



# The Billionaire's Engagement

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**Category:** Romance, Billionaire Romance

**Description:** He's my dad's best friend... my fake fiancé. My filthiest little secret.

It started as a simple favor. Older, handsome and irresistible Hudson Knight needed me as a holidate to fake an engagement, for his ex's wedding.

The rules were simple. One week. Play along. Keep this a secret from my dad. Easy, right?

Wrong.

Because we landed in the same room, and Hudson caught me moaning his name in the shower.

Now we're breaking every rule.

All the time.

Everywhere.

But when the week ends, reality slaps us in the face: if the truth about us gets out, we're both done.

Hudson says we have to end it...

That I deserve better.

But his mouth on my skin tells a different story.

**Total Pages (Source):** 33

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MILA

I laid back in my lounge chair, the sun kissing my oiled up skin as I sunbathed outside by the pool with a white bikini and black sunglasses on. I'm twenty-six and still lived at home with my mom and dad. I know, I should be out of the house and live independently, and I do...somewhat. I live in the little guest house on the same property and away from my parents. I guess you can say that I'm living on my own. I'm not completely spoiled, though. I have a job and have responsibilities—it's a compromise for my traditional Filipino parents, who were raised to believe that daughters shouldn't leave home until she gets married. I embrace my culture, but I was born and raised in the U.S., and was more independent for their liking.

I picked up my phone and started scrolling through the Holidates app. I downloaded the app yesterday after finding out from a friend that she found an emotional no-strings attached date for her holiday in exchange for her to go with him to his holiday event. My girlfriends mentioned an event at the lake for Memorial Day, so I signed up for the app to get a date for it. I didn't want to go alone, especially when all of my friends were in relationships, and I was the last one who was single. My dad was overprotective of me, but at least my mom convinced my dad to let me go out on vacations with friends.

I scrolled through the other profiles of men who needed holidates for other events, but I wasn't interested in them—well, not the ones I saw, anyway. I continued to look through the profiles, then a shadow covered over my phone screen from behind me. I tilted my head back, finding my dad's best friend, Hudson Knight, standing over me.

He walked around and sat on the lounge chair next to mine. I raked my gaze down his body and back up. The tint of my sunglasses were dark, so he wouldn't be able to see where my eyes were looking. I hoped not, anyway. Hudson had been my dad's best friend for thirty years, longer than I've been born. He was tall, with a muscular, broad chest and athletic build. He had dark brown hair peppered with gray throughout, styled messy on top, and had a matching-colored short scruff covering his sharp jaw. His blue eyes were strikingly brilliant. I could get lost in them. Hudson was so fucking handsome and sexy. He was wearing a tailored suit that hugged his muscles and fit him in all the right places. I've had a crush on him when I was a teenager, but knew that there was no way anything would happen between us.

"Hey, Mila, how's it going?" he asked, his voice low and raspy.

"It's good. Trying to get some sun today. You know it's rare to have a warm, sunny day here in San Francisco...just taking advantage of it." I laid back down. From my peripheral vision, I noticed him eyeing my body. It could be my imagination, but I hoped it wasn't. "What brings you by?"

"I came to see your dad, but he's not back yet from his business trip."

"Didn't Dad tell you that his flight was delayed and he won't be coming home until tomorrow?" I asked.

Hudson shook his head. "No."

"Yeah, sorry. You can catch him here tomorrow if you need to see him." I gave a small smile.

"Thanks, I'll probably do that."

Hudson and I briefly talked about my dad's business trip and the new luxury car that

Hudson just bought. Just like my father, Hudson was a billionaire. They both worked hard building their business in securities and investing in the right companies. As we continued to chat, I could see in Hudson's expression that something was wrong. His smile didn't meet his eyes, a lopsided grin tipped up across his handsome face.

I sat up again and faced him. "Hey, is everything okay?" I asked, my voice soft.

"I'm okay, just trying to figure things out...so, were you just on a dating app or something?" he asked. "I didn't mean to pry?—"

My lips tilted to a crooked smile as he changed the subject. "All good, Uncle Hudson. I'm on the Holidates app, my friend recommended it to me. I'm looking for a date for an event on Memorial Day," I explained, twisting my head toward him.

"So it's an app to find a date for the holidays?" He cocked a brow.

I nodded, smiling. "Yes."

"I see. Actually, that may help solve my problem."

My brows knitted, confused.

"My ex-fiancée, Courtney, is getting married in two weeks on Memorial Day weekend, and I'm invited to attend the week-long festivities at this fancy five-star resort."

"Okay..." I said, drawing out the word. "Do you have to go? It's your ex, after all."

"I have to go. If I don't show up, it'll look like I'm not over her. People know that she invited me." He sighed. "I can't go stag...I'd be the laughingstock."

“Oh, that’s why you asked about the app. What if you try to look for a date on there?” I asked. “It’s no strings attached, so I guess that would be a good way to find a date.”

I feel so bad for Uncle Hudson, but I would do the same thing. If my ex-fiancé invited me to go to his wedding, I’d find someone to go with and make sure we looked like we were in love. Uncle Hudson’s being the bigger person to go to his ex’s wedding. I never met his ex-fiancée, only heard about her from my parents. I was away in college when he was dating her, and didn’t see my dad’s best friend during those four years.

“I think I may just have to.”

I nodded as a small, tight-lipped smile curved on my lips. “Hope you find someone to go with.”

Secretly, I hoped he’d ask me to go, but I’m his best friend’s little girl. I’m old enough to be his daughter, and he’s been there for me since I was born. He babysat me and gave me piggyback rides, supported me when I was in Girl Scouts, and been there on every single birthday party of mine until I turned eighteen. He’s known as my Uncle Hudson, even if we weren’t blood-related. He wouldn’t even consider asking me, anyway, so I pushed that idea aside.

“Thanks, Mila.” He got up, kissed the top of my head, and left the house.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:20 am*

I sunbathed for another hour, then went back inside my place and spent the day relaxed on the couch with a book and watching movies. Later in the evening, I opened up the Holidates app again to search for a date for the Memorial Day event. I saw a notification that I received a message from someone, and my eyes went wide as soon as I saw the message. It was from Uncle Hudson.

HUDSON

Hey, Mila. I went on this app and didn't find anyone that I wanted to go with to the wedding. I know this may be too much to ask, but would you go with me to the wedding in Hawaii? If you accept this Holidate, you wouldn't be able to attend your Memorial Day event, though. I feel more comfortable going with someone I know than a stranger. What do you say?

HUDSON

I'll compensate you, too. I'll give you anything you want. Just tell me.

The corners of my lips curved to a big smile as I reread the messages again. I couldn't be happier to get to pretend to be in a relationship with this hot and sexy silver fox. This would be a fantasy come true that my teenage self would die to have an opportunity for.

MILA

Sure, I'd love to go with you. Don't worry about my holidate plans. Hawaii sounds better than going to the lake.

HUDSON

You've just saved me. I'll text you the plans soon. By the way, let's not tell your father, if you're okay with that.

MILA

I won't tell my parents. This will be our little secret

HUDSON

Thanks. Mila!

MILA

Of course! Talk to you soon!

I wouldn't mind helping him out. It would alleviate the rut in my life of not dating, even if it this was only going to be pretend.

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HUDSON

What I didn't tell Mila was that not only did I need a date for my ex's wedding, but I needed my date who would pretend to be my fiancée. Right before I reached out to Mila on the Holidates app, I thoroughly considered if I really wanted to ask my best friend's daughter to be my fake fiancée and go to this wedding with me. If her father—my best friend, no less—finds out, Nelson would fucking kill me. He'd think I was crazy for eventhinkingof his daughter. Nelson was very protective over Mila, his one and only child. Even though she was an adult, her parents treated her like she

was still a little girl. Nelson would tell me stories of how overprotective his dad was to his little sister growing up in the Philippines, scaring all the boys away. I'm sure if I had a little girl, I'd be very protective of her, as well.

I knew Mila pretty well, and would be more comfortable being in a fake relationship with her than a total stranger. I only had two weeks to find a date, so I just went for it, glad that Mila agreed to do this for me. Since I ruined her holiday plans, I told her that I'd compensate her for this. I wonder what she'll ask for.

When I saw her two weeks ago at her house lounging by the pool, I thought I'd come in my pants like a teenage boy. She was smoking hot in that tiny white bikini, instantly giving me a hard-on that I tried to hide while I was with her. Her bronzed skin was glistening from the suntan oil, her long, black hair was pulled up, her tits were full, and those curves on display. She looked like a goddess. I had to pry my eyes away and stop ogling her, not wanting to look like a creep. I was a dirty old man to look at her this way. I was an even dirtier old man who had to jerk himself off three times at the thought of her when I got home.

I watched Mila grow up before my eyes into this gorgeous woman. I shouldn't have ogled her, but couldn't help it. I'm glad Nelson wasn't around that day, or else he would have caught me eyeing his little girl and killed me right then and there.

We were leaving for Maui tomorrow morning, and I've yet to tell Mila that I needed her to be my fake fiancée during our trip. I picked up the phone, scrolled through the contacts, and dialed Mila.

"Hello," she answered, her voice sounding almost sultry, making my cock twitch.

"Hi, Mila," I greeted.

"Hey, Uncle Hudson." Uncle. It was like cold water doused me, reminding who she



was to me. Good. I needed that reminder.

“Did I catch you at a bad time?” I asked.

“No, just finishing up packing for tomorrow. What’s up?”

“Well, I wanted to talk to you about our trip?—”

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“Oh, is it canceled?” she asked, concern laced in her voice. “Did you find someone else?”

“No, it’s nothing like that. We’re still going together tomorrow. It’s just...I know I told you I needed a date for this trip, so it didn’t look like I was a loser going solo at his ex’s wedding?—”

“You’re not a loser, Uncle Hudson,” Mila interrupted, trying to reassure me, making me smile.

“Thanks, Mila. So, during this trip, we need to act like we’re in a relationship...umm...you need to be my fiancée. Would you be okay with that?” I asked.

There was silence on the line.

“I’m sorry that I just brought it up now?—”

“No worries, Uncle Hudson. I’ll pretend to be your fiancée.” She sounded genuine, no signs of hesitation.

“Thanks again, Mila. I owe you big time. We’ll talk about it more tomorrow.”

“Sounds good. I’ll see you tomorrow. Good night, Uncle Hudson.”

“Sweet dreams, Mila,” I said before hanging up with a smile across my face.

I hope I wasn't going to regret this.

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As we flew over the ocean on our way to Maui, I glanced over at Mila. She was sketching something. It looked like outfits and dresses.

"I didn't know you were a fashion designer," I said lowly.

Her cheeks turned pink as she stopped scribbling with her pencil, then turned to me, our eyes meeting. There was a twinkle in her chocolate brown eyes.

"I'm not." She giggled, making me melt inside. "It's just a hobby."

"May I see?" I asked.

She nodded and handed over her sketchbook. I combed through the pages, admiring her designs of ballgowns, dresses, suits, and outfits.

"These are really good, Mila," I praised. "Have you thought about getting these made?"

I gave her sketchbook back to her, then she shrugged.

"I thought about it, but it's only a hobby. I don't know if people would actually buy my clothes."

"I think they will. Don't doubt your talents. You're really good." I gave her a reassuring smile, hoping to give her some confidence to pursue her dreams.

"Thank you," she said.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you, why were you on the Holidates app to find a date?” I asked, curiously.

“You know who my dad is, right?” She chuckled. “He’s so overprotective that of me. It’s so hard to date someone. I’m sure if he had his way, Dad would arrange a marriage for me.”

I laughed. “He loves you very much and you’re his only child. I can see why he’s protective of you. But I guess I agree that he needs to loosen the reins a bit so you can live your life.”

Thinking of Mila dating and bringing home men had me clenching my jaw. I’m sure Nelson felt there was no man good enough for his little girl. That’s the way I felt.

“So, let me ask you,” she started. “Why did you really want to go to this wedding? If your ex is getting married to the man she cheated on you with, why do you want to see that?”

I pondered at that thought, gazing into Mila’s eyes.

“I think it’s because I want her to see that I’m not affected by what she did to me. That I’m able to move on without her.”

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“So, have you moved on?” Mila’s brows knitted.

I nodded. “I’m not affected by what my ex did anymore. I’m not really looking for a relationship, but if the right woman comes along, then I’ll take my shot with her.”

“I hope you find someone that will make you happy. I know there’s a woman out there who will love you the way you deserve to be loved,” Mila said reassuringly.

“When did you get so smart?” I teased.

“It’s from all the times when Dad keeps me from going out. I tend to read romance books and watch movies.” She smirked, amusement laced in her voice.

I smiled, admiring the woman she came to be. Any man that gets with Mila will be so lucky. It would never be me.

We landed in Maui after a six-hour flight, but at least we were in my private jet. I wouldn’t do anything less and I wasn’t going to let Mila fly by herself on a commercial plane. We were a couple, after all. What kind of fiancé would I be? After grabbing our bags, we headed to the luxury Hawaiian resort.

“Aloha!” the front desk attendant greeted us. “What could I assist you with today?”

“Hello, we have a reservation under Hudson Knight. K-N-I-G-H-T.” I pulled out my driver’s license from my wallet and showed it her.

I twisted my head toward Mila standing next to me. She tilted her head back, smiling,

her big, chocolate brown eyes twinkling.

“There you are. We have you in the ocean view suite for eight days,” the woman behind the desk said.

Shit. I forgot to make arrangements for a room for Mila. This suite only has one bedroom overlooking the resort and ocean.

“Are there other suites with two bedrooms?” I asked.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Knight, but we’re fully book this week for events and the Memorial Day holiday.” The woman gave a lopsided grin.

Mila touched my arm, a surge of energy sparking, my breath stopping for a moment. “It’s fine, don’t worry,” she reassured.

I swallowed the ball in my throat and nodded, then turned back to the attendant. “Yes, we’ll take that suite.”

We finished checking in, got our key cards, and headed to the suite. The resort was absolutely beautiful and so luxurious. It was filled with lush flowers native to the island, clean, wooden decor, and was welcoming.

Mila walked in front of me and my eyes lowered to her plump ass, watching it sway. My cock stirred, growing harder. Fuck. Hudson, look away. We stopped in front of the door to our room. Mila slid the key card into the slot, opened the door, and we walked into a bright room that was warm and inviting like the resort.

“Wow, this room’s amazing.” She looked around the suite.

I’ve stayed at other hotels, but they don’t compare to this. It was probably the

brehtaking view of the beach and ocean from where we were staying.

“It is,” I agreed. “You can take the bedroom, okay? I can take the couch; there’s a pull-out bed.”

She nodded, giving me a small smile. “Sure.”

We settled in, unpacking and relaxing for a bit.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

I waited in the bedroom doorway as Mila spun around to face me from the closet.

“Hey,” she said. “You can come in.” She giggled. It was the cutest sound, making my insides melt.

She sat on the edge of the bed and I joined her, the bed dipping as I sat down.

“So, I wanted to talk about our story in case people start asking us questions about our relationship and engagement,” I said and she nodded. “Let’s say that we met each other a year ago. We met at a coffee shop before we were going to work.”

Mila nodded, chuckling. “We can add that you ran into me and spilled coffee on my blouse.”

I laughed. “Sure. That’s cute, making me look clumsy.” I winked, watching her cheeks turn dark pink, looking so adorable.

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“Then I proposed to you last month after months of dating. We went to Napa Valley, I hired a private chef to cook us lunch, then proposed while we were walking through the vineyard,” I added.

“How romantic.” Mila’s lips curled, her beautiful smile brightening up the room.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a large, emerald-cut, white diamond ring, presenting it to her.

Her eyes widened, staring at the ring. “Wow, that’s a big diamond, Uncle Hudson. This isn’t the same ring you?—”

I cut her off immediately, knowing she’s asking if this was Courtney’s engagement ring. “No way. I got rid of hers after I found out that she cheated on me. This is a new ring that I bought a few days ago. Please take it and put it on, fiancée.” I smirked.

She blushed again, looking away shyly, then reluctantly took the ring and slid it on her ring finger.

“Thank you, fiancé,” she said in amusement.

“Oh, and please try not to call me Uncle...at least for this trip, anyway,” I told her.

She giggled as she nodded. “Yeah, probably a good idea.”

“Let’s get ready for the welcome reception that they planned for the other out-of-town wedding guests,” I suggested.



“Okay.”

We took our showers and got ready. I chose khaki slacks, a crisp, white button-down shirt, and navy blue sports coat, keeping it casual.

“Are you ready, Mila?” I called out from the living room.

