



Dominant Billionaire's Irresistible Possession

Author: *Ava Selwyn*

Category: Romance, Billionaire Romance

Description: He thought he could forget her—now he can't stop chasing her.

"I don't like you enough to marry you, but you're good enough to be kept as my mistress."

Sienna Donovan spent five years of her life with Adrian Vaughn, only to be tossed aside like she meant nothing. So, she did the unthinkable—she walked away first and married her best friend.

Theo Montgomery became the perfect husband, giving her everything Adrian never did: private jets, villas, fancy cars, his fortune, and vacations in paradise. Their love was the envy of all, their perfect life the hottest gossip in the country.

And watching it all drives Adrian insane with jealousy.

His arrogance cost him the one woman who loved him unconditionally, and now, watching her with another man is eating him alive.

"I'll destroy everything that stands between us—even your husband."

Adrian crashes back into Sienna's life—seducing her, begging for a second chance, surrendering to her every command. He's willing to become her slave, her servant, her worshipper. He'll sacrifice everything he has, even his pride and sanity.

There's only one thing he wants: for her to love him again.

Things to know about this book:

– Jealous and Possessive Hero

– Can be read as a standalone but better if you read it as a series.

All the books in the Obsessed Billionaires, Cherished Brides Series are standalone novels and can be read in any order. They are intended for an adult audience only.

Page 1

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

1 Let's Get Married

At Vaughn Palace, the sound of the party roared through the night. Music, laughter, and the hum of conversation echoed everywhere, filling the luxurious estate with life. Outside, guests in diamonds and designer suits sipped champagne, admiring the world's rarest supercars lined up like trophies.

But inside the private glass-walled room, the noise faded into nothing.

The only sounds here were ragged breaths... and the wet, frantic kisses being shared behind closed doors.

Adrian had Sienna pressed against the wall, his body flush against hers, his hand moving fast—shoving aside her shirt and ripping a few buttons in the process. He didn't care. Not when she looked like that, eyes half-lidded, lips red and kiss-swollen, her skin begging to be touched.

His mouth trailed down her neck, hot and open-mouthed, licking and tasting like she was the first thing he'd wanted in years. Her skin flushed under his tongue, her chest rising and falling fast.

Sienna gasped when his teeth sank gently into the spot below her ear, the sound tumbling out of her before she could stop it. Adrian groaned low in response, one hand sliding down her waist, gripping her thigh, pulling her closer until there wasn't a breath of space between them.

Neither of them cared about the high-profile event going on just beyond the glass. A

private event, hosted for the richest elites from across the globe, was in full swing. It was a place where the rarest luxury cars—vehicles not seen anywhere else in the world—were displayed. Vehicles that only Adrian Vaughn, the sole owner of the most valuable car company in the country, possessed.

But right now, he only wanted her.

Sienna stood framed by the dusk glow, dressed in a silk white button-down shirt tucked into a white mini skirt that hugged her hips and thighs perfectly. The shirt was partially unbuttoned, just enough to hint at the curves beneath, and her long legs were accentuated by strappy white stilettos. Her hair tumbled in loose waves around her shoulders, giving her an effortless yet sultry look.

Adrian, in his sharp, tailored tux, exuded power, his shirt open at the collar, his sleeves rolled up to reveal the strong muscles beneath.

Adrian pushed Sienna back, his hand catching both of her wrists and pinning them above her head. His lips crashed onto hers, hungry and impatient. With his other hand, he slid down her waist, fingers rubbing gently, deliberately, driving her mad with want.

Outside the room, luxury cars gleamed under the soft lighting. Guests from the most powerful families were gathered in hopes of networking with Adrian—men and women who would do anything just to get a minute of his time.

The glass wall was one-way. From inside, Adrian and Sienna could see everything happening outside. But from the other side, it looked like a mirrored wall with intricate paintings, disguising everything happening behind it.

Adrian's breathing grew rough as his fingertips slid beneath her shirt, exploring the delicate curve of her waist. Her skin was warm, soft, dangerously addictive. He

pinned her tighter against the glass, his tongue trailing from her earlobe down her neck, kissing and licking the sensitive spots he knew made her melt.

Sienna's fingers tangled into his thick, dark hair, smooth and slightly wavy, just long enough for her to grab. Her breath caught in her throat. She could barely breathe, overwhelmed by his closeness. Adrian towered over her, his broad shoulders blocking out everything behind him. His sharp jaw was shadowed with light stubble, his features sculpted and cold, like he was carved from stone. His eyes, stormy, and dark burned into her skin every time they met hers.

Then, in a fragile voice that trembled slightly, she whispered, "Adrian... do you love me?"

Her chest rose and fell in uneven rhythm, her voice almost lost beneath the storm of emotions crashing inside her. Her shirt was pulled halfway down, revealing soft skin flushed with heat. Her long lashes trembled, her deep brown eyes glistening with emotion. Strands of her brown hair clung to her cheeks, slightly messy from his hands. Raw emotions clearly written across her delicate face.

Adrian didn't answer. Without a word, he spun her around and gave her a slight push, making her stumble forward. Then, in a swift move, he pinned her against the sleek body of one of the luxury cars parked inside the room.

His lips dove into the curve of her neck again, this time from behind.

Just then, the sharp buzz of his phone cut through the air. Adrian scowled, slipping his hand into his pocket and pulling out the device. He placed it to his ear without pulling away from her.

Sienna turned to face him, her expression unreadable. His eyes lingered on her lips. Slowly, he reached up and brushed his thumb across her lower lip, his gaze dark with

hunger. Then, he pressed the speaker button.

A voice came through the phone, polite and efficient. “Sir, the wedding hall has been booked and arranged exactly to your preferences. Would you like to come inspect it personally?”

Adrian’s answer was flat. “No.”

As he said it, his thumb slipped into Sienna’s mouth. She bit down on it—not hard, but enough to make his gaze snap back to her. For a moment, their eyes locked. He pulled his thumb from her lips and ended the call.

The color had drained from Sienna’s face.

“You’re getting married?” she asked, disbelief in her voice.

Adrian didn’t respond immediately. He glanced at the glass wall, his eyes briefly scanning the party outside before adjusting his shirt and shrugging lightly.

“Obviously,” he muttered. “It’ll be all over the news channels soon.”

Sienna’s chest tightened. She couldn’t stop the words from slipping out. “It’s been five years, Adrian... Do I still mean nothing to you?”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“You already knew that,” he replied coldly. “I told you from the beginning, Sienna. It’s just sex.”

Tears welled in her eyes, making them shimmer under the soft lights. She reached out, gently caressing his face.

“But I love you.”

She looked at him like he was the center of her world—because he was. She had loved Adrian for so long, silently, hopelessly. She had thought he felt the same. After all, they’d been together for so long.

But Adrian showed no emotion. “That’s your problem,” he said carelessly, straightening his collar and stepping away from her. “From the very first night, I told you what this was. You were good at it, so we continued.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a sleek black card. Without a flicker of emotion, he stepped closer and slipped it down her shirt, letting it slide into her cleavage.

“Wait for me at this hotel,” he said softly. “I’ll come to you after the party’s over.”

Sienna stared at him, frozen. Her heart shattered in her chest. “You don’t want to marry me?” she whispered, her voice breaking.

He didn’t even blink. “You’re good enough to be kept as my mistress, Sienna. Good enough for sex. But don’t dream of anything more than that.”

And with that, he turned, casually adjusting his hair, and walked out of the room, never once looking back.

Sienna stood frozen. Her body burned, her fingers trembling. She shut her eyes, forcing the tears to stay in.

The noise of the party outside no longer reached the room. Silence took over, heavy and suffocating, like invisible chains wrapping around her chest until she could barely breathe.

But then... she opened her eyes.

Her spine straightened. Her hands curled into fists. Her jaw locked tight. Her face hardened into a calm, cold mask.

She turned slowly, picked up her phone from the table, and dialed a number.

It rang twice before it connected.

“Hi, Theo,” she said, clear, firm, not a single tremor in her voice. “Didn’t you say you wanted to marry me?”

A pause.

“I agree,” she said. “Let’s get married. Tomorrow.”

~ Two years later ~

Adrian stood near the grand entrance of the lavish hotel hall, dressed in a fitted dark-

brown suit. His shirt was unbuttoned at the top, exposing a glimpse of his chiseled chest and muscular neckline. The collar hung open, giving him a dangerous, untamed edge that made heads turn. No tie. No smile. Just him—silent and burning.

Inside, the luxury venue pulsed with energy. The brightest stars of the automobile industry had gathered to celebrate, the chatter buzzing like static against the clinking of glasses and flashes of cameras.

In his hand, Adrian held a whiskey glass, the amber liquid untouched. His grip on it was tight, his knuckles pale with pressure as his eyes locked on the woman who had just stepped into the party.

Sienna.

She floated into the room like a vision, her golden floor-length gown shimmering under the chandelier lights. The dress was backless, revealing the smooth curve of her spine and shoulders. Her arm was looped through the arm of the man beside her—Theo Montgomery, her husband.

Theo looked every bit the dream man. Dressed in a black tuxedo, with a strong jawline, sparkling green eyes, and a smile that had charmed countless hearts. He had been the talk of the dream of countless women before marrying Sienna Donovan, the daughter of a well-known business family in the automobile world.

They were childhood best friends turned husband and wife, a match that seemed pulled straight from a fairy tale. The golden couple of high society.

Their families weren't as massive as Adrian's empire, not even close. But still, the Montgomerys and Donovans were powerful enough not to be dismissed. They were still part of the upper circle. Respected. Admired.

Sienna's smile was bright, her eyes glowing with affection as she leaned into Theo. The media swarmed around them instantly.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

"Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery! You both look perfect as always!" one reporter beamed. "A stunning match!"

"I swear, I haven't seen a more beautiful couple in one frame," another chimed in, mics pointed at them, faces full of admiration.

"Congratulations on your second anniversary!"

"Thank you." Theo smiled politely, nodding at the cameras. Sienna turned to look at him with warmth in her eyes, her fingers brushing over his arm affectionately.

"Mr. Montgomery, last year, you gifted your wife a private jet and a limited-edition supercar!" one reporter exclaimed. "And let's not forget the twenty luxury bags. Any chance we'll hear what you've given her this year? Our viewers are dying to know!"

Sienna laughed softly, her eyes gleaming. "This year, Theo gave me a villa and a private island. He even had a special vacation house built just for me. It's beautiful. I'm planning to visit it soon."

The camera flashes intensified. Theo smiled proudly and tucked a loose curl behind her ear with a gentle touch that made the onlookers sigh in admiration.

"You two are still just as in love as when we first saw you," a reporter gushed. "Mr. Montgomery, you really spoil your wife. A perfect husband!"

Adrian's grip on the whiskey glass turned lethal. His jaw clenched hard, the muscle ticking as rage sparked in his eyes. He could barely breathe as he watched Sienna

lean up and kiss Theo softly on the cheek.

Adrian turned away instantly.

With a sharp flick of his wrist, he hurled the glass to the floor. It shattered into pieces, the loud crash piercing through the noise of the party. Shards flew in every direction, but Adrian didn't even glance at the mess.

He stormed off, shoulders stiff, fury radiating off him like heat.

"Perfect couple, huh?" he muttered under his breath, mockingly. "As long as I'm alive, you'll never belong to another fucking man."

Sienna's head turned sharply at the sound of the crash. For a brief moment, she caught a flash of the back of a tall man in a brown suit—broad shoulders, powerful stride.

Her heart skipped a beat.

That walk... That presence... That back... she knew it too well. She had clung to it in pleasure, in heartbreak, in love, in silence.

Her smile faded for just a moment.

But the crowd moved, and the figure disappeared into it like smoke. She shook the thought away.

"Maybe I imagined it," she told herself, forcing a smile back onto her face as she turned to Theo again.

Adrian headed toward the exit when Matthew, his secretary, caught up to him in

hurried strides.

"Mr. Vaughn," Matthew said, stepping in front of him. "Here."

He handed over a phone with a photo displayed on the screen. "It's confirmed. Theo is definitely having an affair."

2 Divorce him

Adrian took the phone and glanced at the screen. A photo.

Theo. Kissing another woman.

The picture showed him in a secluded area, lips pressed against a blonde with short hair. She was short in height. Theo cupped her face with both hands, clearly lost in the moment. There were no crowds, no witnesses—only the two of them.

"The woman in the picture is clearly not Miss Donovan," Matthew said quietly. "It was hard to get this picture. He's very careful. But after months of digging, we finally caught him."

Adrian's lips curled into a sneer. His jaw locked, and his fingers curled around the phone like a vice before he tossed it back to Matthew without a word and stormed out of that place.

Two days later, Adrian entered Max Mall—the crown jewel of the city's luxury. The air inside smelled of fresh roses and expensive perfume. The marble floors gleamed under crystal chandeliers that hung like dripping diamonds from the ceiling. Glass elevators moved soundlessly between floors, their gold-trimmed doors opening to reveal stores that didn't display prices, because if you had to ask, you couldn't afford it.

Designer boutiques lined both sides, each one dripping in wealth. Armani, Dior, Patek Philippe, and brands so exclusive they didn't even advertise. Private lounges with velvet curtains were tucked into corners, meant for clients who wanted to spend millions in peace. Even the staff walked like models, dressed better than most CEOs.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Everything about Max Mall whispered money.

And when Adrian walked in, people looked. Because a man like him didn't belong to luxury.

He was luxury.

His steps were sharp and unhurried, each one echoing quiet authority. There was a tension in his body, a storm beneath the suit. Eyes followed him. Whispers started. Some greeted him, others just stared—but Adrian didn't slow down, didn't blink. His jaw was tight, his brow furrowed, like he was on a mission. And God help anyone who got in his way.

He stepped into the elevator, one hand in his pocket, and exited on the eighth floor. As he entered a high-end boutique, five men in black trailed behind him.

As Adrian entered the shop, they immediately spread out, discreetly clearing the area around the changing room in seconds.

Sienna, inside one of the changing rooms, had just slipped into a white silk dress. It had a sheer cloak with delicate see-through panels around the waist, hugging her figure. The top was held by a strip of fabric around her chest, the skirt falling elegantly down.

Feeling the fit was slightly off, she turned her back to the curtain and said to the assistant standing in the corner, "Could you get a bigger size, please? This one's a bit tight."

"Of course, Mrs. Montgomery," the assistant replied politely before quietly stepping out to fetch another.

Sienna let the dress fall from her body, standing in her white lace lingerie as she waited.

But it wasn't the assistant who returned.

Adrian stepped inside the changing room, silent as a shadow, drawing the curtain closed behind him. He held the dress in one hand, placing it into Sienna's outstretched arms before his other hand slid around her waist, gripping it firmly, his fingers brushing against her bare skin.

A sharp breath escaped him, like someone tasting something forbidden after years.

It had been so long.

Sienna assumed the assistant was back. She slipped the dress over her head, and then tried to zip up the dress. But her fingers couldn't reach.

That's when another hand appeared—bigger, warmer—covering hers and taking over. The fingers caressed her skin in the process, trailing along her spine.

She sighed, thinking it was the assistant helping her.

Until she felt those fingers slide up her bare waist, wrap around her from behind. A firm grip at her waist. A warm breath near her ear.

Adrian stepped in closer, his fingers brushing her bare skin, dragging the zipper up with slow, agonizing precision, taking his time like he was memorizing her skin again.

His nose dipped down, inhaling her scent — one he'd craved for years. Then, his lips brushed close to her ear, voice low and husky.

“I still know your taste better than anyone else, love.”

Sienna's body stiffened.

A bolt of electricity shot through her as she stiffened. She knew that voice. She'd know it anywhere. Even in her sleep.

She turned sharply.

And there he was.

Adrian.

Standing in front of her, his presence stealing all the air from the room.

Her eyes widened, heart slamming against her ribs.

“What the hell are you doing here?” she demanded, her voice filled with shock.

Adrian stared at her with an unabashed hunger in his eyes.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

The thin dress covering her did nothing to hide her body—if anything, it made her look even more delicate, like something he wanted to rip open with his bare hands. But he held back, barely. That restraint was costing him everything.

His gaze met hers, calm on the surface but burning underneath. "I missed you."

Sienna's brows furrowed in shock. Of all the things he could've said, this was the last she ever expected to hear from the Adrian Vaughn.

But she wasn't the naïve fool she once was. Not anymore. She didn't believe him—not for a second.

"Get out," she said coldly.

But instead, he stepped forward. His hand reached for her waist, his body leaning in for a kiss.

She slapped his chest—hard—forcing him to stumble back. Her jaw tightened with fury.

"Adrian Vaughn," she said in a deadly calm voice, a scoff escaping her lips. "What are you doing? Wasn't I just a bed partner to you? So how can you miss someone like me?"

Adrian's fists clenched at her words.

The moment she called herself a 'bed partner', something inside him twisted

violently. The title sounded like poison coming from her lips. He hated it.

Still, he responded, firm and direct.

"I want you to come back to me."

"What the fuck? I'm married!" Sienna's voice cut through the air. "Have you completely lost your mind?"

"Divorce him."

Sienna burst out laughing. The sound was bitter, full of disbelief. She placed a hand on the wall, leaning back against it as her eyes met his again.

"You're insane," she said, shaking her head. "What do you even think of yourself? That I'll just throw away my marriage because you miss me? Who do you think you are?"

Adrian's fingers twitched. He wasn't used to this space between them.

They had spent five years together. For five years, they had been inseparable. Five years of constant touch, stolen kisses, shared nights. And now, standing so close to her yet feeling this far—it was torture.

"Sienna," his voice dropped, low and husky as he slid a hand into his pocket and stepped closer, his gaze locking onto hers, filled with desperation. "Come back to me. Let's be together again. Like before."

"I said no." Sienna looked at him like he was mad. "I'm married. To Theo Montgomery. You know that, don't you? I won't do anything that disrespects my husband. I will never leave him for anyone, especially not someone like you."

The moment she said Theo's name—called him husband—Adrian's expression darkened.

His eyes, once stormy with frustration, turned cold and hard like stone. The muscle in his jaw flexed.

Then came a low scoff.

Without saying a word, he reached into the pocket of his tailored suit and pulled out his phone. His movements were calm—calm in the way only a man used to control could be.

"Husband?" His deep voice carried a dangerous edge, rough with sarcasm. He turned the screen toward her.

A photo. Theo. Kissing another woman—hand tangled in her hair, lips too familiar.

Sienna's blood ran cold. Her breath caught. Her face lost all color.

For a split second, everything stopped.

And then her hand shot out, a reflexive move driven by panic and disbelief, but Adrian was faster. He pulled the phone out of reach, lifting it high above her head. She lunged again and stumbled, crashing into his chest.

His arm snapped around her waist instinctively, holding her there. His body was tense, muscles taut beneath the fabric of his shirt, heart hammering in sync with hers. He didn't let go. His hand pressed into her back, searing hot through the dress.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He held her there, close against him, his body radiating heat and power.

His voice dropped, low and lethal near her ear.

"Your perfect husband is busy playing house with someone else. And you're still protecting him like it means something?"

Sienna's jaw clenched. Her eyes, once wide with shock, now narrowed with fury.

"What I do or don't do is none of your business," she bit out, voice trembling with suppressed emotion. "What's it to you?"

Adrian's jaw tensed, and a muscle ticked in his cheek. His patience was wearing thin.

She was still defending that bastard?

She still chose him?

His skin burned with jealousy and fury. 'She used to only protect me.' The thought burnt in his mind. 'But now, she is shielding another man, that fucking bastard, in front of me?'

"Divorce him, and come back to me." He said, his voice hoarse now, thick with suppressed rage and something far more painful.

Sienna scoffed, disbelief etched on her face. "You threw me out, Adrian Vaughn! Like garbage! And now you want me back? What for? To warm your bed again?"

"No." The word left him immediately, firm and fast. His eyes softened—barely. "Come back as my woman. Not as a distraction. Not as a fling. As mine. My wife."

For the first time, her expression faltered. Shocked.

She stared at him, searching, looking for a lie, for manipulation.

There was no mockery in his eyes this time. Only sincerity. A hope?

Adrian Montgomery never begged. Never needed to. And yet, the look in his eyes wasn't pride. It was something rawer. Almost vulnerable.

She pushed his arms off her body with sudden force and took two steps back.

"If it were two years ago," she said quietly, her voice shaking as a bitter smile tugged at her lips, "I would've believed you blindly. Might have even died from happiness just to hear those words from you."

Then, slowly, her smile changed. Cold. Disgusted.

"But do you really think I'm still that fool? The one who blindly believed every lie that left your mouth?"

Adrian's gaze sharpened. She was slipping through his fingers again.

"You're gambling your life over that fucking bastard?" he said, his voice deeper now, his tone dangerously calm. "That man isn't worthy of your loyalty."

"And you were?" she snapped. "You made sure I knew my place, Adrian! I was only worth being one of your thousands of mistresses, right?"

His nostrils flared. He took a step forward.

"There was never a list," he said. Low. Controlled. "There was only you."

She blinked.

"I let them talk. I fed the press the stories, the rumors. I wanted you to hate me. I thought if you hated me enough, you'd stop mattering to me."

He took a cautious step toward her, his hand reaching for her, but she stepped back again and her brows furrowed. "What?"

Frustration etched deep lines into his face. He looked like a man on the verge of breaking. He ached to touch her—just the brush of skin, even her wrist. Being this close, yet still at a distance, was unbearable. He couldn't breathe unless he was touching her. And she knew that. She had lived with it for five years.

Now she was torturing him.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He exhaled through his nose, eyes locked on hers. His voice dropped, the words carrying a weight heavier than guilt.

"I started those rumors. I was the one who didn't realize how I felt about you. I was scared. I didn't want to feel anything. So I sabotaged us."

Silence. Thick. Suffocating.

Sienna raised her brows in disbelief. "Feelings?"

Her voice came quieter, more guarded. "So now what? You expect me to melt because the great Adrian Vaughn feels something?"

3 My Mistress

She took a step forward. Then another. Slow. Confident. Dangerous.

Her fingers found the collar of his shirt, trailing lightly over the fabric before sliding up to the back of his neck. She leaned in, her breath brushing his jaw. "You think your feelings are enough?" she whispered, lips barely grazing his skin.

Adrian didn't move. Didn't speak. His chest rose in a tight, shallow breath. Every muscle in him tensed, lit up with need. With hope.

She pressed her body against his, arms sliding up around his neck like she was giving in. Her fingers tangled into his hair, pulling just enough to make his breath hitch. Her eyes locked with his—taunting, unreadable, electric.

His hands gripped her waist, heart thundering in his chest. A rare smile flickered across his face, one that almost looked boyish. Raw relief poured through him.

But she wasn't done.

Her hands slipped down, trailing over his chest, brushing the hard lines of his stomach, sliding lower until they reached his waist.

And then, in one swift move, she snatched the phone from his hand, spun away, and dropped it straight into the glass of water in the corner.

The splash was loud.

Adrian surged forward, instinctively reaching to grab it, but she was faster. The screen flickered once before disappearing into the depths.

He stood frozen, broad chest rising with each shallow breath. His jaw clenched tight, the veins in his neck throbbing.

“You only got close to me... to get those pictures?” His voice was low, hoarse with disbelief, and something darker.

She turned, eyes cold as steel. “Obviously. I’m not going to let you hurt my husband, Adrian. I’m married to him now. I won’t let you touch the people I love just because you suddenly think that you have some feelings for me.”

Adrian was trembling with fury. Every inch of him burned. The muscles in his arms flexed, tight with restraint. A storm raged behind his dark eyes—jealousy, rage, heartbreak all tangled together. The more she called another man her husband, the more it shredded him from the inside out.

‘When she was with me, she wouldn’t even spare another man a glance,’ he seethed with rage, jealousy consuming him. ‘But now, she is standing right in front of me, defending someone else without even acknowledging what it’s doing to me?’

“You love that fucking asshole so much,” he spat, “that you’ll let him sleep with other women in front of you and still defend him?”

She froze for a moment. Her fingers trembled, but she didn’t let the cold mask drop.

“What happens between my husband and me is none of your business.”

Her fingers clenched the fabric of her dress, nails digging into her skin as she struggled to hold back anything that would give her away.

“And as for our relationship,” she added, “Mr. Vaughn, don’t you know how modern relationships work for the wealthy now? It’s our private understanding. My husband can sleep with whoever he wants, and I can too. It’s our thing. You don’t have to bother yourself about it.”

She turned and stormed out of the changing room, still wearing the expensive dress, grabbing her old clothes on the way out.

Adrian couldn’t keep calm anymore. That wasn’t the Sienna he knew. She was always loyal—his. And now, she was telling this lie to protect that bastard?

Without a second thought, he followed her.

She walked out of the store, tossing a command over her shoulder:

Page 8

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Send the bill to the Montgomery House.”

“Yes, Mrs. Montgomery,” the receptionist replied quickly.

She stepped out of the boutique and into the mall.

Adrian stalked right right after her. He didn’t care who was watching, nor did he give a damn about his reputation or the whispers trailing in his wake.

He only wanted her. Even if it meant losing everything.

He caught up with her in a few powerful strides and grabbed her arm. Grabbing her wrist, he spun her around and pulled her toward a restroom tucked into the corner and dragged her inside. He slammed the door shut and locked it behind them, the sound echoing off the walls.

He pinned her against the wall, his eyes searching hers. His hand slipped to her waist. Her palms flattened against his chest, trying to push him away.

“Get off me!” she hissed. “Adrian, I’m married! If someone sees—”

His hand shot up, fingers wrapping around her jaw. Her words caught in her throat.

“If he can be with other people,” he said, voice low and gravelly, “then so can you.”

She blinked, confused.

“Be with me, Sienna.” His voice cracked ever so slightly—just enough to betray the pain underneath the dominance. “I don’t give a damn about Theo. I don’t care what you do with him. I just want you. In my arms. In my bed. Like before.”

“Adrian! I’m marri—”

“Then keep the goddamn marriage!” he snapped, desperation rising. “Stay with him. Be his wife. But take me too. I don’t care what you call it. Lover, friend, stranger, bed mate—I’ll take anything. Just don’t shut me out again.”

His hold on her waist tightened, gripping it like she was slipping through his fingers again. He was shaking, not with fear, but with the need to hold onto her before he shattered.

Her eyes flashed in surprise.

He leaned in, his forehead resting gently against hers. “I want to be yours again. Even if it’s not love... let it be something casual. Anything. Just let me stay close.”

She scoffed, voice dripping with ice. “So you want to be my mistress now?”

His eyes didn’t flinch. “I can be whatever you want as long as you’re the one I belong to.”

Her expression twisted. Fingers brushing his face, she gave him a cruel smirk.

"Being a kept man isn't easy, Mr. Vaughn. Don't fool yourself into hoping for more than a bedmate. You'll never be my boyfriend, never my husband. You won't exist to me in public. You'll be at my beck and call. You won't speak to me in front of my family, my friends, or even strangers. You won't touch another woman, won't even look at one. And above all, you'll never do anything that dares to displease me."

Each word hit like a blade. But Adrian stood there, unblinking, jaw clenched, enduring the punishment like a man ready to burn for what he broke.

Then his voice dropped, deep and quiet. “Those words sound familiar.”

She smiled.

“That’s exactly what I told you,” he murmured.

Her mask cracked. The smile vanished from her face. Her hand clutched his collar and yanked him closer, fury in her eyes.

“Exactly,” she snapped. “The first night you slept with me, you warned me never to dream of being your wife. You warned me never to look at another man. And now you feel small hearing the same words?”

She shoved him, hard, making him stumble back on his feet. “Don’t come near me again, Adrian. I remember every single word of the humiliation you put me through like I was worthless, just because I fell in love with you.”

Then she yanked open the door, and turned to leave.

But he moved. Fast.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He caught her arm again, pulling her into his chest, holding her tightly. Desperately.

“I’ll do it.”

Her breath caught.

His hands pressed to the door behind her, locking her in without hurting her. His eyes searched hers, wild with emotion.

“I know I ruined everything,” he whispered. “I hurt you in the past. I know that. And I’ll pay for it. I’ll be anything you want. Just let me be near you. Please.”

Her heart pounded in her chest.

“You’re out of your mind,” she muttered.

She shoved him back again and turned around. She threw open the door and walked out without a second glance.

She walked straight to the elevator, stepping in just before he reached her. The doors slid closed on his unreadable expression.

Sienna’s heart was racing. She stepped out on the ground floor and walked briskly to her car. She flung the door open, tossed in her bag, and collapsed in the driver’s seat.

Her hands gripped the steering wheel tightly.

“What the hell is he trying to do?”

Her chest rose and fell rapidly, her body still buzzing from the confrontation. His touch, his voice, his scent all wrapped around her like chains.

‘He wants to be with me? That’s impossible. He’s Adrian Vaughn. He never even thought of me as his girlfriend. He’s not in love—’

She stopped herself.

Gritting her teeth, she started the engine.

‘He’s just jealous that his toy slipped through his fingers before he could toss it away. Adrian Vaughn can’t love anyone but himself. I left first. That bruised his ego. And now he’s chasing me just to see if I’ll fall again, just like before, madly in love with him.’

Her jaw clenched.

She drove off without sparing the mall a second glance.

The Montgomery House was silent, save for the soft rustling of a few maids moving around. It wasn’t grand or huge—Sienna and Theo had chosen a more private life, with fewer people and minimal staff. The house was sleek and modern, with gentle cream interiors designed by one of the most expensive interior designers in the country, handpicked for them two years ago when they moved in after their marriage.

Sienna headed straight for the bedroom and took a quick, hot bath. But no amount of water could rinse away the thoughts that consumed her mind. The incident at the mall

refused to fade, circling her like a ghost she couldn't shake off.

She threw herself onto the bed, eyes shut tightly, trying to force sleep. Just as the darkness began to pull her under, the shrill buzz of her phone jolted her awake.

Groaning, she kept her eyes closed as she reached for it lazily. Her lashes fluttered open, and she cracked open her eyes. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the name flashing on the screen, her heart skipped a beat.

A video call. From Adrian.

Her brows pinched into a frown. Biting her lip, she hesitated before flipping onto her stomach and picking up the call.

The screen lit up.

Adrian appeared before her—shirtless, fresh out of the shower, his wet hair slicked back.

The phone was propped on his dresser, the angle perfect enough to reveal every line and cut of his body. A towel clung low on his hips, water still dripping down his sculpted torso. His chest glistened, powerful and lean, each muscle carved with intention. His hair was damp and tousled, falling slightly over his sharp brows as he ran a hand through it, slicking it back.

Her lips parted slightly as her breath caught. He was a living, breathing sin.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Sienna blinked, dumbfounded. “What the hell are you doing?”

Adrian leaned closer, his forearms resting on the dresser, bending forward with deliberate grace. His obsidian eyes locked onto hers through the screen, sharp and impossibly intense.

“Have you thought about my proposal yet, Ms. Donovan?” His voice was low, deep, and dangerous—like a slow-burning fire.

“It’s Mrs. Montgomery now,” she replied stiffly, though her voice wavered. Her throat dried at the sight of him, her body reacting before her mind could fight it. A light tremble traced down her spine.

“And whatever you want from me, it’s not going to happen. I want nothing to do with you,” she snapped, trying to sound cold, distant. “It’s time you stopped trying and stayed out of my life. Just like you have for the past two years.”

Adrian’s dark brows furrowed slightly, but his stare didn’t falter. He looked every bit the man he was, commanding, stubborn, used to getting what he wanted. His sharp eyes narrowed, gaze burning through the screen with raw intensity. His strong, sculpted face was unreadable, making it hard for her to breathe.

“Why don’t you just try it first?” he said lowly, his voice a smooth grumble that sent a shiver down her spine. He stood up straight, his hand dragging slowly from his neck down across his abs, leaving a trail of water in its path.

Her thighs pressed together involuntarily. Her mouth went dry.

She narrowed her eyes. “Are you trying to seduce me right now?”

He didn’t answer with words. Instead, he licked his lips and tugged playfully at the towel around his waist. The edge loosened, threatening to fall.

“Do you like it?” he asked, a hint of wickedness in his voice.

Sienna’s heart pounded in her chest. Every inch of him was sculpted like a god—hard muscles, golden skin, and a raw masculinity that made her blood rush. She rolled onto her back, holding the phone above her face, pretending to stay composed.

“It’s alright,” she muttered, shrugging. “Not too attractive. But not bad for passing time.”

But even she could hear the weakness in her voice. She swallowed hard. The hunger, the urge to touch him again, was unbearable. Hiding it was becoming impossible.

Her stomach coiled with heat, and her grip on the phone tightened.

Adrian chuckled, a rich, masculine sound that stirred her gut. He picked up the phone, bringing it closer to his body, then lowered it deliberately to his hard abs before raising it again to his face.

“I’m yours, Sienna,” he said, voice deep, slow. “As long as you want me, I’ll be yours.”

Sienna bit her nail, eyes betraying her restraint as they roamed shamelessly over every inch of the skin she once scratched, kissed, and claimed. Her heart thudded in protest, her mind a mess of temptation and denial. Her heart thudded hot and fast. ‘As much as I want to hate him, he really does have a godly body,’ she thought, her gaze trailing over the skin she’d clawed at so many times in the past.

‘What’s wrong with having a relationship just for sex with him?’ she thought. ‘I don’t have feelings anymore. So what difference would it make?’

Adrian noticed the way her eyes burned into every inch of him, and his lips twitched into a knowing smirk. Then, as if rewarding her gaze, he slowly began to unwrap the towel, revealing more skin. Just as he was about to let it drop completely—

The door flew open.

“Sienna, what are you doing?” Theo's voice cut through the silence.

Sienna jolted upright, nearly throwing the phone in panic. She slammed it face-down on the bed, heart racing.

4 One-way Glass

“N-Nothing!” she said, breathless, trying to gather herself.

Theo walked in, oblivious, dressed in a crisp shirt and tailored trousers, a tie draped casually around his neck. From the looks of it, he hadn’t heard Adrian.

Sienna finally exhaled, her heartbeat slowing slightly.

He looked at her, a playful glint in his eyes. “Do I look handsome?”

Sienna blinked, still trying to recover. “What?”

“This shirt.” He spun around for her. “I’m wearing it to the Montgomery Charity Gala tomorrow. Do I look good? A lot of important people are going to be there, and I don’t want to screw up. And you’re the only one who knows when I look my best. So tell me, do I look like the most handsome man in the world or not?”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Sienna snorted softly. “You look great, Theo,” she said, rising to her feet. She eyed the open collar. “This shirt actually suits you. Let me just fix this—you’re showing too much skin.”

She stepped forward and buttoned the top two buttons, smoothing the fabric as she nodded in approval. “Perfect. Wear this.”

Theo smiled, slipping his hands into his pockets. “Thanks. You’re the best.”

“No problem,” she smiled.

Theo turned to leave, but then paused, glancing back. “Oh, and one more thing. I’ll be out tonight with Sara—”

“It’s fine!” she interrupted quickly, placing both hands on his shoulders and steering him toward the door. “Really, it’s okay. I’m sure you’ll be amazing tomorrow. Go do what you need to, and I’ll focus on looking pretty for you, alright?”

She shut the door behind him.

Only when she was sure he was gone did she rush back to the bed, grabbing her phone. But the screen was already black. The call had ended.

She sighed, staring down at the screen.

‘Already gave up on trying to get me back?’ she thought, shaking her head. ‘Good. I won’t have to do all the work of getting you off myself again.’

Across the city, Adrian hurled his phone against the wall. It shattered with a loud, blinding crash, echoing through the vast emptiness of his mansion.

His phone hit the ground in pieces, his chest rising with fury. His fingers trembled, veins tightening under his skin as he stormed toward the bar and grabbed a bottle of whiskey. Pouring it violently into a glass, he downed it in one breath. The burn seared down his throat, lighting his chest on fire.

Only then could he breathe.

He shut his eyes, water still dripping from his hair, strands sticking to his neck. But all he could see was Sienna. Her face. Her body. Her bedroom.

With Theo.

They were married. He knew that. But hearing them, in the same space, in her room, her so close to that bastard twisted his gut with rage.

His jaw flexed, breath ragged. Rage curled inside him like a beast.

His jaw clenched. He poured another glass, drinking it in one sharp motion. Then he slammed the glass down, breathing harshly.

Playing the part of the man who doesn't care while watching her with someone else?

It was fucking killing him.

He wanted her all to himself.

She would always be his woman. Only his.

But the little patience he had was already slipping through his veins like poison, infecting every part of him with rage and desire. He hated waiting. Hated pretending.

‘Just wait it out,’ he reminded himself. ‘Let her come back to you like a good girl. She will. Just a little more time. Then, no one will ever take her away from you again. I’ll fucking make sure of it.’

Adrian ran a hand through his dark hair, the muscles in his forearms flexing as he exhaled a shaky breath. His sharp jaw ticked, the tension coiled in his chest like a storm waiting to explode.

With a cold gleam in his eyes, he strode to the bedside phone and dialed Matthew.

“Did I get an invite for the Montgomery Charity Gala tomorrow?” Adrian asked, voice low and cold.

“Yes, sir,” Matthew replied. “But I didn’t think you’d want to go. It’s not a big enough event for us. I assumed you’d be skipping it.”

“I’m attending. Make the arrangements,” Adrian said coldly. He paused. “And get me a new fucking phone. Take the broken one from my room. I want all my data transferred.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Yes, sir.” Matthew hung up.

Startled, he stared at the screen in disbelief. ‘What is going on?’ he wondered. ‘Mr. Vaughn treated that phone like a vault. It was so important to him. He was always careful not to damage or misplace it. And now he's broken it?’

The Montgomery Charity Gala was the most extravagant and important event of the year for anyone in the luxury car business. The Montgomerys were one of the top firms in the field, followed closely by the Donovans—Sienna’s family. With so many influential names attending, from politicians to celebrities and business moguls, it was set to be the most high-profile event of the season.

But the buzz that evening wasn’t about business deals or luxury cars.

The moment whispers spread that Adrian Vaughn was present at this event, everything else became background noise.

That alone flipped the energy of the event.

Adrian didn’t belong to this crowd—he owned a much higher tier. Compared to the Vaughn Empire, Montgomery and the rest were playing in sandboxes. People were stunned.

But oddly enough, no one had yet spotted Adrian. He hadn’t been seen once at the party.

Then the whispers rose again when Theo and Sienna arrived.

She wore the sheer white dress she had picked days ago at Max Mall, her beauty effortless and almost unreal. The soft fabric hugged her gently, flowing around her like a cloud. Theo stood tall beside her in a coffee-brown suit, calm and composed. Together, they looked picture perfect—like they had stepped out of a magazine.

Flashbulbs exploded as reporters swarmed them.

“I can’t believe this,” a woman murmured to her friend, drink in hand. “It’s been two years and I’ve never seen them argue even once.”

“Same here. I’m good at spotting cracks in relationships, but those two? Never even seen them frown at each other. It’s like they’re in some fairytale,” another replied.

“Last year, I asked Theo what he wanted me to gift them for their anniversary. You know what he said? ‘Ask my wife. She knows better than I do.’”

“He really listens to her, huh?”

“Never seen him complain. Honestly? I want that kind of man.”

The whispers got louder as Theo leaned in and kissed Sienna on the corner of her lips, his hand cradling her face so gently it made the cameras click nonstop. A soft, lingering press.

But not to Adrian.

To him, it was a blade.

In front of his eyes, Theo pulled away and Sienna smiled, bright, genuine. Her eyes

lit up, just like they used to only for him two years ago.

Adrian's steel eyes darkened as he watched them. His hand clenched into a fist so tight his knuckles turned white. He pressed it to his mouth just as a low, furious growl escaped him.

“Motherfucker.”

His teeth dug into his hand until a sharp sting of pain and a drop of blood brought him back to his senses. But he couldn't stop watching.

‘It's the same smile she used to have for me two years ago.’ His chest tightened. ‘But why does it look happier now?’

That's when Sienna's eyes roamed the room, they swept right past him—then returned, locking onto his gaze like a jolt of electricity.

Her breath hitched for a second.

Then, just as quickly, she looked away. Cold. Like she hadn't seen him at all.

“Excuse me,” she leaned close to Theo's ear. “I'll be back in a bit. Just need the restroom.”

Without waiting, she turned and walked briskly away.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian's eyes followed her through the crowd.

A minute later, he followed.

Just as she neared the ladies' room, he grabbed her wrist and yanked her back.

Without giving her a chance to react, his strong hand wrapped around her wrist and dragged her into a nearby side room. The door slammed shut behind them, echoing like a gunshot in the quiet. The space was dark, scattered with a few decorative items, but otherwise deserted.

He pressed her against the wall, and before she could speak, his lips were on hers—hungry, fierce, desperate.

“Mmm!” Sienna gasped, struggling in his iron grip, unable to see who it was in the dim light. The kiss was raw, rough, and completely lacking patience. His mouth moved over hers in short, frantic bursts, tasting, devouring.

She fought against him, trembling in fear, but then his lips brushed her ear, his voice a deep rasp.

“Hush. It's alright. It's me.”

Her body stilled.

The kiss stopped. He pulled back just enough to look at her, but didn't release her.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” she whispered, breathless. “Someone could have seen us!”

Adrian’s jaw tightened, but his voice was calm and biting. “Your husband can kiss you in front of everyone, but I can’t even touch you in private?”

“Adrian, let go of me!” Sienna hissed, pushing against him and glancing nervously at the door.

He gripped her jaw, tilting her face back to him. His breath fanned her lips, their lips almost touching and his voice was possessive and cold.

“The door’s locked. No one’s coming in.”

“The windows—”

“One-way glass.” His eyes gleamed. “They can’t see you. I won’t let anyone see you panting for me, Sienna. You’re mine. I don’t share.”

Then he crashed his lips against hers again.

There was nothing soft about it.

He kissed her like he was starved, like the past two years without her had been a slow, suffocating death. His mouth moved over hers with wild hunger, lips bruising, tongue demanding, dragging a desperate groan from deep in his chest. Her lipstick smeared, smeared and gone under the force of his kiss, replaced by the taste of him.

His tongue pushed into her mouth, deep and possessive, tangling with hers, pulling soft gasps from her throat. He sucked on her bottom lip until it swelled, then kissed her again like he couldn’t bear to stop, like breathing meant nothing if it didn’t come

through her.

