



Hard Boss

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Category: Romance, Billionaire Romance, Adult

Description: Juliette

Hudson Sinclair is such a grumpy, snarly, arrogant nightmare no one on the temp agency's books is willing to take on the job of replacing his secretary while she is off sick.

Well, here I am, it's my first day at the agency and I should probably give it a pass as my first job too. At least, that would be the prudent thing to do, but 'prudent' is not on my list of virtues.

Besides, the money is too alluring to pass up.

You see, I have plans. Big, ambitious plans to set up my own sweet little bakery. A place where I will bake the most delicious cupcakes and queues of hungry customers will wait outside for my delicious concoctions.

To make that wish come true I need money.

Anyway, how bad can the guy be? I'm no pushover. I know I can handle even a boss from the pits of hell for a while if it means getting my precious dream as a reward.

I accept the challenge and take the job.

Whoa! Hang on a minute. Why did nobody warn me that Mr. Grumpy is also Mr. Drop Dead Gorgeous!

Day one, and he has a slightly unconventional proposition for me. And he's willing to pay handsomely if I play along.

Of course, I agree. I have my bakery to think of.

It's all going swimmingly well until that thing as old as Adam and Eve puts in an appearance. We get naked... and now I can't even think straight. This job just got a whole lot complicated...

Hard Boss is a full-length, standalone, office romance.

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Chapter One

Macie

“Are you sure about this?” I ask with a heavy sigh. The weight of the situation is sitting heavily in my mind, and I don’t know what to do.

“Absolutely,” Arden says with a vivid smile. “You look sexy.”

“It’s a job interview with your brother,” I say. “I’m going for professional, not a child anymore, and... not sexy.”

“Too bad. You are hot and he’s going to hire you either way,” she giggles, scrunching her nose up. She is plotting like she always does. She takes every opportunity to push me closer to her older brother.

Wilder is a gorgeous six foot five man with a body sculpted by the gods. His dark brown hair always looks perfect, even when it is a mess. He is so effortlessly beautiful that I would happily drink that man’s bath water just to get a piece of him. Maybe that’s a little far, but I’ve been in love with him since I was twelve. The problem is, I am shy. Painfully shy. How am I supposed to be his personal assistant and glued to his side when I can’t look at him without blushing? I feel like I can’t breathe when he smiles at me. Also, his skank of an ex is his executive assistant. She is under contract, so she would have to hurt someone, commit a felony, or sabotage the company in some way for him to be able to fire her before the contract is up. She has six months left and he is eager to replace her. My job will essentially be to squeeze in and slowly take over her duties, starting with going on company trips with

him, so she stops trying to fuck him when they're away.

"You're going to be late," Arden pushes.

"Yeah, yeah," I grumble. "I'm going. Love you."

"Love you. Make Tina mad for me," she says, blowing me a kiss. I laugh and step off the porch to go to my car. I decided to get ready at Arden's house today since she knows fashion better than I do. I am content with jeans and T-shirts, but this is far too big of a company for that. I am dressed up in a form-fitting black dress that comes just above my knee. It scoops down just enough that it hints at my large breasts but isn't inappropriate. I have heels and silver accented jewelry on to tie it altogether. My long mahogany brown hair is loosely tied back and falling in curls down my back. It's rare that I have my hair down, but I'm really trying to look the part of a personal assistant to a billionaire.

Wilder is one of few people to become a billionaire under thirty and was voted the sexist bachelor two years in a row. He has women practically throwing their pussies at him all of the time. I would kill to be one of the lucky ones he takes to bed, even if just once. He's been burned too many times by women who just want money, so he doesn't date anymore. I'm sure he still fucks around, but an NDA is likely used. I'll know soon enough, though. I'll know everything.

I stop and get Wilder and me coffee, because I know caramel macchiato is his guilty pleasure. I bring two bacon and cheese egg wraps also, because I know he hasn't eaten yet. When I park beside his truck, I get out and make my way into the office. A few people who recognize me smile and wave as I go to the elevator. I don't need anyone to take me up because I have a key card and have for years now.

When the elevator door opens, I roll my eyes when I see Tina sitting at her desk. She is on her phone, as usual, but pops her head up when I get closer. "Can I help you?"

she scoffs.

“I’m here to see Wilder for an interview,” I say simply. I walk to his office door, but she stands up and blocks me.

“What job?” she asks.

“Personal assistant,” I answer.

“Oh, that position has been filled.”

“What? Get out of my way, Tina,” I sigh.

“Mr. Dumont is a busy man and doesn’t need beggars asking for a job,” she says.

“The position has been filled.”

“You are insufferable,” I say as I step back and text Wilder.

The cunt won’t let me in. Help?

Wilder

Whoops. Forgot to tell her I was hiring you. lol

It’s an interview and come help me.

“How did you get up here?” Tina asks.

“With a key card,” I say, looking at my phone.

“He wouldn’t give you one. I don’t even...”

“Macie,” Wilder says happily when he steps out of his office. He drops the coffee he is holding into the trash and takes the one from my hand. “God, I love you.”

“Wait. Macie Douglas? I almost didn’t recognize you. Normally you are... frumpy looking,” Tina says, looking at the coffee he just threw away.

“Because I bring you coffee?” I laugh.

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“No, because you pay attention,” he says. “Tina, cancel my lunch meeting and set a reservation up for two at The Trinity for two.”

“What? I was supposed to be joining you for that meeting?” Tina says with a deep frown.

“And now you aren’t. Set it up, please,” Wilder says simply.

“I brought you an egg wrap,” I say.

“Hired,” he says. “Come on.”

“Nice to see you, Tuna,” I say. “I mean Tina.”

“You bitc—” she starts to say, but Wilder shuts his office door before she can finish.

“You don’t let her have a keycard?” I ask as we sit.

“No, because then she has access to my office. The last time she had access, she came in while I was in a video conference and tried to suck of me off under the table. I couldn’t react and tell her to go the fuck away, so I had to finish talking before I could do anything,” he says.

“Gross,” I frown. “Should have kicked her in the forehead. Maybe it would fix her face.”

“Mhmm. I wish,” he sighs. I hand him his wrap and we sit on the black leather couch

in the small seating area.

“So, interview?” I ask, taking a bite of my wrap.

“Hmm,” he says with a smile. I look away from him because I can’t handle him looking at me like that. “You’re hired.”

“Wilder,” I sigh. “Come on. Be serious and interview me.”

“Okay. Ms. Douglas, what would you consider your biggest weakness in relation to this position?” he asks.

“Hmm,” I say, thinking. “I am meticulous to a fault sometimes. Occasionally, that can slow me down.”

“Okay. And your strengths?”

“I can do as I’m told without arguing,” I shrug. He laughs heartily, and I glare at him.

“I don’t like that tone, Wilder,” I deadpan.

“Macie, honey. You’re a brat,” he says, still laughing. “I know you’ll do the job well, but to say that you’ll do it without arguing is a lie.”

“Oh yeah?” he asks.

“Mhmm.” I smile and take a bite of my food.

“Lies,” he says. “You’re still hired, though. When do you want to start?”

“I can do paperwork today, if you want,” I say.

“Okay. We can get your stuff moved in this evening.”

I choke on my food and start coughing when he says this. “What?!” I ask between coughs. “Moved in?”

“Did Arden not tell you?” he asks. “You have to move in with me, Macie.”

“What?” I ask. “She didn’t tell me that. Why? You mean... what?!”

“Breathe, Macie,” he laughs. “In order for you to be my personal assistant, I need you close by. If you are across town, it would be a pain to ask things of you in the evenings. Also, Arden said you have to move anyhow. This way, you don’t move back in with your parents.”

“I... I can’t live with you, Wilder,” I say.

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“Why not?” he asks with that damn smile across his face. “I’m not making you sleep in my bed, Macie. Just the guest room.”

I look away from him when my face heats up and a blush spreads across my cheeks. “Uhm... I don’t know,” I say.

“Give me one reason why not?” he asks. “You practically lived at my house when you and Arden were in college.”

“Yeah, but I had her with me,” I whine. “You intentionally tease me.”

“I do no such thing,” he says. “It’s not my fault you blush over everything.”

“I do not,” I frown at him. A wicked grin spreads across his face and he moves seats to sit directly beside me.

“Wilder,” I choke out when he leans into me.

“I trust you, Macie, and I don’t trust many people. You know this and that’s why Arden suggested you take the job,” he says softly.

“Only because she wants to torture me,” I frown. “Are you sure I have to live with you?”

“Yes,” he says. “You’ll have a desk in my office at home and here. I’ll get you everything you need, including my credit card.”

“Really?” I deadpan.

“Yes. How else are you supposed to run errands without access to my money?” he asks.

“Fine,” I frown.

“Also... Tina will be reporting to you from now on. Are you comfortable with that?”

“Can I write her up for being a cunt?” I ask.

“Only if she goes against her contract, but if you have any issues, tell me,” he says. “I obviously have the final say, so don’t be petty, but don’t be a doormat either.”

“Whatever keeps her away from you,” I say.

“Monday, we will be flying to Los Angeles for a few days. You’ll come with us, but I want you running everything. You have final say over my schedule, my meetings, and will be the buffer between her and I.”

“A guard dog,” I say.

“Basically,” he says. There is a knock at the door and he doesn’t move as he pulls his phone out to remotely unlock the door.

“Wilder, you have a...” Tina starts to say but stops when she sees how close he is to me.

“I have what, Tina?” he asks, glancing at her.

“You have a room booked for next week,” she says.

“Add another room,” he says. “Macie is coming with us.”

“Okay,” she shrugs. “Plane ticket?”

“What? No. She will be on the jet,” Wilder says. She simply nods and walks out. He kicks the door back and chuckles.

“What?” I ask.

“She thinks she is staying in my room,” he says.

“Why just one room then?” I ask.

