



Owned

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Description: Riku “The Serpent” Watanabe is the grumpiest, most intense man I’ve ever met. He’s dangerous, deadly, and completely irresistible.

When a priceless jade pendant is stolen during the Watanabe family’s Chinese New Year celebration, I find myself caught in the chaos—and in Riku’s arms.

Now he says I’m his to protect. His to claim. His to keep.

And when a Yakuza decides you’re his, there’s no turning back...

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Chapter 1

MARYAM

Chinese New Year at the Watanabe compound is no joke. My besties, Nia and Tessa, weren't kidding when they said their family goes all out. Paper lanterns and fairy lights everywhere, amazing smells coming from multiple food stations, traditional decorations mixed with modern touches. It's absolutely gorgeous.

"Take it easy with those dumplings," Nia laughs, nudging me with her elbow. "There's a lot more to try."

I roll my eyes but can't help grinning. "Girl, let me live my best life. These are amazing," I mumble around a mouthful.

"Oh, wait till you try the noodles," Tessa adds from my other side.

My smile dies as every cell in my body suddenly comes alive. A tall figure moves onto the terrace and my world tilts on its axis. Holy. Fucking. Shit.

He's a goddamn fantasy come to life. Over six feet of pure male perfection. Broad shoulders and powerful thighs stretching a tailored suit, and an aura of raw dominance that makes my knees go weak. His face is all sharp angles and dangerous beauty- high cheekbones, firm jaw, and full lips. But it's his eyes that capture me completely. Dark and intense, something in there pins me in place. Just looking at him sends heat rushing through my body.

“Who is that?” I breathe out, unable to tear my eyes away.

“That,” Nia says with a knowing smirk, “is Riku Watanabe. Another cousin.”

“They call him The Serpent,” Tessa adds, watching my reaction with her own teasing smile.

“The Serpent?” I manage to croak out.

“Mmm...” Nia shakes her head. “Girl, you’re in trouble.”

“Good trouble or bad trouble?”

“Both,” they answer in unison.

I can’t look away as he scans the party with lethal grace. Everything about him screams power and control. When his gaze locks on mine, electricity zips down my spine. My heart pounds as his dark eyes rake over me. The hunger in his stare makes my body throb in places it definitely shouldn’t at a family gathering.

Nia sighs. “Now, you’re in for it.”

“What? I’m just looking.” But even as I say it, heat floods my face. Because the way Riku’s looking back at me is anything but casual. He’s staring at me like he wants to devour me whole.

“Sometimes trouble finds you,” Nia says. “Especially in this family.”

I try to focus on my friends, on the party, on anything but the weight of his stare that I can still feel burning on me. But it’s like there’s a magnetic pull drawing my attention back to him again and again. Every time I glance his way, he’s watching me with that

same intense focus.

“I’ve never seen Riku look at anyone the way he’s looking at you right now,” Tessa says with a mischievous glint in her eye.

“Stop it,” I protest, but my heart speeds up, anyway.

“She’s right,” Nia agrees. “The man usually acts like he’s carved from stone. But right now? He looks ready to—”

She’s cut off by sudden shouts and commotion coming from inside the mansion. Security guards start rushing around, voices raised, shouts in Japanese and English. Kenji, Nia’s husband and the head of the family, appears, barking orders.

And before I can process what’s happening, a strong hand wraps around my arm and I’m pulled against a hard chest. I look up to find Riku’s face inches from mine, his dark eyes fierce.

“Stay close to me,” he orders in a deep, rough voice that sends shivers down my spine.

Oh boy. Looks like trouble did find me.

* * *

RIKU

The second I step on the terrace, it’s like I fucking feel her. My eyes immediately lock on her - all lush curves and smooth brown skin, looking good enough to eat in a red dress that hugs every delicious inch of her. She’s with my cousins’ women, laughing and eating like she doesn’t realize she’s the most beautiful thing in the

whole fucking world.

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Then she looks up, and our eyes meet.. Those big brown eyes hit me like a punch to the gut. I watch them widen as she stares back at me, and my cock hardens instantly. MINE. The word thunders through my mind.

I barely register Ken and Ryu's knowing smirks or the sounds of the crowd. My focus is entirely on her. The way she moves, how her full lips part slightly when our eyes meet again, the slight tremble in her fingers as she tucks a loose curl behind her ear. Every little detail just makes me want her more.

I'm about to go claim what's mine when one of our men bursts on the terrace, face tight with tension. He whispers something about an expensive pendant that was exposed for visitors and now is missing, but I barely hear him. All I can think about is getting to my woman before the chaos erupts.

The next few minutes are a blur of motion and shouted orders. Security protocols kick in. But while everyone else is focused on the theft, my only thought is keeping her safe. I cross the terrace in quick strides and pull her against me, feeling her soft curves mold perfectly to my hard body.

"Stay close to me," I growl, fighting the urge to just throw her over my shoulder and carry her somewhere private. Somewhere I can keep her safe and make her fucking mine.

She stares up at me with her beautiful eyes, a mix of surprise and heat in her gaze. "I don't even know you," she protests weakly.

"I'm Riku. And you're staying with me till this is sorted." My tone leaves no room for

argument.

“I have a name, you know,” she says with a hint of sass that makes my dick throb.

“It’s Maryam.”

“Maryam.” I test it on my tongue, loving how it feels. Fucking perfect, just like her.

“Now, come.”

I wrap my arm firmly around her waist as I guide her through the crowd. She fits against my side like she was made to be there. And now that I’ve found her, I’m never letting go.

Chapter 2

RIKU

Maryam tries to pull away, but I just tighten my grip. “I can take care of myself,” she insists.

“Not happening.” I guide her through the halls of the compound, ignoring her protests. All I can think about is getting her somewhere safe. Somewhere I can get my hands on her...

A few of the men appear with reports, but I wave them off. My priority is the woman in my arms.

“This is ridiculous,” Maryam huffs. “I was fine.”

“You’re safer with me.”

“Says who?”

“Says the man who runs security for the entire Watanabe organization.” That shuts her up for a moment. I use the opportunity to pull her into my private office and lock the door.

She crosses her arms, drawing my attention to her perfect tits. “So what now? You’re just going to keep me prisoner?”

“If that’s what it takes to keep you safe.” I lean against my desk, drinking in the sight of her. Fuck, she’s gorgeous.

“Why would I be in danger?”

“Because you were there. You might have seen something without even realizing it.” I step closer, drawn to her like a magnet. “Because you’re mine to protect.”

Her eyes go wide. “Yours? I just met you!”

“And?” I’m close enough now to smell her perfume, to see the rapid rise and fall of her chest. “You feel it too. Don’t deny it.”

She bites her lip, and it takes everything in me not to claim that mouth right now. “You’re insane,” she whispers, but she doesn’t back away.

“Maybe.” I reach out to brush my thumb across her cheek. “But you’re still staying with me.”

* * *

MARYAM

Okay, this man is officially crazy. Hot as fuck, but absolutely nuts. And the worst

part? My body isn't getting the memo about how insane this situation is. Every time he touches me, every time his dark eyes lock on mine, I feel like I'm going to combust.

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“You can’t just decide I’m yours,” I argue, trying to maintain some sanity. “That’s not how things works.”

“It is with me.” His voice drops lower, sending shivers down my spine. “You know what they call me?”

