I can see where Rebecca got her beauty from. I brought a Sauvignon Blanc to go with dinner, and your husband's favorite imported beer. Rebecca informed me of both your preferences," I added holding up my offerings.

"You are so kind and call me Faye. I'll take those," my mom reached out to take the wine and beer. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Mrs. Woods—I mean Faye," I replied handing over the items.

"Becca your father is out back on the deck frying the fish," mom said. "You know how I dislike the smell of fish in the house. The odor clings to everything. Go out and introduce Brett then you can come back to the kitchen to help me plate the side dishes."

“Okay, mom,” Rebecca placed a kiss against her mom’s brown cheek and led me through the home in the direction of the back deck.

I inwardly hoped that Rebecca’s father was as friendly as her mother.

Rebecca’s father was a medium sized man with an averaged sized build. His hair was low cut and peppered with gray. He turned as Rebecca slid open the sliding doors, and we stepped out onto the wooden deck.

“Sweetheart!” Rebecca’s dad turned and swept his daughter in an affectionate embrace. “It’s good, as always, to see you,” he said kissing both of her cheeks.

I could see that Rebecca had a close relationship with her parents. I was glad to see such love and affection between them.

“Dad this is Brett Collins, my—” Rebecca stuttered as her voice trailed off, and our eyes met. There was a sudden shyness and a question in her glance.

“I’m the boyfriend,” I cut in and extended my hand to Mr. Woods.

His eyes widened as he gave me an intent perusal. Finally, he captured my hand in his and gave it a firm shake. A small grin eased around his lips as I returned his firm grip, never losing eye contact.

“Well, welcome to our home, Mr. Collins.”

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“Thank you sir, but please call me Brett.”

“And call me Joe,” her father said.

“Will you two be okay while I go and help mom with the rest of dinner?” Rebecca asked cautiously.

“Of course sweetheart. That will give Brett and me time to get acquainted,” her father spoke.

I bent and placed a kiss against Rebecca’s lips. “We will be fine,” I said softly against her lips before pulling away.

Rebecca nodded, and walked back into the home. I watched the sway of her hips as she walked away.

“Ahem,” Rebecca’s father cleared his throat and I turned my attention back to him. The smile he had for his daughter was wiped from his lips and his eyes held a look of seriousness.

“Faye tells me that you are also Rebecca’s boss. What are your intentions towards my daughter?”

“To be honest sir, we are still in the early stages of our dating and getting to know one another. Are we going to get married next week or next month and start a family? The answer is no. But I will say that I am falling in love with Rebecca, and I have been before we even started dating. What I’m building with her isn’t built on

anything casual. Your daughter is everything I want in a future wife. I hope that answers your question.”

Joe nodded, before he spoke. “What if my daughter gets sick, will you walk away from her?”

“No sir I will not. I know all about Rebecca’s ex-boyfriend. I’m not him. My intentions are to build our relationship of solidarity, loyalty, and trust.”

“Good, because if you hurt my daughter you will have me to answer to.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” I replied with honesty.

“Cole slaw and braised mix greens anyone?” Rebecca asked as she came out the sliding doors followed closely by her mother. They set two bowls on the already set outside table, then Rebecca turned to the both of us and smiled.

“You’re just in time. The last of the catfish is ready,” Joe said. “Let’s eat,” he picked up the platter filled with fish walking over to the table.

The meal was delicious and the conversation was light and friendly. Rebecca’s parents filled me in on Rebecca’s life as a kid. They both bragged that she was a studious student during her high school and college years. They were proud that she never gave them any trouble and commended her on being a classy and independent lady.

My heart skipped a beat, when our glance met across the table. I could see the happiness simmering in Rebecca’s brown eyes.

“They like you,” she mouthed.

“I like them too,” I mouthed back.

I was glad when Joe and Faye went into the house to retrieve her mom’s homemade banana pudding that Rebecca had been bragging about.

I stood and pulled her to her feet. My mouth landed on hers and my tongue swept into her mouth. I threaded my hands through her thick hair, deepening the kiss. My cock hardened, and I instantly pulled away to gather my control.