“Because I’ll have you stay with me,” he says. “She won’t try to break in and fondle me if you are there.”

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“Am I your bodyguard?” I ask, and he laughs.

“Maybe I just want an excuse to share a room with you?” he asks.

“Mhmm. We both know she only books one bed for that room, Wilder.”

“I know she did. I saw the reservation this morning,” he says. “But last time I woke up with her on top of me, and I’d rather cut my own dick off.”

“Well, I won’t do that,” I laugh.

“Aww. Does this mean you’ll be my roomie and not argue?”

“I’m sure there’s a couch I can curl up on,” I shrug.

“Mhmm. Come over here so we can do your paperwork,” he says, patting my thigh before standing up. I take my coffee and walk over with him to sit behind his desk. He has me sit in his seat and my breath catches when he puts his hand on the desk beside me and leans over to type. I can feel the heat of his body and it shuts my brain down. “Okay... So, just finish filling this out. I did most of it for you.”

“Mhmm,” I choke out.

“Breathe, Macie,” he whispers in my ear before poking me in the side. I yelp and turn to smack him for tickling me. He laughs and catches my hands. “Seriously. Are you okay being this close to me?”

“W-what do you mean?” I ask.

“Moving in with me. Being by my side,” he says. “I know you are okay with being physically close to me.”

“I... Uh... Yeah. I’m okay,” I say, tripping over my words.

“Good,” he says with a smile, squeezing my hands. “Six months, and I’ll have you take over her role as well.”

“Is she going to murder me?” I ask.

“Mmm. No, but she will be bitter for a while,” he says. “Maybe she will quit.”

“One can only hope,” I laugh.

“I’ll go away so I’m not distracting you,” he says. “Do that and then we can go to lunch.”

“She’s going to invite herself, isn’t she?”

“Probably,” he laughs. “But... this isn’t a business meeting.”

“Which means?”

“Which means she will have to pay for herself. We are not on company time, so it’s not favoritism to still pay for you.”

“I can pay for myself,” I frown.

“I’m sure you can, but I’m paying for you,” he says.

“If I have to live with you, can I pay you rent?” I ask, and he laughs as he walks away. “Fine. I’ll just deposit money into your account, since I’ll have access.”

“You better not.” Wilder turns and frowns at me.

“Funny you think you can control me,” I say with a grin as I turn back to the computer.

“Brat,” he mutters.

“I heard that, asshole,” I laugh.

“Watch it, Macie. I know you better than you think,” he says with a devious smile. I narrow my eyes at him but choose to leave it alone and focus on my paperwork. He chuckles and sits on the couch with his laptop. He is relaxed and I don’t get it. How can he be so flirty and just move on like it’s nothing? Does he not get attached to people, or is my obsession with him insane? Fuck, I really need to move on and stop fantasizing about him.

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After a moment of allowing myself to stare at him, I focus on the computer. The last thing I need is for him to think I'm crazy like Tina. She is so damn obsessed with him after only dating for a few weeks. He made the mistake of hiring her and was so pussy whipped that he made that contract. Now, he's stuck with her. She's worked here for a year and a half now and has hated every moment. I don't want to become that person to him, so I need to just accept that his flirting is harmless, and I need to stop looking too far into it.

When I get done filling everything in, I look up to see that Wilder is watching me. "Everything okay?" I ask cautiously.

"You know you do this thing when you concentrate where your mouth is open slightly?" he remarks with a smile.

"No, I don't," I frown deeply, and he chuckles.

"I'll point it out next time," he says. "Done?"

"Mhmm."

Wilder stands and walks over. I go to stand, but he turns my chair back to face the computer and leans over me again to scroll through the paperwork. "You put the wrong address," he remarks as he clicks on the line and reenters the address as his own.

"Wilder," I sigh.

“Accept it, roomie. You’ll wake up with me every day,” he says, squeezing my shoulder with one hand as he clicks over to the contract. “Read and sign, please.”

“Haven’t you been burned enough by contracting your employees?” I ask. “This is a five-year contract, Wilder.”

“Unless you plan on being a gold digger, I think we are good,” he laughs. “Also, I feel like if I tell you no, you wouldn’t counteract that by trying to trick me into sex.”

“I uh... I wouldn’t... you know...” I try to say, but I can’t get the words out imagining myself under him.

“I forget you’re easily embarrassed. Sorry,” he chuckles and kneads my shoulders. “Read and sign.”

I try to concentrate, but I am struggling. “You’re distracting me,” I say softly. “I feel like you’re tricking me.”

“A little,” he laughs. “You aren’t going to like this contract.”

That makes me concentrate better and I read. “Fuck no,” I snap. He turns me around and places his hands on the desk beside me. Wilder is close to me, and I am momentarily stunned.

“Macie,” he says.

“No. You are not paying me that much, Wilder. No,” I say. “That is way too much money. Never mind the whole company credit card for personal expenses. What the fuck does that mean?”

“It means, so long as you’re living in my home, I am covering your expenses,” he

says. "Food, any gas or food bought when doing work for me. Anything personal you can handle on your own."

"I'm on call every day, all day, Wilder. That means you'd be paying for all of my gas and food unless I went out with Arden or went to see my parents."

"Yes, and I'm not changing it. I'm asking you to uproot your entire life to help me with this. It's the least I can do," he says. "Sign it, Macie. Please?"

"What happens if you get a girlfriend who doesn't like me? I'll just be in your house with a person who sees me as a threat," I say.

"I wouldn't bring anyone into my life that you and Arden didn't approve of," he says.

"Why?!"

"Because you are my life, Macie. Is that so surprising?"

"Me?" I ask.

"Yes, you," he smirks. "I will not bring any women into that house with you there."

"Does that mean I can't bring men in?" I ask.

"No," he frowns.

"I guess that's fair," I shrug. "I can always go out to them."

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“What men are going visiting, Macie? Are you dating someone?”

“No,” I laugh. “I’m not dating or seeing anyone.”

“Good,” he says. There is a knock at the door and he leans in and hits the unlock button. My eyes go wide when he is extremely close to me and I hear Tina.

“Wilder, you have... I thought this was an interview?”

“Interview is over. She is signing her contract. Aren’t you, Macie?”

“Yes,” I say simply before turning to the computer. I do my digital signature and Wilder leans in to hit the print button

“Tina, get me three copies and file one, please,” Wilder says. “Bring the other two copies to me.”

“Yes sir,” she seethes. The office door slams shut.

“Why is she pissy?” I laugh.

“Because I was close to you,” he says. “We’ve been at this for a while now. Let’s go to lunch.”

“Okay,” I sigh and stand up. “I can meet you there.”

“Ha. No, you’re riding with me,” he says.

“Why?” I ask.

“Because we are going to the same place, and I am enjoying making Tina mad,” he laughs.

“Are you using me to make your ex mad?” I ask as we walk out of the office.

“Yes, but you aren’t complaining.”

“It’s because I also enjoy pissing her off,” I say. “Although you picked the wrong person if you’re trying to make her jealous. Everyone knows that I am not the type that you would go for, anyway.”

“What does that mean?” he asks, turning me to face him.

“Exactly what I said. You don’t date because they always end up as gold diggers. All the women you get involved with are the complete opposite of me. It’s not negative toward you. I just mean there is no way you’ll convince anyone that you are interested in me enough to stop the rumors that you are still fucking her.”

“I don’t like your tone,” Wilder says with a frown. “Are you implying you don’t think you are good enough?”

“Yes, actually,” I say. “That’s not bad; we are just on different levels.”

“Care if I tag along with you for lunch, Wiley?”

“Wilder, and this isn’t a work meeting. I am having lunch with Macie,” he says.

“Is it a date?” she asks.

“No,” I say, looking at Wilder.

“See, no harm done. I’ll grab my bag,” she says with a chipper tone.

I intentionally sit in the back so that Tina is up front with Wilder. A lot of this was because she practically tackled me to get there and I don’t feel like fighting, so I just went to the back. She has spent the entire time talking sweetly and touching his arm. He doesn’t react and keeps his remains short, if he even talks at all. He keeps looking back at me in the mirror, but I avert my eyes out of the car. I need a distraction from how much it hurts to see her touch him, so I text Arden.

I hate this bitch.

Arden

Wilder or Tuna?

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Tuna. She is nonstop touching him. We are in his truck going to lunch and she bulldozed her way into the front seat.

Ew. How did she take you working there?

Eh. Not good, but didn't murder me. I don't think she knows what my role will be.

Did you know he was going to make me move in with him?

I sure did. I may or may not be at your apartment with your parents to get your shit...

You bitch! Why didn't you tell me? He's trying to pay for everything. Did you know he was going to give a six-figure salary?

Arden

No, but it doesn't surprise me.

And a five-year contract where he is basically paying for... everything.

It's like a marriage contract without needing an heir lol

Don't say that. I don't like the way you worded that.

That will get Tuna to fuck off if he's dating.

Stop it. No. You're a conniving little shit. Is this what you are up to?

I've been trying to get you to tell him you are in love with him for years.

I am not in love with him.

Keep telling yourself that, Macie.

"Ready?" Wilder asks, standing at my open door.

"Oh right. Sorry," I say as I slip out of the truck. He hands his keys off to the valet and leads me with his hand on my low back around to the sidewalk.

"Are you okay?" he asks.

"Yep," I say simply. Tina gets out when she realizes Wilder isn't going to open her door and glares at me. I smile sweetly and she walks beside him. She tries to take his hand, but he evades her by opening the door for me. Then steps in next and releases the door for her to catch on her own.

"Name?"

"Three for Dumont," Wilder says.

"Right this way," the host smiles.

When we get to the booth, Wilder nudges me into the booth and sits beside me, leaving Tina to sit across from us.

"What can I get you to drink, ma'am?" The server asks me.

"Water with lemon, please," I say kindly.