She walked out from the bedroom, wearing a floral, strapless cocktail dress that hugged her curves and pink high heels. My jaw dropped as my eyes roamed down her body. She was so fucking gorgeous, nearly knocking the wind out of me.

“You look beautiful,” I complimented.

“Thanks. I wasn’t sure if I needed to wear something fancier.” She closed the distance between us.

“What you have on is perfect.” I smiled, then offered my arm.

She threaded her arm through mine and we headed downstairs to the bar area where the event was located.

“Hey, Hudson,” my friend, Cameron Dela Rosa greeted, extending his hand out. He had his fiancée, Jolene, by his side.

I shook his hand. “Cameron, good to see you,” I said. “Hi, Jolene,” I greeted her, kissing her cheek.

“Hi, Hudson. Good to see you.” Jolene smiled.

They both turned to Mila.

“My apologies, this is my fiancée, Mila.” I introduced the gorgeous woman by my side to my friends.

Cameron and Jolene’s eyes widened in surprise, staring at me. I knew that they would be in shock to find out that I was in a relationship, let alone having a fiancée. I’ve been so busy with work and business travel, that I haven’t seen Cameron and Jolene for almost a year.

They turned to Mila, and their expression changed, smiling in acceptance.

Mila extended her hand, giving Cameron then Jolene a handshake. “It’s so nice to meet Hudson’s friends.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Jolene said with a warm tone in her voice. “This is the first time we heard that Hudson had a fiancée.”

“I wanted to keep her all to myself,” I interjected, smirking as I looked down at Mila.

“I could see that,” Jolene said with a sly grin on her face. “Regardless, we’re happy for you both.”

“Thank you,” both Mila and I said together.

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“So, did you guys just get here?” Cameron asked.

“A couple hours ago. We got settled in our suite for a bit before coming down here,” I explained.

Cameron cocked a brow. “I’m sure you were just settling in,” he said slyly.

My cheeks heated, probably turning crimson.

Jolene slapped Cameron’s arm. “Baby, stop.”

“What?” Cameron shrugged. “I’m just teasing.”

I chuckled and Mila laughed.

“It’s okay, Jolene. Cameron isn’t wrong.” Mila looked at me and winked, surprising me with her comment.

I hooked my arm around her waist, tugging her close to me. Her warm body fit perfectly as she nestled against my side. She wrapped her arms around my waist, her sweet, floral scent wafting in my nose. She smelled divine and I wanted to bury my nose in her hair.

“How did you two meet?” Jolene asked.

“At a coffee shop,” Mila and I said in unison, chuckling.

“Mila’s so short that when I turned around, I literally ran into her,” I said.

“My coffee spilled all over my blouse,” Mila said, pursing her lips in amusement, rolling her eyes.

“Yes, darling, but because of that, I asked for your number so I could pay for your dry cleaning.”

She tilted her head back, looking up at me. I gave her a warm smile before leaning down and kissing her forehead.

“That’s so sweet,” Jolene said, her voice filled with admiration.

“When did you get engaged?” Cameron asked, looking at Mila.

“Last month in Napa Valley,” Mila responded.

“You did good, Hudson. Her ring is gorgeous,” Jolene said, her eyes fixated on the ring, a wide smile across her lips.

“Thank you. Did I do good, angel?” I asked, looking at Mila.

She gave me a wide smile, blushing, her dimples appearing on her cheeks. “Yes, you did, baby. More than good.”

We continued to talk to our friends before going to the bar and getting a drink, then Mila and I mingled some more.

“Hudson, it’s good to see you. Thank you for coming,” a familiar, female voice came from behind us, making my body tense.

Both Mila and I spun around to see my ex-fiancée and her current fiancé standing in front of me and my fake fiancée. The irony. I haven't seen Courtney in years, but seeing her now just reminded me of why I broke up with her.

"Hello, Courtney, Kevin," I greeted, shaking Kevin's hand and giving my ex an awkward hug, the uncomfortableness between us clear.

"This is my fiancée, Mila. Mila, this is Courtney and Kevin, the bride and groom," I said, gesturing with my introduction.

Kevin grinned down at Mila as he greeted her, making my jaw clenched. A possessiveness washed over me as I pulled Mila to my side. Courtney gave a tight-lipped smile, eyeing Mila carefully.

"Pleasure to meet you both. Thank you for inviting us." Mila's voice was bubbly, and I think that pissed Courtney off even more.

I smirked.

"We just came by to welcome you. Please excuse us. We need to greet more of our guests. Hope you both enjoy the festivities this week," Kevin said hurriedly before pulling Courtney away to meet their other guests.

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Twisting to face Mila, I snaked my arms around her waist, holding her. Mila draped her arms around my neck, our eyes locked. There was a sizzle in the air between us. My eyes lowered to her lips, then back to her eyes.

I cleared my throat then stepped back, releasing my arms. I caught her frown briefly, then she quickly masked it, curling her lips.

“Let’s get another drink and continue to mingle,” I suggested.

She nodded. “Sounds good, sweetheart.” Then she winked, continuing to play her role.

I took her hand and electricity ran up my arm, opening up my senses. I wonder if she felt this, too. I needed to resist the temptation to do anything with Mila. I could see the lust swirling in her eyes. I just have to remember that she is off-limits. My best friend—her father—would kill me if I let anything happen between us.

This was going to be a long trip.

3

MILA

“I can’t believe it,” I said, laughing as we entered our suite. “Everyone bought our story.”

We stayed downstairs for a few hours, having about four cocktails each before we

called it a night. I shut and locked the door, following Hudson into the suite.

He laughed out loud. “They ate up our engagement story and didn’t think twice questioning about our relationship.”

“We really played our parts well, wouldn’t you agree?” I asked.

“We sure did,” Hudson said, stopping by the couch.

“Your ex didn’t look happy to see me, by the way. She seems like a real bitch,” I pointed out.

“Don’t let her get to you. She is a bitch, and probably jealous that I’m engaged to a beautiful woman.” He winked, making me blush instantly, my cheeks heating up.

When we were mingling with the other wedding guests, it felt like Hudson and I were truly in a relationship. The way he kissed me on the forehead tenderly, gazed into my eyes, held me close, kept me by his side. It made everything feel all so real, like he had feelings for me. I knew all of this was just for show this week, but I secretly hoped this would turn into something real. The teenage crush I had on Hudson came flooding back the moment he asked me to be his holiday date. Maybe I never really got over him and just pushed the thoughts aside, knowing that I’d never have a chance with him. But now, this was the chance I’ve been waiting for to be together with him.

“Thanks for doing this for me, Mila,” he said.

My lips curved to a warm smile. “Of course. I’m glad that I could help you out.”

I walked toward him, but my heel caught on something and I stumbled. He was quick to react and caught me as I fell into his arms. His arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly. I tipped my head back, and my breath hitched as our eyes locked. Heat

flared in his eyes, the blues getting darker and more intense. I got a whiff of his warm, spicy scent. It was intoxicating and making me weak. There was a crackle in the air between us, our gaze not breaking. My heart rate sped up, heat spreading through my body at the close proximity of him.

His eyes lowered to my lips, then flicked back to my eyes. He leaned down, our faces close. Is he going to kiss me?

Then he stopped, clearing his throat and breaking away from me, shaking his head. I took a step back. Warmth spread on my cheeks, feeling embarrassed at the thought of Hudson wanting to kiss me.

Hudson's never going to kiss me. I'm his best friend's daughter. He's never going to be mine.

Hudson ran his hand through his hair. "I'm getting tired. The jet lag is catching up with me," he muttered. "We should get some rest. We had a long day."

I swallowed the lump in my throat, then nodded, agreeing with him. "Yeah, I'll see you in the morning. Good night, Hudson." My voice was soft, giving him one last look before heading to the bedroom.

"Good night, Mila."

I went to the bedroom and closed the door behind me, heading straight to the bathroom to get ready for bed. I changed into my pajamas, washed my face, and brushed my teeth before slipping under the covers.

I laid in the king-sized bed all alone, wondering how it would feel to have Hudson beside me, cuddling into him. I reflected back on the events of today, how Hudson and I were acting, touching each other and flirting. It felt so real, but I knew this



charade was only for the week.

I wondered if Hudson felt that same electric charge that I felt when we were together. The look in his eyes told me he did, but I wasn't one-hundred percent confident. I wanted more with him and would make a move, but I didn't want to make it awkward if he didn't feel the same for me.

I took a deep breath in and sighed, trying to relax my mind. My eyelids felt heavy, slowly closing and unable to stay awake much longer. Soon, I drifted off to sleep with Hudson on my mind.

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I tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep well. Although my body felt tired, my mind was restless still reflecting back on yesterday's events. I checked the time and it was seven-thirty in the morning. I got up from bed, pulling the curtains open, then stepped onto the balcony. I inhaled a deep breath, taking in the fresh, salty air and sounds of the ocean. It really was a breathtaking view. After a few moments, I went back inside and opened the bedroom door slowly, making sure not to wake Hudson if he was still sleeping. I carefully went to the kitchen to get a bottled of water from the fridge, then headed back to the bedroom, passing Hudson sleeping on the couch.

I stopped and gazed at him, admiring how handsome he was. He was shirtless, and my eyes roamed over his toned chest, a light dusting of salt and pepper hair covering it, and his ripped abs. He looked good for his age. He took care of himself, looking really fit. I didn't want to look like a creep standing there, so I quickly went back to my room, chugging the water. I must have been dehydrated from drinking all those cocktails last night.

Today's pre-wedding festivities that Courtney and Kevin planned for their guests is making Hawaiian flower leis. I pulled out a floral sun dress and my bra and panties, then went into the en suite to take a shower.

I left the bathroom door cracked open. Hudson was sleeping and the bedroom door was closed. I wasn't worried about him walking in on me. I wouldn't mind if he did, though. Only in my dreams. I let the hot water steam up the glass shower walls before stepping inside. The water fell on top of my head, streaming down my body before dripping onto the dark tiled floor.

My mind went back to Hudson, my need for him growing. This was going to be a

long week, being so close to him and resisting to touch him. My hands traveled over my slick body, grabbing my breasts, squeezing. I tweaked my nipples, pulling the sharp tips, the sensation going straight to my clit.

I closed my eyes as one of my hands lowered to my pussy, my fingers stroking my slit. I moaned, thinking of that sexy, silver fox in the other room touching me, trying to imagine how his fingers would feel on the sensitive parts of my body. I leaned back against the tiled wall, the cool surface causing a shiver through my body.

I rubbed my clit, pleasure building in my core.

“Yes, right there,” I whimpered, spreading my legs wider.

My fingers worked my sensitive bud, rubbing vigorously, my other hand kneading my breast, pinching my nipple. I fantasized Hudson, grabbing my breasts, sucking on my tits as he tried to get me off with his fingers.

I inserted a finger in my pussy, sliding it in and out of the slick channel, then added another finger.

“Fuck baby, it feels so good,” I purred.

My breathing hastened, my heart rate sped up as I got closer to my climax. Soft pants left my lips in between my moaning.

“Oh God, I’m coming,” I moaned, my hand lowered from my breast to my clit. I rubbed tight circles on it as my other hand thrust in my pussy.

“Hudson,” I cried out, my pussy clenching around my fingers, body shuddering with my release.

As I came down from my high, I pulled my fingers out, panting and trying to catch my breath. This was the closest I was going to have Hudson fuck me. Only in my fantasies.

4

## HUDSON

I groaned, stretching my tired body from a restless night's sleep. I spent all night thinking of Mila and how good it felt to have her as my fake fiancée. It seemed like we were a real couple and it felt nice. This is how a relationship should feel like. Mila was hot as hell, and I was lucky to have this amazing woman on my arm. I could see all the men stare at her with lust, making me rage with jealousy. I wasn't going to have anyone take what was mine, even if she technically wasn't.

I thought of all the ways I could please her if I could only have one chance with her—which won't ever happen. I'd love to know how she tasted all over. I'm sure she'd be so sweet, just like she looked. I wondered if she liked to be fucked rough, what she's tried before. Thinking of Mila fucking and sucking the dicks of other guys made my jaw clench and blood boil. Why was I getting upset? It's not like Mila was mine to claim or to have to begin with. This was all a charade for this vacation.

When she tripped last night and I caught her, I was so close to kissing her. It took all of my strength to resist. I saw the way she looked at me. It was as if she wanted it, too, but I needed to be the mature adult and not overstep boundaries. This was all fake for my ex's wedding—a wedding I shouldn't have attended and was shocked as hell to be invited in the first place.

I got up, running my hand through my hair. I needed to clear my thoughts. I wondered if Mila was still sleeping. The bedroom door was closed, so I wasn't sure if she was still sleeping in bed.

I needed to clear my head of all the filthy thoughts I had of Mila, so I stepped onto the balcony, enjoying the view of the clear, blue skies, lush greenery and palm trees, and the crystal blue ocean. I held onto the railing, took a deep breath in, then sighed. We were in paradise and I couldn't fully enjoy it when all my thoughts went back to fantasies of Mila naked and underneath me.

The balcony connected to the master bedroom. She must have gone outside earlier, since the balcony door leading to the master bedroom was open. I grabbed the door handle to close the balcony door, but stilled when I heard a sound. Was Mila okay?

I entered the bedroom instead, noticing that Mila wasn't in bed. The sound of the shower was coming from the en suite with the door slightly opened. I moved closer to the bathroom door, my eyes widening as I heard Mila moaning, my cock twitching at her sensual sound.

"Hudson!" she cried out my name, my eyes widening in shock. She was thinking about me as she got herself off.

Hudson, you need to leave. But I didn't budge, unable to resist the urge to find out how she looked as she cried out in pleasure. I took a peek inside the bathroom and watched as Mila fucked herself with her fingers, her body slick from the water streaming down her curvaceous body. Fuck, she was gorgeous—better than I imagined.

My cock instantly hardened and all rational thoughts I had left my mind, my resolve crumbling. I wanted her and needed to claim her as mine. Without hesitation, I stepped inside the steamed room, forgetting all thoughts of who Mila was to me and how wrong this was.

"You need some help with that, Mila?" I asked, pushing my pajama pants and boxers down my legs.

Her eyes snapped open, her eyes locking with mine as a smirk played on her lips. I knew she wanted this as much as I did. I slowly stroked my cock, waiting for her response. Her eyes lowered to my erection, watching my hand as she licked her lips. Her eyes met mine again, then she crooked her finger, gesturing for me to join her.

“Yes, I could definitely use your help.”

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I gave her a sly grin and stepped into the shower, joining her under the hot, running water.

“You’re gorgeous, angel.” I tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, then cupped her jaw.

“Thank you,” she said softly, blushing adorably. “You’re not so bad yourself—a sexy silver fox.” Her blush deepened at her admission.

“Oh really?” I cocked a brow, then my hand moved to the back of her head, gripping on a fistful of hair while my other arm snaked around her waist.

I crushed my lips on her full, pouty lips before she could respond, electricity rushing through my body. My cock twitched against her belly as I pressed my body against hers. She wrapped her arms around my waist, her round, perky tits pressed against my chest.

She felt perfect in my arms, like she was made for me. My tongue licked the seam of her lips before I took her bottom lip between my teeth and tugged on it. She moaned, parting her lips. I took it as my invitation for my tongue to enter her mouth. My tongue slipped between her lips, curling and twisting with hers. I tilted her head to the side, deepening the kiss, making her moan again.

Her sensual sounds had my cock throbbing, aching to find out how tight her pussy was. My hands traveled down her curves to her plump ass, cupping and squeezing a handful. She ran her hands up my arms and circled around my neck, pulling me down to her.

I kissed along her jawline to her ear, tugging her earlobe between my teeth, hearing her gasp.

“Tell me to stop. That we shouldn’t be doing this,” I said lowly.

She tilted her head to the side, giving me more access as I trailed kisses down the curve of her neck, sucking on her skin where her shoulder and neck met, marking her as mine. I wanted every man on this island to know who Mila belonged to.

“No, I want this...I want you, Hudson,” she said, her words breathy.

I hissed as her soft hand wrapped around my hard length, stroking it.

I pushed her against the wall, my hands cupping her tits. I lowered, capturing her breast in my mouth, my tongue lapping around her nipple before I suckled it. She mewled, arching her back off the wall. I squeezed her other breast while my tongue continued to flick her nipple. I bit on her sharp tip, tugging it between my teeth. She yelped then moaned. Without neglecting her other breast, I switched sides, paying the same attention with licking, flicking, and sucking her tit.

The sounds she made echoed off the shower walls, my cock aching to be inside her. I wanted to please her first with my mouth and tongue before making her scream my name with my cock buried deep inside this pretty pussy.

