



# A Monster's Obsession

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance

**Description:** What happens when your past comes back to haunt you? What happens when an arranged marriage to a man you thought you'd never see again is the only way to save your life? What happens when you have to make a deal with a monster? There's only one thing you can do... become A Monster's Obsession.

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## Chapter 1

### SASHA

Today my best friend is getting married, and she is absolutely, positively, miserable. I have never in my life seen Raven so unhappy, and we've known each other for a very long time. It made me feel bad because I had no idea what I should say to her. I didn't know all of the sordid details about her shotgun wedding, I'd never even met or seen her groom, but I knew it wasn't her choice. I wish I could protect my friend like she always did for me, but I'm helpless.

When she called me a few days ago frantically crying, I rushed right over to her apartment. Raven explained to me that she was getting married and wanted me to be her maid of honor. I was thrilled but shocked. Raven Bishops hadn't had a boyfriend in almost a year. And after her disastrous relationship with Fred, she'd sworn off men. I had no idea where this new fiancé came from or why they had to get married so quickly. However, Raven assured me she would be fine as long as I was there for her. I promised her that no matter what, I'd stand with her. When she told me his last name, I had a sense of déjà vu.

"Don't cry, Rae. At least he's not ugly." I tried to comfort her. The one thing she did like about her groom was his looks. She'd told me how handsome he was and I couldn't wait to see him. I rubbed circles on her back. It didn't work as Raven began to sob harder. I could feel the tears begin to well up in my own eyes. Raven is such a sweet person, and she didn't deserve whatever bullshit her family put her through. She had always talked about her wedding day and how it is supposed to be special, a time of joy, laughter, and love. But all I could see was pain on my friend's beautiful

face.

I grabbed Raven's hand and held it tightly, lending her as much of my strength as I could. When she took a deep breath, I knew that she would be okay. I smiled and fluffed my afro, our universal sign of black girl magic to one another. Raven smiled for a brief moment, and then she fell apart once more.

It was devastating to watch as she continued to get ready under duress. And even though the Bishops are one of the founding families on the island and more powerful than most, I still offered to help Raven leave. She declined my offer, saying it was her job to help her family. It's funny how everything was always Raven's job, and not anyone else's.

That was the funny thing about my best friend; she had been the protector of everyone else since the day we met. However, she hardly ever stood up for herself, at least when it came to her family. The way her family treated her pissed me off.

Raven and I met when we were in junior high. I was a scholarship student at one of the private schools on the island. Raven and I both tried out and was picked for the cheer squad that year. I only tried out because the art classes at the youth recreational center were only three days a week, and I needed another after school activity because my parents had to work.

I've always been a free spirit and outgoing, but when I started attending the Founder's Academy, I was intimidated. The kids there were all wealthy beyond my wildest imaginations, and they never had to want for anything. I, on the other hand, had to work for everything I needed and wanted.

I was one of the few scholarship students who attended the school and one of the only black students. Although Raven and I are the same dark chocolate complexion, her striking gray eyes and last name made her one of them. And although Raven treated

me like I was her sister, she never let anyone say anything about me in front of her; I was never one of them. I would never be one of them.

As Raven finished getting ready, I prayed that whatever happened to my friend, she would find happiness. Raven was one of the sweetest people I've ever known, and she deserved to be happy.

I had to clear my mind of the melancholy feelings before I entered the church. As Raven's maid of honor, I walked down the aisle before her. My gold strapless dress with a thigh-high split was by the same designer as Raven's gown. My afro was fluffed to the Gods with a gold sequin flower placed at my ear. I pushed my shoulders back and stood tall so that I could represent my best friend. This high-society wedding was full of the important families of Founder's Island, and they would never see me hang my head.

As I floated down the aisle, I made sure to keep my eyes directly ahead of me. I didn't need to see the familiar looks of disdain. These people looked down on me because I didn't come from wealth, and I had the nerve to befriend someone who did. They always expected me to use Raven, but I could never do anything like that. I'm not a user. I take pride in working hard and accomplishing things for myself. My parents taught me that the things you earn, nobody can take.

I continued to walk slowly to the music when my eyes landed on a man standing at the front of the church. I could feel my eyes grow wider from the sight of him. His frame was draped in a dark blue tailored suit with a matching bow tie. His dark curly hair was shorter on the sides and a little longer on the top. Anyone could see that he styled it to look like a beautiful mess, but it worked for him. The hair on his face was just long enough to call it a beard and not a five o'clock shadow, which caused him to look even sexier. But it was his bright green eyes which watched me so intensely that made me shiver.

I could not believe it was him. How in the hell did I not know the one man that I hadn't seen in two years would be the best man at my best friend's wedding? What the fuck is Monster doing here? We never talked about family; I had no idea he even had a brother!