“Same, please,” Wilder says.

“Boring,” Tina frowns. “Water, I guess.”

“Same thing as usual?” Wilder asks me.

“That works,” I say. “Thank you.”

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“I’ll do my usual too,” Tina butts in.

“I’m not sure what that is,” Wilder says.

“A six-ounce filet mignon,” she says proudly.

“Two burgers with cheese and fries,” Wilder says. “Extra pickles.”

“One check or two?” she asks.

“Two, please,” Wilder says simply. The server nods and walks away.

“Talk to Arden?” Wilder asks me.

“Who is Arden?” Tina asks.

“His sister,” I say. “Yes. Apparently, she and my parents are at my apartment packing.”

“At least you don’t have to pack,” Wilder grins.

“Mhmm,” I laugh. “I knew she was up to something. I’m sure she will be at your house when we get there.”

“You’ve been to his house?” Tina asks.

“She’s moving in with me,” Wilder says.

“What?! Why?”

“Because she is a personal assistant, Tina. I would need her outside of the office too.”

“I have offered before to help,” she frowns. “Did you really just hire your sister’s frumpy friend to be your shadow?”

“I’m a well paid frumpy friend,” I shrug.

“Can you at least pretend to not be a vile cunt?” Wilder snaps. “The only reason you still work for me is because I can’t fire you. In six months, your contract will not be renewed. In the meantime, Macie will start slowly taking over the position. I will train her and you will do what you are told. If you can’t handle that, you are free to leave before your contract term is expired. I will even pay the severance pay just to get you out of my fucking life.”

“Hmm. I think I’ll stay,” she says as the server brings our water over.

“Naturally,” Wilder says with a hostile tone. “Understand, if you put your hands on me again, you are in violation of company policy, as the only exception to the no fraternization policy is marriage. I’d rather kill myself than be involved with you again.”

“Funny, because last time I had your cock down my throat, you still came. In fact, you seemed to be particularly fond of fucking me in that office.”

“It must be a lonely life to live so desperately,” I remark, sipping my water.

“Must be a lonely life to watch him fuck every other woman but you,” she snaps back. “Think maybe that’s for a reason?”

“Really?” Wilder deadpans.

“Oh, but you didn’t deny it,” she smiles. “When you need to come, you know who to call.”

“It won’t be you,” I scoff.

“Oh, because it will be you? Please,” she laughs. “As if you could handle him.”

“Aren’t you dying to know what he would do to me?” I say as I let my anger get the best of me. “Or can your tiny skank brain not comprehend anything but using others for personal gain?”

“He may not want to date me, but I’m the best fuck he will ever have. So, remember every time you are in that office, he’s fucked me raw all over that room,” she sneers.

“I thought it smelled a little fishy in there,” I say and Wilder practically chokes on his water, laughing. He says nothing to defend her and wraps his arm around my shoulder to squeeze me in a hug.

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“Are you not going to say anything?” Tina asks.

“Not my problem. We aren’t on company time,” Wilder says. “Macie can handle her own. If she needs me, I’ll defend her.”

“But you won’t defend me? Are you that cold that I mean nothing to you? We were going to get married.”

“First of all, no, we weren’t. You were nothing more than an easy fuck when I wanted to stick my dick in something, and that didn’t even stop me from letting your sister suck my cock,” he says. “Second, Macie has been in my life for my entire life. She and Arden come before everyone.”

“You’re such an asshole,” she huffs as she stands.

“Take the rest of the day off. Macie and I have a lot to do at home to get her settled,” Wilder says. “Get on the jet on time or I’ll leave without you.”

“Whatever,” she says. When she walks away, I laugh.

“I’m sorry,” Wilder says.

“It’s okay. I can handle her,” I say. “Did you really cheat on her?”

“No, but she definitely thinks I did now,” he laughs. “I’m a little shocked that you made her think about you and I messing around.”

“Yeah, I got carried away. She pissed me off,” I say. “It would definitely piss her off if she thought we were messing around.”

“Almost pissed enough to quit,” he says with a grin.

“Are you suggesting making her think you and I are fucking?” I ask, and he grins.

“Oh, lord. You’re serious.”

“Wouldn’t take much to send her over the edge, honestly,” he says. “A few times of her thinking she walked in on something or answer her call with you moaning in the background?”

“She would stab me if you answered your phone with me moaning in the background,” I laugh.

“Oh, but it would be so funny,” he laughs.

“You really wanna push her out?” I ask.

“I really do,” he tells me. “Wanna help?”

“Okay, but under one condition,” I say.

“Name it.”

“Change out all the shit in your office you fucked her or anyone else on,” I say.

“Done,” he says, pulling his phone out. He taps around for a minute before slipping his phone back into his pocket.

“I didn’t mean right now,” I laugh.

“I don’t like the reminder of my mistakes,” he says.

“You won’t regret making everyone think you’re fucking me?” I ask.

“Not even a little bit,” he smiles. Heat rushes to my face and I try to look away, but he catches my chin and makes me look at me. “We are going to have to talk about why you blush like that when I smile at you.”

“I do not,” I say.

“Macie,” he says with a sweet smile as he cups my blazing hot cheek. He says nothing and I feel like I’m going to crawl out of my skin. I don’t know what to do with myself when he looks at me like this.

“Wilder, please stop teasing me,” I whisper.

“Remind me to show you later what teasing actually is. I don’t think you can handle it in public,” he winks.

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“At least there is one thing you and Tuna agree on,” I say as I roll my eyes and pull away. He immediately grabs my chin and forces me to look at him and he looks pissed.

“I am normal saying I agree with her, Macie. I’m saying that if I actually teased you, everyone in this fucking restaurant would know just how fucking wet you are for me,” he rumbles.

“W-What?” I ask.

“Arden has a loud mouth, so don’t think for a second I don’t know the real reason you are flustered,” he says.

“I’m not flustered and I can’t help that you make me uncomfortable when you look at me like that,” I frown at him.

“Uncomfortable?” he asks, releasing my chin. “You are pushing me, Macie. I’m trying to be kind.”

“Because you are so kind to Tina?” I roll my eyes. I turn back to the table, but I gasp and grip into Wilder’s wrist when he abruptly grabs my hip and digs his fingers into my where my hip meets my thigh. It sends a shock of pleasure straight to my pussy, and I slap my other hand over my mouth when I unintentionally moan. I follow it up with a whimper when he leans into me to whisper in my ear.

“Make no mistake, Macie. I have wanted this for far longer than I have ever known her, but now you’ll be in my house, in my office, and soon you’ll be on my cock.

Keep being a brat and I'll bend you over this table and fuck that bratty attitude out of you."

"Wilder," I whimper. He turns me in my seat while keeping his thumb pressed into my hip.

"I promised Arden that I would tell you, but I wouldn't scare you by throwing everything at you at once. Keep pushing me and things are going to move much faster," he warns. "Insult yourself one more time or imply that Tina's shit opinion of you holds any weight and I do not give a goddamn where we are. I will have you screaming my name and begging me for more."

"I don't beg," I say simply.

"Oh, sweet Macie," he says with a wicked grin that makes my pussy ache. "You will."

"Our food," I choke out when I see the server coming back with a tray.

"We can continue this at home," he says. When he releases me, I nearly gasp for air. I fumble to pull my phone out and text Arden.

Holy goddamn.

Arden. Help.

What. The. Fuck.

Arden

I knew he would scare you. What did he do?

He threatened to fuck the bratty attitude out of me

You knew?

You knew this man felt this way?

Breathe, first off lol. He asked me if I'd be mad if he pursued you and explained he has strong feelings for you. I told him that you felt the same way, but you were shy to ever do anything about it. Told him when you blush it's because you want his dick but feel overwhelmed.

Jesus... I think I have anxiety problems.

Arden

No, you have a lack of dick problem.

"Macie," Wilder says, gently squeezing my thigh.

"Huh? Sorry. I was..."

"Relax," he says. "Did I scare you?"

"I'm just confused," I admit. "It feels like a trick."

“Let’s eat and we can talk more in the truck, okay?”

“Mhmm.”

I scoot away from his hand so I can breathe. If I don’t focus, I won’t be able to eat. Soon, I won’t be able to escape, so I need to relax.

Chapter Two

Macie

For the entirety of lunch and most of the drive home, I say nothing. I acknowledge nothing and I am just existing. I am worried that I am being used, and he doesn’t actually want me. I feel like I trust he wouldn’t do that to me, but considering everything else that has been said, I am feeling used to it. I regret signing that contract, so I am going to review it tonight to see if there is a period of time in the beginning that I can revoke my signature.

“Are you going to talk to me at all?” Wilder asks. I look over at him but turn back to look out of the window. He sighs heavily and pulls off on the side of the road.

“Drive,” I growl.

“No. We need to talk, Macie,” he says.

“No, you need to fucking drive,” I yell. “Go or I swear to God, I will get out and walk.”

When he says nothing, I sling my door open, but he grabs me before I can get out. “Stop it. I’ll drive,” he says, giving in.

“What did I do?” Wilder asks carefully.

“Just drive, please,” I whimper as hot tears roll down my cheeks. Without another word, he pulls back onto the road and continues driving. I notice that he is driving toward his home, and not the office, making me angrier. “Where are we going? I need my car.”

“Home,” he says. “The second you get in that car, you’ll be gone.”

“Oh, right. You aren’t done using me,” I say with an annoyed tone.

“Really?” he asks. “That what you think this is?”

“Isn’t it fucking obvious?” I yell at him, my voice cracking. “You didn’t want a goddamn personal assistant, you wanted a buffer. Someone to act as a decoy fuck so Tina would leave you alone.”

“Macie. Is that how you see me?” he asks. “Just a player who doesn’t mind hurting people?”

“Yes,” I scream at him. “That’s what you are fucking doing right now.”