I lowered to my knees, spreading her legs. My head tilted back to look up at her. She was gorgeous and I couldn’t wait to taste her. I leaned in, my tongue licking up her slit and finally tasting her honey. I was in heaven. She tasted delicious and I knew I was a goner. I was addicted already.

She squirmed, her hands running through my hair, pressing my face into her pussy. She liked it. My tongue weaved between her folds, licking up and down her



pussy. I brought one of her legs over my shoulder, then my fingers spread her puffy folds, exposing her swollen clit. My mouth latched on, sucking on it. She bucked her hips forward, moaning loudly, gripping fistfuls of my hair. A low growl rumbled in my chest.

I flicked her clit with short strokes, bringing my fingers to her entrance and sliding a thick finger into her tight pussy. Her pussy walls swallowed my finger, clenching around it. I thrust my finger, my mouth and tongue still assaulting her clit. Then I added another finger, sliding in and out, moving faster.

“Fuck, baby. You feel so good,” she moaned.

I hummed, the sound vibrating from my mouth against her pussy.

Mila was panting, her erotic sounds getting louder. Her walls were throbbing, getting tighter around my fingers. I knew she was close to reaching her first orgasm with me.

“Come for me, angel,” I growled, lifting away from her pussy briefly before covering her clit with my mouth, sucking hard.

She cried out, her eyes closed as she arched her back, her body jerking. She loosened her grip in my hair, and I pulled my fingers out. It was coated with her cum. I stood up, wrapping my lips around my fingers, sucking them clean.

“So fucking tasty...so fucking sweet,” I groaned, pressing my lips on hers in a heated kiss. My tongue tangled with hers, giving her a taste of herself.

Mila pushed onto my chest then spun us around, having me leaning against the tiled wall. Before I knew it, she was going down on her knees, looking up at me through her lashes. God, she looked sexy.

Her dainty hands wrapped around my cock, stroking the entire length as pre-cum beaded on the tip. She leaned forward, swiping it with her tongue before licking up and down my cock. Her silky tongue felt good on my length. When she reached the tip, her tongue lapped around the bulb before wrapping those full, pouty lips around it. She lowered, taking in as much of my cock in her mouth.

“You look so fucking sexy with my cock stuffed in that pretty little mouth of yours.” My hands raked through her dark, wet strands, pushing her head down to take me a little deeper.

“That’s it, baby, take me deeper. Just like that,” I praised.

She opened her throat, taking more of me.

“Fuuuck,” I groaned, my eyes rolling back as the tip of my cock touched the back of her throat.

Her head bobbed up and down, her hand stroking the base in tandem with her mouth. She knew how to give head real good, and I couldn’t wait for her to do it again. What are you thinking? There is no ‘again.’ This shouldn’t be happening in the first place.

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I grunted, holding her head still, punching my hips forward as my cock throbbed. I started thrusting, fucking her mouth as tears fell down her face, drool escaping the corners of her mouth. Her hands rested on my thighs, her nails digging into my wet skin when my cock slid into her mouth deeper. I hissed at the sting from her nails.

Pleasure was building in my core, my cock swelling and making it a tighter fit in her mouth. My heart rate sped up, breathing increased.

“I’m going to come,” I groaned. “I want you to swallow every drop of my cum, do you understand, angel?”

She moaned, unable to make any coherent words or nod her head. I drove into her mouth one last time and stilled, releasing rope after rope of cum down the back of her throat. She swallowed, the sensation feeling amazing around my cock, making me growl. I pulled out of her mouth slowly, then assisted her up.

Mila smirked, opening her mouth, showing me how much of a good girl she was.

“Such a good girl, swallowing my cum,” I praised, cupping her jaw.

My cock was at half-mast and I wasn’t done with her yet. I needed another taste of her before I’d fuck that tight pussy of hers.

I kneeled down again with a sly grin on my face. “I’m not done with you yet, angel. Open your legs and let Daddy take care of your pussy with my mouth again before I bury my big, thick cock deep inside.”

## MILA

This was my fantasy come true, and it's better than I ever imagined. Hudson looked like a Greek God, every inch of his body chiseled to perfection. He went down on me again, and I didn't think I'd have it in me to orgasm not once, but twice more with his mouth and skilled fingers, but I was able to with some encouragement from him. What I really wanted was his cock inside my pussy, needing to feel him.

He stood up, kissing me with a fervor, his hands lowering to my ass, giving it a firm squeeze. Then he lifted one of my legs, his arm hooking under my knee. His cock pressed against my opening. He was hard again and so big. I wound my arms around his neck, holding on tightly as he pressed me up against the cool, tiled wall, trailing kisses down my neck. The scruff from his short beard scraped against my skin. He sucked my skin, certain that he gave me a hickey. I'm sure he gave me several love bites already that people would notice once we're in public.

"Are you on birth control?" he murmured against my neck, his breath tickling my skin.

I tilted my head to the side, giving him more access. "Yes, I also got tested a month ago and I'm clean."

"I'm clean, too."

"You can go bare," I told him, wanting to feel his cock inside already.

"That was the plan, baby." I felt his lips curve to a smile, then he lined up the tip of his cock to my entrance, inching inside slowly.

“Fuuuck,” Hudson groaned, his dick filling me up.

I gasped as my pussy hugged his thick cock, trying to adjust to his length.

“You’re so tight, baby,” he growled.

I moaned, his cock sliding out until just his tip was inside, then he drove back inside in one long stroke. It felt so good. Hudson thrusting up, his dick getting nice and deep.

“Fuck, so good,” I mewled.

He lowered, pulling my nipple in his mouth, sucking and lapping the sharp tip with his tongue. He bit down gently, desire shooting straight to my throbbing clit. He moved to my other breast, giving it the same attention as his hips thrusting, fucking me harder.

My breathing increased and heartbeat sped up as pleasure was growing inside me, getting closer to reaching my peak.

“I’m coming, Daddy,” I cried out, my nails digging into his shoulders.

“Look at me when you come,” he ordered. My eyes snapped open and locked with his.

His blue eyes were blazing, so intense.

My pussy squeezed, tightening around his cock, and I unraveled, crying out his name. My body jerked with my release. He pulled out, not giving me a chance to ride out my orgasm, and spun me around to face the wall.

Hudson pushed on my back. “Head down, baby. Hands on the wall.”

I followed orders, then spread my legs before a loud clapping sound echoed in the room. He spanked me, my ass cheek stinging from the impact. I yelped, then he spanked me again.

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“Such a perfect ass,” he growled.

I felt a sting to my other ass cheek as he spanked me, getting my pussy wet.

Anticipating another smack to my ass, I inhaled a sharp breath. Instead, he filled my pussy with his big cock, driving into me to the hilt. I felt so full and so damn good.

“Fuck,” I breathed out, pressing my hands onto the wall to keep me steady.

He held my hips, digging his fingers into my skin, then he pulled back and slammed back in, thrusting at a steady pace. The sounds of our moans and skin slapping filled the air. The shower water was getting cold, but the heat of our passion warmed my body.

Hudson grunted as he punched his hips forward, driving into my pussy over and over again. He slid his hand up my back then wrapped it around the front of my neck, pulling me until my back was flushed against his chest. His other hand reached around to the front of my pussy, his fingers sliding between my slit until he found my swollen clit.

I gasped, my head leaning back against his shoulder.

His fingers strummed on my clit, pleasure growing inside.

“I want you to come, angel,” he growled in my ear, his warm breath adding to the heat that blazed in my body.

“I don’t know if I can,” I whimpered. My body orgasmed four times already.

“You can and you will, now come for me,” he ordered, his tone firm.

He rotated his hips, fucking me deeper, his fingers moving faster on my sensitive nub.

My pussy clamped down on his cock and I cried out. “Daddy!”

“That’s it, baby, unravel for Daddy.”

My body jerked with my release as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over my body in the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had. My legs were shaking, his arms holding me up.

He pulled his hands back then bent me over again, holding my hips tightly. My hands pressed on the wall again to steady myself. Hudson thrust erratically, going harder, faster, and deeper as he chased his orgasm.

“I’m coming,” he grunted, then slammed into me one last time, spurting rope after rope of cum inside me, his cock jerking with his release.

We were both panting, catching our breaths. He pulled out, our cum dripping out of my opening and dripping down the inside of my thighs.

We both got cleaned up, shampooing and washing each other’s body. It was such an intimate gesture after several rounds of passionate sex. I wrapped myself in a white, fluffy robe, and he wrapped a towel around his waist. My eyes trailed down his body as I followed him into the bedroom.

I touched his back, but he spun around and stopped me, holding my arms. His blue



eyes were filled with regret, searching mine.

“What we just did...it shouldn’t have happened...I took advantage of you,” Hudson said, his tone serious, but he looked conflicted. “I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t take advantage of me,” I huffed. “We’re both adults and neither of us are virgins.”

He took a step back away from me, releasing his grip from my arms. I frowned, then stepped forward, not letting him get away easily.

“I’m willing to keep this going.” I gestured my finger between us.

Hudson shook his head, moving away from me. “We won’t keep this going. This was a mistake.” He ran his hands through his wet hair.

“I can’t believe you,” I said with a defiant tone. “I could see that look in your eyes. You want me. Now that you had me, you think it’s a mistake?” I asked, then pursed my lips, glaring at him.

“It was a mistake. I shouldn’t have touched you. You’re my best friend’s daughter. I’ve known you since you were born and watched you grow up,” he argued.

“So what? I want you, Hudson, and I know you want me, too. I don’t care if my father finds out. He’ll have to get over it.”

Hudson shook his head. “We just can’t, Mila.”

“Then why did you fuck me?” I asked.

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He didn't say anything, just stared at me with guilt and sadness in his eyes.

"You want me...you just can't admit it," I said confidently then walked away. "Coward," I muttered, loud enough for him to hear me as I retreated into the bedroom.

I picked up the phone and dialed room service, ordering breakfast for us. As soon as breakfast arrived, I took my meal to the balcony, eating alone. I needed time to think about everything that just transpired. I'm not worried, though. I'm going to come up with a plan to get Hudson back. I needed Hudson to see that we'd be good together.

6

### HUDSON

It's been a couple of days since I fucked Mila, then argued with her about how it was a mistake touching her and taking advantage of her. Was it really a mistake? Why was I lying to myself? That was the best sex I've had in my life. Being with her sparked something inside me that I never felt with any woman I've ever been with. Mila was right. We were both adults and consented to having sex, but with the age gap and her dad being my best friend, I felt guilty touching her. At that moment when I entered the bathroom, something about her made my resolve crumble, and I was lost in the moment of passion. For fuck's sake, she was old enough to be my daughter. Thank fuck we weren't related at all. I shouldn't have done anything with Mila except flirt. We were a fake engaged couple, after all.

In the last couple of days, Mila and I participated in some of the other activities

Courtney and Kevin arranged for their wedding guests, like hula dance lessons and Koa wood carving. It gave me time to spend with Mila, but she was distant with me. We were cordial, but it wasn't like the first day where we truly looked like an engaged couple in love. I frowned, thinking about it. Mila and I didn't even eat our meals together, unless it was part of the activity. Our conversations were dry and her answers to my questions were generic.

"Hey, Mila, do you want to cook this together?" I asked.

She gave a small smile, nodding, then stood next to me where our cooking station was.

We glanced at the recipe card together, my arm brushing against hers, a buzzing sensation running up my arm. She quickly pulled her arm away and I frowned.

"This looks easy to make," I said, glancing at the ingredients for Hawaiian macaroni salad, then gazed at her.

"Yeah, it does," she responded, avoiding any eye contact with me.

We grabbed the ingredients and started following the directions on the card.

"Was there any place around the island you wanted to visit before we go back home?" I asked.

"Maybe, but I'm not sure," she said softly, still avoiding looking at me.

"I'm planning to explore the island the day before we leave for San Francisco. I rented a Jeep and was going to drive around. Did you want to come with me?" I turned to her, watching her shred the carrots.

She stopped what she was doing, finally looking up at me, a small tight-lipped smile curved on her beautiful face, her eyes were dull. "Sure."

But when she smiled, it didn't reach her eyes. I was the cause of her being upset and sad. I didn't want to see her like this. She was always a happy person growing up. My heart sank knowing that I brought her pain. I tried to fight it, the overwhelming attraction to Mila, but I can't stop thinking about her. I want to be with her again. I want to feel her naked body against mine, to hear her moan my name, and be buried deep inside her, to have her smile again.

I returned to the room, coming back from my early morning run on the beach. Mila was still asleep when I left for my run, her bedroom door closed. I opened the fridge, pulling out a bottled water before chugging it. The refreshing beverage cooled my body. During my run, I did a lot of thinking about Mila and being in a relationship with her. Maybe it was about time to not to fight this attraction I had for her, and take a chance of being with her physically for only this week. Then when we return home, we'll return to the way things were before. With me being her Uncle Hudson.

I shook my head. No, that's a bad idea. Stay away from Mila.

In the distance, I can see the bedroom door cracked open. I looked around the living room, but didn't see Mila around. I checked outside on the balcony and she wasn't there, either. I knew she loved eating her meals outside. it was such a serene place to relax. I popped my head in the room and Mila was gone. I wonder where she went off to. My lips curved down, frowning.

I grabbed a change of clothes and headed into the bathroom, needing to take a shower. As the bathroom filled with steam, I stepped into the shower, letting the hot water run down my head and body. Thoughts of Mila and I fucking in the shower appeared in my head. It was only a few days ago, but I craved for it to happen again. My cock hardened as I remembered thrusting into Mila from behind, making her

whimper. I stroked my cock slowly, imagining her giving me head. Her pretty little mouth felt so good around my length, and when I slid into her pussy, I felt like I had gone to heaven. It felt so damn good. She was so tight and warm. My cock throbbed at the memory.

I gently squeezed my cock, trying to relieve the ache. I needed to get my mind off Mila, but that was easier said than done. We were staying in the same room and she was supposed to be my fiancée. Should I just give into my temptation to her?

I pumped my hand faster, replaying our time together here in the shower over and over. My core grew with pleasure, getting me closer to reaching my climax. My heartbeat quickened, soft panting leaving my lips. I grunted, ready for my release. My hand gave one last stroke and I spurted my hot cum against the tiled wall.

“Fuuuck,” I groaned, my cock jerking in my hand.

Goddammit. I wanted Mila. I did my best to resist the temptation, needing to stay in control of my desire for her. The closest I’d ever be with her again would be in my fantasies.

I got out of the shower, getting dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, thinking about what I wanted to do for the rest of the day. Sulking, I wanted to spend time with Mila, but having this time and space away from each other should help me curb the craving of wanting to be with her.

I walked into the living room and heard the front door open. I looked up, my gaze meeting with Mila’s. Fuck me. My jaw slackened as my eyes raked down her tiny bikini-clad body. She was wearing a red bikini, the material barely covering her breasts and her ass. I clenched my jaw, knowing that other men were probably ogling her. I wanted her to look like this for me...and only me.

“Hi, Hudson,” she said, smiling.

“Hi, Mila,” I said, clearing my throat. I couldn’t stop staring at her. She was so fucking gorgeous.

Hudson, resist and walk away.

I'm not sure how long we stood there staring at one another, but my gaze on her didn't break. I was in a trance, all the thoughts of needing to stay away from her flew away. I wanted to go to her and gather her in my arms. As if she knew what I was thinking, she held her arms out, and like a moth to a flame. I walked over to her, closing the distance. My resolve crumbled and I gave into the temptation. The fight is over, and I've lost.

7

MILA

I welcomed Hudson with open arms, wrapping my arms around his waist, placing my face against his chest. I could hear his heartbeat quicken. I wanted this. I wanted him. I saw the way he looked at me, how his eyes hazed with lust as his gaze roamed down my body slowly. I knew he was conflicted with the situation between us, but I could also see his desire take over, wanting me. So I opened up my arms, hoping he'd walk into them, which he did without hesitation.

He wrapped his strong arms around me, his hand caressing my back, the other tightly wound around my waist. Our bodies were pressed together. I inhaled a deep breath and he smelled so delicious, like the ocean and masculinity. When I walked into the room, I noticed his hair was still damp. With the freshness of his scent and his change of clothes, I figured he just took a shower.

When I woke up this morning, Hudson was gone. I learned his morning routine,

which always started with a morning run on the beach. Since there weren't any events scheduled today for the wedding guests, I decided to get into my bikini and sunbathe on the beach, hoping to see Hudson running by, which sadly I didn't.

