



# Irresistible Temptation

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, New Adult

**Description:** Tysen Vaughn is used to commanding the skies, but when his eyes lock on Maci sitting at the airport bar, he's suddenly grounded.

She's captivating—her beauty, her energy—pulling him in with an undeniable force. One wild, unforgettable night of passion where time stood still. No last names, no promises, no expectations. Only raw, scorching chemistry.

When Tysen wakes up the next morning, the woman who rocked his world is gone. She's vanished into thin air, and the only trace he has of Maci is the lingering scent of her clinging to his skin.

Months later, fate throws them back together. She's on his private jet, just as stunning as ever—the only problem? She's avoiding him at every turn, keeping her distance, and that only fuels Tysen's desire for her. He's going after the irresistible temptation, and he won't stop until he has her in his arms again.

**Total Pages (Source):** 27

# Page 1

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## PROLOGUE

### MACI

Six Weeks Earlier

I'm jobless.

I'm homeless.

And I'm heartbroken.

"What can I get for you?" I'm knocked out of my reverie before tumbling into the levels of betrayal a woman can go through in the span of forty-eight hours.

"Tequila, and keep them coming," I respond without looking up, too busy trying to slide onto the barstool without making a fool out of myself by falling to the ground. Too bad I've already done that in the form of being a dumb woman who chased after a man. Yep, I'm thirty-four years old and have not one single thing to show for it. No car and definitely no home to call my own, and a career that I've been more than made aware of currently has me blacklisted.

"Bad day?" I look up from the bar top, finally settled in, and am yanking my skirt down that has a penchant to rise up anytime there's a chair of some sort involved. Why didn't I take the time to change out of my work clothes and into a pair of comfy sweats? Oh, that's right, because I had to somehow manage to hold my head high, keep my shoulders back, and sign the termination papers. Why not add more insult to

injury? I did what I had to do. Unfortunately, it meant dressing appropriately because I would never allow that asshole to make me feel any more inferior than I already do. Then I had to swing back to the hotel I'd been staying at, grab my carry-on suitcase, and book it to the airport. I didn't even have time to use the restroom since time was of the essence, and the last thing I wanted was to be stranded here longer than necessary. What a lot of good that did me.

"More like bad week," I respond. Usually, I have better manners than the ones I'm portraying at the present moment. But I've been sitting at this airport for hours upon hours, waiting to board my plane, only to have to stay another night. You know, in the sort of way where it's impossible to leave the tarmac. Apparently, there was a mechanical issue, then there was no pilot, and then the weather turned downright terrible. The excuses seemed endless. I was handed a voucher for a hotel room attached to the airport and sent on my merry way. It did indeed help dull the raging inferno inside of my soul, but barely.

"Thanks." The shot of tequila burns like battery acid sliding down my throat.

"Another?" Kelsey asks. I noticed her name badge on the upper left-hand side of her shirt when I slugged the shot back.

"Please." She pours another shot while my hand never leaves the glass. I'm acting ridiculous, like someone is going to take their last meal away, when the bar is empty. I let go of the glass, allowing it to sit on the dark wood, take a fortifying breath, and try to calm my quaking nerves.

"No problem," Kelsey replies before moving away. I'd have thought for sure this bar would be busy with this being an international airport in a city I once loved. A place that at any given time could cater to your every whim. I keep my hands in my lap, my thumb fiddling with the mixed metal ring on my index finger, and think back on the reason why I've had to box up every last belonging I owned with my now ex-

boyfriend, ship it to my parents' house, and change my mailing address and every last password to every single thing—banking app, email, social media, and bills. It's been a mess to have to do this from thousands of miles away from the comfort of your true home. A home I called the second everything went down. My dad tried to hop on the next plane to Vegas, but Mom and I talked him down, thankfully. It's better to cut and, in my case, run. Sprint right back to my parents in Florida. Which is what I was trying to do today, except the world is out to get me, and yes, this is my woe-is-me moment. Tomorrow, I'll pull my big girl panties up in order to face my fate. Today is not that day. I grab the shot and am about to suck it down in one swallow when I hear his voice.

“Hey, Kelsey, can I get a scotch with a splash of water?” Deep, rich, and with a natural warmth that heats you from the outside in. I'm almost too scared to look toward the man who's making me rethink this whole being heartbroken stance I've taken. Maybe I'm more annoyed than anything else because when I take the chance and look at the man beside me, my insides quiver.

“Macallan good?” I take the plunge. What do I have to lose? I've lost everything else, my dignity included, especially after this morning.

“Yeah.” The first sight I'm greeted with are his fingers; they're long and strong, nails cut neatly, ring finger bare with not so much as a line or indent visible, and he's currently strumming a beat on the top of the bar. I notice the long-sleeve shirt, the cufflinks with the airplane securing them in place, and when I take in the whole package...

There are so many words to describe the man sitting beside me.

Captivating.

Striking.

Confident.

And last but not least, mesmerizing.

“Tysen.” He offers his hand, and while he’s got me swallowing my tongue and my mouth suddenly goes dry, his big palm slides into mine, and the feeling only intensifies. So much so, desire pools between my legs and I have to clamp my thighs together. When the palm of my hand slides into his, my want for this man seems to intensify even more.

“Maci,” I reply. When Tysen licks his lips, I’m drawn in like a moth to a flame. I take the sexy stranger in, working my way from the top to the bottom.

Short, dark, naturally textured hair with a tight curl pattern, sharp jawline, high cheekbones. Rich, deep mahogany skin tone. Expressive eyes that are intense, reflecting both depth and emotion. Full lips that have me biting the inside of my cheek, desperately wanting to feel them pressed against mine. His facial hair is neatly trimmed, along his cheeks, chin, and around his mouth. The collar of his shirt is unbuttoned at the throat, giving me a peek of his muscular chest, which only makes him that much hotter.

“You here long?” he asks.

“Only tonight. My flight was canceled because of the storms.” I continue my downward path, perusing his body. Broad shoulders, defined chest, tapered torso, and yes, I can see all that while he’s sitting down. I can also tell he’s tall, really freaking tall, and he’s really fucking hot.

“Same. Weather sucks. May as well make the most of it.” His voice slides over my body like flames licking at coal, heating me up much like his eyes are doing to me.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Tysen tips the contents of his glass back. When he swallows it all in one go, his throat muscles turn me on further, and when he sets it back down, I’m in for another shock to my senses.

“You done?” I shrug my shoulders. “I’ll rephrase that, are you coming or not?” Tysen stands up, tosses a hundred-dollar bill on the bar to pay for our drinks, and waits me out.

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“Not yet, but hopefully, I will be by the time the night is over.” I throw back my shot with my response and slide off my barstool.

“That’s a bet you can count on,” he says through clenched teeth while his hand slides to my lower back, awakening my flesh through the fabric of my clothes. Maybe it’s the black pencil skirt showing off my curves, or the red blouse I have tucked in with more than a hint of cleavage, or maybe it’s the black high heels I have on my feet that arch my body in a way that I’m gaining his full attention. What I do know is Tysen is guaranteeing a night of orgasms, and I’m more than ready to have my share.

Tysen

The banging on a door feels like it’s in a dream. I roll over expecting to meet Maci’s warm body, and considering she’s been glued to me the entire night, it’s weird as fuck that she’s not wrapped around me right now. I’m greeted with nothing but a tangle of pillows and sheets.

No way last night could have been a dream. Ain’t no fuckin’ way. Maci, who had my dick hard with just one look, plus the way she was eating me up with her eyes, I knew she’d be mine. I went out on a limb since the chemistry was there, she liked what she saw, and I definitely liked what I saw. My cock goes rock hard remembering seeing her from behind. I was walking toward my hotel room for the night, when my eyes shifted to the left and instantly, I veered off my course. Maci’s back was arched. She’d taken her hair out of some kind of twist, so her long, dark chestnut hair was falling down in a sheet of waves stopping at the middle of her back. It led to an ass that you could tell was thick and would allow you to sink your teeth and your fingers in. I’d been in the bar before. After being a pilot for umpteen years, you get to know

the employees in the airports you frequent. This one was one of my usual haunts, and I got a surprise when it came to me sitting next to Maci.

When I saw her front, I felt like the air was knocked out of my lungs. Taking a breath didn't help the matter. Maci's scent is deep and exotic, pulling you in like a siren's song. The warmth of vanilla and caramel, a touch of honey that had me ready and wanting a whole lot more. Her plush pouty lips are full and inviting, and when I got my mouth on them, she came alive. Maci couldn't wait, and I couldn't, either. The only thing holding me back from dragging her out of the bar the minute I took notice was the fact I'd been in my uniform. I've got plans to move away from commercial airlines, and the last thing I wanted was to get fired by hauling Maci over my shoulder through the airport. That's why when the elevator closed and we were alone, I moved us into the corner, furthest away from the camera, hiding myself and her. I went slow at first with our kiss, each movement deliberate, but when she let out a soft sigh, allowing me to gain entrance, shit got real fast. Her leg wrapped around the back of my thigh, and if it weren't for the tight fabric, I'd have had my cock out and buried inside her within a minute.

The ding of the elevator made us pull apart, but still, she didn't cool off. Her hands were on me every which way. We stepped into the corridor and walked toward the hotel room, her in front of me, staying close. Her ass arching into my groin made it damn hard to get the door to my room unlocked. The minute we cleared the doorway, all bets were off. I had her up against the wall, wrenching her skirt up and allowing me to feel her with my bare hands. They gripped the cheeks of her ass, pulling them apart and feeling the sweet heat of her pussy. Maci's hands were ripping at my shirt buttons, trying to yank me free of my clothes, and I was busy trying to get her off. We nearly ended up on the floor before we got ahold of ourselves, stripping our clothes away, dropping them piece by piece, until my breathing became uncontrollable. Maci did the unthinkable; she turned around, traipsed her sweet-as-fuck body toward the dresser where a mirror hung above it, and bent over. I lost the will to hold back. A rip of a condom later, and my cock was sheathed. I was behind



her, my hands on her hips, and the only reason I sunk my cock to the hilt was because I saw her wetness; she was fucking saturated. Her eyes closed, while mine stayed locked on hers at the mirror and only left to watch my cock tunnel in and out her slick pussy.

The first time she came, it was hot and fast. The second time was with my mouth. Then she did one better, spinning around until her mouth engulfed my dick, and we both got off, her jacking my cock until her tits were coated with my cum. The third round, it was me flat on my back with Maci working her hips until we both got off. After that, we were both wiped. Still, when she laid her head on the pillow, my arm beneath her neck, I watched how her nipples tightened when the tips of my fingers dragged along her skin, and damn if my cock didn't perk up at the thought of having her again. We still weren't done. A few hours later, I pulled her out of her sleep and dragged her to the shower, where we did a fuck of a lot more than wash each other.

"Housekeeping!" I hear someone enter the room, jarring me out of my semi-state of sleep, and I look at the clock.

"Fuck," I groan, wiping my hand down my face at not seeing any trace of Maci here. Figures that the one woman who has me ready for more fucked, cut, and ran.

"Oh, sorry." A member of the cleaning staff appears at the doorway.

"No, no. Can you give me five minutes, and I'll be out of your way?" I ask, making sure my cock isn't visible. It appears Maci has fucked up more than my cock. She's got my head fucked up, too.

## Present Day

“You can do this,” I tell myself beneath my breath as I smooth down the non-existent wrinkles in my skirt. My nerves have gotten the best of me, and I’ve yet to leave my childhood home to start my first day of work. After leaving Vegas, I hit the ground running, obviously after letting my parents hug and question me to death, totally allowable, too, seeing as I’m currently back at home living with them rent free. I went down the line, telling them what I could since being blindsided by Chad the chode. Except, while I’d like to put every last bit of blame on him, I had to take some accountability myself, and that’s the cold hard truth. Okay, not all of it. After all, your dick doesn’t slip and fall into your secretary’s pussy on its own. I did maybe sort of rely on him a little too much, which goes against every grain of my being.

I am or was that girl, the one who chased after someone I shouldn’t have. He was a lion in sheep’s clothing, a boy trapped in a man’s body, and dear old daddy trained him to be the person he is today, using others as a stepping stone to get ahead, and I was completely blindsided the entire time. It added fuel to my already deflated self-confidence, and faking it till you make it only goes so far. After the catastrophe that came with Chad Miller and his father, Harris Miller, I changed careers, jumped ship, and went in a completely different direction.

“Ready for the big day?” Dad comes around the corner, meeting me in the kitchen, a to-go cup of coffee in his hand from one of my newly acquired favorites in Oak View. I was out looking for a job when I happened upon Oak & Brew. Sadly, they weren’t hiring, and in hindsight, that’s probably a good thing since I’ve become addicted to their iced cinnamon brown sugar latte. I’d have one every single day if it weren’t for the fact that I’ve been jobless up until today.

“As ready as I’ll ever be. Thank you for this.” I lift the drink to my lips and take the first sip. It’s heavenly per usual. I go as far as closing my eyes and humming when the flavor hits my senses. Through it all, Dad remains silent, allowing me to have my

moment. He's used to my nonsense, especially because while I might take after my dad with my dark features, I definitely lean on having my mom's personality.

"Proud of you, sweetheart. You've been dealt a shit hand, and instead of falling flat on your face, you came up swinging." Dad doesn't hold much back; this time, he has, and maybe that's because Mom calmed him down, or maybe because he witnessed firsthand that I truly am okay even with the hell I've been through.

"Thanks, Dad," I reply, swallowing the lump that builds in the back of my throat. I take another sip, this time to calm the riot of emotions and nerves that are bubbling inside me before finally changing the subject. "Feel like dropping me off?" I ask, moving in for a hug while keeping the offered drink in my hand. I'd initially balked at the idea of having one of my parents taking me to my first official day on the job, but it'd be silly to leave my car in an employee parking lot for who knows how long.

When I landed in Oak View, I gave myself a week to lick my wounds, get my affairs in order, and look for a local job so I could stand on my own two feet. It took me point two seconds to realize even though where my parents live is considered a bigger town than the next one over, it still meant making little to nothing, and with my credit cards needing payments on the regular, I had to look elsewhere. A slew of online searches later and looking at every available option out there, I landed on the gig I'm about to embark on today.

The idea of traveling seemed like a great idea. Finding a place of my own would be pretty pointless, because I'd be in an airplane or hotel most of the time as a flight attendant. Not like they'd ever come out and say it, but I did notice little things here and there. This way, though, I wouldn't be a thorn in my parents' sides and cramping their house or lifestyle.

Mom seemed to feel like she needed to either entertain or feed me simultaneously all day every day. Meanwhile, Dad didn't sit still for a minute once I walked through the

door. He asked questions then looked over my car I purchased to get around town once I came back, kicking the tires, checking the fluids, and staying in the garage more and more. They never once said they wanted their space back, yet I knew. I'd been out on my own for years, and they'd lived together alone for just as many. Sure, I lived with Chad the chode, and we did check in with one another when we had plans. But we were still able to come and go as we pleased, which I'm noticing my parents aren't doing, at least not without asking if I want to go, if I need anything, or letting me know when they'll be back.

"Thank god you came to your senses." Dad takes a relieved breath. He's clearly been holding this in while trying not to bug me about making what he thinks is the right decision.

"Only took me two minutes after you suggested the idea. I just like to keep you on your toes." I lift to my toes and place a kiss on his salt-and-pepper bearded cheek. He lets out a low chuckle.

"I should have known," he says as we pull away from one another. I go back to my coffee, sucking it down instead of enjoying the sweet concoction. My nerves have the best of me right now, worried I'll forget every lick of training I've completed the past few weeks.

"Should have known what?" Mom comes around the corner, fastening an earring while looking from me to my dad.

"That your daughter would ask for a ride at the final hour and evade the point that her father is right for once in her life." Mom laughs, rolls her eyes, and shoots me a wink.

"She's a smart girl, knows how to play the game. I've taught her well. Safe to assume you ran out to grab her that?" she teases. Mom always says she trained Dad well. They married the year before I was born, give or take thirty-five years ago, but

they've known each other since Dad transferred to Mom's high school his senior year.

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“You know the answer to that, Eloise.” He grabs Mom’s preferred hot tea with honey and a dash of milk and hands it to her.

“You’re the best, hon,” she replies.

“So I’ve been told. Okay, let’s get this show on the road, or our girl is going to be late, and we can’t have that.” Dad grabs the keys off the hook, spinning them around his finger before clasping them in his palm.

“That’s all you’ve packed?” Mom looks down at the carry-on I have packed with a spare uniform, a pair of pajamas, an outfit, my toiletries, and my tablet to play on at the hotel room if one is necessary. They prepare you for all of this during training. It’s better to be packed and ready than to have nothing at all, especially considering the airline I’m working with does international flights.

“Yep, it’s not like I’m going on vacation,” I say with a snort. We’re both notorious over packers, and while I’ve had to pack and repack multiple times, I somehow made it work.

“Well, then, I guess it’s time we get on the road. This reminds me of the last time we dropped you off, only it was for college,” Mom says excitedly, forgetting the fact that I’m thirty-four years old, living at home, all while asking for a ride to work.

“Yeah, a barrel of fun.” I wince saying it under my breath, back turned and wheeling my suitcase through the house. I’d rather my mom stay happy. I’m not exactly excited to make her feel bad when it’s me having a tough go of it.

“Mom, Dad, I really do need to get going.” I check my watch on my wrist, noting the time and worrying my bottom lip with my teeth. This is part of the reason why I didn’t want them to drop me off or pick me up; they’re semi-retired and on their own time. Dad picks up a contract here and there with the Department of Transportation, and Mom works at the local library a few days a week.

“Right, let’s get a move on.” Dad comes up beside me and takes my suitcase out of my hand, dropping the handle and picking it up. We move in separate directions once we clear the door to the garage. Mom goes to the front passenger seat, Dad heads to the trunk with my bag, and I move to the back seat.

I glance at my watch again once I’m settled in my seat and belted in. I’m wondering if this was the right decision, if maybe I wasn’t subconsciously choosing my newfound career for a different reason entirely.

Dad enters the car and goes about getting everything adjusted, which isn’t much seeing as how he only just came home about ten minutes ago from Oak & Brew. The garage door is still open, and with a push of the button, the SUV comes to life. A sports commentator blares through the speaker.

“Frank, turn it down. I swear I’ll be deaf before too long when we’re in the car together.” Mom isn’t wrong. There’s a slight ringing in my ears. He turns it down, and I tune everything out.

My thoughts drift to a man. Specifically, a man who gave me a night that still plays like a reel in my head every time I go to bed. There’s something to be said about a memorable man who delivered more orgasms in one night than Chad the chode ever gave me in the handful of years we were together. Obviously, that’s because he was giving his all to his secretary, or maybe she wasn’t getting off, either. Whatever the case, it’s not my problem anymore, at least with my ex-boyfriend/conniving asshole. I guess you could say I still harbor a lot of anger and hostility when it comes to the

Millers and everyone who is part of their family. Other than that, there is no love lost. In all honesty, being away from him and thinking about Tysen, the man whose touches I can still feel along my skin, makes me well aware of that fact. My nipples pebble, the muscles in my thighs tighten, and I'm back in the hotel room again.

Tysen's hands in my hair, his firm hold on my hips, my legs wrapped around his waist, and him watching as he glides in and out of me. He didn't have to say much; the demands were all in the way he held his body and us moving together like two people who had been with each other for years. If only he'd called me, which he didn't, and he hasn't, proving the point further. One night with a pilot was all about our mutual satisfaction, nothing more and nothing less. Now, it's time to put everything in the past and work toward the future. And I'm doing that today.

2

TYSEN

"Tell me the good, the bad, and the ugly," I say, sitting in a chair with two fingers of scotch with a splash of water in the cut crystal Johnny likes to keep on hand. All of us are here at the club tonight, a rarity since we're all coming and going. A few have families now or like Asher, who has one on the way with Lennie. Kennedy and Trent are trying, wanting to give Briar a sibling without there being even more of an age gap. Then there's Johnny and Winnie; they've got Sebastian, her nephew, except he's been formally adopted, and the way there are with one another, none of us were surprised when they made the announcement about her pregnancy.

"All is good on this home front. Both clubs are doing well, memberships are up, problems are down for the time being," Johnny says. He's got a drink sitting to his left and is scrolling back and forth on the security feeds. There's a reason why everyone flocks to Undercover Lovers and Night Moves—the place is pristine, you don't have to worry about someone slipping something in your drink, and the



atmosphere is a fucking vibe.

“Jagged Edge has a couple of jobs that we’re behind on. Got more work than we have manpower. I’m going to open up the website for applications, might see about bringing on another general contractor. I’d like to be able to look at the bids coming in and pick up more but can’t do that as it stands right now.” Jagger is the majority owner of the construction business. He runs the day-to-day operations, and whenever we can help out, we do. The others have done more than I’ve been able to with starting my new business venture.

“Put it in the works,” Asher grunts, tacking on, “We’re all only getting busier. Not fair to put the bulk of the load on you when shit gets busy.” I nod in agreement and take a sip of my drink. The burn from the alcohol hits the back of my throat, causing me to clench my teeth.

“Good idea. The way this group is going, I’ll stay busy at the clinic with all the babies you’re in the process of making.” Luke, the doctor in our group, announces. He’s standing near the window, hands in pockets, and says this over his shoulder. Luke must have gotten off work and hit the club before going home if his scrubs are anything to go on.

“Only trying to keep you in business,” Trent says from his seat in a club chair across from Johnny’s desk.

“Well, if we’re done talking about Luke looking at women’s vaginas, I’ve got an idea to run past everyone,” Jude chimes in.

“Jesus, man. Warn someone, will you,” Crew says, trying not to choke on his drink.

“Good one, man,” Jagger says to Jude; they pump knuckles. Sometimes, they’re so alike it’s scary; other times, they’re polar opposites.

“Alright, get back to your idea. It’s late. I’ve got cases to look over and a hot meal in my future that doesn’t consist of diner food.” Matthew moves the conversation back to Jude. Except the fuck just dropped a bomb of his own.

“Care to elaborate?” I ask.

“Yeah, who’s the woman cooking for you, and does she want a real man to slide in your place?” Jagger states.

“Fuck, you did it now, man,” Trent replies.

“Jesus Cristo, finish your conversation, then we’ll get back to whatever Jude wanted to discuss, and maybe we can all go home some time tonight,” Johnny says through laughter of his own. He drops his head, shoulders shaking, and the added effect is when Trent and Asher join in.

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“Nope, get one of your own.” Matthew seems to be hot under the collar. Our friend must be hiding shit, and son of a bitch if my own conscience doesn’t have me battling with asking Jude for a favor or biting my tongue. Luckily, Trent inserts himself into the conversation and keeps me from talking.

“Jude, please, for the love of everything in the world, get to the point of your conversation, or we’ll be here all night.” Trent looks up from his phone.

“Alright, fine. Fun suckers,” Jude starts, shuffles a few papers, and then gets into the thick of it. “I picked up a contract with the government. They want me to develop an app for them, and in doing so, I negotiated that we as a group would test it first before submitting it to them. Tysen and Johnny, this is where you come in, and maybe Jagger. The hospital Luke works alongside with probably wouldn’t take very kindly to me using this new facial recognition software. Still, up to you. I can always pitch the idea to them.” Jude grabs a candy out of the bag he has in his hand and chews on it while the rest of us think on the news he delivered.

“What do they want with the software you’re producing?” Asher asks, taking the guess work out of what I’m thinking.

“Get this, I figured it’d be some top-notch secret security. I’d need to be fingerprinted, laser scanned, and anal probed with how the government works. Apparently, it’s not that deep.” Jude pops another candy in his mouth. He doesn’t like to talk about it and won’t bring it up, but he doesn’t drink. His parents were a piece of work. His mom took off with a man half her age when he was eleven, leaving him with a drunk of a father, and while he never admitted or told any of us, we all knew dear old dad used his fists on him when he went on a bender. We’d bring him around

one of our houses to doctor him up or hide him while his dad cooled off, but because he wouldn't make a report or tell an adult about it, things stayed like that for a few years. Jude eventually got bigger, the bruises became a thing of the past, and when his dad took off, leaving him to fend for himself, we all rallied around him, especially our parents. My parents were ready to tear his father down. I think my mother said something along the lines of stringing him up by his balls and pulling out his nails with a pair of pliers. Loretta Vaughn is not a woman to be fucked around with.