“Rebecca, fuck. I could kiss your mouth forever.”

“I would let you,” she replied softly.

I peppered soft kisses against her cheek before placing a kiss against her forehead. I pulled away just as her parents walked back out.

“You will be my second dessert later,” I grumbled for her ears only.

Rebecca giggled and replied. “I can’t wait.”

8

Rebecca

It's been nearly two weeks since we had dinner with my parents. Brett had already made plans to introduce me to his parents when he traveled to the annual fundraiser they held every year in Florida. Every year his parents picked a Charity for the fundraiser proceeds to be donated. This year the funds would go to the fight against Kidney Disease.

Tracee and I had got together for lunch, and of course I had to fill her in on how Brett's and my relationship was proceeding.

"Are you truly happy, Becca?"

I peered at Tracee across the table and a smile formed against my lips. "Yes. I'm truly happy. Work is good, and my relationship with Brett is everything I could have wished for."

"I'm happy for you," Tracee said. "Your mom said that she really likes him."

"Yeah she does. She said that we would make her some beautiful grandbabies in the future," I chuckled.

I fiddled with the heart shaped necklace at my neck as I thought of a future with Brett. I could actually see myself having his babies one day.

“Ooh! That necklace is stunning. When did you get it?” Tracee asked.

My attention returned to my friend. “Brett gave it to me.”

“Wow, and it’s not even your birthday or Christmas,” Tracee smiled. “You got you a keeper my friend.”

“Honestly, I don’t love Brett for the things he can give me. I—”

“I know you aren’t that way Becca. You don’t even have to go there with me. I meant that the two of you are great for each other. I can see it and everyone around you two can too.”

“Thanks for always rooting for me. You have been there for me through the good times and not so good. So thank you Tracee.”

“Aww,” Tracee said and her eyes suddenly misted with tears.

I frowned because Tracee wasn’t a crier. “What’s wrong?” I said as I paused to breathe. God please don’t let anything be wrong with my best friend, I silently prayed.

“I was going to tell you sooner but I wanted to wait a little longer to make sure everything was alright. Paul and I are having a baby, and guess who the godmother will be?”

“Oh my God! Tracee, I’m so happy for you guys. I’m going to be a godmother!” I exclaimed with tears misting my eyes.

Getting out of my seat, I made a quick trot around the table and wrapped my arms around my friend’s neck. I planted a sloppy kiss against her cheek. “I’m sooo frigging

happy.”

Tracee threaded her arm over mine and squeezed.

“Paul and I are happy too, as well as our parents,” she replied as I let her go and returned to my seat. “I believe this will be one spoiled child,” she added with a grin.

The waitress returned to the table and ask would there be anything else. I ordered Tracee’s favorite, a slice of strawberry cheesecake for each of us.

“Wow,” I said again after our dessert was placed in front of us. “You’re going to be a mother!”

Tracee laughed. “I sure am.”

I reached across the table for her hand. “I’m going to be there for you all the way. You even have you a free babysitter whenever you need me. Providing I’m not working.”

Tracee smiled. “I’m gonna hold you to that.”

I raised my fork in warning to Tracee. “I’m going to be the best godmother you ever saw. You just wait and see.”

Tracee and I laughed by my declaration.

I took a sip of my water, and noticed Tracee went quiet all of a sudden.

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“I don’t believe this!” Her brown gaze looked over my shoulder in surprise. “Guess who just walked in the door?” she asked.

“Who?” I asked turning my head in that direction.

Shawn, my ex-boyfriend stood at the entrance of the restaurant with another gentleman. They were waiting to be seated by the hostess. Our gazes met and I hurriedly glanced away.

“Damn it, he’s walking this way,” Tracee warned.

“I don’t want to talk to him. I hope he keeps walking. I—”

I was immediately disappointed when I heard the familiar gravelly voice. The fine hairs on the back of my neck stood to attention.

“Hello Becca.”

A knot formed in my throat, and I could feel a trickle of sweat slide between my breast. Words... not even a reply greeting seemed lodged in my chest.