He shuts down and grips onto the steering wheel, not uttering another word. As soon as he pulls into his driveway and shifts the truck into park, I get out and storm off to find Arden.

“Hey, girl... oh no,” she says. “What did he do?”

I can't form words because the second I open my mouth; I start crying instead. Mom and Dad step into the living room and Arden drags me upstairs and into the room across from Wilder's.

"What happened?" she asks, sitting me down.

"He's using me. He doesn't want me, he just wants to get rid of her," I say tearfully.

"Mac, honey. He wouldn't..."

"He said it. He sat there and joked about us making people think we were fucking to get Tina to quit. Not even three minutes later, he had all this shit to say about how he wanted me, but he doesn't he doesn't want me, and I just signed a five-year contract just to be miserable."

"Jesus, he is such an idiot," she sighs and hugs me. "You know I wouldn't lie to you, right?"

"Yeah," I sniff.

"I know you are afraid because the dipshit dumped it all on you at once, but please understand that these are not new feelings for him. Okay? He is just a dumb boy who says dumb boy bullshit." She says. "Come watch me yell at him."

"Okay," I say as she pulls me up and out of the room. When we get downstairs, Wilder looks confused, but instantly concerned when he sees my face is red and puffy.

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“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Arden snaps and shoves Wilder back when he goes to walk over to me. “Are you fucking stupid? Why in the fuck would you sit there and joke about tricking people into thinking you are messing around just to turn around and dump everything on her at once? Didn’t I fucking tell you not to do that?”

“Arden...”

“Don’t Arden me, asshole. I fucking told you. I told you she struggles. I told you she needs to take things slowly, yet you do that?” she yells at him. Mom and Dad look extremely confused, but seem to understand enough not to ask. “She thinks you are using her, and I don’t blame her. If someone said that shit to me, ya damn right, I’d think they are just looking out for themselves.”

“I didn’t mean-”

“You didn’t think,” Arden interrupts. “She deserves more than you give every other woman you fuck. If you want her, then fucking act like it. Stop acting like a fuck boy for one goddamn second and work on winning her heart first. Ever think of that? Ever think that immediately jumping into bed with someone is how you ended up with a skank assistant who borderline assaults you every chance she gets?”

“You’re right,” he sighs.

“I know I am,” Arden scoffs, as if that was old news. “Go over there and hug the girl and think with a different head for a change.”

“God, who taught you to be so mean?” Wilder asks with a frown.

“You, dumbass. Go grovel and make up for being an idiot. If you ever make her cry again, I’ll break your fucking arms off and beat you to death with them,” she says, shooing him off.

Wilder sighs and looks at me for a second before walking over and cupping my cheeks. He studies my face for a moment before pulling me against his chest to hug me tightly. He and I both relax when I put my arms around him, accepting his hug. “I’m sorry, Macie,” he says softly.

“It’s fine,” I whisper.

“It’s not.” Wilder pulls back and lifts my chin. “You deserve more than that. I admittedly don’t know how to just... date. Everything has always been sex based because that’s all I know when it comes to relationships.”

“I just don’t want to get hurt,” I say. “I don’t want to end up as the ex-girlfriend who you despise. If I’m honest, I like you so much and have for a long time. Of all people, I can’t get hurt by you. I have to know that when you say you want me, it’s me you’re talking about, not anything I can do for you.”

“I am truly sorry for making you feel that way,” he says. “I should have slowed down and told you my feelings first.”

“Please don’t do that in front of them,” I say, nearly whispering.

“I won’t,” he says with a smile. “Can you forgive me for being dumb?”

“Yeah,” I say. “I’m sorry I yelled at you.”

“It’s okay,” he says as he hugs me. “We can talk more when they leave.”

“Okay,” I say softly.

“Well, I can’t say I’m surprised,” my dad says as he takes me from Wilder and hugs me. “I love you, baby girl.”

“I love you too, Dad,” I say.

“Let’s get everything upstairs and we can leave them alone,” Arden says.

We work on getting all of my belongings up to the guest room, and once the last bag is on my bed, I hug everyone goodbye and disappear into my new room. I make it about an hour into unpacking when I hear the bedroom door open. I have my back to the door, but I can feel him looking at me. “Can I help you?” I ask.

“You are avoiding me,” Wilder remarks.

“Is that a question or a statement?” I ask as I fold the shirt in my hands instead of turning to look at him. When I lay it in the drawer, Wilder leans in from behind me and shuts the drawer before turning me to face him. I take a deep breath and try not to notice how his muscles are hardly contained in his shirt. He has changed into sweatpants and a tight white T-shirt, which has to be the hottest and most tempting thing he wears. I fail miserably because he smirks when he notices how my eyes drag down his body. I close my eyes for a second to try and calm down my dirty thoughts.

“Why are you avoiding me, Macie?” he asks. I try to escape, but he grabs my hips and pushes me back against the dresser and holds me there. “No running. Talk to me.”

“I can’t,” I whisper.

“Start by just looking at me,” he encourages. I force my eyes open, and he smiles.

“Good girl. Now... Do you want the long, mushy version, or do you want me to be blunt?”

“Uh... Blunt... but honest. I kinda wanna hear some of the mushy shit too,” I say.
“To better understand.”

“Okay,” he says. “Bluntly, I want you. I’ve wanted you for a long time, but I have avoided letting that develop because I didn’t want to interfere with your friendship with Arden. I finally opened up about six months ago after the shit that Tina does got to me. I told her how I felt but expressed that I wasn’t there yet.”

“What changed?” I ask.

“The conference call,” he says. “I realized that I was in that situation because I wasn’t doing anything to stop it. I kept thinking I was helpless, but I wasn’t. I knew that all I had to do was start taking away her job duties and showing her that she was not in control, and then she would quit. It was selfish of me to hire you, because that decision was strictly based on me wanting you closer. I wanted you in my home, by my side, and just... with me. I have unintentionally made you her target, and you don’t deserve that.”

“I can handle Tuna Tina,” I say. “I will happily fight that war for you because I can punch her in the mouth and get in far less trouble than you would. Now, what really happened? I don’t want the bullshit story that you are feeding Arden.”

“Honestly, she is horrific,” he says. “She came into the room and waited until I was talking and...”

“Be blunt. I am a big girl,” I say. He sighs and lifts me up to sit on the dresser so he can move closer to me.

“She sucked me off,” he says. “I kept trying to get her to stop, but she wouldn’t. I just... froze. I am afraid to try to physically stop her, because she had threatened to turn it on me several times. All it takes is an allegation, and I am done. The investors will pull out, because no one wants to be in business with a rapist.”

“What else has she done?” I ask. He suddenly tries to step away, and I grab his hands to pull him back to me. He has tears in his eyes and it is heartbreaking to see this man

crying. “Wilder... What did she do to you?”

“She uh... About a year ago, when she went on a trip with me, she got the front desk to give her a key to my room,” he says. “What I didn’t know is that she had slipped a sedative or something in my drink when she conned me into having dinner with her in the restaurant in the lobby... She tied my wrists to the bed and...”

“I promise, I am not judging you right now,” I say softly. “I know society has a sick way of making men think they are not capable of being raped, but they absolutely are. Your story matters just as much as anyone else’s.”

“I’m sorry,” he chokes out. He drops his head, and I wrap him in a tight hug against my chest. His body shakes as he silently cries, and I rub his back until he calms down. “Fuck, I haven’t said this out loud before.”

“Go slow,” I say.

“She... uh... She tied my wrists to the bed and put tape over my mouth. When I woke up, she was riding me. She just kept going and going. She’d switch it up and jerk me off and then suck me. I lost count of how many times she forced me to come. The entire time, she was telling me how much she loved me and how we were meant to be together. Once she said I had been bad, and this was a lesson to show me who I belonged to... Every time I have to take her on a trip, she does it again. I freeze up and just lay there. I can’t make myself fight because I’m so afraid of her turning things and telling everyone I raped her. I have done little things, like take her keycard, so she can’t get to me as easily. I have the front gate and the security system now, too. I just want her to leave me alone. I shouldn’t have involved you. It was selfish and now...”

“Stop,” I say when he starts to ramble. “Listen to me, Wilder. I will fight this war for you, because I love you. I didn’t ever plan on saying it like this, but I do. I will go to

the ends of the world for you, because you do not deserve to live in fear. You are not selfish; you are asking for help in the only way you know how. Clearly, you trust me, or you wouldn't have opened up."

"I would never forgive myself if you got hurt," he says.

"I will be fine, but she will never touch you again. Understand? If she ever puts her hands on you again, I will break her fucking neck. No one gets to touch you without your permission. I will not sit here knowing someone is hurting you and not help. If you need a short ass five-foot bodyguard, sign me the fuck up. If you want me to stab her in the fucking face for touching you, I am more than willing," I say firmly. "What do you need, Wilder?"

"You," he says. "I just need you."

"I am right here, Wilder. I am not going anywhere."

Wilder studies me for a moment before saying, "Fuck it," while grabbing my face and kissing me hard. I immediately loop my arms around his neck and pull him closer. Our tongues explore each other, and he tastes like all that is right in the world. Every bit of doubt that I had about our connection melts away when he grabs the backs of my thighs and picks me up.

"Where are you taking me?" I laugh when he walks us out of the room.

"Where you belong," he grunts. "To my bed."

When he sits me down on the bed, he lays me back and moves over top of me to straddle my body as we kiss. I move my legs, so he is settled between them, and he immediately presses his hips into mine, making me break our kiss and gasp. "Fuck," I groan when he starts kissing my neck and goosebumps break out across my body.

“Shit,” he hisses, pulling away. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have...”

“I love you, but please shut up and fuck me,” I say bluntly. He doesn’t hesitate to start pulling my clothes off as I do the same to him. When he slips his boxers off and moves back between my legs, it all catches up with me. “Oh, holy hell. You are fucking huge, Wilder,” I say with wide eyes.