Her scent hit him hard—sweet, warm, maddening—and for the first time in years, Adrian felt like he could actually breathe.

But he didn't give her space to catch hers.

His mouth trailed to her jaw, then lower. Wet, open kisses along the edge of her neck. His lips were hot, his tongue licking slow lines down to the curve where her neck met her shoulder. Her body trembled in his grip, breath catching with every stroke, every press of his lips.

“Adrian...” she whispered, voice thin, wrecked. Her hand pressed against his chest weakly. “I have to go back. The party's still going. I need to leave.”

He didn't stop.

“Leave?” His voice rasped against her skin. “I'm not letting you go. You wanted to test me, right?” His hands gripped her waist, pulling her closer. “Then test me properly. Don't run now, Sienna. Not when I finally have you.”

Then he bit down on the side of her neck, just enough to make her gasp, enough to leave a mark. She cried out softly, back arching, body leaning into him.

His kisses turned rougher, wetter, like he couldn't get enough of her. He moved from one side of her neck to the other, licking, sucking, leaving trails of heat in his wake. His hands slid up, cupping her face as his mouth devoured her skin—frantic, wild, insatiable.

He kissed her like he wanted to leave proof, something no one could erase.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He kissed her like she belonged to him.

Like if she stopped him now, he might lose his damn mind.

And God help her, Sienna didn't want him to stop.

He kissed her like he would burn the world down if she stopped him.

“Ah!” she cried out, but that’s when she pushed him off, her palms pressed against his solid chest as she pulled away. “Why are you biting?!” she hissed, her eyes wide with disbelief and accusation. “I need to get back to the party. How am I supposed to go out there with these bites all over me?”

Adrian’s dark eyes dropped to her neck. Faint red blotches and indents—his marks—were scattered across her delicate skin like a painting of possession. His jaw clenched, a muscle ticking with restrained amusement. He tried not to smirk, but his eyes, dark and molten with prideful lust, betrayed him.

Slowly, he lifted his gaze back up to her, something feral gleaming behind his calm exterior. Then he cupped her face in his large hand, his grip firm, his touch commanding. He tilted his head to the side and leaned in closer, exposing his neck to her with a slight smirk. “Here,” he said in a low, rumbling voice. “You can bite me too.”

She scowled, but then, like something inside her snapped, she lunged at him, lips hot against his throat. She bit down sharply, not once but twice, her tongue slipping out to lick the spot before biting again, harder.

He hissed, a sharp breath escaping his throat, but the next moment, a rough groan followed, the pain quickly swallowed by pleasure. His arms tightened around her, pulling her flush against him as he let her have her way with his neck. His breath grew heavier, deeper, as he let her devour his neck like a kitten. But his control only stretched so far.

With a low growl, he finally lost patience.

He grabbed her waist, pulled her closer, and returned the favor—ruthlessly. His mouth was all over her, trailing kisses and sharp nips across her jaw and throat. One of his hands slid down her back, gripping her thigh, slowly inching her dress up, higher and higher, until his fingertips brushed her hips.

“Sienna?” Theo’s voice rang out from just outside.

5 Still In Love

She froze in Adrian’s arms, stiffening like a statue. Adrian stopped, lips just a breath away from her collarbone.

Her hand flew up to his mouth, palm pressing against it to stop him from kissing her again as he leaned in. But he tried anyway, his lips brushing against her palm as he attempted to kiss her neck once more. His eyes, burning with need, narrowed in frustration.

“Sienna? Are you alright?” Theo called again, probably standing outside the ladies’ restroom now, searching for her.

Her heart pounded as she tried to catch her breath. “Ye—” she began, about to answer when Adrian grabbed her wrist and yanked her hand away from his mouth.

Even now, with her breathless and trembling in his arms, she dared to answer that bastard?

With a dark glare, Adrian crushed his lips against hers in a rough kiss, silencing her. His large hand tangled in her hair, pulling her closer, while the other arm wrapped around her waist and lifted her effortlessly off the ground. She dangled on her tiptoes as his mouth ravaged hers, tongue claiming every inch.

She gripped his arm for support, unable to keep herself upright under the weight of his hunger. He tilted her head back, deepening the kiss, licking into her mouth like he owned her.

“Sienna, where are you?” Theo’s voice came again, louder this time.

But Adrian didn’t stop. His kiss grew hungrier, harsher. Sienna could barely breathe, let alone respond.

The footsteps outside faded, retreating, and then there was only silence.

Finally, he let her go. Her feet dropped back to the floor, her legs trembling, and her forehead collapsed against his chest. The only thing holding her up was Adrian’s arm still firm around her waist. She inhaled deeply, her chest rising and falling against his.

An announcement echoed from outside, booming through the speakers: “The charity gala is about to begin. Dear guests, please take your seats.”

Sienna pulled away, her entire body trembling. Her skin still burned from his touch. Every inch of her felt singed with heat. She turned away from him, her cheeks flushed red as she fumbled through her purse.

She pulled out a compact mirror with shaky fingers and dabbed concealer over her

neck, blindly trying to cover his marks in the dim light. Her lipstick was a mess—she reapplied it quickly, but her hands wouldn't stop trembling.

“I need to go now,” she whispered, finally turning to face him. Her voice was steadier now. She had put herself back together—barely. “The event's about to start.” She shoved her makeup back into her purse.

She tilted her head slightly, revealing her neck and collarbone. “Is it all covered up?” she asked, lips parted, eyes searching his.

Adrian's eyes locked onto her lips. Hunger flared in them again. The way his dark gaze flicked to her throat made her regret asking. His hands clenched at his sides, jaw tense. Then, without warning, his thirsty lips parted, aching to taste her again and he quickly reached for her nape and leaned in.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

She shoved a hand to his chest. “No. I have to go out!”

Seeing her scowl, he swallowed hard and gave a tense nod. His voice was gravelly. “Yeah. It’s covered.”

His thumb reached up, gently brushing the corners of her lips to wipe off a smudge of lipstick.

She turned to go, stepping away, but he grabbed her wrist again and pulled her back. Reaching into his pocket, he slipped a hotel card into her palm.

“Room number fifteen,” he said, his voice low and rough. Then he leaned in and kissed her cheek, lips trailing to her ear with delicate, soft kisses. “I’ll be waiting for you tonight.”

He let go of her hand and stepped back, his eyes never leaving hers.

Sienna stared at the card for a moment—Presidential Suite, Ritzwood Hotel—before slipping it into her clutch. Then, she turned and slipped out of the room.

As she adjusted her hair, she pulled a few strands forward to cover one shoulder, hoping it would hide anything she’d missed. The rest cascaded down her back as she quickly made her way to the VIP seating area beside Theo. Almost everyone was already seated.

A minute later, from the corner of her eye, she saw Adrian enter, calm and composed, and take a seat across from her, just a few chairs away. His presence wrapped around

her like an invisible rope, making her nervous.

And even though she sat next to Theo, it was Adrian's gaze that she felt on her skin the entire time.

Theo turned to her as she took a seat, sighing in relief. "You're back. I was looking for you."

"Sorry, had an emergency... girl thing," she replied, flashing a quick smile.

Theo nodded, but his eyes drifted down to her neck. His brows furrowed.

"There are red spots on your neck." He turned slightly to glance toward the restroom, confusion lining his face. "Were there mosquitoes in there?"

Sienna froze.

Her body went rigid, and her eyes widened in panic. Her hand flew up to cover her neck as she fumbled to open her purse, her fingers trembling.

"Y-Yes," she stammered with an awkward laugh. "There were a few. I couldn't believe it either."

"This is a luxury hotel. How the hell can this happen? I'll have someone check it out," Theo muttered, pulling out his phone and sending a quick message to his assistant.

Sienna snatched a compact out of her purse and stared at the reflection. Though she had already covered most of the marks, a few angry red bites still peeked through. The worst part? Adrian hadn't left just one or two. He'd made a mess of her neck, and he knew it.

She dabbed on concealer again, her heart racing, until everything was covered up. She snapped the compact shut and shoved it back into her purse.

When Theo turned away, she dared a glance at Adrian—and sure enough, Adrian was staring right at her. He was seated across the room, legs spread, one arm resting lazily on the back of the chair, and the other lifting a crystal glass to his lips. His eyes were locked on her.

There was a smirk on his lips.

“Adrian Vaughn, you did it on purpose!” she mouthed, gritting her teeth.

He read her lips, and that smirk twisted into a full, unapologetic grin—shameless, cocky, and completely self-satisfied.

Just then, a woman suddenly rushed in from behind and plopped down next to him. Her hands curled around his arm like a viper coiling around prey, and her voice chimed with sickening cheer.

“Mr. Vaughn! I didn’t think I’d see you here! What a wonderful surprise!”

Sienna’s expression went blank. ‘Isn’t that Ella?’ Her heart dropped a little colder.

She knew that girl. Ella—young, flashy, daughter of a prominent family. Bright-eyed, always overdressed, and once the center of gossip for supposedly dating Adrian. Back then, Sienna had brushed it off. The girl had been a naive nineteen-year-old who threw his name around for clout.

But everything shattered the day Sienna learned the truth. When she found out that the woman Adrian was getting married to was none other than the same Ella. An arrangement between the two families.

She remembered staring into the mirror that day, watching the cracks run deeper than the glass. Because even though she knew Adrian had never truly been involved with Ella, knowing he had agreed to marry Ella while telling Sienna that he would never marry her—something inside her shattered beyond repair.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Now, here that same girl was, clinging to Adrian like a trophy.

Ella glanced over at Sienna, smirking as she tightened her grip on Adrian's arm and leaned into him. "I've missed you so much."

Adrian's jaw clenched. Without a second of hesitation, he got up and yanked his arm free, shoving her off with an effortless flick of strength.

His voice dropped into a dangerous growl. "I have nothing to do with you. What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

Ella gasped, stunned by the rejection. But she wasn't done saving face. Her eyes darted to Sienna, then back to Adrian, and she made her move again—this time louder, more dramatic, like a scene from a bad soap opera.

"Why are you acting like this?" she whined, grabbing his hand. Don't push me like that."

Before Adrian could throw her off again, she tugged Adrian's arm and suddenly dragged herself closer to Theo and Sienna, plastering on a fake smile before addressing her target.

"Oh! Sienna! Didn't you used to work with Mr. Vaughn not long ago? What a surprise!"

Sienna didn't return the smile. Her gaze flicked to Theo, who raised a brow at her but said nothing, then offered his arm to her and they both got up to walk away.

She moved to take Theo's arm—but Ella also jumped to her feet, closing the distance between them. Her hand shot out, grabbing Sienna's wrist and yanking her back toward herself with a high-pitched laugh that was anything but sweet.

"It's been so long since we hung out!" Ella announced loudly, drawing attention from the people nearby. "You and Mr. Montgomery got married not long ago, but now you're acting like we're not good enough for you? That's not very nice, right, Sienna?"

Sienna blinked, her face unreadable.

Ella pouted, her red lipstick smeared like a clown mask. "Let's have dinner tonight! You, me, Mr. Vaughn—and maybe Mr. Montgomery, too. You two look adorable together." She smirked between Theo and her, tightening her grip on Adrian's arm like she owned it.

Adrian looked down at her hand in disgust.

His jaw clenched. His eyes darkened, and the fury flashing through them was unmistakable. His eyes snapped to Sienna immediately after, concern flickering in his expression. He could feel the shift in her energy, the tension behind her calm eyes. His jaw ticked. His whole body was coiled with rage—rage that someone dared try to humiliate his woman in front of him. The last thing he wanted was for her to feel embarrassed or cornered.

Sienna, however, didn't flinch.

But Sienna turned that fake smile right back at Ella, cool and composed. "Sorry, I'm too busy," she said sweetly. "Having dinner with you would be a waste of my time. And I hate wasting my time."

With that, she slid her hand into Theo's and turned her back on Ella without another word.

Ella's face turned red, her jaw trembling with embarrassment. She huffed and tried to recover, twirling toward Adrian like nothing happened.

"Adrian! You and I can go to eat. I'll book a great restaurant and we can—"

"Enough."

Adrian snapped abruptly, towering over her. His eyes were thunder, his presence electrifying. He grabbed her wrist and shoved it off himself, making her stumble.

"I told you to stop showing up in front of me." His tone dropped, lethal and cold. "I've been saying the same fucking thing for years. Are you really that slow, or do you just not understand the goddamn language?"

"But Adrian! You cancelled the engagement over a text message back then! That was unbelievably disrespectful." Ella whined, pouting. "My dad said you and I should spend more time together. A date. That would be so romantic..."

Adrian's jaw clenched, and his stormy gaze narrowed on her. His tall frame radiated tension as he growled, "If your father wants you to spend time with someone, he can take you on a damn date himself."

With a rough push, he shoved her off himself. Then he turned on his heel, his tailored suit shifting with his broad, powerful strides as he walked away without a second glance.

Ella stood frozen, cheeks burning with humiliation. Her eyes flicked around, desperate to see if anyone had noticed. She'd wanted to humiliate Sienna, but now, it

was her they were watching, their eyes laced with amusement and barely hidden laughter. Panic rising, she rushed after Adrian, her heels clattering frantically against the marble floor.

Theo had watched everything closely. His attention wasn't just on Ella or Adrian—it was especially on Sienna. He noticed how Adrian's eyes stayed locked on her. Intense. Like she was the only person in the room.

Sienna avoided Adrian's eyes, pretending not to notice. But Theo caught it. The way her gaze had flicked toward Adrian earlier when they were sitting together. The tension in her shoulders. The momentary softness in her expression. It was with a flicker of something Theo didn't like. His brows pulled together in a frown.

“Are you still in love with him?” Theo asked bluntly.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

6 Gifts From My Husband

Sienna's eyes widened, shocked. Then immediately, she laughed, brushing her hair over one shoulder as if it was nothing. "What are you talking about?"

"I saw the way he looked at you," Theo muttered, sipping from a glass of champagne. He ran a hand through his dark hair, pushing it back as he locked eyes with her. "Sienna, tell me the truth."

Sienna inhaled, smile faltering. "I'm not," she said quietly. "I already left him behind two years ago. You're overthinking it."

Theo took a slow sip, his forehead lined with tension. He took another sip before leaning closer.

"Don't get involved with him again," he said, calm but firm. "Don't fall in love with him again. You know that asshole isn't good for you. Don't repeat the past. He's dangerous."

She nodded and forced a smile. "I know, Theo—"

"I didn't know Mr. Montgomery kept such a close watch on me."

The deep, velvety voice came from behind. It made Sienna freeze.

She turned. Adrian was standing there, hands in his pockets, his dark eyes locked on hers before sliding coolly to Theo. There was a mocking curve on his lips, but his

gaze burned.

“You came back?” Sienna asked, brows furrowing. She had assumed he’d left with Ella already.

“What? Not happy to see me?” Adrian’s lips lifted into a smirk, but there was a tension in his stance, a storm behind his gaze.

Theo cut in with a scoff. “Did you dump your girlfriend again just now? That seems to be your thing, Vaughn. Rotate one, grab another.”

Adrian’s smile faded into something colder. “You should worry less about my relationships, Theo. This is exactly why you’re never invited to my events—you can’t keep your nose out of places it doesn’t belong.”

Theo raised his brows, unfazed. “At least my nose stays in one place. Yours? You’re looking at one woman while talking to another. Maybe you should focus on that romantic evening with Ella. She might actually teach you a thing or two about loyalty, considering she’s been nursing that crush on you for years and still hasn’t let it go.”

Adrian’s jaw flexed. He lifted his glass to his mouth, the champagne catching the chandelier light as he sipped with icy sharpness.

“I already have a date tonight. A very important one,” Adrian muttered, voice low but cutting. He looked directly at Sienna. His stare burned into her, saying everything his words didn’t.

Theo noticed. He followed Adrian’s gaze and looked at Sienna, his jaw tensing. But before the tension could thicken further, the announcer’s voice rang out:

“We will now begin the auction with our first item of the evening...”

The crowd quieted, turning their attention to the stage.

Theo sighed, ignoring Adrian, and leaned toward Sienna. “Let’s go. It’s starting.”

Sienna exhaled sharply, breaking eye contact with Adrian. Theo gently slipped his arm around her waist, guiding her toward the couches. They took their seats, and a few moments later, Adrian followed and settled in not far from them.

As the auction progressed, excitement buzzed in the air. Items were being sold at lightning speed. Then, a luxury car appeared on the screen—a 1963 Aston Martin—and Sienna leaned toward Theo, eyes sparkling.

“That one,” she whispered. “I’ve been wanting that one forever. Dad’s been pushing to add it to our collection before the new store launch. He said if we manage to get it, I can keep it afterward.” She grinned proudly.

“Nice ride,” Theo said, smirking. “I’ll be expecting a late-night drive.”

“You’ll be the first one,” she said with a wink, her eyes locked on the car being projected as it rolled in further for viewing.

The announcer stepped up to the mic, but his expression changed. He looked down at the tablet in his hand, a crease forming on his forehead.

Sienna’s heart sank. Something wasn’t right.

The auctioneers were trained to stay neutral and emotionless. His expression said something was off.

Then, cold and composed again, he spoke.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Apologies, ladies and gentlemen. We’ve just received word that this vehicle has already been privately purchased by an anonymous buyer for a price that left even us speechless. As such, it will no longer be available for today’s bidding. However, the generous donor has offered a Ferrari SF90 Stradale in its place, so that will be our new item up for auction.”

“Shit,” Sienna hissed under her breath, turning to Theo. “That car was important. My dad’s counting on it for the launch.”

“Someone bought it before the auction?” Theo said, confused. “What kind of insane offer could’ve made them pull it from the lineup at the very last moment?”

“It must’ve been a shitload of money,” Sienna whispered, eyes narrowing. “There’s no way they’d cancel an auction bid unless the deal was astronomical.”

She met Theo’s eyes. “I want to know who bought it.”

Theo was already pulling out his phone. “I’ll ask around. I’ve got a few friends who might know. But honestly, if it’s already out of the auction, the price they paid is probably way beyond anything we could offer.”

“You’re right,” Sienna sighed, huffing a little, her shoulders slumping as her face turned sullen. “But let’s try. Give it a shot.”

The announcer moved on to the next car. Quietly, Sienna slipped out of the hall and stepped into the corridor, her heels clicking softly against the marble floor. She quickly texted ‘Jane’:

‘Hey, can you come out for a second?’

A minute later, Jane responded: ‘Sure.’

Sienna waited patiently, her fingers fiddling with the edge of her clutch until a stunning woman with glossy black hair stepped out into the corridor. She wore a black dress that hugged her figure and stopped at her thighs. Her hair was pulled into a sleek bun, with soft fringes falling over her forehead.

“Jane! Over here!” Sienna called out, her face lighting up.

Jane grinned and rushed into her arms, embracing her tightly. Jane ran a high-stakes cargo and shipping business and was known for her no-nonsense attitude, but right now, she looked just like a girl excited to see her friend. It had been a while since they’d last met.

“Did you come alone today?” Sienna asked with a smile. “I was looking for you but didn’t spot you until I saw you in the audience.”

“I came a bit late,” Jane muttered, her hand flying up to her neck instinctively.

Sienna’s gaze followed—and paused. A red mark peeked out from beneath Jane’s choker, one that looked suspiciously similar to the one she herself had. Sienna had to force her smile into hiding, but Jane caught the flicker and immediately hissed, “Stop it!”

Sienna burst out laughing. “Let me guess—Raideen didn’t let you leave again?”

Jane groaned. “He never does! Every time I get dressed for a party, he rips something. I’ve learned my lesson. From now on, I won’t even put on the main dress until I’m about to step out of the house.”

She dramatically sobbed into Sienna's shoulder. "The makeup, too. I had to do everything all over again. That's why I was late."

Sienna laughed harder as Jane buried her head in her shoulder, sobbing like it was a tragedy.

Sienna laughed harder at the ridiculousness of her expression. When Jane finally lifted her face, Sienna glanced around and asked, "Where is he, by the way? Raiden?"

Jane stepped back slightly, glancing through the hall doors. "There. Sitting inside. I told him I'd be back in five, so we gotta hurry. What's up?"

As Jane peeked in, Raiden turned his head—a dark, chiseled man in a sharply tailored suit—and shot her a glance. He raised his hand in a subtle gesture, silently beckoning her back. Jane grinned and lifted two fingers to say she'd be a minute.

"Alright, let's meet up properly in a few days," Sienna said. "We haven't caught up since last month. Drinks?"

"Deal." Jane smiled.

Sienna's smile faded slightly, replaced with concern. "I actually wanted to ask you something. It's about the car that was just pulled off the display. The Aston Martin."

"You wanted to buy it?" Jane asked, brows rising.

"Yes! It was really important to me. I literally arranged this whole gala to get that car. And then I saw it got taken before the auction even started. Since they didn't announce the buyer's name, I figured it won't be easy to find out."

"Yeah. If it was some showoff, we'd already know. Usually, the ones who buy cars

love to brag even if it's just a BMW,” Jane muttered with a roll of her eyes.

“Exactly. So I need to find out who bought it. Do you think you can help?”

Page 19

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Jane bit her lip, thinking. Then nodded quickly. “I’ll ask Raiden, and maybe check in with a few other people. Give me a minute.”

She dialed a number and waited. “Raiden, that Aston Martin, do you know who bought it?”

There was a pause, and then Jane’s eyes widened. “How much? Are you fucking serious?”

She looked at Sienna with disbelief. “Forty Nine million,” she mouthed silently.

Then she snapped her attention back to the call. “Who bought it?”

Her eyes went wide again. Her mouth dropped open. She looked at Sienna like she’d just seen a ghost.

“What?” Sienna frowned.

Jane ended the call. “You are not going to believe this! That car was bought by—”

“I bought it,” a deep voice interrupted from behind.

Both women turned sharply.

Adrian stood there, tall and imposing, dressed in a suit that hugged his broad frame like it was stitched just for him. His jaw was sharp, his stubble meticulously kept, and his eyes were fixed directly on Sienna.

Jane blinked, taking a step back in shock. She leaned close to Sienna and whispered, not-so-quietly, “Yeah! Adrian Vaughn bought it! Isn’t he the ex-boyfriend you had to keep in a box and never tell anyone about?”

Sienna stiffened. “Don’t say anything,” she muttered through clenched teeth, shooting Jane a warning glare.

Adrian approached, confident and unhurried, the corners of his mouth lifting into a knowing smirk. “What are you two doing, hiding out in a corner like this?”

Jane gave him a cold once-over, then leaned closer to Sienna and whispered again, “Do you want me to get a few guys to beat him up and steal that car?”

Sienna gave her a deadpan look.

“I can do it. Just say the word.” Jane looked at Sienna seriously, nodding confidently.

Sienna quickly grabbed Jane’s shoulders, and spun her around, pushing her back toward the hall. “Go. I’ll meet you later.”

“Should I send Theo?” Jane hissed over her shoulder.

“No,” Sienna said instantly. “I’ll take care of it. Go.”

Once Jane was gone, Sienna turned toward Adrian, her expression carefully blank—uninterested.

Adrian didn’t waste a second. He walked straight over, took her hand, and gently pulled her aside, into a darker corner of the corridor—hidden from the main floor.

His hand brushed against hers, opening his palm to reveal a set of car keys.

“Here.”

Sienna’s brows furrowed. His hand held the keys to the Aston Martin she’d wanted.

Then her gaze flicked back to his face. “Why did you buy this? You only deal in ultra-luxury cars. This one wasn’t even close to your standards.”

“You told me you liked this one,” Adrian said, his fingers reaching up to caress her face—but she pulled back.

“When? I don’t remember—”

“When we were together. Three years ago,” he said, his tone thick with something that sounded a lot like regret. “You saw it in a magazine. Said you loved the car.”

Sienna’s mind reeled back to that moment.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

She remembered now—just a flicker of that day. She had been flipping through a magazine, sitting across from him as he typed away on his laptop. She had been showing him things from a magazine that she liked.

“Adrian, look,” she had said, her voice cheerful, youthful hope dancing in her tone. “For my birthday, I want pink roses.” She had grinned and held the magazine up across the table.

He never even looked up.

“And I love this color!” She had added. “This car caught my eye the moment I saw it. I think—”

Before she could finish, Adrian had pulled a card from his wallet and tossed it at her without a glance.

“Here,” he muttered, slamming his laptop shut. “Buy whatever you want. Then, go back to your house. I need some privacy.”

And just like that, he had walked away.

The magazine had fallen to the floor, the card left untouched.

She had stared at the card like it was a slap, her heart shattering in silence as he walked away.

The card had never been used. The car had never been bought. And Adrian had never

mentioned it again.

She had thought he hadn't even heard her. But clearly, she had been wrong.

Back then he just didn't care.

Now, he grabbed her hand, lifting it gently, and slid the car keys onto her ring finger. "I bought it for you. Because you loved it so much."

Sienna immediately yanked her hand back, her gaze dropping to the keys, then lifting to meet his eyes coldly. "I only accept gifts from my husband."

7 Big Rewards

Adrian's jaw tightened. His fingers clenched hard around the keys. His chest lifted as he took a deep breath and exhaled sharply.

"I know you loved me once," he said finally, the words raw, cracked with emotion. "You gave me your everything and I blew it all to hell." He reached out again, cupping her chin in his large palm, his touch warm but heavy. He tilted her face up, forcing her to meet his eyes. "But now, I can't even give you a car?"

"I don't want to talk about the past," Sienna muttered, looking away, trying to pull back again, but he didn't let her go this time.

Adrian grabbed her hand again, slipping the keys into her palm and folding her fingers into a fist around them, his grip lingering on her fist.

"Then take it for now. Use it. Use it for your father's business if you want. Keep it in your garage. I don't care. Just... have it. Until you decide what you want to do about us."

“And what if I never change my mind? What if there’s no ‘us’ ever again?”

Adrian leaned in, towering over her as his face dipped into the curve of her neck. She could feel his breath—warm, familiar. Then came a soft kiss, just above her collarbone. A sigh escaped her lips before she could stop it.

“Then it’s still yours,” he whispered against her skin, his voice deep and possessive. “Even then, this car is yours. It always was. I bought it for you. It belongs to you.”

Sienna shuddered. His beard brushed against her neck, coarse and warm, and his hand slid down to her waist. She trembled as his fingers slowly inched up her side, caressing her breast softly. Her breathing hitched when his lips met hers, but just as his kiss deepened, she pushed him away.

She slipped out of his hold and walked back toward the hall, her arms folded tight across her chest. Her body trembled slightly, but she held her head high, refusing to let him see the effect he still had on her.

The presidential suite at the Ritzwood Hotel was like a dream spun out of memory and regret. It was lavish, romantic—the kind of setup that screamed of apology and longing. Soft candlelight flickered on every surface. Pink roses spilled across the bed. A gourmet dinner set for two sat on the side. Champagne. Pictures of them from the past displayed with care.

Adrian stood by the window, tall and powerful in a black dress shirt rolled up to the elbows, his sleeves showing off the muscles in his forearms. He held his phone tight, staring at the last message he had sent her over an hour ago.

‘When will you be here?’

It wasn't the first. He had sent dozens since the day they'd met again. She had never replied.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

A deep line cut across his forehead, his dark brows furrowed.

“I’ve let you down once,” he murmured, more to himself than anyone else. His voice was thick, strained. “But not again.”

He walked back into the room, and took a seat on the edge of the bed. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, the phone gripped between his fingers like it was the only thing holding him together.

“Just one chance, Sienna,” he whispered. “One more. I swear, I won’t disappoint you ever again.”

Sienna stood in front of her dresser, a strange mix of tension and anticipation pulsing through her.

She had changed out of her party clothes and slipped into something more casual. The event had drained her, but the calm of being home gave her just enough space to breathe.

She rummaged through her dresser, fingers hesitating on a particular piece—a short nightie in black and pink. Backless. With a plunging neckline.

She swallowed hard, her fingers brushing the fabric.

“Adrian always loved it when I wore little nighties like this,” she muttered under her

breath, biting her lip as flashes of their past invaded her mind. The way his voice would drop when he saw her in them, the way his eyes devoured her. And then the memory of his body on that video call... it sent a tremor through her.

She reached for the nightie. But her hand froze mid-air.

‘What am I doing?’ The thought struck like lightning.

The smile on her face faltered.

‘He only wanted me for sex. That’s all he’s ever wanted. He mistook lust for love, and I’m falling for it again.’

Her hand fell away from the nightie. She turned, leaning back against the dresser, her head lowered, sadness spreading across her face like a quiet storm.

‘I won’t make the same mistake twice. I’ve already been fooled once. Am I really going to let it happen again?’

A soft ping broke the silence.

She glanced at her phone. It was a message from Adrian.

He’d sent a photo.

She reached for the phone hesitantly, her heart skipping despite everything. Her thumb tapped the message open, and her breath caught.

It was a picture of a room, set up romantically with flowers, champagne, and soft yellow lights that gave everything a dreamy glow.

But instead of feeling touched, it only made her heart ache more.

Sienna's hands trembled as her fingers curled around her phone. Her chest rose and fell with shallow breaths, her throat tightening. She squeezed her eyes shut, resting her head against the dresser. No matter how hard she tried, the memories wouldn't stop. If anything, they crashed back even harder.

She had done something similar before, years ago. More beautiful. More heartfelt.

It was their first Valentine's Day.

She had decorated his bedroom from scratch, pouring her entire heart into every detail—red roses, fairy lights, a dinner she made herself, even the scent of his favorite flowers drifting in the air. She had been so excited. So hopeful.

He had promised he'd be there.

But the night came and went. She had waited, wide-eyed and hopeful, calling him again and again. Nothing. Only silence.

He never came.

He had shown up the next morning.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

The second he stepped in, she had shot to her feet, sleep instantly broken.

“Adrian! You’re back. Finally!” Her voice had been breathless, filled with so much joy it almost masked the pain. “It’s our fir—”

“What the hell is all this?” he snapped, voice sharp and cold. His expression twisted in distaste as he looked around the room, eyes narrowing.

She hadn’t even cared about the hour, or the ache in her chest. She just wanted to see him.

“It’s Valentine’s Day... I wanted to surprise you.”

“Get rid of all this bullshit,” he barked. His hand shot up to rub his temple in irritation, barely glancing at her. “I told you, we’re not a fucking couple. What are you doing, Sienna?”

Then he stormed out.

And the second he did, she broke. She collapsed on the floor, sobbing uncontrollably, her heart shattered.

She had spent the entire day back then, carefully planning, preparing. Hoping to make it special.

Now, years later, he was the one doing it for her.

What an irony.

Tears welled at the corners of her eyes, but she held them back. She sniffled, scoffing at herself, and turned away from the screen.

“Sienna?” Theo’s voice came from outside her room, and a second later, he burst in, grabbing her hand. “Let’s go.” He pulled her along immediately.

“Where?” she gasped, startled.

He gave her a tight look, his jaw firm. “Something important. Just come with me.”

It was past 3 in the morning.

Adrian sat on the floor beside the bed, legs stretched out, back leaned against the wall. A half-empty bottle of whiskey dangled from his fingers. His eyes flickered to the clock, dull and bloodshot.

He exhaled slowly.

Then suddenly, with a grunt of frustration, he pushed himself up, tossing back the last sip of alcohol before hurling the bottle across the room. It shattered into pieces against the far wall.

His jaw clenched tightly as he staggered to his feet, muscles aching and stiff. He grabbed another bottle from the table and dropped himself onto the floor beside the dinner table he had set up for Sienna. The lights above flickered slightly, casting shadows across his face as he drank again—and again—until sleep dragged him under.

But even sleep didn't last long.

A sharp clink broke the silence as the bottle slipped from his hand and hit the floor. He blinked, dazed, his body heavy and sore. His head pounding.

His eyes instinctively turned to the bed.

Empty.

He let out a bitter laugh, low and hoarse.

"So this is what it felt like when I didn't show up for you. When I left you alone," he muttered, his voice rough with regret. His heart burned, searing in his chest like punishment.

He got up on shaky legs, groaning softly as his head throbbed. He picked up his phone and called Matthew.

"Find out where Sienna was last night," he ordered. "Tell me where she is right now."

"Yes, sir," Matthew replied quickly before the call ended.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian ran a hand down his face, his palm rough against his unshaven jaw. The sun had begun to rise, casting a golden hue across the room. It was just past 7 a.m. when the call came back.

“Mr. Vaughn, Ms. Donovan was also at the Ritzwood Hotel last night,” Matthew said. “But she never went to your room. She was in Room twenty-eight, First Floor.”

Adrian’s grip on the phone tightened until his knuckles turned white. His eyes narrowed as tension rippled through his expression.

“She was at the same hotel?” he whispered, more to himself. “Then why didn’t she come to me?”

But a darker thought crept in next.

‘Was she alone in that room?’

Without thinking, his feet moved on their own. He stormed out of the suite, taking the stairs down to the first floor two at a time. When he reached Room 28, he saw the ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign hanging loosely on the doorknob.

He stepped forward to knock.

But just as his hand lifted, he heard the soft click of the lock from inside. He quickly backed away, stepping behind the nearby wall.

The door opened.

Sienna stepped out, stretching her neck with one hand, a soft groan leaving her lips. “Ugh, I’m so sore.”

Adrian’s foot moved forward instinctively, but then another figure stepped out behind her.

Theo.

“Gosh, I’m so tired,” Sienna muttered with a sigh. “Seriously, stop pulling all-nighters already, will you? My back is killing me.”

“It’s fun,” Theo chuckled, shutting the door behind him. “What’s the point of doing something if you’re not putting everything into it?”

“Ugh, stop talking. I don’t want to remember,” Sienna whined, placing her head on Theo’s shoulder with a pout. “That was too much in one night.”

Adrian’s jaw clenched so hard it ached.

He stood behind the wall, fists curled tightly, nails digging into his palms until blood dripped from his knuckles. His chest heaved, every breath a battle against the storm inside him.

Their words stabbed into him like knives. The way she leaned on Theo. The way she smiled.

He knew she was married now. He knew they had a life together. They sleep together in one bed. But hearing it—seeing it—was something else entirely.

He had turned a blind eye all this time. He had never let himself think of her sleeping with another man. Never allowed the thought to fester.

But now it was eating him alive.

His head fell back against the wall, his throat raw as he swallowed the rage boiling inside.

“Why the fuck did I ever let you walk away, Sienna,” he muttered, his voice laced with pain. “Why did I let you go?”

But he kept still.

Because he had made a promise.

He had promised her he wouldn't interfere. That he'd wait in the shadows if he wanted to stay in her life.

"Alright, my bad, Your Highness." Theo chuckled, placing his hands on her shoulders. He turned her around and pulled her into a tight embrace as they walked down the corridor toward the elevator. “I swear I'll reward you properly for all that hard work. Big rewards. Top-tier performance bonus.”

Sienna giggled, walking alongside him into the elevator.

Adrian's eyes burned into her back until the elevator doors shut.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

And then, his fist slammed into the cold, concrete wall beside him. The sound cracked through the hallway like a gunshot.

8 Let's Finish What We Couldn't

If it had been Theo instead of that wall, he would've been dead.

His knuckles split open, blood dripping down his hand in thick rivulets, staining the floor beneath him. His chest heaved with fury, eyes burning, jaw clenched tight, muscles rigid beneath his tailored black shirt. His face twisted in a mix of jealousy and heartbreak.

On the ground floor of the hotel, Theo and Sienna stepped out of the elevator and made their way into the wide lobby.

Theo turned to her. "Thanks for staying up all night to help with that project. Seriously. I mean it."

Sienna rolled her eyes and slapped his arm. "Stop it already. It wasn't that big a deal. Just give me a few thousand dollars as a bonus and I'll be satisfied."

Theo grinned. "You got it. I've got a meeting now though. Want me to drop you home first?"

"Don't worry about it." She patted his arm, smiling. "You go ahead. I'll manage."

"Alright." He gave her a lazy wave before heading toward the parking lot.

She watched him disappear, then stepped outside. Pulling out her phone, she stood by the curb to book a cab. She was still scrolling when a strong hand suddenly grabbed her arm.

She looked up in surprise—ready to shout—but the moment her eyes met his, the words caught in her throat.

Adrian.

And he looked furious.

His jaw was tight, eyes dark and storming. Without a word, he pulled her sharply toward his parked black Maserati, opening the passenger door and pushing her inside with more force than necessary.

“Adrian! What the hell are you doing?!”

He didn’t answer. He stormed to the driver’s side, yanked open the door, and slid in. The engine roared to life, and a second later, the car tore off into traffic at a dangerously high speed.

“Adrian!” she gasped, bracing herself as the car swerved violently, her body jolting with every sudden turn. “Slow down! What the hell is wrong with you?!”

The air between them was heavy. His face was stone cold, focused on the road, eyes flashing with an emotion that was raw and wild.

Finally, a car suddenly cut across in front of them. Adrian slammed the brakes hard. The car screeched to a stop with a sharp jerk, the tires screaming against the asphalt.

Sienna twisted toward him. “Have you lost your mind?!” she shouted, her breath

coming fast. “Are you mad?!”

“I wish I had gone mad,” he growled, gripping the steering wheel so tightly his veins bulged against his skin. He turned to her, voice rough and guttural. “I really fucking wish I had.”

Sienna froze at the crazed look in his eyes. But then, she caught sight of his bloodied knuckles clenched around the wheel.

“Your hand—” she reached out, her voice softening with concern. “What happened to you? Did something happen last night?”

He didn’t respond. He just stared at her, like she was the only thing tethering him to sanity.

After a moment of silence, she reached over and gently took his injured hand in hers. Her fingers were soft and warm against his bruised, bloodied skin.

“Did you get into a fight? This... this looks bad.”

Something in him cracked.

His rage started to falter. Her fingers were soft, gentle. Her face was twisted with worry, and the concern in her eyes made him soften.

“Do you have—”

She didn't get to finish.

He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her to him.

And then he kissed her.

Not gently. Not sweetly.

He yanked her closer, hand fisted in her hair, and crashed his mouth onto hers.

Hot. Deep. Unapologetic. His lips moved over hers with a hunger that sent a jolt straight through her chest. It wasn't careful or planned, just pure need poured into every movement. His mouth claimed hers, tongue pushing past her lips like he couldn't get enough of her taste.

His grip was possessive, like letting her go wasn't an option. His hand slid down her back, pressing her into him, his body hard and trembling against hers. Her fingers clawed at his shoulders, holding on as his kiss grew rougher, wetter, deeper.

He groaned low into her mouth, like the sound had been buried in his chest for too long. His tongue tangled with hers, desperate and reckless, tasting, teasing, devouring. His lips dragged across hers again and again, not slowing down, not softening—just taking.

His lips moved over hers with a madness that couldn't be tamed.

His heart thundered in his chest. The emotions he'd been burying came rushing to the

surface.

‘I miss you so much, Sienna,’ he wanted to say. ‘I wish you’d always care for me like this. Stay by my side. Be mine. Only mine.’

But he couldn’t say the words. He could only show them.

She gasped beneath his kiss, trying to breathe, her hands pushing against his chest. He didn’t want to let go. He couldn’t.

She struggled for air, her hands pushing against his chest. He didn’t want to let go. He wanted to hold her forever. But she pushed harder, and finally—reluctantly—he pulled back. He loosened his grip, pulling back—just barely—his breath coming in ragged pulls. Their lips parted, red and hungry.

Breathless, Sienna dropped her gaze to his injured hand, gently touching it again.

“Let me bandage this properly. There’s too much blood. You’ll ruin your clothes.”

He didn’t move. Didn’t speak.

Then she met his gaze again, whispering, “This must be really painful.”

Adrian’s hand tightened around hers, his voice hoarse. “It’s not as painful as the hole burning in my chest right now.”

She stared at him, confused. He looked wrecked, twisted with emotions she couldn’t understand.

“What happened to you?” she asked quietly.

His voice came out like a growl. “Where were you last night?”

Her brows furrowed. “Why are you asking that?”

And then she remembered. The Ritzwood hotel card. The invitation to meet at night. Her eyes widened as realization sank in.

“Wait... did you wait for me last night?”

He didn’t reply. His expression gave nothing away.

But his silence screamed the truth.

Her lips parted in disbelief. “You really... waited all night?”

Adrian’s face twisted from quiet sadness into something sharper, darker. His jaw clenched, and his fingers tightened possessively around hers. Then, in one swift move, he reached out and cupped the back of her head, pulling her closer, his eyes smoldering with something that burned beneath the surface.

His deep voice, rough with emotion, vibrated in her chest as he spoke.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Now I know how you felt. When all those times I didn’t show up for you when we were together.”

Sienna's eyes flickered, pain flashing through them like lightning. A raw wound reopening at the memory—being left waiting, feeling forgotten—crushed her chest all over again. Her lips parted, trembling.

“I didn’t—” she began, but then exhaled shakily and steadied herself. “I know it looked like that, but I wasn’t trying to get revenge, Adrian. I had something important to handle last night. That’s why I couldn’t come.”

The truth was, she hadn’t fully made up her mind about seeing him. She’d still been debating whether to go when Theo whisked her away. So it wasn’t entirely a lie. Her absence hadn’t been out of spite.

But Adrian wasn’t listening to the details.

He pulled her face closer to his, their foreheads almost touching, his intense, dark gaze locked on hers. His voice dropped lower, more dangerous.

“What about right now?” he asked.

“What?” she whispered, her breath catching.

“Let’s finish what we couldn’t last night. Right now.”

Sienna stepped into the Vaughn estate, her heels clicking against the marble floor. The place was frozen in time, the same beauty, the same air of power. But she barely had a moment to absorb it.

Adrian didn't let her linger.

His large hand wrapped tightly around hers, dragging her along with him like a man on a mission. His grip was firm, almost desperate. They ascended the grand staircase, his broad shoulders tense, back straight, his movements fierce and sure. He pushed open the bedroom door.

The moment they entered the bedroom, she froze. It was untouched. Exactly the same.

The same bedding. The same sleek furniture. Even the scent—it smelled like him. Strong, masculine, intoxicating. Her gaze flicked across the room in disbelief.

'How am I back here?' she thought, heart pounding. 'This room... I swore I'd never step foot in it again.'

Two years ago, she had walked out of this room, out of Adrian's life, telling herself she'd never return. It had taken everything in her to let go after spending five years with him. But here she was—back in the same place, like nothing had changed.

And that was the biggest shock. Adrian used to redecorate every six months. He hated being in the same environment for too long. But this room was still the same.