Dad had to hold her back a few times, telling her she couldn't go charging into a home like a bull in a china shop, especially without going through the right channels. It didn't matter to her; she still went over, gave Jude's dad a piece of her mind and threatened him with going to the cops. Jude seemed okay for a bit, then we realized his dad got better at hitting him where clothes would cover the damage, and when one of us mentioned something, he told us to stop, pleaded with us to stay silent. And when you're only coming into your teen years, you tend to listen to your friend. It doesn't make it right, and it didn't make any of us feel better over the next couple of years. Jude, though, man, he persevered and came out on the other side.

"They want to use my facial recognition software to expedite travelers going through customs." He tosses another piece of candy in his mouth. How he doesn't have cavities is beyond me. The man always has some form of a sweet at the ready.

"Set it up. I probably should have already had cameras installed in the main cabin areas all along," I tell him, finishing my Macallan. When I came to the group after the night with Maci, it was with a clear head. I mean, sure, she fucked my head up, leaving me with a taste in my mouth that's all woman. Her magnificent rack that bounced every time I fucked my cock into her, the tight clench of her pussy, and goddamn, the woman could use her mouth. Still, with no way to get ahold of her, it's been a lost cause. Unless I admit to the group what happened and ask Jude and Trent to work their superpowers to track her down. There's only one problem with that: I'd have to admit a woman up and left me, and the hazing they'd give me would last a

lifetime.

“I’ll set it up. You good for me to start working on it tomorrow morning? I know your flight log doesn’t have any clients until tomorrow afternoon. It’ll give me plenty of time to get in and out. Then I’ll download the app to your tablet, you can see what it does, provide feedback, and even when the software is turned over to the government, you’ll still have the cameras up, and I’ll switch over to the server we use for Johnny’s club and our homes.” Leave it to Jude to know everyone’s schedule. He’s probably got all of ours memorized with the way his brain works.

“That’ll work. By the way, I’m sure Jude is already aware, but I’m booked for the next three months solid. I’ll be looking for attendants on a more permanent schedule, much like Jagger is.” When we sat down, I laid it all out on the table with a business plan of sorts. I told them what I had available in cash for the startup, what I’d need to make it work, and asked if they wanted to go in as partners before I outsourced to other options. Every last one of my friends took an interest without looking at the paperwork I provided. They’d been waiting on me to shit or get off the pot. The meeting today isn’t to see what I’m making or how things are going; that’s not how we work. This is about all of us being able to sit around, get shit off our chest, and talk about anything. If there is work to discuss, we tend to take care of that first, then fuck around for a bit, and head home.

“Do it. One less thing to worry about instead of using an agency. Probably need to think about bringing on another pilot in case you or Liam need a day off. Now that you’ve got work coming in, you can look at adding more employee benefits, too,” Matthew suggests.

“Yeah, going to do that. I’ve got back-to-backs the next three days, then a day off. I’ll work on it then.” Maybe by then, I’ll grow a pair of balls and ask what needs to be asked.

“Jude, you’re good to use it at the club. You already run the security here, have at it. I only ask you keep it away from Night Moves. There are too many well-known people who could potentially be run through your system, and the last thing they need is to be outed in a way we could lose business.” Johnny makes a good point, one I didn’t think of, and if the way things are going with taking private clients to and from, I’ll be in the same boat before too long.

“Anyone have anything else?” Trent asks.

“I think that’s all from me,” I say.

“Good on my end,” Matthew replies.

“Nothing new to report here. Same shit different day.” Crew’s quieter than normal, and I make a mental note to track him down later to make sure everything is alright.

“I’m back to normal hours at the firehouse. I’ll work with Jagger when I can,” Asher states.

We finish our conversation, and everyone heads out except for Johnny; he’s here until his manager takes over. I decide to hang back. The way my head is, I’ve gotta talk to someone about Maci in order to lock my shit down.

3

MACI

“You did great today,” Samuel, my fellow flight attendant, tells me once we see the last of the passengers off the plane. There’s a fast turnaround time between this flight and the next one coming. Which is why we’re making sure there aren’t any belongings left behind as well as trash that we can clear before the ground crew

comes in for the major cleaning.

“Thanks, though I almost spilled the drink I was handing to a passenger.” I wince at remembering how Samuel and I worked together, him on one aisle, me on the other. I let my guard down thinking I’d be fine. Well, turbulence decided to say surprise, bitch. A passenger almost wore their soda, and I almost made a complete fool out of myself.

“It happens, even to seasoned vets like me.” Samuel meets me with a trash bag in his hand, and I’ve got my own assortment of items that were left behind.

“I don’t know if that makes me feel better or worry more that it could happen again,” I admit. I’ve got some over-the-ear headphones dangling from my wrist, one of those expensive cups that are trending in one hand, and a paperback in the other. Hopefully, someone claims their items before they’re taken to the area where things turn up online and the public can buy them at a discounted rate.

“Either way, you recovered and got through with it. Now, are you ready to go grab a bite to eat before we’re back in the air?” My stomach decides in that moment to give out a loud growl, responding to the need for food. The iced coffee left my system hours ago. I was too nervous to eat anything, but the cold sweetness with that strong bite of coffee does have a chokehold on me.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Let’s go to this new bistro they opened up. It literally looks like something off a movie set with its pink and black striped awnings, glass cases full to the brim of sweets, sandwiches, and pasta salads.”

“I’m so hungry right now I could eat my arm and be happy. Please lead the way.” I allow Samuel to proceed me. I’ll stop at the kiosk to drop the lost items off, and even though I should have packed my lunch to save a few dollars, I wanted to see the lay of the land before doing so. Plus, it’s not like I’m pinching pennies. Okay, I kind of

am, but that's only because financial security is a big deal to me, and I racked my cards up quite a bit when things went down with Chad the chode. The hotel room bill, the flight out, and sending all of my things home via shipping means one of my cards is on the verge of being maxed out and my backup is what I'm currently using until I get the ball rolling. My last paycheck covered the bills I had going out, like my phone bill, my subscriptions for streaming services, and toiletries to make life easier. I've now canceled all of them. And then there was my portion of the power and water, which don't get me started, because yes, I paid that like the idiot I am. It's now off my accounts, and the rest of that check is sitting in the bank as a cushion just in case this doesn't work out.

“Then it's a good thing I mapped it out and know exactly where it is and I've got the menu pulled up on my phone,” Samuel tosses over his shoulder. There's a sway to his hips and a snap of his fingers. I love the flare he tosses around, always exuberant, happy go lucky, and while he can be dramatic in some moments, he's a really great guy and has been since the moment we met during my training.

Imagine my surprise when we were paired up together on my first day, a rarity from what I've been told throughout the entire process. Maybe it's to make sure you're not dependent upon them. Whatever the case is, it works. It also helped calm my nerves down to see a familiar face.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:41 am*

What I wasn't prepared for was my head being on a swivel to see if a certain man was anywhere in plain sight. He wasn't, and I don't know why I ever thought it could be a possibility. The Las Vegas airport is a lot bigger than the one I'm working at here in Florida. Now, to tell my heart to catch up with my head. Really, how silly is it of me to get my hopes up only for them to be crushed when Tysen never even called?

"You're a godsend," I say, pulling myself out of my head.

"That's what all the men say, honey." He pops a hip out to the side, drops the bag of trash in the container outside of the terminal, and I nod at the person behind the counter while she holds her hands out for the lost items. A phone is pressed to her ear and shoulder, clearly multi-tasking, and I don't want to be a pest to try and introduce myself. I'll save that for a later date.

"Thanks," I say to her. She nods before going about her business and stashing everything behind the counter.

"Okay, hand over the phone. It's time to salivate and figure out how not to eat everything in sight."

"Try not to drool too much," he says with a wink. We fall in step with one another, me staring down at his phone, salivating over the plethora of sandwiches, soup, and desserts. They even have a trio deal where you can get all three, which might put me in a food coma, until I see that you can do a half sandwich with soup, too.

"Samuel, you didn't tell me trying to decide what to eat would be the hard part," I tease him while handing his phone back. We walk through the terminals until we

make it to the food court. The plus side to working on a smaller airline is that it seems more like a family, your home base is easy to get in and out of, and yet you still get to go the bigger airports and see other places. Today, we're in Charlotte, a layover for the last passengers and for us to pick up new passengers to then head to another airport, this time to Texas, and then we'll come back to North Carolina before heading back to Florida. This is all in one day, and that's if there are no delays.

"The good news is, we'll be here again, so you can work your way down the menu. Here we are." We stop at the entrance to the restaurant, the cash I stowed in my pocket handy, just in case, and I take in the sights. La Belle looks like it's been air dropped from another country. It's cute and has the aura you'd find on a Parisian street; the only thing missing is a better view.

"My wallet might not think it's great, but my stomach sure does. What are you getting?" I ask as we move into the restaurant. There's a hostess where you can be seated inside or right outside to people watch, or you can get it to go. We're doing the latter and will eat in the employee lounge since time is of the essence. I really do think I'll be packing my lunch, especially if it's going to be a longer one like today.

"The Croque Monsieur, of course. I'm going to skip the soup today and dive right into the crème brûlée. You?" Samuel has me second-guessing what I was going to order, but maybe I can snag a bite of his if he offers.

"The Pain Complet au Fromage," I butcher what is essentially a grilled cheese. "I'm also going to try the soup, the one with the vegetables and beans. I'd say the name, except I'd slaughter the pronunciation worse than the other. I'm also going after the lemon soufflé." I'm having serious FOMO, fear of missing out, and since I'm only going to allow myself to indulge sparingly, I may as well go big or go home today.

"Damn, that sounds better than mine. Now I want to switch my order." Samuel taps his toe on the linoleum flooring.

“How about we share a bit of each other’s, because literally same.” I suggest, which is what Mom and I do whenever we go out.

“Perfect. I knew we’d be the best of friends,” Samuel replies. We move through the line, waiting our turn to order at the counter. He’s chatting it up with the employee while I’m busy taking it all in, watching the people coming and going, listening to conversations.

“What can I get you?” I’m asked a few minutes later. I give her my order, tempted to add on a macaron, but I decide against it. A glutton for punishment in the form of not being able to move easily doesn’t seem like a great idea, especially with being on a plane and in a confined space.

I hand over my cash and file suit beside Samuel to wait for our food to come out. Luckily, our meals come with drinks, and that we’ll have to do ourselves.

“Hey, what do you want drink wise? I’ll grab them if you wait for our food,” I offer to help cut down on our time spent.

“Lemonade, pink if they have it,” Samuel says with a wink as if yellow lemonade is beneath him or that they have a different flavor.

“And if they don’t?” I reply.

“The regular is fine. Ugh. That’s the worst, though, and if they don’t have lemonade, period, surprise me.” I let out a laugh and turn my back to him in order to go about grabbing our drinks. The drink fridge has bottles to choose from, and luckily, they have Samuel’s pink lemonade. I grab his desired choice and a lemon lime soda for myself. I walk back toward the counter right as they call out our names.

“Luck is on our side today. Being in and out this quickly is a miracle in itself,”

Samuel announces. I grab my to-go bag, he takes his drink, and we head out the door.

“No kidding. More time for us to decompress before round two,” I state on our walk toward the employee lounge. I’d have absolutely no idea where to go if it weren’t for my new friend.

“Okay, I’m obviously not giving you the best directions since we’re just walking and I’m not showing you the signs to look for, but next time, I will. I’m absolutely famished, and the way your stomach growled, you are, too, so please forgive me,” he says as we take a left, heading down a corridor, and takes his badge out of his pocket. I do the same, following his lead again.

“I could always ask someone. Don’t be too hard on yourself,” I tell him. The door opens up, and a wave of nausea smacks me right in the face. “Can you hold this? I’ll be right back.” I push my food at him, look around for the bathroom until I finally lock my eyes on the door in the corner, and I run.

I move as fast as I can, in my heels, and thank god no one is in the bathroom, because the second I clear the stalls, I drop to my knees and lose whatever I had in my stomach. There’s nothing worse than being sick like this, and it’s even worse when it happens at work. I flush the toilet to get rid of the evidence of my demise and breathe through another bout of nausea. Surely, I’m not getting sick with a stomach bug on my first day of work, because while I had a nervous start to the day, I’m a lot calmer now.

“Knock, knock. You okay, Maci girl?” Samuel walks through the bathroom door. I hear the turning on of the faucet, a wringing of a paper towel, and then there’s a cool cloth placed on the back of my neck.

“I’m okay, or I think I am. I think that’s the last of it.” I move away from the toilet, stand up, and hold the stall wall to make sure I’m steady on my feet before moving

toward the sink to rinse out my mouth and wash my hands.

“Thank god. I was so worried.” He hovers beside me, keeping a watchful eye on me the entire time.

“I’m better now, and I’m starving. I think it was the jitters, only having coffee, starting new job, and flying.” I shake off the thought and get to righting myself. I don’t have time to dwell on the reason why I just tossed my cookies. We’ve got a lunch to eat and work to do. I notice there are mini toothbrushes, toothpaste, and mouthwash. I go through the process of scrubbing my teeth to get rid of the yuckiness; it’s quick, but it’ll have to do. I spit, rinse, and toss out my trash in record time.

“As long as you’re sure.” Samuel eyes me warily.

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*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“I promise. Now let’s go eat,” I say once I’m finished. When we get back on the plane, I’ll have to sneak into the bathroom and brush my teeth again since we’re eating, and no one wants stinky breath when they’re up close and personal with strangers.

“Let’s.” Samuel hooks his arm through mine, whether that’s because he’s worried or this is him naturally, I’m not sure. What I do know is, it’s nice to have a friend in a new place where everyone is a stranger. Is it too early to think he’ll be my best friend in no time?

4

TYSEN

“Don’t do what I did. Don’t wait too long and lose years because you’re being a stubborn dumbass.” Johnny’s words from last night play in my head over and over again. I could have gone to any of the guys to talk to them about this situation; they’d all probably give me the same damn advice. Trent and Jude would probably have her found in a matter of minutes, then I’d go down the list of what the fuck am I doing. This woman didn’t leave one single iota of wanting this to go any further.

“Hey, Tys. You’re here earlier than I thought,” Jude greets me when I step on the plane. I’m not technically due to be at the private airfield for another hour, but staying at home, looking at my surroundings, and pacing the floors held little fucking appeal. How one woman has me so wrapped up, I have not one single clue.

“Yeah, had to come in and do some paperwork with the big guys upstairs.” While I

can usually get it done in a matter of minutes, I took the time to do a pre-flight briefing and planning. This time, we're headed overseas, taking a wealthy individual to London, dropping him off, and then heading right back to Florida. The Gulfstream G650ER can range over three thousand miles. Part of the reason I decided to go as big as I did is for this very reason, plus the amount of money I'm making off this trip alone helps put us even more in the black.

"Bummer. I'm almost done here. I'll need your tablet to download the software in a few minutes, and then I'll be out of your hair." Jude goes back to messing with a camera, a piece of candy in his mouth like normal. Apparently, he's doing more than creating apps. The job for the government goes well beyond the normal scope of his work. Usually, he sticks to creating some kind of learning app for Sebastian, a security one for all of us, and then whatever he's contracted to do by other businesses.

"When did you get into doing it all top to bottom?" I ask, not worried about him being done at any given time; we've still got time before my clients make their entrance.

"Since taking this job. Part of the stipulation is I'm the only one handling it. I can't even have an assistant. They can void it for any little infraction, and I like the money they're handing out too much to screw it up." Jude has his hand up in the air, sliding the camera on its base and locking it in. I'm about to ask him about potentially finding Maci when my co-pilot, Liam, clears the doorway.

"Whoa, you're here before me. This never happens. Do we have the FAA after us or something?" He locked in once I had my shit in order, didn't even so much as blink when I told him that I'd be looking for a co-pilot and I'd want no one else than him. It came with a few contingencies; him not having a health insurance plan for his family was the main concern. It wasn't money. It wasn't the time away from his wife and child. It was making sure he could provide for them. It was a given to do the research,

figure out what I'd need to make this more viable for not only him but myself, too. I now have the two of us covered and will have to add more as we bring in more employees. Johnny, Jagger, and Matthew being business owners gave me an agent to talk to, and we went from there. Now Liam is on board full-time, and for the most part, he's home every night with his family, unless we have a client like today. Round trip, it's going to be a full twenty-four hours, a little more once we go through our shut-down procedures. That's if there aren't delays from weather or with air control. There's always one thing or another, but it's nothing compared to what we dealt with when we worked at the commercial airline.

"Nope," Jude says but doesn't elaborate. I'm pretty sure there's nothing in his contract about keeping quiet. Suffice it to say, he's got no problem letting me tell Liam what's going on.

"Nah, not today at least. Jude is working with the government on a facial recognition software deal. He's trying the prototype on the plane as well as Johnny's club in order to iron out all the kinks before he hands the software over to the big wigs." I place my hand in my pocket, thankful to be able to wear clothes that don't constrict me. No more jackets, no more hat, no more always looking put together no matter where you are in an airport. Except for the night with Maci, I'd had enough. Liam and I both were over the proprietary bullshit. He'd known for a long time I was looking to get out of the corporate field, and that day solidified it more than ever.

I got my ass verbally handed to me after leaving the hotel room. I'd been in my full uniform, so it wasn't then they'd decide to give me shit. It was from the night before when I'd had enough, delay after delay, a plane that should have been retired, yet they kept Band-Aiding the damn thing. It got so bad the plug door wouldn't close. I'd had enough. I called it in, and then the storms got heavier, which grounded us for the night. I'd been working fourteen days straight, only taking the required time off, and the clothes became tighter with each pressing minute. The tie came off, the buttons came undone, and the jacket was abandoned and stuffed in my bag.



When they wrote me up, I said fuck it and gave them my two weeks' notice. They in turn told me it wasn't necessary, and my marching orders were delivered. Goes to show you what a corporation truly feels about you. You're a dime a dozen, and it doesn't matter how much you give, they'll take until you're all used up.

"Cool, I'll do the exterior walk-around if you haven't yet?" he asks.

"Hadn't gotten that far. Everything is good at the control tower. After we do our pre-checks, we're good." I need to talk to the guys at our next round table meeting about potentially bringing Liam in as a business partner instead of a co-pilot; it would be worth-fucking-while. There would be some red tape with how to deal with the financial aspect, but I'm thinking it wouldn't be a bad idea to have him when there are times I'm not available, so he can make the day-to-day decisions, too. The only bad part about this being a just me and him endeavor is not having a second for the other when we need to have a life outside of work. A subject I brought up last night and one I really want to sit down and look at the books to see what we can do to make it happen.

Which means we're going to have to look at adding a third into the business once we have a few more months under our belt and a staff that doesn't come from an agency. You never know what you'll get with that direction, and there have been times we've received a few attendants who were less than desirable. Fuck, one was an absolute disaster. I thought for sure we'd lose our paying customers after the flight attendant decided to sit down and do nothing for the entirety of the trip. It was like the woman was an ornament piece. She didn't tell them a damn thing, didn't offer so much as a drink. Needless to say, I let Liam take the controls and helped out where I could, and the minute we were on the tarmac, she was relieved of her duties and the hiring agency heard a fucking earful.

"I'll do that now. Good to see you, Jude." Liam gives him a wave and then heads outside.

“Later, Liam.” Jude finishes tightening the screw and steps off the stool he must have brought with him. I wait a beat until the coast is clear, watching as he puts his tools away in his bag and wondering how he was able to seamlessly tap into the plane’s wiring without making a mess out of shit. While Jude helps out with Jagged Edge Constructions, he usually doesn’t fuck with the electrical side of things. Unless he has recently in order to help solidify this contract; it would definitely make sense, and Jude is known for crossing his t’s and dotting his i’s.

“Hey, Jude, got a question,” I state after the coast is clear. I don’t want anyone to hear about me essentially stalking the woman I can’t stop thinking about. Do you know how many variations of the name Maci there are, not to mention the amount? Believe me, I’ve searched just about every social media with all the ones I can come up with and still couldn’t find her. It pissed me off that she’s this elusive, and after sitting on this for weeks too long, I’m finally ready to ask for help.

“Got an answer.” I laugh at Jude’s classic smart-ass response.

“Hopefully, you do.” I run my hand down my face, trying to figure out a way to word this in a way it doesn’t make me seem desperate, when in fact, I am.

I’m desperate to lay my eyes on Maci.

I’m desperate for the feel of Maci.

And I’m desperate to know how we had such a good night and how she could leave without so much of a hint of her.

“Can’t give you a response if you don’t ask and stare off like a lovesick fool.” My gaze snaps to his.

“Fuck, you already know.” I shake my head.

“After Winnie came back, I started tracking everyone’s movements. How do you think I was able to get the contract I have? I didn’t run the woman through the system, but I can if you want.” Jude shrugs his shoulders like it’s no big deal that he’s got details on us at all times.

“How long will that take?” I’ll circle back to the bombshell he dropped, probably the next time all nine of us are sitting around the table at Undercover Lovers. I don’t know how far we’d want to drag this, and Jude is one hundred percent coming from a good place; everyone would agree with that. The women, though, they might be well and truly pissed.

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*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“Depends on if she’s been in the system before. Give me a day or two, and I should have your girl. What’s her name?” Jude is doing something on his tablet before dropping it to the couch and reaching for mine. I had it in my hand when I walked in after going over everything with the tower, plus it holds my schedule, another app Jude developed and tailored to what I needed it for.

“Maci. I have no idea how you spell it or what her last name is.” Not enough to go off, or I could have done it myself.

“I’ll get it sorted out. On the least likely possibility, I can always use my hacker skills.” He cracks his knuckles like it’s not against the law and that it might not backfire on him with the contract he currently has.

“Don’t do all that. You can’t find her, I’ll cut my losses.” That’s a damn lie, and it tastes bitter coming off my lips. I’d probably ask Trent next and go down the line.

“You ever known me to not be able to find someone or something? I’m like a dog with a bone. Might take a bit of time, but I’ll find her. Now, let’s go about showing you how this works. Then I’m going to finagle my way up to the tower and see if they want to be a part of this demo, too.” Jude’s fucking mind, it goes a million miles an hour. He’s working on one thing while thinking about the next and developing another in the background. We go over everything that needs to be gone through—how to disable them and enable them, where all of them are located, which is everywhere except the bathrooms. There’s even one in the bedroom, but it’s currently turned off, and it will stay that way if I have anything to say about it. It’s quick and fast because that’s how Jude rolls. When everything is said and done, Liam is back on the plane with us, and Jude is heading out the door to find his next culprit

to work his magic on. As for me, the knot in my gut settles down a bit now that I've got someone helping me find the woman whose taste still lingers on my lips.

5

MACI

"I think I'm going to need to find different shoes," I tell Samuel in the middle of our last flight of the day. We're sitting down since we caught some headwind, and the captain decided to turn on the seatbelt light, which meant all of us are in our seats. I'm ready to take them off, find a pair of sneakers, and say the hell with it. Except I think it'd be frowned upon doing so my very first day on the job.

"Oh, honey, those are the absolute worst. Like, yes, when you're out with friends having a drink, total baddie move. Here you need the barest of a heel, and while it pains me to say it, more of a shoe something a grandmother would wear. We'll fix that before your next shift." I mentally calculate how much a pair of shoes will put me back and realize that even though it's adding another charge to my already too-high-for-me credit card, this is a must.

"I know. I should have scavenged something from my mom's closet. Except she wears the same style of shoes I do." I shrug. We have a similar style, and growing up, you could find me pilfering her closet for shoes, clothes, and makeup. Mom would pretend like it was a big deal, but Dad later informed me she'd buy certain things with me in mind. Especially when I became a teenager, my parents instilled on me the importance of having a job and paying for the extra wants, including helping pay for my car insurance and gas. I also developed a penchant for clothing. We'd do back-to-school and summer type of shopping, but if I wanted anything extra throughout the year, it was on me. Birthdays and Christmases only go so far when you're kind of a clothes and shoe whore. And believe me, I wanted more.

The several boxes that keep piling in day after day are proof of that. I'd like to say I'll go through them, donate what I no longer wear, sell the nicer designer items, and pair myself down significantly. Except I also know myself and realize that task will overwhelm and overstimulate me. I'll end up a mess on the floor, and then I'll stuff everything back in the boxes and save it for another day. Therefore, I'm keeping them in boxes and only taking out what I need a couple of days at a time. My theory for the time being is, ignorance is bliss.

"Well, that won't do. Not at all," Samuel replies before going back to looking down at his tablet. In moments like these, we're allowed to have time to ourselves, with either a book or a tablet. As long as it's discreet and doesn't take our attention away from our passengers, we're good to go.

"Nope, I'll make a pit stop before coming back for my next shift." I reach into my bag, which thankfully, I didn't need to really use except to grab my own tablet to do a puzzle until we're closer to landing or until the seatbelt light goes off.

