



Needing Forever

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Category: Erotic, Romance, New Adult

Description: Shaye Chanler is ready for love. Clayton Dickerson is looking for the one. Let's Try Love is the perfect app to get these two together. *This was previously seen in the Let's Try Love Charity Anthology* This is a safe and sexy short story...

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Chapter One

Shaye Chanler

We have been busier than normal today and I am almost out of flowers. I own Shaye's Daisies, the only flower shop in our little town right outside of Charlottesville, North Carolina. Ten minutes before closing, an older man, whom I know well, walks into the store with a smile on his face. I can't even be mad at him. Everybody knows everybody around here.

"Welcome to Shaye's, Mr. Hartford. How can I help you today?" I ask him.

"Well, it's a special day for my Lilly and I. It's our fiftieth anniversary and I want to surprise her with her favorite flowers. Do you have any pink daisies?" My heart melts.

"You're in luck! I just got a shipment of them today. How many would you like?"

"Fifty of them please," he says grinning. "One for every year that she has been in my life."

"She is a lucky lady," I tell him while getting his order ready.

"No, my dear girl. I am the lucky one, she is my world. Lord knows I have no idea how that woman has put up with me for all these years." I laugh and hand him his flowers.

“Alright, here you go. That will be ninety-six dollars, including tax.”

“Small price to pay to see her smile,” he says, handing me his credit card. I run it and give him his receipt.

“Aren’t you sweet. Have a nice evening,” I say. I am so friggin’ glad tomorrow is Friday. I’m not open weekends, because nothing is in Plain Springs, North Carolina is open on the weekends. Weekends are spent in Charlottesville, which is only twenty minutes away.

“You too, dear. Tell your grandparents I said hello,” he says before leaving.

“Of course,” I respond then I lock the door behind him and flip the sign to closed. I have had enough of today.

I want someone to love me like that. I need someone who wants to promise me forever. After the Chinese I ordered gets here, I make my way upstairs to my apartment. I plug my phone in and grab one of my favorite beers.

I take a sip of my drink and look at the website I found while searching for dating sites. Let's Try Love is the third site on the Google page. After reading reviews on their page for an hour, I finish three more beers while reading all of them. Now I have a buzz going and my inhibitions are gone.

“I don't want to see your nasty ass cock. I need forever, not a cock fest.” I snicker and hit enter. I have been trying to find “the one” but instead I have been getting dick pics left and right with guys asking if I liked what I saw.No, you no tiny-dicked motherfucker, I did not.

What I don’t understand is how some of the guys that send them are proud of their tiny weenies. I put my computer away, pick up my beer bottles and go grab another

beer then make my way into my living room and put in the next disk of NCIS: LA in my Blu-ray player. Fuck me, Marty Deeks is sex on a stick.

I grab my phone off the charger and plop down on the couch. I quickly set my alarm so I'm not late to work in the morning then download the Let's Try Love app.

“Okay let's see if I can find Mr. Forever,” I say to Snooky, my pit boxer mix. He sighs and puts his head on my lap. “Yeah, I hope we find him too.” Four beers in and I am three sheets to the wind. My alarm goes off right, next to my damn ear and I scream, falling off the couch. I land on my side and groan. “Fuck me, that hurt like a bitch.”

What the fuck happened last night? I sit up and the room spins. Don't hurl, don't hurl. I tell myself over and over as I stand up. Snooky is sprawled out on my bed, snoring. Once in the bathroom, I do my business, then get in the shower trying to wash away my hangover.

After a few minutes, I get out to get ready for the day. Then I take Snooky out for what I hope will be a quick walk, but of course, he takes his sweet ass time. He pays no mind to the thousands of tiny knives stabbing into my temple. I push my sunglasses further up my nose.

I really should pace myself. I am not much of a drinker and I have no idea why I drank so much last night but I am so regretting that right now.

“Snooky hurry up, mommy has to go to work.” He stops barking and wags his tail. He loves coming into the shop with me. He might weigh seventy pounds but he is the biggest softy you could ever meet. He loves people and all of the attention they give him.

We make our way back to the shop where I grab him some water then I go in search

of my phone. I hear it ping letting me know I have a message. Good thing it pinged, otherwise I would have never looked under the couch for it. I grab some coffee and unlock my phone. The page opens up to an open message tab.