Her heart ached.

Then she turned, and froze.

Adrian had already unbuttoned his shirt, revealing a broad, chiseled chest. His tanned skin stretched over hard muscle, carved like stone. Each ridge of his abs flexed as he let the shirt fall to the floor. Her breath caught.

In one swift, effortless move, he stepped forward, his hand wrapping around her throat—not with force, but just enough pressure to tilt her chin up. The next second, she was falling backward onto the bed, her back hitting the mattress as Adrian climbed over her, his tall frame caging her in completely.

His face hovered just inches above hers, his lips curled in a shadow of a smirk. But his eyes were softer now, brimming with raw affection.

“Even my bedroom’s brighter now that you’ve come back,” he muttered, his lips curling into a slow, rare smile.

Sienna’s hands rose, fingers trembling slightly as they brushed across the heat of his chest, tracing over the sharp ridges of his abs. Then, without thinking, she arched up and pressed her lips to his.

That was all he needed.

Adrian crushed his mouth against hers, unleashing years of buried longing in a kiss so fierce it stole her breath. His lips moved over hers hungrily, urgent, consuming, his tongue sweeping into her mouth, tangling with hers in deep, heated strokes. He tilted her head just enough to angle her perfectly beneath him, deepening the kiss as if he wanted to taste the very soul of her.

One hand curled tightly around her waist, fingers digging in with desperate need, while the other slid up to cradle the back of her head, keeping her close, anchored to him.

Then his mouth began its descent. Slow. Intimate.

He trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses along her jaw, his tongue darting out to taste her skin as he moved down her neck. When he reached the tender hollow just below her ear, he lingered. His tongue flicked slowly across her pulse point, circling it, then flattened and dragged downward in a heated stroke that made her shiver.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He sucked gently at first, then harder, just enough to leave a mark, while his tongue swirled, licked, tasted every inch of that spot until a moan escaped her lips. “Mmmhhh...”

She barely had time to breathe before she felt a soft cloth brush against her face. He slid it over her eyes, tying it carefully behind her head. Darkness claimed her vision, but pleasure surged.

Her body arched instinctively toward his heat as his tongue returned to her neck, licking along the curve with languid, teasing strokes while his hands worked the blindfold in place. She didn’t protest. She couldn’t. The loss of sight only heightened every touch.

His lips moved lower, trailing down the slope of her shoulder, then further, to her collarbone. He kissed across it slowly, alternating between light flicks of his tongue and firmer, wetter licks that left her skin glistening.

Then, lower still.

His mouth hovered over her chest, his breath hot through the thin fabric of her top. He sucked her nipple through the cloth, letting his tongue circle lazily before flicking it back and forth, making her gasp. Then he pulled the fabric aside, baring her skin.

Without hesitation, he dipped his head and closed his mouth around her bare nipple, tongue swirling, licking in soft, rhythmic strokes before suckling deeply. He tugged gently with his lips, then let his tongue flick the hardened peak in rapid, teasing movements, coaxing breathy moans from her parted lips.

“Adrian,” she gasped, her back arching, pressing her breast further into his mouth.

He groaned low in his throat, a sound vibrating against her sensitive skin. His hands roamed her sides, slow, reverent, sliding over the swell of her waist and the dip of her lower back. Every touch was heated, like he was learning her all over again, mapping her body with his palms and tongue.

Then he sighed, deep and hungry, and his hand slid to her wrist. He gripped it firmly, drawing her forward until their bodies met, flesh to flesh, heat to heat.

Sienna froze.

She felt him. Thick, hard, and pressing against her navel through the fabric between them.

Her breath caught, her body thrumming with anticipation.

“Do you feel what you do to me?” he whispered, his lips brushing the shell of her ear before flicking the lobe with his tongue.

9 Insane

Sienna’s heart stuttered, beating so fast it made her head spin. Adrian chuckled low in his throat, the sound dark and amused.

Something brushed her lower lip. Soft, teasing. Maybe his finger. Maybe not. A shiver bolted down her spine.

“Wait... wait a minute,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Let me untie the cloth.”

But the blindfold heightened everything. Every breath, every brush of skin, every flutter of anticipation. The loss of sight made her feel bare, open, vulnerable in a way that sent heat spiraling through her.

Before she could reach for the knot, Adrian's calloused hand wrapped around both of her wrists, holding them firmly.

"You can't," he said, his voice rich and velvet-smooth, but rough.

The words slid into her ears like warm honey, leaving a sinful bloom of heat in her chest. Then he tilted her chin up and pressed a kiss just below her jaw. When his thumb gently stroked the inside of her wrist, her body jolted like she'd been shocked, his touch electric, intimate, impossible to ignore.

Adrian seized the fabric of her dress and tore it apart in one fierce motion, the sharp rip of cloth slicing through the room. The sound of tearing fabric echoed through the room. Her bra came next, unclasped and peeled away, followed by the removal of her panties. Now fully exposed, the cool air kissed her bare skin, burning her with the heat pulsing between her thighs.

Her chest rose and fell erratically, every breath shaky, her pulse drumming in her ears.

His fingers returned, grazing her lips again, then gliding down the column of her throat, brushing her collarbone with feather-light strokes. His touch continued downward, mapping the length of her arm, tracing the edges of her ribs with maddening slowness.

Then, he brushed just beneath her breast.

"Ahhh..." she whimpered, the sound torn from her.

“You’re wet,” Adrian murmured, lips brushing her ear as his hand slid behind her, slipping between her thighs. “Soaked.”

Her breath hitched violently.

She instinctively shifted, trying to draw away, but Adrian caged her in effortlessly. He buried his face in her neck, and then, his tongue licked a long, soft stripe up the side of her neck, slow and wet, followed by a kiss so possessive it made her legs tremble. He sucked at her skin, then scraped his teeth gently against it, leaving a mark.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

She gasped when he soothed the bite with his tongue, swirling over the sore spot with a sensual thoroughness that made the fire in her belly flare. His lips traced the curve of her jaw, then found her earlobe, pulling it between his lips, sucking softly, then biting just enough to make her cry out.

“Aahhh...”

Her entire body trembled, a wave of goosebumps breaking across her skin. All the while, his fingers continued their slow torment, stroking her. Hot, soft, relentless.

She arched, her body pleading for more, eyes watering behind the blindfold from the overwhelming pleasure.

“Please...” she choked out.

Adrian’s fingers slid between her folds and found her clit. He circled it slowly, teasingly, learning her with every stroke.

“I want you to feel too much of me,” he whispered, voice dark with intent. “Get overwhelmed... just like I do every time you so much as look at me.”

And then—his fingers slipped inside her.

“Ahh!”

Sienna cried out, freeing her wrist from his grasp, and grabbing his shoulder. It felt like there were more than two fingers—stretching her, pushing deep, curling slightly

as they stroked her walls repeatedly.

“Your fing—”

Adrian’s lips curved into a smirk. “I’m making you soft for me.”

His fingers thrust deeper as he spoke, his tone soft but his movements anything but. He rolled his fingers inside her, curling and pressing against that sensitive spot that made her legs go weak.

Sienna clung to him, her forehead pressed to his shoulder, moaning uncontrollably as waves of pleasure tore through her.

“That’s it,” he murmured, voice coaxing and calm. “You’re clenching so tight around my fingers.”

His thick fingers plunged into her restlessly, slick sounds echoing between them, mixing with her gasps and cries. His thumb found her clit again, rubbing in slow, precise circles as he thrust his fingers in and out of her.

“This is swollen already,” he whispered, flicking her clit, eyes watching her intently. “I want to taste it.”

Her sobs turned to moans, her whole body shuddering as her climax built fast and sharp.

“Hahh... ahh!”

“No, Sienna, not yet.”

At the sound of Adrian's deep, lust-filled voice, a wave of heat surged under Sienna’s

navel, igniting every nerve in her body. Her breath hitched, but she couldn't stop the tremble that shook her. He told her to not cum, but still kept on thrusting his fingers inside her, building up her pleasure.

"N-no... if you thrust them like that... I'll—hnh!" she gasped, her words cut off by the sensation of his fingers pressing deeper inside her. She clenched his shoulders, her knuckles turning white as her body arched.

Adrian's grip tightened on her wrist, and he lowered his lips near her ear, his breath hot and rough. "I want to make you feel everything," he murmured with a dangerous promise.

Her heart pounded in her chest, anxiety coiling in her stomach. The blindfold heightened everything—every sound, every touch felt sharper, more intense.

"Oh..." she whispered, but the tremble in her voice betrayed her, the words barely escaping her lips.

She hesitated before gently reaching for his arm, her voice barely a breath. "Adrian?"

Her fingers trailed over his skin, but all she could feel was the rapid beat of her own heart in her ears.

Adrian looked down at her, eyes darkened with hunger, watching her carefully as she lay beneath him, her body a mix of trembling desire and softness

Her dark hair sprawled across the pillow, glistening. She was beautiful, flushed with a mixture of desire and vulnerability. The wetness between her thighs, the way she clenched around his fingers, drove him wild. He had waited so long for this moment.

He swallowed his urge to move too quickly, instead pushing her thighs apart, giving

him a better view of her trembling body.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Stay still,” he growled softly, as his hand slipped to her thigh, pulling her closer. His voice was low, commanding, but there was an edge of something darker.

Her body shivered with the mixture of need and fear. She wanted him, but the rawness of the moment left her feeling exposed, vulnerable in ways she hadn't prepared for.

“I love how obedient you are for me in bed, Sienna,” Adrian murmured, his fingers sinking deeper, pulling a sharp gasp from her lips. His mouth hovered just above her skin, lips brushing against the delicate curve of her inner thigh, his breath warm and wicked.

“In here, your body is mine to do with as I please. Out there”—he paused, kissing her slowly—“I’ll be obedient to you. Alright?”

Her hips moved involuntarily, chasing the fire he stoked between her thighs, every flick of his tongue drawing her closer to madness. And yet, even in the haze of pleasure, her mind drifted to how she must look to him—spread open, trembling, silently begging for more as her body squirmed under his mouth. The thought alone made her thighs tremble harder.

Adrian’s tongue dragged slowly along her folds, savoring her as if he had all night. The tip teased her clit with light flicks before circling it, drawing out every gasp and whimper she couldn't hold back.

“Oh... ahhh...”

His breath was hot against her soaked skin, and when his mouth finally latched onto her bundle of nerves, she cried out. Soft and desperate.

Adrian's hands moved upward, possessively cupping her breasts, thumbs brushing over her sensitive nipples until they hardened under his touch. His hands were rough, calloused, but worshipful, treating her like something precious and wild all at once.

"Does it feel good?" he murmured, his voice thick and low, vibrating straight through her core as he spoke against her clit. His lips curled around it again, sucking gently, then harder, as though he couldn't get enough of her taste.

She gasped, arching her back off the sheets, her entire body trembling under the relentless wave of pleasure. Her fingers twisted into the sheets, nails digging deep. She couldn't breathe, couldn't think, only feel. Every swirl of his tongue, every kiss against her heat, pushed her higher and higher.

Tears pricked the corners of her eyes as pleasure—sharp, blinding, and intoxicating—spiraled through her. Her legs shook, thighs clamping around his head instinctively, but Adrian only growled against her, his tongue delving deeper, more desperate.

"Adrian..." she sobbed his name, choked and broken, and with one final, devastating flick of his tongue, her body shattered. Her climax tore through her like lightning, her cries echoing through the room. She melted, completely boneless, collapsing against the bed, her body trembling uncontrollably as he kissed her through the aftershocks, drinking down every drop of her release.

He pulled back only slightly, his lips glistening with her wetness, his eyes locked on her as if she were a feast laid out just for him. Then, without a word, he lifted her effortlessly, turning her over like she weighed nothing. Her chest heaved, her skin slick with sweat, and her hair clung to her damp forehead.

“Please... let me... breathe,” she whispered, her voice hoarse and trembling.

Adrian’s fingers spread her legs apart with ease, his gaze dark, ravenous. The hunger in his eyes made her breath catch.

A few strokes from Adrian’s fingers coaxed a slick stream of arousal from Sienna’s swollen, throbbing core. Her hips jerked, betraying her will, as if her body was desperate for every torturous rub he gave. The heat pouring from her, the soft trembles rippling through her thighs. It was intoxicating. The way she responded, helpless and achingly sensitive, fueled something dark and primal in him.

He didn’t even need to taste her to know how she’d react. Her body already answered for her.

“I love watching you cum,” Adrian murmured, his voice dripping with dark desire. His palm cupped her mound possessively, fingers curling inside her with slow, relentless pressure. His thumb circled her clit with the kind of friction that made her entire body tighten and convulse. Rough. Insistent. Merciless.

“Ahhh...,” Sienna’s sobs broke free, louder this time, pure desperation laced in every sound. Her legs trembled violently as slick noises echoed in the air.

“A-Adrian,” Sienna gasped, her voice cracking as her body writhed. “Oh God... you’re making me cum again!”

Adrian’s lips curled into a cruel smirk, his eyes gleaming with raw hunger.

Her folds, flushed and glistening, looked painfully sensitive now. Every twitch of her hips, every breathless gasp, made his own restraint waver.

“Please... Adrian...” she whimpered, shame burning in her voice. Her clit throbbed

with each breath, and her slick walls fluttered around his fingers, begging without words.

Adrian dipped his head, biting down gently on her tender folds, letting his teeth graze her. “I want to eat you.”

Without warning, he slid two fingers inside her again—slow, deep, possessive. Sienna let out a strangled cry, but Adrian stole the sound with a harsh kiss, forcing her lips open as he swallowed her moans.

Her slick heat wrapped around him tightly, clenching with every motion of his fingers. She was so wet, his entry was effortless, but her inner walls resisted, trying to push him out even as they clung to him like a vice.

Adrian dragged his fingers out slowly, only to thrust them back in harder.

“Relax,” Adrian whispered against her trembling lips, his breath fanning across her flushed skin.

“I... I want you...” Sienna whimpered, eyes wide and dazed, her voice laced with helplessness. The heat inside her had grown unbearable, every pulse of his fingers sent ripples through her core, making her body tense and her mind spin.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Relax your legs,” he murmured again, his tone darkly soothing. “Lean on me.”

Her slender frame melted against his chest, her bare skin pressed to the sculpted lines of his body. She was still shaking, but she let him guide her, folding into his touch like something fragile and desperate to be held. Though her muscles remained taut, her dripping slickness welcomed him greedily. His fingers slid in deeper, curling wickedly.

“A-ah! Aaaaah!” Sienna’s voice cracked, the sound torn from deep inside as pleasure and pain crashed together in waves.

Adrian’s finger rubbed against that hidden, tender spot inside her—over and over—ruthlessly gentle. Her juices coated his knuckles, the sound of wet friction loud in the silence. Her legs started shaking badly, his one arm wrapped around her waist, the other still working her open.

The sight of her unraveling, her parted lips, her fluttering lashes, the desperate arch of her back, made his rod throb with painful intensity. It strained against his pants, leaking, aching to bury itself inside her heat.

Every time her breath hit his throat, warm and shaky, he had to fight the urge to push her to her knees and feed her his shaft. But he held back. For now.

“Ah... aaaah, Adrian!” Sienna whimpered, voice barely audible as she tried to make sense of the heat pouring out of her. Her voice was breaking, eyes pleading with shame and need.

He looked down at her. Lips swollen, cheeks flushed, pupils blown so wide her eyes looked almost black. He thrust his finger in deeper, drawing a cry from her throat and a fresh gush of slickness from her fluttering core.

“Do you feel good?” he asked, tilting his head, voice full of cruel teasing.

Her tight walls gripped his fingers with greedy desperation, clinging like they never wanted to let go.

“Oh God... oh God...” Her voice cracked, breathless, on the edge of something she couldn’t control.

“Sienna,” Adrian growled, his lips brushing her ear as his teeth grazed her lobe. “Cum now.”

His self-control frayed at the edges. Watching her fall apart, hearing those helpless sounds she couldn’t stop. It made him feel feral. Possessive.

Her entire world shrank down to where his fingers played her body like a twisted instrument. She couldn’t think. Couldn’t breathe. Her body moved on instinct, chasing the peak, drowning in sensation.

“Haaa... aaah... Aah!” Sienna sobbed, her toes curling as pleasure built like fire in her veins. Then his finger scraped that spot again, and her mind shattered.

“It’s alright,” Adrian coaxed, voice suddenly soft, almost affectionate. “Let it out. Let me feel it.”

“Mhmm... hahhh... aaahhh!”

Her scream broke the air like lightning, and her body snapped tight around his hand.

Her orgasm crashed over her violently, raw, consuming. Her slick gushed out, soaking his fingers, her inner muscles spasming uncontrollably as her cries melted into broken gasps.

He held her through it, one hand stroking her hair gently as she collapsed in his arms. Her chest heaved with each breath, tremors rippling down her spine. Her thighs quivered uncontrollably, and his eyes drank in every inch of her wrecked body.

Adrian waited, watching her ride the aftershocks, then slowly lifted her chin and removed the blindfold.

Sienna blinked, dazed, and met his gaze.

His face was carved perfection, as if some cruel god had sculpted him just to ruin women. That sharp jaw, those wicked lips...

Even with the trembling heat still throbbing between her legs, she couldn't look away.

Before she could speak, he reached for his belt. The sound of leather unbuckling made her breath hitch.

She watched, heart pounding, as he freed himself.

Her eyes widened. Thick. Long. Veins prominent. The head flushed deep red and glistening. It looked too much for her body, and yet...

Her thighs instinctively clenched.

Why was he built like living sin? Sculpted to seduce and destroy?

Adrian's gaze darkened as he looked at her trembling, spent frame. He climbed over her, his body covering hers. Then, he aligned himself and began to push in, slowly.

Her tightness clenched immediately, a gasp escaping her lips as every inch stretched her further.

Page 31

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian groaned against her throat. His voice was rough, almost desperate.

“A-ah...” she whimpered as the thick heat of him pushed deeper, inch by overwhelming inch.

Then her arms wrapped around his neck. She buried her face near his ear, voice trembling.

“Adrian... move. Please.”

Adrian brushed damp strands of hair from her cheek. His lips pressed to her temple.

Her eyes met his—wide, soft, vulnerable.

No gentleness.

Hard. Deep. Immediately.

The bed creaked under the force of him, the headboard slamming once, then again. Her body jolted with each brutal thrust, pinned beneath him, lost in the wave of his hunger. Her nails sank into his back, dragging red trails down his skin. She didn't even realize she was crying out his name over and over, desperate and breathless.

He fucked her like he'd been starved for her. Like he needed to carve himself into her so she'd never forget.

His hands slid from her thighs to her waist, fingers digging in like he could mold her

to fit him better, like he owned her.

She gasped as he tangled one hand into her hair, yanking her head back just enough to force her eyes on his. Her flushed cheeks burned with heat, but he didn't look away. Neither did she.

He growled, his voice low, ragged, feral, "Look at me when I take you."

But she whimpered and turned her head, unable to withstand the weight of his stare.

He didn't let her hide. He chased her retreat with his mouth, lowering his head to her chest. His lips closed around one aching peak, sucking deep. Then came the scrape of teeth, gentle at first—then not.

A sharp gasp tore from her throat, her back arching instinctively. Her walls clenched tighter around his thick length as he continued to thrust inside her.

"Ah...ha...mmh...!" she moaned, unable to contain the sounds tumbling from her lips.

Pleasure rolled through her, overwhelming and consuming. Her legs shook around him. She could feel the knot building low in her stomach.

And then it snapped.

Another orgasm crashed through her, stealing her breath, ripping a cry from her throat so raw it barely sounded human. She shattered beneath him, spasming uncontrollably, her body trembling like she might break apart.

But Adrian didn't stop. Not even for a second.

His rod kept dragging along her slick, sensitive walls, pulling every last aftershock from her trembling core. Her body was oversensitive, every nerve on fire, yet he kept moving. Hard and deep, all control gone.

She could barely breathe. Her moans turned to soft sobs, and still, he didn't let up.

When he finally pulled out, her legs were trembling, her body boneless and slack on the sheets. His shaft stood hard and heavy, slick with her arousal, twitching with restrained power.

Sienna lay there—chest heaving, eyes closed, lips parted. Her skin glowed with sweat, her pulse still racing from the intensity of it all. She looked wrecked. Beautiful. Ruined in a way that made his chest ache and his cock throb harder.

Adrian knelt over her, watching. Her hair was a mess across the pillows, her thighs still parted, the evidence of what he'd done to her trailing down her inner leg.

Adrian stared down at her ruined body, chest heaving with restrained need. His jaw clenched, veins pulsing in his neck, every muscle taut with the effort not to take her again.

But his control was paper-thin.

She lay beneath him, flushed and trembling, her skin marked where his mouth and hands had been. Her legs were still open for him, as if even her body couldn't bear to close the space between them.

“Sienna,” he rasped. The sound of her name on his tongue was jagged, cracked. “I’m not done.”

Page 32

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her eyes fluttered open, dazed and glassy. She tried to speak, but only a soft sound slipped out. Then, weakly, she nodded.

That was all it took.

Adrian grabbed her by the hips and flipped her over like she weighed nothing. Her gasp was swallowed by the mattress as he dragged her to her knees, her cheek pressed against the sheets, back arched, ass up.

She barely had a second to catch her breath.

He thrust into her from behind in one brutal stroke.

She cried out, her hands clawing at the sheets. The stretch burned, overwhelming her all over again. But she didn't ask him to stop. She wanted this. Wanted him, even when he was rough, even when it hurt.

Especially then.

Adrian's fingers gripped her hips hard enough to bruise, slamming into her again and again, each thrust deeper, harder, rawer than the last. His rhythm was merciless, punishing. Every inch of her was his, every sound she made only pushed him further.

He yanked her hair back, forcing her upper body off the bed, making her arch against his chest. One hand clamped around her throat, not enough to cut her air, but just enough to remind her who she belonged to.

He fucked her deeper like that, bent over her, his growls and her gasps tangled in the air like a storm. Her walls clenched around him, pulsing with another orgasm building too fast, too strong.

And then it hit.

She shattered again with a scream, her whole body tightening and convulsing around him. He didn't stop. He chased his own release through the quake of hers, teeth gritted, body trembling with restraint.

Finally, with one deep, brutal thrust—he came with a guttural groan, spilling inside her, thick and hot. His grip didn't loosen. He held her there, impaled on his thick rod, while his body pulsed and shuddered against hers.

They stayed that way for a moment.

Breathing ragged.

Bodies soaked in sweat.

Her skin was flushed, marked, damp. His chest pressed to her back, heart pounding like a war drum. He could still feel her twitching around him.

Adrian exhaled sharply against her neck, dragging his lips along her skin.

“You drive me fucking insane,” he whispered, voice rough and raw.

Sienna couldn't answer. Her voice was gone. But her fingers curled over his forearm where he still held her throat, and she leaned back into him.

10 Manipulate

Later that night, Adrian lay propped up on one elbow, eyes fixed on the woman sleeping beside him.

Sienna. In his bed. In his arms. Again.

Her face was turned toward him, her breathing soft and steady. His hand hovered near her cheek, afraid that if he touched her, she'd vanish like a dream.

His chest hurt. Not the kind of pain he was used to—this was something deeper. It felt like coming home after being lost for too long.

He didn't sleep. Couldn't.

He reached out, fingers gently brushing her curls away from her face, tracing her cheek with a touch full of longing.

But then, a thought crept into his mind.

'There were no marks on her body. No redness. No signs of intimacy. It felt like she hadn't been with anyone in a long time.'

His brows drew together, shadows flickering across his face.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

‘But I saw her come out of that hotel room with Theo. So how is that possible?’

The questions gnawed at him, refusing to let go. Yet, as he stared down at her sleeping face, something in him gave way.

“I don’t care,” he murmured quietly, voice rough. “As long as you come back to me, nothing else matters.”

He slid back under the covers, his arm slipping beneath her neck. And in her sleep, she stirred, her body naturally turning toward his, half-draped over him as she burrowed into his chest in her sleep.

Adrian’s eyes softened.

He buried his face in her hair, the scent of her wrapping around him like comfort, like peace.

He dipped his face into her hair, breathing her in, and kissed her forehead gently. His arms locked around her, holding her like he never wanted to let go.

And for the first time in two years, Adrian Vaughn—billionaire, kingmaker, the man who had everything—finally fell asleep with the only thing he ever truly wanted.

The next morning Sienna stirred, eyes fluttering open. The bed beside her was empty, the room quiet.

She sat up slowly, brushing her hair back. The memories of last night flooded back as her eyes adjusted to the light. This time, she really took in the room.

It was filled with photos—photos of them. On the nightstand. On the walls. Framed on shelves. Even a massive framed portrait hanging where the abstract artwork used to be. All of them were of her and Adrian.

Her breath caught.

She remembered the time, years ago, when they had been together. One morning, while Adrian was at the office, she had decided to surprise him. She had snuck out of bed, framed some of their photos, and placed them around the room—one on the nightstand, one on the wall after removing a landscape painting.

When Adrian came back from the office, he paused just inside the doorway, his sharp gaze sweeping over the bedroom. Then it landed on the photos.

Her face had lit up, glowing with excitement. “Look at them,” she had beamed, hands spread like she was showing off a masterpiece. “Now doesn’t your room look perfect for the both of us?” she asked happily, eyes sparkling. “Are you surprised?”

But to her shock, his face had twisted with irritation. His dark brows furrowed, and annoyance hardened his handsome features. “What is all this shit?” he snapped.

Her smile faltered. Her heart dropped, but she didn’t let it show. Chin tilted up in defiance, she had marched toward him with her hands planted on her hips and declared, “I hung our photos in the room. Now, anyone who walks in will know I’m the future mistress of this house—and this bedroom.”

Adrian’s eyes had darkened further. His voice was sharp, deep, authoritative. “Gabby!” he barked.

The maid had rushed in instantly, startled.

“Get these photos out of my room within the hour,” he had ordered coldly, not even sparing Sienna a glance. “And don’t let anyone change my room again.”

Gabby had looked at Sienna guiltily, caught off guard. Everyone knew Sienna practically lived in Adrian’s bedroom. Even if they weren’t officially living together, they had been inseparable. So for him to act like she was just ‘anyone’ had been a shock.

Gabby had given Sienna a regretful look before stepping out silently.

Adrian hadn’t said another word. He had turned on his heel and disappeared into the walk-in closet, yanking off his tie and pulling open a drawer with a hard clatter.

Sienna had let out a frustrated huff, her pout deepening. “Hey!” she had shouted after him, her voice shaky with emotion. “What do you mean?! You don’t want me to be your future wife?”

But the question had hung in the air like a ghost. Adrian hadn’t responded. Hadn’t even looked back.

And now, those same photos were back. Not just one or two. Dozens. On the nightstand, on the walls, even large portraits. His bedroom was covered in photos of them together.

She sat up in bed, clutching the sheet to her chest, her eyes scanning every corner of the room.

“He’s gone all out,” she scoffed softly, both amused and hurt. Her gaze moved slowly around the room. “Set this all up to make me believe he has feelings for me.” Her

fingers brushed over a frame on the nightstand. She scoffed. “How easy does he think it is to manipulate me?”

She set the frame down with a click, swung her legs over the bed, and reached for her clothes. The room felt heavy, stifling. And he wasn’t even here, he’d already left, like always. What was the point of staying?

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Better to go home. Shower. Breathe.

Still, a part of her stung. He left right after sleeping with her, just like he used to. ‘He hasn’t changed. He’d walked away right after sleeping with me. Again. he never cared. It’s always about him.’

She shook her head, angry at herself for expecting anything different. Within five minutes, she was dressed—back in the black slip dress and heels she had worn earlier that night. No makeup, no fix-up. Just escape.

Purse in hand, ready to leave.

But just as she climbed down the stairs, and stepped into the hallway—she froze.

Adrian was in the kitchen. Shirtless. Cooking.

His back to her as he stood at the stove, broad shoulders tense, muscles flexing with every movement. The morning sunlight slanted through the windows, catching on his dark hair and the veins that ran down his strong arms.

The moment he heard her footsteps, he turned.

Then, immediately, he strode toward her.

Before she could react, he bent low, scooped her effortlessly into his arms, and carried her straight to the dining table.

She gasped, shocked.

“Adrian—what—”

He sat her down gently, one large hand cupping her cheek. His brows were drawn together, concern etched in every line of his face.

“Do you feel uncomfortable?” he asked, his deep voice soft but intense.

“I’m fine,” she mumbled, still stunned.

He gave a soft nod, his eyes scanning her face carefully. Then he turned and grabbed a plate of scrambled eggs, setting it in front of her.

Noticing the glass of milk, he quietly took it away and replaced it with a steaming cup of coffee.

She blinked in surprise, her eyes shooting up to him. “You know I don’t like milk?”

Adrian dragged his chair closer, angling his body fully toward her. “Of course I know,” he said, voice low. “I’ve always known. I just wasn’t the kind of man who showed it. But I’m done being that guy.”

He reached out, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. Then he leaned in, his lips brushing against hers with a soft, slow kiss. “I’ll take good care of you from now on. That’s a promise.”

He leaned in again to kiss her deeper, but she turned her face away, pulling back just as his lips neared hers.

She took a few quick sips of coffee, then stood abruptly. “I need to go home,” she

said quietly and turned away from him.

She started to walk away, only to stop in her tracks. ‘My phone?’ Her heart skipped a beat. She rummaged through her bag, but it wasn’t there.

Taking a deep breath, she turned around and walked back upstairs. The bedroom was just as she had left it—unmade and still heavy with silence.

Her eyes scanned the room until they landed on her phone lying near the closet door. She walked over, picked it up, and turned to leave. But then she froze. Her eyes lifted and through the glass door on the other side, she saw it.

Her eyes widened.

There were women’s clothes hanging inside.

Stunning dresses. Delicate fabrics. Expensive brands.

Her heart sank.

‘So he already has another woman living here? And now he’s trying to add me to the list?’

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

The thought hit her like a punch.

She stepped into the bathroom, her chest tightening. Her gaze scanned the shelves. Feminine products were neatly arranged. Expensive creams, shampoo, perfume bottles.

She picked up a jar of face cream, the exact brand she used. The mocking smile that formed on her lips was bitter and hollow.

‘Of course. I was a fool to expect anything. No man like him stays single for two years. And now, I’m just another name on his list.’

Before she could dwell deeper in that thought, the door opened behind her.

Adrian walked in, his presence filling the space. His eyes went straight to the cream in her hand, and a small smirk tugged at his lips.

She turned to him in surprise.

He was smiling?

Adrian stepped closer, the scent of his cologne washing over her, warm, masculine, familiar. His broad chest pressed against her back as his strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her into the hard wall of his body. His voice was low, a deep rumble against her neck.

“This is the one you use, right?” he murmured, his breath fanning across her skin. “I

set up the bathroom for you the very day we met again. Everything you use, it's already here. All the things you like. Your favorite scents. Clothes in my closet. All picked according to your taste.”

His voice was soft, deep, tender, but the way his arms tightened around her was possessive.

“If you want anything else, just tell me. I’ll get it. When you finish these, I’ll bring you new ones.”

Then his lips touched her neck—warm, slow, lingering. A trail of kisses behind her ear, down the column of her throat, as if he couldn’t help himself. His stubble brushed her skin with every stroke, sending a tremor through her spine.

Her body stiffened. Her expression was caught between surprise and confusion.

“You don’t have to do all this,” she said quietly. “We’re just being physical. There’s nothing more between us. So you don’t have to go this far.”

Adrian didn’t pull away. “It’s normal for me to take care of you. It’s my responsibility now.”

His kisses grew deeper, no longer soft, but intense. His mouth moved down to her collarbone. His teeth grazed her skin gently, then again, this time with more intensity. A groan rumbled in his throat as he bit down on her throat, then soothed the mark with his tongue.

“Stop—” she gasped, her breath catching. “Don’t do that. Be careful.”

Adrian stilled, his lips hovering just above her skin. His dark eyes found hers in the mirror in front of them. His grip on her waist tightened subtly, his thumb rubbing soft

circles over her hip.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, voice rough with restraint.

“Don’t leave marks. I can’t let my husband see them,” she said calmly, without flinching. Her hand reached up to rub the spot he’d bitten. “You and I, we’re a secret. I can’t let anyone find out. You’re going to overcomplicate things for me.”

Adrian’s expression darkened. His jaw clenched, his chest rising with uneven breath. Jealousy flickered in his eyes. Then came pain. And guilt.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered, his voice barely audible. He kissed her neck again, softer this time, before pulling away.

Sienna pried his hands off her waist. She placed the cream box back on the counter and walked out of the washroom without sparing him another glance.

Adrian remained frozen, his gaze locked on her retreating figure. His fists slowly curled at his sides, knuckles pale. A dull, unbearable ache spread through his chest, tightening around his ribs like a vice.

“I used to have every right to you,” he muttered under his breath. His entire body was tense, trembling with restraint. “You never minded when I left marks. You even smiled. But now, you talk about hiding them for someone else. I pushed you away, and now I’m paying for it. You’re burning me alive, Sienna. Can’t you see that?”

11 Rosie

Sienna stepped out of her car, the warm rays of early morning sun grazing her face as she climbed the marble steps of the Montgomery mansion. The air was still, almost too quiet, and she let out a sigh, rubbing her stiff neck from the night before.

She pushed open her bedroom door, but froze the second she walked in.

A woman sat on her bed, heavily pregnant, relaxed, and completely at ease, knitting a tiny white sock.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Rosie?” Sienna’s voice was tight with surprise.

Rosie looked up, her smile warm. “You’re back finally? That’s great!” She rose slowly to her feet, placing the half-finished sock aside. “Where were you last night? Is everything alright?”

Rosie was a striking woman, her blonde hair falling in soft waves around her shoulders. Her face was round, glowing with the unmistakable softness of pregnancy. Warm hazel eyes sparkled with an easy confidence, the kind that came from always being the center of attention.

Despite her pregnancy, she moved with the grace of someone who was at ease in her own skin. She wore a loose, pale pink dress that complimented her rounded belly, the fabric flowing gently around her form.

Hearing her words, Sienna’s heart skipped. Her cheeks flushed with heat. Her lips parted for a second before she caught herself. “Yeah. Everything’s fine,” she muttered, waving her hand in the air as if it meant nothing.

“You look tired,” Rosie added, concern softening her tone. “Are you alright?”

“Yeah, absolutely,” Sienna shrugged, brushing it off. “I was just working late on a new project at Dad’s office and ended up falling asleep in my chair. My back’s killing me,” she groaned.

Just then, Theo came striding out of the washroom, towel slung over his shoulder, sleeves rolled up. He moved with that lazy confidence that always made people turn

twice. His sharp jaw was damp from the shower, and his messy hair clung to his forehead.

He walked straight toward Rosie, offering his hand like a reflex.

“Thanks,” Rosie said softly as she took it.

Theo turned to Sienna. “Your shower was leaking. I took care of it. Sorry we barged into your room without asking.”

Sienna blinked, then laughed lightly. “Please. It’s your house. I’m the guest here, remember?”

Theo chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. “Is your back still broken?” His tone was teasing, but there was a faint concern in his eyes. “Don’t overwork yourself like that. You’re acting like you’re seventy.”

“You’re already seven months in,” Sienna said with a half-smile, her brows drawn as she stepped farther into the room, eyes drifting to Rosie’s stomach. “Are you two planning to keep this a secret forever, or will you finally make it official and announce your relationship?”

Rosie stiffened slightly at the question. Her hands fidgeted with the edge of the blanket on the bed. Then, she looked up and gave Sienna a soft, apologetic smile. “I’m sorry, Sienna. I know this whole thing’s probably a burden for you.” Her voice was gentle, almost tentative. “Have you found someone for yourself?”

“No,” Sienna said flatly, pulling Rosie to sit back on the bed beside her. “I’m planning to die single. Is that going to be a problem?”

That made Rosie laugh, and even Theo cracked up, the warmth between them filling

the room.

“You know,” Theo said, leaning closer and patting Sienna on the shoulder, “our contract is almost up. Three years are nearly over. I’ll take care of it. And besides—” he looked at Rosie with a proud, loving gaze, “I’ve made real progress, haven’t I?”

He brushed his hand through Rosie’s hair with affection.

“Back then, my parents didn’t let me marry Rosie just because she was my secretary and didn’t come from a well-known family. But now,” he straightened his spine, voice deeper and steadier. “Now, I’m the CEO. I’ve earned this position. I’m not letting anyone control my life anymore.”

Sienna nodded, a real smile tugging at her lips. “Good. They used to threaten you with the company’s position, but now you’re already holding it in your hands. They can’t take that from you anymore.”

Theo nodded, his eyes still on Rosie, a look of quiet affection and deep love on his face.

Adrian entered the Emperor Hotel with a confident stride, the sharp click of his polished shoes echoing in the luxurious, marble-floored lobby. His broad shoulders seemed to fill the space.

The Emperor Hotel stood tall with its glass-and-steel exterior shining under the night sky. Inside, everything was cool and modern. The lobby had dark marble floors, clean lines, and high ceilings with soft, white lighting that gave the space a calm, expensive feel.

Black leather sofas sat neatly around low glass tables, and a quiet waterfall ran along one wall, adding a soft, steady sound to the silence. A scent of cedarwood and fresh linen filled the air—subtle, clean, and refined.

There was no crowd. No noise. Just quiet elegance.

Behind the sleek check-in counter, staff moved with smooth precision, each gesture controlled and polite. Every detail was carefully placed, from the perfectly trimmed indoor plants to the digital art that moved slowly across the walls.

This wasn't just a hotel.

It was power in silence.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

"Sir, Mr. Hall is waiting for you in room number five," Matthew informed him as they walked through the lobby, heading toward the meeting. But Adrian halted mid-step when he saw a familiar figure entering the elevator.

His brow furrowed slightly, the ever-present edge of control in his demeanor sharpening.

It was Sienna's mother.

"Matthew, what's Mrs. Donovan doing here?" Adrian asked.

"I'll find out, sir," Matthew responded quickly, already moving toward the reception.

Just minutes later, Matthew returned with an update, his expression tinged with hesitation. "Sir, there's a family meeting in room thirty-one. Mrs. Donovan's family is here, along with the Montgomerys."

Adrian's jaw tightened at the mention of the Montgomery family. Just then, Adrian caught sight of Theo and Sienna entering the hotel together. They stopped in the hall, and Sienna turned to Theo with a smile, whispering something to him while adjusting his tie and brushing the wrinkles from his coat.

Adrian's heart skipped a beat, his body stiffened with agitation. His eyes burned with a mixture of anger and jealousy as he watched them. Without a second thought, he moved quickly, following them.

"Sir, the contract today—it's important. We should—" Matthew tried to stop him.

"Cancel it. It doesn't matter," Adrian bit out, his voice low, commanding. His focus remained solely on Sienna as he took quick, silent steps, following after her.

He reached the elevator just in time to see the doors close behind Sienna and Theo, and without a second thought, he boarded another elevator to follow them to room thirty-one.

Room thirty-one was more like a private dining hall than a hotel room. The space was wide and open, with high ceilings and tall windows that let in the glow of the city lights. A round dining table stood in the center, covered with a crisp white cloth and lined with polished cutlery, fine plates, and tall glasses that sparkled under the soft ceiling lights.

Elegant chairs were arranged neatly around the table, each one carefully placed. At the far end, waiters stood by quietly, ready to serve. Silver trays of appetizers sat untouched, and bottles of expensive wine rested in ice buckets nearby.

Sienna sat next to her mother, Pamela, a woman whose air of meticulous perfection seemed to match the lavish surroundings. Pamela was as immaculate as ever, her neatly styled bun and expensive, tailored outfit speaking volumes of her wealth and status.

Paintings hung on the walls, soft music played in the background, and the scent of roasted meat and warm bread floated through the air.

It was a space meant for family—but it felt more like a performance.

Sienna sat beside Pamela, who took her hands in hers.

"Sienna, honey, how's your relationship with Theo? Are you both happy?" Pamela asked with a soft smile, her gaze lingering on her daughter with concern. "I see he

takes care of you so well. There were photos all over the news channels! I'm glad to see you both have such a great relationship."

Sienna's lips curved into a smile. "He takes care of me nicely, Mom. Don't worry. We have a great relationship."

Pamela's gaze shifted toward Theo, sitting across from them. She addressed him with warmth, "Theo, did you make the arrangements for the party today? You were so careful, even taking care of food allergies. That's such a thoughtful thing."

Theo grinned as he walked over to them, and refilled Pamela's glass with wine. "It's my responsibility, Mom. I want you to be comfortable and happy as much as possible when I'm around."

Adrian stood in the doorway, unseen by them, his gaze locked on the group. His jaw tightened even further, and his eyes narrowed into cold slits. His gaze flicked from Sienna to Theo, the sight of them so close sending an unmistakable surge of anger through him.

He entered the room through the other door. A divider in the middle separated four meeting tables. On one side sat Theo and Sienna's family, and on the other side, Adrian took a seat directly across from where Sienna sat. Thanks to the divider, they didn't know he was there or that he could hear everything.

Suddenly, Pamela grabbed Sienna by the arm and quietly pulled her out of the room. Adrian immediately stood too, wanting to follow and get a moment alone with Sienna. But just as he was about to come out of the room, Sienna's mother stepped out and pulled Sienna aside herself.

A frown formed on Adrian's face, and he started to back away. But his steps halted the moment he heard Pamela's words.

Pamela leaned toward Sienna, her voice lowering. “What happened to that ex of yours? Do you still talk to him? Adrian?”

“Mom!” Sienna hissed, pulling at her arm and freeing herself. She looked around quickly to make sure no one had overheard.

As far as Sienna was concerned, she had never publicly dated Adrian. She didn’t want to deal with the ridicule that would come from being associated with him, especially since he was such a prominent figure in the country, and Sienna didn’t match his status at all. But her mother didn’t understand that.

Sienna sighed, gripping her mother’s arm. “Mom, don’t—”

“Sienna,” Pamela interrupted. “Theo is so attentive to you. He’s so helpful. Look at how he’s been helping our family business. Now that he’s growing his own business, he’s benefiting both his company and ours. He’s so polite. You and Theo are a perfect match!”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian, standing outside the door, clenched his fists, his jaw tightening. His body tensed with anger.