"Hey, Maci," Samuel interrupts me right as I pull out the pencil to start dragging the pieces into their rightful place.

"Hey, Samuel," I say, looking in his direction.

"I know this is kind of sudden, and hand to all things holy, I would not suggest this if I thought you weren't capable. Plus, I'm the one who trained you, so of course, you're utterly amazing." He flicks the pen from his tablet my way. While this is all great and an ego boost as well as a confidence boost, I'm left wondering where he's going with this sort of praise.

"Thank you. I like to say I learned from the best." I send him a smile. He throws his head back and laughs, somehow managing to keep it on the quieter side. I'm sure since he's been with this airline for almost ten years, he's learned a lot of tricks and

how to stay behind the scenes.

“From the moment I met you, I knew we’d be friends in work and out of work. Anyways,” he exaggerates the last word in a whisper-like hiss.

“What? I only speak the truth.” I go ahead and put my pen back in the case, not wanting to lose it if we hit a bout of turbulence. I only hope if that does happen, my stomach doesn’t decide to go topsy turvy again. Sadly, the incident during our lunch break hit again after eating. I popped into the store, grabbed some anti-nausea medicine, and everything has been good so far.

“Now who’s being good to whose ego,” Samuel tacks on. “Okay, like I was saying, I may or may not have put your name in the system I do side work for. The agency only helps exclusive private jets, and what we make is a lot, like a lot, a lot. Enough to help pay off those pesky bills you’ve been paying the minimum on.” I perk up at the thought of making extra money. This job is paying the bills. It’s also helping that I live at home and my parents aren’t asking for any sort of payment in the form of rent.

“Tell me more.” I cross my legs, place my elbows on my knees, and move in closer to hear the rest of the conversation. Silently hoping along with crossing my fingers that this isn’t too good to be true.

“Well, they emailed me and asked if I knew anyone available. Seeing as how you’re on my schedule...” Samuel gives me a pointed look like he made that happen. I mean, I wouldn’t be surprised if he did. He has a lot of pull with him working here for nearly ten years. Call it hypocritical of me, but I really hope he stays after instead of retiring like he mentioned during a training session. He’s been my built-in best friend. I even told him about Tysen and our night together, and that was after I glazed over Chad the chode. Obviously, the saying to get over someone, you should get under someone else really hit home. It also proved to me that I’d been with Chad out of comfort and not love. I mean, we’d been together for years, yet he never proposed,

and I never suggested it. Still, I didn't like finding him with his dick in someone else. Along with everything else happening, I had to schedule an emergency gynecologist appointment for a full blood panel plus a pap smear. The last because it had been too long. I'd told the doctor I'd be leaving town within the next coming days, and she rushed my orders over, having me come back a day later to tell me the results face-to-face, a standard operating procedure. I breathed a sigh of relief and let the waterworks free when she told me I was in the clear and everything came back negative.

"Okay."

"Well, I threw your name in the hat. They responded and said they looked up your credentials. Everything is a go. So, as long as you don't mind working three or four days straight at a time, you're in with me." My mouth opens and closes, trying to come up with the right words to say. Samuel has no idea what this means to me. Even if I'm only able to do this once a month, the extra cash will help significantly. I must not say anything fast enough because he starts going into more details. "This is a transcontinental flight. We'll leave from Florida, fly to New York to pick up the passengers, and then head to California, where we'll have a five-hour layover. The company we're working for caters to a lot of the higher-ups in the political world. We're seen and not heard. We have to sign a non-disclosure agreement, too. The benefits far outweigh the cons, I promise. Especially since we each receive a grand for the trip. I mean, it's taxed, but not the bonus type of tax where they take more than half." With that, Samuel sits back, drops his tablet in his bag, and further waits me out.

"I'm in. All I need is the location, the time, and where I need to sign." I'm really going to have to start taking my car and leaving it in the airport parking lot. It was a great thought at first, but in instances like these, we had zero delays even with the turbulence and wind. Dad essentially brought me to work for no other reason except he wanted to, and since they've done literally everything for me, I couldn't say no. Plus, he did bring up great points. My car sitting in a parking lot when it could be in



the detached garage at my parents' house, protecting it from the sun and sometimes a hailstorm, were in the plus column.

"I've already air dropped it to your phone, which should also be on your tablet," Samuel says as if he knew the answer already. He's really gone out on a limb and helped me more than the so-called friends I had in Vegas ever did. Looking back, I stayed when I truly wasn't welcome, an outsider looking in, lost in a world that wasn't meant for me. I've learned a lot about myself, that I didn't truly love Chad the chode, I'd become comfortable and didn't want to see it. I also learned that I'm beyond butt hurt that Tysen never used my phone number and now I'm the one looking for him at every corner I turn. Life is a bitch that way.

"Perfect." I unlock the screen, see the document is waiting for me to accept. The airline allows us to have full use of the wi-fi package, and from what I'm told, that's a very rare opportunity. It's slow as molasses, but free is free, and you won't find me complaining.

I should absolutely do a more thorough read through of the document, but do I? Nope, I don't. The money is too good, and I can keep my mouth shut. Besides, the only person other than my parents who I talk to is sitting beside me. I do a quick peruse of the contract, quickly scrolling to the bottom, then pen my name. I press the done button and close down my tablet before dropping it back into my bag.

"You'll do great. You can call me the fairy gay-mother here to sprinkle magic dust in the form of dollar bills. Now, let's get this flight done. We'll work out the logistics once the passengers disembark." Samuel unclips his seatbelt. I follow his lead, trying not to laugh at the vision he just described. It's only because the light goes off to allow passengers to take their seatbelt off that has me remaining composed. He must have felt the plane even out, or maybe his Spidey senses told him we'd be getting back to work. Either way, we both do. I'll ask him any other questions once we're through for the day.

“Attention passengers, you are now free to move about the cabin. We’re set to land on time, and the rest of the way should be smooth sailing,” the pilot comes across the speaker, and that puts us in action. A lot of passengers are scurrying to the restroom, some are standing up to stretch, others are sleeping, and then some are distracted by a device of some sort or the other. Luckily, we’ve already been through the drink and snack part of our flight. All that’s left is to see if they have any trash along with anything else that arises.

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And in the back of my mind, the very tiny corner, I'm left wondering what Tysen is currently doing and kicking myself all over again for thinking about the guy who's permanently engrained in my skin.

I'm starting to wonder if I'll ever get over the mystery man.

6

TYSEN

"Anything on her?" I ask, answering the phone when I see its Jude's name flashing on the screen. It's been less than forty-eight hours, and while I haven't been hunting his phone down, I have been waiting on his call. My palms have been itching, and if I knew the software as good as he did, I'd have taken a seat behind a computer and done it myself.

"Seeing as how this is Crew and not Jude, I've got no idea what you're waiting on. He's off doing whatever nerdy stuff he does and tasked me with watching the computer monitors and his phone." Crew is the silent one in the bunch, stays to himself, does his own thing when it comes to his engineering firm. Unless we have a client through Jagged Edge Construction, then he'll design from the top to the bottom whether it be an addition or a new build. Then there are times we'll get flagged by the county; we'll need his input on where we'll need to do structural work and go from there.

"Shit, sorry about that. Everything okay? Jude doesn't usually leave his phone around after the shit Jagger did last time." Let's just say that there were pictures that should

never see the light of day, and he made it Jude's background on his phone, too.

Crew always has his phone handy. Shit, all of us do for the most part. The only time we don't is if Asher is on a call with the fire department, Trent is on a case, Luke is with a patient, Matthew's with a client, I'm in the air, and so on and so forth. But when those instances don't occur, we keep it within arm's reach. Especially with all of our parents getting up there in age and a good portion of our group starting to settle down with their significant other and have children.

"Well, Jude took off with my phone, probably to plant a geo-tracker or a listening device. He has your schedule pulled up, and I noticed you're due out. Figured I'd see how things are going." With Crew being the more observative one, he notices a fuck of a lot more. Which means he sees an awful lot more than any of us would care for him to.

"I think he already has those on all of our phones. It must be something new." I shake my head wondering what else he's going to come up with next.

"Fuck, there's no privacy. Our conversations, really? Jesus, there are some things our friend group can stand not to know." He makes a valid point.

"I'm thinking the last thing he's going to listen in on is you rubbing one out or getting your rocks off," I say with a chuckle. My eyes zero in on the clock, realizing time is dwindling until I've got to be in the air. Another plus with this new gig is being able to plan our take-off times within reason, and my phone can stay on, though I tend not to respond to the numerous texts that have the damn thing vibrating non-stop. I'm not even going into when my parents and brother get a wild hair up their ass and call me. Dad usually keeps it to a minimum, asks how things are going, and then we hang up, preferring to share a drink in person. Mom, on the other hand, goes down a list, asks a million and one different questions that will lead to me giving her the same answer. Then, when I don't respond the way she wants, I get it all over again. I love her and

would lay my life on the line for my ma, but I am not answering her when I'm in the sky.

“Don't hold your breath. What's up? Seen you looking off into space more than usual, and you're asking Jude about a woman. What gives?” he keeps on. I don't blame him, and I'm not for one minute upset about him meddling, except there are too many variables.

“I'll let you know as soon as Jude figures a few things out. For all I know, it's a pipe dream. I gotta get this bird in the sky if I'm going to stay on schedule with the tower.”

“Alright, man. Catch you another day.” Luckily, Crew doesn't push. There isn't enough time to get into this, and the less people who are aware of the shit swirling around me know, the better. Shit, it could all be for nothing, and I'm beginning to think it is.

We hang up the phone. I stand up from my seat and head into the cabin. Liam is greeting our clients, seeing as I already have. I'm just going to do a quick sweep of everything, and then we'll be wheels up. I adjust my clothes, attempting to pull some the wrinkles out of my slacks and dress shirt. Thank fuck there's no jacket or hat. That being said, Liam and I do try to dress with our business in mind. Today's an all-black kind of day, fitting for the type of mood I've been in as of late. The tailored long-sleeve shirt and slacks fit my frame due to a tailor I keep on speed dial and one I share with Johnny. My six-foot three-inch frame can make it difficult at best. Add in my athletic build from years of playing baseball and football, and it's challenging at fucking best.

My brother decided to waylay me this morning at my condo, noticed my mood, and stayed quiet about it. He's fifteen years younger than me, an unexpected surprise when Mom thought she was heavily into menopause. Imagine everyone's surprise when she shared the news, including her. Kai came out kicking and screaming. The

joy in my parents' eyes overshadowed the worry that they were going to be raising basically an only child again.

Our age difference didn't make things awkward between the two of us. If anything, it brought us closer. It also has him on my doorstep a few times a week to have a cup of coffee, talk about the job he hates, and how he needs to man up and tell our parents the degree he received as an educator does nothing but bring him down. They wouldn't be upset in the fucking least; in fact, they'd rather their boys not be miserable. I told him to take a look at what I've been through, life is too short, and to do something else or work somewhere else that will make you happier. Kai mentioned switching things up from teaching at a public education school at a grade level to making the move to a college level of teaching. The only one holding my brother back is my brother. Hopefully, after this morning, he comes to terms and makes some changes to better himself and his mood. I may not have a lot of room to talk when it comes to temperament for the time being, but hopefully soon, that will change.

"Everything is ready to go." Liam comes up beside me, whispering quietly. A politician, his assistant, a bodyguard, and his wife are currently sitting in their seats waiting for us to take off. Once we're in the air and things have evened out, they can move about the cabin as much as they'd like.

"Perfect, thanks. I got hung up on a call, or I'd have been out here sooner." I don't go into the conversation, and Liam knows me well enough to know if it were important, I'd tell him.

"Not a problem. We've got it all covered. Samuel is here, and we seriously need to see about hiring him on full-time. He also brought a new flight attendant, and he's singing her praises. Meaning you know she'll be good." Liam tips his head in the direction of where the attendants are doing their thing without being told.

“Yeah, we brought it up at the meeting last weekend. The guys agreed to bring someone on permanently, and he’s my number-one pick. We’d still need a second and probably a third as a background member.” There’s a shit ton of logistics to work through, and part of the reason I’m dragging my feet is the worry that we won’t stay busy long enough to keep everyone employed.

“Then do it, man. No time like the present,” Liam says. He knows it’s an internal battle and the fear of failure that holds me back. A double-edged sword, since being a business owner is all about taking chances. The number-one reason why I don’t gamble. I like my money where I can see it, in my bank account.

“Yeah,” I mutter. My eyes move around, taking everything in. This jet is the epitome of luxury. We’re booked solid, and calls keep coming, keeping us booked months in advance. We’d probably be scheduled into next year if we opened our schedule that far out.

“I’ll go get the plane started and see you in the cockpit.” My co-pilot bypasses me, leaving me standing and seeing everything I’ve dreamed about come to fruition. I’m only missing one goddamn thing—her. A certain woman who continues to haunt me day in and day out.

Samuel nods my way, saying hello. I lift my chin and look to see where the other flight attendant is when my eyes lock on a woman. She’s currently bent over, ass in the air, tight skirt wrapping around her body in a way that has me remembering my night with Maci. How her skirt was rucked up above her hips, bent over the bed, and with every deep thrust of my hips, she’d slam backwards, meeting me at every pace. The night was endless, and the positions I took her in were never ending. Fuck, I couldn’t even tell you my favorite one; they were all that damn good. Probably when she fell face first on the mattress after I wrung another orgasm out of her. My own body was shaking, standing was nearly impossible, but falling on top of her and giving her all my weight wasn’t feasible, either. Instead, I kept my hands roving

every inch of Maci's body that I could, gathering the strength to pick her up in my arms and carry her into the bathroom to shower.

I'd had the forethought to grab a condom, which meant we both had to be damn careful until I put it on. I didn't take her bare, though I'd been fucking tempted. I did use the underside of my cock, dragging it along her hot and wet slit, using our bodies to mutually get off. Maci let out a scream of my name so deep and so loud I had to attach my lips to hers in order for security not to be called. I ripped the package open with my teeth, her hands helping guide the latex on my cock, and then took her with her back against the wall. Then, right when I was about to lose all control, Maci told me to put her down. She dropped to her knees, I ripped the condom off, and she engulfed the head of my cock and worked me so hard, I had to use the wall to hold myself up. I gave her fair warning that I was close, and she backed away. Maci still didn't stop; her hand wrapped around my length, and she stroked me until I came all over her, mouth, chin, tits, and stomach.

My cock lengthens beneath my pants, breaking me out of my reverie. The last thing I need is a hard-on in front of potential repeat clients. Except I could have sworn the woman I laid eyes on a minute ago was none other than Maci, and doesn't that show you what kind of delusional land I'm living in. I shake my head, getting the thoughts and memories of her out of my head in order to fly a million-dollar jet without my mind being a pile of fucking mush.



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“I think you should pinch me,” I whisper to Samuel once we’re in our seats. He reaches over and, using his thumb and pointer finger, does exactly what I suggested.

“Ouch.” A prick to my skin shocks me.

“Don’t act like a baby. You told me to do it. Now, what is so unbelievable that you needed me to squeeze your precious skin?” Samuel asks before going on to say, “And beautiful porcelain glass complexion that women and men around the world would absolutely kill for. Yes, I’m a part of the group, too.” He sits back and crosses his ankles because, as he says, no one wants varicose veins, especially him. Whereas my legs are always crossed, and he has no problem tsking at me when he sees it.

“Um, I don’t know. How about that I have an amazing best friend who just so happened to help me land back on my feet when I thought I’d have to work forever just to pay off the bare minimum due monthly on my never-ending credit cards? Plus, on the days I’m not working at the airline, I’d be a third wheel to my parents’ marriage.” That inclusion thing they’ve done since the day I landed back in Florida has been on another level. I love my parents, but I’m okay to stay at home and not attend every event they’re invited to, where their friends will ask the intrusive questions nobody wants to hear.

Are you married?

How’s your job going?

When are you settling down?

Do you think you'll want children one day?

Nobody wants to go through that. I repeat, nobody wants to go through that, especially when their career tanked. Marriage is out of the question when the only male you have in your life is your new gay best friend. As for the rest, I mean, sure, I'd love to have children one day, but you kind of need a man to get pregnant naturally, since artificial insemination is a bill I can't afford. Needless to say, I can sit out every luncheon, dinner, and backyard party for the foreseeable future.

"Honey, you deserve nothing but the best. I'm going to make you see that since you're not there yet. We'll get you there, though." He pats my arm where he pinched me. The touch was instinctive. There's no mark, and I can hardly feel it now.

"Well, thank you all the same. Is it always like this on the private charters? I feel like we barely did anything." Compared to the last two days, this has been a breeze, whereas at the airline, we're always on our feet, ready and waiting to perform the next task or help the next passenger. Which, by the way, I managed to mess up yesterday. While Samuel used the intercom to describe what to do in case of emergency, I was showing where everything was and how to use it. Whelp, I pointed in the opposite direction and almost put the oxygen mask upside down. Apparently, there are still a few kinks I need to work on before doing that again.

"It's not too bad, and for the most part, a lot of passengers don't necessarily need anything. It's more of a precaution in case they do. And because this is a luxury jet, the company wants to cater to them. Meaning they can charge them extra and pay us more." It makes total sense, except two flight attendants seem like a little much, unless they have more than three passengers and they're super needy. It doesn't fit the description for this group, minus the way a certain male politician keeps looking my way. He specifically asked for me to refill his glass of brandy. His gaze lingered a little too long and made me feel some sort of way. Samuel kept a watchful eye on me the entire time, being the saint he is.

“I’m not complaining, but this is the type of job people kill for, except me. I don’t look great in orange, and I’m thinking prison wouldn’t be very kind to me,” I joke with him.

“Oh, Maci, we all know you don’t play for the same sex, so prison is definitely out. I’m here at least once a week, and if they need you and our schedule aligns, I’d want nothing more than to have you here with me.” I do some quick math. Between maybe getting two shifts here a month and working for the airline, I’d have my credit cards paid off in no time. Then it’ll come down to saving as much as I possibly can and maybe find a one-bedroom or studio apartment that won’t eat my paycheck.

“Thank you all the same. I know I’ve said this probably a hundred times, but seriously, it bears repeating.” I stand in the small galley kitchen. The way the plane is set up is pretty cool. I don’t have much to compare it to, but I can tell you this: it’s freaking tricked out. There’s a dark wood table at the front on both sides of the aisle, rich leather chairs, which is where the sire douche bag is currently sitting and glancing at where I’m standing. In the middle, there are eight seats in the same beige color as the other chairs, which gives it a luxurious feel. There’s a small restroom to the side for everyone to use in the main area.

Where Samuel and I are, in the small galley-style kitchen, we can prep drinks as well as food, and that part isn’t exuberant but more along the lines of snack foods and sandwiches. Last but not least is the bedroom with an en-suite bathroom, shower included. You’d think it’d be on the smaller side, but that’s not the case; two people could easily fit in there with no problem.

Don’t go there, Maci Vesper, do not go there.

Anytime I walk into a bathroom, near a bed, and let’s face it, lean against a wall of any sort, I’m instantly reminded of that night in Vegas.

“Maci.” He flings his hand toward me, brushing my gratitude off. I scoff. He has no idea that it means everything to me. “You don’t have to keep thanking me, sweetie. Now, how about I entertain the guys at the table while you wake up the miss?” He rolls his eyes dramatically and saves me once again. I’m sure I could handle the big honcho without making a spectacle of the situation. The only problem would be if he got bold and tried to grab my ass. Then all bets are off. I’d pull out the self-defense moves my dad taught me and more than likely get fired on the spot.

“Saving my bacon yet again. I owe you. What about a drink when we get back?” I suggest.

“A night on the town, drinks and dancing,” Samuel counters.

“Works for me. I’m still buying you a drink or ten,” I say the last on a muted breath.

“Get out of here. You’re on, and one drink. But I’m introducing you to my kind of bars.” Instead of waiting for me to respond, he turns on his heel and sways his hips in an extra exaggerated way. Oh, I can already tell it’s going to be a hell of a fun time to go out with Samuel and his friends.

I head toward the back bedroom, a few steps away at most, and lightly tap on the metal door, trying to wake her up gently in case she’s asleep.

“Come in,” Mrs. McCarthy says almost immediately.

“Hi, I wanted to let you know we’ll be landing in about ten minutes,” I say as I open the door yet don’t step so much as a foot inside the room.

“Thank you. I’ll be right out,” she responds.

“You’re welcome.” I close the door quietly and clean up the few dishes that Samuel

placed in the sink. The one downfall of this gig is we have to clean after the passengers disembark. It's not a lot, though, since for the most part, we've been cleaning as we go along. I'll make the bed when Mrs. McCarthy is out of the bedroom, run the vacuum so they'll have those pristine carpet lines, and Samuel mentioned he'd wipe everything down and look after the bathroom. That is until we land back in New York or Florida. I'm almost certain we'll need to do a deeper clean once return to our home airport. Though, this is my first rodeo here, and things could be different.

"Thank you, Maci. Tysen and Liam have absolute gems working for them." My stomach tilts sideways at hearing his name when I myself don't say it out in the open. Even when I'm in the throes of ecstasy, I say his name in my head, and, well, I also do that because I don't want my parents to hear me getting myself off.

"They've been a pleasure to work for. I hope you enjoy your visit in California," I tell her as she walks past me and toward the seats where her husband, Senator McCarthy, and his assistant, Mr. Cockburn, are sitting. Yep, you heard me right. That's his last name. Try keeping a straight face in front of the uptight dude.

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“I’m sure I will.” We leave it at that. I finish washing and rinsing before I go about towel drying the dishes. There’s a rack where it seems semi-secure, but I’m not taking any chances on my watch. It doesn’t take long before I’m moving to my next task, wiping down the counters and taking inventory of what we went through. The tablet Vaughn Air Elite has us use to input what we need is top notch. The senator and his assistant seem to have been a lush with the brandy, and I’m not quite sure we’ll have enough to make it back to New York at the rate they’ve been drinking.

“All done?” Samuel asks.

“Yep. We may have to rush to the liquor store or see if we can order it as soon as we land.” I place the tablet back in the holder. We move out of the kitchen, head to the small area where no one can see us, and take our seats. Plus, we can talk a bit more freely and out of earshot.

“We won’t have to do either. As soon as you input it into the system, it sends a message to the employees on the ground. They fill the order and will cart it to us once the plane is empty of passengers.” Samuel and I buckle ourselves in, a task I’m certain he made sure our guests did as well.

“Wow, Vaughn Air Elite really pulls out all the stops.” This airline is pure opulence and class.

“Tysen and his friends are the masterminds behind everything. They’ve thought of every detail and had this done in a moment’s notice. You’ll get to meet him once we land.” That name slices through me once again at the exact time I feel the wheels come down and a dip in the air jolts my system. I work on my breathing, refusing to

think that I could be getting nauseous from landing.

“Well, it’s unbelievably amazing.” My voice catches as the gears hit the pavement and there’s a slight jarring that only makes the bubble in my stomach start to turn. Jesus, this is ridiculous. I’ve never had this issue before, and now that I’m in the air as a career, it seems I’ll have to learn to deal with it.

Nothing is making sense right now.

“You don’t look so good, honey,” Samuel states the obvious. I give him a tight smile and keep a hand over my mouth on the off-chance I can’t make it to the restroom in time. “Go, go, go. I’ll take care of the guests, but use the cabin bathroom just in case.” He doesn’t have to tell me twice. I rip my seatbelt off and try to be as light on my feet as possible, crossing my fingers that I’m not making any noises, and dart into the bathroom, managing to close the door behind me. I’m barely through the next door before I’m dropping to my knees and expelling everything I’ve got, which isn’t much as it is.

I’m doomed. There’s no other word for it. I’ll be given my marching orders, never to work for Vaughn Air Elite again, and if this keeps happening at the corporate airline, I’ll be out of a job, too. Which luckily, yesterday I was fine. Today, not so much. Another wave of nausea hits me, and I’m lurching upward, holding my hair back while dealing with the same thing all over again.

8

TYSEN

“Maci, are you sure you’re feeling better?” I hear her name, and I know I’m not losing it now. We’ve landed, been taxied to the hanger, the passengers were escorted off the plane and in their respective vehicles they asked for us to have waiting for

them, and now this. Her name isn't popular. The spelling may have fucked me up, but never in my life have I even met someone with her name before. With all the traveling I've done, the people I've been around, none of them were ever named Maci.