Promisingalways32: This might sound crazy but I think its fate that you signed up tonight.”

Promisingalways32: I was about to deactivate my account when I came across yours.

Needingforever22: and my profile made you change your mind?

Promisingalways32: oh yes believe it or not women do the same thing.

Needingforever22: Same thing?

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Promisingalways32: Send unwanted nip pics.

Needingforever22: Ha, it doesn't surprise me women are just as pervy as men.

Promisingalways32: lol, would you like to go on a date with me tomorrow?

Needingforever22: Sure just know I like to eat steak and potatoes so no nasty vegan crap.

Promisingalways32: Haha, Steak and potatoes it is... pick you up around 7?

Needingforever22: Okay

“What the fuck, I told him where I live like some kind of dumbass he could be some kind of crazy person.” I glare at Snooky like he actually had something to do with this. “Why didn't you stop me?” He huffs and walks into the kitchen. I exit out of the messenger box and go onto his profile page. Sweet baby Jesus! He is gorgeous. Fuck, I guess it's a good I'm tired of playing it safe. I grab my coffee cup and make my way downstairs Snooky following behind me. “If you think he is a creep you can bite is balls off okay?” I tell him. He barks once and wags his tail.

Time to get to work. Seven will be here before I know it.

Chapter Two

Clayton Dickerson

“Hey, boss, where’d you go?” I look up to see Stan, my assistant, looking at me weirdly.

“Nowhere. I have been here all day,” I respond, returning his weird look. God, if he wasn’t my brother in law, I would have told him to go fuck himself. Other than being nosy, he’s the best damn assistant I’ve ever had.

“Your body might be here but you sure aren’t. I have been calling your name for the last five minutes,” he says impatiently. I shake my head to clear it.

“Sorry, I just have an important, um, meeting tonight and it needs to go perfect.” I hedge. I’m not exactly lying. I am meeting someone.

“You have a meeting? I didn’t see it on the calendar. Did I miss it?” he asks concerned, while frantically looking through his iPad.

“No, you’re fine. It is a personal meeting.” He visibly relaxes

“Okay, if there is anything you need just let me know,” he says walking out of my office. The damn goddess from last night has had me up all night. I knew the moment I laid eyes on her picture that she was going to be mine. I haven’t been with a woman in longer then I can remember.

I was too busy trying to get my law practice up and running. By the time I was done doing that, I was suddenly thirty-two and looking for the one. That is extremely hard to find when women know how much you are worth, so I tried something new. A dating site, Let’s Try Love. It was so out of the realm of normal for me, but I figured that it couldn’t hurt to try. It was a little unconventional but I am desperate. I am tired of being alone and tired of not having someone I can call my own.

I have the house, the car, and the job. Now it’s time for me to get the girl. I’ve been

on the app for over a month only getting crazy ass women trying to sell me sex tapes of themselves.

I had given up on finding anyone on this site when her profile came up. I knew it was fate and had to take a chance. I rub my temples, accepting the fact that I will not be getting any work done today. I take off my tie and unbutton my first two buttons of my crisp white shirt. I lost the jacket as soon as I came in from the courthouse hours ago.

Beautiful Shaye is everything I've ever wanted in a woman. I give up working, since it's five-thirty, grabbing my jacket, I head out into the common area.

"Are you sick?" Stan asks, looking up from his laptop.

"What?"

"You never leave before eight. Are you sure you're okay, man?"

"Yes. The meeting, remember?"

"Oh, right. I'll head out now too if that's okay?" he asks. "I want to take Clint out to dinner tonight." Did I mention that Stan is married to my twin brother, Clint? Their son, Rudy, is only two months old. They had him via surrogate. They aren't sure which one of them is the actual father but man he is so cute. If I am honest, that's what got me thinking so much about having a family.

"Of course. Give my love to him and Rudy. See you guys at Mama's on Sunday." It's Nascar season and if the Dickerson's love anything as a whole, it's freaking Nascar.