“Mom, he’s none of our business anymore. Don’t keep bringing him up. It doesn’t matter. I don’t have anything to do with him anymore.”

Pamela’s frown softened, and she nodded, looking at Sienna with a smile. “I’m happy. It’s good that you don’t have anything to do with him anymore. He was a playboy. I didn’t like him.”

Sienna sighed loudly, a heavy weight settling on her shoulders. "Mom, please... we’re done talking about him."

Pamela continued, oblivious to Adrian’s presence. “Your ex wasn’t worthy of you. Remember that time at this very hotel when you asked Adrian to convince Sean Mendoza for a contract? After you went there, Adrian ruined everything and even threw you out of that room?”

“Mom, it’s all over! Please stop talking about my ex!” Sienna insisted, whining a little as she freed herself from Pamela’s grip. “Please, I need to go to the washroom. I’ll come back to the room soon. Go.”

She pushed Pamela’s shoulders, guiding her back into the room.

Pamela huffed and walked away. Sienna closed her eyes, sighing loudly and looking up at the ceiling. It would have been better if her mom didn’t know about her and Adrian. That way, she wouldn’t have to keep hearing about her ex, even if it was to

badmouth him.

She turned around and headed toward the washroom. But just as she took a step inside, someone briskly walked past her, grabbing her hand and yanking her into the washroom.

12 Sharing You

The door clicked shut with a soft thud, locking them both in a quiet space, and in that instant, Sienna's heart began to race.

Startled, Sienna looked up, and her shout was smothered in her throat. "What—?"

"Adrian?!" she hissed, her eyes widening. She quickly scanned the washroom, but it was just the two of them. "What are you doing here? If someone—"

Before she could finish, his strong hands gripped her shoulders, pushing her back until she hit the cold wall. He stood in front of her, tall and broad, his chest rising with every breath as he caged her in completely. One hand pinned her wrist, the other tangled in her hair, pulling her close until there was barely space to breathe.

She gasped, her other hand braced against his solid chest, trying to push him away. "Adrian, stop messing around. My whole family is here!" she whispered urgently, squirming in his grip.

But he didn't budge. His body was firm, unmoving, and his hold only tightened.

"I didn't do that to insult you, or your family." His voice was low, hoarse, his eyes wild—filled with a storm of emotion she wasn't used to seeing in him.

"What?" she asked, confused by the urgency in his tone.

“That day. With Sean,” he said, his jaw tense. His heart pounded hard enough to shake his frame. The thought that she might still believe the worst of him. That she might walk away again, was too much.

“Back then, when you came to me about the project, a friend warned me about Sean. Said he was the kind of man who preyed on young girls and trapped them. I told you to stay away from him.”

His voice deepened, jaw clenched as his breathing grew heavier. The vein in his neck pulsed.

“But you still went. And when I found out you were in his room, I was nearby for a meeting. Someone told me. I didn’t think. I just went. And when I saw you with him, I lost it. That’s why I threw you out.”

Sienna stared up at him, her breath caught in her throat. She had never seen Adrian like this. He wasn’t the type to explain himself—ever. Too proud. Too cold. Too closed-off.

Back then, she had assumed he'd thrown her out of that room because he didn't want Sean to know that she had any sort of relationship with Adrian. That he was ashamed of her, and he didn't want their relationship to be public.

"You should have told me this back then," she whispered, her voice trembling. "It hurt, Adrian. When you threw me out so ruthlessly."

She tried to pull away, but he yanked her back, his chest pressing against hers, pinning her to the wall.

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into him. His back hit the wall, and her body pressed to his chest.

“Stay,” he pleaded, his voice rough. “Please, Sienna. I’m going to lose my damn mind if I don’t talk to you right now.”

Sienna glanced nervously at the washroom door, worried someone might walk in. Then she turned back to him, nodding. "Alright, but make it quick. We don’t have much time. Someone could walk in any second."

Adrian cupped her face, gently turning her head so she had no choice but to look at him. His thumb ran along her cheekbone. His forehead, always smooth and calm, now had a deep line of tension running through it.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

"There are so many things in the past you had to face alone because I wasn't there for you. And all the things I did to you—those mistakes—I'll never forget them. I'm sorry, Sienna. I need you to know that. No matter how you treat me from now on, I will take it all. I'll take everything. I just want to be around you again."

Sienna's heart stopped.

The Adrian she knew never showed emotion, never apologized. His entire world had always revolved around power, control, and business. But now, it felt like his whole life depended on her.

For a moment, his tense expression softened slightly, his worry lines deepening. Overcome, he leaned in, his lips inches from hers, ready to kiss her.

She arched up, her lips meeting his and she kissed him.

He slid his arms around her, pulling her flush against him, and this time his kiss was hungry, pressing harder, deeper, like he meant to make up for every lonely night he'd spent without her.

Sienna's hands flew into his hair, tugging him as she met him mouth to mouth. Her knees went weak when his tongue slipped past her lips, warm and demanding, exploring every corner of her mouth. She wrapped her arms around his neck, sinking her fingers into the nape of his shirt, as he rocked his hips against hers, pressing her body into his with a heat that made her pulse race.

Adrian's mouth moved to her neck, hot and hungry, his lips dragging along her skin

as if he needed to taste every inch of her. His tongue flicked out, slow and wet, tracing the curve of her throat before finding that sensitive spot just below her ear. He sucked on it, harder this time, like he wanted to leave a mark—something to remind her she was his.

Sienna gasped, her fingers fisting in the front of his shirt, nails digging in as her head fell back to give him more. The sound that escaped her was half moan, half breath, her whole body reacting to the heat of his mouth.

He licked a slow, teasing line up the column of her neck, then dragged his mouth up to her ear. His breath was hot, ragged. He caught her earlobe between his teeth and tugged gently, sucking it into his mouth before murmuring her name—low, rough, and possessive—right against it.

The sound of it made her shiver, her knees weak, her chest pressed tight to his. She could feel his heartbeat pounding just as hard as hers, like they were one breath away from falling apart again.

Her body pressed tighter into his, heart racing as his hands roamed down her back, pulling her even closer. Their kiss had turned messy, breathless—nothing gentle left in it. It was all heat and need, the kind of kiss that made her toes curl and thoughts disappear.

They moved together in a rhythm that felt both desperate and perfect, lips and tongues and hands all working in sync. Her breath came in short gasps between kisses, the scrape of his stubble against her skin sending little jolts of electricity down her spine. Every time he pulled back just long enough to look at her, his eyes were dark and intense, like he couldn't believe she was really there.

Just as Sienna was about to lose herself completely, the sound of Pamela's voice echoed from outside, followed by the sound of footsteps.

“Sienna?”

They both froze, lips still against each other, breathing still ragged, the world crashing back around them.

“Sienna?”

The sound of Pamela’s voice echoed from outside, followed by the sound of footsteps.

"Shit!" Sienna hissed. In a panic, she grabbed Adrian and quickly shoved him behind the bathroom door to hide. She rushed to open the door, but it was too late, Pamela was already standing at the entrance, eyebrows furrowed.

"What have you been doing? You took so long to come out. Are you alright?" Pamela asked, eyeing her closely.

Sienna quickly composed herself, offering a forced smile. "Yes, I was just touching up my makeup. I'm fine, Mom. Let's go."

They began to walk, but Pamela grabbed her arm, stopping her in her tracks. "Sienna," she said, pulling her toward the wall. "It's been two years since you got married. When are you planning to have a baby?"

Behind the door, Adrian froze. His entire body went rigid, muscles locking, breath catching. His fist lifted to his mouth as his jaw clenched in anxiety.

“Mom, don’t start,” Sienna said sharply, trying to brush past her.

But Pamela held her back.

"I can't talk to you about these things in front of your in-laws, Sienna. Talk to me. What's going on? Theo is a good man, and he won't say anything to you, but you're his wife. You need to think about these things. Have you two started trying for kids yet?"

"I don't want to talk about this, Mom. Stop!" Sienna's voice was shaking with frustration.

Pamela's worry deepened. "Tell me, how often do you two... you know... How many times a week? Is it every day, or less?"

"Jesus Christ, Mom!" Sienna hissed, shrugging Pamela's hand off her shoulder. Catching her glare, she snapped just to shut her up. "Fine! We do it every day. Happy now?"

Behind the door, Adrian froze.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Every inch of him burned with agony, his chest tightening in pain that seemed unbearable. He was struggling to keep it together. His hand pressed against his chest as the overwhelming pain raked through him. He was fighting to stay composed, but his forehead was slick with sweat, his body filled with anguish.

His forehead tensed, his jaw clenched, and his eyes stared ahead, unfocused. He was standing, but barely. His legs were holding him up out of habit, not strength.

“You both are doing it regularly,” Pamela said, her voice tight with worry. “Then there shouldn’t be any problem getting pregnant. You need to go to the hospital for a full checkup, Sienna. I’ll go with you. We need to make sure your body is healthy.”

“Enough, Mom.” Sienna groaned, grabbing her mother by the arm. “Let’s go. Theo must be waiting for us.”

Their footsteps echoed as they walked away, slowly fading down the hallway.

Adrian leaned back against the cold wall, breathing heavily. He tipped his head back and closed his eyes. His fist came up and pressed against his mouth. Then, without warning, he slammed that fist into the wall.

The loud thump rang through the bathroom.

His knuckles split open against the hard tile, blood seeping out instantly, but the sting didn’t even register.

The real pain was in his chest.

Unbearable. Suffocating. Like someone had ripped something vital out of him.

His shoulders shook. His voice cracked as he muttered through clenched teeth, “What the fuck am I even doing?”

He sucked in a shuddering breath, his eyes squeezing shut as memories of their years together flashed through his mind.

He opened his eyes slowly, the whites bloodshot, and whispered, “I should’ve treated you better.”

His voice was hoarse. Broken.

“Then you’d still be mine. I wouldn’t have to share you with anyone else. You wouldn’t be someone else’s wife. You’d only belong to me.”

The words choked out of him, like shards of glass dragging through his throat.

Some time later, Adrian finally stepped out of the room. His face was pale, jaw tight, hair slightly messy as if he’d run his hands through it too many times.

Matthew spotted him and instantly frowned.

‘Something’s off,’ he thought. ‘I’ve never seen Mr. Vaughn like this. He always hides behind that ruthless mask, but today it’s gone.’

“Sir,” Matthew called gently, holding out a phone. “That emerald diamond ring you requested a few months ago...”

Adrian looked up, his gaze heavy. He pushed his hair back with one hand. “Yeah?”

“It’s going to be auctioned soon. By the Emperor Empire. It’s part of their generational estate. Since we’ve been tracking it, I wanted to ask how high should we go for it?”

Adrian’s gaze sharpened. He swiped his hair back with one hand, his eyes narrowing. “No budget,” he said quietly. “I don’t care about the cost.”

He took the phone, his fingers wrapping tightly around it, the veins on his hand popping.

“Pay ten times more than anyone else if you have to. I want that ring, no matter what.”

Matthew nodded, a bit startled by the steel in his voice.

13 A Ring

Sienna’s phone lit up as she sat in her living room.

‘I’m waiting for you at Blue Orchid.’

Her fingers tightened around her phone, her eyes scanning the message before she froze, biting her lip in thought. A nervous flutter of anticipation coursed through her, but she pushed it down quickly.

Page 41

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

‘It’s New Year’s... would he remember I always loved celebrating it?’

But then she quickly shook the thought away. ‘It can’t be. And even if he remembers, he’s never been big on celebrating New Year’s. There’s nothing special to expect. I need to stop thinking like this.’

Still, her heart raced. A quiet hope she didn’t want to admit.

She stood up. ‘I should wear something nice,’ she thought.

Grabbing her bag, she moved toward the door, only to hear Theo’s voice from the couch.

“Where are you going? Work?”

Theo and Rosie were looking up at her from the couch, surprised.

“No,” she answered without thinking. “I’m going to the Blue Orchid bar.”

“I wanted to celebrate with you!” Rosie pouted. She stood up and walked over to Sienna, with Theo right behind her. “Let’s all go together! Why are you going alone?”

Sienna hesitated, her thoughts a tangled mess. She couldn’t tell them she’d be with Adrian, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to refuse them.

“Please, please, please,” Rosie begged, her face full of expectation. “I really wanted

to celebrate with you. Can we go together?"

Sienna gave in, unable to resist their insistent faces. "Alright," she sighed with a smile. "Let's go."

They got into the car with Theo driving. It didn't take long to reach the bar.

As they stepped inside, Rosie suddenly stopped. "Wait! I forgot something important I had brought for Theo," she said, bouncing on her feet.

"You two go ahead. I'll be back in about an hour!"

"I'll go with you. What do you need?" Theo asked, concern in his voice.

"No need." Rosie waved her hand, flagging down a cab. "Really, I'll be quick. You both go inside and start the New Year's celebration. Don't miss it."

With that, Rosie hurried off, leaving Theo and Sienna.

Theo sighed and turned to Sienna. "Let's go."

The Blue Orchid bar looked like something out of a dream. Soft golden lights from the chandeliers made everything glow. Thick velvet curtains hung by the tall windows, and the air smelled of fresh orchids, expensive wine, and something warm like sandalwood.

Each table had a white silk cloth, a lit candle, and crystal glasses filled with champagne. In one corner, a small string band played soft music that filled the quiet room.

Sienna walked in with Theo beside her. Her heels made a gentle sound against the

shiny marble floor. She had expected a crowd, loud laughter, and clinking glasses—it was New Year's Eve, after all.

But the place was empty.

She blinked in surprise. Not a single guest in sight.

Then, her eyes shifted to a side table—and there he was.

Adrian.

Sitting alone, dressed in black, a glass of untouched champagne in front of him.

Her heart stopped.

For a moment, it felt like time stood still. The soft music faded in the background as her eyes locked on his.

He stood up the moment he saw her. His tall, broad frame straightened as he pushed back his chair and started walking toward her. There was a soft smile on his lips, the kind that tugged at her chest, but his eyes, those sharp eyes, burned with something far deeper.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

But before she could take another step forward, Theo walked in right behind her, casually wrapping an arm around her shoulder.

“Let’s go. What are you standing here for?” he asked lightly, tugging her along as he walked deeper into the hall.

Adrian froze mid-step. His eyes locked on Theo’s arm around her, and within seconds, a storm surged inside him. Rage built fast and hard in his chest, burning through every inch of restraint. Theo had his arm around her—his woman.

As they entered, Theo’s eyes slid to Adrian. A flash of surprise crossed his face.

‘What is he doing here?’ Theo thought, his eyes narrowing on him.

His jaw tightened in annoyance, but he didn't say anything. Instead, he pulled Sienna closer to his side and slipped his other hand into his pocket, his body relaxed but alert as he walked her inside.

He guided Sienna to sit on the plush couch and then sat down close beside her—too close. His arm rested around her shoulder with ease. Then he leaned in, his lips brushing near her ear.

Sienna stiffened slightly, not used to being this close to Theo.

“We have to keep acting,” he whispered softly. “We’ve got a very interested audience.”

At his words, Sienna kept her gaze fixed on the table. She didn't need to look to know who he meant. Adrian was the only other person in the restaurant, and she could feel his stare—piercing, possessive, and intense. And ever since Theo had touched her, that stare had turned blistering.

Keeping her composure, she smiled at Theo, playing along. She had to.

'I can't let him know that my marriage with Theo is just for show,' a surge of panic was rising in her chest.

Turning toward Theo, she leaned in just a little more. "This is messy. Sorry. I didn't want to ruin your night."

Theo shook his head. "Don't worry about it. I wanted you to enjoy tonight. You've been working nonstop." He glanced toward Adrian and added under his breath, "If I'd known that bastard ex of yours was here, we'd have gone elsewhere."

His words were laced with frustration.

Theo peeked again at Adrian. The man hadn't looked away once. His glare burned holes into them both. Even when Theo met his eyes directly, Adrian didn't blink. He just glared.

"He's still staring at us without even blinking," Theo mumbled close to her ear, his face dipped in her neck.

Sienna let out a soft, airy laugh, pretending to enjoy her time with Theo, as if nothing else existed. She didn't look back, didn't flinch, but inside, she was twisting. She could feel Adrian's eyes on her, furious and burning through her skin.

"It'll be okay," Theo murmured again. He tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear

and let his fingers trail gently along her cheek. “Actually, I’m glad he’s here. That bastard deserves to see how happy you are without him.”

He paused, his voice lower. “I still remember how he treated you back then. Honestly, I think I hate him more than you do.”

Sienna bit her lower lip. Despite herself, her gaze lifted, and met Adrian’s.

He sat rigidly still at his table. His jaw clenched so tight it looked like it might crack. His knuckles were white as his hands balled into fists on the table, muscles tense and straining. His eyes, dark with pain, fury, and something else, never left her face. They were burning through her.

And when she met them—really met them—they turned lethal.

She quickly dropped her gaze and turned back to Theo, forcing herself to smile and speak to him. But from Adrian’s view, it looked like she and Theo were locked in an intimate moment, whispering and smiling like a couple deeply in love.

Adrian’s heart thudded wildly in his chest, and his hands shook on the table. Every inch of him screamed to get up, storm over there, flip the table, and drag her out of there. But he couldn’t. He couldn’t.

She made him promise not to tell anyone about them. Not yet.

And the fear of losing her again, of watching her walk out of his life for good, was the only reason he stayed in place.

His hand tightened around the table knife until it dug into his skin. The blade sliced through his palm, and blood quickly seeped out, but he didn’t stop. Didn’t move. Didn’t even flinch.

‘If I hadn’t made that goddamn mistake of letting you walk away, I’d be the one sitting next to you right now. You’d be looking at me with those eyes. Not him.’ Adrian’s chest was burning.

Adrian’s chest burned with that thought, twisting with helplessness, his heart a furnace of rage. His grip on the knife tightened even more, his face contorting with fury.

Page 43

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Suddenly, a few waiters approached Sienna and Theo, carrying a large cake and decorative candles. The soft yellow glow lit up the table as they set it down.

Sienna blinked in surprise.

The cake was huge, layered with white chocolate and twinkling lights. She turned to Theo, confused. “Did you get this for me? When did you even have time to plan this?”

Theo looked just as surprised, shaking his head. “I didn’t do it. I don’t know.”

One of the waiters smiled. “Happy New Year, Miss Donovan. This is a special gift from our hotel. Since you’re one of our regular guests, we prepared this for you.”

Sienna smiled, her brows knitting slightly. She wasn’t exactly a regular here. She’d only been a few times.

Still, she nodded politely. “Thank you. It’s Mrs. Montgomery now.”

The waiters simply nodded and walked away, leaving them with the cake.

Theo picked up the knife and handed it to her. She cut the cake while he sang "Happy New Year" softly beside her.

As she sliced into the thick layer of cream, something shiny peeked through—hidden behind the cake, wrapped in a white, glossy package.

She picked up the small parcel and carefully opened it. Inside was a little velvet box. As she flipped it open, a soft blue light glowed from within, illuminating a ring nestled inside.

Her lips parted slightly in awe.

It was an emerald ring, deep green and brilliant, set in a delicate mix of silver and gold, with an elegant design that stole her breath.

Her gaze drifted to Adrian without meaning to, just as a memory flashed through her mind.

Four years ago, back when they were still together, she'd seen this exact ring in a magazine. The moment she spotted it, she had lit up like a child.

“Adrian, look at this ring!” she had said, beaming. “I love emeralds. I love this ring. It's the most beautiful one I've ever seen.”

She had eagerly moved closer to show it to him, eyes gleaming with excitement.

But he was buried in work, eyes on his laptop, barely acknowledging her. Without even glancing up, he pulled out his black card and tossed it to her.

“Here. Get whatever you want,” he mumbled, already getting up to leave.

Flustered, she had rushed after him, saying, “But Adrian, it doesn't have to be this ring—or any jewelry at all. Really! I just want something from you. That's all that matters...”

But he didn't stop.

He walked out of the room without once looking back, her voice trailing off behind him like an echo, unheard.

“...you don’t even have the patience to listen to me,” she whispered then, watching his back disappear.

Now, years later, here it was—that ring.

“Wow, that’s your New Year’s gift?” Theo said, startled as he eyed the ring. “I might have to start coming here more often. What kind of restaurant gives out gifts like this? Did you even eat enough to match this price tag?”

Sienna gave a distracted little laugh. “I don’t know... but I really love this ring. It’s beautiful.”

A passing waiter approached, and Theo flagged him down.

“Tell whoever arranged this for Sienna, the cake and the ring, that we loved it. Thank you.”

The waiter smiled. “Of course, sir,” and walked away.

Theo gently took the box from her hands, pulling the ring out and sliding it onto her finger.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

He held her hand for a moment, staring at it closely. “Perfect fit,” he said, then looked into her eyes with a playful smile. “Looks like this ring was made just for you. Look at your hand. It looks beautiful.”

Sienna grinned happily, her fingers wiggling in his hand.

Adrian’s gaze never left her.

He sat in silence, his eyes burning as he watched her laugh, so bright, so carefree, with someone else. Her smile used to belong to him. Now she didn’t even glance his way.

She had completely forgotten.

“She doesn’t even remember telling me about that ring,” Adrian muttered under his breath, his jaw tightening. His hand clenched into a fist on the table, a scoff leaving his lips. “Why would she? I’m not in her heart anymore. Those memories mean nothing to her now.”

The way Sienna looked at Theo, and the way Theo looked at her—it was clear. They were close. Very close. That radiant smile on her face, he hadn’t seen it directed at him in years.

He dropped the bloodstained knife on the table with a loud clatter and pushed back his chair. He pushed his chair back, his muscles taut with fury, and stormed out of the restaurant.

Sienna didn't even notice when he left.

It was only much later, during dinner, that she glanced around and realized he was gone. By then, Rosie had already arrived, and Sienna felt a strange sense of relief that Adrian wasn't there anymore.

A few hours later, her phone rang.

Seeing an unknown caller ID, she answered, bringing it to her ear.

"Hello? Is this Sienna?" a man's voice questioned from the other end.

"Yes?"

"I'm calling from the Blue Orchid bar. Mr. Vaughn is here, and he's heavily drunk. He kept calling your name again and again, so I checked his phone and found your number. Could you come pick him up?"

There was a pause.

Then the line went dead.

14 A Gift

The man, red streaks in his hair and tattoos running down his arms, glanced at the phone and sighed before looking up at Adrian, who sat across from him, still gripping his glass of whiskey.

"Sorry, Mr. Vaughn," he said quietly. "She didn't say anything. Just hung up."

Adrian's fury intensified. Without a word, he slammed the glass down and grabbed

the bottle, chugging it straight from the neck.

“Mr. Vaughn,” the bartender tried to intervene, trying to pry the bottle from his hand. “You’ve been drinking for hours. You’re already too drunk. You need to stop—”

Adrian didn’t respond. He yanked the bottle back and downed another gulp like it was water.

The bartender ran a hand through his hair, tense. “She’s probably busy. Don’t take it personally. Maybe she’ll call back. Mr. Vaughn, you’ve had too much.”

Adrian didn’t listen. He pulled the bottle closer, almost protectively, and drank again.

"She doesn't love me anymore," Adrian's thoughts spiraled in a haze of alcohol and heartbreak. "She smiled at Theo. Leaned into him like I was never even there. She didn't even glance my way. And now, even when I'm sitting here drunk out of my mind, she doesn't care enough to check on me. She really doesn't care about me anymore."

The pain gripped him so hard he shook.

His body trembled, his breathing uneven. Jealousy and rage churned in his chest, mixing with the burn of whiskey. His throat tightened, his eyes shut, trying to block out the image of her laughing in someone else's arms.

Then came the sound of footsteps nearing him at the bar.

But Adrian didn't lift his head.

"Adrian?"

The sound came first.

That was when Adrian finally lifted his head, his eyes flashing in surprise.

Sienna stood before him, her face filled with concern. She reached out and gently took the whiskey bottle from his hand, prying it from his loosened grip. He let her take it without resistance.

Her fingers cupped his face, tilting it up so he'd meet her eyes. "What's going on with you? Why did you drink so much?"

The worry in her gaze made something in his chest stir. Despite everything, the sight of her, worried, close, made warmth surge through him like fire in his veins.

Without warning, he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into him.

Caught off guard, Sienna braced her feet, barely managing to stay upright under his weight.

"Adrian..." she murmured, her fingers sliding into his hair as she began rubbing slow, gentle circles on the back of his head. His face was buried against her stomach. She felt him breathing her in, turning in his chair to press in even closer, hugging her tighter.

After a while, she slowly slid her hands down from his hair to his cheeks, coaxing his

face back so she could look into his eyes.

“Let’s get out of here?” she asked softly.

Adrian blinked, his eyes clouded with a drunken haze. “You want to go out?”

Sienna bit back a smile. “Yes. I want to go out.”

“Okay,” he murmured, nodding. “Then we’ll go out.”

He rose from the chair, but stumbled the moment he stood. She moved quickly, steadying him, guiding him as he found his footing.

Just as she turned to walk, Adrian caught her hand and yanked her closer, throwing an arm over her shoulders. His grip was strong, almost desperate, as they stepped out into the cool night air together.

Outside, under the open sky, she turned to him, a playful scowl on her face.

“Really, is New Year’s Eve such a big deal that you had to get this drunk?” she teased, her voice stern but light. “If I hadn’t come, were you planning to sleep on the bar floor? Can you imagine tomorrow’s headlines? ‘Adrian Vaughn—never seen anything less than perfect—passed out drunk on a bar floor.’”

She laughed at the thought.

Adrian couldn’t take his eyes off her. Her laughter, that radiant smile, it wrapped around his heart and squeezed. It cut through the fog in his mind.

He leaned in closer, eyes fixed on her face. His brows drew together, his stare intense.

“Are you really here?” he asked, his voice low, rough. His grip on her tightened. “Sienna, did you really come for me?”

“Of course,” she answered. “You called me, remember?”

She reached up and cupped his face again, gently pulling him closer. “You are so drunk. Look at the state of you. Let’s go. I’ll drop you home. It’s getting late. Alright?”

She turned to signal for her car, but before she could take a step, Adrian came up behind her and spun her around. His hands locked around her waist, pulling her in as his stormy eyes bore into hers.

“No... wait,” he said, his voice almost a whisper, filled with something raw. “I have something...” He fumbled with his watch. “What time is it?”

She glanced at his wrist. “Five minutes before midnight.”

“Perfect.” He suddenly scooped her up into his arms.

Sienna gasped, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck. “Adrian! You’re drunk. Put me down—you’re going to fall. Let me walk!”

But he held her tighter, lifting her so her face was close to his.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“I won’t let you get hurt,” he said, voice rough but sincere. Then he leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her cheek. “Promise.”

She stilled. His touch, even drunk, was careful. Protective.

With no choice, she gave in, burying her face into his neck as he carried her toward the elevators. The doors slid open, and he stepped in, still holding her like she was the most precious thing to him in the world.

She looked up at his face. “You’re not planning to put me down?”

He frowned adorably. “Why do you want to walk?”

She stifled a laugh. He was so drunk that every expression on his face was unintentionally cute. Even the grumpiness in his tone made her want to smile.

He noticed. His frown softened. A smile tugged at his lips before he leaned down and kissed her softly, brief and gentle. He held her closer after, tucking her face into his neck again.

Despite the alcohol in his veins, her scent started sobering him up. The whiskey haze couldn’t compete with the way she felt in his arms. His body craved her scent more than it craved another drink.

The elevator reached the top floor, the terrace. He stepped out, carrying her like she weighed nothing.

In the middle of the rooftop, under the open sky, he finally set her down.

But his hands stayed on her waist, holding her close. His face dipped into the curve of her neck from behind, breathing her in.

“I have a gift for you. Wait for it,” he whispered in her ear, his breath making her flinch slightly. Then he pressed a soft kiss just beneath her ear, feeling her hands tighten around his arms.

The night air was cold, making them cling even closer.

When he felt her shiver, Adrian reluctantly pulled away only for a moment. He slipped off his jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders. He made sure it fit snugly, pulled her hair free from beneath it, and brushed loose strands back behind her ear.

His palms were warm and gentle on her skin. Every touch was full of care.

Then he cupped her face in his large, warm hands, his thumbs gently rubbing her cheeks. His intense, dark eyes scanned her face, every inch of her. The curve of her eyes, the shape of her nose, the softness of her lips, and even the delicate line of her ears. His gaze was intense, like he was memorizing her.

His thumb brushed the side of her face with care, and his voice came out low, deep, and affectionate. “It’s cold out here. You shouldn’t catch a chill. It wouldn’t be good for you if you got sick.” He murmured.

Then, he leaned down and pressed a soft kiss on her forehead.

His eyes fluttered slightly as he pulled back to look at her again, as if trying to imprint her face into his memory, like he never wanted to forget a single detail. His soft touch and the way he looked at her with such rare tenderness made Sienna’s

heart ache. She had never seen Adrian like this—so attentive, so gentle. Not even with his most prized cars had he ever shown this much care.

“What did you want to show me?” she asked, glancing around him. She gently pulled his hands down from her face and looked around again. “You said you had something to show me—so where is it?”

Adrian chuckled at her impatience. He pulled her into his chest, hugging her from behind. He turned her gently so her back was against him, brushing all her hair to one side of her shoulder. Then his lips found the soft skin of her neck. He kissed just beneath her ear, letting his lips whisper warm, lingering kisses down her neckline.

“Soon,” he murmured in her ear, “It’s about to show up.”

A few quiet minutes passed. Then, as the clock struck twelve, a sudden light burst from the ground and exploded into the sky. In the next moment, the sky lit up with a cascade of fireworks, color after color, blazing and crackling in brilliant patterns that stretched across the night.

Sienna gasped, tilting her head back to take it in. Her eyes widened at the stunning sight, her breath catching.

But then, her body tensed.

She pulled away from Adrian’s arms.

He tried to hold on to her, his arms tightening as he tried to keep her close. “Sienna—”

But she stepped back, completely breaking free from him. Her voice trembled. “This... this is the gift you prepared?”

Adrian's expression softened into a fond smile as he took a step forward. “Yes,” he said gently. “You love fireworks, don’t you?”

But Sienna didn’t smile back. Her expression twisted in pain. The jacket he had put over her slipped from her shoulders as she snapped, “No, I don’t! I hate fireworks. I hate them more than anything else.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian's smile dropped, his brows furrowing in confusion. His body moved instinctively toward her, but she stepped back again.

"What's wrong?" His voice was rough with concern. His chest tightened as he saw the pain in her eyes.

Her voice shook with emotion, "How could you even think of showing me this? How could you?"

He froze.

"Don't you remember what you did two years ago?" she asked, her voice rising, laced with hurt and anger. "Don't you remember that New Year's night when I waited the whole night just to celebrate it with you?"

He stepped forward, but she stepped back, her fists clenched.

Her voice cracked. "I waited the entire night. I told you I had fireworks planned for us. I told you that already, because you never had the patience to wait for surprises. I begged you to come. I messaged you. I called you again and again."

She could barely get the words out, her voice shaking. The pain she had buried inside for years was sharp, cutting.

"It was snowing so much that night," she whispered, her voice breaking. "I was freezing. Cold. Alone. And when someone finally picked up your phone, it was a woman. And she said, 'You can tell me what the matter is. He's busy and doesn't

have time to talk to you right now.’”

She scoffed bitterly, those words still ringing in her ears like knives.

“I cried,” she said hoarsely. “I broke down, standing there in the snow, crying my heart out for you. And even after that, I still waited, hoping you’d show up. Because I thought maybe—just maybe—after five years together, I’d mean enough for you that you’d come. Or at least call.”

Adrian’s jaw clenched. He took a step forward, guilt heavy in his eyes, but Sienna didn’t let him speak.

“That was the night I realized you’d never choose me,” she said sharply. “You wouldn’t show up for me. You didn’t love me. And now this is the gift you’re giving me? You think I’d be happy with this?”

She shook her head, fury and heartbreak mingling in her voice.

“You should be ashamed of yourself!”

And with that, she turned around and stormed off.

15 Mistakes Of The Past

Adrian rushed in front of her, blocking her path, desperation written all over his face.

“I’ll tell you what happened that night.”

“I don’t want to hear it now!” she snapped, jerking her arm free from his grip. But he caught her again, holding her tighter this time.

“I don’t want to hear it,” she growled, trying to yank her arm free.

But he caught her and pulled her back, tighter this time. “Sienna, please. I’m begging you.”

His voice was raw now, broken and hoarse.

“I didn’t know. I didn’t know where you were that night. I didn’t know it was snowing. I didn’t fucking know!”

“It doesn’t matter now, does it?” she whispered harshly, yanking her arm free as she stormed toward the elevator. “I don’t want to repeat the mistakes of the past, Mr. Vaughn. So for God’s sake, stop reminding me of the stupid things I did for you back then. Because I ended up looking like a pathetic girl, blindly in love with a guy who didn’t give a damn about her.”

She stabbed the elevator button with her thumb. The doors slid open.

But before she could step in, Adrian grabbed her wrist, and pulled her back with force. His tall frame loomed behind her as he wrapped his strong arms around her waist, locking her tightly against his chest.

“Just wait a damn minute,” he murmured, his voice low, rough, almost broken. His head dipped down, burying into the crook of her neck. His breath was hot against her skin as he held her like he was scared she’d vanish. His entire body trembled.

“Sienna,” he whispered her name like it was sacred, turning her around to face him. His eyes, dark and tormented, locked onto hers. “That night... that year... when you called me over and over, I wasn’t ignoring you.”

She stared at him blankly, like she didn’t care for what he had to say.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“My grandfather passed away that night,” he said, his voice cracking. “I was at the funeral.”

Sienna’s body stilled, completely thrown. She stared at him, shocked, but he continued.

Adrian didn’t stop. His gaze pierced into her soul. “That call you made—my maid answered. I had fallen terribly sick and passed out. She picked up because you were calling over and over, and she was worried it might be serious. She didn’t tell me about it until I came awake.”

Sienna’s breath hitched. Her anger faltered, but she didn’t speak. She just stared at him, her hands trembling. He continued, his voice quiet, stripped of pride.

“I was depressed. That man was the only family I had. After the funeral, I collapsed. I didn’t even remember anything... I wasn’t myself. I didn’t wake up properly until two days later.”

Sienna blinked rapidly, her chest rising and falling as she tried to process it. All this time, she thought he had abandoned her, ignored her.

She looked at him in disbelief, her lips parted. “There was no news of his death...?”

Adrian shook his head. “He was a very private man. He didn’t want a public funeral. No press. No people. Just me. I did everything. Every ritual. Every prayer,” he said, his grip tightening on her shoulders as his voice turned hoarse. “I was unconscious. I didn’t even have the strength to call anyone.”

“Then... why didn’t you tell me?” she asked, her voice trembling, her eyes shining with a sudden ache. “You didn’t say a single thing.”

“I didn’t want to look weak in front of you,” Adrian said without hesitation. “I didn’t want anyone to see that side of me. Not even you.”

Sienna’s hands trembled against his chest. Her heart twisted. He wasn’t the type of man who opened up, he was always guarded, always in control. Seeing him this raw, this open... it hurt in ways she didn’t expect. Her body remained stiff, her heart pounding in her chest.

“Then why now?” she asked, barely above a whisper.

“Because I don’t want to hide from you anymore,” he said, his voice deep with honesty. “I want to tell you everything. I want you to know the real me, not the man who pushes you away, but the man who loves you.”

Her lips parted in surprise.

“I was a fool before,” he continued, his hand cupping her cheek. “I didn’t know I loved you back then. But when you left, everything shattered. My world broke. And now I know. I love you, Sienna. And showing you my weakness doesn’t make me weak... not in front of you.”

Sienna's fingers clenched around his shirt. Her heart ached, torn between anger and emotion. Adrian had never opened up to her like this. Never let her see beneath his perfect, impenetrable surface.

Was he just saying this to win her back? Or was this truly a changed man standing in front of her?

She couldn't see through his thoughts, but she could see the truth written all over his face. His words weren't rehearsed, they were spilling straight from his heart. And that made it even harder.

It hurt.

"I didn't even know who was in your family," she whispered. "You never told me anything. I waited for you to open up on your own. But now, it's been two years. We're so far apart."

Adrian took her hands. "Sienna," he whispered, voice almost pleading now. "Let's forget the past. Let's start over. Just this once... let me do it right. Let me make it up to you. Everything I ruined, I'll fix it. Everything I missed, I'll give you ten times more. I'll make you forget every bit of pain I caused."

He dipped his head lower, his lips barely hovering over hers. "Alright?" he whispered.

She didn't say a word. Her body was completely wrapped in his arms, her back pressed to his solid chest. Adrian's powerful arms tightened around her waist, pulling her even closer. Then, he turned her around to His lips captured hers, deep and hungry. He kissed her like he couldn't wait another second, like every second without her had driven him insane.

His mouth moved over hers, rough but controlled, stealing her breath and giving her something deeper in return. His tongue slid past her lips, claiming her with a slow, greedy sweep that made her knees weaken.

"Mhmmm..." she melted into him, fingers clutching his shoulders, her body pressing up to his like she needed the heat of him to survive. He groaned into her mouth, the sound low and raw, and kissed her harder, his tongue stroking every corner of her

mouth to lick away her essence and taste.

He angled her head and deepened it again, slower now but no less intense, like he was savoring every second, every sound she made. His hand slipped to her jaw, thumb brushing her cheek as he kept her close, refusing to let her pull away.

Then her phone rang.

Once.

Twice.

At first, she ignored it, lost in the overwhelming sensation of his mouth on hers. But it rang again, louder this time, persistent.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Gently, she pushed against his chest and looked down at her phone in her hand. Adrian's eyes followed her gaze, darkening when he saw Theo's name flashing on the screen.

His jaw clenched.

He roughly pushed the phone aside, brushing her hand away. His lips grazed the shell of her ear, then his tongue slowly traced down the curve of her neck, his deep voice whispering against her skin, coaxing a shiver from her.

"Don't pick it up," he murmured, voice rough with need. "Don't let him interrupt us. Not now. Please, Sienna?"

Sienna's skin tingled from the heat of his breath, her whole body burning, every nerve set on fire by his touch. But the phone kept ringing.

She broke away, reluctantly, her swollen lips still tingling, her breath short and shaky. "I have to pick it up," she whispered, her voice dry and trembling. "He's my husband. It could be something urgent."

She gulped, and forced herself out of Adrian's arms. She walked toward the corner, lifting the phone to her ear.

Adrian's hands dropped to his sides, his chest tightening with fury and helplessness. He watched, frozen, as she walked away to answer the call. His chest ached, his fists tightening at his sides.

She called Theo her husband. Right in front of him. Like it meant nothing.

She didn't even notice how Adrian's expression changed, the sharp twitch in his jaw, the blaze in his eyes. If she had, she would've seen the storm brewing beneath his calm. He had to force himself not to storm over and rip the phone from her hands and smash it to pieces.

He didn't want her to even think of Theo. But that bastard kept getting in between them.

Sienna lifted the phone to her ear.

"Theo?" she said quietly.

"Sienna, get home. Now," Theo's urgent voice came through the speaker immediately. "I don't have time to explain. Just get home immediately."

And then he hung up before she could ask anything.

She stared at the screen for a second, then lowered the phone slowly, tension lining her face. She turned to Adrian, her voice tight.

"I need to leave."

Without waiting for his response, she turned toward the elevator.

Adrian followed her immediately. "Sienna, wait! Where are you going?" His voice was urgent, panicked. He grabbed her hand, trying to stop her.

"I can't stay," she said, still walking. "Theo needs me. You have to understand. I need to go now."

“Sienna, please,” he said, matching her pace, desperate now. “Don’t go. I planned everything for tonight—for you. This was supposed to be our New Year.”

But she didn’t stop. She stepped into the elevator and turned around to face him. Her voice was soft.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. “I have to.”

The doors slid shut.

Adrian stood there, watching her disappear.

His face darkened. His chest heaved. The pain, the rage, it twisted inside him like a blade. His eyes burned, jaw locked, and the veins on his arms stood out as he clenched his fists. He looked like a man on the edge of losing it all.

Behind him, fireworks exploded in the sky, lighting up the night in celebration. But Adrian didn’t see any of it.

Not a single flicker.

He started walking, eyes deadly, and marched into the second elevator. He rode down in silence, then got into his car and followed hers, keeping a distance. His eyes locked on her taillights like a predator hunting what was his.

Sienna reached the Montgomery house and hurried inside. As she walked into the grand hall, her steps halted.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Right in the center, her parents were seated with Theo.

“Shit,” she whispered under her breath.

16 His Plan

Her wide eyes met Theo’s, and his expression mirrored hers—troubled and tense.

“Mom? Dad?” She forced a smile and stepped forward. “What are you doing here?”

Just as she reached to sit, Pamela stood up abruptly, blocking her with a sharp glare.

“This is what you call a good marriage?” her mother snapped. “It’s New Year’s, Sienna! And you left your husband alone to go out in the middle of the night?”

“Mom, I had something important—”

“What could possibly be more important than your marriage?” Pamela cut her off, voice rising. “You’re Theo’s wife now! He’s a good man. He doesn’t question you, doesn’t doubt you. That doesn’t mean you can take advantage of his trust!”

“I know, Mom... I’m sorry.” Sienna lowered her eyes, her voice soft. “It’s my fault. I should have done better.”

“I’m fine, Mom,” Theo jumped in quickly, trying to de-escalate. “Sienna had something to take care of. It’s okay.”

“Theo, let me talk to my daughter,” Pamela cut him off, her tone sharp.

Then her gaze snapped back to Sienna. “If we hadn’t come here unannounced, we would’ve never known how carelessly you behave!”

“I’m sorry, Mom,” Sienna repeated, her expression full of guilt. “I promise, I’ll be more careful.”

She tried to calm Pamela down, repeating her apologies again and again.

Only after that did Pamela finally ease up, giving her a disappointed nod and letting her go.

Sienna sighed and waved goodbye, watching her mother leave the house. But Theo was still there. He glanced at Sienna, his expression serious.

“We have to make your mom believe we’re in a good relationship,” he mumbled, then suddenly grabbed her hand and pulled her up the stairs to the first floor.

Dragging her out onto the bedroom balcony, he positioned her right at the edge, right where her parents could clearly see them from the garden below.

Without hesitation, he pulled her close, pressing his thumb against her lips before leaning in. One hand slid to the back of her neck as he tilted his head, making it appear as though they were locked in a passionate kiss.