“I’ll be easy on you,” he says as he kisses my chest. I groan when he swirls his tongue around my nipple before lightly sucking. He moves to the other and repeats. When he starts to kiss down my belly, I blurt out what might be the end of this moment.

“I’ve never had an orgasm,” I say quickly. He stops and moves up to look at me. “I mean... I have. But I did it. No one has ever... I don’t know if I can.”

“Don’t move,” he says with a wicked grin before kissing me and getting off the bed. He disappears into the bathroom before returning with a towel.

“What are you going to do?” I ask when he puts a towel under my hips.

“I am going to blow your fucking mind,” he says. My breath gets caught when he wraps his arms around my thighs to spread my legs wide and drags his tongue across my clit.

“F-Fuck. Oh my God,” I nearly scream when he lightly sucks on my clit, making my eyes roll back and my back arch off the bed. This man’s tongue is like magic. I can’t help but rock my hips, but I moan louder when he pushes two fingers into me and curls them. When he starts to fuck me with his hand, he sucks harder on my clit. He is hitting something inside of me that is systematically shutting down my brain and leaving only blissful pleasure in its wake. I cannot think of anything except the way the pressure is rapidly building in my belly. By the time he has my orgasm simmering

just below the surface, I have completely lost my mind. I am moaning wildly and begging him to make me come.

“Oh, God. Please. I wanna come. Please, Wilder. Please, let me come. Oh my God, that’s so good,” I cry out. When it hits, my body tenses and a deep groan rumbles out from deep in my chest. He doesn’t stop and my legs start trembling. I am nearly gasping for air and he is still fucking me hard and deep with his fingers and sucking the soul out of my body through my clit. I am arching dramatically off the bed, but something still won’t break. This pleasure feels like it is stuck inside of me, but it all breaks loose when he abruptly adds a third finger at the same time that he bites down on my clit as he is fucking hard. The pain shocks my body, and I scream as arousal floods from my body. When he pulls back, I grab him and pull him up to kiss me. I groan when I taste my come on his tongue. He pulls away from our kiss but keeps his forehead resting on mine.

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“For the love of God, please tell me you are on birth control,” he says.

“I am. Please, Wilder. Please don’t stop,” I pant.

“Are you sure?” he asks me seriously, leaning up a bit to look at me.

“Absolutely. No holding back. No taking it easy on me. I want you; the real you,” I plead.

“Take a deep breath,” he says gently. I nod and take a long, deep breath in. As I start to exhale, he slams the full length of his massive cock into me, and I scream. He stretches me wide to accommodate his girth and groan as he makes slow and short thrusts to help me adjust.

“Fuck. You are so goddamn big,” I whimper. He roughly grabs my chin and makes me look at him.

“You are mine,” he growls. “Mine to use. Mine to break.”

“Then break me,” I choke out. “Give me all of your pain.”

Wilder abruptly rolls us, and I can tell instantly that it triggers him to have me on top. He fights it and grips onto my hips as I ride him slowly. He groans and grunts, but I am positive those are memories. He is forcing himself to relive it with me, so I quicken my pace. “Fuck, you feel so good,” I groan as I bounce on his cock. “Look at me, Wilder. Look at who is riding your cock.”

Wilder opens his eyes and relaxes a bit when I smile at him. “She can’t hurt you anymore, baby. It’s just me and you now.”

“I’m so fucking angry for feeling so helpless,” he growls with his teeth gritted. I think his goal was to take over, but he got more triggered than he thought he would. I love him too much to not help him find his way out of the dark.

“Then do something about it. I am right here,” I push. “Fight me, Wilder. I am not fucking stopping until you do.”

“Goddamn it,” he groans when I tighten my pussy around his cock. I am taking him so deep that my belly aches, but I have a goal. I am not stopping until he takes control.

“If you aren’t going to take over, then be a good boy and fucking come for me,” I push more. I know it’s risky, but I know he is so close to breaking. “Go ahead, Wilder. You put me here, so come for me. Let’s see how many times it takes until I milk you dry. Will you cry for me, Wilder?”

“Fuck, Macie,” he moans.

“Aww. Poor little Wilder. Already about to come,” I taunt him. I can feel in his body that I am pissing him off. Good. The more pissed he gets, the easier it will be to fight through the flood of memories. “Come on, you know it feels good. Be a good boy and come. You are so close, aren’t you? So fucking eager to be milked by me, huh?”

“Fuck,” Wilder nearly screams at me, but he pushes his hips up.

“Good, Wilder. Get mad,” I encourage him.

“I’m trying,” he says, sounding defeated. I lean in and move my hips so that I am

slamming him into me, but he could easily grab me and take over.

“Not trying hard enough,” I say with a mocking tone, making him growl at me. “You want to shut me up, then fucking fight, Wilder. What was this about fucking the bratty attitude out of me? I don’t see any of that. I see a submissive man being used and loving it. You love this, don’t you? Being at my mercy... Not knowing how many times I will make you come... How many times until you beg me to stop, Wilder?”

“Goddamn it, you are such a fucking brat,” he growls and grabs me by the throat to pull me down to his chest.

“I might be a brat, but right now, you are my bitch. Fight me or shut the fuck up and come for me like a good little bitch,” I say sweetly, before leaning down and kissing his cheek.

Note to self. Calling Wilder my bitch is a sure-fire way of getting internal damage. He tightens his grip around my throat and my eyes roll back. Pain settles in my belly when he lifts his hips and starts to fuck me as hard and deep as he can. Just before the world goes black, he releases my throat and pulls me down to his chest with my arms pinned between us. He quickens his pace and fucks me straight into tears, offering no reprieve. After a moment, he can’t get the leverage he wants, so he rolls me to my back and pushes my knees to my chest. When he leans into me, he is able to reach even deeper into my body.

“Fuck!” I scream. “Oh, fuck. That hurts. Oh my God, please don’t stop.”

“My masochistic little slut, begging for more,” he sneers.

“Please,” I choke out.

“Fight me,” he commands. I immediately start fighting him and it only fuels him to fuck me harder. He drops my legs and buries his face in my neck as I scream through blinding orgasms. I am trying to push him off of me, making him go harder and faster. I am nearly sobbing from how hard I am coming, and I hardly notice that I have my nails dug into him. I drag them down his back as he fucks me into oblivion. Just as I come again, he forces my arousal to flood out of me again. This time, he kisses me hard and shoves deep. His delicious moans vibrate through our kiss as he desperately fucks me deep as he fills me with his come.

Wilder falls down to my chest, and we are both panting, trying to catch our breath, as I rub his back. “I am so proud of you, Wilder,” I say breathlessly. He props up on his elbows to look at me, and I laugh at how his eyes are narrowed at me. “What?”

“You are a vicious little thing, Macie,” he says, and I can’t help but giggle.

“I saw that you triggered yourself, I pushed until you broke. Now, I think your dick bruised my ribs,” I say, and he laughs as he lays his head on my chest.

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“I love you, Macie,” he says.

“When did you know you loved me?” I ask.

“About a year ago. It was right after Tina started her bullshit. You saw I was in a bad mood, and you were the only one whose presence didn’t make me angrier. You let me sit in silence and wouldn’t let anyone bother me. You let me be mad and didn’t judge me for it,” he explains.

“I love you too, Wilder,” I say, kissing the top of his head.

“You’re moving your stuff in here,” he mutters as I stroke his hair.

“Oh, am I?” I ask.

“Yes. You’re mine now. I have spent too damn long denying myself happiness, as have you. No more bullshit.”

“No more bullshit,” I agree. “She is going to be a pain in the ass in LA, isn’t she?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he sighs. “She never books another room, so she is trying to force us all into the same room together.”

“Easy. I sleep in bed with you, and she can take whatever couch there is,” I say. “If she tries anything, I’ll fuck you in front of her.”

“You are a possessive little thing,” he chuckles.

“You are mine and that bitch can go fuck herself,” I say. “I assume you’ve been checked to make sure you are clean?”

“I have,” he says. “I got tested about two weeks ago.”

“Good,” I say. “Should we get cleaned up and move my stuff, then?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he says, leaning up to kiss me. “All I ask is that you talk to me. Okay? No matter what it is, we need to be able to communicate, at least.”

“Okay,” I smile. “That goes both ways. I will do or be whatever you need me to be, but I am not a mind reader. If you are triggered, find a way to tell me, even around others.”

“Deal,” Wilder says happily.

Chapter Three

Macie

My pussy has never been so sore before, but I’d still let him fuck me right now if he wanted. We are driving to the airport, so I opt to suck his cock instead. I feel like I have been starved of affection for my entire life and Wilder is the only thing satiating that hunger. He chuckles when I lean over and pull his cock free, but groans when I take him to the back of my throat and suck hard.

“Jesus, Macie. Fuck, I love the way you suck my cock,” he praises as he grabs hold of my ponytail and guides me up and down on his dick. I use my tongue to tease the back of his cock, making him practically throb in my mouth. I love how he responds

to my touch, sexual or not.

I learned on the first night that Wilder has horrific nightmares. He warned me, but I didn't expect to hold him while he sobbed. He seems to be more triggered at night, and it hurts my heart. Every night this weekend, I've held this man while he cried his eyes out, wanting to know why someone would be so cruel. People seem to forget that men have feelings too. They can be just as traumatized and suffer from PTSD just the same. I hate that anyone has made him feel like his feelings do not matter, because they absolutely do. Everything in this world stems from mental health. If it was a priority, a lot of things could be avoided from violent crimes to suicides and maybe even mass shootings.

This morning, he woke up from a nightmare, but he managed well compared to previous nights. He thinks that having me in bed with him is helping, so I hope that trend continues.