"Will do." I walk outside. I haven't seen the early evening sun in weeks, but it's nice out. Getting into my Mercedes G Wagon, I pull out and head home. I am meeting her

at O'Flannigans in Charlottesville. The restaurant is casual and nearby but I want to shower and change before meeting her. My house is on the outskirts of town, about fifteen minutes from my office.

At home, I shower quickly and get dressed. I feed the cat, Bob. Bob, the girl cat, Dickerson is her full name. She's actually my sister, Talia's cat. Talia might be insane but she is brilliant. Talia is studying abroad in Portugal this semester. Since my parents have two Bull Mastiffs, I volunteered to cat sit. Heading back out, I opt to take my BMW. It'll get me there faster.

I make it to the restaurant in record time. I'm a little early, but I am surprised to see her sitting at a high top table in the bar area. She is drinking a margarita. She looks amazing in a purple dress and sky-high heels. She is looking at something on her phone. I growl inwardly. She better not be making another fucking date on Let's Try Love. I don't know what I'd do.

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“Shaye?” I ask startling her. She looks at up at me, and my heart does a little flip. Man, I sound like a pussy right now, but it’s true. Her eyes are so blue they look violet.

“Yes,” she says standing. She hugs me in greeting and I take the opportunity to smell her hair. She smells like summer: coconuts and fresh air. “It’s so nice to meet you, Clayton, or do you prefer Clay?”

“Clay is fine,” I say sitting down. She sits as well. She clenches her thighs together, squirming in her chair before crossing her ridiculously long legs under the glass top table. My cock swells at the mere thought of them wrapped around my waist. “You look beautiful.”

“Thank you,” she says biting her plump bottom lip and blushing. She picks up her menu and looks it over. I do the same.

“So, what looks good to you?” I ask. The only thing I want to eat is her. Damn, she is beautiful.

“Um, I’m not actually hungry... for food,” she says quietly, setting her menu back down. This time, I do growl. Out loud. She jumps but doesn’t take her gaze off of my face.

“Me either, doll. What should we do about it?”

“Take me home?” she asks.

“Let’s go,” I say, signaling for the check.

Besides, I can always feed her later.

Chapter Three

Shaye

I have never been so bold in my life but I want him the minute I locked eyes on his honey brown ones. I was hooked. He grabs my hand and we walk out of the bar.

“We’ll come to get your car tomorrow I can’t stand that thought of being away from you,” he says, pushing me up against the side of his car. His hard cock throbs against my lower stomach and I moan. He growls and kisses me. I wrap my arms around his shoulders and kiss him back. He tastes like sin and I can’t get enough of him. Someone honks at us, “get a room,” they shout out of the passing car. He pulls away from our kiss. I can feel the blush running across my cheeks and I can’t help but laugh.

“Oh my God.” He chuckles and opens the car door for me.

“Come on, doll, let's get you home,” he says helping me into his car.

“Okay, hurry though. I feel like I am going to combust,” I say breathlessly. My thighs clench together causing him to groan. After shutting the door, he gets in on the other side. He throws the car into drive and pulls out of the parking lot.

“Pull your dress up and spread your thighs, baby. I can smell that sweet pussy cream from here and I need a taste.” I whimper and do as he asks he lets go of the steering wheel and runs his hand up the inside of my thigh. When he finds that I am not wearing any panties, he sucks in a sharp breath.

“Fucking hell, you are so wet for me. You want my cock in this tight little love hole, don't you baby?” he growls, slowly thrusting one of his thick fingers into my pussy. I moan and my hands wrap around his wrist

“Oh God! Yes, I want it,” I mewl. He pulls his finger out then rubs it over my clit before thrusting it back in my hips buck up and I moan.

“That's right, sweet girl. Let me hear how much you love it. Your little virgin pussy is going to feel so good wrapped around my aching cock.” My mouth pops open.

“Ah, how did you know I was a virgin?” I ask breathlessly. He curls his finger up and hits my g-spot.

“Because your greedy pussy is just begging to have my cock destroy it for another man,” he growls I moan loudly and my eyes close as he brings me to an orgasm I sit there panting as he takes his finger out of me. I open my eyes and watch as he brings his finger to his lips and licks my pussy cream off of it.

Fucking hell, that should not be hot but holy fuck was it ever. I reach of and run my hand up his thigh and over his bulge his hands tighten on the wheel.