Then Theo pulled away slightly.

“Do you think they bought it?” Sienna whispered.

Theo stole a glance down. He dipped his head into the curve of her neck, pressing in

closer like he was still kissing her.

“They’re still downstairs,” he murmured. “But I think they saw us. That’s good. We have to keep pretending.”

He moved to the other side of her neck, his lips brushing her skin again to keep up the act. To anyone watching, it looked like they were completely caught up in a heated moment.

What neither of them realized was that Sienna’s parents weren’t the only ones watching.

Adrian had followed Sienna. Standing in the house next door, he watched everything from a perfect angle. Every movement. Every touch. Every kiss. His eyes locked onto Theo’s hands on Sienna, his lips on her skin, and rage exploded through his chest.

He had followed Sienna home. But nothing could have prepared him for what he saw now—Theo with his hands all over her, kissing her, holding her like she belonged to him.

Adrian’s jaw clenched so hard it ached. His eyes blazed with fury.

The moment Theo kissed Sienna, Adrian’s fist flew out and slammed against the brick wall beside him. His knuckles split open, blood dripping down his hand as he burned with rage. But he didn’t flinch. He didn’t even look down at the injury. His focus stayed on Theo, and Sienna.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Theo was touching her. Kissing her. And she wasn't pushing him away.

With every second, the fury built inside him, hotter and darker.

"You're going to be mine," Adrian growled under his breath, his chest heaving. "I'm not waiting anymore. I've had enough. Theo will never touch you again. You'll be mine, Sienna. Only fucking mine!"

His fists curled tighter as he watched Theo continue to pretend like he owned her. Every second of that embrace set his blood boiling.

But then, something else caught his attention.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw another figure rush out from the garden below and disappear into the street, heading toward a dark alley. A woman, small, almost hiding in the shadows. Adrian's eyes narrowed as he focused in.

"Rosie?" he muttered, stunned.

He recognized her immediately from the photos his private investigator had sent, pictures of her with Theo.

She turned slightly, panicked, glancing back at the house. And that's when Adrian saw that she had a bump.

She was pregnant.

His blood ran cold. His entire body went still, the shock slamming into him like a truck.

“She’s pregnant?” he whispered, disbelief flooding his voice.

And then fury returned, faster and fiercer.

“That bastard!” he roared quietly, his voice raw. “He knocked up his mistress and snuck her into the house behind Sienna’s back? While she wasn’t even home?”

Adrian’s hands balled into fists again, nails digging into his skin. His vision blurred with rage.

Theo and Sienna disappeared back into the house, walking back into the bedroom, still entangled in a heated makeout. Adrian burned, consumed by a storm of possessiveness and fury.

Moments later, Sienna’s parents left too, walking back to their car, believing everything was fine between the couple.

Adrian yanked out his phone and hit a number. It rang once.

“Sir?” Matthew answered immediately.

“I need the CCTV footage from Montgomery House for the last two hours. Right now. I want every second of it,” Adrian commanded, voice low and lethal.

“Yes, sir. Sending it to you shortly.”

Adrian stood where he was, breathing hard. Every second ticked like an explosion in his head, his mind running wild with images, Sienna and Theo in that bedroom,

alone, and everything that could be happening in there.

His phone pinged. A message from Matthew.

“I’ve sent the footage to your phone, sir.”

Adrian opened the chat. His hands trembled as he clicked on the video. The screen lit up, showing Theo’s car pulling up in the driveway earlier, and then a heavily pregnant Rosie stepping out. He watched Theo help her into the house like it was normal. Like she belonged there.

All while Sienna had no idea.

“You married this fucking bastard,” Adrian muttered, staring at the screen, “and you still care about him so much that you run to him whenever he calls?”

His fists clenched around his phone.

“Theo’s not the man everyone thinks he is. And you’ve already suffered enough. I’ve hurt you too, but there will never be another damn person on this earth who’ll get to hurt you again.”

His voice dropped, dark and filled with steel.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“I’ll get you back, Sienna. No matter what it takes.”

Sienna and Pamela stepped into a small clinic. Pamela had insisted on a check-up for her pregnancy, dragging her here first thing in the morning.

Sienna took a deep breath as they entered, frowning at the sterile smell of the waiting area.

“Go inside,” Pamela said, gently pushing her toward the consultation room. “I’ll take care of the paperwork.”

The clinic was nearly empty, only a receptionist and a woman seated outside the examination room.

As Sienna approached, the woman stood up with a polite smile.

“Ms. Sienna? We already have your name on the appointment list.”

Sienna returned the smile weakly, and the woman opened the door for her.

The room inside was surprisingly normal, more like a doctor’s office than a surgical room. A hospital bed sat in the corner, along with a desk, a chair, and some medical equipment.

Sienna stepped in and the door clicked shut behind her. She looked around for the

doctor. But the room was empty.

She turned to leave when suddenly, a strong hand snatched her from behind.

She gasped, spinning around, but another hand clamped over her mouth before she could speak. Her back hit the wall with a quiet thud. Her eyes flew wide in shock.

It was Adrian.

He stared at her, breathing hard. Then, without a word, he lowered his head, and kissed her.

His mouth crashed onto hers, rough and hungry. There was no gentleness in the way his lips claimed hers, just raw need and the kind of desperation that left her breathless.

His hand threaded into her hair, tugging her head back slightly so he could angle deeper. His lips moved over hers with wild precision, bruising, devouring. His tongue parted her lips, demanding entry, and when she opened for him, he didn't hold back. He kissed her like he owned her, tongue tangling with hers in slow, filthy strokes that made her toes curl and her knees go weak.

Every movement was hot and unrestrained. His teeth grazed her bottom lip, biting just enough to make her gasp. And that tiny sound—that gasp—had him groaning into her mouth, pressing even closer, like he couldn't bear a single inch of space between them.

Their breaths mingled in quick, shallow bursts. She could feel his heart pounding against her chest, could feel the way his body trembled with restraint.

She whimpered, melting into him completely. Her hands fisted his shirt, holding on

like she'd fall apart if she let go.

By the time he finally pulled back, her lips were swollen, her face flushed, her breath coming in uneven gasps. His eyes burned into hers, dark and full of need, his thumb stroking the edge of her jaw.

"Adrian," she hissed, panicked. "What are you doing here? God, this is a hospital! My mom is right outside!"

"I came for a checkup too," he said casually.

"You? A check-up? For what?" she asked, clearly not buying it. Her breaths were still harsh from the kiss, burning through her body.

He didn't even blink, eyes locked on her face. "Just a check-up," he said casually. "I was passing by, saw the hospital, and then I saw you."

Her expression hardened. She pushed against his firm chest. "Adrian, don't joke around. I came here for a real check-up with my mom. Where's the doctor?"

Adrian smirked. He dipped his head, his nose brushing her throat, body pressing firmly against hers. His hand stroked slowly up her waist.

"I'll give you a thorough check-up myself. Don't worry. I'm very good at examining your body. You already know that, don't you?"

"Sienna, is everything alright?" Pamela called from outside.

Sienna stiffened, panic rushing to her face. "Yes, Mom! I'm fine!" she called back quickly, trying to steady her voice.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

But Adrian didn't stop. His lips trailed kisses along her jawline, then lower to her throat, licking her skin with maddening slowness.

Her breath caught. "Oh God," she whimpered, unable to hold back the sound.

"Sienna?" Pamela's voice was louder now. "Are you hurt?"

Sienna's face flushed bright red. She had to stop herself from moaning again, her voice shaky as she shouted back, "I said I'm fine, Mom! Please stop talking!"

Adrian's hand was under her top now, tugging it aside. His lips returned to her throat, then down to the swell of her chest. His hand pushed her bra aside, his rough fingers flicking over her nipple. Her whole body shuddered under him.

"Stop, Adrian," she whispered breathlessly, pushing weakly at his shoulders. "Tell me the truth. What are you really doing here?"

He looked frustrated, like he wanted nothing more than to keep touching her. But her serious eyes forced him to slow down. He sighed and leaned his forehead against hers.

"Fine," he grumbled. "It was my plan."

"What?"

"I'm the one who sent the clinic's information to your mom," he confessed. "She kept insisting you see a doctor. So, I arranged for her to bring you here alone. That way,

she'd stop stressing you about a pregnancy and I could see you too."

His voice softened as he spoke, face shadowed with longing.

He dipped his head again, kissing her collarbone. "I missed you," he whispered. "Missed your scent, your skin..."

His tongue ran along her throat, and with growing urgency, he tugged her top aside, revealing her bra. With one swift move, he pushed the bra down and flicked her nipple, his breath hot and heavy against her skin.

Sienna's body trembled.

The more she tried to hold back, the more ravenous he became, licking, kissing, tasting her like he couldn't get enough.

"Adrian..." she breathed, voice trembling. Her fingers clenched around the front of his shirt, trying to hold herself together. "My mom is right outside. I... I should go."

But he didn't move back. His eyes darkened, filled with hunger.

"Don't worry about her," he growled, grabbing her face and pulling her closer. "Focus on me. I missed you so fucking much, Sienna."

Sienna's breath hitched as his mouth devoured her skin, her back pressing into the cool wall of the clinic exam room. The sterile scent of alcohol wipes and antiseptic still clung to the air, but all she could smell now was him. Adrian. Masculine, musky, overpowering.

"Adrian—" she tried again, but her words died as his mouth crashed over hers.

17 A Good Checkup

His kiss was deep, brutal, desperate. Tongues clashed, teeth scraped, lips bruised. He bit her lower lip and tugged, dragging a gasp from her throat before swallowing the sound with another savage kiss. Every protest melted into need the second his hands grabbed her hips and yanked her flush against him. His erection pressed through his jeans, grinding into her stomach with unrelenting pressure.

She whimpered, fingers tangling in his hair, yanking just to ground herself. But it only made him groan louder and kiss her harder.

His mouth found her neck, tongue licking a slow trail along her pulse before his teeth sank in—just enough to leave a mark. Her body arched against the wall, chest heaving, hands clawing at his shoulders for balance. He licked over the bite possessively, then dragged his mouth across her collarbone, kissing, sucking, tasting.

“Tell me you missed me,” he murmured low against her throat, his breath hot. One hand slid up under her skirt, the other gripping her jaw to force her gaze back on him. “Say it.”

She gasped as his fingers brushed against her soaked panties, pressing firm.

“Stop talking,” she whispered breathlessly, face flushing as her head tipped back. “Lick here.”

That broke him.

Adrian let out a guttural sound. He hooked one arm under her thigh and lifted her onto the exam table in a single, commanding motion. Her legs spread instinctively, her heart pounding as he positioned himself between them.

“I had to set up this entire place like a fucking movie set overnight, just to see you,” he muttered, dragging her panties down her thighs with a firm grip. “Do you see how much control you have over me?”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her breath came in ragged gasps. “Adrian—”

“Shh,” he whispered again, kissing her softer now, lingering. “Let me have you.”

He trailed kisses down her body, peeling her top aside until her bra was exposed. With rough fingers, he tugged the cups down, revealing her breasts. His mouth latched onto one aching bud, tongue swirling, teeth grazing just enough to make her gasp.

“Ah!” She arched into him, moaning as he flicked and sucked, leaving one nipple wet and swollen before turning to the other.

Then he pulled back.

“Lie down,” he ordered.

She obeyed, breathless, trembling. He grabbed two clean straps from the side of the stretcher—the ones normally used to hold patients still, and with a dark gleam in his eye, wrapped them around her wrists, tying her arms to the metal bars on either side.

“Keep your hands there. I don’t want you touching me,” he said, voice low, dangerous. “Just feel me.”

He pushed her thighs apart, spreading her wide. Her glistening folds were on full display under the harsh fluorescent lights. He looked at her like a man who had gone too long without water. Like she was the only thing that could save him.

Then he leaned in.

The first drag of his tongue was slow, agonizing. He licked her from bottom to top, stopping to suck on her clit until she trembled. She cried out, wrists pulling at the restraints, body straining for more.

“Oh God—”

He didn’t stop.

He licked deeper, tongue plunging inside her before sucking her sensitive bud again, harder this time. Over and over. His tongue moved in wild, hungry strokes, alternating between firm, teasing flicks and relentless, punishing pressure.

“You taste so fucking good,” he growled between licks. “Sweet. Addictive. Mine.”

Sienna was lost in the storm. Her legs shook, her hips rising off the table, her body helpless to the pleasure he dragged from her.

“Hahhh....,” she clenched the straps, moaning, whining, unable to stop herself.

And Adrian just kept going, eating her like he was starving. Like he’d die without her.

Sienna’s moans grew louder, more desperate. Her hips bucked up against Adrian’s mouth, trying to get more friction, more pressure—more of him. Her wrists strained against the restraints, the cold straps digging into her skin as she lost herself under his tongue.

“Adrian—” she gasped. “Please... I-I’m gonna...”

“Cum for me,” he rasped against her soaked folds. “Let me hear you fall apart.”

She did. Her whole body seized, thighs trembling, toes curling, back arching off the stretcher as the orgasm ripped through her like lightning. Her cries echoed in the sterile room, every breath ragged and wrecked.

Adrian didn’t stop. He licked her through it, pulling every last tremble and twitch from her until she was left panting, eyes glassy and unfocused.

And then—knock knock knock.

“Sweetheart? Are you done?” Pamela’s voice called, muffled through the door. “What’s the doctor saying? Is it going to take time?”

Sienna’s blood turned to ice. Her eyes shot wide open. “Shit,” she hissed, tugging at the restraints. “Adrian, untie me—quick!”

But he didn’t move. Not right away. He looked up at her from between her thighs, lips glistening, a dark smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. “No.”

“Adrian!”

He leaned in, kissed her inner thigh slowly, licking her. “You told me to lick you. You didn’t say anything about stopping.”

Another knock—sharper this time.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Sweetheart? Are you okay in there?”

“Shit,” she whispered again, squirming, tugging at the restraints. “Adrian, please—”

But Adrian’s tongue didn’t stop. He licked her like he owned her, quick, deep strokes dragging over her sensitive heat, his hands gripping her thighs tighter the more she squirmed. Her breath hitched, her lips parting in a helpless moan.

“Answer her,” he murmured against her skin, voice thick with smugness. “Go on.”

She opened her mouth, but no words came. Her back arched, another tremble racking through her body as he sucked her clit, merciless and focused. All she could do was gasp, her fingers curling tight as her legs trembled under the intense pleasure.

“Oh, Adrian...,” she breathed without meaning to, the heat of her blush rising all the way to her ears.

From behind the door, her mother’s voice sounded again, confused and concerned. “Sienna? I’m coming in if you don’t answer!”

Adrian pulled back just enough to whisper, “Now you want me to stop?”

“No,” she gasped. “God—Adrian—just... wait—!”

But he didn’t wait.

Adrian stood abruptly, the sound of his zipper coming down sharp in the tense

silence. His eyes locked on hers—dark, hungry, wild—and his voice was nothing but a growl. “You’re not going anywhere.”

He didn’t bother untying her. Instead, he stepped between her legs, gripping her by the waist with both hands and yanking her hips forward until her backside hung dangerously off the edge of the exam table. With a rough groan, he pulled out his rod—thick, hard, already slick with need.

Sienna barely had time to gasp.

He slammed into her in one fierce, possessive thrust.

Her back arched as her body took him in deep, the sudden stretch stealing all the air from her lungs. The restraints dug into her wrists as her tied hands jerked against them, helpless in the air. Her legs instinctively tried to wrap around him, but he kept them spread, his grip bruising on her thighs.

“Ahh... ah! Mmmhhhhh...,” Sienna’s muffled moans filled the room as she bit her lips to suppress the sound.

The exam table creaked with every sharp thrust. Adrian moved ruthlessly, his hips snapping against hers, every wet slap echoing in the sterile silence of the room. Her moans were ragged, breathless, torn straight from her chest.

He bent over her, chest pressed to hers, mouth hot at her ear. “Look at you,” he hissed, thrusting harder. “Moaning like that... and your mom’s just outside. Anyone could walk in.”

“No. Don’t... let anyone...” her whole body clenched, shaking around him. The table jolted with every punishing movement, and her voice dissolved into gasps, her only words now broken sounds and whimpers. “Ahhhhh....!”

Then—finally—silence.

No more knocks. No voices.

Maybe her mother had given up. Maybe someone had stopped her. Sienna didn't know. She couldn't think. Didn't really care anymore.

Adrian slowly pulled out, panting, flushed, but his grip never loosened.

He reached up, undid the straps holding her wrists, but before she could even lower her arms, he caught her again, hooking one of her legs over his shoulder and pulling her to the very edge of the table. Her back hit the cool vinyl surface again, the sudden shift sending another bolt of sensation through her.

“Adrian—wait—” she whispered, dazed.

But he didn't wait.

He thrust back into her. Deeper, thicker, harder, filling her completely.

She screamed, one hand flying to his shoulder, the other gripping the edge of the table like a lifeline. Her head fell back, hips jerking with every bruising stroke. The angle drove him deeper, his pelvis slamming against her with loud, obscene sounds, slick and fast and raw.

He bit into her neck, groaning, sweat dripping from his brow, his hands roaming, one squeezing her breast, the other pressing down her belly to feel himself inside her.

He was feral. Unstoppable.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

She shattered again around him, this time without warning. Her cry silent, throat too tight, body too overwhelmed. Her inner walls clamped around him like a vice, drawing him in, milking every inch of him.

He came with a harsh gasp, slamming into her one last time, burying himself as deep as he could go, her name spilling from his lips like a broken prayer. He trembled above her, muscles taut, as wave after wave of pleasure wrecked him.

Sienna lay limp beneath him, legs still quivering, chest rising and falling in rapid bursts. Her skin felt alight where his hands had gripped her; her wrists bore faint red marks where the ties had been. Her lips were swollen, tender from the intensity of their final coupling.

She tried to sit up, tugging at her skirt, but the world swayed. Before she could find her balance, Adrian's strong arms were around her, easing her onto her side of the exam table.

"Easy," he murmured, voice soft now. He brushed a strand of hair from her flushed cheek. His fingers trailed over the marks he'd left, lingering with gentle care. "You're so beautifully flushed."

Sienna closed her eyes, leaning into his touch. She could still feel the echoes of every thrust, every breath, but somehow, in his arms, it no longer hurt.

Adrian reached down to the small cabinet by the table and retrieved a damp, warm cloth. He pressed it to her wrists, cleaning away the redness until only faint impressions remained. Then he lifted her hair, pressing soft kisses along her neck and

shoulder as he smoothed back her blouse.

When at last she was properly dressed, he helped her to stand. Her legs trembled, but he held her steady, one strong hand at the small of her back.

He dropped to his knees, his eyes never leaving hers. He reached for her panties that had fallen to the floor in the heat of their passion. His fingers brushed against the delicate fabric.

Gently, he helped her slide her legs back into them, his touch careful, almost reverent. The cool silk of the panties caressed her skin as he pulled them up. His hands lingered on her hips as he adjusted her skirt, smoothing it over her curves with a possessive ease.

She looked up at him, breathless, vulnerability still shining in her eyes. He brushed his thumb across her bottom lip, wiping away the last trace of color.

“You are in excellent health, Ms. Donovan,” he whispered, pressing his forehead to hers. “Next time, I’m gonna have to do a more lengthy examination.”

Sienna managed a shaky smile.

He captured her mouth in a tender kiss. Slow, loving, nothing like the roughness before. It melted away the tension in her limbs.

Adrian slipped his hand into hers, guiding her toward the exit. At the threshold, he paused and lifted her chin. With a final gentle brush of his lips against her temple, he whispered, “Go on.”

Sienna opened the door, and slipped into the hallway, adjusting her skirt and breath.

Her legs were still slightly unsteady. She tried to walk straight, but her back ached from what had just happened inside.

Pamela rushed toward her. “How was it? Did you have a good checkup?”

“Yeah...” Sienna mumbled, eyes down. “Let’s go.”

Pamela caught her arm, stopping her. “You look flushed. Are you sure you’re alright? Should I ask the doctor to check again?”

Every word made Sienna’s cheeks burn redder.

18 A Deal

Behind the one-way glass window, Adrian watched everything. He smiled, arms folded over his chest, enjoying the sight of her blushing and flustered.

Sienna shook her head quickly and grabbed Pamela’s arm.

“Mom, stop talking. Let’s just go,” she said firmly, dragging her out of the clinic.

Pamela followed, confused but compliant.

Adrian stepped away from the wall, standing tall and straightening his coat. His expression turned serious as he watched Sienna walk out of the clinic.

“I’ll do everything to keep that smile on your face from now on. No one’s going to hurt you ever again.”

He turned and stepped out of the hospital. Just then, his phone rang.

It was Matthew.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian picked up. “Speak.”

“Sir,” Matthew said from the other end of the line, “Mr. Dante Kingsley is on the line. Since this is extremely confidential and involves a high-profile individual, he demanded I connect you directly.”

“Put him on,” Adrian said, striding toward his sleek black McLaren.

A beep. Then silence.

Adrian muttered darkly, “Since when did this little Montgomery become high-profile enough for us, Dante?”

A snicker cut through the line, followed by a burst of loud, familiar laughter.

“Larry Lawson. Do you want me to personally come and break your bones?” Adrian gritted, sliding his sunglasses on and pulling out his car keys. A soft beep sounded as the car unlocked.

“Fucking hell, man. You recognized me just by my laugh?” Larry replied, still chuckling.

“Yes. Dante isn’t a clown like you. I’d know that idiot laugh anywhere.”

“You goddamn—”

“I’m busy. Shut up,” Adrian snapped.

Larry's voice turned smug. "Well, Montgomery is not actually a high-profile individual. But this was the only damn way to get past your secretary. You're impossible to reach, dude."

Adrian sighed, rubbing his forehead. "Larry. Do I really need to come over and dislocate your jaw for you to stop talking, and get to the fucking point?"

"Why are you even investigating Sienna?" Larry blurted. "Isn't she your ex from like two years ago? You're the CEO of the largest car empire in the country, Adrian, and you're using Dante—The Dante—who owns the most feared private intelligence firm in this country, just to stalk your sweet, delicate ex?"

Adrian's eyes darkened behind his shades.

"And weren't you the one," Larry kept going, "who laughed when Christian fought Ryan over his wife? Saying, 'this much anger for just a woman'? Look at you now. Digging into your ex's husband like a psycho—"

"She is not my ex-girlfriend," Adrian snapped. His voice turned lethal. "She is my girl. And Larry... that last deal your company closed with mine? It's canceled."

"What?! Are you out of your fucking mind? My brother is gonna kill me!"

"The deal before that? Cancelled too. Keep talking. I'm in a great fucking mood."

"Jesus Christ, you arrogant son of a—Fine!" Larry hissed. "Here."

There was a shuffle, a click, then a beep as the call switched to speaker mode.

Another voice came through. Cold. Raspy. Deadly calm.

“You were right,” it was Dante who answered this time. “Rosie’s pregnant. And it’s Theo’s.”

Adrian’s jaw tightened.

Dante, always calm and composed, one of his very close friends and the man every enemy feared—never spoke unless it was worth saying. And right now, his voice was grave.

“He’s been taking her to private check-ups at a discreet clinic. Covered it up well. Took effort to dig.”

A set of photos hit Adrian’s phone. He opened them.

Rosie and Theo. Kissing. Embracing. On vacations. In one picture Theo was kissing her belly.

Adrian’s knuckles turned bone white.

“There’s more,” Dante continued. “It’s not recent. They’ve been together for a while. Long before Theo married Sienna. Rosie used to be his secretary.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian's chest burned with fury. His voice came out low, like a growl. "This fucking bastard. He had another woman all along. What the hell was he thinking, marrying Sienna?"

"She made her choice. She's married to him now," Dante's deep voice came through the line. It was calm, measured, but there was an edge to it. The kind of tone that made people sit up. "You still want to go after her?"

"I bet he does," Larry chimed in with a snort. "Look at him. The great Adrian Vaughn—Mr. Billionaire Ice King—falling apart over a married woman."

Adrian didn't answer. He leaned against his car, sunglasses still on, hiding the storm in his eyes.

His hands fisted at his sides as he gritted out the words, barely above a whisper.

"I'm the one who loves Sienna so much it's tearing me apart. I want her like a fucking obsession I can't shake, and that fucking bastard gets to have her? He gets to touch her, kiss her, while sneaking around with another woman?"

His chest heaved.

"He doesn't even respect her."

Adrian's jaw locked, his eyes hard as steel. Every word that followed was a promise carved in fury.

“I’ll take her back. And once I do, he’ll never lay eyes on her again.”

There was silence.

Then Dante, quiet and sharp, replied, “Be sure. If you’re going to fight for her, don’t hold back.”

Larry whistled. “Goddamn. You two sound like the next war’s about to start.”

Adrian shoved his phone in his pocket, his next words a ruthless vow.

“She was never his to begin with.”

“Here,” Theo handed Sienna a sleek, black business card. “This plan lists everything we discussed about the deal. It has everything in case you forget.”

“Got it,” Sienna nodded, slipping the card into her purse.

Theo leaned in slightly and muttered discreetly. “This dealership,” he said under his breath, pointing at a name on the list in his phone, “we need exclusive rights to it in this city, either under your name or mine. Alright?”

Sienna nodded again. “Understood.”

Theo scanned the crowded hall, eyes sharp and searching. Then his gaze halted as he spotted someone, then immediately pulled Sienna close and leaned in to whisper, “Sienna, look—over there.” He motioned subtly with his chin.

She followed his line of sight.

“That’s Arnold Hall. He owns the car brand we’re after,” Theo whispered urgently. “We have to get him interested in our business today. If we pull this off, it’ll be Christmas all year, baby.”

Sienna choked on a laugh.

“Really? Christmas all year, baby?” she mocked, giggling.

Theo grinned sheepishly. “Yeah, yeah. Don’t ruin my moment. I’m too nervous already. Let’s get to him before my confidence disappears. And hey—if I get this deal, I’ll finally be free to dump you and marry the love of my life.”

“How romantic,” Sienna teased sarcastically.

Theo winked at her and the two walked toward Arnold. When they reached him, Arnold was deep in conversation with a few others in the hall. Theo stepped in first.

“Mr. Hall,” Theo interrupted politely, stepping forward with a friendly smile. “We met at the Breeze Foundation banquet recently? We talked about the Astrid car deal. I was hoping we could revisit that conversation?”

Arnold turned to him with a faint frown, his white hair neatly combed, icy blue eyes sizing Theo up.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Sorry,” Arnold said, a little curt. “I don’t recall meeting you. And I don’t make deals with strangers. You’ll need to go through the standard process. I already have a line of interested buyers. It’s going to be difficult to assign this deal directly.”

Before Theo could respond, a calm but commanding voice interrupted from behind.

“Arnold?”

Arnold looked up, his expression immediately changing. The lines on his face softened as recognition struck. His stern demeanor melted into a smile.

“Mr. Vaughn,” he greeted warmly, stepping forward to shake hands. “It’s a pleasure to see you. I was hoping I’d get the chance to see you today.”

Adrian walked up to them, tall and imposing in a charcoal suit that clung to his broad frame. He didn’t even glance at Theo as he stopped beside Sienna, placing a possessive arm around her shoulders.

“Were you in the middle of something with Sienna?” Adrian asked casually.

Sienna froze, alarm shooting through her veins. ‘He’s going to get me killed. What is he doing exposing me like this?!’

But Adrian looked unbothered. His expression remained relaxed, confident, like he owned the room.

Arnold’s eyes darted between the three of them, his confusion growing. “Mr.

Vaughn, you know them?” He motioned toward Theo and Sienna.

Adrian smiled, pulling Sienna a little closer. “Yes. She’s a very close and important person to me.”

Theo quickly cut in, his tone defensive. “Sienna doesn’t know you, Mr. Vaughn. Please stop trying to associate yourself with her. It’s inappropriate.”

Adrian’s gaze darkened. He turned to Sienna, his voice soft and suggestive. “What a pity. I was just about to introduce her to Mr. Hall personally in a private meeting we’re about to have. But if it’s a problem—”

Sienna’s eyes widened, panic flashing across her face.

“I’d like to attend the meeting,” she said quickly. “I want to join.”

Theo grabbed her arm gently, pulling her close and whispering in her ear. “Sienna, you don’t have to do this for me or the business. You’re more important than any deal. Don’t fall into his trap.”

Sienna turned to him, her voice firm. “Theo, this might be our only chance to get close to Arnold. We’re not going to get another opportunity like this. It’s good for our business—we can’t afford to hesitate.”

Theo gave her a troubled look. “I don’t want you sacrificing yourself for that bastard. He’s not—”

“I said I get it,” Sienna cut in, just as she noticed Arnold starting to walk away toward a private room.

Adrian raised an eyebrow at her, giving her a sharp look that made her heart jolt. That

look alone made her step away from Theo instinctively.

“Come with me,” Adrian said, already following after Arnold.

Sienna hissed quietly to Theo, “Don’t worry. I can take care of myself. Let’s focus on this deal.”

Adrian glanced back at them, his expression clearly pissed. His lips curled slightly in irritation as he looked between Theo and Sienna.

“Are you coming or not?” he asked coldly, his penetrating gaze locking onto her

The intensity in his stare made Sienna shiver. She nodded and followed quickly, Theo trailing behind reluctantly.

They entered the private meeting room, which was much quieter than the crowded hall. Only a handful of high-profile individuals were present—people Sienna instantly recognized from the industry.

Theo walked beside her, hands in his pockets, as they approached the center of the room.

Now that Arnold realized they were connected to Adrian, his tone toward Theo was much more friendly. He seemed suddenly interested in discussing the details, laughing at Theo’s remarks and nodding along.

After all, Adrian Vaughn wasn’t just the biggest name in the luxury car industry—he was the gatekeeper to future partnerships. Adrian’s presence was no small matter. He was a major player in the luxury car industry. Even Arnold wanted to stay in Adrian’s good books, knowing that good relationships with Adrian could mean more deals, faster approvals, and smoother access to high-end markets.

Sienna started walking toward Theo and Arnold, ready to join them, when someone accidentally stepped back and knocked her off balance. She stumbled and fell to the floor with a painful thud, her ankle twisting beneath her.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Ahh!” she cried out, wincing as sharp pain shot through her foot.

Before anyone else could react, Adrian was already moving.

He pushed through the crowd, shoving people aside without a second thought. His sharp glare was enough to part the group. He didn’t care who he pushed aside. All he saw was her.

He dropped to his knees beside her in an instant, his face tight with concern.

“What happened?” he growled, his deep voice low and urgent, eyes locked onto her face. “Where does it hurt?”

Sienna clutched her ankle, her face contorted in pain.

At once, Adrian swept her up into his arms. His grip was strong and secure, muscles tense as he carried her to the nearest couch and gently placed her down.

Then he knelt in front of her, his expensive suit wrinkling at the knees as he bent to unfasten her heel. He held her foot in his hands, large fingers surprisingly gentle as he examined the swelling.

“Does it hurt here?” he asked, lightly pressing her ankle. “Or up here?” His thumbs carefully massaged around the joint, his eyes flicking up to her face with worry.

Sienna glanced around the room, startled. The crowd had gone silent. Dozens of eyes were watching them with stunned expressions.

Whispering broke out across the room.

“What’s going on? Isn’t that Mr. Vaughn?”

“What kind of relationship does Mr. Vaughn have with that girl?”

“I heard him say earlier that they’re close. But this looks more than that.”

“She came with her husband. That can’t be right, can it?”

“Since when does Adrian Vaughn care about any woman like this?”

“Then why does Mr. Vaughn look like that? I’ve never seen him care about any woman before.”

Sienna let out an awkward laugh, trying to be nonchalant. She gently pushed at Adrian’s hand to pull her leg back, but he only held on tighter, not letting her go.

“Mr. Vaughn just knows me from the past,” Sienna said quickly, trying to ease the tension in the room. “We’ve worked together. That’s all. He was just surprised I fell, he respects women a lot.”

Her eyes met his. “Thank you, Mr. Vaughn. Really.”

Just then, Theo rushed over. His jaw was tight as he grabbed Adrian by the arm, trying to pull him up.

“Thank you, Mr. Vaughn. I’ll take care of my wife now,” he said stiffly. “It’s nice of you to worry, but she doesn’t need your help anymore.”

He crouched beside Sienna, his hands gently reaching for her ankle. “Are you okay?”

Do you need anything? I can get a doctor.”

“I’m fine, don’t worry,” Sienna said, patting his shoulder with a small smile. “It’s just a little sprain.”

Adrian’s eyes narrowed. His jaw clenched tighter, his irritation rising. He looked at Theo, then down at Sienna’s hand resting on her husband’s shoulder.

Jealousy flared in his chest, burning hot and sharp.

“Mr. Hall doesn’t have much time, Montgomery,” Adrian said sharply. “He wants to discuss your deal. Right now.”

Arnold turned toward them, catching Adrian’s eyes. Taking the hint, he immediately gave Theo a polite nod, “Mr. Montgomery, I have time now to discuss the deal. Shall we?”

Matthew stepped in smoothly. “Mr. Hall, there’s a private room ready for the discussion. Let’s all move there.”

Arnold nodded, and the group began to move.

Page 61

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Sienna quickly shoved the file into Theo's hands.

"Go," she whispered. "This is your chance."

Theo hesitated, worry flashing across his face. "We can wait. It's not worth it if you're hurt—"

"Go!" She insisted, giving him a light push. "I'll rest here. This is what we came for, right? It's just a sprain. It'll be fine by tomorrow. But you won't get another chance like this."

Theo finally nodded. "Call me if you need anything."

"I will. Now go quickly!" she waved him off with a smile.

He left with the group, and within moments, the room was nearly empty, except for her and Adrian.

Adrian turned toward her, his broad shoulders rising and falling as he exhaled deeply, his eyes never leaving her.

19 Possessive

Sienna looked up at him and slowly stood. "Thank you for helping Theo with this deal. It'll really help his future."

The mention of Theo snapped something in Adrian.

His calm cracked. Anger flickered behind his eyes, followed by a storm of jealousy. His fists clenched at his sides.

“Fucking Theo,” he gritted under his breath. “Theo, Theo, Theo. That’s all I ever hear from you.”

Before she could react, he stepped forward and grabbed her waist, pulling her flush against him. His lips crashed into hers, kissing her hard and possessively.

His mouth moved over hers roughly, his tongue pushing past her lips, claiming her in a way that made her heart race and her breath catch.

She struggled and finally managed to tear herself away, gasping.

“Adrian! What the hell are you doing?!” she snapped, wiping her lips and glancing toward the open door in panic. “Are you insane?! What if someone saw us?”

Her voice shook with anger. “You were acting like this in front of a whole room. Even in front of my husband! We agreed to keep this quiet. We agreed to keep this a secret. Then why are you acting like this?!”

Adrian gripped her arms and yanked her closer again, his eyes blazing.

“So you did notice,” he growled. “You saw how I looked when you touched him.”

His burning gaze locked with hers, and in her silence, he found his answer.

“You saw it. And you didn’t care.” His voice was rough. “Did you not see how he left you here? Alone. With me? Do you even matter to him as much as his damn business?”

“I tasked him to leave!” Sienna hissed back. “I told him to go!”

Adrian’s voice lowered, rough and cutting. “Exactly. You told him to go. And he went! He didn’t even fight you on it.” He stared at her, pain and anger clashing in his gaze. “Sienna, if you meant even half as much to him as he does to you, he wouldn’t have left. Because when you matter to someone, nothing is more important. Not business. Not money. Nothing!”

"You're talking like you're a saint!" Sienna snapped, her voice trembling with frustration. “Mr. Vaughn, don’t you love your business too? Isn’t it the most important thing in your world? You’ve always put it above everything else—including me.”

She stared at him, eyes burning. “So stop pretending otherwise. Theo has his reasons. I won’t blame him for walking out of this room right now.”

Adrian’s jaw clenched. “No, it’s not,” he growled. “Nothing is more important to me than you. Not even my entire empire. If you asked me to walk away from it right now, I would. You just have to say the word, and everything I have is yours. I don’t give a damn about the business. I only want you, Sienna.”

He stepped even closer, voice dropping lower. “I’m not like Theo. I won’t walk out on you just because things get complicated. I won’t leave you in a room with your ex, even if the damn world is ending.”

“Adrian...” Sienna took a deep breath, trying to calm him down. “Adrian, Theo has his reasons. I don’t blame him for leaving me to attend to his work. He’s doing his best.”

Adrian’s eyes darkened. He looked like he was on the edge of losing control. “You’re still defending him?” he bit out, voice rough. “He’s your husband. He left you alone

in a room with me! The man you were in love with for five fucking years. The man you slept with for five years. How long are you going to stay quiet and tolerate this crap?"

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“I’m not tolerating anything,” she snapped, her patience wearing thin. “This is my choice. Theo is sincere with me. That’s what matters. He’s good to me.”

Adrian’s jealousy exploded like a storm ripping through calm skies. His jaw tightened, fists clenched so hard his knuckles whitened. His breathing turned harsh, chest rising and falling like a man barely holding back a beast.

In one swift, feral motion, he grabbed her by the wrist and yanked her flush against him. Her back hit the wall with a thud, and before she could speak, his mouth crashed onto hers—rough, claiming, desperate. His kiss wasn’t gentle; it was war. His tongue forced its way in, demanding surrender, tasting her as if her mouth belonged to him alone.

“Stop talking about him,” he snarled between kisses, his voice low and jagged. His hands gripped her waist, digging in hard enough to leave bruises. “Think about me. Want me. Everything in your life should be about me. I don’t want to hear that bastard’s name again.”

Sienna’s breath came in sharp bursts. Her chest heaved against his, her back scraping lightly against the textured wallpaper. She could feel the vibration of his words against her lips, his rage and need mixing until it became impossible to tell them apart. His kiss turned brutal, as if he could erase Theo’s name from her memory with every bite and pull of her lip.

“The door... it’s open!” she gasped, her voice barely a whisper through the haze.

Adrian didn’t care. His lips sealed hers again, pressing harder. And in a blur, he bent,

hoisted her over his shoulder like she weighed nothing, her hair falling wildly around her face as the world tilted. His arm locked around her thighs, fingers digging into her skin as he stalked down the hallway. The floor creaked under his boots, each step echoing through the quiet, narrow corridor like a warning.

She clung to the back of his shirt, dizzy from the angle, from him, from everything.

Then came the jarring click of a lock behind them.

Adrian kicked the washroom door shut with his boot and slammed the lock home. The small, dimly lit room was cool and sterile, the scent of bleach clashing with the fevered heat pouring off his skin. The old bulb overhead flickered slightly, casting jagged shadows along the tiled walls.

He dropped her onto the porcelain sink with a thud, the cold surface biting against the back of her thighs. Her skirt bunched around her hips, blouse already hanging off one shoulder, buttons strained from his earlier impatience.

Before she could steady herself, Adrian was on her again—his body heat swallowing hers, his fingers tangling in her hair as he dragged her into another kiss, deep and breath-stealing. He kissed like a man who needed to claim her soul with his mouth.

His growl rumbled against her skin as he licked up the side of her throat, then down, slower this time—rougher, like he wanted to taste every inch.

“Ah!” Sienna gasped, her arms winding around his neck as his mouth found the dip of her collarbone, biting gently, sucking until her skin throbbed beneath his teeth.

He pressed her back until her spine curved along the edge of the sink. Her breathing hitched as the cold porcelain dug into her lower back, but she couldn't pull away. Not when his hand slid under her blouse, pushing the fabric up until it pooled just beneath

her arms. His palm cupped her breast, warm and firm, his thumb rolling over the aching peak through her bra.

She moaned, legs parting automatically as he stepped between them. In the mirror behind him, she caught her reflection—eyes glazed, cheeks flushed, lips kiss-swollen. And Adrian—he looked possessed. His eyes were dark, wild, locked on hers with a heat that singed.

“Adrian... someone might—”

“Let them,” he growled, lifting her chin with his thumb. “Let them hear how you moan for me.”

He ducked to her neck again, lips finding the sensitive spot below her ear, sucking hard. Her hips jerked forward on instinct. His teeth scraped, just enough to make her breath catch and her nails dig into his shoulders.

His hands moved quickly to the back of her dress, yanking the zipper down with a sharp pull. The fabric parted as he shoved it aside, revealing the curve of her breasts, the flush climbing her skin.

Adrian didn’t wait. His mouth closed over one nipple through the lace of her bra, tongue working it mercilessly while his hands roamed her sides, squeezing, stroking, owning.

“Adrian... please—” she whimpered, voice trembling like a leaf in the wind.

“I shouldn’t be here,” she managed to whisper when he finally pulled back. “Theo’s waiting. They’re all waiting...”

The second the name left her lips, everything shifted.

Adrian froze. The air in the room thickened.

His fingers tightened at her waist, possessive, punishing.

“What did I say about him?” he asked, his voice deadly quiet.

Then—crack.

His hand came down hard against her ass, the slap echoing off the tiled walls. She yelped, jolting forward from the sting. Her breath came in fast, choppy gasps, but her body didn’t retreat. It arched into his.

“Say it again,” he hissed, dragging his lips over her ear. “Say his name again and I’ll make sure you can’t walk out of here.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her answer was a whimper, helpless and trembling. Another slap followed. Then another. Each one harder, each one blazing against her skin. Her thighs trembled.

“Only my name,” he said lowly, kissing the shell of her ear. “Only my hands. Only my voice. Your whole world is mine, do you hear me?”

She nodded rapidly, her breath caught in her throat, hands gripping the edge of the sink like an anchor.

He tilted her chin up, brushing her swollen lower lip with his thumb. “You think about him again,” he whispered, his voice dangerous and sweet like poison, “and I’ll punish you until you can’t even sit without remembering me.”

Her breath hitched, a moan curling from her lips at the sheer command in his tone.

Adrian sank to his knees in front of her, hands dragging slowly down her thighs, pausing to press kisses along the insides. His lips were soft—too soft—before his tongue darted out, licking over the red imprint of his palm on her skin.

She gasped. “Adrian...”

He growled against her, the vibration humming against her thigh. In one swift motion, he hooked his fingers under her panties and slid them down her legs, letting them fall to her ankles.

The cool air brushed against her heat.

Then his mouth replaced it.

Hot. Wet. Unrelenting.

Her hands flew to the sink behind her, fingers slipping on porcelain as her knees gave way.