The last couple of days since the day we became intimate in the shower have been miserable. I tried not to make things awkward, but I was upset. Hudson attempted to converse with me, but I couldn't give him engaged answers. The attraction was there between us, but he resisted and kept his distance, as if we weren't obligated to be together as the engaged couple we were supposed to be.

"I missed you," I murmured into his chest.

He loosened his arms and my body stiffened. Shit. Maybe I shouldn't have said that.

I twisted my head, looking away. He pinched my chin between his fingers and turned my head until our eyes locked.

"I missed you, too, angel. Let me show you how much," he said lowly, then scooped me up and led us to the bedroom.

He kicked the door shut and laid me on the bed, a feral look filling his eyes as he hovered over me. He crushed his lips on mine in a demanding, hungry kiss. I parted my lips as his tongue slipped into my mouth, colliding with mine. Our tongues twisted and danced with one another as my hands draped around his neck. Bringing him lower, I erase the space between us. I took what I wanted in our kiss, needing more to make up for the days we weren't together.

Our kiss was hasty, leaving me breathless. He pulled back, a sly grin spreading across his face. I gripped his shirt and pulled it over his head, tossing it to the floor. He cupped my jaw, caressing my cheek with his thumb as he stared into my eyes.



“You’re so fucking beautiful, Mila,” he said.

My cheeks burned, blushing. Before I can thank him, he kissed me again. His hands roamed along my body, stopping at my breasts and squeezing them. He reached behind my back, and I sat up enough for him to untie my bikini top. He tossed it off the bed, then cupped my tits again.

I moaned as he squeezed them and pulled one of my nipples into his mouth, sucking until it became a sharp peak. He teased my nipple with his tongue, licking and flicking it before sucking on it again, then tugged it between his teeth. I gasped after he bit down, then licked it to soothe the sting. Without neglecting my other tit, he paid the same attention, drawing out more moans from me.

He trailed kisses down my stomach until he reached the waistband of my bikini bottoms, then pulled them down and off my legs. His hands slid up my legs, pushing them apart, spreading me wide as he settled between my legs with his face near my pussy.

His finger stroked my slit, spreading my wetness. My hips squirmed and I moaned.

“Such a pretty pussy. Who owns this pussy, angel?” he growled, his eyes snapping up to mine.

“You do,” I said breathy. “Daddy owns my pussy.”

“That’s right, angel. No other man will take what’s mine,” he growled again, then licked up my slit.

“Oh God,” I moaned.

His tongue licked through my folds, exploring every crevice of my pussy. He rimmed

my opening and thrust his tongue into my pussy, tongue-fucking me. He held my hips down with one hand and used his other to open up my folds, exposing my swollen clit where his tongue gave quick flicks to stimulate it.

I mewled, pleasure growing inside me. I grabbed onto my tits, pinching my nipples. Pleasure shot directly from my nipples to my throbbing clit.

His mouth clamped down around my clit, sucking on it, getting me closer to reaching my climax. I ran my hands through his thick, salt and pepper hair, gripping on a fistful of strands as his tongue continued to work wonders on my pussy. A low groan rumbled, vibrating against my pussy.

“I’m coming, Daddy,” I whimpered.

He lifted up briefly, then said, “Look at me when you come, angel.”

My eyes locked with his, then he sucked on my clit hard, my core tingling. My pussy clenched, back bowed off the bed, and I cried out. Waves of pleasure ripped through my body as my body shuddered while he lapped up my release.

Hudson sat up, smirking.

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“Do you know how turned on I am with you calling meDaddy? It gets me fucking hard,” he growled.

I was trying to catch my breath from the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had from oral sex, my eyes fixated on him. I watched him undo his shorts, pushing them along with his boxers down his legs, kicking them off his feet. His cock was hard and pointing right at me.

I licked my lips, his smirk growing. He wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking it, my gaze watching his movement intently.

“Like what you see, baby?” he asked.

I bit my bottom lip. “Mmhmm.”

“As much as I want your pretty little mouth around my dick, right now, I want to bury it in your tight pussy,” he said, deep and raspy.

His dirty talk had me even more aroused, flooding between my thighs.

“I want you to ride me, angel,” he growled.

He laid down on the bed and I straddled his lap, looking down at him. He was so sexy and handsome.

I lifted myself on my knees, positioned his tip at my entrance, and lowered down slowly, my pussy swallowing his cock deep inside me until it reached the hilt.

Our breaths hitched, my pussy adjusting to his big cock. I felt so full, but it felt amazing.

I lifted up then lowered, riding his cock up and down at a steady pace. Then I ground down on his cock, rocking my hips and grinding on his groin. His hands gripped my hips, guiding me to go faster.

I leaned down, pressing my lips on his, tasting myself on his tongue. Our grunts and moans filled the air, mixing with the sounds of our skin slapping. His hand lowered to my clit and he rubbed tight circles with his thumb, getting me off again. I leaned back, grasping my tits as I slid up and down his throbbing cock.

“Oh God...I’m coming,” I panted into between my moaning.

My pussy clamped down on his cock and my body started to shake as I released my cum all over his cock.

“That’s it, baby. Come all over Daddy’s cock,” he groaned.

As I came down my high, he gripped my hips tight, holding me still, then thrusting up. He was getting deeper, driving into my pussy, pounding into me hard and fast.

“Fuck, I’m coming,” he growled, thrusting at piston speed.

He slammed into me one last time and stilled, his cock buried deep inside me, spurting ropes and ropes of cum as his cock jerked.

I collapsed onto him, his cock still inside me, our sweat-veiled chests pressed against one another. We were panting, trying to catch our breaths, before I lifted off him and rolled onto the bed, lying next to him. He got up, walking to the bathroom. I frowned, not sure why he was leaving me without saying anything. He came back with a damp

cloth and cleaned us both up.

He laid back down next me, gathering me into his arms as we cuddled under the covers.

“That was amazing,” I murmured, snuggling into his side.

“It was...and so are you.” He kissed the top of my head.

“I’m glad you came to your senses.” I giggled.

He chuckled, swatting my ass.

“You’re a temptation, angel. I don’t think I can stay away from you.”

“Then don’t,” I said boldly, tipping my head back, looking up at him.

His eyes met mine, gaze softened, then he sighed.

“We’ll have this week, that’s all I could give you. I don’t know what’ll happen when we get back home.” A crooked smile appeared on his lips. “I hope you understand.”

My heart dropped. As I looked in his eyes, I can see that he was still at war with his emotions for me. If this was all he could give me now, then I’ll take it, but I knew this wouldn’t be over when we head back home. Not if I could help it.

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I cupped his cheek, my thumb grazing the scruff across his jaw. The corners of my lips curled to a gentle smile.

“I understand, Hudson,” I said reassuringly. “At least we have this week.”

“Get some rest, sweet girl, we’re not done playing,” he said, his fingers gently drawing circles on my back.

I yawned and closed my eyes, feeling safe with Hudson by my side. No matter the reasons why we shouldn’t be together, we were good together. It felt right and I wasn’t going to let anyone, including him, try to break us apart this time.

8

### HUDSON

After fucking in the bedroom and falling asleep, we both woke up insatiable for one another and fucked in the living room on the couch, against the wall, then went back on the bed. We fell asleep around three o’clock this morning. Mila cuddled into me, draping her arm over my abs and resting her head on my chest. Her hair felt so soft as it splayed all over my arm. I didn’t sleep much last night as I replayed my night with Mila over and over again. She’s incredible, but this was only temporary. I couldn’t continue seeing her when we return home—not when her father could find out then kill me.

I glanced over at the clock on the nightstand, the white light displayed that it was now seven in the morning. I only slept for four hours, but felt so alert and wide awake. I

kissed the top of Mila's head and carefully slipped out of bed, hoping not to wake her up. As much as I wanted to continue cuddling with her, I was itching to go for a run on the beach, which I've done every day since we arrived in the island. I did my best to keep in shape at my age, and I needed to stay fit in order to keep up with Mila. She had an insatiable sexual appetite and I'm glad I can keep up with her. I didn't want to let her down for not being able to please her.

I changed into my running shorts and a tank top, then went out to the beach to start my five-mile run. I felt different today. I had lots of energy and was happy—owing it all to Mila.

The Hawaiian sun beat on me, my chest glistening with sweat as I breathed in the salty air, running along the sandy beach. Sweat beaded on my forehead, dripping down the sides of my face. I couldn't wait to return to my beautiful girl in bed. After this run, I wanted to take a nice, long shower—of course with her joining me.

I slowed down, returning back to the resort, taking deep breaths to catch my breath. I stretched my muscles, staring at the horizon and enjoying the view. I'd love to return back here and have Mila with me, or we can travel somewhere to the beaches in Greece or France. As I walked back onto the property, someone gripped my wrist, pulling me in a different direction.

"What the fuck!" I barked, twisting my body to see the person holding onto me, finding my ex-fiancée in front of me.

"Courtney? What the fuck?" I wrenched my arm away from her.

"Hudson." She smiled. "I wanted to talk to you." She took a step toward me, and I stepped back, wanting to keep my distance from her.

"What did you want to talk about?" I asked, gruffly.

“You look good, Hudson...” Her eyes roamed down my body, a smirk across her face. “I want to start a side relationship with you?—”

My eyes widened. Is this woman being serious right now? She’s getting married tomorrow. I shook my head. “No fucking way,” I scoffed.

“I missed you and didn’t know how much until I saw you again,” she said, running her finger down my chest.

I gripped her wrist, stopping her and pushing her hand away.

“Stop. You are getting married to the same guy you cheated on me with. You’re lucky I even came here to see you get married,” I sneered.

“I want you?—”

“No, Courtney. I’m with Mila now, and we’re happy,” I explained.

“You can’t be serious. Mila’s a child. There’s no way that child can pleasure you like I can?—”

I let out a loud laugh, watching Courtney’s face fall into a scowl.

“I’ve never been happier in or out of the bedroom. Mila’s more of a woman than you’ll ever be,” I said, then walked away, leaving my ex-fiancée standing alone.

I went back to my room, going straight into the bedroom. Mila was still sleeping. I gazed at her, admiring how gorgeous she looked with her black hair splayed all over the pillow. She looked like an angel.

I crawled into bed, placing kisses down her neck to her shoulder. My teeth grazed her



collarbone and she stirred in bed, groaning. I cupped her beautiful, perky tits, kneading them, then captured one of her nipples in my mouth. I slowly licked then gave short, quick flicks, making her moan. Sucking on her sharp peak, her back arched. I moved to her other breast, giving it the same attention.

Her sensual sounds had my dick stirring to life, getting hard and pressing up against my boxer briefs and shorts. I trailed kisses down her stomach, dipping in her belly button until I reached her pussy, which was already wet.

She spread her knees and I settled between them. Our eyes locked and I smirked, her eyelids were hooded.

“Such a pretty little pussy, and it’s already so wet for me,” I groaned. “I need to hear you tell me, who does this pussy belong to, angel?”

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“You, Daddy.” Her voice was raspy, sounding sexy as she ran her hands through my hair.

I pushed onto her thighs, bringing her knees toward her head, then licked up her slit. She was so fucking delicious and I couldn’t get enough of her. I murmured against her sex, the sound vibrating against her mound.

“Oh, so good,” she moaned, holding onto her tits.

I continued to taste and swirl my tongue all over and between her folds. She gripped fistfuls of my hair, a growl leaving my lips. I could tell that she was getting close to reaching her climax. I slid my middle finger in her opening, her pussy sucking it in. I pumped my finger in and out, my tongue flicking her swollen clit, ready to lap up her cum when she orgasms. I added a second finger, stretching her out as I thrust my hand into her tight pussy. I was getting her prepared for my cock, but I knew no matter how much I stretched her, it’d still feel like a tight fit.

My eyes snapped up, watching her close her eyes and throw back her head, whimpering. I moved my fingers faster, hooking them until I found her g-spot. She suddenly gasped. Found it. I sucked on her clit and she detonated. She cried out, her body shaking against me. My fingers continued to pump inside her as she rode out her orgasm. My cock was so hard, throbbing and aching to fuck this amazing woman.

I slowed my hand, then pulled out my cum-soaked fingers. My fingers were glistening, cum dripping down my hand. I wrapped my lips around them, sucking them clean.

“Fuck. You taste so sweet and delicious. This is the best meal after my run,” I growled.

“Mmm,” she said, her face flushed. “This is my favorite way to wake up now.” She smirked.

I pulled my tank top over my head, tossing it to the floor, then undid my shorts, pushing it and my boxer briefs down my legs and kicked it off. I sat up, stroking my cock slowly.

“I’ll make sure to wake you up like that from now on,” I said with a sly smile.

She sat up, crawling to me, then draped her arms around my neck before giving me an Earth-shattering kiss. Our lips moved in a sensual dance, her lips parting and inviting my tongue to join hers. I slid my tongue into her mouth, colliding with hers, wanting her to taste herself.

She moaned into the kiss and wrapped her hand around my cock, stroking it. My chest rumbled, pleasure running through my nerves from her touch.

She pulled away slightly. “It’s my turn to take care of you, Daddy,” she said, smiling against my lips. “Lie down and let me return the favor.”

9

MILA

Waking up to Hudson going down on me was a pleasant surprise, and it was definitely the best way to start the morning. I hoped that whatever we have right now will continue when we return to San Francisco. I pushed onto his chest and he laid down, one arm crossed under his head.

His cock was standing straight up, and I licked my lips as I eyed it. I settled between his legs, looking up, our eyes meeting. There was a glint of mischief in his eyes and I smirked. I wrapped my hands around his silky length, a hiss leaving his lips as I stroke him slowly. He groaned, watching me intensely. I lowered down, my tongue darting out between my lips, lapping up the bead of pre-cum leaking from the tip.

My tongue swirled around the bulb of his cock before I licked the entire length up and down. When I reached the tip, my lips wrapped around it then I lowered, taking in as much of his cock I could before pulled away, then lowered again. I bobbed my head up and down, my hands moving in tandem with my mouth, spreading my saliva down his shaft.

“Fuuuck,” he groaned, his gaze never leaving mine. “Look at you taking Daddy’s cock like the good little girl you are.”

His fingers raked through my hair, both his hands grasping the sides of my head, guiding me with the speed he liked. I took him deeper, the tip of his cock touching the back of my throat, making me gag. A low rumble resonated from his chest. I did that a few more times, feeling his dick swell in my mouth. I felt him getting close to reaching his climax. My hands reached underneath, cupping and gently squeezing his balls. He groaned, then pulled me off of him.

“I need to get inside your tight pussy,” he growled.

I straddled him, hovering over his erection. He sat up, wrapping his arm around my waist then flipped us over, my back hitting the mattress and my sexy silver fox hovering over me. He lined up his tip with my entrance then inched inside. My pussy swallowed his cock, reaching the hilt. I gasped, my pussy feeling so full as it adjusted to his size. He pulled back, then drove back into my pussy in one thrust, his eyes locked with mine. His blue eyes were clouded with lust, dark and intense.

He gripped my hips, lifting my ass off the bed. My legs wrapped around his waist, pushing him to go deeper.

I moan, pleasure stirring in my core. The connection I have with Hudson is like no other.

He grunted every time he thrust his hips, his cock buried deep. The sounds of our moans, slick skin slapping, and panting filled the air of the bedroom.

I was getting closer to reaching the peak and exploding all over his cock. My throbbing pussy tightened around his shaft, heat spreading through my body.

“I’m going to come soon,” I whimpered.

He lowered his hand to my pussy, sliding his fingers between my folds and finding my swollen clit. His fingers rubbed tight circles and electricity ran down my nerves, buzzing through my body.

“Come for me, angel,” he growled, his fingers moving faster.

I’m panting between my moans, his cock moving faster as I gripped the bedsheets beside me. My core tingled then my pussy clamped down on his cock, holding him in a vice grip.

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“Daddy!” I cried out, my body shaking as wave after wave of pleasure hits me with my release.

“That’s it, angel. Come all over my cock, baby,” he urged.

He leaned forward, pulling my breast in his mouth. He licked and sucked on my nipple, the pleasure from my tits going straight to my clit, making me moan. His mouth moved to my other nipple, not neglecting it.

He pumped his hips, driving into my pussy at piston speed as I rode out my orgasm. He released his mouth from my tit, straightening up, and thrustured into me harder and deeper.

“Faster,” I mewled.

Hudson fucked me faster, making my breath hitch.

“Oh God,” I groaned, feeling my core growing and getting closer to another orgasm.

“Fuck,” he growled. “I’m going to come.”

He drove into me faster, his cock swelling, his grunting increased.

I reached down to my pussy, rubbing my clit vigorously, trying to get myself off to come at the same time with him.