Wilder shifts into park before grabbing my head, lifting his hips, and throat fucking me hard. He is especially brutal as he chases down his orgasm. I suck hard and work with him to take him as deep as I can. The noises sound like something straight out of a porno, but it's his moans that make this so damn good.

"Oh, fuck. Yes. Oh my God," he moans. "Good girl. Fuck, suck my cock. Just like that. Just like that. Oh, shit.... Oh Macie, I'm gonna come. Swallow baby. Drink my come...Oh fuuuuck."

This man comes so much sometimes that I have to practically gulp him down and his entire body shudders. I lick his cock clean before I sit up and kiss him. "Goddamn it, you are incredible, Macie," he says, kissing me again.

"We should go," I smile.

“Yeah,” he sighs.

We get out and grab our bags before handing the key off to the valet. “So, are we making this public or...” I ask.

“Do you want to?” he asks.

“I do. Do you?”

“Absolutely,” he says as he grabs my hand. We walk to the jet and hand our bags off before climbing the stairs. Once inside, we see Tina sitting on one of the couches. We take a love seat and buckle up. I lay my head on his shoulder.

“Good morning to you too,” Tina mutters.

“Good morning, Tina,” I say sweetly.

“I brought you black coffee, Wiley,” Tina says, ignoring me.

“His name is Wilder, and he doesn’t like black coffee,” I say.

“He is a big boy. He can talk for himself,” she snaps.

“Oh, you see. I am your go-to now. If you want or need something, you come to me first. None of this bullshit where you are mixing your personal feelings in with business. He has a company to run.”

“You are not my boss,” she frowns.

“As per your contract, he can add a supervisor with or without your permission. I am that person now, so yes... I am your boss.”

“Whatever,” she says. “You’ll be history like every other moron he’s tried to get with.”

“Kinda like you when you get fired in six months,” I say, and Wilder chuckles.

“Do you want to watch a movie?” Wilder asks me.

“Sure,” I smile. “You pick.”

“Hmmm. Rom-com?” he says.

“Oh, fuck yeah,” I say happily. “Arden never watches rom-coms with me.”

“I’ll be your rom-com buddy,” he laughs.

“I can think of a few other things you can be my buddy for,” I say with a dramatic wink, making him laugh.

“What happened to the no fraternization policy?” Tina asks.

“Doesn’t count for existing relationships,” I say with a shrug.

“What? You two are dating?” she asks.

“We are,” Wilder says. “Are you going to ask questions the entire flight?”

“I don’t see what you see in her,” she scoffs again.

“Well, I don’t rape him for one,” I say harshly.

“Oh, no. I am very consenting,” he says to me with a grin.

“My eager boy,” I say, kissing him.

“Alright, ya little shit,” he says, tickling my side. I giggle and lean into him so he can wrap his arm around me.

Tina stares us down and never lets up. It’s annoying at first but I soon forget about her and just enjoy the movie. I get to a point where I need to pee so badly, but I don’t want to leave him alone. I am going to explode if I don’t, though.

“I’m going to go to the restroom real fast,” I say.

“Okay,” he smiles and kisses me. I look at him for a moment before kissing him again and standing up. I quickly go to the bathroom and take care of business before washing my hands. When I step out of the bathroom, I notice right away that Tina isn’t in her seat. When I round the corner, Wilder has a panicked look on his face as Tina leans down and unbuckles his belt. I simply walk over, grab her by the hair, and sling her to the floor. The flight attendant doesn’t even flinch, but she looks up from her book in the corner.

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“Understand this right now, Tina. I ever catch your hands in my boyfriend again, I’m fucking break them. I am trying to be nice, but I will not tolerate Wilder being abused by you or anyone else. This is your only warning. Next time, I’ll go to jail with a smile on my face and you’ll be eating through a goddamn straw. Understand?”

“Fuck you,” she hisses.

I go over to Wilder and lean down to kiss him. He promptly grabs my hips and pulls me into his lap to straddle him. “We will be landing soon,” the flight attendant warns.

“Later,” I say, kissing Wilder again.

I move over to my seat and hold Wilder’s hand as Tina settles into a seat, glaring at me. If looks could kill, I’d be dead right now. I smile sweetly and lay my head on Wilder’s shoulder. I can feel it in the pit of my stomach that things are going to get a lot worse with her and I am who she is going to target. I will happily take it in, because Wilder is mine. I have waited my entire life for this, and I won’t let some bimbo gold digging skank try to ruin that.

Chapter Four

We arrive at the hotel and Wilder grabs his bags, as well as mine, while I tip the driver. Tina grabs hers and we walk into the lobby. What Tina doesn’t know is I called yesterday and fixed the reservation. Not only is it in my name now, but there are two rooms and she is at the opposite end of the floor from us. I spoke personally to the manager and was assured that no one would be allowed keys unless I was there.

“Welcome,” the woman behind the counter says cheerfully.

“Hi!”

“I have a reservation under...” Tina starts to say.

“Actually... The reservation is under Macie Douglas,” I say. “There should be two rooms.”

“Yes ma’am,” she says. I hand her my ID and she looks over it before starting the check-in process. “I see there are notes indicating that no additional keys are to be made?”

“Yes ma’am,” I say. “If anyone needs an extra key, only I am authorized to get those.”

“What?” Tina asks.

“Also, only the room rates will be going on the card on file. Everything else will be billed per room to be paid at checkout,” I say.

“Perfect,” she smiles. I turn to Tina and she looks angry.

“All charges to your room are your responsibility. The company is only required to pay for the nightly rate,” I say simply. She says nothing and I turn back to get the room key from her. Tina snatches the key and walks ahead of us to find her room. I shake my head and look back to the woman. “She is not to be allowed access to our room. I don’t care what her reasoning is, she is not authorized. If anyone goes against this, I will contact a lawyer.”

“Yes ma’am,” she says.

“Ready?” I ask Wilder. He nods and we walk to the elevator.

“She’s going to turn it on me,” he says quietly. “She’ll ruin me.”

“Don’t worry about that,” I say. “Arden is speaking with a lawyer today.”

“You told her?” he asks as the doors shut.

“Not everything. I told her that Tina might try to claim rape to ruin your reputation. She said she suspected you were hiding a lot of details and is afraid that she will try and sue you for workplace sexual misconduct, so she’s compiling all of the times that you have offered severance pay to end her contract early. You’ve offered it almost weekly for a year and a half. When you were showering this morning, I sent her an email to request again. I basically stated that due to her repeated offenses of sexual misconduct and harassment, she is being offered her severance pay, yet again, and included that if she violates company policy that her contract states that she forfeits that pay should her contract be ended early. I sent her a copy of her contract as well.”

“I feel like a fucking idiot for not being able to run my company,” Wilder sighs.

“You are not an idiot, Wilder. You are trying to survive. Dumont Incorporated is doing well, but the projections aren’t exactly ideal. Getting rid of her and all of that stress will allow you to focus on growing. You are in no danger, but things need to change.”

“You are amazing, you know that?” he asks.

“I’m not doing anything you wouldn’t do. If that means I get to be controlling and take over for a while to get rid of her, I will. I know you are fully capable of running this company alone, because you have been, but you also need to focus on peace. If you didn’t trust me, you wouldn’t have given me the freedom you have in the last

three days. Really, I think you knew what I would do, but you were afraid to admit that you need help.”

The elevator door opens and we go left down to our room. I glance back and see Tina at her door on the opposite end of the floor. Before she can react, Wilder unlocks the door and we lock ourselves in our room. I take a second to text the group chat I made, but I have Wilder’s number as his company phone, not his personal cell phone.

Me: We have a meeting in an hour. Meet us in the lobby and we can go to the conference room together.

Tina

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You'll regret this.

I'm sorry? I'm a bit confused. We have a meeting at noon. What am I going to regret?

Have your fun. Soon, everyone will know the truth.

Which is?

That Wilder Dumont is a predator. I know you are probably too scared to go against him so you are defending him. He is cruel and the world deserves to know the sick things he does to us.

One, the only predator here is you. Two, you have been offered severance pay to end your contract several times. Just this morning, you were offered again. If you feel so strongly, I urge you to take the offer and move on. Lastly, Wilder Dumont is not a predator. He is not cruel. You are a manipulative bitch who has gotten away with using his mental health against him for far too long. I am the buffer now because he deserves peace, and you bring him nothing but chaos and pain. I am not the one to fuck with, Tina. I assure you. I will fight back.

I toss my phone in my bag and roll my eyes. Wilder just shakes his head and lays back on the bed. "What's on your mind?" I ask, standing between his legs.

"I don't know," he says, rubbing his hands down his face. "I'm worried, but I trust you."

“I have everything under control,” I say. “She will probably end up crying rape, but you will not go to jail. We will do a press conference and give them everything.”

“I have nothing, Macie. I have no proof,” Wilder says.

“Mmm. You have an overprotective and slightly creepy little sister,” I say.

“What?” Wilder asks, sitting up. “What do you mean?”

“She... put cameras in your office,” I say, and his mouth falls open. “About six months ago.”

“Oh my God... She... Have you seen it?”

“No, and Arden hadn’t looked until now. She said they were there just in case, but said she would look at the footage and send me anything relevant,” I say. “Wanna call her?”

“Uh... yeah,” he says. Wilder pulls his phone out and calls Arden.

“Hey, big bro,” Arden answers.

“You bugged my office?” he deadpans.

“Sure did,” she says proudly. “You have a giant wiener, by the way.”

“Jesus, Arden,” Wilder sighs and lays back. I move to straddle him and sit on his lap.

“What did you find?” I ask.

“First, you never answered me. Are you two dating?” she asks.

“Yes,” I say.

“Sweet,” she says. “So, I found... a lot.”

“I don’t like this,” Wilder mutters.

“Wilder,” Arden says. “I love you so fucking much. I know you feel embarrassed and emasculated, but this is your trauma. You have done absolutely nothing wrong and I will fight to the ends of the earth for you.”