My whole body was vibrating with anxiousness as I reached the front of the church, our gazes locked. His glowing green eyes were fierce with anger, and I know my eyes were shining with shock. There was absolutely no mistaking who he was, and I couldn't run this time. I had to stand at the altar beside my best friend while Sawyer Nash stared daggers in my direction. I refused to look at him the entire time Raven and Lennox exchanged their traditional vows. When I moved to shield myself from his hot glare, he took a step back to see my face. I did my best to ignore him. I tried to focus on my best friend, but it was no use. I could feel the heat of his gaze so powerfully that I knew that I was in deep trouble.

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As I continued trying to avoid running headfirst into my past, Raven tried to avoid her new husband. I'm not sure what happened between the church and the reception, but my friend is behaving like a totally different person. She was drinking everything within her reach, and since I'm the maid of honor, I was doing my best to keep her from embarrassing herself.

"Why doesn't anybody like me, Sash?" Raven's gray eyes were filled with tears.

"What? I like you." I smiled at Raven, doing my best to comfort her.

"No. Not you. My husband." Raven slurred as she pointed an accusing finger at Lennox, who was standing across the room staring at us.

"You're just a sad drunk, silly. And don't worry about Lennox. From the way he's

watched you all night, I'm pretty sure he likes you."

"Really?" Raven smiled drunkenly, and I laughed.

"Yeah. Let's dance some of this drink out of your system." I pulled Raven onto the dance floor as Savage began to play.

We danced until I had to use the restroom. I sat Raven at a table and told her not to move. However, when I returned, I saw Raven being hoisted over Lennox's shoulder, and they disappeared down a hallway. I could only hope that he would take care of my friend because I would really hate to have to kick his ass.

As the guests continued to party the night away, I found a chair to watch the rest of the festivities. Although I hadn't consumed as much alcohol as Raven, I was still pretty tipsy and needed to sober up before I went home. I hadn't seen Sawyer since the ceremony, and I was really hoping that he was gone.

"So you thought you could avoid me all night? MysweetSasha." The deep rumbling voice vibrated against the shell of my ear. My Monster. The woodsy scent of his cologne tickled my nose and urged me to shift closer to him. But I held myself rigid, mad that I was foolish enough to think I'd succeeded in dodging Sawyer Nash.

"I didn't realize you had a brother." My voice was nonchalant. But my nerves were on edge. It had always been something about this man that made me want to run away and snuggle into him at the same time. I had the feeling that he's dangerous because he exudes it, that's why I nicknamed him Monster. He never denied or confirmed my suspicions, but he always answered to the name.

"We didn't do much talking when we were together." He sat placing one long leg over the other making himself comfortable. I couldn't be mad at what he said because he was absolutely correct. Talking wasn't the thing we were good at.

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“True.” I shrugged, but the realization that we barely knew each other after everything we’d done still stung.

“I guess that’s why I didn’t know you were from Founder’s and not New York.” Sawyer gazed at me with anger covering his face. He couldn’t be mad at me. We did this to each other. We pretended details didn’t matter, now here we are.

“What is it that you want me to say, Monster... Sawyer? We both knew what it was from the beginning.” I tried to keep my voice level, but the nickname’s slip showed I didn’t have my shit together. Sawyer had always affected me.

“I want you to tell me why you left? I want to know why you asked me not to find you? I want to know why you left a fucking note and didn’t talk to me?” He ignored my use of his nickname, but his questions shook me.

“I told you why I left!” I looked around, hoping that we weren’t garnering attention, and thank goodness everyone was too busy celebrating to notice us.

“No! You fucking did not! That ‘letter’ was fucking bogus, and you know it. We meant more than that, Sasha. We meant more than ‘we are different people, and you need to move on’ I know better shit than that.” Sawyer’s words came out in a growl, and his anger was palpable; the monster was rearing. This is what I tried to avoid. This is why I left a letter instead of telling him face to face why I couldn’t stay. I couldn’t stand to see the disappointment on his face, and I could never tell him the real reason why I left.

“Sawyer, we can’t talk about this here...” Before I could finish my plea, we were

interrupted by a shrill voice that I absolutely hated.

“Sawyer! What are you doing? I know you didn’t ditch me for her?” A brunette with a too-tight dress on, and bright red lips interrupted. I frowned at the bimbo. It was typical for someone like Lola Pratt to turn her nose up at me. If she only knew, I was way more Sawyer’s type than she ever would be.

I don’t know how Sawyer and Lola knew each other, but I wanted no parts. I really didn’t want to talk to Sawyer, but I didn’t want him talking to Lola Pratt either. Lola was a grade-a, entitled, snobby bitch. She did her best to bully me in school, but I threatened to whoop her ass, and she backed right off. I might be a free-spirited, easy going, artistic type, but I don’t take shit from people.