I should have known it was her all along, especially with the way she was bent over at the waist, her ass tipped up, exactly like she did when I bent her over the bed the one and only night we spent together. That thought has me racing through the jet. It doesn't take me long since we were in the middle of the plane, saying our farewells to McCarthy, his wife, and his assistant. I can't get a beat off them, yet there's a lingering doubt in the back of my mind that they're into something, but what that is, I have no idea. If I had to garner a guess, it'd be that they enjoy the variety of Night Moves, a sex club Johnny owns attached to Undercover Lovers. Whereas I and all of the guys in our group are possessive of our women, I don't see that being a problem for the people who just left the plane.

I continue moving with a swiftness through the galley kitchen. Thankfully, Liam isn't standing in my way or asking a million and one question while I'm on the way, barreling my big-ass body through the narrow space. All this searching, the need to see her with my own eyes is fucking consuming any realistic thoughts sliding through my head. All this time, I've been sitting on my ass thinking that there's no way she'd be right under my nose, not to mention that the past two days, Jude has been searching with no luck, and I know down to the marrow of my bones that Maci is on my plane. I walk through the bedroom door, where Samuel is hanging off to the side, and that's when he notices me.

"Oh shit," he says. Maci takes that time to lift her head where she had it propped on her arm along the length of the toilet seat, and she looks like death warmed over.

"What the fuck," tumbles from my lips, my anger lighting me up from the inside out at realizing she's sick, and working.



“Tysen?” she says with a question. “Oh god, I think I’m going to be sick again.” I move in closer, more than ready to comfort Maci and wishing like fuck we were in Florida and not in California. I’d have Luke here in five minutes flat or have her at his office, whichever is fastest.

“I’m going to get her some ginger ale, maybe give you two a few minutes.” I look over my shoulder toward him, nodding in appreciation. “Maci, when you told me about Tysen, I was not imagining it being this Tysen. Sheww, girl, no wonder you can’t stop talking about him.”

“Samuel,” Maci says with an undertone of annoyance.

“Thanks. Let Liam know he’s good to head out until the McCarthys are back, would you?” Liam and I usually grab something to eat together, but it seems that won’t be happening today. She’s going straight to a doctor’s office as soon as she’s cleaned up and not losing her food long enough to stand.

“Please go away, Tysen. This is mortifying.” Maci attempts to stand up, but when she starts to lose her balance, I wade in. No fucking way is she going to be sick, faint, and then further hurt herself. My hands wrap around her waist, and I’m being careful not to hold her too tightly as I help guide her toward the sink. She bends over, and I have to move backwards a bit. A hell of a time for my dick to get hard, except it doesn’t realize Maci’s sick; my dick just knows he’s in her presence.

“Not leaving you alone, especially not now.” She goes about rinsing her mouth with water, and I reach for the drawer where we keep spare toothbrushes and toothpaste, pulling out what she needs, then placing it on the counter. My other hand never leaves her hip, my thumb sliding along her back, applying light pressure to try and ease some of the tension that’s building inside of her body.

“Ugh, thanks.” Her head lifts up, and when our gazes lock using the mirror, it’s like

all of these weeks have disappeared. I'm left with more questions than answers. Seeing as she's here in my presence, I've got nothing but time, especially since we're grounded until the McCarthys are back.

"Here ya go, sweets." Samuel may as well be on another fucking planet. I've got my eyes set on Maci, and they aren't leaving hers any time soon. It appears hers aren't, either. A quick squeeze of her hip, and she comes out of her trance.

Time suspends. Every thought I had causes me to stand still when life as I know it changes. The apparition of what I was starting to think of as a ghost is here in the flesh.

"Thanks." Maci takes slow sips of the carbonated drink.

"Not a problem. I think maybe you should rest, and we'll do lunch together next time." Samuel catches the slight nod I send his way. He's worked for us before. He's one of the best, and if I have my choice, he'll be the first one we bring on permanently.

"Yeah, you're probably right," Maci agrees, throwing me for a loop. The way she left like a thief in the night without so much as waking me up to say goodbye, I'd have assumed she'd try to get away from me as fast as possible.

"Liam says he'll see you when he comes back. He took the company car, and to text him if anything happens. Do you want me to grab anything while I'm out?" he asks.

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“I’m good, thanks, Samuel.” I nod toward the drink and at his offer.

“You’re welcome.” He looks from me to Maci. “Anything for you, sweets? Some crackers, toast, or peppermints?”

“I think we have crackers here, but maybe Sprite. I appreciate your fast thinking, but ginger ale tastes terrible.” She pushes the cup off to the side, grabs the toothbrush and toothpaste that’s meant for single use, and turns around.

“Anything for you. Ta-ta for now. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” Samuel says with a flare before he’s off to enjoy a few hours before it’s time to get back to work.

“Maci.”

“Tysen.”

We say each other’s names at the same time. My phone decides to dance around in my pocket, but I ignore it. This is more important. She’s more important.

“You first,” I tell her, crowding her space now that she’s facing me. Her ass meets the counter, and with the heels she has on, Maci’s is at the perfect height for me. The toe of my shoe moves hers to open, giving me enough room to spread her legs and step between them. I lick my lips, more than ready to act on that desire she has blazing in her eyes, except she’s sick, and we have a lot to talk about. Still, I stay in her personal space.

“Well, I mean, I don’t really know what to say. This is a shock to my system. When

Samuel said your name earlier, the last thing I thought was that I'd be working for you, or ever see you again for that matter." Maci is unsure of herself. The self-assured woman who had no problem telling me what she liked and how she liked isn't currently here, and I can tell by the way she's spinning the ring on her index finger that her nerves are at an all-time high. My hand covers hers in an attempt to calm her worries, when all it does is light a fire deep inside me. There's no stopping my cock from perking up. This woman has my guts tied up in knots and my dick ready to explode.

"Motherfucking Christ." My phone starts vibrating again. It only stopped for the barest of a second before it started up again. "Give me one minute. We're going to talk. I think we both have a lot to say. My damn phone hasn't stopped since we landed, which means it's work related or worse." Maci nods in response. I pull my phone out of my pocket without bothering to check the screen.

"Hello." My voice is gruff, pissed that this conversation is taking me away from a much more important one.

"Fuckin' finally, dude. I got a hit. Maci Vesper. She's a flight attendant, and she was just picked up by the agency we use," Jude rushes through the news he's been desperate to give me.

"I know," I reply.

"How, when the information only came across my screen ten minutes ago? No way you were able to do what my sexy systems can do." This fucker, he's always on about his machines being the prettiest, working the most, and always putting out for him. I swear to god, he's a man obsessed.

"Because she's standing right here in front of me." My eyes move over the length of Maci, taking in her flushed cheeks, swollen lips, and bloodshot eyes.

“Damn, all that searching, and she practically lands at your feet. Well, guess you’re good, then. Catch you back in Florida,” Jude ends the conversation. The click of the phone is the last thing I hear in my ear.

I deposit the phone back in my pocket before I press both my hands to her hips, lifting her slightly until her ass is planted on the counter. Maci might be feeling like shit, but I still get to her. The sharp intake of breath, her chest rising and falling along with her nipples tightening into taut peaks beneath her shirt tell me so.

“You looked for me?” Maci asks with a tone of disbelief.

“Tried. Do you know how many variations of your name there are? And I had no clue where to even start. Finally pulled in the big guns, my friend Jude. He’s a genius when it comes to anything tech, and he’s tapping into tracking people now. Only took him two days to find you with the details I gave him, which wasn’t much.” Her eyebrows furrow in confusion, as if I’d be hitting it and quitting with her.

“I don’t know why you’d have to search for me when I left you a note with my name and phone number.” This time, it’s me who’s puzzled. “What? I did, promise. I’d say you can ask someone, but the only friend I told is Samuel. I kind of spilled the beans about what happened back in Vegas, a story for another time,” Maci mutters the last part quietly. “My flight re-scheduled, and it was by sheer will and determination that I made it to the gate in time. I penned a quick note and left it on the table by the door before I dashed out of the hotel room. I’d have thought with the ruckus I made, you’d have woken up.” Her lips lift up in a quirk. “Anyways, I assumed no answer was an answer, and now we’re here.”

“Never got the note.” I’m upset. No, I take that back. I’m fucking pissed. I scoured the hotel room top to bottom after getting dressed, even asking the cleaning ladies if they’d seen a note.

“I’m getting that.” She resituates herself on the counter, causing her skirt to slide up her thighs. My gaze shifts downward, seeing Maci’s soft creamy flesh and remembering her low moans as my lips traveled up the inside of her thighs. My mouth waters, and I’m ready and willing to drop to my knees and get another taste.

“Yeah, fucking sucks, too.” Our bodies move closer to one another, the pull so damn strong it sucks you in like the rip current in the ocean. My hands move upward, needing to feel more of her, and I watch as her body trembles. Maci doesn’t say no, and she damn sure doesn’t pull away. What she does is spread her thighs further apart, allowing me to wedge myself closer to her. Her pretty, pouty lips are right there, ready and willing, so I do what we both want. My head descends, and she arches up. There’s no denying the mutual need we feel for one another. I felt it the first night, and when I saw her today, it all came rushing back.

“I’m taking your mouth, babe.”

“It’s a good thing I want you to take my mouth.” She pauses for a moment, enough for me to brush my lips across hers, and then throws back, “Babe.”

“Now you’ve fucking done it.” My hands move, cupping her cheek with one and holding her back with the other. She doesn’t get another word in edgewise before I lick the seam, seeing what she’ll give. A delicate sigh gives me the entrance I need.

Finally, goddamn, I’ve finally got her back in my arms, my mouth attached to hers, and her taste on my lips. I slide my tongue along hers, pushing her further to what we both want. The tips of her fingers dig into my chest, and when she moves closer until I can feel the heat from her pussy pressed against my cock, I forget about everything else except the woman writhing in my arms. Our breaths mingle with one another’s, her hips tilt, searching for the pleasure she’s hell bent on receiving, and I’m the one who will be giving it to her, starting right fucking now.

## MACI

“Please, Tys, please,” I beg when he pulls back. His hand at my back slides around to my front. I’m breathless, weak beyond measure, and while I might have been sick a bit ago, I’m perfectly fine now. In fact, I’ve never felt better. Whether that has to do with me losing my food from earlier or the man in front of me, I’m not sure, and I really don’t seem to care.

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“Please, what?” His lips are wet from our kiss, his eyes are hooded with desire, and I can feel the hard length of his cock pressed against my pussy. My skirt has somehow managed to slide up and over my hips. The only thing that’s in the way for Tysen’s mouth or fingers is a pair of flimsy lace panties. I’d take his cock right now, except I’m well aware of how he works. The last time we were together, he gave. My god, did he give. He devoured every inch of me. I had scruff marks that were beyond possible to hide, and believe me, I had to, or I’d really have to discuss what I did the night at the airport to my parents.

“Please, more.” My head tips backward when I feel his lips trail the length of my neck. I shiver when his jaw scrapes along my skin, the abrasion from his beard doing delicious things to me.

“You need to be more specific.” He nips at the skin beneath my ear, and I’m caught in a blazing sensation of wanting to push him away in order to strip my clothes off or pull him as close as possible to never lose his heat.

“Tysen.” The scraping of his teeth only befuddles my already desire-ridden mind, and all I can do is moan his name. My hands move every which way, looking for purchase, begging for the promise only he can bring, and when my core presses against the thick ridge in his pants, I nearly shatter.

“Not giving you my mouth, my fingers, or my dick until you tell me what you want, Maci.” The gruffness of his tone doesn’t set back my need for him. If anything, it spurs me on.

“I want you to fuck me with your fingers.” I look deep into his warm velvet eyes. His



pupils dilate, liking what I told him. This isn't a party of one, and I'm more than a willing participant, which is why I put my hand on top of his that's at my hip and move it until it's gliding inward at the seam of where the inside of my leg and sex meet.

"My baby wants my fingers, that's what she'll get." He takes over, cupping my center with his palm. The warmth from my flesh meets the heat of his hand. The feeling is indescribable, and he hasn't even done anything else yet.

I move my hand away, wanting to feel him, too, and while I vividly remember Tysen not wanting me near his cock until I got off, today, that won't be happening. My hands work at his belt. The clanking of the metal and our heavy breathing are the only noises you can hear in the bathroom. I yank at the button, pull his zipper down, and then I'm greeted with the thickest cock I've ever laid eyes on. My gaze moves from Tysen's dick to his face, wanting to see all of him as my hand surrounds his shaft. "Christ, Maci, hold me just like that," he says between deep breaths. His body heaves, much like mine, and when I feel him drag the tips of his fingers along my slit, I'm lost in my own desire.

"Tys." I start to slowly stroke him, and while I'm not obeying him in only holding him, he's also doing more to me. Tysen moves my panties to the side, then two fingers slide up and down my slick center, gathering my wetness and causing me to stutter in my movements.

"One finger or two, Maci?" I don't answer, too caught up in the frenzy of sensations he's pushing me through. "Tell me this, has anyone been inside you since I've had you?" I shake my head as one digit slides in, stopping at the first knuckle and testing my limits.

"N-no." Tysen's hand slides to the nape of my neck, moving my head so I'm staring up into his eyes. This is the man I remember, the rugged, rough around the edges,

makes you feel good before he does, and demands me in a way I've never experienced before. I do the only logical thing next: I ask him the same question. "Have you?" He tips his head to the side, and I elaborate, "Been with anyone since me." My voice is soft and quiet. I'm annoyed at myself for acting like a meek girl. Even if he says yes, it's not like I'm going to wrench his hand away.

"Fuck no. Woman, you've got me so messed up, a woman so much as looks at me, and I'm disgusted. I've used my hand so many damn times a day, my palm is calloused." He thrusts the rest of his finger inside me before pulling it back and adding the second. My body locks tightly, and when he flicks them together in a flurry of movements, I'm right there. Try as I might to hold back, there's no way possible. Instead, I try to focus on making Tysen feel good like he's doing to me. My thumb sweeps over the head of his cock, coming away with moisture, and I use it to help my palm glide easier down his length. As soon as I get into a rhythm, he ups the ante, moving faster, rubbing the palm of his hand against my already overstimulated clit.

"Tys." My hips rock upward, and my hand digs into the back of his neck while my other holds on to his dick.

"Fuck, Maci. Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chants while I keep up with my swift and steady moments. Our eyes are still locked on one another's. There's no denying our chemistry or the pull we have for each other. I hate that my note disappeared, that I was left wondering if he even cared, and for him to have felt the same sort of emotion. It makes me want to crumble into a fit of tears, except Tysen, who I now know is Tysen Vaughn, is here in front of me, and he's making me come alive in the best way possible.

"So close. God, I'm so close," I respond as he slams his digits in and out of my tight center. Tysen is stretching me, filling me with his thick fingers that aren't even as big as his cock. I'll never forget when I first came into contact with him. My eyes bulged

wondering how he'd fit inside me. He saw the expression on my face, smirked, and then told me to hold on. He proceeded to use his mouth and fingers, getting me off as fast as he could, leaving me wanting more. Never in my life did I ever experience what I have and am experiencing now with Tysen.

"Get there, babe," he groans. His jaw tightens, his corded muscles flex, and through it all, he doesn't miss a beat. My hand slackens its hold on his dick, unable to keep up while my orgasm rolls through me. I'm no longer able to keep my gaze on his. My head tips back, my mouth parts, and I'm shattered.

"Tysen," I breathe out his name in a too-loud sob. I'm completely and totally done for. Everything I've done in our time apart, using my fingers or my toys, has never amounted to this amount of pleasure. It's never left me tired down to my bones and completely sated.

Tysen's fingers slowly leave my trembling body, and while I'm still floating in a sea of sensations, I somehow manage to pull myself together enough when I feel his fingers tighten their grip on the flesh of my thigh. I'm captivated when I see the show he's giving me. His hand is wrapped around his length, stroking it while using the wetness from me to guide his path. It's hot, so goddamn hot that my pussy contracts, grasping for a piece of him when all it's getting is air.

"Goddamn." The deep groan echoes in the bathroom. I put my hand over his on my thigh and do the same with the one he has gliding up and down and twisting his wrist when he meets the tip.

"That's so hot." I lick my lips, wishing like hell he'd kiss me, except then I'd lose the view, and that's the last thing I want. His body is a work of art, the way he's exuding a dominance that vibrates in his presence.

"Spread, babe. About to paint your cunt." He stops all movement except for our

hands. I do as he says, leaning back, spreading as wide as possible, and wait for him. My panties are stretched past their limits, leaving my center open and waiting for him. “Christ, look at you. Wet and greedy. Been too damn long since I’ve been inside you.” I’m almost tempted to ask him to fuck me, to take me raw, and to forget everything else.

Tysen’s eyes fall shut with a grunt. It’s deep and throaty. My eyes cascade down his body, watching as one heavy spurt lands on the lips of my pussy, then another meets the same fate except it’s on my mound, and when his hand lets go of his dick, I do the same. He continues coming all over me, the tops of my thighs, and the inside of them, too. The majority, though, is coating my center. When I look down, my wetness glistens with his, and it causes my body to ripple with desire.

“Want you to wear me but also know that might get uncomfortable. We’re also going to talk about you getting sick. Not liking that one bit, and I’m pissed at myself for not controlling my dick until we talked.” I go to interject to tell him I’m fine when he continues, “I’m cleaning you up. We’ll talk, but I don’t regret losing myself and getting you off. Hottest fucking thing I’ve seen since the last time, the way you light up for me. I’ll have that again, real soon.” Tysen moves away, rummaging through a cabinet until he comes away with a washcloth. Then he goes through the process of turning the water on, checking the temperature, and then proceeds to clean me up before he even worries about himself. I remain silent, watching as he takes care of me, a swipe here, rinsing the cloth out, and repeating the process.

“I’m not sick, Tys, promise. And you’re not the only one who wants it again.” When he’s done cleaning the mess he created, he helps me off the counter and adjusts my clothes. My panties are a mess, and while he may have cleaned me up, there’s no fixing his cum splattering the fabric.

“I’ll be the judge of that,” he grunts out, then makes quick work of cleaning himself off, and I notice his cock is still thick and heavy, much like it was the last night we

were together. I make a noise in the back of my throat, mourning the loss of the sight of his cock. There's something to be said about seeing a man all buttoned up yet completely undone at the hands of a woman.

"I'm serious. I think it's the altitude, and I just need to adjust. Yesterday, I was fine." I shrug my shoulders then pull my skirt down, adjusting it to where I don't look freshly fucked. Too bad the wrinkles will more than likely be a dead giveaway, especially to Samuel.

"Still taking you to the doctor once we're back in Florida," Tysen says, using that voice where he means business. I roll my eyes and ignore it, for now. We can bicker about it later. A wave of exhaustion hits me. Tysen being Tysen notices the yawn I can't suppress and shakes his head. "Come on. I'd rather you rest in a bed, but since the McCarthys will be coming back, it looks like it's the couch for us." I look longingly at the bed one last time.

"I shouldn't even be tired, except I am. So, I'll take you up on the couch and text Samuel to see if he'll bring us something back from the deli." After losing everything I had inside of me, hunger is starting to form in the pit of my belly.

Tysen wraps his arm around my body from behind and walks me through the bathroom after making sure the room is cleaned up from our romp.

He really is a man who takes care of every last detail. "I'll text him. Your ass is getting horizontal," he murmurs in my ear, doing the exact opposite of making me want to sleep.

10

TYSEN

“And she’s asleep.” Maci is in my lap, head tucked into my shoulder, her ass doing nothing to calm down my dick when she makes the slightest movement, and her soft breath whispers across my neck with each inhale and exhale she takes. When Maci sat down, it was next to me, hesitant almost at where to rest. The second she kicked off her shoes, I pulled her into me. I’d barely gotten two words out about what she wanted to watch before she cuddled into me, which is where she’s currently settled, and I don’t see her moving in the near future.

I grab the remote to turn down the volume another notch since an ad decided to be ten decibels too fucking loud compared to the hockey game I have on. I drop the remote, and my hand slides to the outside of her thigh, feeling her smooth skin, and I realize that this is what Asher, Trent, and Johnny have. I never balked at the idea of settling down, yet I didn’t think it’d happen anytime soon, before Maci. She stormed into my world, flipped it upside down, and when I didn’t see her the next morning, I tried to brush it off. I attempted to make it seem like it wasn’t a big deal when in the back of my mind, my thoughts always went back to her.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, going off non-stop. This can go one of two ways, the first being my mom asking about everything under the damn sun. Then there’s more likely possibility that all of my friends from childhood are chiming in in the group text because Jude has a big-ass mouth. I lightly jostle Maci to dig into my pants pocket to pull out the device. I’d made sure to text Liam that everything was good, and I’d update him when we were in the air. Maci texted Samuel asking if he’d pick

up an order for the two of us, and I'd pay him back. He got right on it, and I saw Maci's cheeks turn red. I figure Samuel asked the obvious, and seeing as how he made the comment about Maci talking to him about me, they'll have more to talk about later.

The screen on my phone lights up, and my thumb slides over the screen when I see multiple texts coming through.

Jagger: Tysen has news for you.

Jude: I told you to keep that news to yourself, fuckface.

Asher: What?

Trent: Whose news are you telling now?

Jude: Here we go again.

Crew: Man, not this shit. May as well spill since we all know you will anyways.

Jagger: I resent that statement.

Matthew: Make it quick. I've got to appear in court.

Luke: Fuck, I'm going to miss it all. I'm seeing patients all afternoon.

Jagger: Sucks for you.

Jagger: Anyways, Tysen has a woman. Her name is Maci. She's currently on his flight as an attendant, and he met her right after he turned in his resignation with the big dogs.

Jude: I'm never letting Jagger into my office again.

I tip my head back, allowing the cushion to pillow me, and attempt not to bust a gut laughing at Jagger with his antics. I also need to respond before our time ends and Samuel is back with our lunch.

Me: Jesus, man, I think you spend too much time obsessing over our sex lives and not enough time getting your dick sucked.

Crew: Jagger, man. Even I don't go snooping into Jude's office. It'll suck for you if you ever need a favor from him.

Johnny: Fuck me, I just walked into a landmine.

Jagger: Whatever, you were going to sit and stew on this until you were old and gray. You can thank me later. By the way, why are you so worried about my dick getting sucked?

Matthew: Alright, I'm out of here. Can't wait to meet her, Tysen.

Luke: Well, now that I'm late seeing patients, I'll catch you later. Thanks for the update on Tysen's love life. Your dick is most definitely not getting sucked, Jag.

Asher: Welcome to the club, Tys. See you at the next cookout. Bring your woman, yeah?

Jagger: Yeah, bring her by. I'll steal her like I do Winnie and piss Johnny off.

Me: Fuck off. I hope one of the guys beats some sense into you before I do.

Jagger: He wishes. Hugs and kisses, assholes



Me: Kiss my ass, Jagger. I'll bring her around. About to have guests. Talk soon.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

I hit the button on the side of my phone to darken the screen. One day, Jagger's going to have his dick knocked in the dirt. It'll be by some petite, sassy woman, and he'll never see it fucking coming. Exactly how it's been with Maci. Shit, Asher had the same thing happen with Lennie. Trent, on the other hand, had a thing for Kennedy, Asher's sister, forever but thought Asher would lose his shit on him, when in all actuality, Ash definitely breathed a sigh of relief. As for Johnny and Winnie, they met, fell head over heels for one another, shit happened, they fell apart, and have recently reconciled their differences, and now they're so tight it's as if the years during the time they weren't together didn't pass. Fuck, life has a way of working itself out.

"Knock, knock." My thoughts are interrupted when Samuel enters the cabin with two bags in one hand and drinks in the other. "Oh, shoot, sorry about that." He lowers his voice.

"No worries. She probably needs to wake up and eat anyways." I'm wrestling with the idea of putting her in the back bedroom for the last leg of the trip. Except the McCarthys would lose their shit and I'd lose their business, and that'd be a bad move on my part. Word travels fast in the political hemisphere. I'd like to keep it on a positive note and hopefully pick up more business.

"So, you and Maci?" Samuel asks while taking everything out of the bags and placing it on the table. I'm tempted to let Maci continue her nap, but she needs food, and I need to make sure she'll be okay to make the trip back to New York before heading to Florida.

"Yeah." I give him a non-committal answer, unwilling to talk about it with anyone

else until Maci and I have our shit together and are on the same path. I'd meant to bring it up once we were situated on the couch, only she conked out, and now here we are.

"I like the two of you together. The last guy did a number on her. Not emotionally, but he was a mega dickface. She calls him Chad the chode, if that's anything to go off. I probably shouldn't be telling you this." Samuel finishes his task of setting up our lunch, a task he didn't need to do yet anyways.