“So?” I ask.

“So, a few times a week, she basically restrains him to his office chair and tortures him. He was always late getting out because she would keep him there and force him to come at least a dozen times. Once, she left him there and he got loose on his own. Every day, though, she corners him in his office. The last two weeks, he’s been in his office all day and doesn’t leave unless he has a meeting. She never comes in and the few times she has been in there, it’s been during a meeting. So, taking her key card seemed to keep her away from him, but he’s basically hiding in his office now.”

“Oh hell,” I sigh.

“What?” Arden asks.

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“She’s trying to get pregnant,” I say. “If she gets pregnant, she will get him for child support.”

“Fuck,” Wilder says. “What if she’s...”

“Then we go for full custody and take that poor child away from her,” I say. “No matter what, we will get through this, Wilder.”

“So... I have a friend who has been helping me,” Arden says. “He thinks you should charge her and file a restraining order.”

“Is it that private investigator?” I ask.

“Yeah,” she says. “Levi Andrews. He is a good guy. He’s going to help me get certified.”

“Well, I agree. Let’s not wait for her. You file a restraining order and charges for rape,” I say.

“Assault and sodomy also,” Arden says slowly.

“You could have left that out,” Wilder says.

“It’s important, Wilder. She’s hurt you a lot,” Arden says.

“May I ask what happened?” I ask.

“She used a stun gun and zapped him until he was down and then used a strap on,” Arden says. “By the way, I want everyone to be proud of me for doing this the legal way, rather than just showing me fucking skinning that cunt alive.”

“I’m very proud of you,” I laugh. “I might do it for you, though.”

“Okay,” Wilder says.

“Sweet. I just sent you something to sign, Wilder,” Arden says. I get up and grab his tablet so I can navigate to Wilder’s email. I pull up the documents and hand it to Wilder.

“What is this?” Wilder asks.

“One is to be a client of Levi. One is to give him and I permission to file on your behalf. One is to give Macie permission to act on your behalf with Dumont Incorporated.”

“What? Why?” I ask.

“So that when the time comes to face the press, you are legally appointed to speak for him,” a man says. “I’m Levi, by the way.”

“I’ve seen pictures of you,” I say. “Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” he says kindly. “Wilder, we’ve got you, man.”

“I appreciate this, guys,” Wilder sighs.

“One last thing...” Arden says. “You two need to get married.”

“What?” I ask.

“If you are married and appointed to speak on his behalf, it will hold more weight. Also, you can hire me as your personal assistant. That way, there is someone else there as a buffer.”

“I mean, he’s stuck with me either way,” I shrug.

“You’d marry me?” Wilder asks.

“Absolutely,” I say.

“Because you want to be with me or...”

“Because you are stuck with me, Wilder. I will be right here at your side for the rest of our lives. No bullshit, remember?”

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“Fuck, I love you,” he says as he pulls me closer to hug me tightly.

“Have you two fucked?” Arden asks. “I bet your belly is permanently damaged.”

“Could you stop referencing my dick?” Wilder asks as he starts signing on his tablet.

“I’m just saying. I low key get why she is obsessed with you,” Arden says.

“I mean, I’m definitely obsessed,” I say. “Although I wouldn’t electrocute you.”

“I had an ex do shit like this to me,” Levi says. “It sucks because you just want to punch the bitch in the face, but you can’t.”

“I can,” Arden and I say at the same time, and then laugh.

“For you,” Wilder says, handing me the tablet.

I smile when I see it’s a marriage license and sign without hesitation. “Sending back,” I say. “Anything else?”

“Nope,” she says.

“Cool. I’ll call you later,” I say. When I toss the phone down, Wilder stands and drops me on the bed before we both quickly undress. He then flips me to my belly and pulls me up to my knees. I cover my mouth just in time for him to slam into me and start roughly fucking me, pouring all of his emotions into me. I moan tearfully as his thrusts get more and more violent, desperate to get us both off. I push my hips

back to slam against his aggressive movements and I moan loudly

“Fuck. Yes. Oh God, harder. Please, harder,” I cry.

“Fuck, you feel amazing,” he grunts.

“I’m coming. Oh God, I’m coming,”. I choke out.

He grunts and growls as he shoves deep to come, letting me collapse down to the bed after. I think he is done, but when he rolls me to my back, he shoves my legs apart and pushes his tongue into my pussy.

“Oh fuck, that’s good,” I moan as he eats his come out of me. My legs are shaking and I can’t help but rock my hips. When he starts sucking on me, he pins my hips to the bed and my eyes roll back.

“Fuuuck, Wilder!” I cry out as I come hard. When he stops, I pull him down on the bed and take his cock down my throat. He groans deeply and his body stills, but I move his hands to my head. He grips onto my hair and I suck hard. The more control he takes, the more I do, but I don’t let him fall. Eventually, he gets so worked up that’s he breaks and straddles my face to violently fuck my throat.

“Fucking brat,” he growls as he rapidly thrusts as deep as he can, not caring if I can breathe. “You push and push until I break. Is this what you want? Huh? You want me to fuck you like a filthy whore?”

I whimper at his words and the vibration makes him moan. “Goddamn it, I love this. I love you. Fucking take my come, Macie... Fuck, good girl. Just like that. God, yeees.”

When he moves off me, I can’t help but laugh. “Something funny?” he asks, pulling

me up to stand.

“Yes. One, we are late. Two, you called me a filthy whore, and it made me moan. I think I like being degraded when you violently fuck me,” I say. “Also... I like pain.”

“Hmm. Then tonight, I am going to take your ass and be mean to you while I do it,” he says, kissing me.

“Please use lube,” I laugh.

“I want to make you cry, not bleed,” he says. “Of course. Have you ever done anal?”

“A few times. First time it hurt like a bitch, so then I played on my own. Next time, it was a lot better. I never really had sex with the same people too many times in a row, so never got to get the full experience with someone.”

“Well, I’m going to make you come by taking you ass alone,” he says.

“I have a potentially sensitive question,” I say as we get dressed.

“Go on,” he says.

“Are you into pegging?” I ask. “Not to say that what she did was consensual, but I’m just curious if you were interested. I know a lot of people tend to seek out things in a consensual manner to make sense of it.”

“Honestly, not really. My first experience with it was her making me bleed. I know pleasure can be caused by that, but I’d much rather be the one dominating. Why?”

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“I am just... not interested,” I laugh. “We still have a lot to learn about each other, so I want us to be able to talk about these things. Of course, if you asked me, I would try it, but I would much rather you just hold me down and violently fuck me.”

“Good, because I enjoy the way you cry and come at the same time,” he says with a grin.

When we are ready, we go down to the lobby and Tina isn't here, so we go to the conference room. Still, she isn't here. I get a bad feeling, so I text Arden as Wilder sets up.

Tina is MIA. Make a press leak saying Wilder is filing charges against his assistant for rape.

Arden

I'll do that now. Think she is up to something?

Yes. No one has seen her. She was supposed to meet us for our first meeting, but she didn't. I'm afraid she left and is trying to do something shady.

“Everything okay?” Wilder asks me.

“I am having Arden leak the charges,” I say quietly.

“It won't be enough,” he says. “Leak one of the videos.”

“What?” I say loudly. Everyone turns to us and he pulls me out of the room to talk.
“Why?”

“You taught me that I am allowed to speak up, so I’m speaking up. One of these days, you and I are going to have children. I want them and every other person on this planet to know that it’s okay to speak up, even if no one will believe you. Men should not have to fear bogus charges for speaking up against an abusive woman. I have people around me who can help, so I’m letting you help. Leak one of the videos. Okay?” he asks.

“Uhm... okay,” I say.

“Thank you,” he says, kissing me deeply.

We go back into the room and sit down. As he starts the meeting, I text Arden again

Wilder wants a video leaked...

Arden

I did not expect that. Which one?

Pick one that shows, without a doubt, he is not consenting. Verbally and physically.

The electro-pegging. He literally begged her to stop. She came out of nowhere and took him down fast. Once he was down and restrained, she was absolutely brutal and you can clearly see that he was bleeding. You should watch it first, though.

I have headphones. Give me a second.

I find the video and put my earbuds in before pressing play. Right away, I am

horrified. He has his back to the door when she walks in. The first shock sends him to his knees immediately. He tries to crawl away, but she zaps him the entire way, leading him to the couch. She lets him pull himself up for a moment, but the next shock makes him fall down. Tina then proceeds to zap him every time he moves while she gets his pants down. Once she is on top of him and gets his arms tied behind his back, she shoves the strap on into his bottom. It is at least ten inches long and at least twice his size around. The scream that comes out of him brings me to tears. I get out of the room and stand in the hall to continue.

“Please, stop!” Wilder screams. “Stop! It hurts! Please! Tina! Stop it!”

“You’re fucking useless,” she growls as she slams into him, pulling another strangled scream out of him. He tries to knock her off but she goes faster and faster. The pain keeps her in control, but she zaps him every time he moves too much. “You ever fucking touch another woman again, I will cut your goddamn dick off and shove it up your ass. You are mine. No one else gets you but me.”

He is crying now as the sobs shake through his body. Blood is on his skin and she doesn’t stop. At one point, she presses his face down into the throw pillow and shocks him until his body goes limp.

The video cuts off and I am practically sobbing.

Wilder takes my phone and earbuds before wrapping me in a tight hug. “I’m so sorry,” I sniffle. “I’m so sorry she did that.”

“Thank you for supporting me,” Wilder says, holding my face between his hands.

“Arden released it,” I say. “I saw her text pop up.”

“I know,” he says. “It hit the news about three minutes ago. It’s been online in full for

about five.”

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“She spent thirty minutes just... hurting you. Why?” I ask.

“Earlier that day, she saw me hug you when we had lunch with Arden,” he says. “She followed me everywhere.”