“I didn’t ditch you for anyone.” Sawyer returned in a frustrated tone. I could tell by the hard lines of his mouth that he was angry. There were very few times when I witnessed Sawyer’s anger, and it was never directed towards me, but it was definitely a scary experience.

“You promised me a dance.” Lola whined in a baby voice that had me rolling my eyes. I don’t know why grown women thought talking like a child was sexy.

“Don’t move. I need to take care of this, and I’ll be right back.” Sawyer stood from his chair and pulled Lola a short distance away. However, they weren’t far enough because I could still hear their heated conversation.

“I don’t know why you’re slumming it with Sasha Phillips. She’s a nobody.” Lola huffed, crossing her arms over her thin frame. I frowned, bitch. I spent all night avoiding Sawyer, but I could admit that I didn’t immediately leave because I wanted to know what was being said. I couldn’t stand that fake bitch Lola, and she was skating on thin ice.



“Lola, I promise that you don’t want to make a scene.” Sawyer’s deep voice held a warning that Lola obviously didn’t recognize like I did because she continued to talk.

“If you’re going to be moving to the island, you’re going to have to know who to be seen with. And Sasha Phillips is not the who that you need.” I tried to hide my shock at the news that Sawyer would be moving to the island, but I gasped loudly. Luckily Sawyer and Lola were in a heated exchange and wasn’t paying attention to me.

As Lola continued to whine, Sawyer frowned, and although my experience with Sawyer was short, I knew when he was seconds from losing his patience. I was actually surprised that he lasted this long without saying the word fuck in some manner. His behavior was very interesting, and it made me think that he had grown in the few years we’d been apart.

As Lola and Sawyer began to argue back and forth I decided it was time for me to make my getaway, I stood from the table and walked quickly toward the exit. I knew that no one would miss me, Raven was off with her new husband, and Karessa Hale had the reigns for the rest of the reception, so my duty as maid of honor was done. I needed to leave before Sawyer cornered me and made me talk about why I left him. I wouldn’t do that; I couldn’t do that.

However, before I reached my salvation of the door underneath the bright red exit sign, I felt a hand on my shoulder. His green eyes radiated fire as he stared down into my defiant face. It took all of me to leave Sawyer the first time, and I don’t know if I’m strong enough to do it again.

Sawyer backed me up against the wall in the dark hallway, and instead of being outraged, my hot ass was turned on. I wanted to slap my palm against my forehead because I was supposed to be running from him. But the memory of how he used to ravage my body was at the forefront of my mind.

He continued to stalk forward like a predator before pinning me against the wall. “What the hell, Monster? You can’t do this here!” My outrage wasn’t entirely fake. I needed to put up some sort of fight because if I didn’t I would be in his bed, legs spread wide, and moaning his name before I could remember why I shouldn’t. I had a weak spot for Sawyer, and I couldn’t afford to be weak.

“Why’d you run? I asked you to wait,” Sawyer’s voice was deeper than it was earlier. It had taken on the dangerous quality that I was way too familiar with. I knew I was in trouble.

“You seemed busy,” I shrugged, trying to hold on to my cool. I wasn’t jealous of Lola Pratt. Forget that cuntwaffle. But it still grated on my nerves that he left me to talk to her.

“I’ll never be too busy for you,” His hand caressed my face slowly, and before I knew it, I was leaning into him. His presence was overwhelming my good sense, and I didn’t want to do anything stupid. Resist him, Sasha. I scolded myself.

Sawyer leaned in even closer, and I was closing my eyes, waiting for his soft lips. Bitch! Snap out of it! You can’t do this with this man... like at all, my conscience screamed at me, and I straightened up and opened my eyes immediately. I was able to run before, but I had a feeling that wouldn’t be an option this time. So, I would have to be very careful around Sawyer Nash.

“Mon- Sawyer, I-I...” I stuttered through my response because I couldn’t tell him the truth.

“We will talk about this, sooner or later!”

“Please, just let me go.” My pleading voice interrupted his declaration. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. I couldn’t do this with him. I wouldn’t do this with

him.

Sawyer smirked as if he had a secret, but didn't respond right away. We stood there, staring at one another in the dark hallway—me on the verge of tears, and him with cruelty dancing in his eyes. The longer we stood there in silence, the longer my body was drawn to his. Sawyer was standing so incredibly close, but he refused to touch me. I thought that I was going to lose my mind. I could feel the electricity throughout my entire body.

"I'm begging you. Please, Sawyer. Just let me go," I insisted once again in a faint whisper..

"I will never let you go," he began in a low growl, "I will make sure you remember who the hell I am." Sawyer stuck his tongue out and licked my neck. Not kiss. Not suck. A long wet lick. He'd never done that before, and it was a primal move that shocked me. "I should fuck you right here against this wall to refresh your memory. And I know you would let me. You would spread those silky brown thighs and welcome me home. Is that what you want? Do you want me to fuck you in public, Sasha?" I pulled back and slapped his face with the spirit of my ancestors.