“The Serpent,” I breathe out.

A dangerous smile curves his lips. “And do you know why?”

I shake my head, mesmerized by how his massive body moves as he gets even closer.

His hand slides to my waist, and my traitor body leans into his touch. “I strike fast, I strike hard, and I always get what I want.”

“And what do you want?” The words slip out before I can stop them.

“You.” Just one word, but it’s filled with so much heat and promise that my knees go weak. “Every.” His lips brush my ear. “Single.” His other hand tangles in my hair. “Inch.”

“Riku...” It comes out as a whimper, and I feel his body tense in response.

“Say it again.” His grip tightens.

“What?”

“My name.” He pulls back just enough to stare into my eyes. “I want to hear you say it again.”

“Riku,” I whisper, and his control snaps.

His mouth crashes onto mine, and holy hell, this is nothing like any kiss I’ve ever had. It’s possessive, hungry, almost desperate. Like he’s been starving for me his whole life. His tongue slides against mine, and I moan, my hands grabbing onto his broad shoulders just to stay upright.

Riku growls - actually growls - and suddenly my feet leave the ground. He sits me on his desk, stepping between my thighs, his big hands gripping my hips. I should be freaking out. Should be pushing him away and running for the door. Instead, I wrap my legs around his waist and pull him closer.

“Fuck,” he groans against my lips. “You taste even better than I imagined.”

“You’ve been imagining this?” I gasp as his mouth moves to my neck.

“Since the second I saw you.” His teeth graze my skin, making me shiver. “Been thinking about all the ways I want to make you mine.”

His hands slide up my sides, thumbs brushing the sides of my breasts, and it’s like every nerve ending in my body lights up at once. “Riku...”

“Tell me you feel it too,” he demands, pulling back to look into my eyes. “Tell me it isn’t just me.”

I should lie. Should play it cool. But with his dark eyes burning into mine, his hard body pressed against me, I can’t think straight enough to be anything but honest.

“It’s not just you.”

His answering smile is devilish. “Good girl.”

I’m so fucking screwed!

Chapter 3

RIKU

The words “good girl” have barely left my lips when someone pounds on the door. Fan-fucking-tastic.

“What?” I bark out, keeping Maryam locked in my arms.

“Boss Kenji needs you,” one of our men calls through the door.

I press my forehead against Maryam’s, taking deep breaths, trying to calm my racing heart and aching cock. She’s trembling, her lips swollen from my kisses, looking so fucking perfect I can barely stand it.

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“Don’t move,” I order in a rough voice. “I’ll be right back.”

She raises an eyebrow, some of that sass returning. “What if I need to use the bathroom?”

I can’t help but grin. Even with her hair messy and her breathing uneven, she’s got attitude. My fucking girl.

“Then I’ll escort you there myself.” I brush my thumb across her plump bottom lip. “I meant what I said. You’re not leaving.”

“You’re insane,” she mutters, but there’s a smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

I steal one more quick kiss before forcing myself to step back. “Stay. Put.”

Her laughter follows me to the door. “I’m not a dog, you know!”

I look back at her, letting her see exactly how much I want her. “No, but you’re mine. Better get used to it.”

* * *

MARYAM

The second the door closes behind him, I slump back on his desk, my whole body tingling. What just happened? One minute I’m enjoying dumplings with my friends, the next I’m making out with Riku “The Serpent” Watanabe, like my life depends on

it.

And the craziest part? I want more. So much more.

I pull out my phone to find a flood of texts from Nia and Tessa.

Nia: GIRL WHERE ARE YOU??

Nia: Nvm, saw The Serpent drag you off ??

Nia: You okay???

Tessa: Holy shit, did you see how he looked at you? ??

Tessa: Ryu says he's never seen his cousin act like this

Tessa: TEXT US BACK

I bite my lip, trying to figure out how to explain what just happened when I barely understand it myself.

Me: I'm fine. I'm in his office

Me: He's being... protective

Nia: "Protective" ??

Nia: That's what they all say

Nia: Right @Tessa?

Tessa: Look how that turned out for us!

Tessa: Welcome to the Watanabe wives club ??

Me: I am NOT becoming anyone's wife!

Me: We just kissed

Their responses come instantly:

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Nia: BITCH WHAT?!

Tessa: SPILL. EVERYTHING.

I'm typing out a response when the door opens and Riku strides back in, looking even more intense than before, if that's possible. His eyes lock on mine and my fingers fumble, dropping my phone.

"Miss me?" he asks with a dangerous smile that makes my insides melt.

"Someone's confident," I shoot back, but my body betrays me, already leaning toward him.

Riku closes the door and moves to me, all scary power and lethal grace. He doesn't say a word, just pulls me against his hard chest and claims my mouth again.

* * *

RIKU

The taste of her is addictive. My hands tighten on her full, round hips as I deepen the kiss, swallowing her soft moans. Nothing else matters - not the theft, not the chaos outside. Just this woman who was fucking made for me.

When I finally break our kiss, her eyes are glazed with heat. "You're coming home with me."

It's not a question and we both know it.

Chapter 4

RIKU

I don't wait for her to argue. I take her hand, lace my fingers through hers, and walk us straight out of my office. Maryam stiffens for a second, her free hand gripping the fabric of her dress like she's debating fighting me on this. But she doesn't let go. Doesn't pull away. Doesn't even try. And that's how I know—she already belongs to me.

The estate is still buzzing with chaos, security on high alert after the stolen necklace incident, but none of it matters. The men will handle it. My only priority right now is getting this woman out of here. Somewhere private.

My car is already waiting out front, the sleek black Bugatti idling in the driveway. When we reach the steps, Maryam hesitates, her dark eyes flicking toward Nia and Tessa, who are standing near the terrace. Nia has her arms crossed, one eyebrow raised, looking entirely too amused. Tessa is full-on grinning.

Maryam's fingers twitch in my grip. "Maybe I should—"

"No."

She whips her head back to me. "Excuse me?"

I turn to her, crowding her space, using my body to block out everything but me.

"You're coming with me." My voice drops, low and deliberate. "No interruptions. No second-guessing. No running back to your friends like they can talk you out of what's

already happening.”

Her lips part, and I see the battle playing out behind her eyes. She wants to argue. Wants to tell me off, shove me away, and march back to her comfort zone. But she also wants this. Wants me.

And when I lean in, brushing my lips against the shell of her ear, I hear the tiny, hitched breath that tells me I got her.

“Get in the car, Maryam.”

Her body shivers. Then, without a word, she slides into the passenger seat. Fuck, yeah.

* * *

MARYAM

What the hell am I doing? I should’ve pulled away. Should’ve told him no thanks and walked my ass back inside. But when Riku Watanabe tells you to get in his car, and his voice is that low, sexy growl, his scent, a mix of expensive cologne and pure male, his big-ass body radiating heat like he’s already inside you? Yeah. You listen.

I press my thighs together as he slides into the driver’s seat, his presence filling the entire car. The door shuts with a soft click, and then it’s just us.

His hand moves to the gearshift, but he doesn’t start the car. Instead, he turns to me, his dark eyes scanning every inch of my body like he’s committing it to memory. Like I’m his favorite thing to look at in the whole fucking world.

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“What?” I say, my voice a little too raspy.

His fingers drum on the leather-wrapped wheel. “You’re nervous.”