“Fuck,” he curses. I lean closer to him and kiss his neck.

“You planning on being the only cock I ever have? Because that's the only way you're getting this pussy.” I whisper into his ear before biting his ear as I cup his bulge squeezing it. He pulls into an open driveway and throws the car in park. Before I know it I am unbuckled and thrown over his shoulder my dress rides up over my hips and my naked ass is right by his face. He turns his head and bites me. I moan and spread my thighs a little. “Oh.” My back suddenly hits a cold fridge door and I whimper. When did we get inside his house?

“Can't make it to the bedroom, need you right now,” he says in a gravelly voice. He wraps his arm around my waist and holds me up as he quickly undoes his belt and pants then shoves them down his thighs just far enough. My wet pussy clenches with anticipation. My legs wrap around his waist. My stiletto's dig into his ass and he doesn't seem to mind.

“Fuck me, Clay.” His hands tighten on my hips.

“I'm fucking keeping you forever, Shaye. You are always going to be mine.” He growls, thrusting into me to the hilt, his heavy balls resting against my ass. My nails dig into his back and I scream out. He starts kissing my neck.

“Shh, it's okay baby,” he says his hands going to my ass. I nod my head, breathing heavily. He pulls out a fraction of an inch then thrusts back in. I moan at the feeling of being stretched open. “Your sweet pussy feels so good around my cock, just like I knew it would.”

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I moan as he pulls out almost all the way then slams back in. I cry out in pleasure. He groans.

‘I’m not going to last long doll. All I can think about is feeling your womb with my babies. Fuck you’re going to look so fucking sexy round with my child.’ My pussy clenches and I whimper.

“Please, I want it harder. Fuck me, Clay. Fuck your babies into me,” I demand, biting down on his neck. He growls and starts pounding into me over and over. All I can do is hang on as he fucks me onto his cock. “Oh God, oh God, just like that please, please,” I beg mindlessly.

“Fuck your sweet pussy is starting to clamp down on my dick. You’re already trying to milk my cum, aren’t you? You’re a greedy girl.”

“Fuck yes. Give it to me,” I scream as an orgasm comes crashing through my body. My head falls back and my hands latch onto his shoulders for dear life. He roars my name and I feel his cock get impossibly bigger as he comes. Rope after rope of his cum fills my womb. I shudder and another orgasm hits me. His head drops to my chest. Running my hands through his hair, I whimper when I feel his cock start to get hard again. “How are you hard again?” He chuckles and looks up at me.

“I have a feeling my cock is never going to go down again.” I giggle and kiss him. When he pulls back he looks at me with a serious look on his face, I begin to worry.

“I’m never letting you go.” My eyes fill with tears.

“Good thing, cause I wasn't ever planning on leaving.”

He walks us to his room where he makes love to me three more times before I collapse on his chest, about to pass out. He runs his hands up my bare back and sighs in contentment.

“I'm going to love you forever, Shaye.”

“I hope so because I'm going to love you always,” I say kissing his chest.

Chapter Four

Clay

Last night was the best night of my life, hands down. Shaye is everything I've ever wanted and then some. We drift off but suddenly she sits straight up.

“Shit. I forgot about Snooky,” she says frantically.

“You can watch the Jersey Shore here, baby.”

“Oh, God. I do love that show, that's where I got the name, but I am talking about my dog. I've never left him alone overnight before. I am being the worst fur-mommy right now.”

“It's alright. We'll go get him. I'm sure Bob will be okay with it.”

“Bob?”

“My sister's cat. She's around here somewhere,” I say getting out bed.

“Bob is a girl?”

“Says the girl who named her dog after a fist-pumper in a short dress,” I say laughing.

“Hey, it was the best telenovela from two thousand nine to two thousand twelve. Just try to deny it.”

“Alright, you win,” I say putting my hands up in surrender. I move to my dresser and pull on a pair of basketball shorts and a t-shirt.

“Where’s my dress?” she asks getting out of bed, crawling around on the floor. Her naked ass wiggles in the air and I groan.

“You best get up, or we’ll never leave this room. Let’s get Snooky and then come back to bed.”

“You say that like it’s a bed thing.”

“A bed thing?” I question, holding in my laughter.