He slammed into me, roaring with his release, then I followed, moaning loudly as my

pussy walls clenched around his cock. His cock jerked inside me as I felt his warm cum coat my walls, mixing with my juices.

He collapsed on top of me, our bodies slicked with sweat as heat enveloped us. He lifted his head. Our gazes locked, then he pressed a slow, gentle kiss to my lips. He lifted off of me, pulling out, our cum leaking from my opening. He got out of bed and extended his hand out.

“Let’s shower, angel. I want to worship your body a little bit longer,” he said.

I placed my hand in his as he led us to the en suite, knowing exactly what he had in mind.

\* \* \*

Since Hudson and I hooked up again a few days ago, our chemistry and relationship have been out of this world. We’ve been flirting and couldn’t keep our hands off one another. It’s as if we’re a real couple in love...which I hope would come true. It’s been a fun week so far and we have a couple more days until we return home to San Francisco.

I sat on the couch and Hudson laid down, his head on my lap. He was taking a nap and I couldn’t help but admire how handsome and sexy he was. I stroked his silky hair, unable to believe that I’m with the man of my dreams—at least for the time being.

I picked up my phone and scrolled through social media, seeing what my friends were up to. A text message popped up on my screen from my best friend, Danielle.

DANIELLE

Hey, girl! How's Hawaii with your crush?

MILA

Hey, girl! It feels like a dream. I'm his fake fiancée on this trip and it really feels like we're a real couple.

MILA

\*picture of wearing the diamond ring\*

DANIELLE

Fiancée?! Have you guys kissed or had sex??

DANIELLE

Holy shit! That's a big rock!

I trusted my best friend with my life, and I knew that if I tell her everything about Hudson and I kissing and fucking. She wouldn't say anything to anyone, including my father. She knew how my dad was when it came to me going out and dating guys. He treated me like how Lolo (grandfather) treated my tita (auntie) growing up, from what my mom told me.

MILA



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You have to swear NOT to tell anyone...

DANIELLE

OMG! You guys hooked up, huh??

MILA

We did! At first, we were just flirting in front of everyone and holding hands. Then we fucked on the second day...but he ended up regretting it and ignoring me.

DANIELLE

I know you. You don't back down. What happened after?

MILA

I gave him the distance he wanted, but I could tell he didn't like it. Then he gave in and we had sex since. Every day, multiple times a day!

I smiled wide, reminiscing of all the intimate moments Hudson and I shared over the last week. This man had stamina, I tell you that, but I wasn't complaining.

DANIELLE

I'm so happy for you, Mila! I know that you had a crush on Hudson of a long time. Is this relationship serious, or could be serious?

I thought about that question for a moment, wanting to say yes, but I knew that Hudson said it's all for fun this week while we're on vacation.

MILA

Well, as of now, it's all for fun. When we go back home in a few days, he says we won't be seeing each other any longer because of my dad.

MILA

I'm hoping that I can convince him that this isn't going to be a fling.

I frowned, thinking about what Hudson and I had was going to come to an end.

DANIELLE

I hope that whatever you guys have turns into something serious. You deserve to be happy.

MILA

Thanks, Danielle!

I am happy. I gazed down at Hudson as he continued to sleep. I've crushed hard on this man for a long time and tried to push my feelings for him aside. Now that we've gotten close and intimate, I think I'm catching feelings for him. I'm falling in love with Hudson.

10

HUDSON

I can't believe this vacation is almost over. I've had the best week in my life with the most amazing woman. I know that when we go back to San Francisco in two days, I can't see Mila anymore. Nelson will kill me if he ever found out that I slept with his daughter. Just thinking about him finding out, knowing I betrayed his trust, had my stomach in knots. But thinking about letting go of Mila after all that we've shared together and how happy we've been, made my heart drop.

I feel so alive when I'm with her. It's a feeling that I haven't ever felt with anyone, even when I was with Courtney. Mila stirs something inside me that wants me to be a better man for her.

It's the evening of the sunset wedding for Courtney and Kevin. I'd rather stay in with Mila, but the wedding was the reason why we came here to Hawaii in the first place. I slipped my suit jacket on to complete my look. I wore a charcoal-colored suit with a navy blue, silk tie and cognac-colored loafers. I gave myself a final once over in the full-length mirror in the bedroom.

"Mila, are you almost ready?" I called out.

"Yes, I'll be right out," she responded from the bathroom, then walked out.

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My eyes widened as I stared at Mila in front of me. She took my breath away. She's so fucking gorgeous. Of course, she always was. She had her long, dark hair in wavy curls, cascading down her back. Her make-up was flawless and natural, except for the rose-colored lipstick on her full, pouty lips. She wore a long, strapless, navy blue dress with black heels. The wedding ceremony and reception wasn't on the beach. It was going to be in the garden area of the resort, overlooking the ocean. From what I heard, Courtney didn't want sand to get on her wedding dress or everywhere.

"Wow." That was all I could mutter. My eyes raked down her body and back up, taking every inch of her beauty. Our eyes locked, her chocolate brown eyes sparkled.

I closed the distance between us, snaking my arms around her waist, tugging her closer.

"You look absolutely stunning, angel," I said, smiling.

Her lips curved, her beautiful smile appeared across her face.

"Thank you, baby," she said, her cheeks tinged pink.

"You're adorable when you blush, you know that."

Her cheeks deepened, the pink darkened.

"You look so handsome as always," she complimented.

"Thanks, angel." I leaned forward, placing a slow sensual kiss on her lips.

Electricity ran through my body, awakening my senses. The effect she had on me was indescribable. It was an aphrodisiac that I wanted to feel over and over again. I released the kiss, stepping back. We've crossed the line this week. It's blurred and messy. I'm her dad's best friend. I was given the title of uncle growing up. At first, I thought this would be fun, a secret we'd keep when we returned to our lives back home, but I can see Mila as part of my future. My heart's telling me that she was mine.

I gazed at her, knowing that we are going back home in a couple days and she'll be back to dating guys her age. I clenched my jaw at the thought of other men with her. Mila's mine and I don't want her with anyone else.

You're crazy, Hudson. I couldn't claim Mila as mine. All these feelings I have for her are just lust. Even if I felt some type of way for her, there's no way that she'd return those feelings. This was all for fun, right?

I pushed those thoughts aside, just needing to live in the moment right now and enjoy what we had. I took a step back then offered my arm.

"You need a proper escort," I said. She threaded her arm in mine, looking up at me. She had the most beautiful, dark brown eyes, a hint of gold sparkled in them from the light.

"Why, thank you." She smiled, dimples appeared on her cheeks, making my knees weak.

I led us to the front door, opened it, and Mila stepped out first with me following her. I took her arm again and we headed downstairs and walked to the garden area. There was a large arch adorned with native Hawaiian flowers and crystals hanging, flower petals scattered down the aisle with white chairs placed on either side and fairy lights hanging above us. Behind the arch, the ocean was in the background, the sun setting.

This setting is just like Courtney—over the top and extra. My ideal wedding would be one that was intimate with our close loved ones, something classic and timeless.

Mila and I took our seats, waiting for the wedding to start. I glanced at Mila, admiring her soft features, the beautiful contours of her face. She was looking around in awe with the wedding decor.

I wondered what type of wedding Mila would want. What the hell are you thinking? I wouldn't be the one she would marry. She'd find someone her age that she'd fall in love with, get married to, and have a family with. Those thoughts brought so many different emotions that swirled in my head. I was upset, angry, and sad. I needed to face reality and stop dreaming of something that could never be between Mila and I.

I cleared my head, turning my head and looking away from her.

"Hey," Mila said, her hand cupping my cheek. She gently pulled my face, twisting my head until our eyes met, worry filled her eyes. "Are you okay?"

I gave her a gentle smile and nodded. I placed my hand over hers on my face. "I'm fine," I said, lying to her. I don't know if I'm okay or not. I'm trying to be, it's just that I'm so confused with my feelings.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

She flashed her beautiful smile. "Yes, everything's perfect."

I took her hand away from my face, then brought it up to my lips, kissing her palm, then grinned. Everything is perfect right now. Tomorrow's another story.

MILA

I couldn't help but think that something was wrong with Hudson. He seemed a little distracted with his thoughts. I wondered if he was sad or jealous that his ex-fiancée was getting married today, and thinks that it should've been his wedding. I turned away from him and frowned. What if Hudson regrets breaking up with Courtney? Why wouldn't he want to be with her again? She was beautiful and looked like a model.

But the way he looked at me told me otherwise. He looked at me as if I was the only woman in the world. This was temporary, anyway. I was here on a holiday and tomorrow night our agreement ends. I'll give his engagement ring back on the plane and will go back to being his best friend's daughter.

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The music started, a live string quartet playing a familiar classical tune, then all heads turned toward the aisle. The wedding party walked down the aisle, the groomsmen wearing crisp, black suits and the bridesmaids wearing sea-green-colored gowns.

I glanced at the groom, he looked nervous as he started down the aisle. Soon, the music shifted, the bride's song played, and we all stood up. I felt Hudson's arm around my waist, the warmth of being close to him enveloped me. He tugged me toward him. I watched Courtney walk down the aisle in an off-the-shoulder, form-fitting white gown. She looked beautiful.

I wondered what type of wedding Hudson would want. Did he want something classy, casual, or formal? Would he want tons of guests or just close friends and family? I imagined him up there waiting for me. Would he tear up watching me walk down the aisle toward him? I'll never find out. It would be just another fantasy to add to the others I had of him.

We sat down, watching the rest of the ceremony, and it was beautiful.

"You may now kiss the bride," the officiant announced.

We all stood up, clapping as the bride and groom walked down the aisle, followed by the rest of the bridal party. Hudson kissed the top of my head and I looked up at him, his blue eyes sparkling as he met my gaze.

"Come on, let's join everyone for cocktail hour," he suggested, taking my hand after I nodded in response.



Our fingers were interlaced as we held hands, walking toward the bar area where the cocktail hour was being held. His thumb brushing the back of my hand, comforting me.

“May I get an old fashioned and a mai tai for my fiancée?” Hudson asked the bartender, who quickly got our drinks made.

Hudson handed a glass to me.

“Thank you, baby,” I said.

“Of course, angel.” He flashed that sexy smile of his and I was weak in the knees.

The reception was close by. A large tent with round tables was decorated with high centerpieces of crystals, candles, and large floral arrangements. A crystal chandelier and fairy lights hung above. There was a photo booth at the corner of the room, a dessert bar, and a five-tier wedding cake.

This wedding was beautiful, but this was overly done. It was over the top...but to each their own. Every woman dreams of their wedding ever since they're a little girl. If this is what Courtney wanted, then who am I to judge?

“What do you think of the wedding so far?” Hudson asked, taking me aside, away from others.

“It's beautiful...a little over the top, but beautiful,” I said, then took a sip of my drink.

“Courtney has always been materialistic and over the top.” Hudson chuckled. “She blows through money without a care in the world.”

I rolled my eyes, then laughed. “Definitely doesn't know the definition of what hard

work is, I assume?”

“You are correct. She never worked and doesn’t plan to ever. Everything was given to her on a silver platter. I feel sorry for Kevin, but that’s his choice to marry her. I’m glad I’m not with her anymore.” He gazed into my eyes and there was a glint in them, as if they were telling me that he was happy to be with me.

We stared at one another, not saying a word. There was a sizzle in the air between us, his eyes darkening and getting intense. Then he cleared his throat, his demeanor changing.

“Looks like the reception is going to start soon. Let’s take our seats.” He offered his arm which I accepted, then we walked to the open tent where the reception was held.

We were served a three-course meal, watched the bride and groom dance their first dance, the father-daughter dance, the mother-son dance, and the newlyweds cut their cake.

Soon after, the DJ started to play Top 40 hits and guests were going onto the dance floor.

Hudson draped his arm on the back of my chair and leaned into my ear.

“Are you having a good time, baby?” he asked, his voice low.

I twisted my head toward him and smiled. “I am, are you?” I asked, cupping his jaw, stroking the scruff on his jawline with my thumb.

“Yeah, I am.” He gazed into my eyes, there was a crackle in the air between us, then he leaned forward, placing a soft kiss to my lips.

I smiled against his lips. “How about we go dance?”

He pulled back slowly then chuckled. “I don’t dance, sweetheart.”

“Everyone can dance,” I said, standing up and taking his hand.

He got up and sighed.

We headed onto the dance floor and draped my arms around his neck. His arms wrapped around my waist and I started to sway my hips, our eyes locked. His eyes deepened with an intensity, swirled with lust in his eyes. I spun around, pressing my back against the front of his body, and danced seductively. I felt a bulge press against my lower back and I smirked.

“You’re getting me horny, baby,” he whispered in my ear, his breath tickling.

I spun back around to face him and he pulled me closer until there was barely any space between us. I leaned up on my tiptoes and brought him down to my level, leaning into his ear.

“How about we go back to the room and I give you a private dance?” I asked, to which he grabbed my hand, us quickly leaving the wedding to our room.

I entered the room, going straight to the living room, and Hudson followed from behind. I spun around, gesturing for him to come closer. I grasped his hands and guided him to sit on the couch, then played a slow, sensual song on my phone. Hudson’s eyes focused on me then trailed down my body as I started to sway my hips and dance seductively to the music.

“Fuck, you’re so sexy,” he growled.

I looked down to his groin and there was an apparent bulge growing, showing the effect I had on him. I reached behind me, slowly unzipping my dress, then let the

dress fall down my body and pool around my feet. I wasn't wearing a bra underneath this dress, so all I was left wearing was my lace thong.

His eyes blazed with hunger, penetrating and dark. He licked his lips as his gaze lowered to my tits, my nipples hardening under his gaze. I swayed my hips, spun around with my back facing him, then sat on his lap, grinding against his hard on. He grunted as my ass rocked along his erection, his hands on my hips. I got up, twisted around, then lowered between his spread legs, grasping onto the waistband of his pants. I undid his belt, the metal jingling, then undid the fly of his pants. He lifted his hips as I pulled his pants and boxer briefs down and off his legs, freeing his cock. He stroked his cock slowly and deliberately.

I replaced his hand with mine, stroking him up and down his hard length. Pre-cum beaded from his tip, my tongue sweeping across my lips. I leaned forward, licking off the pre-cum, the salty flavor hitting my tongue before I swirled around the mushroom head of his cock.

He groaned as I wrapped my lips around the bulb then lowered down, taking him deep. Over the last week, I've learned what he liked, how to best give him pleasure. My throat relaxed, taking his cock until the tip touched the back of my throat. A low rumble resonated in his chest. I licked and sucked his erection, loving the way he groaned and grunted because of me.

"Fuuuck," he said breathy.

I bobbed my head up and down his cock, my hands moving in tandem, stroking his shaft and spreading my saliva around it. He ran his hands through my hair, pushing my head down until I gagged. He groaned as I breathed through my nose. Then he let up and I retreated, gasping for air. I did that a couple more times before I moved my head faster, feeling his cock swell in my mouth. I knew he was getting close to reaching his climax.

“Fuck, baby. Daddy’s going to come. I want you to swallow every drop, my dirty little girl. Understand?” he growled.

My eyes flicked up meeting his and I murmured my response as his cock was stuffed inside my mouth. Then he pushed my head down one last time, ropes of his warm cum going down the back of my throat, his eyes rolling back. I swallowed, contracting around his dick, and he hissed. He loosened his hands and assisted me off of him. I opened my mouth, showing him that I swallowed his cum.

“That’s my good girl. Now sit on my face and I’ll reward you.” He smirked.

I gave a mischievous grin, ready to get rewarded by my sexy silver fox.

12

## HUDSON

This woman was so fucking sexy and knew how to please me. I loved how she followed instructions and swallowed every drop of my cum. She was such a good girl. My very good dirty girl. What was I thinking? She’s not mine after tomorrow night. When she did her private strip tease for me, I thought I’d come in my pants right then and there like a teenage boy watching porn for the first time. She looked at me as if I was the only man in the world for her. I wished I was.

I pulled her toward me, hooking my fingers under the waistband of her thong then pulled it down, letting it drop to the floor. She stepped out of them and I helped her onto the couch. My hands ran up the back of her thighs, cupping her ass and squeezing, then guided her until her pussy was over my mouth.

I smelled her arousal, my cock stirring back to life again. This gorgeous vixen was the only one who could get me hard soon after coming despite my age. Mila’s pussy

was dripping wet and I licked my lips before licking up her slick slit, relishing in her sweet taste.

“Oh, Hudson,” she mewled, her sensual sounds ingrained in my head.

I wanted to be the only one to hear her call my name and see her like this.