I scoff. “I’m not nervous.”

He smirks. “You should be.”

A shiver runs down my spine. And before I can come up with a halfway decent comeback, he’s moving. The engine purrs to life, the soft hum filling the space between us as he pulls onto the long, winding road leading away from the estate. The city lights fade, replaced by the coastline. The silence between us is thick. Charged. I should say something. Fill this impossible space. But I don’t. My head is all over the place right now.

Riku drives with total control. One hand on the wheel, the other one resting on the console between us, his fingers so close to my thigh that my skin feels hot just from his proximity.

The speedometer climbs. Not reckless. But not exactly legal, either.

“I don’t even know where we’re going,” I murmur, finally breaking the silence.

He glances at me, eyes burning with desire. “Home.”

My pulse skips. His home. Not a hotel, neutral territory. But his space.

I swallow. “You do this a lot?”

Riku’s jaw flexes. “Do what?”

“Take women home after one look across a crowded room?”

His grip on the wheel tightens. Then, just when I think he won’t answer, he speaks.

“I don’t do this. Ever.”

I exhale slowly. Damn. And I don’t know why, but that makes something warm spread through my chest.

I look away, out the window, watching as we cut down the highway along the cliffs, the dark ocean stretching into forever.

I don’t do this. Ever. So why me? Why now?

* * *

RIKU

My house sits at the edge of the cliffs, isolated, secured, private. It’s built for a man like me—someone who doesn’t like people and values control. And tonight, it’s where I’m going to claim what’s mine.

I cut the engine, the sound of the ocean filling the space. Maryam stays in her seat, fingers curled into the hem of her dress like she’s still processing what’s happening. I let her. For exactly ten seconds. Then I reach across the console, brush my fingers under her chin, and tip her face to mine.

“You’re not running away from this.”

Her breath shudders. “I wasn’t planning to.”

Fuck. She’s going to kill me.

I get out, walk around, and open her door. She steps out, and I take her hand again, leading her inside. And the second the door shuts behind us, I cage her against it. No space. No hesitation. Just her soft curves against my hard body.

My mouth drops to her ear. “I’m done waiting, baby.”

She exhales sharply, her hands grabbing at my shirt.

Good. Because she’s not leaving until she knows exactly who she belongs to. And that starts right now.

Chapter 5

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RIKU

Maryam shivers against me, her breath coming in quick little gasps, her hands fisting the front of my shirt like she's barely keeping herself together. But she doesn't pull away. Doesn't tell me to stop. She fucking wants this. Wants me.

I drop my head lower, my lips brushing just under her ear, feeling the tremble that runs through her body.

"Tell me to stop," I murmur.

Silence. Heavy. Charged.

Her fingers tighten on my shoulders.

"Maryam," I rasp.

She still doesn't say a word. Instead, she tilts her chin up. Just a fraction, just enough. In an invitation. A surrender. And that's all I need.

I crush my mouth to hers, swallowing the little moans she makes as I pin her against the door, pressing her soft curves flush against my hard muscles. She's sweet, so damn hot for me, melting into me like she's been waiting for this just as long as I have. For fucking ever.

Her hands slide up, fingers burying in my hair, tugging hard enough to make me groan. Fuck. She wants to play rough? I press deeper, my hands roaming down,

gripping her hips, pulling her closer until she's exactly where I want her. She makes this soft, needy little sound that goes straight to my cock, and I lose what little restraint I had left. I bite her full lower lip, and she whimpers.

I break the kiss only long enough to rasp, "Bedroom. Now."

Maryam blinks up at me, dazed, lips swollen, pupils blown wide. She swallows hard, then nods.

* * *

MARYAM

I should not be here. I should not be at Riku Watanabe's house. Kissing him like my life depends on it, letting him tell me what to do like I'm already his. But here I am. And the worst part is I don't want to leave.

My legs are shaking as he grabs my hand, pulling me deeper into his house, deeper into him. The space is dark, sleek, modern, but I barely register any of it because all I can focus on is this beautiful man. His powerful grip. His broad back. The way his whole body radiates heat, dominance, and something I've never felt before—something raw and primal. Fucking dangerous.

I don't know how we make it to his room. I don't even realize we're there until I'm pressed against another door, Riku's mouth on me again. I feel myself being lifted, wrapped around him, pressed into something soft. His bed. Oh, God.

His weight is everywhere, his big hands. And when his mouth moves to my throat, I gasp, arching under him.

"Riku..."

He growls, low, and I swear I feel it everywhere. Between my legs. Down my spine. Wrapped around my entire body.

I should slow this down. I should think. But I can't. Not when he's undoing the straps of my dress, pulling the fabric down, inch by inch, like he's unwrapping a damn present.

His voice goes dark with hunger as he rasps, "You're so fucking beautiful."

His mouth moves lower and I surrender. Completely.

Chapter 6

RIKU

Maryam melts under me, her breath hitching, her fingers digging into my shoulders as I drag her dress lower, baring smooth, warm skin that was made for my hands. She gasps when my teeth find her collarbone, her body arching into me like she already knows she belongs here. And fuck, she does.

I slide a hand up her thigh, feel her shiver at the contact. Her pulse flutters under my mouth, her body soft and perfect under mine, and I swear I've never wanted anything the way I want her. I lift my head, catch her gazing up at me, pupils blown wide, lips parted, breathless and wrecked already. She's so damn beautiful. It knocks the air from my lungs.

I push her dress down completely, my hands roaming over newly exposed skin, memorizing every inch of her.

Her breath comes faster. Her nails dig in deeper.

I press my lips to her ear, my voice rough with hunger. “Look at you,” I murmur. “So fucking perfect.”

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Maryam lets out this soft, desperate little sound, and I lose all restraint.

* * *

MARYAM

I've never felt like this before. Like I'm burning up from the inside out, like my body isn't my own anymore.

Riku is everywhere—his hands, his mouth, his hard cock, his weight pressing me down in the best possible way. I should feel overwhelmed, but I don't. I feel... Safe. Wanted. Fucking worshiped. And it's intoxicating.

His mouth trails lower, his hands gripping my thighs, spreading me open like he already knows I won't stop him. And I won't. I can't.

Not when his voice goes dark and possessive against my skin. "You're mine."

His lips brush my stomach, and I swear my entire world tilts. I completely sink into him. And I don't ever want to come back up.

* * *

RIKU

She's a fucking dream. Soft, warm, exactly where she belongs. Her body arches into mine, her breath coming in uneven little gasps, her fingers digging into my shoulders

like she's holding on for dear life. And I fucking love it. Love how sensitive she is. How eager. How she doesn't hold back—not her sounds, not the way she grabs at me, not the way she takes every fucking thing I give her.

Her dress is nothing but a scrap of fabric pooled at her waist, and I take my time peeling it away, exposing smooth brown skin inch by fucking inch.

Her breath shudders when my fingers graze her bare thigh, tracing up, teasing.

I smirk. “Look at you,” I murmur, dragging my knuckles over the lace covering her body.

Maryam shivers. I groan, my control slipping. I slide my hands up, palming her waist, memorizing every dip, every soft, perfect curve. She lets out the sweetest little sound, and it goes straight to my cock.

I press a knee between her thighs, spreading her wider.

“Riku—”

“I've got you, baby.”