“But not the house?”

“I don’t think so,” he says. “I never saw any signs that she had been there.”

“Good,” I say. “Meeting over?”

“Eh. Basically. They were worried about you,” he says. “Come back in with me.”

I nod and we walk back into the room. “Sorry, everyone,” I say.

“Don’t worry about it,” Keith, the owner of Log Logistics, says. “Is this about the video?”

“Uh,” I say, looking at Wilder. He nods, so I continue. “Yeah. Wilder had told me what happened, but I hadn’t seen the footage from the security camera. His sister and my best friend decided it would be good for me to see it if I was going to fight for him. I knew it would be bad, but... I didn’t expect that.”

“I really wish people took sexual assault on men seriously. It is so much more common than people think,” Keith says. “Wilder, I am so sorry you experienced that. You have my complete support.”

“Where is she?” a woman asks.

“No idea,” I say. “I sent her a text basically saying I wasn’t going to take her shit.”

“The front office manager texted me and said she turned in her room key,” Wilder says.

“She is probably going home,” I say. “So, how are we handling the meetings for the rest of the week?”

“We can reschedule and come visit you all when things settle down,” Keith says. “We are continuing our contract, so we can go ahead and sign off on that, and work on plans at a later date.”

“Are you sure?” Wilder asks.

“Absolutely. I am excited to see how we can both grow going forward,” Keith says. “If you have accomplished this much while going through what you have, it will be incredible to see what you do with a strong and supportive woman by your side.”

“Aww,” I say, and Keith chuckles.

“Go and spend the evening with Macie. I will have my assistant email you the new signed contract in the morning.”

“Okay,” Wilder says before turning to me. “Maybe we can just fly out early tomorrow and take the week to get everything settled?”

“That would be good,” I say. “Would also get you out of the office for a change.”

“Thank you all for being so supportive,” Wilder says. “I don’t know how to feel

knowing so many people have seen that now, but I think it's important to show."

"Absolutely. Size, age, gender... None of it means you are immune from becoming a victim. Some are just more at risk than others," Keith says.

Chapter Five

Macie

We have been lying in bed naked all day, watching. It is absolutely amazing to see Wilder so relaxed. His mood is stable, and he seems to be genuinely happy. I know he will have good and bad moments, but I will be here for him all the same. We took a moment before we ate dinner to call our parents and tell them that we got married on paper, but promised to have an actual wedding when things calmed down. Wilder also took the time to fully explain things to his parents. He was afraid they would judge him, but they were so supportive. I had never seen his father cry, but sitting on that video call, I could hear the pain in his voice when he said he would do anything to take Wilder's pain away, but thanked me for being so supportive.

I scoot down in the bed to lie before rolling to my belly to reach off the bed and into my bag to grab my charger. After a second, Wilder pulls the blanket off me and pulls my legs out so that I am laid across the bed. "What are you doing?" I ask, laughing.

"Taking what's mine," he says simply, pulling me up to my knees with my chest on the bed. "Go on. Get it out of the bag. I know you saw it."

"You're going to split me in half," I whine and pull his bag closer. I rummage around until I find the bottle of lube and the rose toy. Wilder pulls me back so I can get comfortable. He takes the items and starts rubbing my clit. "Mmmm. That feels nice."

"I'm going to place this toy and position you. Do not move. Understand?"

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“Yes,” I say softly.

Wilder places pillows under my hips so my ass is up in the air, but I can completely relax while still being up on my knees. He presses the rose against my clit before putting my legs together. I move up to my elbows with my head dropped.

I hear the bottle of lube and I realize he is going right for it. “Oh hell. No prep?”

“No ma’am. The toy is to keep you relaxed. Lube is so I don’t hurt you. You say you enjoy pain and when I violently fuck you, so I am giving you all of that,” he says. “Pick a safe word.”

“Apple.”

“Good. If you are truly done, say your word. Otherwise, I am not stopping. Say whatever you want because pain will bring out a lot of emotion. Beg me to stop, go harder, or whatever you think of, but I am not stopping unless you say apple. Are you okay with that?”

“I am okay with that,” I confirm. “Wilder?”

“Yes, my love?”

“Fuck me like I don’t want it,” I say, almost timidly.

“You bet,” he says. He leans forward and kisses my back before reaching between my legs to turn the toy on. Each click of the button makes it strong and stronger until

I can't contain my moan any longer.

"Oh, fuck!"

"Don't move, Macie," he says with a warning in his tone. I grunt when he pushes two lubed fingers in my ass. When he pulls out, he grabs my hips and waits. The sucking and vibrating have me moaning wildly, wiggling in place. Just as my orgasm is about to break, Wilder start to fill my ass. "Wait. Wait. Wait. Oh fuck. Oh... Fuck!"

The orgasm that he forces out of me is earth shattering. Before the high starts to fade, he is pounding into me hard and fast. "Fuck," he growls as he pushes deeper. "You're so goddamn tight."

"Oh, God. I can't. fuck. Too hard. Oh, my God!" I protest, but then I immediately come again. It is a constant feeling, and I never want it to end. Every time he is inside of me, I think that things can't possibly get any better, but then they do.

"Take my cock, Macie. Such a filthy fucking whore. Scream for me," he commands.

"More," I choke out. "Please, God. More."

"More what?" he asks, smacking my ass.

"Pain. Please, Wilder," I whimper.

He yanks the pillows out from under me and takes the toy away before shoving me down, but has me up on my knees just enough that he can spread my legs far apart to kneel between them. He shoves back into my ass and there are no toys to mask the pain of how he stretches me. With it is an intense pleasure that grows with every brutal thrust. I whimper in pain every time he slams into me, forcing the full length of his cock inside my ass.

Tears as steadily falling, but this is the most at peace I have ever been. My phone goes off yet again, and he slows his pace until he is buried inside of me, but not moving.

“Answer it,” he says.

“What? No,” I whine.

“Now, Macie. Answer the phone.”

“Fine,” I grumble and grab my phone. He takes it and answers on speaker before laying my phone in front of me.

“Hello,” I choke out.

“Hey,” Arden says happily. “You sound stressed.”

“I am very stressed. Oh, fuck!” I cry out when he starts moving, slowly fucking me.

“Uh oh... What’s going on?” she asks.

“I can’t tell you,” I whine.

“Come on. Tell me,” she laughs.

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“Your brother. He’s... Oh, dear God,” I moan. “He made me answer.”

“Is Wilder fucking you?” she asks, laughing.

“He’s in my ass, Arden,” I whine.

“You called six times, Arden. What do you need?” Wilder asks.

“Tina is in jail,” she says.

“What?” he asks, stopping, but staying deep.

“Mhmm. New York Police arrested her at the airport when she landed. Have you not been on social media?”

“No. We’ve been lying in bed,” I say. “

“Dude, it’s wild. There are obviously some that think men can’t be raped, but the vast majority of people are sympathizing. There is a whole fucking movement of men coming out and talking about times they were raped. She was arrested on live television for first degree aggravated rape, second degree rape for every single video I gave them when a detective called earlier, and sodomy. I filed for a restraining order and a judge signed it in less than an hour. She will spend a long time in jail.”

“Oh my God,” Wilder says. “You mean...”

“It’s over, Wilder. The bitch is in jail. Bail was denied, and the detective says that she

plans to plead guilty to avoid a life sentence. Her old boss came forward with very similar allegations, so there is an investigation for that too.”

“That’s incredible,” I say. “So, what now? Does he have to go to court?”

“Not unless it goes to trial,” she says. “Get back to fucking. Call me before your plane takes off.”

“Love you, Arden. Thank you,” Wilder says.

“Love you too, buddy. Make her come for me,” Arden giggles.

“Creep,” I laugh and end the call.

Wilder pushes me flat and wraps his hand around my throat and squeezes just hard enough that the world spins, but I can still breathe. When he starts to fuck me again, it’s like he is letting go of all his pain and suffering. He slams into me so devastatingly hard that he ends up covering my mouth instead to keep my screams muffled. I cover his hand with mine to let him know I am okay as he quickens his pace.

“Come for me, pretty girl,” he groans. “Fuck, you take me so good.”

And this is the moment that praise trumps degradation. He pinches my nose closed as a powerful orgasm rips through me, shredding my soul. When he lets me breathe, my brain instantly disconnects as the pleasure overwhelms me.

The next thing I know, I am waking up to Wilder gently stroking my hair. We are on our sides, facing one another. The room is dimly lit, and he has a smile on his face.

“Hey,” he says softly.

“You are... amazing,” I say.

“So are you.” He smiles again before kissing me. “You passed out.”

“You fuck like a sadist,” I counter.

“True. Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Enjoy? Baby, I think you fucked my soul out of my body,” I say. “That was incredible.”

“Good. It’s important to me that you enjoy things too,” he tells me. “I’m glad things with Tina are finally over. I feel so much lighter.”

“I’m glad!”

“Thank you, Macie. I don’t know if I would have ever had the courage or strength to pull myself out of that,” he says sincerely. “You saved me.”

“No, I...”

“Macie, you saved me. You stepped in and did what needed to be done when you saw that I couldn’t. You protected me and I am not ashamed anymore to admit that I needed help. I needed you, and you saved me.”

“I love you... so much,” I sniffle.

“Oh, don’t do that,” he chuckles and pulls me to his chest. “You are the best thing that has ever happened to me, Macie. I am so fucking in love with you. Every day, you remind me that I am meant for greater things.”

“Thank you for trusting me,” I say. Wilder lifts my chin and wipes away my tears

before gently kissing me.

“I spent so long feeling like I was losing myself, like every piece of me was being taken until there was nothing left. But you... you’re the first person to give me something back. To make me whole again. Trusting you, loving you... it doesn’t feel like a risk. It doesn’t feel like too much. It feels right. It feels like the one piece that isn’t a piece too far.”