"I'm sure she'll tell me when she's ready. On another note, we're looking at adding two permanent flight attendants to our staff. We only fly three or four times a week right now. You think it's something you'd be interested in?" I change the subject from Maci's past love life. No man wants to discuss that shit, not now and not ever.

"Only if I can bring Maci with me." I cock an eyebrow, wanting him to elaborate. "What? She's solid, is a lot of fun to be around, and the girl knows her stuff. Plus, she's taken a place on my best friend's list." Samuel was one of the earlier flight attendants we received from the staffing agency. He's a hard worker, doesn't need to be told what to do, and we all mesh well together. Him going to bat for Maci is a no-brainer. I'd want her here with us, too, and I'll more than extend the opportunity as well, as long as her getting sick isn't for a different reason than flying.

"I'll run it by Liam. Thinking it won't be a problem." I rub my hand up and down Maci's back, attempting to slowly wake her up. So far, she isn't budging. The woman sleeps hard. My lips graze across her forehead while readjusting how I'm sitting. I don't mind having her in my lap. The problem I'll have is when I stand up.

"Hmm," Maci's mumbles against the side of my neck. My cock doesn't settle down in the least, especially when her sweet-as-hell ass wiggles in my lap.

"Maci, babe." She tilts her head up to look at me, slowly blinking away the sleep. The

soft look on her face makes me wish we were anywhere but here.

“Shit, how long have I been asleep?” She swipes away the strands of hair that have fallen across her face.

“Not long enough. Samuel’s here with our lunch.” She sits up straighter, arms lifting over her head to stretch. Maci’s shirt pulls tight, her tits move, and my mouth waters seeing her nipples pebble. The air conditioning in the jet has been on. We usually shut it down, yet with Maci and me staying back, Liam left it to where we wouldn’t die from the heat that builds inside the cabin.

“Oh.” She turns around, sees Samuel standing off to the side, and jumps off my lap. “Food. Samuel, you’re a god amongst us mortals.” I watch as she abandons me for the grilled cheese, chips, fruit salad, and soda she asked for. While I went for the steak sandwich and pasta salad.

“Someone is starving. Okay, you two eat. Anything I need to straighten up before the McCarthys come back?” I shake my head. Maci’s eyes bulge, and her face tinges with redness, and Samuel decides in that moment to bust out laughing. “I’ll just take a quick look around and spruce things up. Enjoy your meal.”

“Thanks, appreciate it.” I wait for him to head in the opposite direction before standing up. Maci is already sitting at the table, pulling the sandwich apart in small pieces, mouth open and ready to take a bite until she sees me.

“Tys.” Her pouty lips tremble. There’s not a damn thing I can do to alleviate the ache in her voice after she gets a look at what she does to me.

“Mac,” I groan, rubbing a hand down my face, trying to pull myself together. We both need food, her more than me, and while I’d love nothing else to feed her than my cock, she needs the sustenance.

“What? I can’t help it.” She takes a bit of her food, and I move to sit down in front of her where Samuel set everything up. Shit keeps going the way it is and we’re able to bring him and Maci on full-time, the man is going to get one hell of a bonus.

“Later. Let’s get through this last half of the day, and I’ll give you what we both want.” I settle in my seat, using the table to hide the fact that I’m adjusting my cock to be more comfortable and less noticeable for when Liam and our passengers return.

“Fine.” Maci’s voice has a sullen tone to it. Fuck me, it’s going to be damn hard to ever say no to her, and it’s a good thing I don’t ever want to.

11

TYSEN

“I feel like I’m going to throw up,” Maci says to me. We’re waiting in a room at Luke’s office. It took a lot of persuasion once we landed to get her to come with me, and I think the only reason she did is because Samuel encouraged it. The fact she was once again in the bathroom as soon as our wheels hit the tarmac here in Florida might have helped the case as well. I wasn’t made aware how she did during our first leg of the journey heading back to New York, except for McCarthy making a backhanded statement about having a nice view with the new flight attendant. My fist almost met his jaw. It was Liam clearing his throat and changing the subject that made it so the fucking idiot didn’t have a broken jaw. I still need to talk to Maci and Samuel about the situation and figure out how things went and if I need to ban the fuckface from ever entering my jet again.

“Babe, think you’ve done that enough. But if you need to do it, I’ll grab the trash can.” She scrunches her nose in disgust, like me holding her hair while she loses everything again would deter me from still wanting her wrapped around my body.

“No thanks, I’m good. I still think this is a little over the top. I could have gone to a walk-in clinic or made an appointment with a general practitioner instead of an obstetrician-slash-gynecologist.” Her legs are swinging back and forth while she sits on the table. I’d made the call the minute I found her in the same position she was in earlier today. Luke answered on the second ring. I gave him a quick rundown on what has been happening, he told me to bring Maci in, and here we are.

A knock on the door interrupts what I was going to say, and the man in the white coat enters.

“Hi, I’m Luke. You must be Maci?” He extends his hand to shake. She gives him a finger wave and then meets his hand.

“Hi, I am, and I think your friend here is overreacting.” She throws a look my way. I shake my head and send her a wink. The one thing she did insist on before heading here was to take a shower and change out of her work clothes. I more than understood her sentiments about doing so. She had her carry-on packed with clothes, and since Samuel picked her up from her place, she didn’t have to worry about her car. Which she blew under her breath and said she stayed at her parents’ house and didn’t want to get into it yet but knew we’d have to discuss the nitty gritty soon.

I drove us to my condo, dumped her bag on the chair in my bedroom, showed her where everything was, and let her have at it. I grabbed a change of clothes and took a shower of my own in the spare bathroom, giving her the time she needed to clean up. The desire to join her was almost too much, and the look she shot my way made it even harder, but we were racing against the clock and Luke made time to squeeze her in between his patients and his rounds at the hospital. That didn’t mean my cock didn’t flex against my pants. Maci took notice, her eyes expressed her desire, and her full lips were wet from her tongue. There was no way I’d leave her without a kiss.

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It took a turn, and we got hot and heavy. Her leg hiked over my hip, and I walked us, her feet retreating, and didn't stop until her back met the wall. My hands went to her ass, her fingers dug deep into my scalp, and it almost made us late getting to Luke's. Never mind the fact I had to take a cold shower to get my cock to settle the fuck down.

"Shit, I think she's got your number already." Luke moves my way, and I stand up to shake his hand. He pulls me into a hug, I pat his back, and he moves to where there's a small desk set up in the corner.

"You call getting sick twice in one day, and it happens the day before yesterday as well normal, then maybe I'm in the wrong industry," I say, not wanting this to be swept under the rug.

"Okay, Tys," Maci says, her thumb sliding along the ring she wears on her index finger.

"Alright, give me the facts, and then we'll go through everything." Luke moves into doctor mode. His full attention is on Maci, observing her every move, and so the fuck am I. Her color is still too pale from the normal hue of peaches and cream, there's a shadow beneath her eyes, and who else knows what else that's going on internally.

"Well, where to begin? Umm, let's see, I started my job three days ago." Maci uses her fingers. "Yeah, three days ago. The first time I got sick, I'd been off the plane for a good twenty minutes, walked into the breakroom, and had to rush into the bathroom. Then I was fine. Yesterday, I had no problem. Today, it seems like it came back with a vengeance and is wreaking havoc on my body."

“Okay, when did you get sick today? What was happening at each time?” Luke jots a couple of things down on his tablet while keeping eye contact.

“Both times, we were landing, well, on the descent, I mean.” She chews on her bottom lip when she’s finished.

“Must be Tysen’s flying.” Luke makes a smart-ass remark; I knew that was going to happen.

“Sure, we’ll go with that,” I reply. Maci lets out a quiet laugh while Luke chuckles and shakes his head.

“Alright, any chance you’re pregnant?” Luke drops a bomb on Maci’s lap, so to speak. She looks at me, then back to Luke, only to repeat the process. Her mouth opens and closes, then, for a moment, she tips her head up to the ceiling, mumbling something under her breath. Luke and I look at one another, and he quirks an eyebrow.

“No, I mean, the last time I had sex was six weeks ago.” Maci looks at me.

“Uh, about that. The condom broke. Didn’t see it till the next morning, which is part of the reason I’ve been trying to find you. I don’t know if it was when I was ripping it off before you...” Maci moves off the table faster than I’ve ever seen before, slaps a hand over my mouth, and won’t let me finish.

“I’ll have a nurse take you to the restroom and have a urinalysis done. We’ll see what the results are and go from there.” Luke makes quick work disappearing. My hand goes to Maci’s lower back, pulling her forward until she’s standing between my spread legs. Her hand is still covering my mouth, and I take the opportunity to nip at her skin.



“Ouch,” she says, her palm leaving my mouth.

“Are you okay?” I ask the million-dollar question.

“Yes, no, maybe. I mean, how did this happen? We were so careful, and I have so much shit swirling in my head.” The tips of my fingers cup the fleshy part of her ass. Her leggings give away the fact she’s not wearing fucking panties.

“We were also rough, and not a damn thing could get in our way. I’ve got not one single fucking regret, except that I woke up without you and your note disappeared.” We were both in a haze. Her cunt clutched me like a vice, and when she told me she wanted to try and get him hard with her mouth for another round, I was more than willing. Maci was more than up for the task. She landed on her knees, and my hands were in hair, guiding her as she engulfed my dick with her wet mouth. I didn’t last five minutes before I was lifting her up off the ground, her back met the wall, and my cock was sliding along her wet slit. There’s no telling when or how she got pregnant, and I’m not sure I care.

Maci is going to be tied to me in every way possible.

“I’m a mess. I didn’t even tell you why I was leaving Vegas.” Her hands hold on to my biceps, and I pull her into my lap to get her off her feet.

“Tell me now.” I wrap her up, much like I did in the jet today, and she settles in.

“It’s a lot, and I’m not proud of staying when I really wasn’t wanted. Here goes nothing,” she says on an exhale. There isn’t a dramatic bone in Maci’s body. What you see is what you get. Her personality doesn’t change because she’s around someone else. She’s true to her core and good down to her bones.

“Okay, well, I walked in on my now ex, Chad the chode, with his secretary. His pants

were down, she was laid over his desk, completely naked. He never stopped the entire time we had it out, either. So cliché. I swear I felt for the woman beneath him. Chad could hardly ever get me off, barely knew where to find a clit.” I chuckle at the name and how he didn’t make her come. He must be a selfish bastard. Maci is hot, even hotter when she’s in the throes of ecstasy. “I’d been living with him, working for his father, and yes, I was that girl who chased after him. Then it all imploded on me the same week I lost my boyfriend, no big loss there, but I lost my job. That one stung, especially since dear old daddy blacklisted me with every other advertising firm in the country, or so it seemed at the time, and I also lost my place to live.”

Her gaze is on mine, waiting for me to say something, and I’m letting her have this time to get it off her chest.

“Well, I did what anyone else would do. I boxed all my shit up, shipped it back home, stayed to get my last check, and then came home. Where I now live with my parents, who think it’s fun to include me in all their old people activities. I’m lucky in the sense that I found Samuel with my new job. He’s been keeping me busy, and I’m not having to play bingo and drink at two in the afternoon on a random weekday. There, that’s my story, and before you ask, no, I wasn’t looking for you to heal my broken heart because it wasn’t broken to begin with. Chad the chode was comfortable until he wasn’t, and honestly, you gave me more pleasure in one night than I’d ever experienced before.” She huffs out another breath. “That’s my drama. Now I’m not sure what I’m going to do or how things are going to go. I mean, we barely know one another, and the sex plus the attraction we have is off the charts amazing, but what if nothing else is compatible?” I lick my lips before responding. Maci’s eyes lock on them, and her cheeks heat with desire.

“We all have a past. It doesn’t define you. You also didn’t sit and stew. You got away, re-started your life, and in doing so, we met. The sex is shit fucking hot. Think you know that with the way my dick stays permanently hard around you. The rest we’ll figure out as we go. Hate to say it, depending on what Luke says, you might

have to find a different job.” I’m hoping she doesn’t. I’d rather have her on my plane right alongside Samuel with the knowledge of her being right there with me.

“Don’t put the cart before the horse. If I can’t fly, I’ll find another job. I’m sure the local dollar store is hiring.” I toss my head back and laugh. It’s deep and throaty, and the only reason I stop is when Maci’s fingers slide down the front of my throat.

“We’re doing this. Which means we’ll work the kinks out along the way. Today, we find out the news. Pretty sure we both know what the answer will be. Then we head back to my place, I feed you dinner, we get some rest, and tomorrow, we’ll figure out the rest, yeah?” My mouth brushes hers, awaiting her answer.

“Yeah.” It doesn’t take long, and I use her reply to gain entrance with my tongue. Just as I’m about to take this a step further, there’s a knock on the door.

“Hi, I’m here to take Ms. Vesper to do a urinalysis, then Doctor Camden will be back in,” one of Luke’s nurses says with a chart in her hand.

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“I guess I’ll be back,” Maci says to me.

“I’ll be right here, babe.” She climbs off my lap. I stand, and my hand goes to her lower back as she walks to the door. I only drop it when she follows the nurse out into the hall. I pull out my phone and pull up a contact. I’ve got plans to make, and the sooner they happen, the better.

Me: Hey, I’ve got someone I want you to meet. Are you free tomorrow?

I don’t have to wait more than thirty seconds before I receive a response.

Mom: Hi, honey, we’ll be free for you. Does this someone have anything to do with you being more surly than normal?

Me: I’ll text you before we head over. Try not to cook enough for an army. And yeah, she’s the reason, and it’s no one’s fault but life getting in the way. I’ll tell you all about it tomorrow.

Mom: I’ll cook as much as I want, and you won’t complain. Love you.

Me: Love you.

My mom will get on the phone next, call my dad, then call my brother, and who knows who else. Now that I think of it, we may want to hit Maci’s parents up first before they find out from some random person who knows someone who knows someone. Fuck me, I’ll have to talk to Maci, and fast.

## MACI

“Um, so, now that the test did in fact confirm what you probably knew all along, can I say something?” We’re back at Tysen’s condo, which, by the way, is out-of-this-world stunning. It’s somehow in the city yet has the feel of nature surrounding it. The big oak trees that have been planted tens of years ago are beautiful, there’s grass in the back and front and even garden beds against the house, though those are currently sitting empty; not so much as a shrub has been planted.

“You can say anything you want.” Tysen looks over his shoulder. He’s in jeans and nothing else. Once we left Luke’s office, after receiving the shock of the century, Tysen suggested we stop by the grocery store to pick up food for dinner and breakfast. At first, I tried to talk him out of it, giving him the talk, you know, the one where you’re an absolute mess and shit just spews from your mouth. Fine, okay, I gave him an out, telling him we didn’t have to do this together, that plenty of parents co-parent, but he shut me up rather quickly. It was with a searing kiss, one that was filled with promises and told me in no uncertain terms that we were doing this, together.

Once that was out of the way, he exited the car, came around the other side, opened my door, and we went grocery shopping. He placed me in front of him once we got the shopping cart and then went about our day. As if I didn’t lose my shit, question every single thing in life, and attempt to push him away. He didn’t budge, and when our, I mean my moment was over, it was over. Tysen let it go. There was no grudge, no other words he spoke, besides I’m glad you’re thinking clearly now. I may have had another little hiccup in Luke’s office when the nurse handed me a pamphlet about my options and what to do in the meantime. I’d never once thought giving my child up, but when I saw the paper, my stomach dropped, and I almost suggested to Tysen that we shouldn’t have this child. We’re too new, and this is the worst time possible for

me to be pregnant. Then I sat for a minute and realized there's no such thing as the best time to have a child. Anything could happen even with plenty of money in your bank account, something I don't have, or being married. People fall in and out of love, life happens, and the world keeps spinning.

That's when I looked from Tysen to the paper, and realization hit me. I'd already started falling for him the minute he walked into the bar. The reason I left a note is because I wanted more. It didn't matter that Chad the chode cheated on me or his dad fired me. The man standing beside me is the man I want and need. I tossed the papers in the trash while my eyes peered at Tysen's. He lifted his chin, and then we left with our fingers laced together.

"As much as I like Luke as your friend and all, there's no way he's looking up my dress even if it's to deliver our baby." He stops what he's doing. The man drops the tongs on the tray, abandoning the steak and potatoes he's grilling, and turns around. The broccoli we picked up is currently steaming in the microwave inside. While he's sipping on his Macallan, I'm swirling my wine glass filled with ice and sparkling flavored water, another addition we picked up from the store, this one my idea. While I love the sweetness of the lemon lime soda, it's also super high in sugar. When Tysen kept putting random things in the grocery cart, I didn't question him until we checked out. He simply shrugged his shoulders and told me Asher's wife is pregnant with twins, Kennedy was pregnant before, and Luke's a female doctor; you learn a thing or two when you're around them. I dropped it and made a mental note to immediately pick up a book on all things pregnancy so I wouldn't feel behind in the next nine months.

"Babe, didn't want you to, and I would have put my foot down either way. Lennie sees the other doctor at his practice. It's cute you thought I'd let my friend look at what's mine." He prowls toward where I'm sitting on his killer patio furniture. The couch is where it's at, big and deep, easy to settle into the corner and relax. The two chairs on either side aren't bad, either, except I didn't feel the need to spin or rock in

them. On the other side of the patio, Tysen also has a matching table and chairs, where he mentioned eating at tonight.

The weather we're having this time of year in Florida isn't going to last much longer. Before too long, the breeze will stop, the mosquitos will carry us away, the temperature won't drop below eight-five degrees, and the humidity will make you feel like you're in a sauna.

"Good, I'm glad we can agree on that," I reply. He bends at the waist, his hands going to either side of the couch. I know what's coming. I'm more than looking forward to it. Any time Tysen's mouth is on mine, it's going to be more than amazing, plus it's a promise for later. His tongue slides along the seam of my lips, I open on a sigh like I always seem to do, and he moves in. My hand moves up the length of his chest until I'm cupping the side of his face. His scruff against the palm of my hand only spurs me on more. Whereas before now, he was taking and I was giving, allowing him to do all the work, I get in on the action. My tongue moves along his in a rhythm that feels connected and sensual. My core aches, my body tingles, and when he pulls back, I'm not the only one completely under a spell.

"I still don't like your coloring. I'll need to get more iron in you," Tysen says.

"Way to ruin the moment. I wasn't just thinking about pulling you on top of me or anything." I roll my eyes at him. The most inopportune time to discuss my health is when I'd really like an orgasm or three.

"You'll get that later, once you've been fed." He drops a kiss to my lips and moves back to the grill. The unobstructed view of him is one I could get on my knees for any day of the week. Tall, muscular, broad shoulders, an ass that fills out a pair of jeans, and of course he catches me checking him out.

"What, like I can't look?" I tease, licking my lips when he sends a wink over his

shoulder.

“You can look all you want, babe.” He goes back to flipping the steaks and baked potatoes. The meat he chose is thick, massive, and he’s cooking four of them. I tried to tell him that there is no way I’d be able to eat even half of one plus the big-ass potatoes he picked out and I’m sure the mountain of broccoli he’ll insist on putting on my plate. Tysen simply shrugged his shoulder and said we’d have steak and eggs for breakfast. I didn’t clue him in on the fact that there would still be enough left over for lunch and dinner, too. I also realized that this man loves his steak, seeing as how he had it for lunch and is now having it again, and is already making plans to eat it tomorrow.

“I’m not sure you could stop me even if you tried.” I take a sip of my drink and settle back into the couch.

“It’s a good thing I’m not trying.” He closes the lid to the grill, turns around, and grabs his lowball of Macallan to take a sip. I already know he’s gearing up to say something else. I swear to everything if he brings up what I should eat again, I’m going to lose it. I don’t mind eating healthy. In fact, I prefer it, unless I’m near that time of the month, then I tend to go a bit overboard. What girl doesn’t enjoy salt and chocolate in no particular order or mixed together?

“I can see you have something on your mind,” I open the line of communication for him.

“Yep, sure do. Tomorrow, I’m off work, as are you.” My eyebrows furrow. “Samuel told me.”

“Why am I not surprised?” I take another sip of my drink. I’m going to have to talk to my new bestie for the restie. He seems to be spilling all the tea to Tysen when I’m not around.



“Back to the matter at hand, we’ve got rounds to make. Your parents first. We’ll load up your stuff, move it in here, and then we’ll head to my folks. Already gave my mom a heads-up, so you may wanna do the same with yours. I want you settled before you go back to work, and that’s another thing we’re talking about. I’d prefer to keep you on my plane. Samuel has already been offered a job. That was in the works before I knew you’d be there. He made it contingent on you flying with him. It’s three to four days a week, which means a cut in pay from the agency, marginally, but it comes with benefits including health, dental, and a pension plan once I get the ball rolling. There might come a point where it’d be more like five days a week, too. There’s other stuff in the works, but until I have a sit-down meeting with the rest of my friends and co-pilot, I can’t really talk about it.” Tysen tosses this out like it’s no big deal.

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“Tys.”

“This is happening, Mac. I’m just cluing you in on how it’s going to go. Spent six damn weeks without you. I’m not doing it again. We’re both old enough to know what we want and know we’ve got to work at what we’ve got. I don’t want you packing a bag to spend the night here and there. I want you by my side and in my bed every night of the week.” It’s really hard to argue with a man who wants you, has no problem using every available resource to find you, and brings in his friends any way he can for help.

“I guess I better text my mom before you or Samuel do it for me.”

“Might be a good idea,” he responds with a dash of laughter in his tone. Still, I pull my phone out of my pocket and go through the motions until I land on the group chat with my parents.

Me: Hey, are you guys going to be around tomorrow? I have some news I’d like to share with you. Also, I’ll be bringing a guest.

Mom: We’ll be here. I’m assuming the guest you’re bringing is also the man you texted us earlier about to let us know you wouldn’t be home.

There’s no animosity in her tone; we’ve always had an open and clear line of communication. There are certain rules my parents have, and even though I’m in my thirties, I still abide by them seeing as how I’m living with them for the time being.

Me: That would be him.

Dad: I like him already. See you tomorrow, pumpkin.

Me: See you tomorrow.

Mom: Love you.

Me: Love you, too.

“Everything good to go?” Tysen asks as I drop my phone on the outdoor coffee table.

“Yep. You’re kind of bossy, you know that?” I roll my eyes at him again, but this time, it’s while I’m standing up from my place on the couch and walking toward him. The moment I get within reaching distance, Tysen pulls me into the warmth of his body.

“You like my kind of bossy,” he replies. I lay my head on his chest, and he kisses the crown of my head.

“That I do.” I close my eyes, soak in the feel and scent of Tysen, and try not to pinch myself to see if this is actually real life.

13

TYSEN

“Go on up to bed, Mac. I’ll shut down the house and meet you up there.” She’s been yawning for the past ten minutes while we’ve been on the couch outside. We’ve eaten, she ate half of what I did, and I had to bite my fucking tongue in order to not ask her to eat more. Maci being sick multiple times a day is not sitting well with me, and yeah, this is part of some women’s pregnancy, but it pisses me off that I can’t do fuck all about it. I guess time will tell if the advice Luke gave her will help or if she’ll

have to use the prescription. Maci didn't want to fill the damn thing to begin with, and it was only because I pled my case at the likelihood that if she got too sick in the air, she'd be fucked.

"But I'm comfortable," she murmurs against my throat. After cleaning up from dinner, she meandered back outside, and I followed. In doing so, I flipped the outdoor speakers on and joined her on the couch. It didn't take us long until I was positioned on my back with Maci placed on top.

"You'd be more comfortable in bed, babe." She lifts her head and places it on her hands she has stacked on my chest. The soft R&B music plays in the background. The light from the patio shows me how beautiful Maci truly is. Her hair is a mess, her face is free of makeup, and she's wearing the same pair of leggings and a faded shirt she had on earlier. I've seen her dressed up, I've seen her naked and sweaty, and I've seen her like this, comfortable in her own skin, not afraid to be herself. And I have to say I love every damn side of her.

"You'll come with?" she asks with hopefulness in her tone, like I could ever turn her down. She grinds her pussy down on my cock in a way that she knows will have me following her to the ends of the earth.

"Yeah, need to shut the house down first." I lift my head and capture her mouth with mine, pulling at her lower lip with my teeth and making her squirm. After the day she's had, with everything she's been going through, and still, she craves me inside her. My hand cups the back of her head as I take our kiss to another level, one that promises the minute I'm done, I'll be taking more of her.

"Okay." A shudder racks her body as she whispers out the four-letter word. Maci's eyes close, her breathing is labored, and I'm more than ready to take this a whole lot further, except my neighbors might be in for a show they'd rather not witness. Plus, I'm not about to let anyone see my woman naked or watch her come on my cock.