Maryam trembles at my words. She's soft and warm under me, her body trembling, her nails biting into my skin like she's barely hanging on by a thread. I want her like this. Needy, hungry for me, burning. Mine.

Her breath stutters when my hands slide lower, fingers tracing the waistband of her panties, teasing the soft, heated skin beneath. She squirms. Impatient. Restless. Ready.

I grip her thighs, spreading them wider, watching as her body opens up for me, slick

and wanting. Fuck!

I press my palm flat against her, feel the way she shudders, the way she gasps, the way her hips lift — fucking begging.

I drag a finger down, slow and deliberate, just to hear that sweet, breathy little sound she makes when I finally touch her where she needs it the most. Her head falls back, her mouth parts, her hands tighten on my arms.

I groan. Can't wait anymore. I hook my fingers into the lace, rip it away, dragging the ruined fabric down her thighs, over her calves, tossing it aside.

She's bare now. All fucking mine.

I settle between her thighs, grip her hips, and take her in. She's glistening, slick and swollen, her body already so fucking ready for me. I drag my fingers through her folds, pressing just enough to make her breath catch, just enough to make her hips jerk up, desperate for more.

"Look at you," I murmur, watching her fall apart.

She whimpers, her thighs trembling around me. I slide a finger inside, slow and deep, watching as she gasps, her body clenching around me. So tight. So fucking perfect.

I add another, stretching her, preparing her, feeling her pussy adjust to me. She moans, arches, writhes, and it's the most beautiful fucking thing I've ever seen.

I need more. I need to be inside her.

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I shift over her, gripping her hips, guiding my achingly hard cock to her slick, waiting heat.

Her breath shudders, her eyes fly open, and I hold her gaze as I push inside. Tight. Hot. Fucking heaven.

Her fingers clench the sheets, her breath catches, and I swear I almost lose it right there.

I sink deeper, feel her body stretch, accommodate me, take every fucking inch of my fat cock.

I groan, burying myself to the hilt, feeling her tighten and pulse around me.

“Riku,” Maryam gasps, breathless, sounding overwhelmed.

I grab her thighs, lift them higher, spread her wider, taking all of her.

I pull back, then thrust deep.

She cries out.

Fuck!

I grip her jaw, forcing her to look at me. She’s mine now. And she knows it.

I roll my hips, sink deeper, harder, make her feel every fucking thrust.

She clutches at me, moaning, gasping my name, and I know — I own her now. Completely. Irrevocably. For fucking ever.

Chapter 7

MARYAM

I wake up sore. Sore, warm, and completely tangled in soft sheets that smell undeniably like him. Riku.

The events of last night slam into me all at once—the stolen glances, the tension, his mouth on mine, his body pressing me into the mattress, the way he took me like he'd been waiting for this forever.

My thighs press together at the memory, heat curling low in my belly.

And that's when I feel it. A slow, lazy drag of fingers over my bare hip.

My breath stutters. My pulse skips.

I blink against the early morning light, stiffening when I realize I'm not alone.

He's still here. Still in bed with me.

I turn my head slowly, cautiously, but he's already watching me.

Dark eyes, completely alert, like he's been awake long enough to memorize every inch of me.

My breath catches, because he's too close. Too much.

Lying on his side, propped up on one elbow, the sheets just barely covering his hips, his muscled, tatted chest on full display like a damn work of art.

His fingers skim my skin again, tracing over my hipbone, his gaze dark and unreadable.

I swallow hard. “You’re staring.”

His full lips twitch. “You’re in my bed.”

His voice is deep, rough from sleep, sending a shiver down my spine.

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I force myself to sit up, clutching the sheets to my chest. “Yeah, about that—”

Before I can finish, Riku moves. Fast and fluid. His arm snakes around my waist, pulling me back down, pressing me flat against the mattress. A gasp escapes me, my hands flying up, pressing against his chest. They meet nothing but big. Warm. Solid muscle. Oh God. I freeze.

He smirks. “Go on. Finish your thought.”

I open my mouth. Then close it. Because I don’t remember what I was going to say. Not with him hovering over me, his weight pressing me into the bed, his body so goddamn hard and hot against mine.

His hand slides lower, over the dip of my waist, down my thigh, making me shudder. And Riku notices. Of course he notices. I see it in the way his eyes darken, how his jaw tightens, his grip turning possessive.

And then his knee nudges between mine, spreading me wider.

A desperate moan escapes my throat.

Riku groans, low and deep, dropping his forehead to mine. “Fuck, baby.” His lips brush my cheek, my jaw, his breath hot against my skin. “You’re not leaving.”

It’s not a request. Not a question. It’s a statement.

And when his mouth claims mine, when his body settles over me completely, when

his hands move lower with intent — I don't argue. Because we both know I was never leaving to begin with.

* * *

RIKU

She's so soft and warm under me. Her bare skin feels amazing, her full lips swollen from our kisses.

I drag my hands over her, slow and deliberate, tracing every curve. Every inch of her belongs to me now.

Maryam trembles, her breath coming out in shaky little gasps, her fingers gripping my shoulders like she's already bracing for what's coming.

Good.

Because I'm not done with her.

Not even close.

I slide my knee higher, parting her thighs, feeling the heat between them.

She whimpers, her wide hips lifting instinctively, searching for more.

I groan. "So needy for me already, baby?"

Her eyes lower, but she doesn't deny it. Can't deny it. Not when her body is giving her away.

I skim my fingers lower, dragging them over her wet, hot cunt, teasing her until she's panting, arching, gripping my arms like she can't take it anymore.

I'm watching her unravel under me.

"You're perfect," I murmur, sliding my fingers deeper, feeling her tighten around me.

She gasps, hips jerking, eyes fluttering shut. But I don't let her get away with that. I grip her jaw, forcing her gaze back to mine.

"Eyes on me, sweetheart," I rasp. "I want to see you fall apart for me."

Her breath catches.

I slide lower, my mouth replacing my fingers, tasting her, devouring her, taking her apart piece by fucking piece. Maryam shatters for me, her thick thighs clenching around my head, her cries muffled against the pillows. But I don't stop. Not until she's gasping my name, pleading, trembling under my tongue. Then, when she's wrecked and panting, when her body is still shuddering with the aftershocks of pleasure — I move over her again, pinning her down, lining myself up, pressing against her slick heat.

Her breath stutters. Her thighs tighten around my waist. And I grip her hips, hold her still, and push inside. Slow. Deep. Possessive. She gasps, nails digging into my back, her body all mine. Fuck! I bury myself completely, groaning at how tight and hot she is, how perfectly she fits around me.

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Her breath comes out in broken little whimpers, her body clenching, pulsing, adjusting to the full stretch of me. I give her a second. Let her feel every inch. Then I pull back. And thrust deep.

Maryam cries out.

I grip her thighs, spread her wider, watch the way her body takes me, watch the way her lips part in another breathless gasp.

“You feel so good, baby,” I murmur, dragging my lips over her jaw, feeling her shudder under me.

She nods, mindless, lost, completely at my mercy.

I grip her hips, tilt them just right, and thrust again—deeper, harder.

She falls apart around me.

And I’m right there with her.

Chapter 8

MARYAM

I can’t move. Don’t even want to. I’m wrecked. Fully. Completely.