“Shawn what are you doing here?” Tracee asked saving me from speaking. “I thought you were living in Washington working for that big law firm.”

“I’m back. Transferred here about a month ago. How are you doing Becca?” Shawn asked, and I forced myself to look up at him. Shawn no longer had the power to hurt me. He meant nothing to me, and I could force myself to remain cordial to him in a

public place. Couldn't I?

I put down my fork and dabbed at my mouth with the cloth napkin. "I'm doing great, Shawn." I noticed Shawn was as intimidating, more handsome than ever. His clean-shaven head added to his sex appeal, but I breathed a sigh of relief to feel that he nor his looks did nothing for me. I was truly over him.

"Did your family move here as well?" Tracee asked.

"No. I'm divorced."

Tracee's right brow arched. "I'm sorry to hear that," she replied, but she didn't really sound sorry at all.

"Ahem, Becca, can we talk? I have a business lunch I have to attend but can we talk later this evening?"

I could feel the awkward tension in the air between us.

"We don't have anything to talk about, Shawn."

"I think we do," he said tearing his light brown eyes away from me and glancing down at his watch. "Are you still living at the same apartment?"

I sighed. "It doesn't matter where I live, we said all we had to say to one another a long time ago."

"I need to get going. We will finish this conversation later," he said as if I hadn't spoken. "Tracee it was good seeing you. Becca until next time," he said and strolled away.

“That arrogant no good fucker! Who the hell does he think he is?” Tracee spat.

“Tracee watch your language. You have special cargo you’re carrying I warned,” feeling anger rising in me from Shawn’s high handedness.

My appetite was ruined for the rest of my dessert. Tracee said she understood if I was ready to leave.

That’s the good thing about having a friend like Tracee. She knew me without me having to say a word. So I paid the bill as quickly as possible and we left.

We hugged once we were in the parking lot, said our goodbyes and promised to call each other soon. I promised myself that I wouldn’t allow running into Shawn to ruin the rest of my day. I wouldn’t give him the power to hurt me ever again.

\* \* \*

Later That Evening

I smiled when I heard a knock on my door. Brett was coming over to watch a movie with me and promised to bring pizza. I whistled under my breath. “Hey!” I said pulling the door open without checking the peephole.

A frown instantly crept between my brows when I saw Shawn standing in the doorway. I attempted to slam the door in his face but he caught it with the flat of his palm.

“Rebecca, please! I just want to talk. Allow me to say what I need to say, and then I’ll leave. I promise to never bother you again if that’s what you want.”

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“Say what you want to say and then leave,” I stated. I stood back and allowed him to enter my home.

“How did you find me?”

“I have my connections, Shawn stated. Nice Place,” he added.

I knew that I didn’t owe Shawn a thing, but on the other hand I had to admit I was slightly curious as to what he had to say.

“Have a seat,” I said once I had closed the door. Shawn took a seat on the sofa, and I took a seat opposite of him. I couldn’t help to notice the lines around Shawn’s full lips looked tense.

“I’m sorry for the way I treated you all those years ago. I was young, dumb, immature, and just plain ol’ stupid. I should have never walked away from you.”

“What?” I asked to be sure I heard him correctly.

Shawn shook his head slowly. “You heard me right. Can you ever find it in your heart to forgive me?”

“What brought this on Shawn? Why are you just now seeing the error of your ways? Are you sick or something?” I asked peering into his eyes.

Shawn didn’t look ill. He looked as attractive, and in tip top shape as he ever did. I held my breath and waited for him to answer. I knew that even if Shawn hurt me in

the past, I would never wish him ill.

“No I’m not physically sick. But now I know firsthand what it feels like to have one’s heart broken. I was a complete idiot when it came to you. I should have—”

“What happened Shawn?”

Shawn shot me a saddening glance. I couldn’t be sure but it looked like his brown gaze shined with wetness.

“The woman I married betrayed me. She lied during our entire marriage. I learned that our sons aren’t mine at all. She was cheating on me with her ex-boyfriend during our entire marriage!”