My tongue lapped around her pussy, trying to get into every crevice of my delicious treat. I grabbed her hips, keeping her still, her moans getting louder. My mouth clamped around her pussy, sucking her off. I found her sensitive nub and flicked it with quick, short strokes before sucking on her clit. I devoured her like it was my last meal on Earth.

“I’m going to come, baby,” she whimpered, her hands fisting my hair.

I growled, the sound vibrating onto her pussy, then she came all over my tongue. I lapped up every single drop of it.

As she came down her high, I assisted her until she was straddling me, my cock hard and aching and nestled between her folds.

“I need to fuck you, baby,” I gritted.

“Take me. I’m yours,” she said.

*Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:20 am*

I slammed my mouth on hers, giving her a taste of her juices that were still on my tongue. Our tongues curled around one another. I gripped a fistful of her hair at the back of her head and jerked her head to the side, my tongue sliding further in her mouth. I deepened the kiss, my cock throbbing and needing to fuck her.

She rose on her knees, taking my cock and lining the tip at her entrance, our mouths still locked in our heated kiss. She lowered down slowly, taking every inch of me until she bottomed out. We both inhaled sharply, her tight pussy hugging my cock, feeling so good. I gripped her ass, then stood up, her legs wrapped around my waist, her arms circled around my neck. I rounded the couch and placed her on the arm rest.

I crushed my lips on hers, our tongues moving and fighting for dominance. I pulled my hips back before driving into her in one long stroke, bottoming out. Her chocolate brown eyes were hazed with lust and desire. I released our kiss, pushing her down until her head was laying on the couch cushions. At the angle she was in, I could go deeper. I hooked my arms under her knees, holding her as I thrust my hips, slamming into her, our slick skin slapping.

“Fuck, baby. You feel so good,” Mila whimpered. Hearing her moans and whimpers gave me the fuel to fuck her harder. I wanted to hear more from her, to hear my name fall from her lips.

“Who’s cock does this pussy only take, angel?” I grunted.

“Yours. Only your cock, Daddy,” she moaned, holding her tits and pinching her nipples.



“That’s right, little girl. Mine,” I growled, feeling possessive over her.

Her pussy clenched around my throbbing length, getting close to orgasming again.

“I’m coming,” she moaned, reaching out for the couch cushions and gripping it tightly, the whites of her knuckles showing.

Then she detonated, crying out. “Daddy!” Her pussy walls gripped my cock in a vice, her body shuddering as she came all over my cock. Every time I hear her call meDaddy, my cock throbbed, ready to spill my cum inside her. I wasn’t ready to come yet, though. I wanted to make it last.

“Come all over Daddy’s cock, baby,” I growled.

I continued to punch my hips, driving into her hard as she rode out her orgasm, her face twisting in pleasure as she rode wave after wave. As she came down from her high, I pulled out and helped her up and turned her around.

“Bend down, angel,” I ordered, and she followed my instructions like my good little girl.

I pushed her head down toward the couch cushions, then dragged my hand down her spine until I reached her ass. I lifted my hand and spanked her ass cheek, the loud cracking sound echoing in the room. I rubbed that spot, soothing the sting before slapping her ass again. I looked down at her pussy and it was glistening. I repeated the same thing to her other ass cheek, making both sides a dark pink, branding her with my hand prints.

I wanted men to know that I claimed her, that Mila was mine, even if it ends tonight. Thinking of other men having their hands on her and their dicks wet with her cum made my blood boil.

I stroked my cock, gazing at this goddess, then lined up my tip at her entrance, driving in one long stroke. She gasped as my cock filled her tight pussy once again. No matter how many times we've fucked, she was always tight. I pulled back and her pussy felt like it was sucking me back in, greedy for more.

I punched my hips forward and thrust, pounding into her hard and deep. I wanted to stay buried in this perfect pussy for all the days in my life. She was perfect, but I couldn't have her anymore. I needed to give her up when we returned home tomorrow.

I fucked her rough and raw, imprinting this moment in my mind. I wanted Mila to remember this moment, who fucked her like there was no tomorrow—in our case, there wouldn't be soon enough.

I groaned, slamming into her, our slick skin slapping, her moans getting louder. I gripped her hips, digging my fingers into her skin. I'm sure she'll get a bruise there later.

"Fuck," I grunted, fucking her like an animal, my hips thrusting at piston speed. This felt so primal, and I wanted to claim her as mine.

Her hands gripped the couch cushions tightly, the whites of my knuckles showing.

I slapped her ass again and she yelped, her pussy getting wetter, then did it again.

"Oh my God! I'm coming!" she cried out.

"Come for me, baby," I growled. "Milk my cock."

Her pussy clamped down on my throbbing cock and she exploded with her release, crying out my name.

“That’s it,” I groaned. “Grip my cock.”

I thrust erratically, chasing my orgasm. I couldn’t hold out much longer, ready to explode. Pleasure grew in my core as I reached my climax. I tilted my hips, driving into her once...twice...and slammed into her one last time, spurting my cum all over her pussy walls, mixing with her cum.

I stayed buried inside her for a minute, both of us trying to catch our breaths, then I pulled out and assisted her up, gathering her in my arms. I scooped her up and walked us over to our bed, placing her on the mattress gently. Going to the bathroom, I got a damp cloth then returned to my girl, cleaning us both up before slipping under the covers. I wrapped my arms around her and we cuddled.

“You’re so beautiful and so perfect,” I said, leaning down and kissing the top of her head. I heard her breathing even out and saw she fell asleep. “Sweet dreams, my angel.”

I held her close, knowing that after tomorrow night it’s back to reality, and we’d never get this moment again.

13

MILA

The last day of our Maui trip, Hudson rented a Jeep and we drove all over the island, exploring the different beaches, tourist spots, and places to eat. We held hands, fed each other, and acted like lovestruck teenagers. We smiled and laughed, talking about places we hope to travel to in the future. Not once did we talk about us and what will happen when we returned home to San Francisco tomorrow. That was a subject I was afraid to bring up, knowing that the outcome would make my heart break. I felt deep down, he felt the same way.

We didn't want this to end. This had been the best vacation I've had and had an even better time with someone I truly cared about and loved. I couldn't tell him that. Hudson made it clear that this was temporary. This was only for the duration of this holiday.

Hudson pulled into the hotel, put the Jeep in park, then got out, rounding the car and opening my door like the gentleman he was.

Taking my hand, we returned to our hotel room in silence, then started to pack our luggage in the bedroom. I turned to look at him across the room.

"Thank you, Hudson, for taking me on this vacation," I said, breaking the ice.

His lips curved, flashing his handsome grin, then he closed the distance between us, snaking his arms around my waist, looking down at me, his blue eyes shining

brightly.

“I should thank you, Mila. This has been the best vacation I’ve ever had, and I’m grateful that you agreed to go with me,” he said, then leaned down to kiss my forehead.

I wrapped my arms around him, resting my face on his chest. I took in his masculine scent, mixed with the ocean air and tropical flowers, one last time. I sighed, then stepped back, loosening my arms and giving him a small smile. I blinked back tears, not wanting to show him that I was sad everything was coming to an end.

I pulled the engagement ring off my finger and placed it on the palm of his hand.

“This belongs to you,” I said softly, my voice choked.

Hudson’s eyes dulled as he frowned, his brows knitted.

“Thank you,” he responded, his voice low, above a whisper.

I twisted around and continued to pack, avoiding contact with him.

“Could I ask you something, Mila? I understand if you don’t want to...”

I tilted my head, my eyebrows pulled to the center. “What is it?”

“Could I cuddle with you one last time tonight?”

I smiled, my eyes welled with tears as I nodded. “Yes, of course. I’d love that.”

\* \* \*

It's been three days since Hudson and I returned home from Hawaii, and I haven't heard from him since. He hadn't reach out once since dropping me off that afternoon. Luckily, my dad wasn't home to see Hudson dropping me off at the house. I knew that Dad would ask why his best friend picked me up from the airport and took me home.

MILA

Hi, Hudson! Just wanted to see how you were doing. Did you want to grab a bite to eat some time?

This was the fourth text I sent him since returning home, but he hasn't respond to any of them. The agreement that Hudson and I had was only during our vacation and nothing more. I didn't know exactly how to feel about the situation and about him. I know Hudson never made any promises to me, but yet, I felt he'd shared the same feelings I had for him. I could see it in his eyes like he had some type of affection towards me, but I could be mistaken and it was just lust and desire. We were very intimate last week several times after he finally came to terms with himself that he couldn't stay away from me.

I know and understand the reasons why being together would be difficult for us. My dad being the number one reason. I think my father would be okay with Hudson and I being together...eventually. He'd probably be pissed off, but if Dad knew how happy Hudson made me feel, I'm sure my father would accept us. The second reason was the age difference. That didn't matter to me, though. None of these reasons mattered. When I was with Hudson, I felt like I was the only woman in the world he was looking at, the only one he wanted to be with.

Hudson was the only man I cared and loved, and I really thought after all we shared last week, he'd want to make an effort to be with me. He told me that I was his and no other man would take me away from him. Was that all a lie? Did he just say it in

the heat of the moment between us?

I needed to do something to get him off my mind. I knew nothing was ever going to happen between Hudson and I. It was a one-time thing and I needed to get over it. I took a deep breath in and sighed.

Whenever I was stressed, I hit the gym to burn off energy and to take my mind off things. I changed into workout leggings and a cropped tank top, then pulled my hair up into a sleek pony tail. I grabbed my ear buds, phone, and wallet, stuffing them into my mini backpack. I picked up my keys, then headed to the front door.

I wasn't motivated to work out, but I knew that was the only way to try to get over Hudson and move on...eventually. Opening the door, I gasped, eyes open wide as I find the one man I truly loved standing on the other side with his hand lifted to knock.

He lowered his hand, his brilliant, blue eyes staring into mine. I raked my gaze down his body and back up, drinking him in. He looked so sexy wearing a navy blue t-shirt that clung to his toned body and the swells of his biceps, and denim pants. His short scruff was neatly trimmed and his salt-and-pepper hair was messy.

“Hudson,” I said breathy.

14

HUDSON

I stood in front of the one woman I needed to stay away from. I tried to stay away, but I just couldn't. I missed Mila. Not just the sex, but Mila herself— her laugh, our talks, being close to her. When she was growing up, we weren't that close. Sure, I visited her on birthdays and holidays, bringing her presents that I'm not even sure she liked or kept. I chatted with her about school and what kinds of things she was into, but that was it. I was busy talking to my best friend about my next business venture and investment, or who I was dating.

All that didn't matter now. All I wanted was Mila. She was the one I wanted in my life. The last three days were torture and felt like the days went by so slow. Even when I tried to keep busy with work, I couldn't focus. I would look at photos that we took during our trip, the memories of us haunting me.

Mila texted me, checking to see how I was doing and if we can hang out, but I resisted texting her back and calling her. Remembering our time together and how it felt to be in a relationship—albeit a fake relationship—with her, I knew that I couldn't stay away any longer. I jerked off at least twice a day since returning home, thinking of Mila. I missed her. I had the most incredible time with her in Hawaii, needing to see her again. I knew I was out of my mind being here, risking Nelson seeing me in his backyard, going into Mila's place.



Before she opened the front door, I stood there a long minute, debating if being here was a good idea. I was about to turn and walk away, but I wasn't a coward so I stayed, ready to see my sweet girl. When Mila opened the door, I was breathless. She was so goddamn beautiful, even dressed for the gym. My eyes roamed down her body, taking every inch of her to memory. I balled my hands to fists, thinking of all the men at the gym gaping at Mila and her curvaceous body as she wore these tight, body-hugging clothing.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your day," I said, my body relaxing as our eyes met again.

She let out a husky laugh, the beautiful sound melting my heart. "You sound so formal," she teased, smirking.

I rolled my eyes as she continued to laugh. That does it. I hooked my arms around her waist and jerked her to my body, then crushed my lips on hers, giving her a hot, panty-melting kiss. She's going to know how much I missed her.

Her body stiffened for a brief moment then she relaxed, kissing me back. She dragged me into the pool house with our lips still locked, then kicked the door shut. Her hands ran through my hair, gripping on fistfuls, causing a low growl to rumble in my chest. I licked the seam of her lips, urging her to part them, and allowing my tongue access into her mouth. My tongue slid in, meeting hers. Our tongues danced and curled around one another, finding the rhythm of our song once again. Our kiss was hungry, and I was taking everything I could from her.

She moaned into the kiss, the sound vibrating against our lips as I deepened our kiss. My heartbeat sped up, my arms tightening my hold around her, pressing her against my body until there wasn't any space left between us. I reluctantly pulled away, releasing the kiss, soft pants leaving our lips as we tried to catch our breaths.

"I missed you, angel," I said low, cupping her jaw and gazing into her dark eyes.

“I missed you too, baby.” She flashed her beautiful smile, making the butterflies in my stomach flutter.

There was a sizzle in the air between us, an undeniable chemistry we have. I leaned in, pressing my lips on hers once again, spinning her around and pinning her against the wall. There was no way I wanted this to end.

15

MILA

Hudson’s here. I couldn’t believe it. He hadn’t responded to my texts or made any type of contact with me for the last three days, but suddenly showed up to my door and kissed me. I missed him so much, his kiss sent a surge of electrical energy through my nerves. His touch had my body on fire and aching for more from him. I led him to the couch, it reminded me of when we fucked in the living room of our hotel suite. That was an incredible night.

I grabbed the hem of his shirt, pulling it up and over his head, tossing it to the floor. My hands ran down his chest, refamiliarizing myself with his body, as if I haven’t seen him in months. His body was sculpted to perfection, my fingers following the grooves of his muscles as it flexed under my touch.

He pulled my cropped tank top off of me, exposing my bare breasts. My nipples hardened as soon as the cool air from the room swept over them. He grabbed my tits, kneading them.

“I missed these perfect tits,” he growled, then pulled one of my nipples in his mouth, suckling and teasing it with his tongue.

I moaned, my fingers raking through his salt-and-pepper hair. He moved onto my

other breast, giving it the same attention, his tongue circling around my nipple before he sucked on the sharp tip. He flicked each of my nipples with the tip of his tongue with short strokes, then tugged it between his teeth, the pinching sensation went straight to my clit. My pussy throbbed, arousal flooding my panties, making me gasp.

His hand lowered to the waistband of my pants, slipping underneath it and my underwear until he was stroking my slick sex.

“You’re so fucking wet for me, angel.” His voice was low and raspy, mischief filling his eyes.

“I need you, baby. I want your big cock inside me,” I whimpered, closing my eyes as his hand rubbed my pussy, spreading the slickness all over.

I kicked off my shoes before he pulled my pants and panties down and off my legs.

“Fuck, baby. You’re so gorgeous,” he purred.

I blushed at his compliment. My hands reached the waistband of his pants, undoing them and pulling them down and off his legs, along with his boxer briefs. His erection pointed straight at me, twitching and ready for my mouth and pussy to devour his entire length. I licked my lips then bit my bottom lip, gazing into his eyes that were hazed with lust.

He guided me to the couch, having me sit down. He kneeled down between my legs, licking his lips as he stared at my dripping wet pussy. He leaned in, inhaling a deep breath before licking up my slit.

I gasped, my hips squirmed. He pushed my inner thighs apart, spreading me wider, then holding me down as he continued to lick my pussy. I pulled my knees toward me, holding onto them as his tongue weaved through my folds. He found my clit,

teasing it with the tip of his tongue, giving it short, quick flicks. A surge of energy buzzed from my clit to my core as he licked and sucked my swollen bud, his skilled mouth increased the pleasure building inside me.

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“Oh God! So good,” I moaned. “I’m coming.”

He slid a finger inside my pussy, pumping in and out before adding another finger and stretching me out. I moaned, the sensual sounds getting louder. My heartbeat sped up, my breathing increased.

He sucked my clit, and I exploded all over his tongue with wave after wave of my orgasm ripping through me, my body shuddering with my release. He pulled out his fingers, lapping up all my cum before sucking his fingers dry. His swollen lips and scruff were glistening with my juices, a smirk lifting across his lips. God, he looked so sexy.

“Delicious. My favorite treat,” he said, assisting me up after he stood.

I immediately went down on my knees, looking up at him through my lashes. He looked down at me, cupping my jaw and caressing my cheek with his thumb. I wrapped my hands around his stiff length, stroking it slowly from base to tip, watching pre-cum leak from the slit. I leaned forward, lapping off the pre-cum with my tongue, the saltiness hitting my taste buds.