My body is still trembling, still pulsing from the way he just took me apart—slow,

deep, and all-consuming. Like he had all the time in the world. Like he was staking his claim. Like he was never going to stop.

My breathing is still shaky, my pulse still thrumming in my ears, my limbs heavy and useless as I lay on the sheets.

I feel stretched, sore, utterly ruined.

And then I feel him.

His hands roaming over me, slow and possessive, like he's memorizing me all over again.

His lips press against my shoulder, my collarbone, the edge of my jaw. Soft and unhurried. In complete contrast with the way he just fucked me into the mattress.

I shudder, heat curling through me all over again. Because I already know. He's not done. Not by a long fucking shot.

* * *

RIKU

Maryam is so fucking beautiful like this. Bare. Marked. And completely mine.

Her skin is hot, still sensitive under my hands.

I stroke my palm down her side, watch the way she shivers, the way her lashes flutter as she tries to gather herself.

She's processing. So I give her a second. But only a second. Because she needs to

understand. This wasn't just sex. This isn't just for one night.

I drag my lips over her temple, my fingers brushing down her stomach, teasing, circling, making her squirm. She whimpers, shifting under me, already burning again from my touch.

I smirk. "Still sensitive?"

She glares at me, but it's weak. "Fuck you."

I chuckle, dragging my fingers lower just to hear her breath catch.

"Baby," I murmur, rolling my hips against hers, my cock already hard again. "You know you don't need to ask."

Maryam's laughter turns into a gasp, her thighs twitching around me, her body betraying her.

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Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:27 am

I groan. Fuck. I was going to let her rest. I swear. But she feels too fucking good, looks too damn good, and now I want more. Need more.

I roll her onto her stomach, pinning her under me, pressing my lips to her ear. “You’re not leaving this bed today,” I whisper.

She shudders.

And when I slide inside her again, when she moans my name like she’s already given up fighting it — we both know. She’s never leaving at all.

* * *

MARYAM

I don’t know how many times Riku fucked me. I don’t know how many times we went at each other. All I know is that I can’t move. I’m sore, spent, completely ruined. And yet...

Riku’s hand is moving over my thigh, his lips pressed against my bare shoulder, his body still heavy against mine.

I groan, burying my face in the pillow. “You’re sick.”

He chuckles, low and warm. “You keep up just fine, baby.”

I try to glare at him and fail spectacularly. I don’t have the energy.

I push at his chest, trying to wiggle away, but he just grabs my wrist and pulls me right back under him. Completely unapologetic. My stomach flips at the heat in his eyes. At the way he's looking at me like he's nowhere near done. Like I belong to him. And, I like it.

I should be panicking. Should be thinking about what comes next.

Instead, I just lay there, letting this man touch me, letting his hands squeeze and caress, letting myself sink into us all over again.

Then... my phone buzzes. Loud and incessant.

I flinch, reality slamming in like a freight train.

Riku sighs, irritated, but he doesn't let me go. Of course he doesn't.

"You should check that," he mutters, still licking a hot, wet path between my breasts.

I groan, reaching blindly toward the nightstand until my fingers close around my phone.

The screen is lit up with messages.

Nia: Where the hell are you??

Tessa: What did you do?

Nia: Or should I say... who did you do? ??

I groan.

Riku plucks the phone from my hand, scans the screen, and smirks.

Then he tosses it back on the nightstand like that's perfectly normal. Like nothing outside of this bed matters.

* * *

RIKU

Maryam's tense. She's thinking. Worried. And I fucking hate it. Hate the way she's suddenly aware of the outside world. Of the life she had before last night.

I push the sheets aside, pull her into my lap, straddling me. She gasps, hands bracing on my shoulders.

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I grab her jaw, tilting her face up, forcing her to look at me.

“You’re not leaving,” I murmur.

Her lips part, and she shivers. But she doesn’t argue. Doesn’t even pretend to.

And when I pull her down, kissing her slow, deep, possessive. She melts.

Chapter 9

MARYAM

I don’t know how long we’ve been lying in bed, but at some point, the morning light turned golden, creeping in through the curtains, painting Riku’s bare, tattooed chest in soft shadows. Not that anything about him is soft.

I should be moving, showering, getting dressed, but instead, I’m still pinned under him, his hand possessively resting on my thigh, fingers tracing absent patterns on my skin like he has no intention of letting me go. And maybe... Maybe I don’t want him to.

But that’s not an option.

I stretch, ignoring the way my body aches in places I’ve never felt before.

“I need to go home,” I murmur.

Riku doesn't move. Doesn't react at all. Like I didn't even speak.

I lift my head. "Riku."

His fingers pause against my skin. Then, slowly, deliberately, he lifts his head, dark eyes locking on mine.

"Not happening."

"What?"

"You're not going home alone."

I sigh, pushing at his chest, but he doesn't budge. "I need to change clothes, shower, and—"

"I'll take you."

My breath catches. I stare at him like an idiot. "You'll take me?"

His lips curl, like I said something funny. And God, he looks so handsome like this. Happy. Relaxed. Warm under all that hardness.

"Yeah, baby. I'll take you."

I roll my eyes, trying to ignore the heat creeping up my neck. "That's not necessary."

"Not up for debate."

Of course it isn't. I exhale sharply, but he just smiles, like he's already won. Which, let's be real, he has.

* * *

RIKU

She thinks I'm letting her out of my sight? Not happening.

She shifts, stretching again, and my eyes drop to the marks I left on her. Fuck. I want to cover her with more of them.

I smirk, watching her get out of bed, completely naked. Not an ounce of shyness. Like the fucking queen she is. Gorgeous and confident.

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Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:27 am

She reaches for my discarded shirt, pulling it on, and something in my chest tightens. Mine.

My voice comes out rough when I croak out, “let’s roll.”

Maryam raises a brow, but she doesn’t comment.

She goes to freshen up in the bathroom, then I watch her dress. When she’s finally ready to go, lips still kiss-swollen, glowing from being thoroughly fucked all night, I know one thing for sure. She might be leaving my house. But she’s coming back. Tonight. And every night after that.

* * *

MARYAM

I don’t know why I thought this would be simple. That I could just grab my things, take a shower, and have a moment to breathe before figuring out what the hell last night meant. But nooooo. Because Riku Watanabe doesn’t do simple.

He drives with one hand on the wheel, the other one possessively resting on my thigh, his grip firm, as if reminding me I’m his.

I should be annoyed. I should push his hand away. But I don’t. I can’t. Because the second he moves, the second he squeezes just slightly, a fresh wave of heat rolls through me, and I have to press my lips together to keep from whimpering.

And he notices. Of course he does.

His fingers flex, and when I finally gather the courage to glance at him, he's watching me from the corner of his eye, amusement flickering in his dark irises.

He smirks. "You okay?"

I roll my eyes, turning to the landscape outside my window.

Riku lets out a low chuckle, but he doesn't say another word. Smug bastard.

* * *

RIKU

Maryam thinks I'm just dropping her off. That I'm going to pull up, let her out of my car, and drive away like last night was just a onetime thing. She's so fucking cute. And so fucking wrong.

I park in front of her building, cut the engine, and step out. I open her door, arching a brow. Her eyes narrow, but she doesn't argue. I follow her up the steps, my hand resting on the small of her back, guiding her forward. She unlocks the door, steps inside, then turns like she's about to fucking shut me out. I step in after her.