Shawn stood to his feet and began to pace the length of my living room. Shawn’s profile was strong and his sharp jaw clenched tight in anger. He stopped in front of where I was sitting and gazed down at me with pained filled eyes.

“Look, Becca,” he said leaning down and bracing me in with his forearms on the arms of the chair I was sitting in. His eyes searched mine and I caught a whiff of the same cologne he wore years ago. “I’m sorry I hurt you. I get it now. I want to make up for what I did to you in the past. I want us to start over. I hope you want the same.”

I don't believe it. How can this grown man think he can go back and change the past?

“I don’t think it works like that Shawn,” I said forcing my way out the chair to put distance between us. “You did hurt me but I’m over it. If it’s my forgiveness you want, you have it. I’m sorry your wife caused you hurt and lied to you. Trust me, you will one day get over it. You just have to get up each day, put one foot in front of the other, and keep it moving. I’m a living testament to that fact.”

“You don’t want to start over?” Shawn asked facing me.

“No. I have someone special in my life. I now realized what we had all those years ago was infatuation, Shawn. It wasn’t real love. If you’ve said all you need to say I think you should leave. It was—”

A knock at the door interrupted my speech. I walked over to the door and opened it. This time I knew who it was. Brett stood in the doorway with a smile on his handsome face, a pizza box in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other.

“Hey baby,” he started to say as he entered the apartment. The smile instantly was wiped from his lips when he saw Shawn standing in the center of my living room.

“Who the hell are you?” Brett scowled placing the items in his hands down on a table.

“Ahem, I’m Shawn, Becca’s ex—”

“Oh! So you’re the scum who left her in her time of need.”

“Yeah, basically I am,” Shawn admitted. “I was an asshole and whatever other name she wants to call me. I only came to apologize.”

“It’s true,” I said to Brett. I touched his forearm to gain his attention. “Shawn was just leaving, isn’t that right Shawn?”

“Good. Don’t let me stop you,” Brett stalked over to the door to pull it open. His lips were formed in a tight line as he glared at Shawn.

Shawn glanced at me. “So this is the man you fell in love with?”

Brett's brow arched as he stared at me. A cocky grin tilted his lips from Shawn's words. "Yes, he is," I admitted as my heart slammed against my chest.

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“You better treat her right man. Or I will try to make right what I fucked up.”

“There is no way in hell that my woman would ever give you another chance, but to be clear I would never hurt Rebecca. Any man that let her get away is insane. Now go. I want to be alone with the woman I plan to marry one day soon.”

Shawn nodded. He glanced between Brett and me once again, before strolling over to the door and walking out. He turned just before Brett could slam the door in his face.

“Be happy Becca. You deserve the best that life has to offer. You always did,” he added before giving me a sad smile and walking away.

Brett didn’t question me too much about Shawn’s sudden appearance. Brett was secure in our relationship and that made me love him all the more.

We spent the rest of the night watching movies, eating pizza and drinking the bottle of wine.

Then he stripped me and made the sweetest love to me right on the living room sofa. All thoughts of Shawn, past and future, were wiped clean from my mind.

### Epilogue

Brett

Two Years Later

“Happy Birthday, sweetheart,” I spoke softly because Brett Jr. was asleep in my wife’s arms. The evening is balmy with a slight breeze blowing in from the north. Our son is almost four months and he’s the replica of me. I’m so damn proud of my little family. My heart swelled with love. So much fucking love.

I stare at my beautiful wife. She’s brought nothing but happiness and a wealth of love to my life. I adore her more than anything.

“Allow me to put B.J. down. I’ll meet you in the bathroom. We can shower together.”

“Okay and thank you again for dinner earlier. You cooking the meal for me meant more than having a dinner out in any five-star restaurant because you are a five-star chef,” Rebecca said as she stood and handed our baby to me. “The matching tennis bracelet to my diamond necklace was lovely too. You spoil me,” she smiled as I leaned down and placed a soft kiss against her lips.

“I don’t spoil you enough. Now go. The sooner I get B.J. settled in the nursery, the sooner I get back to you,” I urged her through the sliding door. I made sure it was secure before going our separate ways.