“Get upstairs.” My hand skates down the length of her back, feeling her tremble beneath my palm, and when I reach her ass, I smack it hard enough for her to get the message to do as she’s told.

“Fine, I’m going, but don’t take too long, or I’ll take care of myself.” That earns her another swat to her ass. It doesn’t have the added effect I thought it would. Nope, Maci likes what I’m doing to her.

“You do that, and you won’t get my mouth,” I threaten. Truth be told, I’d never make good on the threat. Only having my fingers inside her earlier today and not getting a taste from the source hasn’t been enough to calm the need to bury my head between her thighs. Though, one day, I will be watching as she fucks herself with her fingers, a show I will thoroughly enjoy and will have to wrap my own hand around my dick during to keep from coming too goddamn soon.

“Oh, alright. You win,” she says on a sigh. I smirk at her admitting defeat.

“It’ll be worth it.” I squeeze the same cheek I smacked, watching as she wrinkles her nose, telling me it smarted a little. Good, she knows the last thing I want is her playing with her cunt before I do.

“I’m going to hold you to that.” Maci lifts herself up until she’s in a sitting position, her legs on either side of my hips, and grinds down on my cock. I’m having a hard time convincing myself not to take her right here and now.

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“You do that, baby.” I sit up, hands cupping her ass while I lift my hips up, showing her what she does to me and the reason I’ll be busting my ass to get upstairs.

“I will,” she replies. I lick my lips. Her gaze lowers as does her head, and I give her what we both want, only I don’t let it go too far.

“Move it, Mac. Pretty sure you don’t want me to do you right here and, babe, we both know you’re not quiet when you come.” She more than proved that point earlier today in the jet’s bathroom, much like she did the night we spent in the hotel room. My woman is loud, and I love nothing more than to hear every word as she falls apart for me.

“I didn’t hear you complaining, but if it bothers you too much, I’ll be sure to hold back tonight.”

“Challenge accepted,” I reply. Maci hops off my lap. I watch as she grabs her glass off the table and walks into the house putting an extra sway in her hips. I’m about to follow her when my phone buzzes near my drink. I rub my hand down my face. Annoyance is setting in that I’m going to prolong the process of taking care of shit before going after my woman.

I grab my phone and see the name on the screen is Jude. I hit the accept button, bring the phone to my ear, and answer casually, “Hey, man.” I figure he’s calling to talk to me more about Maci. Though, with her seeing Luke, I’m going to have to make it a point to let them all in on the fact she’s pregnant and figure out when to introduce her to our group.

“Hey, Tys, you got a few minutes?” Jude asks on the other end of the line, sounding serious.

“Yeah, bud, what’s going on?” I settle back into the couch. It’s not every day he’ll call. Usually, it’s a text, or when we’re having a group meeting, he’ll pipe up when he has something to say.

“First, sorry Jagger pulled his shit. I told him to get out and to mind his own damn business, but you know him.” If it were anyone else outside of our group, I’d have pounded their head on pavement. Seeing as how I didn’t intend to keep Maci a secret, it didn’t bother me too much. Plus, Jagger is fuckin’ Jagger. He means well. He’s just a pain in the ass at times.”

“It’s all good. Saved me the hassle of typing it all out.” My eyes catch the light turning on in the master bathroom and a silhouette comes into view. I’d been thinking about extending the balcony to cover the full length of the bedroom and bathroom. Now I’m thinking I won’t.

“Yeah, except now I’m calling to give everyone a heads-up,” Jude says. I’m half-listening because my eyes are locked on my woman’s shadow. The frosted glass is doing nothing to hide her undressing. I watch as she raises her hands above her head, twisting her long locks in some kind of way before using a clip to fasten it to the top of her head. Then the real show begins. Her top is the first to go. The side profile of her body does nothing to cool me down from when her pussy was grinding down on my cock.

“Alright,” I tell him, trying to hurry this along. I’ve got a mind to meet Maci in the shower, and I might be too late if this takes much longer. I lick my lips and continue watching. Her hands go to the clasp behind her back, then the fabric of her bra falls to the floor, and her full round breasts become unbound. How Maci couldn’t figure out that she was pregnant is beyond me. Her having a lot of shit going on is the only

reason I can think of. Her body has changed in slight ways, and her tits are one of them; more than a handful is how I'd describe them. And while her nipples were sensitive before, it's nothing like they are now. I so much as look her way, touch the small of her back, and they're tightening into pebbled tips.

Her fingers glide down the slope of her neck, stopping at the curve of her breasts, cupping them and running her thumbs across her nipples. My hand goes to my mouth, making a fist and biting down, trying to keep from groaning at the sight in front of me.

"Lyric is back." Jude is talking about the girl who lived next door to Jagger until he was seventeen and she was fifteen. They kept in touch for a year or so, writing each other here and there, until one day, the letters stopped and his came back stating address undeliverable. He'd been pissed as hell, not understanding why they'd all of a sudden stop. Lyric's dad moved here because he was in the military, some kind of higher-up in rank. They'd moved a few times before when the marching orders were sent. When she left, they'd made the decision to always remain friends. It hit him harder than any of us expected when shit took a turn. I also think it changed him in a way, making him become the jokester he is today. Not wanting to take life too seriously, and it's probably a good reason why he's yet to ever settle down in any type of relationship. Jagger won't talk about it. Her name is very rarely brought up, and when it is, he makes an excuse to leave the room. Now when one of our friends meets their match, he's the first one to say it'll never be him, and I'm beginning to think there was more to that pact he made with Lyric than any of us know about.

"Shit, does he know?" Maci chooses that moment to bend over to pull off her leggings. I'm cursing the frosted glass and myself for it being a full-length window. A catch twenty-fucking-two. While I'm the one salivating over my woman, that also means my fucking neighbors could be, too.

Maci is completely naked. Not a stitch of clothing is touching her perfect body. She



continues what I'm beginning to think is her looking at herself in the mirror, turning this way and that, her hand going to her lower stomach, holding it there for a minute. Meanwhile, I'm nearly fucking drooling. Her curves are about to be my downfall—her hourglass figure in all the right ways, tits bigger because she's carrying my baby, narrow waist that will change in the coming months, hips that flair out, and an ass I want to sink my teeth into.

“Not yet, making the calls first. I figure he'll know soon enough since she bought the house next door to his parents.” Jude must have had something flag him on his end to get all of this information already.

“Alright, think we need to make time for another meeting and let him know before he finds out himself.” I get my shit together. Maci disappears from view, and I take that time to hop off the couch, grab my drink, and head inside. My cock is nearly busting out of my jeans, and I still have a few things left to do. I'm hoping I can wrap this call up and close down the house before she steps foot in the shower.

“About to make the rest of the calls now. Thinking we do it with everyone around. You introduce Maci when we have a cookout or some shit. That way, he has other things to keep his mind occupied besides going off half-cocked,” Jude implies. I make it inside. I don't hear the water running yet and slide the door closed behind me, making sure to lock it, then do the same for the rest of the house while letting what Jude just said marinate.

“Set it up. We'll be there. Thanks for letting me know. Need to get off the phone. Mac is waiting on me.” I press the light switch, putting it in the off position, and I've got one foot on the foot of the stairs.

“Sounds good. Thanks, man, talk soon.”

“Never a problem. See you later.” I hang up and slide my phone in my back pocket,

then take the stairs two at a time. I'm too fucking turned on to wait for Maci to get out of the shower, and what I want to do to her hot little body will need more than a wall.

14

TYSEN

I make it up the stairs and to the bedroom in record time. The shower still isn't running, and when I round the corner into the bathroom, Maci's standing there completely fucking naked. My fingers work the buttons on my jeans, allowing my cock the breathing room it desperately needs.

"Tys." She spins around after noticing me through the mirror. Her tits sway, her ass jiggles, and I'm done pussy-footing around. I watch as her nostrils flare and a shiver takes hold of her as she looks down the length of my body. The head of my cock bobs against my lower abdomen, flexing when she licks her perfectly swollen lips, and I can feel the precum gathering at the tip. I prowl toward her like a lion going after its prey.

"Need you, Mac. I'm taking your pussy and owning it." My hands grip her shapely hips, lifting her up in one solid movement. Maci's legs wrap around my waist, hands going to the back of my neck, and her wetness coats the underside of my cock. She undulates her hips, trying to get there with her needy cunt.

I could lift her up the barest of an inch and slam her down on my dick, but I won't. Been wanting her in my bed for six damn weeks. The last thing I'm going to do is rush this.

I'm going to take my time.

I'm going to worship at the altar that is Maci Vesper.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

The mother of my child, the woman who has become my everything, and the woman who I'm going to love for the rest of our fucking lives.

"Please, Tysen." Her voice drops an octave, need dripped with desire. I can feel her squirm, and my cock is tired of waiting. A quick step backward has my back meeting the wall. Her lips touch the column of my neck, making me rethink all my plans I've had for her tonight. It's only her attempting to climb my body like a tree that has me putting us in motion.

"Fuck me, Maci. Goddamn, you burn so hot for me." My hand slides up the length of her spine, feeling each vertebra as I go. A ripple of energy rolls through her. The minute I grasp the nape of her neck to lift her off my throat, where she's no doubt leaving a bruise all while marking me in a territorial kind of way—fuck, but do I like that—my lips find hers. I'd give her something else to suck on, except it'd deter the whole process of me burying my cock inside her sweet little cunt.

"I need you." Maci's plea makes me move into action. I keep my eyes open while fucking her mouth with my tongue like I would with my dick. My feet carry us to the bed. The impatience is getting to us both.

"Hold me tight, babe," I say, pulling away from her mouth, a temptation in itself with how she twirls her tongue with mine. She's got me wrapped around her finger. I let her go the minute my knees hit the mattress, then climb up from the bottom until her back meets the headboard. She stays cradled around me the entire time, entrusting me that I'd never let anything bad happen to her.

Maci is sitting up for now, and while part me is ready to slide balls deep insider her, I

hold back. The need to wrap my lips around her dark and tempting nipples, a shade deeper than her surrounding skin, is too great.

“Don’t move. Please don’t move.” I drop my head, trying to control my breathing. Seeing her in my bed, hearing the lust in her voice, and smelling her desire dripping from her core, there’s no way I’m not going to worship her body.

“You want my dick?” I flex my hips. The tip of my dick nudges her clit, and she tips her head back. “You’ll get it after I bury my head between these pretty thighs.” Maci’s arms drop from around my neck, her legs doing similar around my waist, and she spreads herself open to me.

“Tys.” Her voice skates over my skin as I drag my lips down the slope of her neck, stopping to suck her pretty, milky flesh at the same spot she clamped down on mine. I don’t stay long enough to leave a mark; marking her isn’t what I’m after, plus there’s more than enough proof she’s mine. Maci is carrying a piece of me around for the next nine months, and by then, she’ll have another piece of me, my last name and my ring on her finger.

“Love the way you smell.” I move lower, my hips pulling away from her wetness. My cock is none too pleased with me at the moment; he’ll have to hold the fuck on. My tongue darts out, skimming around her nipple, feeling her hips arc upward, trying use my abdomen to get off. My lips wrap around a pebbled tip, and I suck it in deeply, in long pulls, when I sense what it does to her.

“Feels good. It feels so good.” Our eyes lock on one another’s. Maci’s hand goes to the back of my head, pushing me deeper, and she clings to the sensations I’m delivering sink to her core. Her head shakes back and forth, and her tongue peeks out, wetting her lips and building up a blazing inferno inside me. My teeth rasp over her nipple I’ve been taking deep pulls from and then I move to the other one. My hand not cupping her ass moves to the one I vacated, and I feel the pull to keep working

her up with my mouth to see if she can come by nipple play alone. Except I'm a greedy fucking man and want her orgasms on my tongue or my cock. I bite her tip, testing how much she can handle. Her needy sounds push me to go harder. My fingers pinch at one while I continue to sink my teeth into the other. Meanwhile, Maci is so caught up in her rapture she barely recognizes when my mouth drops lower. I keep working her nipples with my fingers, lose her hand in my hair. Still, her eyes are closed, hips tipped upward, and I come face to face with the taste I've had on my lips for the longest goddamn weeks of my life.

"About to savor you, Mac. Then I'm burying my cock so deep inside you, you'll never know what it's like to not have me there," I promise, grabbing her attention. Her eyes open, and she watches what I do. The tip of my tongue circles her tiny bundle of nerves peeking out from its hood. I swirl one direction before going in the opposite, moving up and down and getting the feel of what she likes most. I'm an observant man, and while last time, I barely got my mouth on Maci to learn everything, tonight is different. The signs are right there. She's rolling her hips, trying to get me to move lower, all while I keep pulling on her nipples. A gleam of sweat glistens across her body, and I do similar to what I did earlier, scraping my teeth along her clit, feeling a shudder roll through her body.

"Tysen." She gets louder with each moan coming from her mouth. It makes me smile, knowing it's me who makes her come undone, it's me working her body to the point of endless pleasure, and it's always going to be me. My mouth covers her cunt, tongue sliding inside her swollen flesh, and I get the taste of Maci directly from the source. I'll never get over it, either. My eyes close, a tremor takes hold when her deep and rich flavor hit my senses. Maci is flooding me with her wetness, and I eat her with everything I've got, dropping a hand from her tit, sinking two fingers inside her as I lick at her folds before latching my lips around her clit. One deep pull, one deep push inside her, then letting go of her clit and pulling my fingers out. I repeat the process, over and over again. I can tell she's on the verge, her orgasm right on the edge, and when her feet meet the mattress and her hand goes to where it once was to the back of

my head, I double down. At first, I was only going to tease her, but her taste is too damn strong, and it's been too damn long.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck." Her voice echoes throughout the room, each chant getting louder and louder. I hold the hell on, allowing her to ride my face as I keep fucking her cunt. The tight clamp she has on my fingers, holding me like she's scared I'll let go, has me hooking them upward, and I move the palm of my hand to her lower abdomen, pushing down and holding her there, prolonging the moment.

"Tysen!" Her body launches upward, and she comes long and hard, coating me like she never has before, and I lap up every last drop. I slide my fingers in and out slowly, allowing her to come down, but only for a moment. Her hands flop down beside her, her legs loosen their hold around my head, and now it's time to make my move. I pull back, sitting back on my knees, and wrap my hand around my length, staving off the need to stroke myself. It's only the look in her eyes when she opens them that has me stopping. My palms meet the mattress, and I hover over her shapely body.

"Wrap me up, Mac." My cock is tired of the mattress and ready to be inside her. Maci's does what I ask. All four limbs are secured around my body, and my cock is notched at her entrance. Her back meets the headboard, my hand holds the frame, and before she has a chance to know which way is up, I sink all the way into the sweetest fucking heat I could ever describe. The tight clutch of her cunt, her puffy lips wrapping around my dick, sucking me in, holding me there. My eyes close as I breathe through the torture of not moving, allowing her to get adjusted to my length and girth again.

"Tys." A soft coo tumbles from her lips. I can feel the sharp tips of her nails sinking into my shoulder blades. It causes me to flex my hips, sinking deeper into her.

"Not able to last long. Fuck," I groan, pulling out and sliding back in, swiveling my

hips so I'm grinding on her clit, trying like hell to get her off again.

"I don't care. I've already come, and you haven't. Plus, I want to feel you inside of me, all of you." She has no idea what that does to me. Add in the fact that this time, there's no latex barrier, and I'm more than ready to let each pulse of her cunt suck the cum out of me.

"Hold the fuck on. This is going to be fast. This time," I say while I pump my hips. Her heels dig into my ass, and while she's flat against the headboard, I'm basically fucking her into it. Maci holds on. She also licks her lips, and she knows damn well what that does to me, which turnabout is fair play. I'm well aware I have the same effect on her when I do similar.

"Tysen," she breathes. My mouth attaches to hers, and I sink my tongue into her mouth while I keep pounding my way into her. I swear to fuck I've never been this deep inside a woman. She must feel it, too. I suck on her lower lip when she trembles, and when her cervix sucks me in, I hold myself there for a moment. Goddamn, I'm never leaving Maci's pussy. She's going to be wrapped around me walking through the damn house, permanently attached to my dick, if I have any say about it.

"Fuck yeah." Her cunt quivers when I start moving again, short and shallow thrusts, feeling her quake in my arms. She's about to get off again. For someone who couldn't get there with her ex, she sure as hell can with me, multiples times at that.

"I'm there. Fuck me, right there," Maci says, and she's taking me right along with her. A few more strokes, then her pussy clamps down on my dick like a vice, holding me captive. Each spurt of cum I plant inside her causes another tremble to move through her.

"Maci," I groan. My voice is deep and rugged. We're both a sweaty mess, but neither of us wants to part from the other. I stay still, waiting for my breathing to return to



normal. A few moments later, I sit back on my heels. She's still on my cock, spread wide and looking sexy as hell.

"Tysen."

"Yeah, babe, we'll be repeating this, and soon. Be right back." I move so she's on her back, slide out of bed, and stand up. Her skin is flush, and her legs are closed. Whether she realizes it or not, she's holding me inside her, a lot like our baby growing inside her.

I move into the bathroom, grab the softest cloth I can find, turn the water on until it's lukewarm, and run it beneath. I look from what I'm doing to the mirror. The man staring back at me is one who knows what he wants and goes after it, and that's Maci Vesper. I'm back in the bedroom and moving from the bottom up.

"Spread your legs, baby." After I thoroughly fucked us both into our orgasms, the last thing I wanted to do was disconnect from her. If I thought the last time I was inside her was fucking bliss, this time, it was even better. She does what I ask, is not being shy in showing me her red and puffy pussy. I already know I'll want more of her and am ready to eat her again until she comes on my tongue.

"I don't think I can go again." There's a quiver in her voice as I wedge myself between her thick thighs. My shoulders are cushioned by them and cause her to spread wider than she was before.

"Not yet, but you will." I'm unprepared for the sight of our combined cum leaking out her of her pussy. I abandon my thoughts of cleaning her up and toss the washcloth off to the side, then my fingers drag through the wetness, gathering it up and pushing it back inside of her, where it belongs. The tight clench of her cunt wraps around my fingers. She might not think she can go again; she will, though.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“Tys.” Her hips roll, feet lifting off the mattress and sinking into the small of my back.

“Thought you couldn’t come again.” My tongue flicks her clit as I keep fucking her pussy, feeding every drop of cum back inside her.

“Kind of hard not to whenever you’re near.” Her head tips downward, eyes locking on mine and watching what I’m doing with my mouth and fingers.

“Damn straight. Play with your nipples, Maci, give me a show.” I pull back, dragging my tongue in an exaggerated way. Her hands go to her tits, cupping them much like she did in the bathroom when I was watching from the back patio. Maci then circles her nipples with her thumbs before running them back and forth. Her eyes close, and I wrap my mouth around her clit, slowly pulling on it, the two fingers inside her working back and forth before I crook them upward, right as she pinches the tight tips in unison.

“Tysen,” she breathes out on a moan, loud, like she does when my dick is inside her. There’s no keeping her quiet. When our child comes along, I’m going to have to get resourceful on learning to keep her voice down. I don’t stop my ministrations, and neither does she. Her heels dig into my back, pressing me close, and while my cock is hard as fuck, ready to move back inside her, I hold back. Instead, while she’s arching into my mouth, I’m pressing my hips into the mattress. Neither of us stops, not until she floods my mouth and fingers and I come all over the sheets. Fuck, this woman is dangerous. She takes the air out of my lungs and sends it right back inside me without even knowing.

## MACI

“I’m going to apologize now for anything my dad may say about my love life. The filter has left him when it comes to, you know, my ex.” We’re standing on the front step of my parents’ place. Tysen suggested we stop here before his mom’s, or else the whole county would know about not only us being together but the child we’re expecting, too. I really hope he’s joking about that part, not that it would matter, I guess. Between my parents and Samuel, there aren’t many other people who I’m around.

“Babe, relax. I’m not worried, and you shouldn’t be, either.” He takes my hand, lacing our fingers together in order for me to stop spinning my ring on my index finger. It’s a nervous habit I’ve tried to kick, except it’s either do this or twirl the ends of my hair, and since that only causes breakage, I figure this is the better option.

“Easy for you to say,” I respond as the door opens. The last guy my dad met was Chad the chode, and we all know how that worked out. This time around, I want my dad to love Tysen as much as I do, and yes, that’s easy to admit, that I love the father of my child, at least to myself. I’ve yet to tell Tysen those three little words. I will, though, just as soon as this day is done and we’re back at his place.

“Easy for you to say what?” Dad answers the door. Mom peeps in beside him.

“My, aren’t you a handsome man.” Is secondhand embarrassment a thing for yourself? Because if so, here I am, standing still, trying not to look like a fish out of water.

“Mom, Dad,” I say, slightly flustered. Tysen drops my hand and offers his to my dad first.

“Hi, Mr. Vesper, I’m Tysen. It’s nice to meet you.” Dad takes Tys’ hand, and they do that weird thing men do, squeeze each other’s hand and making sure neither of them winces. I roll my eyes. Meanwhile, Mom is mouthing he’s hot, and I can tell he’s a keeper. Mom doesn’t think that Tysen can’t see what she’s doing, making excited faces and silently clapping her hands. I look from her then off to the side, where Tysen is trying to hold back the quaking of his shoulders.

“It’s nice to meet you, too. Please call me Frank.”

“My turn. I’m Eloise, and none of that handshake stuff. I’m a hugger.” Mom moves in.

“Hi, Eloise.” Her arms wrap around his shoulders, and he dips down to meet her much shorter height.

“I like him already. He has the balls to look me in the eye and shake my hand. Unlike the last piece of shit.” Of course, of-freaking-course, my dad had to bring him up.

“Dad, do you think we can move this inside before we give the whole neighborhood a show and you tell them all about my past?” Tysen moves back to my side. His hand captures mine and gives it a firm squeeze to reassure me that he’s not bothered by the turn of events.

“Yeah, Frank, let’s take this inside. Maci said she has some news to share with us.” Mom takes Dad’s hand and pulls him away from the entry so we can be let through.

“Thank you,” I breathe through a wave of nausea. My hand goes to my lower stomach instinctively, and Mom watches the movement like a hawk.

This morning, my eyes opened to an empty bed. The sheets were cool to the touch, so, clearly, Tysen had been up for a while. When I rolled over to get out of bed, there,

on the nightstand, greeting me, were a glass of lemon lime soda, a few crackers, and the ginger chews Luke suggested we pick up. I sank my head back on the pillow, looked up at the ceiling, and pinched myself hard enough for me to sayouch. When I started to get out of bed to use the bathroom, the queasiness hit, and I used the tools available to me to hopefully not be on my knees in front of the porcelain throne.

We make it inside the house. Dad closes the door while Mom is still eyeing me suspiciously. The way my stomach is doing a dance inside of me might have me running to the nearest bathroom rather quickly. Except I'm pretty sure the reason in this instance has nothing to do with the child inside of me and everything to do with the news we're about to deliver.

"Oh my god, Maci is pregnant," Mom says, slapping a hand over her mouth as soon as the door closes behind us. My shoulders sag in defeat. This is not the way I would have liked the news delivered, but I guess the Band-Aid is ripped off either way. "I should have known. Your body has changed right before my eyes, and I didn't even question it." What does she mean, my body has changed? I mean, sure, my boobs are a bit fuller, and I've also gained a couple of pounds since being back, but the weight has everything to do with her and Dad feeding me non-stop. A trait that Tysen has seriously taken over.

"Well, Mom, that would be because I wasn't aware, either, until around twenty-four hours ago. Surprise!" I look at Tysen. He's got a slight smirk on his face, and when I look back at Dad, he's grinning himself.

"Have you been sick? Your mom was all the time, morning, noon, and night," Dad says, not congratulating or scolding us, just diving right into making sure his little girl is okay.

"She's getting better now that Luke gave her some over-the-counter medicine and a prescription if it gets too bad," Tysen chimes in. He further tacks on, "Luke, my

friend, is a doctor. He won't be seeing Maci for the duration of her pregnancy. I think she's worked out that she'll want to see his partner at his practice." I squeeze his hand, and he throws me a wink.

"Come here, my girl." Mom opens her arms, and I fold into her. The wave of nausea subsides, and the waterworks try to take hold. I blink the tears away. This is not ideal. I should still be getting back on my feet. The need to come up swinging is at the forefront of my mind. Then there's also the other part, the softer side of me, that is jumping for joy, overly excited to be carrying a life inside me and to have Tysen right beside me during the entire process.