Her brows lift. "You're coming inside?"

I cock an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

She huffs, walking further inside. "Make yourself at home... I guess."

* * *

MARYAM

Riku's looking around like he's checking my place for threats.

I roll my eyes. "You think someone's hiding in my closet?"

He doesn't answer.

Just stalks from room to room, his expression calm and sharp, like he's filing every single detail away.

I cross my arms. "I don't need a bodyguard, you know."

He levels me with an intense look. "Not your bodyguard, babe. Just a man who's not letting anyone get near what's his."

My stomach flips. Because there it is again. That certainty. That sureness. Like we're already a thing. Like I was always going to be his.

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Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:27 am

I exhale, shaking my head. “I need to shower, Riku. You can go. Thank you for... everything.”

He scoffs. “I’ll wait.”

“You—”

“You’re coming back to my place later, anyway.” He shrugs like it’s that simple. “Might as well make sure you get there safely.”

My mouth opens. Closes. I don’t even know what to say to that. Because the scary thing is, he’s right. I know it. Riku knows it.

I’m so screwed.

Chapter 10

MARYAM

I cross my arms, standing firm, ignoring the way Riku looks completely at home in my apartment.

“I have things to do today,” I announce.

He lifts a brow, unimpressed. “And?”

I exhale sharply. “And I’m not spending the entire weekend locked away in your

house, being..." I wave a hand at his freaking mouthwatering self. "Manhandled."

His lips twitch. "You didn't seem to mind last night... or this morning."

I feel my face heat, but I keep my stance. "I have errands to run: groceries, laundry... Things that don't involve you." I tilt my head. "You can go now."

He just... stares. Raising that irritating, thick, inky, perfect brow again. Then he stands. Slowly, deliberately.

I resist the urge to step back. Barely.

"I'll drive you," he finally says, completely unfazed.

This man makes me lose my ability to form complete sentences.

"You have errands," he shrugs, like it's the most obvious thing in the world. "I'll come with you."

"No," I try to stand my ground.

"Yes."

I throw my hands up. "Riku, you're a—" I lower my voice like someone can hear me. "A Yakuza enforcer." I gesture again. "You don't run errands."

His expression doesn't change. "Guess I do now."

Oh My God. He's serious.

I let out a frustrated groan, muttering curses under my breath as I turn to my closet.

Clearly, this man is not leaving.

* * *

RIKU

Maryam thinks I'm letting her out of my sight? Not happening.

I watch as she huffs around her bedroom, pulling on clothes, still muttering to herself.

She's annoyed.

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But not really. Because, for all her protests, she's not kicking me out.

When she reemerges, dressed in leggings and an oversized sweater, I take my time looking her over.

She narrows her eyes. "If you make one comment about my outfit—"

I smile. "I like it."

She scoffs, grabbing her purse. "Come on, then, stalker."

I let her walk ahead, but the second we step outside, I reach out, grab her hand, and lace our fingers together. She freezes, but I pretend not to notice. "Where to first?"

She exhales, defeated. "I need to get fruits."

I nod, like this is a very serious task. "Let's go, then."

* * *

MARYAM

I cannot believe this is my life. Riku Watanabe—brooding, dangerous, over-the-top alpha male — is currently pushing a shopping cart through my local grocery store. Like it's perfectly normal. Like he does this all the time. Like he's not a literal Yakuza boss.

I pinch the bridge of my nose. “You know you don’t have to do all this, right?”

His brow lifts. “Why?”

“Because,” is all I got...

He cocks an eyebrow. I stare at him. He stares back. And that’s when I know. I’m not getting rid of this man.

I purposefully put my hair up in a messy bun. I’m wearing plainblack yoga pants, my old college hoodie, no makeup. And the man is still looking at me like he wants to pull me into a corner and have his wicked way with me...

* * *

RIKU

Maryam is grumbling under her breath, throwing things into the cart like she’s punishing them. I just watch, amused. She’s trying so hard to pretend she doesn’t like this. Me here with her. Having me in her space.

She glances at me, catches me watching her, and scowls. “Stop smiling.”

My grin widens.

* * *

MARYAM

The moment we step back into my apartment, my phone rings. I glance at the screen. Mom. Shit. I hesitate. Too long. And, of course, Riku notices.

I turn away, answering quickly. “Hi, Mama!”

Her voice is cheerful, as always. “You’re still coming to dinner tonight, baby?”

I grimace. Riku is too damn close, definitely in hearing distance.

I clear my throat. “Uh—”

“Don’t you ‘uh’ me, Maryam,” my mom replies. “Six o’clock, baby. Don’t even think about backing out. We miss you.”

I close my eyes, praying for patience.

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Riku leans in. “Dinner with your mom?”

I whip around, glaring. He just tilts his head.

I turn away, gripping my phone tighter. “I’ll be there, Ma.”

“Good. Love you, baby. See you tonight.”

“I love you, too, Mama.”

I hang up and exhale.

Riku folds his arms. “Perfect. We’ll go together.”

I was mid-step to my bedroom, and now I’m just standing there, staring at him.

“What?”

“We’ll go have dinner with your mother tonight,” he says easily, like it’s the most natural thing in the world.

“Tell me I did not just hear you casually invite yourself to my family’s house.”

He shrugs. “It’s the perfect opportunity.”

I sputter. “It is not an opportunity! It’s a—” I shake my head. “A private, intimate gathering.”

His brows lift. “I’m intimate with you.”

My brain short-circuits. “That’s not—You can’t just—”

He tilts his head to the side. “Babe.”

I groan into my hands. He steps forward, grips my chin, tilting my face up. “You’re mine, Maryam. They’ll need to meet me, eventually.” I swallow hard, my heart beating fast. His thumb drags over my bottom lip. “Might as well be tonight.”

* * *

RIKU

Maryam is still staring at me like I’m crazy when my phone buzzes. Kenji.

I answer. “What’s up, brother?”

He chuckles. “What’s up with you?”

I’m grinning like some lovesick fool. “Not sure, man.”

He laughs. “Happy for you, Ri’. But this necklace shit needs to be handled.”

I don’t want to leave Maryam, but he’s right.

I rub my jaw. “Give me forty-five minutes.”

“Okay.”

We hang up. I Then turn to Maryam.

“Something wrong?” she asks.

I step closer, tucking a loose curl behind her ear. “I have to take care of something.”

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Her brow lifts. “Mysterious and vague. Great.”

I press a kiss to her lips. “Be back soon.”

Then, before she can argue, I tilt her chin up, kiss her slow and deep, and make damn sure she knows she’s not off the hook.

“I’ll be here in time to pick you up for dinner,” I murmur against her lips. She glares. I chuckle.

Then I walk out, already thinking about how good it’s going to feel sitting next to her at her mother’s table.

Chapter 11

RIKU

By the time I pull up to the estate, our men have already handled the hard part. The fucking thief is on his knees in the middle of the warehouse, arms behind his back, wrists bound, his face already split in places. Good.

I straighten my cuffs, exhaling slowly. The room falls silent. The guys are alert. Waiting. Watching.

The piece of shit lifts his head—one swollen eye, split lip, desperation thick in the air. Fucking pathetic.

I take my time approaching, rolling my sleeves up my elbows, staring down at him like he's already dead. Because he is. And he knows it.

One of my men steps forward. "He was trying to sell it in Chinatown. We caught him before he got too far."