My tongue circled around the bulbous head, then I licked up and down his length, his musty scent that washed into my nose. He groaned, his hand running through my hair. When I reached the tip, I wrapped my lips around it and lowered, taking in as much of his thick and long cock as I could.

“Fuuck,” he groaned. “You look so sexy having my cock stuffed in this pretty little mouth of yours.”

My eyes flicked up, watching his face twist in pleasure as I bobbed up and down his length. Every time I went down, I took more of his cock in my mouth until his tip touched the back of my throat. He held me in place as I deep throated him, gagging on his cock as tears pricked my eyes. Then he loosened his grip, guiding me off of him to catch my breath.

My hands worked his cock in tandem with my mouth, spreading my saliva all over his throbbing length. I could tell he was getting ready to climax soon. He was panting, his cock swelling inside my mouth making for a tighter fit, and his moans were getting louder.

“I’m going to come,” he grunted.

I worked his cock faster with my mouth and hands, then he held my head still, his hips thrusting a couple times before he stilled. His cock was deep in my throat, spurting ropes of cum down it. Like the good girl I am for him, I swallowed every drop of the milky liquid. He pulled out, his cock still hard.

Hudson brushed his thumb across my bottom lip, a sly grin across his face.

“So beautiful,” he growled, then he assisted me up and back onto the couch.

I laid down and he hovered over me, our lips locked in a kiss that soon turned fervent. His tongue slid into my mouth, curling around mine as he deepened the kiss. He settled between my legs, pushing my thighs out, one of my legs hooked over the back of the couch, spreading me wider.

He lined up his cock at my entrance then pushed his tip in, inching inside until he reached the hilt. His cock stretched me so good, filling me up, making me inhale a sharp breath.

“So fucking tight,” he growled.

I tilted my hips up and he started to move, thrusting his hips at a steady pace.

“You feel so good, baby,” I whimpered.

He gripped my hips, his fingers digging into my skin as he lifted it up, his cock hitting me deeper. I moaned, grabbing my tits and tugging on my hard nipples, the pleasure shooting from my breasts straight to my throbbing clit.

Hudson’s chest glistened and his forehead beaded with sweat, grunting with every thrust. The sounds of our slick skin slapping mixed with our sensual sounds filled the air, along with the musky aroma of sex.

Pleasure swirled in my core, getting me closer to reaching my peak. He moved my legs, bringing them onto his chest, my ankles on his shoulders. My pussy tightened around his cock, this position felt so different but so good.

“I’m coming,” I cried out, the pleasure inside was brimming at the point of explosion and I couldn’t hold out any longer.

His hand lowered to my pussy, his fingers finding my clit, rubbing it vigorously. I was panting, my heart rate quickened, and my pussy clenched around his cock, holding him in a vice grip. Then I detonated, crying out his name, throwing my head back as my back arched off the couch.

My orgasm hit me like a tidal wave, crashing through my body as I shuddered underneath him. His hips continued to move, his cock pumping in and out as I rode out my orgasm. He was getting close to reaching his climax, his face twisted in pleasure, his cock swelling inside me, making it a tighter fit.

“Fuck, I coming,” he grunted, then he punched his hips forward once, twice, then slammed into me and stilled.

His cock jerked inside me with his release. Rope after rope of cum spilled inside me, mixing with mine. Hudson’s sweat-veiled body collapsed on top of me, both of us trying to catch our breaths.

“Hey Mila—” My dad’s voice came from the front door. “What the fuck!” His voice boomed in my home, both Hudson and I scrambled up.

I grabbed the throw blanket on the couch and covered both Hudson and I.

“Hudson?!” Dad yelled out, his eyes focused on Hudson with daggers in his eyes.

I stared at my father, his eyes were wide, face red as a tomato.



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“You should have knocked, Dad,” I said.

“Kaninong ari-arian ka nakatira (Whose property do you live on?)Ikaw ay nakatira sa aking bahay sa akin ari-arian (You live in my house on my property),”Dad gritted, then he turned to Hudson. When my dad’s angry, he tends to speak in Tagalog, being able to get more of what he wants to say out of his mouth.

“You should be ashamed of yourself,” my dad sneered, glaring at his best friend, his voice lowering to a deadly tone. “Taking advantage of my sweet daughter?—”

“Dad!” I yelled.

“Hudson took advantage of you, Mila. He’s twice your age and shouldn’t be hooking up with you.” Dad’s voice was stern and I wasn’t going to back down.

“It’s not like that,” I snapped. “Hudson and I like each other. I wanted this to happen. He didn’t coerce me to do anything.”

“Hudson’s a grown adult. He should know better than to fuck someone that he considers as his niece. Open your eyes, Mila. Hudson doesn’t like you like you think he does.” Dad stood there, looking at me then Hudson and back at me, shaking his head in disappointment.

I looked at Hudson and he frowned.

“Your dad’s right,” he said, shocking me. “This shouldn’t have happened.”

“What?!” I clenched my jaw, my blood boiling. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Hudson came here to see me, told me that he missed me, and now said it was a mistake? What the fuck!

I glowered at Hudson and he looked away, unable to meet my gaze. Then I turned my head to look at my dad, my gaze narrowed on him, intense.

Dad huffed. “I need to go and cool down...this is all too much. I need time before I talk to either of you again.” Then my father turned on his heel, walking out, slamming the door behind him, the walls shaking.

I turned to Hudson, who got up from the couch, then started to get dressed. I gripped the blanket tightly, the whites of my knuckles showing. My eyes fixated on him, scowling and feeling like I was about to explode with the anger boiling inside me.

“Why did you let my dad talk to us like that? You just sat here taking it in,” I gritted.

“Mila, this was wrong. We shouldn’t have done anything...I shouldn’t have come to see you today.” I could see the conflicted expression in Hudson’s face.

“I thought that I meant something to you.” My voice cracked, a bundle of emotions rising inside me, blinking back tears.

16

HUDSON

“I’m sorry, Mila,” I said quietly. “Your father’s right about everything.”

I watched a tear escape the corner of Mila’s face, breaking my heart. I never wanted to make her cry. That was the last thing I wanted to do, but I did it anyway.

Nelson was right. I should be ashamed of myself. I've never chased a younger woman and I definitely never stabbed my best friend in the back before. He trusted in me. Guilt washed over me as I watched Mila sob.

"I'm sorry for hurting you, Mila. I took advantage of you," I told her.

"You didn't take advantage of me. I wanted this...just like you did," she cried. Her eyes were red, her make-up smeared from her tears.

My heart shattered. She was right; I wanted to be with her. She made me happy, but I should have been strong enough to resist her. I knew this would happen once Nelson found out. For fuck's sake, he caught me buried deep in his daughter.

"I shouldn't have led you on, Mila. This holiday was a mistake and I shouldn't have asked you to go with me," I said solemnly, my heart crumbling into pieces. "It's best that we don't see each other anymore." Saying those words was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do, but it had to be done. It's what's best for the both of us. Keep telling yourself that, Hudson.

"You told me that you missed me and that I was yours. Was that all a lie?" she asked, her voice cracking.

I swallowed the lump in my throat, unable to answer her. I did say those words to her, but it was in the moment of lust. Right? I walked to the front door, then twisted my body to look at Mila one last time. Sadness washed over me and I wished I could reassure Mila, but it was best if I just walked away and leave.

"You're just a coward," she gritted out.

My body stiffened at the blow from her words. I don't blame her for being upset with me. Maybe I am a coward, but this was what I needed to do. I walked out of her home

and never looked back.

I got into my car and buried my face in my hands. I just broke up with Mila. I should feel relieved, but my heart is aching. My decision to break up with her would patch up my friendship with Nelson...or I hoped it would. But why do I feel miserable?

*Source Creation Date: June 11, 2025, 10:20 am*

I turned on the ignition and headed back to my house, my mind replaying all the events that happened today. I was miserable not seeing Mila for the last few days after coming home from Hawaii. When I saw her again, I felt like I found the missing piece to the puzzle. She made me whole. I couldn't deny that what Mila and I had was electrifying. Being with her made sense, even if it didn't make sense to Nelson. He didn't approve with the idea of Mila and I being together, and I'm sure our other friends and family would feel the same as him. I did what I thought was right for all of us, but I left her place in even worse emotional condition before I got there.

I needed to figure out a way to get her off my mind and move on. It may be easier said than done.

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### MILA

I haven't left my place for the last week since Hudson broke up with me. He hasn't texted or called me, but I also didn't make an effort to reach out to him, either. I'm miserable without him. I still couldn't believe it—he didn't fight for our relationship, and I've given up trying to convince him to do otherwise. He made it known that he didn't want to get with me. Dad still hasn't come by to visit and talk to me. I'm pretty sure it's the same with Hudson. Dad caught Hudson and I fucking, after all. I'm sure my dad's trying to process everything that's happened.

I sat on the couch, wrapped in a blanket, staring at the television screen, not paying attention to the movie playing. My eyes are puffy from all the tears I cried since he left me. I don't think I have any more left in me.

There was a knock on my door, my body stiffening. Was it Hudson? I got up and headed to the front door and opened it. I frowned, gazing at my father.

“Hi, Mila,” he greeted with a lopsided smile.

“Hey, Dad,” I said, stepping aside so he can come in.

I walked back to the living room, my father following from behind. I sat down and he did too, right next to me.

“How’re you doing? I haven’t seen you go anywhere,” he asked.

I twisted my body to face my dad. “I’m not doing okay, Dad,” I told him, choking on my words tears brimmed my eyes. “I’m in love with Hudson and now we can’t be together because of you.”

My dad’s body stilled, then he turned to me, staring at me wide-eyed.

“I didn’t know your feelings for him were that serious,” he said, his eyes searching mine.

“I’m an adult now and I can make my own decisions of who I want to be with. I get it, Dad. Hudson’s your best friend, but he’s also a good man. You helped ruin what could have been my happiness. Now, Hudson’s gone and he won’t talk to me,” I said with a pained voice.

It’s true. Hudson was a good man. He wouldn’t be my dad’s best friend if he wasn’t.

I narrowed my gaze at my father, watching his reaction.

“I still don’t like the idea of you two being together. I’m sorry I ruined what could

have been for you two,” he told me. “You’re still my little girl. No man is good enough for you.”

“Not even your best friend?” I asked.

Dad just stared at me. “I don’t know what to think right now. I can’t imagine you and Hudson together. It doesn’t sit well with me. I’ll try to accept it if that’s what you want, but not right now,” he said, frowning before he got up and left.

I sighed then slumped on the couch, sulking.

Dad doesn’t understand and I don’t know if he ever will. He still thinks of me as a teenager, but it doesn’t matter now since Hudson wasn’t going to be mine, anyway. My heart was still broken and the tears I thought were all dried up, came rolling down my face. I laid down, sobbing.

A loud knock on the door startled me. My eyes shot open, adjusting to the darkness. I wasn’t expecting anyone visiting.

I turned on the lights on the way to the front door. Opening the door, my best friend stood there, concern in her expression as she looked at my appearance. I stepped back and she walked through the doorway with her large tote bag in hand.

“Mila, you look—” Danielle started.

“Terrible, I know,” I interrupted, rubbing my puffy eyes.

She followed me to the couch and plopped down next to me.

“We’re going out tonight,” she told me.

I shook my head. “No, I don’t feel like going out.”

“Look at you, girl. You look like a hot mess. You need to go out. It will help you feel better,” my best friend encouraged.



I sighed.

“I’m sorry that idiot broke your heart, but maybe it wasn’t meant to be. He’s the one insecure about your relationship and couldn’t even man-up and tell your dad about his feelings for you,” Danielle said. She was the type of person to tell me how it is and won’t beat around the bush. That’s what I loved about her.

“I don’t know, Elle,” I said, still unsure what I should do.

“I’m not telling you to go out there and hook up with a random guy if you’re not ready...unless that’s what you want. Let’s just go out and have fun,” she pleaded.

Maybe she’s right. Maybe going out will help make things easier for me to move on.

I looked at Danielle and her eyes were pleading. I hated when she begged.

“Fine. I’m going to shower and get ready,” I told her.

My best friend’s lips curved to a wide grin. “Yes!” she squealed.

I shook my head, chuckling, then got up and went straight to the bathroom to shower while Danielle got ready in my bedroom. The hot water felt good running down my body, relaxing me.

I dried and curled my long hair in loose waves, then put on my make-up, glamming myself up with a smoky eye look and nude-colored, glossy lips. I entered my bedroom and Danielle was dressed in a deep purple sleeveless dress that hugged her

body and the hem hit mid-thigh.

“Wow, look at you, sexy!” I cat-called.

“Look who’s talking, girl. Wear this dress.” She chuckled, tossing me my little black dress.

I changed into the strapless dress that clung to my curves like second-skin and put on patent leather high heels.

Danielle whistled. “You look amazing, Mila!”

“Thanks, Elle. Let’s go before I change my mind,” I said, grabbing my purse.

“We’ll have fun tonight. I promise,” Danielle said, threading her arm in mine.

We headed to the front door and left for Wicked Bar and Lounge, a popular bar in San Francisco. I thought about Hudson on the way to the lounge, feeling depressed again. I pushed those thoughts down, not wanting to ruin my night. Danielle was right. You need to move on. It was right then and there that I made up my mind to get over Hudson.

“I’m ready to have fun,” I said, smiling.

18

## HUDSON

If I thought not seeing Mila for three days after coming back from Hawaii was torture, this misery was ten-fold. Ever since I broke up with her and never looked back, I regretted the decision every damn day. I missed her so much. It feels like all

the light in my life was gone.

What the fuck was I thinking to not stand up for Mila—for us and our relationship—when I should have? I'm so angry at myself for letting this happen. I hated that I made Nelson upset, but feel even worse to break Mila's heart. Mila makes me happy, and that should have been enough to not be a fucking idiot. Now that she's no longer in my life, I don't know what to do. I hadn't tried to contact her. Every time I was about to hit send to a text message, I deleted it and when I pulled her number up to call her, I just canceled it, changing my mind. Who knows if she'd even take my call.

My phone rang, pulling me out of my thoughts. For a split second, I got excited, hoping it was Mila. I glanced at the phone screen, then my lips pulled into a frown. The caller ID read: Nelson. I haven't spoken to him since the day he caught Mila and I together—in our state of undress, nonetheless.

“Hey man, what's up?” I answered, trying to mask the bitterness in my voice, hoping I didn't sound fake to him.

“Hey, Hudson, nothing much. Umm...so I wanted to talk to you about what happened last week,” Nelson started.

“Okay,” I responded, not sure where our conversation was headed.

“What you did—with my daughter, no less—was wrong.” His voice was low. “I can't believe you're sleeping with Mila,” he said, anger laced in his tone.

“I'm sorry?—”

“I'm not done,” he interrupted, voice stern.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “Okay.”

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“Catching my best friend and my daughter fucking is something that’s ingrained in my head now. What were you fucking thinking?” he asked.

I was ready to confess my feelings for Mila to her father. “I’m sorry, Nelson. Mila and I didn’t plan to get together, but we did. I like your daughter—hell, I love her—more than any other woman I’ve been with. I want to be with Mila, but I also didn’t want to betray you?—”

“But you did. It was like you punched and knocked the wind out of me,” Nelson said, his words filled with disappointment and pain.

“I’ll fight to be with Mila, that’s if she wants to take me back. If you can’t accept it now, then I hope you’ll accept it later,” I told him. “You’re important to me and to Mila. We’d hate to not have you in our lives.”

There was a long pause, then a loud sigh.

“If you and Mila are really serious about being together, I’ll do my best to accept it,” he told me, making me grin that he was going to try to consent to my relationship with Mila. “I went to see Mila yesterday and she’s still upset with us. You should try to talk to her if you really want to make it work.”

His advice surprised me. It was baby steps to reconciling our friendship.

“I’m serious about Mila and I...I’ll call her. Thanks, man,” I said.

Nelson cleared his throat, pausing for a moment. “So...do you want to hit the green

tomorrow with me and some of the other guys?” he asked, extending an olive branch.

“Yeah, that sounds like fun,” I told him, a small smile creeping upon my face.

“Great, I’ll text you the place we’re going to play at. Let’s meet up at nine o’clock,” he said.

“I’ll see you then,” I said.

“See you tomorrow,” he said, then hung up the call.

I let out a deep sigh, feeling a like a weight was lifted off my shoulders after my conversation with my best friend.

I pulled out my phone and didn’t hesitate to call Mila. The phone rang once and was sent to voicemail. I frowned.

“Hi, Mila, it’s Hudson. Can you call me please? I think we should talk. Okay, bye.” I left a voice message, then texted her.