Adrian didn't stop. He devoured her like a man starving, like nothing else existed but the taste of her. And as her head tipped back and the moans fell from her lips.

His tongue moved—slow strokes at first, teasing, then faster, deeper, tasting her like he hadn't eaten in days. The wet sounds of his mouth against her echoed through the cramped washroom, mixing with her breathy, broken moans that bounced off the tiled walls.

“God... Adrian—” she cried, her voice cracking as her knees buckled beneath her.

He groaned low, the sound vibrating against her core, sending shivers up her spine. Her hips jerked involuntarily, her head falling back to thud gently against the mirror. The cool glass contrasted the fire raging under her skin.

“Ahhh...,” she gasped, breath fogging up the mirror behind her as the tension in her body coiled tighter.

One of his hands pressed flat against her stomach, fingers splayed wide as he steadied her. His palm was warm, grounding her just enough to keep her from flying apart completely. Each gasp that left her lips came softer, more broken than the last, her entire frame quaking from the relentless rhythm of his tongue.

When he finally pulled back, his mouth was wet, glistening with proof of her unraveling. His eyes flicked up to her, dark and unreadable, like something primal

had taken over. Still on his knees, he panted against her thigh, his breath hot and uneven, chest heaving as if he'd run miles to reach her.

Then he began his slow ascent, kissing the inside of her trembling thigh, tracing the dip of her hipbone, brushing his lips over her sensitive skin like worship. At her navel, his tongue flicked, then circled, drawing a sharp, helpless sound from her throat.

He growled low, pressing another open-mouthed kiss there, his grip on her waist tightening.

“You forget every name but mine,” he murmured, dragging his tongue up her stomach to the underside of her ribs. “You moan for me. You fall apart for me. Only me.”

She tried to speak—tried to say anything—but all that escaped was a ragged whimper, lost in the haze of heat between them.

Adrian rose in one fluid motion, towering over her now. He slid his hands under her thighs, lifting her onto the edge of the sink again, the cold porcelain biting into the back of her skin. Her legs instinctively wrapped around him, pulling him closer, needing the weight of him, the heat, the pressure.

His desire burned off him like wildfire, the scent of sweat and lust clinging to his skin.

His gaze locked with hers, searing and possessive. “I’m going to ruin you, Sienna,” he whispered, voice low and rough. “Right here. Right now.”

She couldn’t respond—there was no air left to breathe, no thought left in her spinning head.

Adrian stepped back just enough to shove down his pants, the rustle of fabric hitting the tiled floor barely registering over the thunder of her heartbeat. He gripped her thighs again, dragged her to the edge of the counter, and lined himself up without hesitation.

With one hard thrust, he entered her fully, a guttural moan ripping from his chest as her body took him in, hot and tight and perfect.

Sienna's back arched, her mouth falling open in a silent scream. The stretch was sudden, intense, and perfect. He didn't give her time to adjust, his hips snapping forward again—faster, harder, each movement punching the air from her lungs.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Ah—Adrian!” she cried, her nails raking down his back, leaving red trails across his skin.

His grunts were harsh in her ear, his breath hot against her neck. The sound of skin meeting skin filled the room, a raw, carnal rhythm that felt too loud in the sterile space.

The mirror behind her rattled with each thrust. The porcelain edge dug into her lower back, but it didn’t matter. Nothing mattered but him.

Adrian pinned her against the glass, bending her backward just enough to steal the control from her limbs. One hand held her thigh open, the other snaked between them. His thumb pressed against her clit, flicking it repeatedly. Rough, exact, merciless.

“A... hahhhh...!” She shattered.

Her body convulsed violently, her cry splitting the air as her orgasm ripped through her like lightning. Her walls clenched around him, squeezing, pulling, breaking her down to nothing but sensation.

But he wasn’t finished.

He dragged her forward, closer to the edge, and began pounding into her again—relentless, bruising, making her sob out sounds that weren’t even words anymore.

Her body sagged against him, trembling, her breath caught in hiccups. She was soaked in sweat, completely spent.

Adrian followed with a final, strangled groan, thrusting deep one last time as he came, hips trembling, arms locked around her like she might vanish.

For a long moment, the room was silent except for the thudding of their hearts and the sharp pull of their breaths.

Then, gently, he leaned in, brushing his mouth against hers.

20 Her Attention

Adrian stepped out of the washroom first, his shirt half-buttoned, hair slightly tousled. The hall was still empty. Sienna followed after him, adjusting her hair and smoothing down her dress. Though her ankle still ached, the pain was less now, not nearly as sharp as it had been earlier, but she moved carefully, trying not to put too much pressure on it.

She turned to leave, but he grabbed her hand.

“Where are you going?”

She looked back at him, her voice calm. “The meeting must be over by now. I need to find Theo.”

Adrian frowned, his brows furrowing sharply. “That meeting won’t be over until I say it is.”

“I have to help Theo with the deal, Adrian,” she said, tugging her hand free. “I promised I’d help him close it.”

“I’ll help you get the deal,” Adrian said firmly, stepping in front of her to block the way. “I’ll get you the whole damn contract. Just stay with me. Don’t go to him.”

“You’ve already helped enough,” she said firmly. “I can’t accept handouts from you. We need to earn this.”

She stepped around him and walked out of the hall, her movements cautious as she favored her injured ankle.

Adrian’s jaw tightened as he watched her leave. The light in his eyes dimmed, replaced with quiet fury.

“He’s never going to win. No matter how hard he tries,” he muttered, voice low and dangerous. His fists clenched at his sides. “He’ll pay for what he’s doing to you, Sienna. And you’ll have to forgive me for that. I will ruin anyone who hurts you.”

A week later Sienna and Theo entered the meeting hall at Arnold’s company, waiting to sign the final confirmation on the deal. The deal had been almost finalized. Theo had already convinced Arnold to give them the deal, and he’d even begun preparing the manufacturing phase for the new car parts.

Theo turned to Sienna with a grin and gripped her shoulders. “Thank you for this deal. If it weren’t for you, it would’ve been a hell of a lot harder. The file you gave me had everything laid out so clearly, I had Arnold convinced in under ten minutes. He was so fucking impressed.”

“That’s great!” Sienna smiled and gave him a side hug. “We’re one step closer.”

Theo pulled back, chuckling. “Once this deal is complete, we end this marriage and

the act. I've got a better footing in the business now, so I can take full control and finally bring Rosie home publicly. Make her my wife without fearing anything."

Sienna patted his arm, smiling gently. "You're my best friend. You don't have to thank me for anything. I'm doing this for you and Rosie willingly. I just want to see you both happy."

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Theo's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen. "It's Arnold," he said quickly, picking up. "Yes, Mr. Hall?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Montgomery," Arnold said bluntly. "We can't proceed with the deal. It's off. Since it wasn't a formal contract, the agreement is terminated effective immediately."

Theo's face went pale, and Sienna, standing beside him, stilled in shock.

"Mr. Hall, is there any reason? Maybe we can work something out?" Theo asked quickly.

"It's just our current financial situation. Please understand—it's nothing personal. It's just business." And with that, the line went dead.

Theo stood frozen, staring down at the phone. His expression was filled with disbelief. Sienna looked at him, concern clouding her face.

Theo turned to her, his face heavy with disappointment. "I really thought this deal would give you the freedom you deserve. That we could both move on after this. But now..."

Sienna laid a hand on his arm. "Theo, it's okay. This is business. Deals fall apart all the time," she said softly. "We'll just work harder and get something even bigger."

Theo nodded, his frown deepening into a sad, distant stare before he spoke. "You're right. Let's just get it over with. I need to leave," he muttered, his voice tight with

tension. “I’ve got to handle the mess at the office—stop the manufacturing, figure out how we can recover the losses. Do you want me to drop you home first?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Sienna said softly, patting his shoulder. “You go ahead. I’ll take a cab.”

Theo nodded again, distracted, and walked out first. His shoulders were hunched, his thoughts messy.

Sienna stayed back in the meeting room. Now that Theo was gone, her own worries started swirling.

Sienna remained in the meeting room, now alone, and her own worries began to rise.

“We’d already done amazing work on this deal. It was more than fair. Arnold wouldn’t have gotten better terms anywhere else. So why would he back out? Why reject such a strong offer?” She muttered under her breath, pacing slowly.

She turned toward the hallway, feet moving on instinct. Without realizing it, she found herself heading to Arnold’s office. Maybe she could talk to him. Maybe there was still something that could be fixed.

The floor was quiet. Since the meeting was already supposed to take place there, no one stopped her as she walked straight up to Arnold’s office door.

She walked silently, determined, until she reached the door, then froze.

Arnold wasn’t alone.

Inside, Matthew sat casually in a chair while Arnold stood beside him, visibly tense.

“Matthew,” Arnold began, rubbing his forehead, “just to be clear—why did you tell me to cancel the deal? Everything seemed above board. Did I miss something? Was there something I missed that prompted Mr. Vaughn to step in?”

Matthew sat back calmly, tapping his finger against his lips. “Not just this deal. From now on, any project involving Theo Montgomery will be taken over by Atrium Industries. Mr. Vaughn will cover any penalties and pay double, whatever it takes, to make sure no deal ends up in Theo’s hands.”

Sienna’s body stiffened with rage. Her blood boiled.

‘How the hell could he do this?’ she thought, jaw tightening. ‘How the fuck could he stoop this low?’

Without waiting another second, she spun around and stormed out of the building.

A full week passed since the deal with Arnold exploded, and left the Montgomerys bleeding money.

Theo was drowning in debt. Loan penalties from the banks were piling up. Worse, no one in the industry wanted to work with him anymore. Not a single deal had come through since that day. It was as if the entire industry had shut its doors on him.

Furious and desperate, he barged into Atrium’s headquarters.

His shoes echoed sharply on the marble floor as he made a beeline for Adrian’s office.

“Sir, you need an appointment—” the receptionist tried to stop him.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Theo shoved her aside and stormed into Adrian Vaughn's office.

Adrian stood near his desk, calm and composed, sipping his coffee. He didn't even flinch at Theo's intrusion. Instead, he looked at him with a bored, unamused glare.

The sunlight behind him outlined his chiseled jaw and cold eyes. He didn't flinch.

"What the hell is your problem?" Theo barked, slamming the door behind him. "Why are you doing this to my company? What the fuck did I ever do to you?"

Adrian raised a brow and took a slow sip from his coffee cup, giving a cold shrug. "It's just business," he said smoothly. "I'm in the car industry too. I like the same deals you do, and I can offer more. Isn't that how business works?"

"Bullshit!" Theo growled, his fists clenched. "You own a damn empire. You don't care about small deals like this. Don't treat me like an idiot. Tell me the fucking truth."

Adrian placed the cup back on the table and slowly stepped toward him. His voice stayed calm, but his eyes darkened.

"I already did. It's business. I happen to like the same deals as you. I can offer more. That's how the game works."

Theo's jaw tightened.

Adrian moved even closer, his tone dropping.

“A man should be stronger than you, Theo.” He glared at him, voice colder now. “And if you’re half as smart as you pretend to be, you already know why I’m doing this, don’t you?”

Theo’s lips curled in disgust. “Sienna.”

Adrian didn’t respond. His silence said everything.

Theo’s rage boiled over. “Sienna made it clear she wants nothing to do with you! She’s with me now, and she’s not leaving my side!”

Adrian’s sharp features twisted with anger. His eyes burned.

“Yes,” he snapped. “She’s with you. She’s loyal. She’s staying by your side without a word of complaint, but what are you doing to her?”

“I’m not taking advantage of her!” Theo growled. “She understands me. She knows what we have. It’s our life. Our choice!”

Adrian stepped closer until they were face to face. His voice was low, dangerous.

“And because she understands you, you’ve been bleeding her dry! She’s been slaving after you as your wife, Theo. Giving up everything, standing by you, holding you together. You’ve taken her for granted because she’s kind. Because she loves you.”

His fists clenched.

“I won’t let anyone hurt her anymore. I won’t stand by and watch you destroy her. I don’t care who she loves. Even if it’s not me, I’ll protect her.”

Outside the office, Sienna leaned against the wall, her heart pounding. She had never

wanted the two men to face each other. But Adrian had forced it. He'd cornered Theo into the shadows.

Theo's voice thundered from inside. "You're the last person who should be saying that. When she loved you, you abandoned her! And now that she's married to me, suddenly you can't let her go? You think this is love? You're just possessive, you're treating her like she's some fucking prize you lost. You're ruining my company, hurting my family, doing all this behind her back while pretending to be the good guy in front of her. What excuse will you give when she finds out?"

His voice dropped, hard and bitter. "You can take everything I have, destroy everything I've built, but I'll never let you drag Sienna into your mess. She will never come back to you."

Adrian snapped.

He grabbed Theo by the collar, dragging him close.

His voice thundered in the room.

"Not just Sienna," he snarled. "I'm going to take every fucking thing from you, Montgomery!"

Sienna, standing outside the door, clenched her teeth.

'Everything you did until now, it was all fake,' she thought, her chest tightening with every word running through her mind. "You were just setting a trap for me because you were angry that Theo took me away. And I—" her lips trembled, "how can I be so stupid, falling for your fake feelings over and over again?"

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her vision blurred with tears as a sharp pain spread through her chest. She swallowed them back, forcing herself to stay composed. Her body felt tight, her fingers curled into fists as she yanked her phone from her purse and called him.

“I’ll be at your house in a bit,” she said. “Are you coming?”

“Of course,” Adrian replied immediately. His deep voice softened, the edge in it replaced by warmth. “I’m leaving the office now. I’ll see you at home, Sienna.”

As the call ended, Theo stared at him, suspicion flaring in his eyes. “Why is Sienna calling you?”

Adrian grabbed his keys from the table, his tall frame straightening as he turned toward Theo with a slow, confident smirk. “That’s not your business.”

Theo’s temper snapped. He lunged forward, grabbing Adrian by the collar and pushing him back against the table. “If you hurt Sienna, if you so much as make her cry, I will ruin you!”

Adrian didn’t flinch. Instead, he shoved Theo back with a force that sent him stumbling. His dark eyes hardened, and he snarled furiously. “You’re the last fucking person who gets to say that to me, Montgomery! Whatever’s between Sienna and me, it’s none of your damn concern.”

Five minutes later, Theo was dragged out of Atrium by security. He gritted his teeth, jaw locked, as he stood outside the building, fuming.

He pulled out his phone and called Sienna.

As soon as she answered, he said firmly, “Don’t get involved in this, Sienna. I’ll handle everything. Stay out of it.”

“Don’t be impulsive,” Sienna replied calmly. “This isn’t just your fight. Your family’s involved, yes, but Adrian is my issue. I’ll take care of it.”

“Mr. Vaughn,” Matthew rushed up to Adrian, who was striding out of the building.

“Sir! What about the meeting with Mr. Chen today? It’s for the new deal—” Matthew called out, panting slightly.

“Cancel it,” Adrian said without breaking stride.

Matthew blinked in disbelief. “Sir, we’ve been preparing for this for months. It’s crucial for the company.” He hesitated. “And we have meetings lined up with the Kellys as well—”

Adrian halted briefly, then turned to face him. “Cancel everything for the rest of the day. I’ll deal with it all tomorrow.”

Then he turned around and walked out.

‘What could be more important than business to him?’ Matthew wondered, then the realization hit him like a jolt. ‘Could it be Ms. Donovan again?’

And suddenly, everything made sense.

Adrian stepped outside, where the security guard had already pulled up his car. A rare smile tugged at his lips as he grabbed the keys and slid into the driver's seat.

'She called me by herself. She's coming to me on her own this time,' he thought, his grip tightening on the wheel, a thrill rushing through him. 'She's finally giving me her attention again.'

His breath was uneven with excitement. "No matter what, I won't let Theo take you again. He never deserved you. I'll win you back, even if I have to burn everything down."

His car roared to life, speeding toward the one place he truly wanted to be—home, where she was waiting.

The car rolled to a stop in front of his house half an hour later. He rushed up the stairs, heart racing as he opened the door and stepped inside.

"Sienna?" he called out as he entered, his voice echoing through the empty house. He moved through the living room, his eyes scanning for her.

No sign.

His steps quickened as he rushed upstairs, climbing two stairs at a time, and pushed open the bedroom door, only to come to a sharp stop.

21 Break And Beg

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Sienna lay on his bed, curled slightly to the side. Her head resting on his pillow. Her long hair spread around her shoulders, and her body draped in a maroon, small nightie, the same one she wore the night they first slept together.

The silk fabric clung to her skin, the deep neckline and short hemline revealing far too much. One hand lay under her head, the other resting under her cheek, her eyes locked onto his. Calm. Intent. Dangerous.

She looked soft, seductive, and heartbreakingly beautiful.

“Sienna,” he breathed, stepping inside and shutting the door behind him.

Sienna slowly propped herself up on one elbow, her eyes never leaving his. Slowly, she reached for the hem of her nightie and pulled it up to her hip, revealing she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

Adrian’s body tensed, every inch of control snapping.

He stalked toward her. One hand yanked off his suit jacket. The other ripped his shirt over his head in one swift move. His chest rose and fell, his body burning.

“You’re wearing the same dress,” he muttered, eyes burning with desire. “The night we first slept together. I remember every second of it.”

He climbed onto the bed, his knees sinking into the mattress, moving toward her like a predator.

“That night was the most unforgettable night of my life,” His voice was rough as he reached out, grabbing the back of her head and pulling her closer, his fingers tangling in her hair. “You can’t even imagine what I’m feeling right now.”

Sienna smiled, her hand slipping around the back of his neck, lips barely apart.

“Then let me make tonight even more unforgettable,” she whispered.

With a smirk, she flipped him over and straddled his waist. His hands gripped her hips, his breath catching as she leaned down, her nightdress brushing against his bare skin.

Adrian let out a low growl, gripping her waist tightly as her hands slid up the back of his neck. He was shirtless. She was practically bare. And every inch of her skin against his drove him closer to losing control. He was ready to claim every inch of her, to make her cry out his name over and over again—right here, right now.

His mind fogged.

His blood roared.

All he could think about was her. Having her. Keeping her. Marking her.

She dipped her head, licking his lips before trailing kisses down his neck, teasing him, driving him wild. Her tongue moved slowly up his jaw, then captured his lips in a kiss that burned through his veins.

Adrian gasped into her mouth, overwhelmed.

Sienna didn’t stop.

She kissed him again—slow and deep—before pulling back just enough to look into his eyes, her breath warm against his cheek. Then she lowered her head, her tongue tracing the line of his neck, licking slowly, making him shiver. Her lips followed the path to his collarbone, kissing, sucking, leaving soft, wet marks down his chest.

A low groan rumbled from Adrian's chest as she dragged her teeth over his skin, then soothed the bite with her tongue, circling it in slow, languid strokes.

Her lips moved lower, brushing over his chest. She licked a path between the sharp ridges of his pecs, her tongue teasing the sensitive spot right between them before she moved to one nipple.

She flicked, sucked, then grazed it with her teeth, tugging lightly until he arched beneath her, muscles tensing. She gave the same attention to the other, biting and licking, letting soft, breathy moans escape as she did.

Her nails dragged lightly down his sides while her tongue dipped into the line that cut between his abs. She kissed each one like it was sculpted just for her, biting at the ridges, flicking her tongue along the deep grooves, worshipping him inch by inch.

“Sienna...” he groaned, voice thick with need, hands fisting the sheets so tightly his knuckles turned white.

She looked up at him through heavy lashes, her lips swollen and wet.

She then grabbed, and pressed Adrian's wrists above his head, her breath grazing his lips. She straddled him, watching the way his eyes burned with restrained fire.

“I want to watch you break,” she whispered, her voice laced with challenge and desire.

Sienna's fingers trailed down his chest, nails dragging lightly before she pinched one of his nipples, twisting just enough to make him grunt. His body arched, but he didn't beg.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her mouth replaced her fingers. Hot, wild kisses trailed down to his abdomen, leaving a wet path as she went lower.

Her hand went under the sheets, and she grabbed the sleek, round, long toy that she had hidden before he came in. The cool cylindrical silicone with a hollow center met his burning skin as she slid it on his thick rod, letting it hum gently to life.

Adrian gritted his teeth, his muscles tightening under her. “Sienna, what the fuck?” he gritted out, his breath harsh. “I want you! Not some fucking toy.”

Sienna glanced up at him, her eyes flickering to his wrists, whispering, “Don’t move.”

Then, her fingers moved the toy up, and down his rod in a constant motion.

“You’re trembling,” she said, bending her head, and her tongue flicking the base of his shaft as the toy pulsed steadily. “I think you’re liking it enough.”

Adrian’s hips jerked, unable to hold still.

His hands were still restrained above him. He could move if he wanted. But he didn’t. He wanted to let her feel in control.

She pulled her head back, and again grabbed the vibrator. Adrian’s body tensed the moment she started to slip the toy up and down again. She didn’t rush—sliding it down painfully slow, teasing every nerve.

The soft, wet sleeve hugged him tightly. The closed surface at the top circled the sensitive head of his thickness, rolling around the spot where skin met heat with precision, like it was made to break him.

“Fuck—Sienna,” he growled through gritted teeth, his hips bucking slightly.

His rod throbbed harder inside the toy, the veins pulsing as the vibrator started to hum with low, steady power.

Sienna's eyes danced with satisfaction. She leaned forward and crushed her mouth with his. Their tongues clashed, lips fighting for dominance, wild and frantic.

The vibrator began moving on its own again—sliding up and down his girth while buzzing at a wicked pace. Adrian was close, body trembling with the force of it.

But just before he could tip over the edge, Sienna pulled the toy off and replaced it with her mouth.

She swallowed him deep, gagging slightly on his size, but refusing to stop. She dragged her lips back up slowly, eyes locked with his.

Adrian grunted, his body straining.

Her hand grabbed his pants laying discarded in a corner of the bed, fingers hooking into the waistband. In one swift motion, she drew out the belt, folding it over her palm with practiced ease. Then, she brought it down across his chest. Hard.

A sharp smack echoed through the room. A red welt bloomed on his skin. He growled, his eyes wild with lust and rage.

A red welt bloomed across Adrian's chest, but Sienna didn't stop.

Multiple strikes came all at once, one after another.

“Fuck!” Adrian hissed, pain and pleasure burning his entire body. He was on the verge of losing control.

Then, he gasped as suddenly she took away the vibrator, and her mouth wrapped around his thick rod, sucking him in deep while her hand delivered another sharp blow across his chest. The contrast of pain and pleasure made his muscles twitch beneath her touch.

Adrian's eyes rolled back for a second, his jaw clenched tight as he tried to hold himself together.

Sienna's mouth trailed back down to his cock, her tongue licking slowly before taking him in again. Her hand reached between his legs, fingers grazing and teasing, making him groan into the room.

And then she did something else.

She slipped a pair of soft headphones over his ears and clicked the music on. Loud, pounding bass filled his senses, drowning out everything else. His world was now just touch. Just her.

Next, she blindfolded him with his tie.

His world went dark.

Her mouth went back to his hardened girth, sucking him deep, tongue swirling around the soft flesh.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her fingers traced his chest slowly, softly—before another slap hit his skin. Adrian bucked, helpless under her control. She moved back down, letting her tongue dance between his thighs. Every touch from her was calculated. Controlled. Ruthless.

His rod throbbed in her mouth, the pressure building again. But Sienna pulled back, not letting him finish.

She slipped her hand between his legs again, stroking him, massaging, teasing.

Adrian growled softly, body twitching with the sensation.

Sienna licked a long, slow line up his inner thigh before her mouth found his swollen girth again—devouring him with rough hunger. She took away the headphones. Now he could hear his own ragged, uncontrolled breaths.

His body was slick with sweat. She climbed on top of him, dragging her wetness along the length of his shaft. Her eyes burned into his blindfolded face.

A desperate groan rumbled from his throat. His hips bucked instinctively, but she pinned him down with her thighs, grinding against him without letting him slip inside. The friction was maddening—warm, wet, close—but never enough.

“You’ve been teasing me all night,” she whispered. “Now it’s my turn.”

She trailed her nails down his chest, slow and light, just enough to make him shiver. Adrian’s hands clenched into fists, bound above him, trembling with restraint. He wanted to grab her. Flip her. Bury himself so deep she’d never forget him. But she

had all the control—and it was driving him wild.

Sienna leaned in again, her lips brushing his neck. “You like being at my mercy, don’t you?”

His throat went dry, breath caught in his throat. She moved again—slowly this time—guiding him to her entrance. Her heat pressed against his tip, and for a moment she paused, teasing the edge, letting him feel just how close he was.

“Beg,” she murmured, eyes locked on his face.

Adrian’s voice was low, hoarse, and filled with tension. “Please... Sienna. Take me in. Inside you. Please”

She had never gotten a submission out of him this easily. He never gave up control, hearing him beg was just something she could only dream of.

But right now, his body was trembling with need. His chest covered in red welts, knuckles white as his hands gripped the headboard, his thick rod burning, red, swollen and thick. It was so hard that it was standing up on its own, begging for attention.

And with that, she sank down on him in one slow, careful motion, her body swallowing him whole.

“Fucking hell! Fuck, Sienna! Take it.” Adrian’s back arched, a broken moan escaping his lips as she finally gave him what he’d been craving. She rocked her hips, setting a slow, torturous rhythm, her hands pressed to his chest for balance.

Every inch of him throbbed inside her. Every move she made sent fire through his veins.

“Sienna, harder,” he gritted out, his hips arching to slide deeper inside her, making her swallow more of his length. “Move faster. Deep. Right now!”

“No,” she whispered, rolling her hips in deep, grinding circles that made his whole body tremble.

Her body clenched around him with every slow roll of her hips, slick heat wrapping his girth in a way that made Adrian bite down a groan. His jaw tightened, every muscle in his body straining as he fought the urge to let go too soon.

Sienna leaned back slightly, bracing her hands on his thighs, and started to ride him harder—still in control, but with an edge of wildness that made his breath catch.

The sound of skin against skin filled the room, mixing with her soft gasps and his ragged breaths. Her head tilted back, hair falling down her back, breasts bouncing with every sharp thrust she gave him.

“Fuck—Sienna—” Adrian groaned, his voice breaking. “You’re killing me.”

“Good,” she panted, slamming down harder, her thighs quivering as pleasure overtook her. “I want you ruined.”

She leaned forward again, hands on either side of his face. She licked the sweat from his neck, then bit down lightly, her hips never stopping. Adrian’s head thrashed against the bed, his body bucking wildly beneath her.

“Harder,” he rasped. “Please, Sienna. Harder!”

Sienna pulled the blindfold off his eyes.

He looked wrecked—eyes dark and hungry, lips parted, sweat dripping from his

temple. But his gaze burned only for her.

She kissed him hard, moaning into his mouth as she started to lose rhythm, her body tightening, her movements desperate and rough. Her walls clamped around him, and he felt her pulse—tight, wet, throbbing—her orgasm crashing over her in waves.

But Sienna didn't stop.

Even as her body trembled with release, she kept moving, slower now—crueler. Her soaked heat milked him with every grind, every clench. Adrian's breath hitched, his entire body on edge, drawn so tight he thought he might snap.

"Sienna," he rasped, his voice wrecked and low, "I'm right there... Please—"

Her nails raked down his chest. "No."

He gasped, hands gripping the headboard so hard his knuckles went white. She adjusted her position just slightly—just enough to keep his swollen shaft buried inside her, but no longer giving him what he needed. Her hips rocked with maddening control, dragging her slick folds up and down his burning rod, always just shy of the angle that would push him over.

She rode him like a queen on a throne, her wetness spilling down his length as she chased her own pleasure all over again. Her head tilted back, her lips parting with a shuddering moan as another orgasm tore through her. Her walls clenched, pulsing around him. She cried out softly, grinding down and soaking his thighs.

But still—nothing for him.

Adrian bucked up, trying to find friction, desperate. But Sienna pressed her palm against his chest, keeping him down, controlling him completely.

His whole body trembled, his girth throbbing painfully inside her, the heat

unbearable. “Make me cum, Sienna.” he choked, voice raw.

Her expression didn’t soften. She bent over him, kissed the corner of his mouth gently—too gently—and whispered, “No.”

Then, without warning, she lifted off him completely. The sudden emptiness made him grunt, hips twitching in frustration. His rod stood flushed and angry, soaked in her arousal, desperate for release. He looked like a man ruined—and he was.

She didn’t even look at him.

Sienna stood slowly, calm and unaffected, like her body hadn’t just taken everything from him. She pulled her panties back on. Her thighs were slick, inner legs glistening with evidence of what they’d just done—but she moved with the cool precision of someone completely in control.

Adrian sat up abruptly, the tension in his body shaking him. His eyes were dark, dazed, wide with disbelief. “Sienna... what the fuck are you doing?”

She didn’t respond.

She reached for her jeans, sliding one leg in at a time, moving like it was just another ordinary morning—not like she’d just left him on the edge of madness.

Adrian sat there, stunned. Sweat cooling on his skin. Heart pounding. Cock still stiff, leaking. Denied. Shaken. And completely undone.

Adrian swung his legs over the side of the bed, his body still hard, still throbbing, still needing her. “Come back here!” He growled, voice thick with heat and fury.

She finally met his eyes. Cold. Blank. Like he was nothing more than a moment she’d

already forgotten. “We’re over.”

22 You Lied

Adrian’s heart slammed into his ribs. The panic that surged through his body was instant. He shot to his feet, eyes wide with disbelief, muscles tense. He took a step closer, hastily wrapping the sheet around his waist.

“What the fuck do you mean?” he rasped.

Sienna slid her sweater over her head, her voice calm but cruel. “I’m done playing with you. I just needed some thrill in my life when I was bored, and you happened to be there. But I’m over it now. I don’t want you anymore.”

Her gaze met his without hesitation. “You want to relive that old relationship. I don’t.”

His stomach sank. The arousal that had wrecked him moments ago now fading immediately.

Adrian's chest rose and fell sharply, his breath growing more ragged. Adrian took a step toward her, jaw tight. “Is this because of Theo? About the deal I canceled?”

Sienna’s eyes snapped to his, sharp and penetrating, a mocking smile curling on her lips. “You're quick to admit it this time.”

“I knew you’d find out,” Adrian said, voice low as he reached for her, but she pushed his hand away instantly and stepped back.

His hand fell to his side, curling into a trembling fist. His eyes stayed locked on hers, jaw clenched. “I didn’t want to hide it from you. I was going to tell you.”

“You lied to me,” she snapped. Her voice cracked with rage. “You’ve been lying to me from the start. You pretended to care while destroying Theo’s business behind my back. Every move you made was just manipulation. How many other lies have you told me, Adrian? How long have you just wanted to own me to just satisfy your damn ego?”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

His jaw clenched so tight it ached. “It’s not—”

“Stop it!” she shouted, voice shaking. “Adrian Vaughn, you may own the entire damn car industry in this country, but Theo will make it—without your money, without your fucking deals. And I’ll always stand by his side. I’ll start from scratch if I have to. But I’ll never let you ruin him!”

Her words cut deep, each one sinking like a nail into his chest. Adrian’s fists clenched at his sides, his body trembling with restrained emotion.

“The more you try to humiliate him,” she said, her voice low and deadly, “the more I will hate you.”

In two steps, he closed the distance, grabbing her by the wrist and yanking her closer, his other hand curling against her neck—but not squeezing, just holding, trembling. His eyes, wild and burning, locked with hers. “You love him that much?”

Sienna looked him dead in the eyes. “This was never anything more than a dirty little secret between us. You knew that. And now, it’s over.”

She shoved him off, pushing his chest with both hands. Adrian stumbled back, stunned, and she turned around to leave.

“No, Sienna—wait!” Adrian’s voice cracked, raw and desperate, his heart pounding like it would burst. He chased after her, grabbing her from behind and wrapping his arms around her waist. His lips hovered near her ear, voice thick and breathless. “It’s my fault. Please... don’t go. I’ll fix everything. I’ll call off every move against Theo.

I won't touch his business again."

She ripped herself free, breaking his grip with force.

"It doesn't matter what you do anymore," she said, her voice low, cold. "You already crossed the line. This was never about love. It was always about control. The moment I slipped out of your grasp, you made it clear who really has the power in this relationship."

Adrian stood frozen, pain etched across his face. His chest tightened painfully. He pressed a hand to his abdomen, his face twisting with an unbearable ache.

"Let me hold you... just your hand," he pleaded, reaching for her fingers.

She jerked away like his touch burned her.

He stared at her, heart breaking. "I never wanted to control you. This is a misunderstanding, Sienna. I wanted you. I still want you. From the start, I have loved only you. Everything I have—my life, my happiness—it all belongs to you."

He reached for her again, desperate to touch her. His body breaking with pain running through his veins. He couldn't bear the distance between them.

Her stare was cold. She pulled her hand further away, not letting him get close.

"You need to stop pretending," she said icily. "I know you too well. Five years, Adrian. I've seen every side of you, and nothing's changed."

He couldn't take it. Her rejection was like tearing open a wound that never healed. He needed her touch. He was addicted to it. Needing it. Craving it. And now she wouldn't even let him near her. His chest burned. The pain in his gut grew worse.

“I admit it!” he exploded, voice shaking. “But don’t act like Theo is some saint. He left you for business deals, he’s had relationships all over the city! And yet you still defend him? Why?! He doesn’t love you the way I do! You’re nothing more than a pawn in his perfect life!”

“It’s none of your business to interfere in my relationship with Theo!”

Adrian’s shoulders fell. The exhaustion on his face matched the heaviness in his chest. He stepped closer, his deep voice rough with desperation.

“Give me a chance, Sienna,” he said hoarsely. “I’ll make you fall in love with me again. Just stop thinking about Theo.”

Sienna shook her head slowly, her eyes filled with a mix of frustration and pain. “You’ll only hurt me again.”

“I won’t,” Adrian said, his voice cracking. He lowered his head, swallowing hard. “Not this time. I swear, I’ll never hurt you again.”

Sienna’s expression softened, her voice quieter now. “I’m tired of all this, of you, of this endless back and forth. I don’t want to be tangled in this mess anymore. This relationship was bound to end eventually.”

She walked up to him, closer than before, but still didn’t touch him. Her eyes lingered on his face, unreadable.

“It’s goodbye now,” she whispered. “We’re over.”

She whispered the words like a final breath and turned to leave.

Adrian's chest tightened. “No...” he whispered under his breath, his legs moving

before his mind could catch up. But the moment he took a step, a sharp pain tore through his abdomen. His knees buckled, and he hit the ground hard.

The sound of his fall echoed in the room.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Sienna spun around instantly, panic flashing in her eyes. “Adrian!”

She rushed to him, dropping to her knees. “What’s wrong?” she asked, her voice trembling as she saw his face twisted in pain, sweat pouring down his forehead.

Adrian clutched his stomach with one hand, his other planted firmly on the floor, trying to hold himself up.

Sienna grabbed her phone, fumbling to call an ambulance, but he reached out and knocked it from her hand.

“Don’t call anyone,” he muttered through clenched teeth. “If the word got out that you were in my bedroom this late, it’ll ruin your reputation.”

His hand found hers again, trembling uncontrollably. His grip was weak, but when their fingers touched, he sighed, just a little, like the pain had loosened its hold on him for a second.

Sienna cupped his face, forcing him to look up at her.

“Tell me what’s going on. What’s happening to you?” she demanded.

Adrian shook his head. His voice cracked slightly, but he tried to keep it steady. “It’s just a stomach issue.”

“Adrian—”

“I drank too much,” he finally confessed. “After you left me two years ago, I couldn’t sleep. Couldn’t eat. I was a wreck. I drank too much, damaged my stomach. That’s all.”

A wave of pain hit him mid-sentence, and he groaned, eyes shutting tight as his hand clutched hers harder.

“It just flares up when I’m stressed.”

Sienna stared at him, disbelief and confusion written all over her face. “You expect me to believe that? Just because your babysitter left? That’s all I ever was to you, wasn’t I?”

Adrian opened his eyes, locking onto hers. His voice dropped, raw and full of aching honesty.

“For five years, your scent was on my sheets, your laughter in my walls. You were everywhere. I wasn’t just living with you—I was living because of you. And then you were just gone. Tell me how a man’s supposed to live with that. How do you expect me to breathe when you’re gone?”

He drew in a shaky breath.

“You were my home. My only love. My family.”

Still kneeling in pain, he looked up at her. “I know I realized it too late. But I never cheated on you. I never betrayed you. If I have to prove it every single day to win back your heart, I will. Just give me one more chance, Sienna.”

Her eyes softened slowly, piece by piece.

She looked down, let out a small breath, then met his eyes again.

“Alright. As long as you don’t hurt Theo or his family’s business, I’ll forgive you.”

Relief crashed into Adrian like a wave. He pulled her into his arms, burying his face in her shoulder.

Despite the pain burning inside him, holding her was the only thing that gave him peace.

He inhaled deeply, burying his face in her neck, overwhelmed by her scent.

His eyes fluttered shut.

‘I’ll let Theo go this time,’ he thought, his jaw clenched. ‘But he won’t escape me forever. I will never let him destroy you.’

As Sienna entered the house, she paused in the hallway. Theo and Rosie were sitting on the couch, and the moment they saw her, they shot to their feet.

“Hey guys, what’s going on?” she asked, trying to sound light, even adding a little laugh.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Sienna, where were you?” Rosie asked, concern etched across her face.

Theo stormed up to her, his face hard. “You don’t have to sacrifice yourself for the sake of my business,” he snapped. “I told you I’d handle it. Why are you going near Adrian? He destroys everything he can’t have, and he already ruined you once! You told me you’d never go back to him! So what the hell is happening?”

“I’m fine,” Sienna said calmly. She reached for Theo’s arm, gently rubbing it, then gave a small smile to Rosie. She was heavily pregnant. The last thing Sienna wanted was for Rosie to stress over anything.

“There’s no sacrifice. Adrian promised me he won’t interfere with your business anymore.”

“What did you give him in return?” Rosie asked, one hand protectively resting over her belly, her eyes narrowed.

“Did you make some deal with him?” Theo added, his suspicion rising. They both knew Adrian was never the kind of man to do anything without getting something in return.

Sienna shook her head. ““There’s no deal. I didn’t offer him anything. I’m just... really tired. I’m going to bed now.”

And with that, she walked away, leaving their questions unanswered.

BREAKING NEWS: ‘Theo Montgomery suspected of secret affair—child on the way with former secretary!’

The next morning, every major news channel and newspaper was flooded with the scandal. Screens across the country lit up with the breaking news, leaving everyone stunned.

Photos flashed across the news. Theo, caught in an intimate moment, kissing a woman clearly pregnant. The scandal had exploded overnight. And now, the world knew.

22 Longing

‘Theo Montgomery, husband of Sienna Donovan, was photographed kissing a woman believed to be pregnant with his child. The woman is rumored to be his former secretary, Rosie.’

“It’s being said that Theo only married Sienna to secure his position as CEO of Montgomery Corporation. With the Donovans and Montgomerys becoming in-laws, their businesses merged into one of the biggest car empires in the industry. Rumors claim he planned it all—marriage, merger, and now manipulating the stock market with the board to seize control of the entire business under his name.”

“Theo Montgomery, , known for showering his wife Sienna with extravagant gifts, including a sixty-million-dollar vacation island, has now been exposed as a cheater! Was all that generosity just guilt? Or was it a convenient distraction so he could bring his mistress home during Sienna’s absence?”

The news channels didn’t hold back, dragging Theo’s name through the mud with mocking commentary and invasive photos. Intimate images of him and Rosie, holding hands, kissing, embracing in public, were broadcast nationwide.

The evidence of their affair was undeniable.

At Montgomery Corporation, Theo stood in the center of the meeting room. His jaw was tight, suit impeccable, surrounded by furious shareholders and top executives breathing fire down his neck.

“What the hell have you done, Theo? The stocks are in freefall! How the hell are we supposed to contain this?” one of them shouted.

Another cut in, voice full of disgust. “Have you seen the news? They’re saying the company is led by a man who played the perfect husband in public but turned out to be a fraud!”

“And if you had a mistress, couldn’t you at least be smart about it?” a third snapped. “You’re out kissing her in broad daylight. Rule number one—if you’re going to cheat, keep her hidden!”

“You have one option. Resign by tonight!” Another demanded, face red with anger. “If you don’t, we’ll make you pay every dime we’re about to lose.”

Theo’s hands slammed the table, the sound loud and sharp. Fury lit up his dark eyes as he gritted out, “Nothing is going to happen to this company. I built this business, and I’ll be the one to fix it. So calm the fuck down and let me do my job.”

“Fix it?” a voice laughed bitterly. “You’ve already cost us half our value! If this continues, we’re all going down with you.”

“You either resign or pay us penalties when this company tanks.”

Theo didn’t say another word. His expression was stone cold. He turned on his heel and stormed out of the building.

He drove home in silence, gripping the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white. But as he reached the mansion, he saw Pamela standing outside with Sienna by her side.

The moment Theo stepped out of the car, Pamela marched straight to him and slapped him hard across the face.

“How dare you betray Sienna like this?” she hissed, her voice trembling with fury. “No wonder you never had children with her. You were busy having one with your mistress! You promised me you’d love her wholeheartedly. And this is how you repay her? With another woman and a child out of wedlock?!”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

She turned to her daughter, seething. “Sienna, get a divorce. You don’t have to stay in a marriage like this. We’ll support you. You don’t need him.”

A car was parked a few feet away.

Inside it, Adrian sat watching, his sharp jaw clenched, broad chest rising with every breath. The moment Pamela mentioned divorce, something flared in his dark eyes. He leaned forward, excitement flickering across his face. His fingers moved to unbuckle his seatbelt, eyes locked on Sienna.

Sienna shook her head. “Mom, I’m not getting a divorce.”

Pamela’s face turned red with disbelief, she was beyond furious. “You’re still defending him? After everything he’s done?!”

Sienna shook her head. “He’s been good to me throughout our marriage. This was just... a mistake. A small one. We’ll get through it together.”

She turned to Theo, looking him straight in the eyes. “You won’t repeat this again, right? It’s one mistake. We’ll recover from it.”

Pamela lost it. “Are you seriously letting him off with a promise? That’s it?!”

“Yes, Mom,” Sienna said gently. “Trust me. I know Theo. He won’t do it again.”