I nod, reaching into my pocket. "Where is it?"

The man holding him down produces a small black velvet pouch, placing it in my outstretched hand. I open it, let the jade pendant slide into my palm. I roll it between my fingers.

Then, without warning, I strike. A sharp backhand to the motherfucker's face, sending him to the concrete floor. He lets out a wet cough, blood spraying from his mouth.

I kneel, grabbing his face, forcing him to look at me. "You stole from us."

His breath shudders. "It wasn't—I didn't know—"

I tighten my grip, digging my fingers into his jaw. "You knew exactly who this belongs to." I hold up the jade pendant.

His eyes dart around the room, searching for mercy. But there is none.

I let go of his face, stand, and nod to the man behind him. The sound of a blade sliding from its sheath fills the air. The piece of trash starts begging. No one listens.

I walk away as the end is carried out, my grip tightening around the pendant, my mind already on my girl. I check my watch and exhale slowly. I've got somewhere to be.

By the time I walk out of the warehouse, the man behind me is screaming.

* * *

MARYAM

How did my life spiral into this? I stare at my reflection, barely registering the dress I put on. Because no matter what I wear, it won't change the fact that I am bringing Riku Watanabe to my family's house. For dinner. Like he's a normal boyfriend and not a possessive, brooding, borderline unhinged man who decided I was his, then never looked back.

I let out a sharp breath, smoothing my hands down my hips. I need to calm down. It's fine. It's just dinner. Just introducing the most dangerous man I've ever met to my extremely nosy family. Oh God. I'm in trouble.

Before I can spiral further, my phone buzzes.

Riku: I'm outside.

I close my eyes, whispering a quick prayer for patience, strength, and for my family to not immediately also fall under his spell.

Then I grab my purse and head out.

Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:27 am

* * *

Our car ride is almost relaxing. My body warms up and loosens in his presence. Just being near Riku, basking in his scent, his intensity. I feel... at home. And turned on, of course. If I thought not seeing him for a couple of hours, and being irritated by his caveman ways would dampen my attraction, I was very wrong.

The second we step inside, I brace myself. For chaos. Interrogation. Suspicion. Instead, my mother takes one look at Riku and beams. Oh no.

Before I can even introduce him, she's already fussing, reaching up to smooth his jacket like he's one of her own.

"Well, aren't you handsome," she says approvingly.

Riku bows his head slightly. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Williams."

I squint. He sounds so damn polite. Like he's not the same man who held me against his car and told me I wasn't leaving.

"This one's a charmer," my mom says, giving me a huge smile before turning back to him. "Come in. Make yourself comfortable."

I grit my teeth. This is gonna be a long-ass dinner.

* * *

RIKU

Maryam's mother immediately adopts me, her siblings barely blink at my presence, and their kids? They're all over me.

I'm barely in the living room for five minutes before a tiny girl with pigtails is climbing into my lap, shoving a toy into my hand.

"Fix it, please," she requests, her adorable face set with resolve.

I lift a brow, inspecting the broken doll in my hand. I glance at Maryam. She's leaning against the wall, arms crossed, smirking. Enjoying this. I smirk back. Fine.

I shift the toy, study it, then pop the dislocated arm back into place with a small click.

The little princess gasps. "You did it!"

A tiny pair of arms wrap around my neck before she scrambles off my lap. "Uncle Riku fixed it!" she yells, running off to show her repaired toy.

Maryam chokes. "Uncle?" She groans. "This is a nightmare."

I laugh. This is going even better than I planned.

* * *

MARYAM

Riku is ruining my life. It's been twenty minutes, and he's already one of us.

Mom sits him at the head of the table. Dad asks him about his favorite NBA team,

and Riku answers like they've been watching games together for years.

My nieces and nephews are obsessed with the man. And he looks completely at ease. Like he belongs here. In my childhood home.

I glare at my glass. Traitors. All of them.

Mom notices my sour mood. She smiles as she refills my glass. "He's a good one, baby."

I take a sip. "He's something, all right."

Chapter 12

MARYAM

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Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 5:27 am

I don't know when it happened. When Riku's place became mine. When his bed became my bed. When I stopped thinking about leaving. But I know I don't want to. Not after three months of bliss.

The morning light filters through the kitchen window, warm and golden, as I stand by the stove, stirring pancake batter in a mixing bowl, wearing nothing but one of Riku's shirts. It's too big, hanging off one shoulder, the hem brushing my bare thighs.

I should be focused on breakfast, but the weight of his gaze on my back is distracting as hell. I glance over my shoulder. He's leaning against the counter, coffee in hand, watching me like I'm the most interesting thing in the world. His broad, tattooed chest on full display. Like a goddamn thirst trap.

I roll my eyes. "You just gonna stare at me all morning?"

His lips curve. "Maybe."

I turn back to the stove, smiling. "Creep."

I hear the quiet thud of his cup being set down. Oh shit. Then footsteps. Then warmth at my back, firm hands sliding over my hips, pulling me back against him. His breath ghosts over my neck. I shiver. Riku's lips brush my shoulder. Slow. Lazy. Possessive.

"Baby... breakfast," I murmur, trying to ignore the way his fingers drag down the curve of my waist.

"Later."

A hand slides under the hem of my shirt. I inhale shakily.

“I woke up, and you weren’t in bed.” His voice is low, rough, thick with desire.

I swallow hard. “Because I was cooking.”

“You were supposed to be in my arms.”

His words send heat through my body. His hands tighten on my hips. And I feel him—hard, ready, pressing against me from behind. I grip the counter with trembling fingers.

He chuckles, his lips trailing higher. “You’re in my house, wearing my shirt, making me breakfast. Fuck, baby...”

I barely have time to breathe before he spins me around, lifts me on top of the counter, and steps between my legs. The mixing bowl clatters on the marble countertop. Riku’s hands slide up my thighs, pushing them wider. His dark gaze, possessive.

His mouth covers mine. And just like that, breakfast is forgotten. The bowl clatters to the ground. But I don’t care. Because Riku is between my legs, his long, hard cock pressing against my melting pussy, kissing me like he’s starving.

His hands slide under my shirt, palms hot on my skin, fingers gripping, claiming, dragging me closer. I gasp into his mouth, and he deepens our kiss—hot, slow, delicious. Like he has all the time in the world. Like he plans to devour me, right here, right now.

“Riku, baby—” I barely get his name out before his fingers tighten, and suddenly, I’m not just sitting on the counter anymore—I’m flat against it, my back pressed to

the cool surface, legs wrapping around his waist, body caged by his. He grabs the hem of my shirt and yanks it up, baring me to him. I shiver under his gaze, the way his eyes darken as they sweep over me, hunger rolling off him.

“Shoulda stayed in bed, baby,” he murmurs, trailing his lips down my neck, his hands gripping my thighs, spreading me wider.

“I was making you breakfast,” I whimper.

He chuckles, his breath hot against my skin. His teeth graze my collarbone. “Wanted you for breakfast.”

Then his mouth moves lower, dragging down my stomach, over my hip, until he’s kneeling between my legs. I suck in a sharp breath. Then his tongue finds me...

* * *

RIKU

She’s already so fucking wet. I groan, dragging my tongue through her slick heat, tasting, devouring, feeling her body tremble under my grip. Her fingers tangle in my hair, pulling, gripping, begging for more.