“Mm,” Rebecca moaned as I slipped in the shower ten minutes later. I cupped one of

her breasts and gave it a squeeze. Her breasts had become even larger during her pregnancy, and I loved it. I raked a finger over her nipple, and she let loose another moan.

“Sweetheart, I love how receptive you are to my touch. Every time I look at you, I get fucking hard,” I grunted and slid my other hand between her supple thighs. I manipulate her clit and her pebbled brown nipple at the same time.

“Ahh Brett, that feels so good,” Rebecca panted.

I placed my mouth against her neckline and slid a finger inside her slick entrance. My wife is so damn hot and wet. My cock throbbed and pulses with the need to get inside her core.

Rebecca peppered kisses against my chest and reached for my erection. She stroked and squeezed along the length of my shaft. I let out a guttural groan when she started stroking my hard length.

I eased another finger inside her wetness. My questing fingers set a rhythm with her strokes to my cock.

“Honey, I need to be inside you. Now.” I turned her under the spraying shower and placed her hands against the slick marble wall. I put my arm around her waist to lift my wife into position. I gently penetrated her from behind.

Rebecca lets out a soft whine. I groaned as I pushed my erection all the way to the hilt in her quivering wet core. I slowly set the rhythm as I slide in and out. My groin slapped loudly against Rebecca’s brown skin. My thrusts picked up speed as I delved deeper.

“Oh my God!” Rebecca gasped.

I entwined her thick hair around my fingers. I gave it a yank and pummeled into her harder. The harder I pounded into my wife, the louder her moans became.

My cock pulsed and throbbed as my balls became heavier, and I slid my hand between her thighs to stroke her clit. Rebecca pushed back with each of my strokes.

“Oh Brett, please don’t stop,” Rebecca called out my name.

I gripped her waistline to hold her steady as my strokes became even faster. I gritted my teeth because I knew that I couldn’t hold out for much longer.

“Cum for me,” I gritted out.

“I’m cumming,” she moaned, and at the same time, my seed spilled and splashed against her pulsing walls as I buried my length even deeper.

I leaned down and placed a kiss against her shoulder before washing my wife from head to toe and then washing my body.

“Are you okay?” I asked Rebecca as I cut off the water.

“I couldn’t be better,” she replied as I helped her from the shower and dried her off with a big fluffy towel.

“That’s good to know,” I said, looking down at my beautiful wife.

I led her over to her vanity table and directed her to sit. I picked up a smaller towel and dried some of the moisture from her hair. Over the years, I had watched Rebecca’s hair regimen. I picked up her jar of shea butter and scooped a generous portion in my hand. I rubbed my hands together before applying it to her thick long hair.

I was always amazed at the length of her hair when it was blown out than in its natural state. Either way, my wife's looks still knocked me off my feet.

“I love the way you take care of me, Brett. I thought I knew love before falling in love with you, but I didn't. Thanks to you, I know the real meaning of love and what it is to have a soulmate.”

*Source Creation Date: July 2, 2025, 7:01 am*

Our eyes met in the mirror, and I felt the urge to take her in my arms. I desired to make love to her all over again.

“Rebecca, from the first day I laid eyes on you, I knew you would rock my world. I don’t want to ever go back to how empty my life was before loving you. I will forever be grateful for you, making me a husband and a father to our son. You have enriched my life in so many ways. I thank God every day that you are mine, and I am yours.”

My wife’s eyes fill with tears. My hands fell from her hair as she stood and turned towards me.

“Oh Brett! I love you so much. I will be forever grateful that you married me and became the father of our child. You—our family, fulfills me.”

Joy soared through my heart, and I gathered her into my embrace and cupped her face. My mouth lowered to her plump, soft lips. My tongue slipped past her lips to swirl with hers.

“I love you, my darling wife.”

“I love you, too, my devoted husband,” Rebecca whispered. “You’re my soulmate—my husband until my last breath.”

I stroked her fluffy hair and kissed her until we both became breathless.

“Forever,” I agreed and proceeded to love my wife with my heart body and soul. I

had no doubt that our life together would be phenomenal because we had been chosen by love.

The End