“Freudian slip,” she says shrugging.

“Right. Let’s go.”

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She tells me her address, and I plug it into the GPS. She only

lives five minutes from me. I pull into her driveway. She pops the passenger door open.

“I’ll be right back,” she says.

“Pack a bag. You don’t live here anymore.” I know that I am being high-handed but, fuck I am already obsessed with her.

“Excuse me? This is where I work.”

“I see that Shaye’s Daisies.”

“So, I live upstairs,” she says.

“No, you live with me now,” I say.

“Oh. Is this your way of asking me to move in with you after one night?” she asks, looking confused. When I don’t say anything, she continues. “I’m not saying no, I just want to clarify.”

“Hell yes. I realize how fucking crazy this is, but I don’t care.”

She leans over and kisses me.

“I’ll be right back.”

“I’ll come up with you,” I say getting out the car. I follow up the stairs to her apartment. I can hear her dog scratching at the door.

“He sounds big,” I say.

“He is, but he’s a big teddy bear,” she says pushing the door open.

Snooky is a gorgeous dog. While she packs a bag for herself, I make myself useful getting the dog’s things ready. Twenty minutes later, we are back home. Bob and Snooky get along great. I take my girl back to bed, where I love her for the rest of the night.

* * *

Three weeks later, Shaye is completely moved into my house and it’s like she’s always been there. While I was at work today, I went to a local jewelry store on my lunch break and bought her an engagement ring. When five o’clock rolls around, I am out of the office like it’s on fire. When I get home, she is already there and something smells amazing.

“I’m home, Shaye,” I call out.

“In the kitchen,” she shouts back. Walking into the kitchen, I see that it’s a disaster area.

“What happened in here?” I ask.

“I’m making dinner. I am not very good at the cleaning up part.”

“I see that,” I say. It looks like every single pot and pan that I own is in the sink as well as the six sitting on each burner on the stovetop. “I’ll clean up,” I say taking my

jacket off and rolling my sleeves up. “What are we having?”

“Parmesan crusted salmon, loaded mashed potatoes, asparagus, and salad,” she says.

“Sounds like a feast,” I say as I fill the sink with hot, soapy water.

“It should be. I got the recipe from my mom. I’ve never actually made the fish before, but the potatoes are my specialty.”

“I am sure it will be amazing,” I say getting to work tackling the dishes.

“This is kind of domestic,” she muses.

“It is, isn't it? What’s the occasion?” I ask.

“I was tired of going out,” she responds. I am too if I’m honest. Each night that we’ve been together we’ve either gone out, brought takeout home or eaten at one of our parents houses.

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“Also, I have some big news. I’m pretty nervous about it actually. We haven’t talked about it much, but I’m bursting to tell you,” she says excitedly. I finish up the dishes and turn to her. The look on her face portrays her excitement.

“Tell me.”

“I’m pregnant.”

“Can you tell that soon?” I blurt out. That’s not exactly what I wanted to say. Her face falls and I feel like a giant bag of dicks. “That’s not what I meant baby. I’m sorry. I am so fucking happy,” I say.

“Are you sure? We didn’t exactly talk about it, except in like a sexy way,” she says blushing. I chuckle.

“I am positive. You’ve made me the happiest man in the world. I love you.” She looks up at me.

“I love you, too.” I was going to do something special for a proposal, but this is better. The perfect moment.

“I love you,” I say again. She smiles and kisses me softly. “Be my wife?” I ask pulling the ring box from my pocket.

“No shit?” she says before slapping her hand over mouth. I laugh again.

“No shit. Marry me.”

“Yes. Of course. Fucking yes,” she says jumping up into my arms. I support her by gripping her ass. I kiss her face.

Thank God, she said yes, because I don’t know what I would have done.

“When did you do this?” she asks looking down at the diamond her finger after I’ve set her back down on her feet.

“At lunch today, though I have been thinking about it since the day we met.”

“It’s perfect. You have good taste, Mr. Dickerson.”

“So do you, Mrs. Dickerson.”

“Mrs. Dickerson? God, I love the sound of that.”

So do I.

I never thought that a dating app would find me the love of my life, but I’ll be forever grateful that it did.