“You’ve lost your damn mind!” Pamela shouted. “He’s already been fired from his CEO position! Staying with him will only drag you down further. Even his own

parents have disowned him after learning he's with the same woman they once refused to accept! If I had known he was in love with someone else, I'd have never let you marry him!"

"I know, Mom," Sienna whispered. "But I also know this is temporary. He's their only son. They'll come around. Everything will settle."

Inside the car, Adrian's patience snapped. Every word from her mouth only added fuel to the fire burning inside him.

He slammed his fist against the steering wheel, jaw tight with rage. His voice was low and dangerous. "She's still standing by him? After everything?"

His chest rose and fell sharply as jealousy burned through him. "Why the hell does he get your loyalty and not me? I made one fucking mistake, and you walked away. But him? He cheated and you're still staying?"

His knuckles cracked as he gripped the wheel tighter. "Fine," he growled. "If you won't leave him, then I'll destroy everything he has. His business. His name. His future. He won't even be able to stand next to you when I'm done with that fucking bastard!"

For the next week, every major news outlet ran the same footage: Theo's affair, the images of him and Rosie, the scandal, again and again. Photos. Headlines. Harsh words. He was humiliated, dragged through the mud, and nothing could undo the damage.

"You have no position left in Montgomery Corporation. Get the hell out!"

The voice boomed through the building as Theo was thrown out of the company's headquarters. He stumbled back, catching himself just before hitting the ground. Security didn't even look back.

Mocking laughter echoed around him as employees walked past, sneering. The same people who once bowed before him now treated him like trash.

"Serves him right."

"A cheater who betrayed his own wife."

"He looked so decent, always pretending to be the perfect gentleman. But this is who he really is."

The mighty CEO was now just a disgraced man with nothing left.

The whispers echoed through the building, each word sharper than the last. The employees didn't even bother hiding their mockery anymore.

"The Montgomerys already disowned him," someone scoffed. "He's neither our boss nor their son now. Just a disgraced nobody."

Theo's eyes blazed with fury as he glared at them. But the man who had been speaking just smirked and laughed.

"What are you looking at? You're not in charge anymore. Hell, you're below all of us now. We're your bosses now. But if you're short on cash, let me know. I might toss a few pennies your way just to make you feel important again."

The group of men chuckled, but it died instantly the moment Sienna appeared, her eyes pure fire. She walked straight to Theo and slid her arm through his. They all fell

silent, stunned.

Everyone looked at her in shock. Then at each other.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her message was loud and clear—she hadn't abandoned him.

"Theo might've lost everything," she said clearly, locking her gaze on the man who insulted him, "but he's still a Montgomery. You think they'll actually disown their only son?"

Her voice was sharp as steel.

She glanced around, her tone turning colder. "Let me make something clear. Even if he's lost everything, he still has me. And my shares. I'm not going anywhere. And I don't take it lightly when someone mocks my husband."

The words sliced through the room. The men paled, their smirks gone. Their jobs didn't feel so secure anymore. The men looked at one another in panic, realizing Theo could come back into power at any moment, and if he did, they'd be screwed.

"Do you think he knows our names?" one of them whispered as they hurried away.

"Shut up. You're the one who started this mess over a damn salary raise as if Mr. Montgomery was the one blocking it."

The three of them scrambled inside the building.

Outside, Sienna turned to Theo.

He gently pulled his arm away. His voice was calm but firm. "Sienna, I told you, I'm not accepting your help anymore. You don't need to give up your shares for me. No

more sacrifices. Not for me. I don't want you to pay the price for my mistakes."

"Theo—" she started, but he stopped her, reaching out to lightly rub her arm.

"I was greedy," he interrupted, rubbing her arm gently. "I was too greedy from the start. I wanted the CEO position and I wanted Rosie, even when my family made it clear they'd never accept her. I thought I could have both."

He let out a short, bitter laugh. It was the kind of laugh that carried years of stress and disappointment.

"Now I don't care. I've made my choice."

"Rosie's pregnant."

His voice softened with the weight of that truth.

"I'll take care of her, no matter what I lose. If I have to choose between the company and my family, then I'll protect the one I created. My child. My wife. I'm done trying to please everyone. It's time I stood by my decisions."

Sienna looked at him, worry deepening in her eyes.

They'd known each other since they were teens. Theo was the only child of the Montgomerys, their everything. And now? Now they had turned their backs on him.

'This will break him,' she thought, heart twisting. 'He loves his parents. They love him too. Walking away from them will destroy him.' She sighed. 'It was never supposed to fall apart like this. And now with his parents furious and the company gone, how is he going to survive all this alone?'

"It's okay," she said softly. "We're partners, remember? Bestfriends. We're supposed to share the pain too, not just happiness. You're not alone in this."

Theo smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes.

"Exactly why we need to end this deception, Sienna. We're not going to keep pretending. This isn't the life we were meant to live. This fake marriage, this act... It ends now."

Later that night, the tenth drink burned down Sienna's throat, and her vision blurred. She blinked hard, trying to focus on the counter, but everything was hazy.

Her thoughts wouldn't leave Theo.

"Theo's probably suffering alone. And there's nothing I can do without making things worse."

Tears welled in her eyes, panic and helplessness gripping her chest.

Across the bar, Larry, surrounded by his friends, paused mid-laugh as his eyes landed on her. The smile on his face dropped. "Holy shit," he muttered under his breath.

Without missing a beat, he pulled out his phone and sent a message.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

‘Your woman is drunk off her ass at the Blue Orchid bar.’

There was no reply.

But fifteen minutes later, the bar door slammed open. Adrian stormed in, his presence electric, eyes scanning with cold intensity. His tall frame, sharp suit, and barely restrained fury made the music feel like background noise.

Larry, lounging on a couch with his friends and a drink in hand, raised an eyebrow, then casually pointed toward the counter.

Adrian’s eyes followed the gesture, locked on Sienna, and immediately strode over.

Sienna, barely upright, reached with trembling fingers for another glass. Before it touched her lips, Adrian snatched it from her hand and slammed it down onto the counter.

Glass clinked.

She flinched, blinking slowly as she turned to look up.

“Send the bill to my office,” he told the bartender without glancing at him.

Then he picked her up in his arms.

"Hey!" she protested, smacking his back and squirming, trying to wriggle out of his grip. "Put me down!"

But Adrian's hold only tightened. He adjusted her easily, securing her against his chest like she weighed nothing, and strode out of the bar.

He struggled a little to get her into the passenger seat, but once she was buckled in, he sped off toward his place.

By the time they arrived, Sienna had already passed out. Adrian carried her inside effortlessly.

In the bedroom, she stirred. Her eyes blinked open just as he sat on the edge of the bed, holding her in his lap. Her head rested on his shoulder, her arms loosely wrapped around his neck, legs curled across the sheets.

"Why did you drink so much?" he muttered, his fingers cupping her cheek firmly, tilting her face toward his.

His voice was deep, rough, laced with irritation and concern.

Sienna blinked up at him slowly, then slapped his hand away weakly with a pout.

But Adrian didn't let her go.

His grip on her waist stayed firm as his voice dipped low. "Is it because of Theo? His business?"

"Yeah." Sienna mumbled, glaring up at him through hazy eyes. "I'm going to help him. No matter what happens, I'll stand by him."

"No, you won't." His voice darkened, and his hold on her tightened. His gaze sharpened like a blade, cutting right through her. "Your family already cut ties with the Montgomerys. They're not backing his business anymore. And your share? It's

tied to the Donovans business. You won't be able to give him a cent."

Sienna's eyes widened in disbelief. The haze faded from her drunken stare as she jerked away from him. Panic flickered across her face as she scrambled off his lap, her bare feet fumbling on the hardwood floor.

"I... I'll talk to my parents," she stammered, staggering toward the door, her steps unsteady.

Adrian stood up immediately, his voice loud and commanding. "It's no use. Your family has to protect themselves. They can't afford to go down with the Montgomerys."

Sienna froze mid-step. Her fists clenched tightly by her sides as her chest rose and fell rapidly. Her voice cracked as she whispered, "How did things fall apart this fast? Everything's collapsing in just a few days..."

Adrian walked up to her, his towering frame casting a shadow over her. His sharp eyes didn't leave her face for a second.

"You were born into luxury, Sienna. You've never known what it feels like to be broke. Theo has nothing now. And still, he wants you to stay. Do you really think he still deserves you? There's no balance between what you're giving up and what he can offer you."

She stormed back to him and slammed her hands against his chest, shoving him roughly. Her voice was fierce. "Yeah, I'll still stay with him. He's a good man. I won't turn my back on him!"

Her voice dropped, frustration leaking through. "But I don't understand who keeps attacking the Montgomerys? Even after Theo stepped down, someone's still

sabotaging their every deal. Why?”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian's gaze flickered, the mask slipping. He looked away from her, his eyes lowering to the floor, then drifting to the window, jaw tight.

"Go to bed," he muttered. "You don't look well."

Sienna groaned softly, leaning into him, resting her forehead against his chest. His scent wrapped around her and soothed her, if only slightly.

Adrian's arm wrapped around her immediately. All the jealousy and anger he felt vanished in an instant. His hand reached up, brushing her hair gently off her face, his fingers surprisingly tender for a man so cold.

He tilted her chin up, leaning down to her lips.

"Adrian," she whispered, "my head hurts."

He stopped, his fingers loosening around her chin. He pressed a soft kiss to her lips. "I'll take care of it," he said quietly. "Let me rub it for you."

He bent down and lifted her in his arms, carrying her to the bed.

He laid her down gently, then pulled off his shirt. Her eyes widened, blinking up at him. His muscles rippled under the soft light, each movement full of silent strength.

She sat up, and her fingers reached behind her dress, tugging the zipper down slowly. The dress slipped off her body, followed by her undergarments. She looked at him with soft, inviting eyes, her hands reaching out.

“Adrian,” she whispered, her voice full of longing.

23 More, Adrian

That was all it took.

He stripped off his pants, then his boxers, letting them fall to the floor. He was on the bed the next second, his self-control slipping completely. Seeing her like this—naked, vulnerable, reaching for him—snapped his control.

Adrian crawled over her slowly, like a predator savoring the moment, his hands planted on either side of her head, eyes locked on hers like she was the only thing that existed. His chest brushed against hers, skin against skin, warmth against warmth. Her breath hitched as the heat of him settled over her like a stormcloud waiting to burst.

“I’m going to be gentle,” he murmured, brushing his lips along her jaw, her temple, her forehead. “Just relax.”

“Mmhmm,” she closed her eyes, letting his words melt into her. His voice was low, gravelly, laced with restraint and something darker beneath, something aching. The tenderness in him was so deep it made her chest tighten.

He pressed soft kisses across her face, then down the curve of her neck. His breath was warm and slow, and every kiss dragged heat through her veins. His hands moved with reverence, skimming over her shoulders, down the slope of her arms, stroking her like she was made of silk and glass.

When his fingers found her temples, he started to rub slow, steady circles, easing the tension he felt thrumming in her.

“Oh...,” she sighed, a soft sound of relief and arousal curling into the air between them. But he didn’t stop there. His thumbs drifted down the sides of her face, and then his mouth followed, kissing her cheeks, her jawline, her neck again, open-mouthed now.

The massage turned into a trail of kisses, each one lower than the last, until he was kissing along her collarbone, then the tops of her breasts.

“Ah...” her body arched into him.

His lips wrapped around one nipple, warm and slow, his tongue swirling in lazy, soft circles until it pebbled beneath the attention of his mouth. He suckled gently, drawing it in with soft, rhythmic pulls, the sound wet and tender in the quiet heat between them. Then he grazed the sensitive nub with his teeth, just enough to make her gasp and arch into him.

“More, Adrian,” Sienna moaned, her voice breathy, needy. Her hand slid into the back of his head, fingers threading through his hair, caressing the nape of his neck with trembling strokes. She held him there, not to control him—but to beg him, to anchor herself to the pleasure building inside her.

Adrian groaned softly against her skin, the sound muffled by her breast. He wanted nothing more than to give her what she craved. To give her everything.

He sucked deeper, no longer soft and teasing. His tongue moved with hunger now, rolling over the peak of her nipple, then drawing it fully into his mouth in greedy pulls. He moaned into her flesh like she was something he couldn’t get enough of.

His free hand slid up the curve of her other breast, palm wide and hot as he cupped it. His thumb brushed over the untouched nipple, and then his fingers closed around it, rolling and pinching it gently, bringing it to the same aching hardness.

“Ahhh...,” a shuddering moan left her lips, eyes clenching in pleasure.

With a low, rough sound from deep in his chest, he pulled both her breasts together, pressing the soft, heavy mounds close until her nipples nearly touched. Then, burying his face between them, he licked a slow line from one to the other, his tongue flicking across both tips before he suckled the other nipple with just as much intensity. He switched between them, dragging his mouth across the soft valley of her chest, leaving a warm, wet trail.

Sienna whimpered beneath him, her back arching, thighs tightening around his hips.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Hahhh... oh... God,” she gasped, clutching at his shoulders, her nails digging into the muscles there as her entire body responded to his every touch.

Her skin was flushed, slick with a light sheen of sweat, her chest rising and falling rapidly as he continued worshipping her like she was something sacred.

Adrian kissed lower again, tracing the soft under-curve of her breasts, then back up to her nipples, lavishing each one with long, slow licks. He suckled them until they were swollen, sensitive, her body trembling under him from the overstimulation.

Every kiss he placed was slow. Every movement lovingly soft. Not rough. Not hurried. Just intense.

His hands slid up and down her sides, exploring the dip of her waist, the soft curve of her stomach. He held her like she was made of something precious. Fragile. Untouchable by anyone but him.

And the way he looked at her... it wasn't lust alone.

It was possession. Worship. A silent vow written in heat and breath and the way his mouth lingered on her body like he never wanted to leave.

His hands slid down slowly, cupping her waist, his thumbs tracing her curves as though he were learning her body all over again—like rediscovering the outline of a precious memory with his fingertips. His palms glided over her hips, reverent, steady, before he dipped lower, pressing open-mouthed kisses to the delicate skin between her ribs, the soft swell of her stomach, and then lower still, down to the sensitive

insides of her thighs.

Every kiss was unhurried, filled with hunger. Each one dragged a breathy whimper from her throat.

She reached for him without thinking, fingers sliding through his hair, pulling him closer as her hips lifted off the bed on their own. “Adrian...” she breathed, her voice already wrecked, eyes heavy with need.

He looked up at her from between her thighs, his face framed by her trembling legs. His mouth hovered dangerously close, warm breath washing over her soaked folds. The sight of him like that, shoulders broad, eyes dark with hunger, lips just a breath away, sent another pulse of heat through her.

And then his mouth met her.

Her entire body jolted.

Her back arched violently off the bed, her hands clenching the sheets, a sharp cry catching in her throat.

His tongue moved with excruciating control. Slow. Deep. Devoted. He licked her like she was his only source of oxygen, like every pass of his tongue over her slick, aching heat was meant to etch her into his memory.

His groan rumbled against her core, the vibration sending a shock through her spine. Her thighs locked around his shoulders as if her body refused to let him go.

He didn't just taste her.

He worshipped her.

“Ahhhhh...,” her trembling whimpers filled the room, high and breathy, helpless against the way he devoured her. The only sounds were the wet, sinful pull of his tongue and the trembling moans that spilled from her lips, sounds that made him groan again, deeper this time, as though her pleasure alone was his undoing.

His hand slid beneath her, lifting her hips so he could reach her deeper, firmer.

Then he pushed one finger into her, slow, slick, knuckle-deep, curling it just right.

“Fuck...! Oh God!” she gasped, her head tossing back, hair spilling over the pillow like silk.

He added another finger.

Her breath caught in her throat. “Ah!”

He stroked her from the inside with maddening precision, fingers curling in rhythm with the flick of his tongue over her clit, steady and fast. Repeatedly.

“Adrian!”

He didn’t stop when she cried out. Didn’t stop when her legs began to shake. Didn’t stop when her nails bit into his scalp, her body bucking off the bed.

“Adrian,” she gasped again, her voice fractured, desperate. “I—”

He held her firmly, locking her in place, refusing to let her slip away from the pleasure building fast and unstoppable.

And when she came. Sharp, hot, intense, her thighs clenched around his head, her entire body seizing as waves of ecstasy crashed through her, making her squirt. But

he still didn't stop. He rode the tremors with his mouth still on her, licking her through every tremble, every breathless moan, until she was limp beneath him.

Only then did he begin to ease away.

He kissed the insides of her thighs, slow and lingering, before trailing his lips up her soft, overstimulated skin. Along her stomach, her ribs, the underside of her breasts. His mouth was still wet with her when he reached her lips.

And when he kissed her... she tasted herself on him.

She moaned into it, her arms wrapping around his neck, pulling him close as if she couldn't bear even an inch of space between them.

He lingered between her thighs, planting slow, open-mouthed kisses on her trembling skin. His lips brushed the sensitive insides, the places still quivering from release. Each kiss was gentle, soft, like he was grounding her back into her body.

He trailed upward, worshipping the path from her inner thighs to the curve of her hipbones, her stomach, the space just beneath her ribs. Every inch he kissed was soft, flushed, and oversensitive, her skin twitching with every brush of his mouth.

When he reached the underside of her breast, he paused, nuzzling into her warmth before drawing the tender skin between his lips. His mouth was still wet with her when he finally reached her lips.

And when he kissed her, slow and hungry, she tasted herself on him.

She moaned into it, the sound soft but desperate, her arms winding around his neck, pulling him closer, closer, like she needed to fuse their bodies just to breathe.

He shifted between her thighs, the weight of him settling perfectly against her. His shaft was hard and slick as it pressed against her soaked entrance, teasing her with slow, intense grinds. He didn't push in. Not yet. He just rocked against her, coating himself in her wetness, dragging a soft moan from both their throats as their bodies slid together, wet and wanting.

Her hands roamed his back, nails lightly raking his skin, hips lifting to meet each grind. The air was thick, hot, charged with want.

Then, slowly—achingly—he pushed inside her.

“Hah...,” her mouth parted in a helpless cry, her fingers clawing into his shoulders as he filled her inch by inch. She was tight, warm, wet, drawing him in like she'd been waiting just for him. Her body arched, stretching around him, her thighs trembling as he buried himself fully.

“Fuck,” Adrian groaned, forehead pressed to hers, trying to hold himself still.

She whimpered, tightening around him in response, her breath ragged as she adjusted to the slow, deep invasion.

He began to move, each thrust long, deep, and unhurried, like he wanted her to feel every thick inch of him. Their bodies moved together perfectly, each roll of her hips meeting the rhythm of his. The sound of skin meeting skin filled the room, soft and wet, paired with the broken moans and gasps that fell from her lips.

Her fingers dug into his back, heels pressed into his hips, urging him deeper, harder.

She clung to him like he was both her shelter and her undoing.

Adrian kissed her again, swallowing the moans that spilled from her mouth. His

movements grew rougher, deeper, his control fraying as the pleasure surged.

“Let go again,” he growled against her lips. “I want to feel you cum around me.”

Her body tightened in response, the heat rising fast again. Her nails bit into his shoulders as her breath hitched, eyes fluttering shut. He slipped his hand between them, his thumb finding her clit and rubbing it in firm, tight circles. Her body jerked.

“Ah...!” she shattered around him.

Her cry broke open the air as her walls clamped down on him, spasming, milking him as waves of release surged through her. Her entire body trembled, every muscle locking, breath torn from her lungs.

Adrian’s jaw clenched as her orgasm dragged him to the edge. His control was slipping, unraveling fast.

But just as the pressure crested—

She placed a hand firmly on his chest and pushed.

“Wait,” she whispered, voice shaky, breathless.

He blinked down at her, dazed. “What—?”

Before he could finish, she moved.

She rolled them over with unexpected strength, straddling him. His thick shaft slid out halfway, slick and twitching, throbbing from being so close. She hovered above him, chest heaving, thighs still shaking from her climax.

Then she sank back down.

Slow. Deep.

24 Personal Butler

“Fuck... Fuck!” His head fell back, a guttural moan ripped from his throat as her warmth enveloped him again. She rode out the last tremors of her orgasm while taking him back inside her—completely, fully.

But she didn’t ride him fast.

She moved in long, slow rolls of her hips, dragging every inch of him through her soaked heat with unbearable precision. Her eyes stayed locked on his, dark and wicked, every movement calculated to keep him teetering on the edge without tipping.

His hands gripped the sheets at his sides, knuckles white, jaw clenched so tightly it ached.

“Don’t cum,” she whispered, voice low and commanding.

“Sienna—I can’t—hold back—”

She rolled her hips again, grinding on him.

“You don’t get to cum yet,” she said, voice trembling. “Because if you do, you’ll ruin

me for hours again, and you won't stop until morning. This time, you're holding back. I'm not spending all night a mess from too many orgasms."

He looked up at her, eyes wild, body taut like a bowstring. His muscles strained beneath her, fighting the instinct to flip her back over and fuck her until they both shattered.

His hands finally slid to her waist, thumbs stroking her skin as he guided her gently, still letting her lead. Her legs parted wider, her back arching with every roll of her hips, offering him everything. His fingertips brushed the insides of her thighs again, slowly spreading the heat pooling there, stroking her like she was fragile, but his.

She gasped at his touch, her head tipping back, lips parted, body opening even more for him.

And Adrian just watched her, every moan, every shake, every expression of pleasure she gave him.

She was breathtaking.

Adrian's eyes darkened. His gaze swept over her flushed body, memorizing every dip, every curve, every twitch of need she couldn't hide. He lowered his head, lips grazing the skin just above her heart, then lower. He kissed her breasts gently, suckled softly, then again—his tongue teasing her until her back arched into him, a soft moan slipping past her lips.

"You're so sensitive," he murmured against her skin, his voice low and thick with desire. His tongue traced lazy circles around her nipple before he pulled it into his mouth again, suckling softly, drawing another whimper from her throat.

Her fingers threaded into his hair, tugging gently, grounding herself as her body

trembled with every flick of his tongue.

“Ah...,” her shuddering moans echoed in the room.

His hands gripped her hips again, guiding her slowly as she moved above him, still in control, but barely. Her rhythm faltered under his touch, under the way his mouth worshipped her, how his heavy breaths made her insides clench.

He let her ride him slow, deep, every roll of her hips grinding them tighter together. And yet he held back, didn't thrust up, didn't take over—not yet. He just watched, and felt her.

“You're driving me insane,” he muttered, letting his head fall back against the pillow. “Every time you move, I get closer to losing it.”

Her hands braced on his chest, nails lightly digging into his skin, eyes locked to his. “Then lose it.”

He growled, low and feral, and the control he was clinging to frayed at the edges. His hands clamped around her waist, grip tightening as he surged up into her, once—hard, deep—making her cry out. Her body jolted, a moan catching in her throat, and her walls clenched around him like a vice.

“You want me to break?” he rasped. “Because I will. You're not making it easy to hold back.”

“I don't want easy,” she whispered, voice shaking.

That snapped something in him.

He sat up, chest pressed to hers, mouth catching her gasp in a kiss that was hungry,

messy, full of teeth and tongue and need. His arms wrapped tight around her as he thrust up again, harder now, making her ride him in sharp, deep strokes. Their bodies moved together like fire meeting fuel. Fast, uncontrollable, burning up too quickly.

Her moans spilled into his mouth as her hands clawed at his shoulders. Her legs tightened around his waist again, pulling him deeper, holding him there as he drove into her again and again, each thrust sending a fresh wave of heat through her veins.

Page 82

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“I can feel you,” he groaned against her lips. “Every squeeze, every twitch... You’re so fucking soft.”

“Hah...! Oh my... God!” She buried her face in his neck, biting down gently as her body began to tighten again. His name fell from her lips in broken gasps, the tension building too fast, too much.

And he felt it too.

“Ah!” Her second climax hit like lightning, sharp and overwhelming. She shook in his arms, her cries muffled against his skin, her body fluttering around him as he held her through it, still moving, still chasing his own release.

But he didn’t let go yet.

Not until he laid her back gently against the bed, spreading her legs wider and gripping her hips tight.

“Now,” he whispered, voice hoarse and trembling, “now I’m going to fuck you like I’ve been dying to.”

And then he thrust into her—deep, hard, rough.

“Oh God, Adrian!”

Each movement sent her sliding against the sheets, his body pinning her in place, skin slick with sweat and heat and need. His rhythm was merciless, every stroke punishing

and perfect, dragging cries from her throat that she couldn't hold back anymore.

Her fingers clawed at his back, her body writhing beneath his, completely at his mercy—and he was giving her none.

“You said you didn't want all night,” Adrian growled into her ear, voice dark and wrecked. “But it's too late now.”

She couldn't speak. Could barely breathe. Her nails scraped down his spine as his hips slammed into hers, again and again, the sound of their bodies filling the room—raw, rhythmic, desperate.

“I warned you,” he muttered, his mouth dragging along her jaw. “You do this to me. Made me lose control.”

And he had lost it.

His hands slid beneath her thighs, lifting her legs higher, changing the angle, and when he drove into her again, her mouth dropped open in a silent scream. The pressure was too much, too deep. She was stretched, full, shattered beneath every thrust, her body begging for a release it wasn't ready to take again.

“Adrian—” she gasped, but he kissed the words right off her lips.

“I've got you,” he whispered, hips still driving. “Give me one more. Just one more.”

She shook her head, body trembling, completely undone, but he didn't stop.

And then his hand slid between them, fingers finding that perfect spot, stroking her with every thrust. Her legs kicked around him, her heels digging into his back, breath torn from her lungs.

“I can’t—”

“You will,” he growled, voice like gravel. “Let go for me.”

And she did.

Her orgasm slammed into her like a wave, blinding and wild and too much. She screamed his name, head thrown back, entire body locking tight around him as she came hard, soaking him, shaking uncontrollably.

That was all it took.

Adrian cursed, low and guttural, and finally let go. He drove deep one last time, spilling into her with a ragged groan, his entire body tensing over hers as he emptied himself inside her. Every muscle in him went taut, then soft—his weight sinking into her as his breath heaved in her ear.

They stayed like that. Tangled, breathless, ruined.

Her fingers slowly loosened their grip on his back, arms wrapping around him instead. His face was buried in her neck, lips brushing her skin in lazy kisses.

She could barely catch her breath, her body boneless beneath him, but then she felt it—his cock still hard, still thick inside her.

Still ready.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Her eyes fluttered open. “You’re not done,” she whispered, more realization than question.

Adrian lifted his head from her neck, eyes dark, sweat-slicked strands of hair falling into his face. He looked at her like a man starved, like she was the only thing in the world that could satisfy him, and he still hadn’t had enough.

“Yes,” he murmured, dragging his mouth along her jaw. “You ruined me the second you started riding me. Now I can’t stop.”

Without warning, he pulled out and flipped her onto her stomach. She barely had time to gasp before he gripped her hips and yanked her back, lifting her ass toward him. Her knees scraped against the sheets, body still trembling as he filled her again from behind in one hard, hungry thrust.

“Ahhh!” She cried out, arms collapsing under her as he drove into her again, deeper, rougher, harder.

There was no rhythm anymore, just pure, frenzied need. The sound of his skin slapping against hers echoed through the room, his hands gripping her hips so tight she’d feel the bruises tomorrow. He leaned over her, one hand sliding up her back, pressing her down into the mattress while he kept slamming into her from behind, wild and merciless.

“Say my name,” he growled against her ear, voice raw.

“Adrian,” she gasped, her voice catching with every thrust. “Oh...!”

He groaned, fucking her harder. “Say it louder.”

“Adrian!” She screamed it this time, her voice breaking as she shattered around him again, her orgasm burning every vein inside her body. She clenched around him so tightly that he cursed again, burying himself deep and holding there, his whole body jerking as he came a second time, hot and thick, spilling inside her with a broken moan.

He collapsed beside her for only a few seconds, pulling her into his arms, kissing her cheek, her jaw, her shoulder. His hands roamed her body again, slow and gentle now, but possessive. As if he was claiming every inch all over again.

And when he slid into her again, from the side this time, it was different—deeper, slower, but no less intense.

This time, he took his time. Rolling his hips into hers like a wave, building her back up gently while he whispered soft praises against her skin.

“You feel too good,” he murmured. “Every part of you was made for me.”

Her body obeyed him without question, already melting, already rising toward another high. Her thighs trembled around him, her breath coming in quiet, broken little gasps.

Adrian kissed her as they came together again—deep and messy, swallowing her moan as she clenched around him and he spilled into her one last time, both of them shaking, drenched, completely spent.

They lay there in silence, chests heaving, skin sticking together from sweat and heat and everything they'd just shared.

And finally, when her body stopped trembling, when her head could think clearly again, she nudged his cheek with her nose and muttered breathlessly, “This... this is exactly why I said you don’t get to cum first.”

Adrian blinked, still drunk on her, his thumb stroking her cheek lazily. “Why?”

She gave him a look. “Because the second you do... you lose control. And then I’m stuck. Shaking, ruined, and completely fucked until morning.”

He grinned, unapologetic. He kissed the corner of her mouth, then her jaw. “I know.”

He pressed another kiss to her collarbone, voice low and rough. “You already know what’s coming in five minutes—once you’ve caught your breath.”

She let out a soft groan, burying her face in his chest. “You’re insatiable.”

Adrian chuckled, the sound dark and quiet, as his hands found her hips again. “Let me help you get ready.”

Within seconds, he was between her legs, fingers deep inside her, unrelenting as he worked her g-spot with expert precision. Her sweet, breathless, desperate cries only excited him more. She squirted for him again and again, body trembling, soaking his hand as he pushed her to the edge over and over for the next hour.

All to make sure she was more than ‘ready’ for what he was about to do to her.

Sienna stepped into the living room and paused at the sight.

Adrian stood at the table, setting out breakfast, sleeves rolled up, a dish towel slung

over his shoulder. The billionaire was barefoot, shirtless, and casually plating toast like a private chef.

She smirked as she walked up behind him. “Mr. Vaughn, since when did you become a chef? I don’t remember you even glancing at a kitchen before. Look at you now, acting like my personal breakfast butler.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian turned, surprised, but the moment his eyes landed on her, his entire face lit up. He walked toward her with that arrogant confidence she knew all too well, a teasing smirk curling on his lips.

“What else do you want me to be, Miss Donovan?” he asked. “I even have some special dishes for you to taste in bed. We could try them tonight.” He bent down, pressing a soft kiss on her lips.

She smiled, trying not to laugh, and went to sit at the table. “You seem to care about me a lot.”

“More than you know,” Adrian muttered from the kitchen, his voice husky. His eyes lingered on her before he turned back to the coffee machine.

A soft ping from Adrian’s phone interrupted the moment. She glanced toward the phone and was about to look away, until her eyes caught a word on the screen.

Montgomery.

Her heart skipped a beat.

She sneaked a glance at Adrian’s back. When he didn’t move, she quickly picked up the phone, turning around to hide it from his vision.

A message from Matthew. It had a PDF file attached—titled ‘The Montgomerys’.

She tapped it open, and her blood ran cold.

25 Betrayed

Inside were private financial documents, detailed reports of the Montgomery family business, capital breakdowns, confidential deal records, everything that should have been locked away. Sensitive data that should only be in the hands of the Montgomery family.

Her breath hitched. Her gaze shot back up to Adrian's broad back, unable to move.

Her mind raced.

'Could it be him? The one who's been sabotaging Theo's business from the shadows?'

Her hand shook as she carefully placed the phone back on the table, heart pounding so hard she could hear it in her ears.

Everything began to piece together.

Was it Adrian who leaked Theo and Rosie's relationship? Was he the one who exposed the photos? Destroyed their reputation? Tore apart Theo's life, and hers, all while promising not to hurt him?

Her breath caught in her throat. Her vision blurred with shock. She couldn't believe it.

A sudden hug from behind jolted Rosie back to reality.

Strong arms wrapped around her waist, and Adrian's tall frame leaned into her. His face dipped into the curve of her neck, his breath warm as he nuzzled her skin and pressed soft, lingering kisses along her neckline.

He held her tighter, inhaling her scent with a content smile before turning her gently to face him. His arms stayed locked around her as he looked at her with a rare, boyish smile.

"Let's spend the whole day together," he said with a rare, boyish smile. "Just us. I want to take you out, be alone with you, show you around. We'll do whatever you want, however you want. Or, I'll plan the day and you just be my princess and come along."

He lifted his hands, cupping her cheek, brushing his thumbs over her face. He leaned in for a kiss.

But Sienna turned her face away abruptly. She looked off to the side, her expression unreadable, then reached for his wrists and pulled his arms off her.

"I'm not in a good mood," she mumbled absently, snatching her purse off the table without glancing at him. "I'm going home to take care of Theo. He needs me right now."

Without waiting for a response, she turned and walked straight out of the house.

Adrian stood frozen. After last night, and this morning, when she'd spoken to him in that soft, teasing tone, he had believed things were finally getting better between them. More real. More loving.

But now?

Rage surged through him. He grabbed the glass of juice from the table and hurled it across the room. It shattered into a thousand pieces.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

It wasn't enough.

He turned to the breakfast spread he'd prepared for her. Everything untouched. Cold.

With a roar, he swept his arm across the table, sending dishes, cutlery, and food crashing to the floor. Glass shattered, food splattered, what he had made with love now lay in ruins, destroyed just like him.

His lips curled into a snarl. "You won't forget that bastard until I erase him from your life for good," he growled under his breath. "You've given him enough of you. Now—" his voice dropped, cold and final, "you're mine. And there's no damn way I'm letting him see you again. Not even for a second."

Rosie's phone buzzed on the table. She picked it up and stared at the unknown number, frowning.

She hesitated. Could be another reporter. With Theo and Sienna both out of the house, she didn't want to say something that would make things worse.

But the phone kept ringing.

Finally, she answered. "Hello?"

"Miss Rosie?"

“Yes?”

“This is Matthew, Mr. Adrian Vaughn’s secretary.” His voice was sharp, all business. “We have an offer for you. We want you to convince Mr. Theo to sell his entire share of Montgomery Corporation to Atrium Industries.”

Rosie blinked, stunned. Was he serious?

“What are you talking about?” she blurted, forgetting to stay calm.

“If you get Mr. Theo to sign the papers,” Matthew continued, “we’ll transfer twenty million dollars to your account.”

Her chest tightened with anger. “No!” she snapped. “Are you insane? I’m not doing that! I don’t want your money—”

“We already know about your relationship with him, Miss Rosie.” Matthew cut in, his tone colder now. Across the room, Adrian stood by his office desk, watching the conversation with a hard expression. “You mean something to him. And now that he’s on the verge of losing everything, wouldn’t it be better for him too to cash out and live in peace?”

“I’m not convincing him of anything! You people are out of your minds!”

Just then, Sienna appeared behind her, placing a hand on her shoulder. Rosie jumped slightly in surprise, and turned. Sienna quickly covered the phone’s mouthpiece and leaned in.

“Agree to the deal,” Sienna whispered. “Convince them you’re in.”

“What?” Rosie mouthed in confusion.

"Just trust me," Sienna whispered. "Do it."

Rosie's brows furrowed in confusion, but something in Sienna's tone made her pause. She looked down at her stomach, took a deep breath, and nodded.

"Fine," she said into the phone. "I'll do it. But I want thirty million dollars, not twenty."

There was silence. Matthew glanced back at Adrian, who gave a silent nod.

"Deal," Matthew said.

The moment she hung up, Rosie's phone dinged with a bank notification. Her eyes widened in disbelief, thirty million had already been transferred.

She looked up at Sienna, still stunned. "What's going on, Sienna?"

"He's trying to take over everything," Sienna said through clenched teeth. "Our lives, our choices, all of it."

"What do we do now?"

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Leave it to me,” Sienna said. “I’ll handle it.”

A few hours later, Adrian walked into a hotel with Matthew trailing behind him.

"Sir," Matthew said cautiously, "it's odd that Rosie insisted you come in person to get the signed contract of Theo's shares."

Adrian's brow furrowed. "That girl used to be Theo's secretary before he and Sienna got married. She doesn't even have a degree from a decent university. For someone like that, she's actually pretty smart."

Ignoring the nagging suspicion, Adrian entered the hotel suite. The moment he stepped inside and glanced around, Sienna stepped out from behind a corner and stood directly in front of him.

He froze.

That cold, emotionless mask he wore cracked within a second.

But her eyes were blazing.

"You don't have any more lies to hide behind, Adrian?" Her voice was sharp, laced with fury. "There's nothing left between us anymore. You made sure of that."

Her glare could have burned him to the ground.

Adrian was taken aback as he looked at Sienna, his eyes scanning her face. But then, as the shock passed, he walked closer to her. Looking at her face, he spoke with determination.

"I'm in love with you. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure you're safe and happy."

Before he could finish his sentence, a sharp slap echoed through the room, landing across his cheek.

The sting was immediate, but Adrian didn't flinch. His jaw tightened, but he held his ground. His eyes, dark and intense, remained focused on her, absorbing the anger she threw at him.

"If it calms your anger, then slap me again," he said, his voice deathly calm. "You can hit me as much as you want if it makes you feel better."

Sienna scoffed, her face a mixture of fury and hurt.

"Do you really think that with your words, you can convince me that you're a good man? That all your plans and everything you've done against me, without telling me, is for my good? And now you're sacrificing yourself to let me hit you because I'm angry? You've ruined Montgomery business completely, even after I told you not to get in between me and Theo!"

Adrian's face hardened, his jaw clenched so tight it looked like it might snap. "It had to be done!" he snapped, his voice a low growl. "Theo betrayed you, and you still blindly supported him, as if it doesn't matter! I had to do it to get him out of your life for good. I won't let him ruin you."

Sienna's hands flew up in exasperation, her fury now fully unleashed. "It's none of your goddamn business!" she cried out, her breath quickening.

Adrian's chest tightened as he stepped closer, his presence overwhelming. "Everything about you is my business," he snapped, his tone rough with anger. He reached out, grabbing her by the shoulders and pulling her roughly against him. His hands were strong, possessive, but his touch wasn't just about control. It was desperation. "If anyone tries to hurt you, they'll have to go through me first. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure you're never hurt by anyone in this entire fucking world!"

She pushed against him with all her strength, her chest rising and falling with the force of her frustration.

"The person who's hurt me the most is you!" she shouted, her voice breaking. "You've always been the one who hurts me the most. In the past, and now. You ruined me, Adrian. And now that things have come to this, I will never forgive you for what you've done to Theo. I'll never forgive myself for bringing you back into my life and ruining Theo."

Sienna turned and stormed out of the room.

Adrian stayed rooted in place, his fists clenching as a pained expression crossed his face. The silence that followed was suffocating.

"Why don't you understand what you mean to me?"

Just then, Matthew rushed into the room, a panicked look on his face.

"Mr. Vaughn, I just got the news that Ms. Donovan has arranged a press conference at this hotel's press hall. She's going to reveal everything about her life in a public announcement." he paused, hesitating.

Adrian's body stiffened, his heart pounding. "Where is she?" he demanded, his voice

cold with urgency.

“Yes, sir. It will be in the press hall on the second floor,” Matthew replied, his voice tight with concern.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian didn't waste another second. His feet moved on their own, carrying him out of the room, his mind racing. He sprinted toward the elevator.

'You're willing to destroy your life, your reputation, just to save that fucking bastard?' His anger burned inside him. 'How can you do this, knowing he's got a pregnant girlfriend? You're still that blind in your fucking love for him.'

He could barely contain his panic.

Matthew kept pace with him, his eyes worried as they rushed toward the elevator. "Mr. Vaughn, when you started to take Theo down, you made sure she was never caught in the crossfire. You paid off the media to keep her name clean, and never badmouth her. But now she's the one pushing this. Is this going to be a disaster?"

Adrian didn't answer. He couldn't. The only thing on his mind was getting to her before she made the biggest mistake of her life.

When the elevator doors finally opened, he bolted out. His eyes scanned the hall, and there she was, heading toward the room, her back straight, her posture defiant. Without thinking, Adrian sprinted forward, his hand grabbing hers just before she could touch the door handle.

She froze, startled by his touch. In an instant, he yanked her toward him, his body rigid with frustration and fear. "What the hell were you about to do?" he growled, his voice raw.

Sienna placed her hands on his chest, trying to push him off. "I told you, my life isn't

your business anymore," she spat, her voice venomous.

Adrian's anger flared, the heat of it spreading through his body. He grabbed the back of her head, pulling her in closer, his lips brushing hers. "Just because of Theo, you're going to ruin everything?" he hissed, his breath ragged. "Your past, your future, everything you've worked for—you're going to throw it all away?"

Sienna's eyes flashed with fire, her lips tight with anger. "I want to protect my husband. How is that bad? How am I ruining myself?" She tried to break free, but Adrian pulled her even closer, their bodies flush against each other.

His grip tightened. "Why don't you understand, Sienna? Theo doesn't deserve you. He was never good enough for you, and he never will be. He's out there with his pregnant girlfriend, kissing her in front of your eyes! He doesn't deserve your sacrifices!" =

His chest rose and fell with each labored breath, his emotions a storm.

"Why don't you just give me a chance to take care of you?" His voice softened, but there was still an edge. "Let me be your man. Forget him and choose me. Accept me. I'll do everything you want. Just come back to me, and I promise everything I have will be yours. I'll give you a life that every fucking person on this earth dreams about. I will give you everything you've ever desired!"

Sienna's eyes bored into his as she stepped closer, her gaze cold as ice. "When did I not give you a chance to take care of me, Adrian?" She lowered her voice, searching his eyes.

"I gave you five years, Adrian. Five damn years, and you discarded me for another girl. Then again, I let you back into my life. I let you be my bedmate. We had sex, and you promised me you wouldn't hurt Theo. But here you are, telling me that Theo

shouldn't even be in my life. You just want to control me."

"I don't want to be your sex partner, for fuck's sake!" Adrian roared, his hands tightening around her waist and the back of her head. "I want to be your husband! I want you to never even look at Theo again. Or any other man. I want you to look at me. I want you to belong to me. Only me!"

Sienna's gaze turned cold, her eyes cutting through him like a knife. Without another word, she ripped herself from his grip and stormed away, leaving Adrian standing there, seething with frustration, his heart pounding in his chest.

Adrian immediately moved to follow her, but Matthew, who had been intently looking at his phone, suddenly looked up, alarmed. He quickly approached Adrian.

"Mr. Vaughn!" he called out.