"Thanks, Mom, you know, for not being upset."

"I could never be angry with you. I'm just glad you have a man in your life who deserves you. It says a whole lot that you found out yesterday, and he's here with you today. Plus, Tysen is not bad on the eyes." The last part of her statement, she whispers quietly.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“And what about flying? Surely, she shouldn’t be doing that anymore,” Dad asks Tysen. I perk right up, ready to put my foot down if either of the men in my life try to dictate my life.

“She can fly up until the last couple of months of her pregnancy,” Tysen reiterates what Luke mentioned yesterday.

“I’d rather she didn’t.” Dad crosses his arms over his chest.

“I can’t say that I blame you. We spoke about this last night. I own Vaughn Elite Air, a private jet company that we charter four times a week. That’s how we reconnected,” Tysen continues, but I move toward him, my hand wrapping around his arm, silently telling him not to go into full detail becauseick. “I met her the day she was leaving Vegas.”

“And that’s enough of that. We’re all adults, and I love you, Mom and Dad, but you don’t need to know the logistics. We lost touch, I happened to be on his plane, and he saw me lose my cookies. Romantic, I know.” I fling my hand that’s not occupied with the man standing next to me. “Tysen had been trying to find me all along, you see. So, anyways, back to the story. I’m going to turn in my resignation at the airline and work for Tysen. Samuel will also be with me because, you know, he’s the one who helped me secure the gig in the first place.” I take a breath and get the rest out so hopefully, we can celebrate for a few minutes before heading to his mom’s house, where I’m sure we’ll repeat the process, hopefully without me getting queasy. “Also, the pay is better, and the benefits are superior to what I’d receive anywhere else. I’m also moving in with Tysen. He and his friends will be around later this week to grab what we can’t today. Since becoming pregnant has now made me unable to lift a

box.”

“Nonsense. We’ll load everything up in your dad’s truck and bring it over later today,” Mom slides into the conversation.

“Will that work for you and Tysen?” Dad asks.

“Yeah, I’ll grab your number to get things squared away,” Tysen replies.

“What about my car?” I ask.

“I’ll follow your father over and park it in the driveway,” Mom offers willingly. I look up at Tysen. He looks down at me, and I can tell that he likes the words I used.

“I’ll have my friend swing by, help you load it. How many vehicles do you think we’ll need?” he asks. I drop my gaze, suck in my bottom lip, and drag my foot across the tile floor. We never really made it into the living room; we’re still standing in the foyer.

“I’ll show you all the boxes and let you be the judge of that. Our girl here enjoys her clothes and shoes,” Dad calls me out.

“I get it honestly.” This causes Dad to laugh. Mom swats at his arm and chuckles herself. Tysen takes it in stride, and finally, when everything is said and done, we move to sit down to iron out more details but make them PG rated.

Mom sneaks me a few crackers when she realizes my nausea is still giving me fits here and there. I’d have grabbed one of my ginger chews, but my purse is in Tysen’s vehicle, and he and my dad are talking about his jet, so I don’t want to interrupt to grab his keys.



I mouth a thank you to her, she takes her seat, nods her head, and I can tell she's squirming in her seat, ready to ask more questions. I settle in for the long haul and answer as many as I can.

16

MACI

"One down, one to go," I say. Tysen squeezes the inside of my leg, where he's been holding me the short trip from my parents' house to his. There were times he'd travel inward, his fingers would brush against my center, and I'd open my legs without even realizing I was doing it. Then he'd move away, causing me to arch my body and groan in frustration. He knew what he was doing, getting me hot and bothered while simultaneously keeping my mind off our next stop. The only problem I have now is that I'm aching and wet. I can only hope my cheeks aren't tinged with redness and my eyes aren't glazed with lust burning through my irises.

We're currently sitting inside of his SUV at the curb. I'd have preferred to meet his mom in different clothing. Truth be told, the man sitting beside me would have waited a millennium on me to go through the boxes to find what I was looking for, except the mere thought of putting something too tight on my stomach had me admitting defeat.

"This will be a cake walk, similar to your parents. Mom and Dad only want me to be happy and, babe, you make me really fuckin' happy." He dips his head, then his mouth coasts along mine. A slight sigh leaves my lips, and as much as I'd love for him to deepen it, he pulls back.

"Says you. I'm ready to come if a light breeze slides across my clit."

"Later," he promises.

“Well, I mean, it has to be since we’re here, but that doesn’t mean I won’t pay you back in some sort of way, Tysen.” He gives me a wolfish grin. Then he pulls his door open, steps out, closes it, and walks around the hood of the vehicle to help me out. I already tried to let myself out yesterday and was told in no uncertain terms not to touch the door handle. The same can be said when the time comes to get into said vehicle.

Another grumble came from me when Tysen and my dad basically ganged up on me and told me I’m not to so much as lift a box. I can pack and unpack, that’s it. Mom told me to roll with it. Clearly, Tysen and my dad seem to be a chip off the old block in their way of thinking.

“Ready?” Tysen asks, opening my door. I slide one foot out and climb out. I’m in leggings, a tank top, a cute spring open knit sweater, and a pair of suede mules. It says I’m put together but not over the top trying to impress Tysen’s mom. I also had it packed with me when Samuel and I worked together, though if I were going out to grab a bite to eat at night, I’d probably slip on the jeans I had with me.

“I am.” I take his offered hand, holding it tightly with mine. I’m trying to appear like I’m made of nerves of steel when in fact, I am not. Tysen spoke about his parents with a very high regard last night. Much like mine, they’ve been married forever. He has a younger brother who came later in life, whereas I’m an only child, and he said his mom is notorious for asking twenty-one questions. Hence why I’m way more anxious to spill the beans than I was to my parents, plus my parents have to love me. They’re my blood, and while Dad made no qualms about his feelings about Chad the chode, Mom kept quiet and was there in a way that you’d go to a girlfriend. Which I did, many a time. She listened, didn’t judge, and she always gave suggestions even though I didn’t take any of them with me once we were off the phone.

“There you are. I hope you’re hungry,” Tysen’s mom greets from the front porch steps. I watch as she walks down the steps, Tysen’s dad following behind her,

shaking his head.

“Hi, Ma, told you food wasn’t necessary.” He drops my hand, yet I don’t lose his warmth. He slides it across my lower back, bracketing me in a way that calms my ever-present nerves.

“And has your mom ever been one to not have food ready at any given time?” his dad asks. My eyes bounce from his mom back to his dad, who is much like Tysen, propelling his wife forward. Tysen gets his looks naturally. While he favors his mom’s skin tone, he also has her warm eyes and easy smile. I can also see where he gets his dad’s similarities, especially in personality. The take charge kind of man who will protect his woman no matter the cost, and I notice the dimples he’s showcasing are exactly like Tysen’s as well.

“Hush, you. I warned him yesterday in our message to come hungry.” Mrs. Vaughn moves away from her husband, stopping to place a kiss on Tysen’s cheek, and I notice he has to bend down to reach her. She does the same on his opposite cheek while squeezing his arms.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“Hey, Ma, I want you to meet Maci. Maci, this is my mom, Loretta Vaughn.” I hold my hand out to shake hers.

“Hello, Mrs. Vaughn,” I say.

“I’m Loretta or Retta. Mrs. Vaughn is my mother-in-law, God bless her soul. It’s so good to meet you, Maci.” She does the exact same to me that she did to Tysen, kissing my cheek and all. I make a mental note that Loretta is a lot like my mom; she’s affectionate.

“I’m Carter. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Tysen’s dad comes right behind her, giving me a quick hug before pulling back. I watch as Carter goes to his son, cups his neck, and they give one another a nod while having a silent conversation.

Once they’re done, Tysen’s hand is back in mine, and my other hand holds on to his inner bicep as we follow them into their home. They lead us through the house, meandering through a hallway before coming into the kitchen. Still, we don’t stop until Carter is opening the sliding glass door and holding it open for us to proceed him.

My eyes nearly bulge out of their sockets at the smorgasbord of food she has spread out on the table—fresh fruit and a vegetable platter, sandwiches on a tiered tray with different options, a pitcher of lemonade and sweet tea are off to the side, as well as chips. Then there’s the most decadent cake I think I’ve ever seen in my life, covered in thick schmears of what looks like buttercream frosting, and I’m ready to dive face first into the sweet treat.

“Mom,” Tysen says with an underlying tone. My hand swats at his hard stomach.

“Tysen, be quiet. I’m hungry,” I say in a teasing tone.

“Listen to your lady, Tysen,” his mom says, taking her seat.

“Son, you know she’s not going to let you leave hungry.” Carter pushes in Loretta’s chair before he takes a seat beside her. I do the same, and clearly, Tysen got his manners from his dad because he does the exact same thing, helping me scooch closer to the table.

“Ma, Dad, we’d like to tell you something.” Tysen is standing behind me, his hands cupping my shoulders.

“I already know. She’s glowing.” Loretta points at me with one hand and picks up a plate with the other. Then she does similar to Tysen and says, “Plus, you’re looking at the world like it’s already yours.” My mouth opens and closes. Okay, clearly, I was the one in denial this whole time because everyone knew except me. To be fair, I did have a normal period right after our night at the hotel, but I guess that can be normal in some pregnancies.

“Loretta,” Carter clears his throat.

“You’re right, I’m pregnant,” I say in a hushed tone.

“Then this is cause for a celebration.” Carter jumps out of his seat. Loretta does similar, and hugs are given all the way around. I hear Loretta ask when he’ll pop the question, and he tells her she’ll know after he asks me first.

God, how I love this man. We all settle back in our seats, Loretta stacks our plates sky high, and I notice that Tysen isn’t getting his usual red meat in the form of a steak

but instead with roast beef. I go for similar since it looks like Loretta had it simmering in an au jus and it's thoroughly cooked. This morning, I made a point to sit down with my phone and read the dos and don'ts of pregnancy. The list is ridiculously long and one I'll definitely adhere to.

\* \* \*

"Be right back. Gotta text the guys. They'll activate the women and bring you into the fold within ten minutes," Tysen says, placing a kiss on my forehead and excusing himself from the conversation we've been having with his mom after I've filled myself to the gills.

"My boy knows what he wants and goes after it or her," Loretta says once Tysen leaves the room. "I knew when he sent me a message yesterday that he'd found the one." She takes a sip of her lemonade. "My boys, they don't bring anyone around unless they're serious. Tysen never has. Neither has Kai. Welcome to the family, honey."

"Thank you. This isn't exactly planned, but I can tell you the feelings I have for Tysen are the real deal." I move the piece of cake around on my plate.

"You're welcome, and I already know, Maci. I can tell by the way you look at my son. Now, should I pull out Tysen's baby pictures?" she asks, changing the subject.

"Please do." A look of mischief appears on her face, and I know I'm going to be getting every detail of Tysen growing up that I can.

"What did I miss?" Tys reappears within a few minutes.

"Oh, nothing," I say with a shrug of my shoulders.

“I’ll be right back.” Loretta ignores Tysen’s question and bustles into the house. Carter excused himself a few minutes before his son did, stating he had a business meeting he needed to attend.

“Christ, what is she going after, Mac?” Tysen’s voice drops an octave, his lips going to my ear, where he whispers, “You better tell me, babe, or I’ll hold out on you when we get home.” I’m an absolute puddle and have been since we got here, something that’s been hard to conceal. His hand settles on the inside of my thigh again, but this time, it’s all the way to the apex of where my leg and pussy meet. My eyes close, a low moan leaves me, and I feel a shiver work its way through my body. “Better hurry. She’ll be back in a minute, and it’s your orgasm on the line,” Tysen groans. I fist my hands on either side of the chair.

“Baby pictures.” The tip of his pinky slides across my clit, pressing down at first. Then he goes in for the kill, pinching my clit, and call it what you will, but my orgasm rolls through me as fast as a tidal wave. I’ve been on edge for too long, the need to hold back no longer possible.

“Fuckin’ fuck, that fast, that hot. My baby needed me. Go clean up. I’ll grab her attention and get through this version of hell. Later, though, I’ll be taking you hard and see if I can get you off again that fast.” Tysen licks his lips. My eyes linger on the motion, wanting to feel them all over my body. “Go, before I say fuck it, toss you over my shoulder, and carry you out to the car.” I slide the chair back, and he stands up to re-situate himself. I’m still left speechless. Never did an orgasm hit me that fast. Tysen spins me until my back is to his front, probably to hide the massive hard-on he’s sporting.

“Tys.” I finally regain some of my senses.

“Shh, Maci. You say my name like that again, and I’ll be coming in my damn pants.” We clear the sliding glass door, and when he points in the direction of the hall, I nod,

and then he's off to waylay his mom while I get ahold of myself. A task I'm finding harder and harder to accomplish when Tysen is in my presence.



TYSEN

“I can’t wait to crawl into bed,” Maci says as I lead her into the house. We’ve spent more time at my parents’ than expected, probably because the two got along so well and proceeded to oh and ah over my baby pictures for hours on end. I’d have been irritated if it weren’t for the fact that she came hot and heavy with a flick across her clit. Maci has exploded easily for me before, but add in her pregnancy hormones, and it’s ten times faster and hotter.

“I’ll grab us a couple of bottles of water and meet you upstairs.” I squeeze her hip and start to veer toward the kitchen.

“I’ll be in the shower. Someone made my leggings a mess,” she says teasingly.

“I didn’t see you complaining,” I toss over my shoulder. Maci laughs in response as her footsteps carry her through the hallway leading to the stairs. When I purchased my condo, it was with the intention of it being a starter home. I knew one day, I’d find a woman, settle down, we’d eventually grow out of it and need a place with more room. The way Maci talks about this place, though, I don’t see it happening anymore. I mentioned the lack of yard in our late-night talks while she was curled up beside me in bed. Her reply back was that there are plenty of parks, and a bigger home doesn’t mean a bigger love. She also added more value to her point because the community we live in comes with a pool and walking trails. Plus, Maci straight up said she loved the floor plan and design, though it could use some color because it is a bit lacking in that department. I threw my head back and laughed. I didn’t need a lot. I wasn’t about

the frills Mom tried to foist on me when I moved in, but if Maci wants that, she can have it.

A few minutes later, I've got two bottles of water in my hand and am thumbing the lock to the garage door, turning the light off, and following my woman's lead and head upstairs. My cock lengthens beneath my pants. I've yet to have Maci in the shower, and it's about time I rectify that. After I took her hard and rough last night, cleaned her up, and proceeded to eat her again, she passed out. I didn't bother suggesting she crawl out of bed to shower. The only thing I did was help her slide beneath the sheets then did a quick rinse off for myself. When I joined her, she curled her warm body into mine, and I had to tell my cock to knock it the fuck off.

The damn thing is always hard where Maci is concerned. Add in the fact she'd been naked with her skin pressed to mine, and I had to count backwards from one hundred multiple times.

"Maci, you're not in the shower yet?" I cross the threshold. The water isn't running, the bathroom light isn't on, and I don't see her near the bed. My eyes scan the room, and I realize the closet doors are open. I'm thinking she found out what I had taken care of while we were at my folks' place. I drop the bottles of water on the nightstand, toe off my shoes, bend down to discard my socks, and then pull my shirt over my head before dropping it on the same pile.

"Tysen, what did you do?" I hear from the closet, making me move to get to her faster. There's a tone to her voice I'm not sure I've heard before, and I really hope I didn't fuck up.

"Took care of things so you wouldn't have to worry about it. The guys went to your parents', packed everything up, and brought it back here, and your mom unpacked it all but the few boxes that have don't touchwritten on them." When I texted the group chat, giving them the news, my damn phone wouldn't stop pinging. I'd gotten

through the congratulation texts, one right after the other, when Asher activated Lennon, and by the time we were in the car, she'd been added to the women's group text, and they'd been chatting it up ever since. The last thing I ran by them is right in front of me. I didn't want to cut short our day and have Maci coming home to be put to my work. Since I'd snagged Frank's phone number before we left, I made a quick call to make sure everything would roll into motion. Clearly, it did, and they got shit done way before we left my parents' house to head home.

"But how? Why?" Her questions go unanswered when I see what she's wearing, or the lack of what she's wearing. Maci is completely naked, standing there with a look of shock on her face, and it doesn't go unnoticed when she presses her thighs together to stave off the desire trying to take hold of her. "Tys?" I lick my lips, about to drop down to my knees, lift one leg over my shoulder, and fuck her with my mouth again.

"They all came through while we were at my mom and dad's. The guys have the code to the house. The girls would have helped, too, but since two out of three of them are pregnant, one with twins, the other a bit further along than you are, and I know Kennedy and Trent are actively trying, they hung back," I lay it all out for her. Our group of friends that will drop whatever they're doing to help another out, who welcomed Maci with open arms.

"I'm never going to be able to repay you for everything you've done for me, but I can try." She drops to her knees, legs spread, moisture coating her pussy and the inside of her thighs. I'm between a rock in a hard place, watching and not participating. Maci's tits bounce with each movement, her nipples pebbling so tightly, I know I could drag my tongue across, and she'd come undone. Her deft hands go to the button on my jeans, easily pulling it open and sliding the zipper down an inch.

"Babe." My hands clamp down on hers. The head of my cock already pops out in the open, precum coating the tip and more than ready for her hot mouth to take as far and deep as she can.

“What?” she asks huskily.

“This isn’t tit for tat, yeah?” I make it known that she doesn’t have to service my dick because I did something for her. I’ll take her up on the offer she’s willing to give as long as she’s aware of how I feel.

“I know. I want to do this.” My hands drop from hers, then the rasp of the zipper echoes in the closet. She pulls my cock out of my jeans; I prefer to not wear anything beneath, and it’s come in handy as of recently.

“Have at it, Mac. Do your worst.” My eyes gaze down at what she’s doing. One hand wraps around my length, slowly moving up and down, while the other cups my balls. Her thumb glides across the tip, coating me with my wetness.

“I’m still not going to swallow.”

“You will for me.” My hand cups the back of her head, fingers tangling in the long strands, and that’s when she licks the underside of my cock. She does the same to each side, her hand grasping my length, holding it, and moving closer. I should have thought about moving this to the bedroom, sitting my ass on the chair to make it easier for her. Every thought of doing that fades away when she wraps her mouth around the head, sucking on it, swallowing the precum that continues to drip from me. I look down just as she looks up. Maci has a look on her face, one that has me sliding my thumb across her cheek. I continue watching as her nostrils flare, her lips are stretched near their limit, and the hunger takes over.

“You want help, or do you want to do it?” She shakes her head at first and then nods. It’s then I notice her thumb is spinning her ring. I pull out of her mouth. The loud pop reverberates in the walk-in closet, further getting me hot under the collar, but she’s nervous, and I won’t let that happen when I can fix it. Fuck, I’d fix anything in the world for her.

“Why’d you stop?” I close my hand over hers, stopping her strokes.

“Mac, you don’t have to do this. I don’t want you uneasy. This is about pleasure, not only for me but for you as well.” Her thighs rub together. Clearly, she’s turned on, so it’s something else.

“I’ve, umm, just never swallowed before, and I want this to be right. I’d have probably done it in the hotel, except you had other plans.” Fuck, my cock contracts in her hand, liking that I’ll be the first to come down the back of her throat.

“This gift you’re giving me, it’s one that means something to you and to me.”

“I know, and that’s why I want to try. Will you guide me?” She places her hands on my thighs and starts to move forward.

“Yeah, babe, I will.” My hand moves through the soft strands of her hair then cups the back of her head again. “Wrap your mouth around the tip, just like you did before.” Maci does so without pause. I try my best not to sink myself further. “Take as much as you can and go as slow as you need to,” I tell her even though it’s nothing but sheer torture. My hand stays steady, my body rock solid, and I watch as more of my length disappears into her hot mouth. Maci really starts getting into it, and I keep giving her the directions she needs, “Cup my balls, just like you did in the hotel.” I see her squirm, moving her legs to keep her hunger at bay. I’m about to tell her to use her fingers to get herself off when she wraps her hand around my dick again, this time holding it at the base, twisting it in a way while she bobs up and down. She’s a vixen, working with what she has, and I’m her willing participant.

“Fuck yeah, look at my woman taking my dick so good.” Her eyes are watering, her breathing is deep, her cheeks are flushed, and there’s drool dripping down her chin. She drops her hand away from my length, allowing me to rock my hips more, being careful not to go too deep too fast.

“Hmm,” she moans. The vibration nearly pulls my orgasm out of me. I clench my jaw, lock my knees, and breathe through it.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

“Are you wet, Maci?” I ask, even though I can smell her arousal. She nods rapidly.

“Spread your thighs and play with your pussy.” She responds immediately. I watch as she slides two fingers along either side of her clit, and when she moves further down, sinking them inside her, that’s when she moans again. She sucks me down further with each glide of her mouth. I hold her there for a minute when I feel the back of her throat, testing to see if she’s okay. Maci swallows, eyes pleading with me to keep moving, so we do exactly that. My breathing is labored, I’m dripping with sweat, and there’s no way I’m going to last.

“Mac, babe, I’m about to come. Back off if you don’t want me in your hot mouth.” My hips rock in a steady pace.

“I don’t want you to come in the back of my throat. I want you to put it on my tongue and watch me swallow it.” Her confidence blooms before my very eyes. She slides her hand up and down my length, keeping me right there.

“Stick your tongue out,” I grunt, feeling my balls draw up tightly. She’s a vision, a mess from sucking my dick and fucking her fingers. She also does as I say. I grip her hand that’s on my cock so we can work together, and when the first spurt lands on Maci’s sweet lips, she doesn’t pull back. I keep coming, this time in her mouth, and she keeps her tongue out and ready. Five more pumps, and I’m completely done. She keeps it gathered right where I can see it. Then she fucking undoes me and swallows every last drop. Her throat works it down while her eyes stay strong and steady.

“Maci.” I bend, hands going beneath her arms to lift her up, causing her to lose momentum in playing with herself.

“Tys.” She wraps her legs around me instinctively.

“Hold on. We’re taking a shower, and it’ll be my fingers that get you off.” When I kiss her, I can taste myself on her lips but don’t giving one single fuck. This woman is amazing, and I’m going to show her how much every damn day of our lives.

18

MACI

“I’ll let you two talk for a few minutes.” Tysen presses a kiss to the side of my head and walks toward the cockpit. There are plusses to living with your boss. Waking up with him pressed between your legs, the head of his cock sliding through your slick folds is one of them. Of course, Tysen being his macho man overprotective self had to ruin the moment by asking if I needed to make a run to the bathroom first. I lifted my hips, wrapped my legs around his waist, and dug my heels into his ass to spur him on. He gave me what we both wanted, hot, fast, and dirty. My mouth on his, his cock rooted deep inside me, and his sneaky hand cupping my backside while his finger grazed along the pucker of my ass.

Tysen kept at it, and when I bore down feeling the quaking begin for another explosive orgasm, he sunk in to his first knuckle. I saw stars explode behind my closed eyes, my voice went hoarse with the screaming of his name, and he pumped his hips harder than ever, only stopping when he released everything he had inside me. Tysen dropped his weight on me, wrapped me up with both arms, and then dropped to a hip, rolling us until he was on his back and I was on top of him. The mess dripping from between my legs didn’t bother him, so I didn’t let it worry me, either. Though, when the alarm clock blared to life, causing me to jump from my love-drunk stupor, the cleaning us and the bed up really began. We tag teamed the bed, took a shower together, got ready side by side in the bathroom, and then Tysen made breakfast.



My nausea decided to make an appearance, so I quickly shoved crackers in my mouth and guzzled my lemon lime soda. It helped for the most part, until we got in the car to ride to the small private airport. I thought I was being sneaky while popping one of my ginger chews in my mouth, but Tysen cleared his throat, quirked an eyebrow, and said for me not to be stubborn and if it gets worse to take the prescription medicine. I rolled my eyes and muttered awhatever. He tried to hold me captive in the car until I made the promise. Needless to say, I relented.

“Do we ever have some catching up to do, honey. Now, Mr. Dark and Delicious sent me a text telling me to keep a watchful eye over you. I’m guessing you have some news to share with Samuel?” He snaps his fingers and pops out a hip, waiting for me to tell him everything.

“I did text you some of the details, you know,” I throw my sass right back at him. It’s been three days, and he’s left me on delivered. I’d be offended, except I know Samuel well enough to realize he’s not one to be glued to his phone when he’s off the clock.