HUDSON

Hi, Mila. I tried calling you, but I guess you’re busy, so I left a message. Please call me.

MILA

You made it clear that you don’t want to be with me. Just leave me alone.

She responded. Not with what I wanted to hear, but at least she responded. I tried calling her again, but it went straight to voicemail.

## HUDSON

Please, Mila, can we talk? I need to hear your voice.

I waited for her to respond, but after fifteen minutes, she didn't. I texted a few more times, but still nothing. Did she block me?

"This is fucking ridiculous," I muttered.

I got up and went into my bedroom, going through my closet and pulling out dark wash jeans and a dress shirt. In effort to make myself to feel better, I decided to go out tonight. I wasn't going to ask Nelson or any of our guy friends to come out with me. I'm doing this for me, in an attempt to not think about how I messed up something that was so good in my life. I threw what we had away and don't think I'd ever get it back.

I changed into the clothes I picked out, rolling up the sleeves to my elbows and leaving the top two buttons of my dress shirt undone. After I finished getting ready, I grabbed my wallet, phone, and keys, then left to cruise a couple of bars and lounges in the city alone. I wasn't going to hook up with someone, just wanted to drink and figure out what I needed to do to get Mila back. My first stop—Wicked Bar and Lounge.

I'm actually an investor for this establishment, and haven't been by since it opened a couple months ago. My buddy, Lyle Williams, had this idea of opening up a swanky bar and lounge in the city, and he didn't disappoint. From the look of it, with the amount of people here, it was a popular place to go.

I pulled my phone out, searching for Lyle's contact information and called him.

"Hey, Hudson. How's it going?" Lyle greeted, the muffled sound of people talking

and music playing was in the background.



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“Hey, Lyle, I’m good. I’m actually here in front of Wicked. Just wanted to check if you were here,” I said.

“Yeah, man. I’ll meet you by the front doors,” he said, then hung up.

I entered the lounge and immediately saw Lyle walking toward me. He was dressed in a black suit minus the tie.

He extended his hand, grinning wide.

“It’s good to see you, Hudson. It’s been a while,” Lyle greeted.

I grasped his hand and gave him a bro hug.

“Good to see you, too,” I said.

“What brings you by?” he asked. “Looking to meet some women?” Lyle chuckled.

I wanted to wallow in my misery of not being with Mila.

“No.” I chuckled. “I had a long week and needed to unwind,” I said, which was partially true.

“You caught me before I had to go. My wife and kids were expecting me home an hour ago,” he said, sighing.

“Well, do what you need to do. We’ll catch up next time,” I said.

We gave each other another bro hug and parted ways. I headed into one of the areas, pushing through the crowd of well-dressed people until I reached the bar. I scanned the room and it was a diverse crowd of all ages. I didn't feel that out of place.

"What can I get you?" the bartender asked, raising his voice over the noise.

"An old fashioned, please," I told him.

He nodded his head. "You got it." It didn't take long for him to make my drink and hand it to me.

I walked around the room, my eyes widening, surprised to see Mila here. I clenched my jaw, narrowing my eyes at the guy talking to my Mila, making her laugh. They were standing close to one another, flirting. Heat rose in my body, my hand tightening around my glass. Before it crushed in my hands, I set it down then stormed over to them.

Mila's eyes locked with mine, her expression filled with shock. The guy turned to where Mila was looking as I closed the distance between us. I gripped his shoulder and jerked him away from her, making him stumble backward.

"Get lost," I snarled.

"What the fuck, man!" The guy straightened and took a step forward.

I did the same and towered over him. "I said, get lost, motherfucker. You're talking to my girl." My voice was dark and lethal, my eyes focused on him and intense.

Like a puppy submitting to his master, he stepped back, then left.

I twisted around, facing Mila. She took my breath away at how beautiful she was. She

glared at me, her brows furrowed, lips pressed to a thin line, then turned around, walking away.

I grasped her arm, stopping her.

“Mila,” I called out.

She spun around, shaking her arm to get out of my grip. “How dare you...you have no right, Hudson,” she snapped before lifting her hand and slapping me across my cheek.

I rubbed my cheek, surprised that she slapped me, but also a bit turned on.

“I didn’t like the way he was looking at you. He was eye-fucking you,” I growled.

“The moment you left me, you forfeited any hold you had on me,” she growled back.

“I know, but—” I started.

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“I told you to leave me alone,” she interrupted.

“I’m not going to do that,” I said.

“You’re an asshole,” she gritted.

“I deserve that,” I said, smirking.

That must have set off a nerve. Her gaze was intense, her face turning red.

“You deserve worse,” she sneered, stepping back.

I wound my arms around her waist, pulling her against my body. She squirmed.

“Let me go, Hudson.”

Her feisty behavior was turning me on. Before she could push me away, I leaned down, crushing my lips on hers in a heated, passionate kiss, silencing her.

Her body stiffened, then she melted into me, kissing me back. This time, I’m not letting her go. I hope she’ll take me back.

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MILA

As soon as Hudson’s lips touched mine, the anger I had towards him was gone. That

kiss made my knees weak and my icy heart melt. My resolve crumbled and I gave in, melting into him and kissing him back. I draped my arms around his neck, pulling him down to me. He held me around the waist with his other hand at the nape of my neck.

He swept his tongue along the seam of my lips. My lips parted, inviting his tongue to enter my mouth. He didn't hesitate, his slick tongue sliding inside and curling around mine. I moaned into the kiss, arousal pooling between my legs. He tilted his head to the side, deepening the kiss. Our kiss became fervent, and I took what I could with this kiss, the hunger I had for him taking over. I felt a bulge coming from the front of his pants, pressing against my belly.

I pushed him away, soft pants leaving our lips, his gaze locked with mine. I pursed my lips, remembering why I was angry at this man.

"Can we talk privately?" he asked, his hand lifted to my face, taking a strand of loose hair and pushing it behind my ear. A shiver went down my spine as his finger brushed my cheek.

"Yes," I said, nodding, unable to resist saying no even though I knew that I shouldn't have let him kiss me.

He took my hand, the electricity I felt with him before came back, shooting up my arm as he led me outside. Along the way, I passed by Danielle, shrugging. I mouthed sorry, and she gave me a lopsided grin. I'll explain everything that happened between Hudson and me to my best friend after he and I talked.

Hudson takes me to his sports car, opening the passenger door for me. I slid onto the leather seat, then he shut my door before rounding the front of the car and getting into the driver's seat. He started the car and my head turned instantly, brows knitted.

“Buckle up,” he ordered.

“No,” I said, glaring at him. “I thought you just wanted to talk.”

“Yes, but not here,” he said.

“We’re somewhere private already. Whatever you want to say, you can do it right now,” I told him, my words clipped.

He didn’t listen and started to drive off. I clenched my jaw and put on my seat belt. The entire ride was quiet as we pulled up to a large house—it was Hudson’s place.

“What the hell, Hudson! Why are we here?” I snapped.

He shuts off the ignition and twisted his body to face me. “When I saw you with that guy, I lost it?—”

“Yeah, you did,” I scoffed.

“I admit, I was jealous. When I saw him talking and flirting with you, I couldn’t stand it. I didn’t want him or any other guy to have you,” he confessed.

“You don’t get that right anymore, Hudson. I’m not some toy you can use whenever you want. You’ve thrown me away twice. Who’s not to say you’ll do it again?” My eyes narrowed on him, frustrated.

He grabbed my hands, his thumbs caressing the back of my hands, causing a shiver down my spine.

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“Mila, I’m so sorry. I should have stood up for what we had with each other—for us. I love you so much,” he said, pouring his feelings into his words.

I looked into his eyes, his eyes filled with so many emotions and adoration.

“I’m sorry for everything. You mean the world to me,” he said, gently squeezing my hand. “I told your father earlier that I’m in love with you...just take me back...please, Mila,” he pleaded. “I need you like I need air to breathe.”

Tears welled in my eyes, my heart felt so full, overflowing. Hearing Hudson confess his feelings for me was a dream come true. I could see it in his eyes that he was telling me the truth—that he really did love me. A tear escaped the corner of my eye. He cupped my face with one hand, wiping the tears away with the pad of his thumb.

“You told me you’d give me anything I wanted if I went to the wedding with you, do you remember?” I asked softly.

He nodded. “Yes, I remember.”

“I know what I want.”

“What is it? What do you want?” he asked.

“Your heart. I love you, Hudson,” I confessed.

He sweeps me over the center console, having me straddle his lap.

“It’s yours, darling,” he said lowly, then crushed his lips on mine, snaking his arms around my waist.

I circled my arms around his neck, pulling him toward me until our bodies pressed together, the space we had between us becoming non-existent. I parted my lips, our tongues not wasting time, sliding into each other’s mouths, twisting and fighting for dominance.

He followed the curves of my waist with his hands, settling on my ass. I felt his hard-on growing underneath me, pressing against my clothed pussy. My hands ran up the back of his head through his silky, salt-and-pepper hair. A low growl rumbled in his chest, then he pulled away slowly.

A smile appeared across both of our faces as we gazed into each other’s eyes.

“Let’s go inside, angel. I’m going to show you how much I love you,” he said, placing a slow, sensual kiss on my lips.

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HUDSON

I locked the front door, then scooped Mila up, my arms under her knees and back. I carried her upstairs, her arms wound around my neck, her lips peppering kisses down the curve of it. I got a whiff of her sweet, floral scent. It was the most addictive, intoxicating scent that I would never get tired of. I wanted to be wrapped around her scent every minute of every day for the rest of my life. As long as she’s with me, that’s all that mattered.

I messed up by not fighting for what we have. I’ll never make that mistake again. She’s my world and Nelson knows that he’ll have to accept our relationship if he



wants to keep Mila and I in his life.

We entered my bedroom, I kicked the door shut, then gently placed her on my bed. She propped herself up with her elbows, gazing at me with lust-filled eyes. I crawled onto the bed, hovering over her. Our lips locked in a slow, tender kiss. It was one filled with our emotions and love for one another. My tongue swept along the seam of her lips, encouraging her to open them up. She parted her lips and our tongues moved around one another in a slow dance.

Desire rushed through my body. My cock stirred under my pants, growing hard. I released the kiss, pulling away, looking down at her with adoration. She's absolutely gorgeous...andmine.

I kicked off my shoes and took off my sweet girl's heels, tossing it on the floor next to mine. She reached out, unbuttoning my dress shirt and pushing it off my shoulders before undoing my belt and fly. I stood up, pushing my pants and boxer briefs down and off my legs, my erection springing free. Her eyes lowered to my hard cock, biting her bottom lip as I wrapped my hand around my hard length and slowly stroked it.

I took her hands, assisting her to stand up. Reaching behind her, I unzipped her dress, letting it fall down her body until it pooled around her ankles. She wasn't wearing a bra, and was only left wearing a black, lace thong. Her bare breasts were perky, nipples hardening from the cool air in the room.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous, angel," I told her, my gaze taking in her curves and beauty.

Her cheeks blushed, looking so fucking adorable. "Thanks baby...and you're so fucking sexy."

I cupped her cheeks, my eyes lowered to her lips, then our lips crashed in a tongue-tangling kiss before I pressed kisses across her jaw and down her neck. She tilted her

head to the side, giving me more access to her neck.

Mila lowered to her knees, looking up at me through her lashes, looking goddamn sexy. She took hold of my cock, stroking it with both of her hands, a smirk across her beautiful face. I hissed with her touch. She leaned forward, lapping up the pre-cum leaking from my tip, then her tongue swirled around the crown before she licked up and down my length. I ran my hand through her dark, silky locks, watching her.

She wrapped her lips around the tip then lowered, taking in as much of my cock as she could until it touched the back of her throat. I groaned, then she pulled back. I watched her head bob at a slow, steady rhythm, her hands around the base of my cock stroking in tandem with her mouth.

“Fuuck,” I moaned.

She moved faster, my cock throbbing, swelling inside her hot mouth. The pleasure I had swirling inside my core was growing and quickly reaching its peak. As much as I wanted to fuck her face, I let her take the lead.

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“I’m coming, angel,” I grunted, then she sucked hard. Her cheeks hollowed and I exploded, throwing my head back.

I groaned as she kept my cock deep in her throat, looking up at me through her lashes, meeting my gaze. My cock jerked, coming rope after rope. As I came down my high, I pulled out. A smile curved on her lips before she opened her mouth, showing me that she swallowed every drop of my seed.

I assisted her up, caressing her face. “Such a good girl. Now it’s my turn to make you feel good, baby.”

I laid her down gently, crawling on the bed, pushing her legs out to spread her wide. Her pussy was dripping wet and I couldn’t wait to taste her. I leaned forward, licking my lips, then inhaled a deep breath, getting a whiff of her scent. She smelled so fucking delicious. Looking up at her, I licked through her slit, murmuring against her sex. I missed the way she tasted. I was so addicted to this pussy and ready to devour her like the starved man I was.

I teased her entrance, then my tongue circled around her clit, eliciting a moan out of her. She squirmed underneath me, her hips tilting up, pressing her pussy against my face. Gripping her hips, I pushed her ass onto the mattress, holding her still. I continued to play with her clit, flicking my tongue before sucking on it.

Her moans were getting louder, panting in between. She looked so sexy as I watched her face twist with the pleasure she was feeling. My fingers rimmed her entrance before I slid one inside, her tight walls sucking my finger in. After pumping my finger a couple of times, I added a second finger to stretch her out.

“Fuck, Daddy. I’m going to come,” she whimpered, running her hands through my hair.

My tongue moved faster against her throbbing clit, then I pulled my fingers out and clamped my mouth over her pussy, sucking her hard. She arched her back, crying out, then her body shuddered with her orgasm. My mouth was flooded with her delicious cream and I lapped it up greedily, savoring her taste like it was my last meal. If it was, I’d die a very happy man.

I sucked every drop of her before getting up and hovering over her. I kissed her lips, my tongue curling with hers, giving Mila a taste of her addicting cream. She moaned into the kiss as I deepened it, making out with her. Our kisses were slow and sensual, getting my cock hard again.

I broke the kiss and gazed into her eyes, which were filled with adoration.

“Please, baby,” she purred.

“What is it you want, angel?”

“Please, make love to me,” she said.

I crushed my lips on hers, kissing her once more before placing kisses down her neck and chest. I cupped her tits, then captured her nipple with my mouth, circling her nipple with my tongue then sucking on her sharp tip. She moaned, her hands raking through my hair. I moved onto her other breast, giving it the same attention.

Sitting up, I settled between her legs that were spread wide, her pretty little pussy inviting me in. I guided my dick to her entrance then sunk inside, her pussy pulling me in. I hissed at how tight she was as her breath hitched.

“You’re so tight,” I growled. “Can I move, baby?”

“Yes,” she purred, tilting her hips up.

I pulled back, leaving only my tip inside, then drove back in one long stroke. I thrust, keeping it slow. I was making love to Mila, wanting to show her how much she means to me. This is what love is.

Her mewls and moans filled the air, her hands roaming around my back, her touch setting my body on fire. Our lips locked in a kiss, pleasure running through my body. My hips moved in a steady rhythm, her hips meeting mine with every thrust. Our bodies worked in sync, flowing like one unit.

I groaned, my cock throbbing against her pulsating walls, desire building in my core, getting closer to reaching my climax. I needed my sweet girl to orgasm first and knew it wouldn't be long until she did.

“Harder, baby...faster,” she whimpered.

I didn't need to be told twice. I punched my hips forward, driving into her faster, harder, and deeper, grunting with every thrust. Sweat glistened on our bodies, our slick skin slapping against each other.

“I'm coming,” she cried out, her pussy tightening around my cock.

“Look at me when you come, angel. I want to see you unravel,” I ordered, our gaze locking, her mouth forming an O as she moaned and panted.

Her pussy gripped me in a vise, back bowing off the bed. Then her body shuddered, her warm cum coating my cock. She rode out her orgasm as I chased mine, continuing to thrust into her.

“Fuck, I'm coming,” I groaned, then slammed into her, my cock jerking with every rope of cum I spilled inside her.

I placed a kiss on her lips tenderly, soaking this moment in where we professed our love for one another. I pulled out, then headed to the bathroom, grabbing a damp towel and got back to my beautiful goddess, cleaning us both up. I laid in bed next to her, gathered her in my arms, and kissed the top of her head.

“I love you, Mila,” I said with so much emotion in my voice.

She tilted her head up, smiling. “I love you, too, Hudson.”

We held each other tightly, secure in our love for one another, knowing that from this day forward, it’s us against the world. We’ll be able to get through anything as long as we’re together. There’s no one else I’d rather be with than this gorgeous woman by my side.

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