I smirk. “Impatient?”

Maryam whimpers, her hips jerking up. I hold her down, licking slowly, deep, watching her fall apart. She’s perfect like this. Shaking, gasping, coming undone just for me.

And I don’t stop. Not until she’s arching off the counter, crying out my name, thighs trembling around my head.

I stand, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, watching her chest rise and fall.
Fucking mine.

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I lower the waistband of my sweatpants, pull her forward, and line myself up. She's still breathing heavily, still dazed when I push inside her wet, hot pussy. Tight. Fucking perfect.

Maryam's nails dig into my arms, her full lips parting on a gasp. I groan, burying myself to the hilt. Her body clenches around me, sucking me in deeper. I pull back, thrust hard, watching the way her face twists in pleasure. She's completely mine.

I grip her hips, pin her down, fucking her slow and deep. She whimpers, tilts her head back, hands grabbing at me like she can't get enough. I grip her jaw, force her to look at me.

"Eyes on me, baby." My voice is rough. Demanding. Maryam whimpers, barely able to keep them open. I grunt. "That's it. Take me."

Her nails drag down my back, her body tightening, gripping me like she never wants me to stop. And I don't. Not until she's screaming my name, her body writhing under me, her pleasure pulling me right over the edge with her.

I groan, thrusting deep one last time, spilling inside her, claiming her completely. She's still trembling when I pull her against me, my hand smoothing down her back. She buries her face in my chest, her breaths slowing, sated.

I kiss the top of her head. "You don't make breakfast without waking me."

She giggles against my skin. "Yes, sir, Mr. Watanabe."

“Smartass.”

I smirk, flipping her so she’s bent over the counter now. Maryam’s eyes widen. I kiss her slow. Deep.

“Gonna make sure I keep you too busy to leave the bed.”

Chapter 13

MARYAM

I should be paying attention to the wedding vows. Tessa is a beautiful bride. And Ryu is staring at her like she hung the stars. But I’m distracted. Because my own Yakuza boyfriend is sitting next to me, one arm stretched across the back of my chair, fingers casually playing with the ends of my hair. My eyes flick to him. He’s not watching the ceremony. He’s watching me.

I raise a brow. “What?”

His lips curve slightly. “You’re thinking about it.”

“Thinking about what?”

His smirk deepens. “Our wedding.”

My eyes widen, I sputter, then whisper-shout, “excuse me?”

“You heard me.”

I stare at him. “I—are you actually—”

He leans in, voice low, eyes intense.

* * *

RIKU

I can practically see the wheels turning in her head. She tries to hide it. Sipping her drink. Avoiding my gaze. Pretending like the idea isn't sitting somewhere deep in her chest, taking root. It's adorable. I shift closer, my lips brushing the shell of her ear.

"You'll look fucking beautiful in a white dress." Maryam stiffens. I trail a finger down her thigh, just to watch her shiver. "Love the idea of you walking down the aisle to me." She swallows hard. "Knowing you're officially mine. Letting everyone know."

She exhales sharply.

I smile softly. "Take your time, baby. I'll be right here."

She wipes at the corners of her eyes. "You're crazy."

"And you're going to marry me."

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She shakes her head, her beautiful eyes still shining with unshed tears, laughing.
“You’re not even asking.”

I smile, winking at my girl.

Chapter 14

MARYAM

“This is ridiculous.”

Riku doesn’t respond. Because he knows what he’s doing. He knows exactly how unhinged this is. And he doesn’t even care.

I look around the sleek tattoo studio, the scent of antiseptic and ink thick in the air, my stomach flipping as the artist sets up. I glance at Riku, who’s sitting in all his hot glory, arms casually folded, watching me with his usual calm intensity.

“You’re not serious,” I say.

His full lips curve. “You think I’d bring you here as a joke?”

That’s the thing. I don’t know what to think. I glance at the design sheet in front of me. A small tattoo. Something subtle.

“You said you wanted one,” he reminds me.

Yes. I did. But when I imagined getting my first tattoo, I wasn't picturing Riku sitting next to me, exuding casual dominance, watching.

I exhale. Fine. I'll play along. I hesitate, then pick a simple eternity symbol from the catalog. Riku's gaze flicks to mine. And his face relaxes into that gorgeous expression of love and happiness. But he doesn't look surprised. Like he already knew I'd pick something that symbolizes our love. Asshole.

The artist nods, taking my sheet and preparing the stencil. "You want it on your wrist?" he asks.

I nod, swallowing. This is happening.

Riku watches as the artist cleans my skin, preps the ink, and starts. The first sting makes me jolt. And the bastard chuckles.

I glare at him. "Shut up, ink boy."

He lifts his hands. "Didn't say anything."

I'm focused on watching the tattoo artist work. Then I hear fabric rustling. I glance over and freeze. Because Riku is taking off his shirt. My breath catches. Always. But this time, it's not just because of the defined muscles, the expanse of golden skin covered in intricate symbols. But because of the fresh tattoo stretched across his ribs.

I stare. Not breathing. Unable to form a thought. Because it's my name. My name. Permanently inked on him. I feel like I've been hit by a freight train.

"You—"

"You didn't think I'd let you be the only one getting inked today, did you?" he

murmurs like this is nothing.

Like he didn't just brand himself with me. My throat goes dry.

He leans in, his voice low and dark. "You're under my skin, baby. Just made it visible."

Epilogue

MARYAM

Steam clings to my skin as I step out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped tight around me, my damp curls sticking to my shoulders. Our room is quiet. I just need to moisturize, put on some pajamas, and—

Something small thuds against my vanity. I freeze. It's a black velvet box. I stare at it for a long second, my heart slamming into my ribs. Then I turn.

Riku's leaning against the doorway, shirtless, arms crossed, his gaze intense. Like he's been waiting for this. Like he already knows my answer.

I swallow hard. "What is that?"

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His eyes never leave mine. “You know what it is, sweetheart.”

My fingers tighten on the towel. “Why are you... dropping a ring on my vanity, Riku?”

He just smiles, his gaze making me feel impossible things.

“You... you’re not gonna answer?”

“You’re already mine, baby.” He pushes off the doorway, stalking toward me, slow and gracious.

I inhale sharply, stepping back. But there’s nowhere to go. Because the second my back meets the wall, he’s right there, crowding me in, pressing a hand beside me. Trapping me. My towel suddenly feels flimsy as hell.

My breath catches. “Riku—”

He lifts the velvet box, pops it open with one hand. The ring is simple, elegant. Beautiful.

It’s like there was never another choice. Like this was inevitable from the start.

Riku tilts my chin up, bringing my gaze to his.

“I’ve been waiting for you to catch up, baby,” he murmurs before kissing me. “I’m done waiting.”

Then, with zero hesitation, he takes my left hand and slides the ring on my finger. My lungs forget how to work. I should argue. I should tease him, make him work for it. But the second the cool, gold band settles against my skin, something inside me clicks into place. Like it was always meant to be there. Because I was always meant to be this man's.

I glance up at him, my pulse pounding. His grip tightens, as his voice drops, low and teasing. "Go ahead, baby. Try to take it off." His lips brush my ear. "See what happens."

I burst out laughing through tears of joy. I'm completely, irrevocably, this crazy man's. And he's been mine from the second we met.

THE END.