“I don’t want to hear it through technology. Tell me in person.” He sits down on the leather couch, and I follow his lead. Tysen carried our bags once we exited his vehicle that he stowed underneath an awning. Even with them having wheels, he refused to use the handle. I didn’t question it, but that wholework smarter, not harderquote tickled the forefront of my brain. When we made it to the set of stairs leading up to the jet, he had me walk in front of him. I put an extra sway in my hips, and hearing his low growl gave me the added effect I wanted. When we came up, he placed the luggage beside the closet for me to put away. Surprising that he didn’t do it himself, though since he’s giving Samuel and me time, I get it.

“Well, surprise, I’m pregnant!” I say with a smile plastered on my face. It’s not fake in the least. Growing Tysen’s child inside my belly is everything a girl grows up believing she’ll have one day. Okay, he’s not a horse, and there’s no castle, but still, this is my fairy tale and happily ever after all wrapped in one delicious package.

“Girlfriend, I’m so happy for you.” Samuel jumps up from his seat, bringing me with him, wraps me up in his arms, and rocks me back and forth.

“Need air,” I tell him when he squeezes me a little too tightly.

“Oh, right. Sorry. I bet that doesn’t help with your running to the bathroom all the time. Which, oh my god, how did I not put two and two together?”

“Well, the same could be said for myself. Apparently, I was either in denial or completely oblivious. I mean, I did have my period, so I thought everything was normal. Except it only lasted a day or so, and from what Tysen’s friend Luke, who is a doctor, by the way, said, that can happen.” I take a breath, and we sit back down again.

“I’m going to be the best gay uncle there is. Tell Tysen his friends will just have to learn to share.” I’m thinking with as many children as are in and coming, his friends won’t mind in the least. I can’t believe nine childhood friends are now adults, and they’ve kept their bond the entire time, plus they make it work with intermingled businesses, too.

“They’ll be fine, believe me.”

“All those fine and good-looking men, and you land the hottest one to be your baby daddy.” Samuel fans himself, and I throw my head back, laughter filling the cabin. “What? Where’s the lie? Keep going. I can tell you have more to say.”

“I haven’t met them all, only Luke. A few from his group did move all of my boxes from my parents’ house to Tysen’s. My mom unpacked everything, and yes, we both did the meet-the-parents deal, too. I love his mom, by the way. She’s the sweetest, makes the most delicious cake you’ve ever put in your mouth. Oh, by the way, this weekend, Asher is throwing his Sunday cookout with everyone. Please say you’ll

come,” I practically beg. The group text I was added to made me feel warm and welcome, but it’d be nice to have a friend there, too. I mentioned to Tysen if I could invite Samuel, and he told me on Sundays, it’s a the-more-the-merrier situation. All he said was for him to bring his own drinks and a side if he wanted to.

“I don’t know. All those fine men being around me, I might melt into a puddle.”

“I’m sure one of them will toss you in the pool to cool you off,” I say with a wink. I grab his hands in mine and get serious for a minute, “I haven’t said this enough, so I’m going to say it now. Thank you, Samuel. You’re my one true friend, and you’ve done everything in your power to help me succeed in not only work but in life in general. You’ve listened to me through this whole experience, from leaving Vegas and Chad the chode, to my one-night stand with Tysen, and having no idea what to do with the wide range of emotions I had going on. You never judged, you cared, and you gave advice, which is why I’m going to ask you to be our child’s godfather.” I’ve spoken to Tysen about this the other day. I had a suggestion, he told me to shoot, and I gave him the lowdown. Tysen being the man he is didn’t even question if I thought Samuel would be a great fit. He knew my judge of character, and also, like Tysen said, he’d been working with the man since the day he opened the company. I’m paying high dollar to keep him on, and he made damn sure you were there with him. It’s an easy yes from me. He’s taken care of you, and he’ll take care of our child. I watch as Samuel blinks away the tears. Mine are already streaming down my cheeks faster than I could ever dash them away.

“Maci, you’ve given me the greatest and most precious gift ever. I’d be delighted to be your child’s godfather. The other stuff about being there for you and listening, honey, you have got to find some decent human beings to be around. Better yet, don’t. I’ll lose my friend, and I’m kind of touchy when it comes to others taking the people I love away.” I lean into him, my arms going to his shoulders, and this time, it’s me hugging him.

“I love you, too,” I mutter while we have our little sob fest. It takes us a few minutes, and both of us use the back of our fingers to gently wipe the tears away in order not to ruin our makeup. Samuel is a skin care fanatic, and when you’re in the air, the best way to preserve your skin is to create a barrier. Those are Samuel’s words, and he deems them as gold. I just go along with it.

“I will say the one downer of you being pregnant is that I’ll never be able to take you the clubs now.” Samuel pouts.

“Why is that?” I ask in wonderment.

“Maci, a woman in your delicate situation shouldn’t be around cigarette smoke.” I’m caught off guard again with my laughter. Boy, I’m really running through the gamut of emotions. One minute I’m happy, the next I’m crying, and now I’m back to laughing.

“It’s not funny. I won’t be the one at fault for hurting my godchild.” Samuel is taking this very seriously.

“You won’t, but, honey, Johnny owns Undercover Lovers, and from what the girls told me, when the guys have their little meeting to catch up, which I think is more for them to gossip about life, we’re at his club. He has an area above the dance floor sectioned off, and he keeps it reserved for Winnie or the guys. Now, Lennie, Asher’s wife, and Winnie are pregnant. Kennedy, Trent’s wife, will be there shortly, if she isn’t already. This group of men like their women near, and they like them not being fucked with. Therefore, Johnny put some kind of state-of-the-art air filtration system in that room only,” I tell him.

“Well, that’s good. Great, really.” He’s not picking up what I’m putting down.

“I’m sure I can reserve the room for us to use at some point in the future.” The lightbulb goes off in his head, and the look of defeat is swept away.

“Genius, you’re a genius. We could also do brunch, with mimosa flights and flowers everywhere, maybe in a garden somewhere. Oh no, that won’t do. We’ll save that for your baby shower. I call dibs on throwing it, by the way. Your mom can help, so can

Tysen's, because sharing is caring." I can tell you one thing: the baby shower is going to be absolutely stunning.

"I'll be sure to put you in a group chat and then do a formal introduction soon." Samuel is pulling his phone out.

"Look, we can do this or go gender neutral, depending on what you and Tysen decide to do." The whole not using technology is thrown out the window when he starts creating a mood board for the shower.

"Babe." Tysen grabs my attention from Samuel's phone.

"Hey, honey." I watch as my man's face softens. He tips his head for me to come to him. I'm off my feet and close enough for Tysen's hands to wrap around my waist.

"Everything good?" he asks.

"Never better," I reply without a pause. Tysen licks his lips, and now I'm wishing we'd take a couple of days off work to stay in bed.

"Hate to break it up, but Liam is escorting the passengers in any minute. You let me know, no matter what, you start getting sick or if anyone does anything to make you uncomfortable." I can see Samuel has been talking to Tysen about the McCarthys.

"I will. My chewable tablets are in my pocket and my prescription is in my bag." My head tips up, and luckily, Tysen takes advantage. His mouth touches mine, his tongue slides along the seam, and he gains entrance with my moan. The worst part is he stops before we even get started.

"Later," he promises, and I know Tysen well enough he does not go back on his word.

“Okay.” My voice is laced with want.

“Love that I give you that look. Plain love you, Mac.” Someone needs to pinch me because I’m not sure I’ll ever get over having Tysen in my life.

“I love you, Tysen.”

“Fuck yeah.” His hands drop my hips and slide into his pockets, and in doing so, he hides his growing erection. I moisten my lips, and his eyes darken. Later tonight, I’m sure he’ll make me pay for that moment, and it’ll be completely worth it.

19

MACI

“Maci, babe. You have no reason to be nervous.” I’m fiddling with the ring on my index finger again while sitting in the car, trying to calm my traitorous stomach. I can’t even blame it on morning sickness since that happened earlier this morning, much to Tysen’s chagrin. I didn’t care for it too much, either, since he insisted on being in the bathroom with me, holding my hair out of the way and putting a cool washcloth on the back of my neck. The tricks we were using didn’t work today, and I reluctantly took the medicine I’d been prescribed. It also made me tired, so after a shower, I took a nap.

I felt like a new woman a couple of hours later and got to work whipping up fresh salsa with the ingredients I picked up at the farmers’ market yesterday with Samuel. My car, which is now parked next to Tysen’s in the garage as of the day after he moved me in with him, allowed me to make the short trip into town. I suggested that Tysen could come, but he gave me the look that said thanks, but no thanks and headed to the gym instead. I almost canceled with Samuel just to follow my man around to watch him get hot and sweaty.

We went our separate ways, being apart for the first time since we reconnected. It felt different, weird almost, and when he came home hours later after I'd been home by myself a little bit, I let my intrusive thoughts take over. I ran full on toward him, jumped up, wrapped my legs around his waist, and kissed him as he held on to me. It ended up with our clothes being ripped off and him taking me on the kitchen counter.

"I know, but I still am. Talking to them via text is one thing. In the flesh, well, that's totally different." Tysen takes my hand in his, calming my fidgeting fingers, which is a task in itself, seeing as how he's carrying the platter of broccoli salad in one hand, and in the bag on his forearm is everything we need for the appetizer.

"Babe, Samuel is already inside. He's been blowing your phone up the entire way here. You've got your best friend, but you also have your girls." I grumble beneath my breath.

"I hate it when you're right." He helps me out of the car. I grab the one bag I'm allowed to carry, which weighs nothing and holds our towels, bathing suits, and sunscreen.

"You love me regardless." He laces our fingers together, further proving that he's not letting me go. I close the door, and then he's pulling me up the front walkway to Jagger's house, a last-minute change of plans due to Asher's work schedule. The fire station needed him for half the day today, and he flat out refused to have it at Lennie and his place. He didn't want his pregnant wife with twins to do everything on her own, cooking, cleaning, and moving pool furniture around.

Basically, he doesn't want her on her feet all day long; neither does anyone else. Even though Lennie sent a message in our group chat stating Asher is taking things too far on what she can and can't do. The doctor hasn't given her any restrictions, but her husband sure has. Her words, not mine, except I get where she's coming from, and I also get where Asher is coming from. I've got an overprotective man of my



own who would more than likely do the exact same thing.

*Source Creation Date: May 19, 2025, 9:42 am*

Lennie went on to say that her next step is to cut Asher off from sex, which meant Kennedy, Asher's sister, chimed in with her own reply, a gagging emoji, and proceeded to threaten to leave the group chat. Winnie simply stated ten out of ten don't recommend, you'll both be miserable, and orgasms are contagious, my friend. I didn't really know how to reply at first, but then finally came up with, I don't know about you, but there is no way I could hold out for an hour, let alone a day. There were mutual responses all agreeing, and Lennie finally let it go due to the fact that Asher, while being a pain in her ass, did it out of love.

"I do love you," I reply, reaching up to kiss the underside of his jaw. Tysen dips down and snags my lips with his, then turns it into a light make-out session, soft and slow, playful yet passionate. When we pull apart, my nerves are calmer than before.

"I'm going to drown Jagger's ass in his big fancy pool," Tysen says when a high-pitched, two-note whistle, the kind that turns heads, carries through the daze of our kiss. I look up to where the noise came from and see Jagger standing on his porch, hands holding the wood balustrade.

"Let's enjoy our time before you do that, okay?" I pat his chest, and we make our way toward what Tysen calls the jokester of the group. I've seen a picture in Tysen's living room of the large group. Putting names to faces really helped with coming to the cookout, yet still, I'm worried that they won't think I'm enough for Tysen. And part of that is on me not feeling like this is real. My pinch-me moments keep happening, and I'm not sure they'll ever stop.

"Damn, she's a beauty. I'm not sure how all of these ugly mugs keep bringing nothing but sheer perfection into their lives," Jagger says as a way of hello, pulling

me into a hug, and I see the wink he sends my way.

“One day, brother, one day.” Tysen pulls me back into his firm body.

“Nope, not happening. I’ll just keep pissing everyone off. It’s more fun that way,” Jagger replies.

“Alright, boys, I’ve got girls to meet and food to devour. Jagger, it’s nice to meet you, and I hear you have a killer outdoor space.” My confidence boosts a bit now that I’ve met one of the many others to come.

“They’re chomping at the bit to meet you, and Samuel is singing your praises, not that it’s necessary. Tysen wouldn’t go as far as he did to find you even though you landed on his jet. Fate loves the fearless.” My eyes drift from Jagger’s to Tysen’s. He shrugs his shoulders and mouths, “Later.” We follow him inside. The open floor plan allows you to see the living room, kitchen, and amazing view of his massive backyard.

“Finally, she’s here,” Samuel says, capturing everyone’s attention. He has never in his life met a stranger. I’m bombarded by hugs from the women first, Lennie, Kenny, and Winnie, and yes, I’m now the fourth in this group with a similar ending in my name. That was one way to start the conversation when the group text messages started. Thankfully, Lennie helps a girl out and goes through introductions with the men, starting with Asher before going down the line with Trent, Johnny, Matthew, Jude, Crew, and Luke, whom I’ve already met.

Once that’s done, Tysen brings me in closer with arm wrapping around my waist, head dipping until his mouth is at my ear, “You good while I chat with the guys?” He checks on me once things have settled down. The girls and I are making room for the food I brought while we all take bites in between.

“Yep, I’m going to eat something, chat for a little bit, probably put my bathing suit on, and head that way.” I noticed the girls already have theirs on, and so does Samuel. “Hey, where are Sebastian and Briar?” I ask, realization hitting me all of a sudden.

“They’re in the pool. Once they’re in, getting them out is impossible. We all become their snack bitches,” Winnie says with laughter.

“I’m not even sure they get out enough to use the bathroom, so, you know, maybe stay five or so feet away from them when you’re in the pool,” Kennedy gives me solid advice, to which we all burst out laughing together over.

“See you outside, babe. Bring the sunscreen out. I hear when you’re pregnant, your skin has a higher tendency to burn.” I notice Trent and Johnny both kept a watchful eye when we went through our introductions, so it makes sense that they didn’t get out.

“Tysen Vaughn, I’m going to throw away every last book you bought and steal your phone from doing more research.” I do the air quotes on the word research. These men are getting completely out of hand with knowing this and that.

“Good luck. Did you forget what Luke’s occupation is?” He drops a kiss to the crown of my head and ambles his tall-bodied self to where the guys are.

“Men, am I right?” Lennie says, popping a chip with salsa in her mouth.

“You’d be complaining if they didn’t care and, honey, what I would give to have a man as hot as these men are and care a tenth of what they do,” Samuel says, bringing two glasses from the pitcher of what he calls summer cup mocktails. It’s filled with cucumbers, mint, frozen red berries, sparkling lemonade, and ice.

“Why do you and Tysen always have to be right, dang it,” I say with a pout.

“Because we’re cut from the same cloth, honey. Now, are you ready to put on your bathing suit and dip your toes in the pool?” I take my cup from him, noticing we all have different colors to differentiate which is whose. How very Samuel like, a hostess with the mostess, even when it’s not his home.

“Yep, I sure am.” I take a sip of the refreshing concoction and know this will be a repeat drink item for myself.

“Oh, that reminds me. Momma Katherine and my sister, Minnie, are coming down this month and are hosting a baby shower. I want you both there. No gift necessary, just bring yourselves.” Lennie looks up from her phone to make the announcement. “Sorry, pregnancy brain has me forgetting nine times out of ten, and the text I just received from what I call my adopted mom sent me a reminder.”

“I’ll be there, but I’m not coming empty handed, so someone please share the registry link,” I tell her.

“Ditto to what Maci said,” Samuel replies just as the door to the back patio opens and Jagger walks through, keys in his hand and a look I can’t decipher written on his face.

“Oh shit,” Kennedy murmurs quietly.

“Hey, Jag, want me to ride with you?” Winnie offers. From what Tysen told me, those two have a bond like that of a brother and sister. She moves toward him even though he walks at a pace that’s hard for her to keep up with; one stride is two of hers easily.

“Nah, Win, heading out for a bit. I’ll be back. Love you.” He stops, and she almost slams into him. Luckily, he steadies her with hands on the sides of her arms and drops a kiss to her forehead.

“I’m here, though, okay?” Jagger nods before taking off.

“I fear we have missed something, something big,” Samuel says beneath his breath.

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“The guys told him?” Kennedy starts the conversation. My ears perk up. The man I met on the front porch is not the one who just walked through his own home and out the door.

“Yeah, I mean, it’s better than him finding out on his own, but still,” Winnie says on a sigh.

“I’m cluing them in. Otherwise, they’ll hear town lore, and you know they can’t ever get it right.” Kennedy looks from Lennie to Winnie. Both agree with a nod of their heads. “Lyric, a childhood friend of Jagger’s, is back. She’s been gone since he was seventeen. They kept in touch here and there, then one day, poof, it’s like she disappeared into thin air. The guys didn’t have the resources they do now, or I’m sure Jagger would have used them. The kicker is she bought her childhood home, which happens to be next to Jagger’s parents’ home, back where it all began.”

I’m about to reply when the guys start funneling in one by one. Tysen immediately heads for me, his hand touching my lower back. “Be back, babe. We’re all going to check on Jag.” I nod, lifting my lips to press them against his. Tysen holds steady a moment longer than I expected he would before saying, “Fuckin’ glad I have you, Maci. Love you.”

“I love you.” My eyes get lost in a sea of Tysen.

“No, babe. Love you.” His words are sharp and succinct, getting his point across. Whatever passes over my face, he’s more than okay with. His chin lifts the slightest bit, and then my man is following the others out the door to go after their friend.

“Well, looks like we’re on kid duty, which means we’re going to ply them with snacks until the men folk come back to man the grill,” Lennie announces.

“Honey, I may be gay, but I’m still a man, and I can grill the hell out of some meat,” Samuel comes in clutch. We all breathe a sigh of relief and head out to the patio.

“Well, you’re in charge now,” I tell him. Meanwhile, I’m worrying my bottom lip hoping that whatever happens with Jagger will all work itself out.

## EPILOGUE

### TYSEN

#### Six Weeks Later

“Hmmm.” Maci arches her ass into my cock. We’re naked and in a bed, but we’re not in our bed. I’ve got one arm beneath her neck, fingers locked with hers, and my arm is draped across her stomach, holding her to me.

“Good nap?” I murmur into her ear. Her skin becomes covered in goose bumps, and my hand is tempted to trail in between her legs to feel what I know is her arousal slickening her pussy.

“Yes. Are we there yet?” We’ve only been in bed for a couple of hours. The trip we’re taking had us stopping in Dubai to refuel, get off the jet, stretch our legs, and grab a bite to eat. I suggested staying a night, giving her time to see a different side of the world. But our time is limited. There are only so many favors I can pull, and using the jet for personal use meant bumping clients to a different date. It’s more than worth it. What’s the point of having all this money sitting in the bank and doing nothing with it? The guys rallied, much like we always do when someone needs a helping hand. Jagger stepped up to the plate, trading the opportunity to do one of his dare devil adventures in order to pick up any slack that’s needed, and Liam can’t



cover. He's still fucking reeling over Lyric. Jude's been keeping an eye on her place and hasn't seen any type of movement. It's making us wonder if she's truly home or what the fuck she's doing with the house.

"A couple of more hours." The last leg of our journey to the Maldives is only four hours from our last stop. It's one of Maci's bucket list places, an island for lovers, and I've booked us a place overlooking the water. A full week of having Maci to myself, nobody pestering us about a baby shower, when we're tying the knot, and work isn't breathing down our necks. I'll fucking take it any day of the week. Then there's the added pleasure of having my woman in nothing but a bathing suit, and if she's not in that, it'll be nothing but skin.

Since Maci started yawning, I suggested we head to the back bedroom. Liam and our part-time pilot, Michelle, are currently navigating the air, and while Samuel pouted to Maci, we both agreed to have no flight attendants. This trip is for us—no work, no worries, and a celebration of sorts considering Maci's morning sickness finally disappeared a couple of weeks ago.

"I never thought I'd say this, but I'm tired of being in the Gulfstream," she groans, sleep coating her voice.

"I've got something to keep you preoccupied." I kiss the back of her neck, tongue rasping over her heated flesh and pulling it into my mouth.

"God, yes." She hikes her leg over my hip, opening herself up for me, warm and ready. Except I have another plan in mind.

"Up and on your knees." I pull away from her, doing the same thing for myself. There's nothing better than watching my woman ride my cock or seeing every moment of rapture written on her face when she flies apart. This time, I need her a different way to make this work. I'd planned on doing this on our vacation, but I'm tired of fucking waiting, and the sooner I have another piece attaching me to her, the

better.

“I like where this is going.” The sheets slide from her body, showing off every new curve. She fucking amazes me at every turn, and every day, I’m rewarded with a new piece of knowledge she shares with me. Maci Vesper is full of layers, and I’m pulling each one of them back, bit by bit.

“So do I.” My hand wraps around my cock, and I slide the tip through her slick folds. She’s soaked. Worrying about her needing my mouth or fingers first flies out the window. I grasp her hip, and my knees slide between hers, spreading her wider than she is right now.

“Oh god.” Her back arches, head meeting my shoulder, and I’m given a view clear down in front of her. Christ, what I wouldn’t give to have a mirror in this moment, to watch my cock sink inside her inch by inch.

“You ready?” I let out a breath, needing her tight velvet wrapped around me.

“More than,” Maci breathes, and she drops lower until she’s seated on half of my cock. I lift up, ready to bottom out in her cunt. My dick is more than ready to fuck her raw. Nothing has changed when it comes to my need for her, and she’s always more than willing. There are times we can barely keep our hands off each other throughout a workday. Samuel and Liam shake their heads, exit the jet, and leave us be for as long as they can. The bathroom has gotten plenty of use these last six weeks, and now being able to use the bed, I’m pretty sure it’s going to be hard as fuck not to return to it.

“Don’t go slow, Tys.” She’s had to keep quiet during our flight, and I can tell it’s taking its toll on her. I use my hand, tilting her head in a way that my mouth can attach to hers, and I swallow down her moans. My hips piston in and out, feeling the wet glide, attempting to make me lose control with each clench of her cunt. Maci knows exactly what she’s doing, and I swear to god, it’s like she does it on purpose.

My hand slides around her hip. She shivers, and I zero in on the small patch of hair between her legs. Nice and neat, short and trimmed. There have been times when she's been in the shower and I join her, she'll have her leg propped on the built-in bench shaving herself. The sight was shit hot, and I sunk to my knees, took the razor from her hand, and shaved her myself. It also led to her leg being hooked over my shoulder, my mouth fucking her cunt, and my fingers getting in on the action. I've yet to take her ass, but judging by the way she took two of my fingers earlier this week, it'll only be a matter of time.

I slip further into her pussy, my fingers forming a V-shape on either side of her clit, and Maci loses it. Her mouth leaves mine, she thrusts backwards, and I've got just enough time to slide her ring from my pinky finger and onto her ring finger. I didn't think this through very well, or I'd have slipped it on while she was asleep, woke her up with my dick in her, and told her we'd be getting married.

My hand grabs hers, fitting her ring on her with her being none the wiser, so lost in a cloud of lust the only thing she's searching for is her orgasm.

"Mac," I grunt, needing her attention, lacing our fingers together where hers are on top and mine are on the bottom.

"Tysen." Her ass pushes back into me. I hold steady, feeling the way her pussy grips me, attempting to suck the cum out of me before I'm ready. Except my own body betrays me. My muscles draw tight, my balls ache, and with one last shove, I'm coming right along with her.

"Oh my god, when did you do that?" She looks down at her hands, already recovered from her orgasm. Meanwhile, I'm trying to hold myself together and not bend her all the way over and fuck her again. When I went ring shopping, it wasn't with anyone. I did it on my own. I almost brought Samuel as a guide, but this was something I had to do from start to finish. I'd have gone for the biggest carat I could get, except that wouldn't have been her style. Instead, I went with something classic with a presence,

exactly like Maci, strong and elegant. A gold cathedral setting, the diamond standing out, and it didn't hurt that it was a carat and a half in total.

“When you were taking my cock. I'm not asking you, Maci. You already know I'm marrying you, and the sooner the fucking better. Love you, love our baby, and love everything else in between,” I tell her.

“I love you. God, how I love you.” She moves off my dick. I grunt, not liking losing her heat. The only plus side of this is we're face to face now.

“I promise you this, we're going to have a great life together.” I cup her cheeks. When her hands go to mine, I see the gleam from my diamond on her finger. It makes me want to put her on her back and fuck her with nothing on except the ring.

“I know we will. Now, please kiss me.” I do what my woman wants. We also do a whole lot more until Liam comes over the intercom and tells us we'll be landing sooner than anticipated. And I know we'll continue the celebrating throughout our stay in the Maldives.