Epilogue

Shaye

Ten Years Later

I sit on the back porch breastfeeding Grace, our sixth child, watching Clayton and our other five children play on the playground. They have already had dinner and since it was still light out, I decided they should come out and waste some of the energy before bed.

Clay had specially built for them. It's in the shape of a boat with swings on one side and the inside is basically a tree house. They spend most of the summer trying to camp out here. We can barely get them in the house. I am not going to complain though after all that, the house tends to stay cleaner when they are outside. Unless I am cooking then the kitchen is a complete wreck. Luckily, Clay just kisses my cheek and cleans up after me as I go.

My life is better than I could have ever imagined. How can your dreams turn out even better than you thought they would be? Grace sighs and I know she is done. I put my boob back in my shirt then put her on my shoulder, lightly patting her back.

“How are my girls doing?” I look up to see Clay walking towards us.

“Hey baby. We are good. How was work?” I ask as he leans down and kisses me.

“It was good. I actually have some big news that I want to talk to you about”

“You are going to retire aren't you?” I have known that he hates being away from us and he is ready to be retired. I have just been waiting for him to decide what he want to do. His eyebrows shoot up.

“How the hell do you always know what I want to talk about?”

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“Because I am your other half, my love. Not to mention I have super mommy powers that make me know everything,” I say laughing. He grabs Grace from me then sits down next to me I turn to the side and drape my legs over his.

“You truly are amazing, baby. I don't know how you do it all. You run this house, take care of our kids, and still run the shop. You amaze me more and more every day.” I blush. He’s so right for me. He always knows just what to say.

“I love you, husband.”

“And I love you, wife. How about you go take a bath and I can take care of the kids.” I grin.

“Hell yeah. You know I love our new bathtub,” I say getting up. He got us a huge tub that could easily fit four people. It even has jets! He redid our master bathroom for Mother's Day last year and it’s now one of my favorite places in the house. I lean over and kiss him soundly.

I make my way to the bathroom and get the tub going. While it is filling up, I toss a bath bomb in it. Then I turn on four of my fake candles, the ones that use the batteries. I fucking love them. I don't have to worry about tipping one over in the bathtub and burning the shit out of myself.

Once the bath is full, I turn off the light and get in. Sighing in content, I soaking up the hot water. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I know I am in Clay’s arms and he is taking me to bed.

“You are one tired mama, love.” I snuggle into his chest.

“Where are the kids?” I mumble he kisses the top of my head.

“They are all asleep since you had already fed them dinner, I just gave them all a fast shower and now they are all piled up on the living room floor, in the fort that they built. And Grace is in her crib.”

I wrap my arms around his shoulders and kiss him.

“You are the best daddy ever.”

“Thank you baby. I am still trying to figure out how they conned me into letting them all sleep in the living room,” he says perplexed.

“They are turds and know if they give you their best puppy dog eyes that you can’t say no to them.” He chuckles and puts me on the bed.

“I can’t even argue with that they all have me wrapped around their fingers,” he says going to the closet and getting me a pair of underwear and bringing me one of his shirts. I put both of them on while laughing. I get under the covers.

“Hurry up and come snuggle me.” I tell him as he starts taking off his clothes.

“Okay, I will be right back.” He goes into the bathroom and takes a fast shower, himself. When he is dressed, he climbs into bed behind me. Then pulls me close. His hard cock digging into my ass.

“Always so hard for me.” I tease pushing my ass against him he groans and his hand goes to my hip, squeezing it.

“He is always ready for your sweet pussy baby.”

“Fuck me until I pass out,” I demand, pushing his sweats down. He drapes my leg over his hip and yanks my panties to the side. He slams into me from behind,

“Fuck, your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock.”

He pounds into me over and over until I come screaming his name. He isn't far behind me. He kisses my shoulder and pulls out of me. We both groan at the loss. He rights my panties, and caresses my ass.

“Thank you. But I don't think I've passed out,” I say laughing before giving him a quick kiss.

“I fucking love you Shaye. So much. You are my always.” He laughs with me before wrapping his arm around my waist. I snuggle closer to him.

“I love you too, Clay. You are my forever.”

We are forever and always.

I fall asleep in his arms with a smile on my face knowing that there is no way I could have ever asked for a better life.