But Adrian was storming off toward Sienna, not pausing for anything.

"Mr. Vaughn, please wait!" Matthew said, grabbing Adrian's shoulder to stop him.

Adrian shoved Matthew's hand off roughly and barked, "What the hell?!"

Matthew thrust his phone into Adrian's hand. "Look at this."

The screen flashed a video, a live broadcast of the conversation that Adrian and Sienna had just shared. It was all over social media.

"Ms. Donovan deceived you. There was never any press conference," Matthew said grimly. "She broadcasted the entire conversation live, and posted it on social media."

Adrian's grip tightened around the phone, his body stiffening as his chest tightened.

“Because I plotted against her, she took her revenge.” He muttered, his voice rough with anger.

The live broadcast spread like wildfire. Within an hour, it was all anyone was talking about.

26 Never Married

Sienna drove to Theo’s office, where the media had already gathered. As soon as the live video hit the internet, they started tracking her down. Sienna wasn’t surprised. She had prepared for this moment.

She calmly got out of the car, and within seconds, the press swarmed her from all sides.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

“Miss Sienna, is it true that you arranged the live broadcast, or was it a hoax? Did someone secretly record you?” one reporter asked.

Sienna didn't hesitate. “I did,” she said, her voice steady, with no shame. “I broadcasted it.”

The reporters exchanged glances, surprised by her honesty. They had expected her to deny everything, to call the video fake in an attempt to save her reputation.

Another reporter pressed on. “Mrs. Montgomery, can you tell us about your relationship with Mr. Adrian Vaughn? Was it just a fling, or was there something more? Were you in love with him?”

The questions came fast. “Is Mr. Montgomery not good in bed? Is that why you left him and slept with another man?”

“Mrs. Montgomery, how long has this been going on? It's clear from the way you act that it's not a recent affair. Can you tell us the truth?”

The barrage of questions didn't stop. “Is it true that you cheated on Mr. Montgomery first, and that's why he found someone else?”

“Yes, it was me.” Sienna grabbed the mic from one of the reporters and announced it loudly. The camera flashes intensified, blinding everyone around her. “I'm the one who betrayed my husband. I was sleeping with another man before my marriage and after. I hurt him, and I ruined his reputation.”

She took a deep breath before continuing. “It’s all my fault. I couldn’t stand seeing Theo badmouthed for something I did. That’s why I’m now revealing it all publicly.”

The reporters were silent for a moment, then fired more questions.

“Does that mean Theo Montgomery is the victim, and not the bad guy?” a reporter asked quickly.

“He was plotted against by me,” Sienna answered. “Yes, he does have a girlfriend now. But I was the one having an affair. He is in love with Rosie. He started a family with her.”

Sienna paused, her voice wavering slightly. “I ruined him. Not the other way around.”

The mic was suddenly yanked from her hand, and she looked up to see Adrian standing in front of her. His face was a mask of anger, but there was something else in his eyes, something raw and vulnerable.

“It’s not Sienna,” he said, his voice loud and clear. “It’s me. I’m the one at fault for everything that happened.”

The reporters gasped, their cameras snapping even faster.

“I’m the one at fault. I didn’t give her a choice. I forced her to sleep with me five years ago, and we got caught in a cycle of intimacy without ever defining what it was. I forced her to submit to me from the very beginning. All of this was my doing. I manipulated her into being with me.”

The reporters were shocked. Adrian was known for his cold demeanor, for never having any rumors about relationships, for being a perfect, cold, and indifferent

gentleman to women. To hear this from him was a complete shock.

“Mr. Vaughn, are you trying to save Mrs. Montgomery’s reputation, or is this the truth?” one reporter asked cautiously.

“Yes, there’s never been any rumors about you and Ms. Donovan before. So believing your words is a tough call,” another reporter added.

Adrian’s expression hardened. “It’s the truth. I’ve always wanted her. In any way I could, I wanted her.”

His gaze shifted to Sienna, who turned her eyes away from him without a word. She then turned and started walking away.

Adrian immediately followed, grabbing her arm, his breath heavy in his chest.

“Sienna,” he breathed, his voice desperate. “Please, don’t walk away.”

She turned to face him, looking into his eyes. There was nothing left to hide. Everything was out in the open now.

Her eyes were empty, the spark of emotion gone.

"Our secret relationship is over now," she said flatly. "There is no relationship between you and me anymore, Mr. Vaughn."

Her breath trembled as she took a deep breath, her voice growing louder. “Let’s never meet again.”

And with that, she turned and walked away, leaving Adrian standing in the chaos of the press, her words ringing in his ears like a death sentence.

Adrian stood frozen, panic and fear coursing through his veins. The sadness that washed over him was deep and dark, and for the first time, making it hard to breathe.

Back at Theo's house, Rosie paced nervously, "Call her again?" Rosie asked Theo as she paced back and forth, her eyes glued to her phone, waiting for some response.

"She didn't pick up," Theo answered, running a hand over his forehead, wiping away the tension that still clung to him. "I don't know what to do anymore."

Rosie took a deep breath, her face tense with worry. Her hand instinctively moved to clutch her swollen stomach, the other gripping the edge of the table for support as she tried to steady herself. Her body ached, but it was the anxiety gnawing at her heart that made her feel so heavy.

"Sienna's done so much for you and me," Rosie murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "And now she's in such a mess because of us." Her eyes met Theo's as she added, "I'm so worried about her, Theo."

Theo's brows furrowed in concern, reached over and gently helped her sit on the couch. He could feel her unease radiating off her.

"The conference ended hours ago. She should've been home by now," Theo added, reaching over to Rosie and helping her sit down on the couch so she wouldn't tire herself out standing too long. Theo knelt down in front of her. His hand rested lightly over hers, offering what little comfort he could.

"She still hasn't come home. She should be alright, right?" Rosie's voice trembled slightly as she questioned him, uncertainty flooding her tone.

Theo's chest tightened, but he smiled reassuringly, though his own fears gnawed at him. "She's going to be alright. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything. It'll be okay."

Rosie nodded, though her gaze lingered on the door, doubt still clouding her mind.

"I know she's strong, but... she's not invincible," Rosie whispered, her fingers curling into a fist as she tried to hold back her tears. "She's not as strong as she pretends to be. She can't take the hatred from everyone. She's so sweet and caring. I can't imagine what she's going through, being slandered by so many people. The whole world turning against her... it's too much."

Theo's fingers tightened around Rosie's. His chest tightened, too. Sienna had been his best friend for years, and the thought of her suffering because of his own mistakes was suffocating.

When he had asked Sienna to marry him, he'd been desperate. He didn't want to lose Rosie, his position in the business, or his parents, so the only option had been to give them the daughter-in-law they wanted while keeping Rosie by his side until he could stand on his own in the business world.

But now things had spiraled out of control. Not only had Theo's secrets been exposed, but Sienna's past was out in the world, and people who didn't know her were judging her.

He barely registered the ding of his phone until it vibrated again, snapping him out of his thoughts. His heart skipped a beat when he saw Sienna's name on the screen. He immediately picked it up and rose to his feet, moving closer to Rosie.

Opening the message, he read aloud the words.

“This might be the last text you receive from me for a while, Theo and Rosie. I’m leaving the country for now. I need to be alone. Theo, you are my best friend, and it’s my responsibility to take care of you in every way I can. I’ve done everything I could for you and Rosie, and I don’t regret it. No matter where I am, I know you both can survive and live happily together. Please, be together and don’t let anything break you apart. I’ll come back soon. Don’t worry about me.”

Theo and Rosie looked at each other in tense silence. Rosie took the phone from Theo’s hand and tried to dial Sienna’s number, but the call didn’t go through. The robotic voice said the number was no longer in service.

A loud crash echoed in Adrian’s office, the sound of glass and metal smashing onto the floor, sending a chill through the room. Everyone froze, and even the usually unshakable men working for Adrian looked at each other in fear. Adrian stood at the center of the chaos, his body taut with rage.

He clenched his fists, his breath coming in heavy, controlled bursts as he seethed. The table was a wreck, papers scattered, everything from his desk strewn across the floor in disarray.

"Sir, we really tried our best," one of his men ventured, his voice wavering. "We’ve checked everywhere. We tried every method, even the unethical ones. But there’s no trace of Ms. Donovan. Her SIM card was found dumped in a trash can outside a mall, and after that, there’s nothing. She’s vanished. We checked every camera, but she’s not in any of them."

Adrian’s icy gaze snapped to the man who spoke, making him flinch. "So she disappeared into thin air? Is she a fucking fairy? How the hell can you not find a woman who doesn’t even know how to use tech?" His voice was low, cold, but laced

with a fury that made everyone around him flinch.

"Mr. Vaughn, we've checked all the buses, trains, and airports. But she's nowhere to be found. She must have prepared to disappear."

Adrian's jaw tightened, the muscle in his cheek twitching with frustration. He could feel his blood boiling, but there was a gnawing fear eating at him now, a dread he couldn't shake.

Matthew quietly motioned for the men to leave the room with him, allowing Adrian to be alone.

"Is she going to be alright?" Adrian muttered under his breath, his hand coming up to clutch his forehead as his thoughts raced to the worst possible scenarios. His body was tense, his mind spiraling out of control with every passing second. The thought of her hurt, of her being in danger, gripped his heart like a vice. Adrian sank down to the ground, his back resting against his desk as his mind racing with worry.

A week passed in a blur. Adrian barely noticed the days slipping by, consumed by his relentless search for Sienna. His eyes were hollow, his body exhausted, the stubble on his face a clear sign of how far he'd gone without rest.

Matthew glanced at him in the rearview mirror as they drove, noting the dark circles under Adrian's eyes. The once-perfectly groomed billionaire looked worn down, more like a man on the edge of breaking than the composed CEO everyone knew. Stubble was growing on his face, his clothes slightly disheveled.

"Mr. Vaughn, you really need to eat," Matthew said, his voice firm but caring. He held a lunch bag out to Adrian, his tone pleading. "You haven't been eating or drinking properly. You can't keep going like this. You're going to collapse."

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian didn't even look at him. His focus was on his phone, but his mind was far away, searching for any sign of her.

"Mr. Vaughn, please," Matthew urged again. "It's been days. You need to eat. We'll find Ms. Donovan. Just... eat something."

Adrian's eyes narrowed, his body stiffening suddenly as he straightened in his seat. "Stop the car."

Matthew glanced back at him, confused, but Adrian snapped, "Stop the goddamn car."

Matthew obeyed, slamming on the brakes. Before the car even came to a complete stop, Adrian was out the door, striding through the crowded street.

Matthew followed quickly, and the reason for Adrian's aggression became clear when he spotted Theo and Rosie walking hand-in-hand down the empty sidewalk. Theo was caressing Rosie's face as they walked, lost in each other.

Adrian's rage flared, and without thinking, he stormed toward them, his hand shooting out to grab Theo by the neck.

"Sienna is ruined because of you. She was shamed so badly to save your fucking ass, and now there's no trace of her anywhere. And you, shamelessly flirting with your girlfriend out in the open? How can you treat her like this?"

Theo's chest heaved with anger as he shoved Adrian roughly. Adrian's grip tightened

on Theo's collar, his jaw set in a hard line. His entire body radiated tension, each muscle flexing as he towered over Theo. The veins in his neck were visible, a clear sign of the rage coursing through him.

Theo yanked his collar free, his glare searing into Adrian. "Get the fuck off me." His voice was low, sharp, edged with fury, like a man barely holding it together. "My life with Sienna has nothing to do with you. She wants me to be happy with Rosie."

"The fuck I don't!" Adrian snapped, his lips curling into a grimace. "She is your wife, Theo. Sienna is still your fucking wife!"

"She is not my wife!" Theo finally roared, his fury rising to a dangerous level as he shoved Adrian away. "She was never my wife! Rosie and I were already married before my and Sienna's marriage was announced. Our showy marriage in front of the world was always fake. We never got the marriage certificate. We didn't consummate it. We didn't kiss. We never had any relationship other than being best friends, living in the same house in separate bedrooms."

The words hit Adrian like a punch to the gut. His body stiffened as shock coursed through him, and a sharp pain erupted in his stomach. He swallowed, trying to ignore the agony, his hand clenching in a tight grip until blood appeared on his skin from his nails digging into it.

"You were never married to her?" Adrian's voice was rough, almost hoarse as if the revelation had torn something deep within him.

27 Blind Love

Theo's hands clenched at his sides, every fiber of his being on fire with emotion.

"Obviously! Why the fuck did you never question why she suddenly married me right

after leaving you? Did you never suspect that maybe it wasn't just her 'mood' change? She was with you for five fucking years, and then suddenly she decided to marry someone else. Did you never wonder why she would throw away five years with you to marry someone else? She was never heartless. She didn't want this. She loved you, but you didn't see it, did you? You pushed her away! You broke her, you fucking, fucking asshole!"

Theo's voice was seething with rage, disappointment, and fear of losing Sienna forever.

The pain in Adrian's body intensified, the sharp ache in his stomach nearly overwhelming him. His vision blurred, and before he could even process what was happening, he stumbled forward. His legs gave out, but before he could crash to the ground, Matthew caught him.

Adrian blinked, pushing aside the intense nausea and the pain. His body trembled, and he clutched his stomach. Through gritted teeth, he spoke, his voice softer this time, devoid of ego and anger. It was a broken plea.

"Where is Sienna?" His voice was quieter this time, stripped of the anger and arrogance that usually defined him. It was raw, desperate. "Please, tell me where she is."

Theo stared at Adrian, shocked and surprised. 'The man who has the power to ruin my entire billion-dollar business is now begging in front of me for a woman?' Theo thought, looking for any sign of deception. But it was clear: Adrian wasn't acting. He was desperate. He was truly in love with Sienna.

"Please tell me where Sienna is," Adrian begged again, his voice trembling with pain. "I will give you your business back, every project you want for your entire lifetime, I will make sure it's yours. I just want Sienna."

Theo's face hardened.

'I still remember the day Sienna came back, the day she gave up on Adrian, how she broke down crying, shaking when she told me how that bastard had treated her like nothing. He said he was going to marry another woman, didn't even consider her his girlfriend.' The memory filled him with hatred. The pain in her voice, the way her heart had shattered right in front of him, it had etched itself into his soul.

'That's why I hate Adrian so much. I saw what a broken Sienna looked like, and I'll never forget it. And now? Now I have no sympathy left for a man like him.'

Theo clenched his jaw. He knew what love was. He had loved Rosie from the moment she walked into his life. He couldn't even imagine losing her.

There were moments, dark, terrifying moments, where he feared Sienna might break down completely. But she proved him wrong. When she agreed to marry him and went along with their plan, it made him the happiest man alive. Because he just wanted to protect her. That's all he ever wanted.

Theo's eyes locked onto Adrian with icy disdain. His voice was sharp, his anger barely held back.

"You deserve every bit of what's coming to you," he spat. "Sienna loved you—blindly. She gave you everything she had, every part of herself, and what did you do? You broke her. You came back only to ruin whatever peace she had left, trying to control her like she's yours to command."

Page 91

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Theo's chest rose and fell, breath heavy with fury. "You're the reason she left again. You. Every time, it's you pushing her away. And now? You don't deserve to know where she is."

Theo grabbed Rosie's hand and stormed off, fury still burning in his eyes.

But Rosie couldn't stop herself from glancing back.

Adrian's face had turned frighteningly pale, each passing second draining the color from his skin. He looked sick, like a man running on nothing but sheer will. Like his body was finally giving up on trying to keep him alive.

Then, something made her stop cold.

Adrian suddenly clutched his stomach, his fingers curling into his shirt. The next second, he dropped to the ground—hard.

Unconscious.

The sound of his body hitting the floor was sharp and brutal. Rosie's eyes widened in shock.

She yanked her hand free from Theo and turned back completely.

"Adrian!" she gasped.

Theo, startled by her sudden halt, turned too, just in time to see Matthew drop to his

knees beside Adrian, trying to shake him awake.

But Adrian didn't respond.

He lay still, unconscious, his chest barely rising.

"Doctor?" Matthew rushed to meet the doctor emerging from the operating room. "Is he alright? What's wrong with him? Has he woken up yet?"

The doctor glanced at Matthew, his expression grim. "Where is his family?" he asked.

"He doesn't have any family. I'm his secretary. Please, tell me what's wrong with him. I have the authority to make decisions about his well-being."

The doctor's voice lowered. "He is very sick. His stomach is severely inflamed. We had to pump blood from his stomach."

At that very moment, the hospital room door swung open, and Adrian staggered out. He couldn't even stand up straight, his hand pressing tightly to his stomach as his legs wobbled beneath him. His chest heaved with the effort to stay upright, his face pale and drawn, eyes bleary with exhaustion.

"We need to go," he said hoarsely, looking at Matthew. "I have to find Sienna. There's no time to waste. Come with me. Drive the car. I can't... I can't drive."

His knees buckled mid-step, and he was about to collapse when Matthew rushed forward, catching him just in time.

“Mr. Vaughn,” Matthew’s voice was firm, frustrated. “You can’t go anywhere like this. Look at yourself—you can’t even stand properly!”

Matthew’s grip on Adrian tightened, concern flickering in his eyes. It had been over a week. Adrian hadn’t eaten properly. He barely drank water. Sleep was a rare accident, something that happened when his body finally gave out at a desk or on the cold floor.

All he did was talk about Sienna. Obsessively. Restlessly. She was the only thing that mattered. The obsession was eating him alive, and it was clear he was hanging by a thread, dangerously close to losing control of his own sanity.

But Adrian didn’t listen.

He pushed Matthew away weakly and continued limping down the corridor, gritting his teeth against the pain.

Matthew tried again, "Mr. Vaughn, please. At least stay a few hours. You’re in no condition to leave right now. Your body—"

Before he could take another step, Adrian’s body gave way, crumpling as the pain in his stomach overwhelmed him. He collapsed into one of the cold metal chairs in the hallway, his body giving up, breathing heavily, pain twisting his features.

A doctor rushed over, his expression tight with urgency. “Mr. Vaughn, you need to sit down. You can’t move like this.”

Matthew stepped forward. “What is it, doctor? What’s going on with him?”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

The doctor handed the X-ray file to Adrian. “We found internal bleeding, Mr. Vaughn, so we had to perform an emergency procedure to stop it. During that, we noticed severely inflamed tissue and took a biopsy.”

Adrian’s brows furrowed. “Biopsy?”

“Yes,” the doctor said carefully. “We’re still waiting for the results, but there are signs that point to possible stomach cancer.”

Matthew went pale. “Cancer?”

The doctor nodded, looking serious. “Yes. We need the results to confirm, but there’s a possibility you’re suffering from it. If it’s not cancer, the inflammation should subside, and we can figure out why you’re in so much pain.”

Adrian, who had been desperate—impatient—to get to Sienna just moments ago, now sat frozen in place. His mind was spinning with a thousand thoughts a second, but one echoed louder than all the rest:

‘Will I not live long enough to be with Sienna anymore?’

His heart pounded harder than the pain in his stomach. It was the ache in his chest that truly broke him. It overwhelmed him, forcing him to fall back into the chair, clutching the armrests as if they could steady the chaos inside him.

‘I wanted to be with her. I wanted to spend my life with her. But if I really have cancer, then how am I supposed to live with her?’ His thoughts spiraled, each one

darker than the last. 'How am I going to live without her? I can't show her this, can't let her carry this pain. Maybe leaving me was for her own good.'

A bitter breath left his lungs as he closed his eyes, trying to stop the tears from spilling.

'She deserves happiness. The kind of joy that doesn't come with pain. She deserves someone who can give her the whole world.'

And for the first time, the thought struck him like a blade.

'Maybe this is the sign that this really is the end of us.'

Leaning quietly against the wall, Rosie stood frozen.

Her hand flew to her mouth as she listened to the doctor's words. She had followed Adrian to the hospital, too worried to stay away after his outburst. But she hadn't expected to hear this.

Her heart pounded.

She had wanted to protect Sienna from all the pain she was feeling, but now she couldn't ignore the fact that Adrian's life was hanging by a thread.

'Sienna still loves Adrian. I know that.' Rosie thought, her heart pounding. 'But should I tell her? What if it's too late? Should I hide this from her and let her move on? Or will she hate me for keeping this from her?'

She leaned against the wall, feeling suffocated by the pressure. The decision tore at

her, but in the end, she turned away and left the hospital.

When she arrived home, Theo was waiting for her. The moment he saw her, he rushed over.

"Where did you go?" he asked, his voice laced with worry. "I've been worried about you. You left so abruptly."

Rosie ignored him. She walked past him, picked up her phone, and dialed a number with trembling hands.

On the other end, Sienna answered after a few moments.

Rosie forced a casual smile onto her face, trying to hide the panic in her chest. She sank onto the couch and placed her free hand over her stomach.

"Sienna, how are you?" she asked gently.

Sienna sat in a cozy hotel room in Paris, looking calm on the outside. She had planned her escape well. The moment the conference ended, she vanished, and no one had been able to trace her. Only Rosie and Theo knew where she was.

"I'm fine," Sienna said with a small smile. "You, on the other hand, look like you just ran a marathon. You're drenched in sweat."

Rosie chuckled softly, trying to mask the tension in her chest. "Oh, I'm fine. Just... you know, busy. Anyway, how are you? Are you settling in alright?"

Sienna smiled on the other end of the line, teasing, "You look like you need a break. If Theo is bothering you, tell me, and I'll kick his ass for you. When you're done with the pregnancy, you can join in, and we'll give him a few extra kicks."

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Rosie chuckled faintly, but deep down, her heart was heavy. She didn't know how to break the news to Sienna. She only hoped it wouldn't be too late.

Rosie saw through her. That spark, the one Sienna had when she secretly loved Adrian, was gone again. Her eyes were dull. Empty.

Rosie's heart clenched.

Rosie's heartbeat quickened as her fingers tightened on her thighs. "I... I need to tell you something. But I don't know if I should," Rosie said hesitantly.

"What's wrong?" Sienna's tone turned serious. "Is it the baby? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Rosie replied quickly, seeing Sienna relax.

Then Sienna stiffened. "Is it about Adrian?"

Rosie hesitated, then nodded.

Sienna's face hardened. "Then I don't want to hear it. Let's not talk about him."

"But this is something you should know before you decide anything," Rosie insisted. "Please, just listen."

Sienna didn't respond, but she didn't hang up either.

"Adrian came across me and Theo today at the theater. He was furious when he saw

us together. Then he found out everything—about you, about me, and about your fake marriage with Theo.”

Sienna’s heart skipped a beat, her grip tightening on the phone.

She hadn’t expected the truth about her and Theo’s marriage to come out in front of Adrian like this. She had imagined a thousand ways Adrian might find out, but none of them were anything like this. The press conference and everything else had taken a toll on her, leaving her drowning in self-doubt and worry. Now, she couldn’t stop thinking about what Adrian would do now that he knew the truth.

‘Is he going to think this was my way of trying to get him back? Or that I was trying to trap him?’ Sienna’s mind spiraled, flooded with a hundred thoughts at once, each one louder than the last, blinding her with fear and confusion.

‘Will he think I did it all just to humiliate him? To insult him? Or... is he really going to come after me again? Like he did last time? Like he promised he would?’

Her heart stuttered. And just as quickly, she forced herself to stop. ‘Let him come back? After everything? Have I not endured enough? Why am I even thinking about this again?’

Shaking off the flood of emotions, she tried to center herself. Her finger hovered over the hang-up button on her phone.

“I’m ending the call, Rosie,” she said flatly. “I don’t want to hear anything about Adrian. Or his life.”

“No—just listen to me once,” Rosie pleaded from the other side of the line.

But before Sienna could respond, Theo leaned over, gently grabbing her hand.

“Let it be,” he said softly. “If she doesn’t want to know, don’t force her. She doesn’t need to stay connected to Adrian.”

Sienna closed her eyes tightly, heart racing. But Rosie’s voice came again, urgent this time.

“This is important. Please. Just listen to me. It won’t take long. But I know if I don’t tell you now, I’ll regret it later. Just once—for me.”

There was silence, and then Rosie spoke again.

“After the confrontation, Adrian fainted in the street. Matthew took him to the hospital. I—I followed them there because I was worried. And then I overheard what the doctor said...”

Sienna held her breath.

“They think Adrian might have stomach cancer.”

Silence. For a heartbeat, it was as if time had stopped.

Then, the sound of something crashing.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

The phone slipped from Sienna's hand and hit the floor.

But only for a moment.

She quickly bent down, picked it up, and pressed it back to her ear. Her voice came out too quickly. Too tightly.

"It's nothing. My phone just slipped. That's all."

Then she forced a smile, one that didn't reach her eyes.

"I can't do anything about it. Anyway, I'm leaving for Germany tomorrow," she said quickly, her tone brisk and final. "I've been in Paris too long. I don't want to stay here anymore."

"I'll call you later, okay?"

Before either Rosie or Theo could say a word, the call was cut off.

28 Dying

Sienna stepped away from the window of the apartment she was renting and walked back inside. The soft chime of her phone ringing pulled her toward the bedside table. She picked it up, her heart already heavier than it had been yesterday.

It had been a full day since she arrived in Germany. Yet to her disappointment, not a single moment had passed without thoughts of Adrian. His health. His pain. The very

things she didn't want to think about were now the only things haunting her.

She had come here to escape. To find peace.

Instead, she had locked herself inside the apartment like a prisoner, trapped in her emotions, suffocating under the weight of everything she refused to feel.

The phone rang again.

Her eyes moved to the screen.

Unknown number.

She hesitated—then answered.

“Miss Donovan?” a familiar voice came through. “This is Matthew. Mr. Vaughn’s secretary.”

Her hand trembled. Her voice barely made it out. “Yes, Matthew?”

“Miss Donovan, please don’t hang up. It’s not what you think. It’s about Mr. Vaughn, but not in the way you’re imagining,” he said quickly.

He paused, waiting. When she didn’t hang up, he continued.

“I just need you to sign some papers.”

“What papers?” Sienna asked, confusion creeping into her voice.

“Mr. Vaughn wants to transfer all of his business shares to your name. Everything’s already processed. I just need you to come in and sign the papers,” Matthew

explained.

Sienna stiffened. “Why is he transferring everything to me? What’s wrong?”

Even though she already knew the truth, she wanted to hear it from Adrian. She wanted to see that same selfish, arrogant man—drag her back to him, like he always did—especially when he was at his lowest. A part of her ached for it. For the pull. For the weakness in his pride. So she waited, silently urging Matthew to say the words she wasn’t brave enough to ask.

But he didn’t.

“There’s nothing wrong, Miss Donovan,” he said calmly. “Mr. Vaughn is just... sorry. He wants to make things right in the only way he can. You don’t have to meet him. You can just call me, and I’ll come to you with the documents.”

Sienna broke down in tears.

The tears flowed uncontrollably, despite her desperate attempt to stop them. The grief she’d buried since Rosie’s call now flooded out of her. She hung up the phone and placed it aside, sinking to the floor, her knees giving out beneath her as sobs wracked her body.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

It was harder for her to breathe, and even harder to see clearly through the haze of tears. She couldn't think of anything but Adrian.

The next night, Sienna walked through the quiet corridors of the hospital, her heart pounding. She knew exactly which room Adrian was in. Her feet moved quickly, almost as if they had a mind of their own, driven by something she couldn't hold back.

She didn't knock.

She pushed open the door and stepped in.

Adrian was sitting on the bed in a hospital gown. He turned at the sound of the door slamming open, irritation flashing in his eyes, until he saw her.

“Sienna?”

A smile broke across his face, pure and stunned and disbelieving. He moved to get up, but the moment his foot hit the floor, he cried out in pain and collapsed to his knees, clutching his stomach in agony.

Sienna's heart leaped, and she ran to him, helping him back onto the bed. His hand was pressed to his stomach, and the pain was evident in his expression. His face was pale.

Sienna's tears welled again, but she forced herself to stay still, to not fall apart. But then she looked at him, and everything shattered again. She threw herself into his arms, burying her face into his neck, her body trembling as her tears soaked his skin.

She pulled away, only slightly.

Adrian stood up slowly, cupping her face with his large hands, his gaze intense and filled with an affection she hadn't seen in years. His voice was low, almost like a whisper.

"You're really here," he murmured, the words holding so much meaning.

"Yes." She sniffled, wiping her eyes. "I came back. Now you have to get better, alright? Why do you look so worn out?" Her voice cracked again as she examined his pale face. He looked sick, so sick that it made her heart ache.

She looked at his sunken cheeks, his weakened body. In all the years she had known him, she had never seen him like this, and it was tearing her apart.

His fingers trailed down her face and cupped her neck. For a moment, he looked away, his gaze falling to the floor in shame.

"Sienna... I'm very sick," he admitted, his voice rough. He met her eyes again. "You shouldn't be here. You should go."

"It doesn't matter," she interrupted him, grabbing his hands and pressing them against her heart. "You need to get better. We're going to live a life together. I'll stay by your side until you're well, and then we'll start fresh. We'll forget the past."

Her voice trembled, and then she finally said what had been buried inside her for so long.

“I love you, Adrian.”

Adrian looked stunned, his eyes widening. "You really love me?" his hand tightened on her neck as he pulled her closer, just a breath away from his body. "You just said it... right? You love me?"

Sienna nodded, a smile appearing on her face at his reaction.

"At first, I didn't want to be with you. I thought maybe I'd forget you in two years, especially after you said you didn't want to marry me," she choked, her hands gripping his waist tightly. "I tried to leave you behind. I even went to another country... but even then, no matter what I did, I couldn't forget you."

She looked into his eyes, and when she saw him breaking—his eyes silently begging her for more—she whispered again, “I love you too much. I can't be apart from you.”

Adrian pulled her into his arms without a second thought, his lips trailing over her face and neck in a frenzy of kisses. His voice trembled with breathless joy.

"I'm so fucking happy, he whispered between kisses. "You have no idea what I'm feeling right now. My whole life feels complete. Even if I don't live another day, I won't have any regrets. I can die for you. I'd marry you a hundred times over. Hell, I'd marry you every single month if that's what you want. I love you."

She let out a soft laugh as his kisses lit her skin on fire.

"Then live for me. I don't like being alone," she whispered, her voice cracking through her smile.

He nodded instantly, his eyes locked onto hers before he leaned down again and kissed her deeply, madly, as if he'd been starving for her.

A sudden clearing of a throat snapped them out of their moment.

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Startled, Sienna jerked back, her hand still resting lightly against Adrian's chest. Both their eyes snapped toward the door.

Standing there, leaning casually against the frame, were Matthew and Larry.

Matthew was grinning from ear to ear, as if he'd just walked in on his favorite soap opera.

Larry, however, stared at Adrian with an odd look on his face.

"Aren't you both being a bit too dramatic for a simple stomach cleanup?" he questioned, arms crossed, brow raised with a dry frown.

Sienna stiffened, confusion flashing across her face.

"Cleanup?" Her horrified eyes darted to Adrian. "You said it was serious... You lied to me?!"

Adrian's brows knit together, about to speak, but Matthew stepped in, still chuckling.

"Relax, Miss Donovan," he said, lips twitching. "Mr. Lawson overheard the doctor say the inflammation has reduced and jumped to conclusions. I didn't get a chance to explain the rest."

Sienna frowned, still trying to process. "Wait... so it's not—"

Matthew cut in gently, "The doctor said it's not as bad as we feared. The

inflammation has reduced, and right now, it just needs medication. Though, it's confirmed that Mr. Vaughn doesn't have cancer."

Sienna blinked, her knees suddenly weak. Her body sagged with relief, and her hand instinctively found Adrian's as if grounding herself.

She let out a shaky breath, overwhelmed with relief. "Oh, thank God..."

But Adrian's expression changed. Still pale from the hospital stay, clad in loose hospital clothes with his IV drip now removed—tightened his hold on her. He looked dead serious, laser-focused. Without wasting another second, he turned to Matthew.

"Matthew," he said, voice low, commanding. "Bring the car around."

Matthew blinked, clearly thrown. "Sir?"

Adrian didn't answer him. He turned to Sienna, gripping her hand tighter. "We're going dress shopping. And getting married. In a church. Today."

Sienna froze. "Adrian—what?! Wait, wait, slow down. Dress shopping?"

"You heard me," he said, already moving.

"Adrian!" she gasped, stumbling to keep up. "You're still in the hospital! Can we just... stop and get you treated properly first?"

He stopped mid-stride and turned to face her.

His palm cupped her cheek, gentle and firm, his thumb brushing her skin like a promise. His voice dropped to a low, raw murmur.

“I thought I was dying, Sienna.” His eyes burned into hers. “And the only thing I regretted was not putting a ring on your finger. I’m not wasting another damn minute.”

Sienna's lips parted, her breath caught somewhere between her chest and her heart.

Before she could answer, Larry's voice echoed behind them, teasing and amused.

“So, let me get this straight—you’re storming out of the hospital in pajamas to get hitched and didn’t even think to invite your charming, loyal best friend? Ouch, man.”

Adrian turned around, marched straight to Larry, and clapped a hand on the back of his neck, dragging him forward like a stubborn kid.

“You’re coming with us.”

Larry stumbled, laughing. “What the hell for?! I didn’t agree to be a part of your wild romantic meltdown!”

"We need another witness besides Matthew to sign the marriage papers. You're the only spare human around with no other fucking job to do."

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Matthew was already reaching for his phone, muttering, “I’ll have the driver ready in five. Should I also call in security to help the hospital staff when they realize you’ve escaped in their patient clothes?”

Larry grinned. “If this ends in cuffs, I want a copy of the wedding photo for my cell wall.”

Sienna, breathless, dazed, couldn’t help but laugh—half-shocked, half-overwhelmed. But when she looked up at Adrian, still clutching her hand like his life depended on it, she realized something...

Now, he was hers. Forever.

Sienna sat cross-legged on Adrian’s lap, nestled comfortably in the plush leather chair in his office. A notepad rested on her thigh, scribbled with a list of dream-like destinations—some real, some completely whimsical.

“Hot air balloon over Cappadocia,” she mumbled, scribbling it down. “Cuddling alpacas on a mountain farm... and...” she tilted her head, thinking, “Oh! A treehouse stay in Bali.”

Adrian’s arms circled her waist, pulling her back gently against his chest. He rested his chin on her shoulder, his breath warm against her skin as he peeked at her messy list. “Cuddling alpacas on a mountain farm?” he murmured with amusement, pressing a soft kiss to her bare shoulder. “Am I not enough to cuddle with?”

She giggled, her hand swatting at him when he pressed another kiss to her neck, then another—slow, teasing, deliberate.

“Adrian—stop,” she laughed, squirming. “That tickles!”

But instead of letting her go, he wrapped his arms around her tighter, letting out a low chuckle.

“Oh, no. You started this list in my lap, remember?”

Before she could slip off, his hands slid under her thighs and gently pulled her legs to one side, settling her completely in his lap, her back pressed to his chest. He tipped her face up and kissed her mouth—slow, deep, and filled with the kind of longing that made her heart stutter.

When he pulled back, she blinked at him, cheeks flushed. “You really planned three months for this honeymoon?”

He nodded, unapologetically smug. “Booked. Sealed. Private jet, private islands, no meetings, no calls.”

“But that’s a huge loss for your company,” she said softly, studying his face. “Adrian... you run half the damn cars industry.”

“I have enough money for this lifetime and the next,” he said without hesitation. “After all those excruciating days I spent without you, do you really think I’d let you out of my sight now?”

He traced his knuckles along her jaw, his tone dipping lower. “I need to make up for those two years. Every single minute. I told you, we should take two full years off, just you and me. But you’re the one refusing.”

He frowned slightly, almost like a sulky child, and it made her laugh.

Sienna cupped his cheek, smiling. “I don’t want to disconnect from the world completely just yet.” She leaned in, nose brushing his. “Let’s take more trips, more often. But shorter. What I want most is you. Every single day. A few hours. Just for me.”

His expression softened, the stubborn edge melting into something fierce and tender.

He cupped her face gently with both hands, leaning in until their foreheads touched.

“You are my only person,” he whispered. “I will cherish you every damn minute of my life until you’re sick of me.”

“I don’t think I’ll ever be,” she whispered back.

His lips found hers again, and this time, the kiss wasn’t teasing or rushed. It was a vow.

One he intended to keep for a lifetime.

Epilogue

Theo’s arms cradled a tiny bundle of warmth wrapped in soft pastel pink. The baby girl, not older than a few months, blinked up at him with curious, wide eyes, her tiny fingers curling instinctively around the edge of his shirt. He smiled, his voice tender as he looked at Sienna.

“She just woke up from her nap. Look at her,” he murmured, brushing a thumb over the baby’s cheek, his gaze filled with something gentle and fierce all at once. “Isn’t she the cutest little bean?”

Sienna leaned in, eyes softening at the sight. “She’s adorable. Looks just like Rosie.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Laughter hummed in Theo's throat. They were sitting in a warm, quiet little café tucked into a corner street. Sunlight spilled lazily through the large windows, casting a golden glow across the floor.

Rosie sat nearby, curled up in a cushioned chair with a caramel latte in hand. Her cheeks were flushed a healthy pink, her eyes closed and resting. She looked serene, entirely at ease in a way that made her glow from within.

Sienna glanced from Rosie to Theo. "Your family gave you back the position?" she asked quietly.

Theo nodded, rocking the baby slightly in his arms. "Yeah. They want me to return as CEO," he said, his voice calm. "But I told them I'm not going back until Rosie's completely okay. I'm taking a six-month break. The family will manage the business till then."

Sienna smiled, settling back in her chair. "That's good. And with my marriage to Adrian... the rumors have finally died down. You, and I are not a scandal anymore."

Theo raised an eyebrow, a lopsided grin tugging at his lips. "Still, you and I are going down in history as the worst cheating, evil spouses."

A loud giggle escaped Sienna as she covered her mouth. "Who cares?" she said, still laughing. "Let them talk. You and I know the truth, and that's enough."

She turned toward Rosie, her eyes soft. "She looks so round and happy," she said teasingly. "Look at that flush on her cheeks. She's been glowing ever since you two

started going out in public without worrying about people finding out.”

Theo followed her gaze, his expression tender as he looked at Rosie. “She’s overjoyed,” he agreed softly. “I take her out every day now. Every single day. I have to make up for all the bad ones I gave her.”

As he spoke, his eyes drifted past the window, and his smile faded just a little. Across the street, leaning against a sleek black car, stood Adrian—dressed in a casual shirt with the sleeves rolled to his forearms, and fitted pants. His arms were crossed, his sharp gaze locked on Theo with a glare that looked capable of burning holes through glass.

Theo exhaled through his nose, amusement flickering in his eyes.

The moment Sienna turned to look, Adrian straightened, instantly schooling his expression into a gentle smile, like he hadn’t just been shooting metaphorical daggers across the street.

“He’s either going to kill me,” Theo muttered under his breath with a quiet chuckle, “or badmouth me to you so much you’ll end up breaking your friendship with me. There is no in-between.”

Sienna snickered, shaking her head. “How long do you think it’ll take for the two of you to become friends?” she asked, a hopeful glint in her eyes. “So I can hang out with both of you at the same time and not have to switch sides like I’m playing dodgeball.”

Theo gave her a look, then tilted his chin toward the window where Adrian stood. “By the look on Adrian’s face? Probably next life,” he said, chuckling low.

Sienna grinned and stood, giving Rosie a warm smile. “Bye, Rosie. You look

beautiful and sexy and glowing today. Love that for you.”

Rosie laughed softly, her cheeks flushing deeper. “Bye, Sienna.”

Sienna turned to Theo with a small wave, then stepped out of the café.

The moment her foot touched the pavement, Adrian pushed off from where he’d been leaning against the car and strode toward her, fast. Without a word, he grabbed her hand, entwining their fingers tightly as he pulled her toward the car. She glanced back at the café door instinctively, only to catch him throwing Theo another deadly glare before he yanked the car door open and gestured for her to get in.

With a sigh of amusement, Sienna slid into the passenger seat. Adrian followed swiftly, shutting the door behind him.

Inside, the air was thick with silence. Adrian leaned over her, pulling the seatbelt across her chest and buckling it with a firm click. Then he paused, his face just inches from hers, wearing a small sulky frown.

“I want a baby too.”

Sienna blinked, whipping her head toward him, startled. “What?”

Adrian’s expression shifted from playful to serious, his jaw tightening. “I’m not kidding. We should start working on it today. Let’s go home.”

Sienna gawked at him. “No! I told you, I’m meeting Jane and some of the girls at the bar tonight.”

Adrian arched a brow, already starting the engine. “Then we’ll make a stop at a hotel. Handle things there. Then you can go to your bar.”

Sienna narrowed her eyes. “Adrian, you and I both know that once we’re in a room together, you’re not letting me out again.”

A slow grin curved on his lips. “Exactly.”

Before she could say another word, he leaned in and captured her mouth in a rough, claiming kiss. His hand slid up, cupping her breast through her top, his fingers teasing and kneading until a soft moan escaped her throat. He flicked his thumb over her nipple, feeling it harden beneath the fabric, and when she was breathless and dazed, he pulled back just enough to whisper against her lips, “What about now?”

Sienna looked at him, her breath catching, cheeks flushed and heart racing. “Hotel,” she said in a whisper. “Right now.”

Source Creation Date: May 22, 2025, 10:11 am

Adrian chuckled, smug and satisfied, as he shifted in his seat, one hand on the wheel, the other slipping between her thighs, already preparing her for the things they were going to do in the nearest luxury hotel.

He walked away on their wedding day. Now he'll burn the world to get her back.

"I'll never marry you! Since you took a ring from another man, you can marry him!"

Dante Kingsley never imagined his own jealousy would cost him everything. One reckless mistake—one moment of blind rage—and he shattered the woman who was his.

For months, Anya lived under his roof, enduring his stares that turned from cold to possessive, from distant to scorching.

She was his. His woman. His possession.

But then, on their wedding day, he left her. Walked away without a glance. Broke her heart like it meant nothing.

And now, Luca Stanson—a man no one dares to touch—is claiming her instead.

"You are the girl I've been searching for over a decade. My first love."

Luca's words cut like a knife, but the real agony comes when Anya walks away,

choosing a life where Dante no longer exists.

Regret is a slow poison. Watching her slip through his fingers is killing him.

She was his first. She will be his last.

And if she thinks she can escape him...

She'll learn that Dante Kingsley doesn't chase. He takes.