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Sawyer's face was red, but his expression remained impassive. He was being crass on purpose, trying to degrade me with his hurtful words. But Sawyer forgot that I knew who he was, and he was baiting me. But just like I knew him, he knew me as well and talking to me like I was a whore off the street would never fly.

"You know that I don't let people talk to me any kinda way! Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"You know who the fuck I am! You were mine from the time our eyes met two years ago. You can run fast and far, but I won't let you go this time," Sawyer growled before turning and walking back into the reception.

I've always seen the darkness in Sawyer even though he did his best to hide it, but I know he's crazy and I can see that too. However, his words caused a shiver that crept down my spine, and it made me think I was as crazy as he is. Not only was I not scared, my panties were completely soaked.

## Chapter 2

### SAWYER

Lola almost fucked up my reunion with Sasha, and it angered me more than words can convey. I had watched Sasha for the entire evening. I knew that she was trying to avoid me, so I stayed away from her for the most part. I knew my woman, and she was stubborn. When I recognized her in the church, I knew that I was the luckiest bastard on the planet. Then she called me that stupid pet name that I only allowed her to say. But it was the truth, and I was her Monster.

Sasha Phillips disappeared on me two-years ago. She didn't tell me goodbye, instead she left a fucking letter out of all things. I was in love with her; I'm still in love with her. We were only together for a short time, but what we had was a free and unfiltered type of love. And then one day, she was gone. Now she was trying to run from me once more, and it had set off all of my predatory instincts. I promised myself that I wouldn't look for her, and I hadn't, but now that she had stumbled her way back into my life, she no longer had a choice. Sasha Phillips was mine.

I knew that our separation would be temporary this time, so I chose to let her go for now. I had to take deep breaths as I left her in the dark hallway because my temper was on level ten. It was never a good thing for me to be this upset. I made my way back to the reception, where I focused on networking.

I did my best to be diplomatic for the rest of the evening, even though my mind constantly drifted to Sasha's dark brown skin and how soft she felt under my touch after so long. But I knew I had to get my shit together because not only was this my brother's wedding, but it was also the Nash family's introduction into the Founder's high-society. That meant I had to at least pretend to be on my best behavior. I couldn't make a scene by fucking Sasha in a hallway at a wedding reception. I couldn't be the monster that she called me, and I had to pretend at least to be an upstanding gentleman. So, I continued to mingle with the guests as my father expected me to do.

My father, Conrad Nash, was the current Don of our Irish family. However, he was set to retire in a few years, so he wanted to make his alliance with the Bishops family come to fruition before that time. We had been doing business with the Bishops family for years, and it was the right time for us to become one entity. Not just in business, but in the old way... family.

It may seem primitive, but the only way you could truly be allies was to be family. My brother, Lennox, gave us our way onto the island. I know my little brother was

furious, but from the way he had watched his new wife all night, I'm sure he'd be fine.

Now the marriage has been finalized; I can move forward with our plans for Founder's Island. Being part owners in the private hospital on the island gives our men access to things that we didn't have back in the states. Our guys couldn't get caught up in the unnecessary paperwork from hospitals that would call the police, so we employed private doctors. The good ones didn't want to be involved with an organization like ours no matter how much we paid, and the bad ones... got caught.

Our family dealt with very dangerous people. Our weapons and gambling businesses were our highest earners and attracted the seediest organizations. The larger our business grew, the more men we needed, and the more hospital visits we had. It was a never-ending circle, but a necessary one.

Now, most of our problems were solved. However, as a newcomer to the island, I needed to establish Nash Industries as a top real estate investor. The hard part of that task would be having to live on the island full time while my father continued running the company in the states. I liked my life how it is, and change was difficult for a man like me. But I would do what needed to be done. I always did. The inconvenience of entertaining Lola instead of going after Sasha was just another price I would have to pay for my family.

"Sawyer, I want you to meet some of my friends," Lola whined in a baby voice. I held my face in a neutral expression, but that whining shit got on my nerves. Grown-ass women that talked like babies were a complete turn-off. And now that Sasha was back in my life, Lola didn't stand a chance. Not that she'd ever did anyway.

"I'll be there in a minute." I had to gather my composure. It was time to put on my businessman mask and make my connections.

But as I continued to chit chat and mingle, my mind strayed to Sasha. Just the memory of her caused my pulse to race. I was completely obsessed with this woman. I thought I was past it all, but when she walked into that church with her head held high, she reminded me of a queen. Sasha was a tiny little thing at five-three, but she walked as if she were ten feet tall. The light that reflected in her big light brown eyes drew you in without permission. Her eyes were the first thing that I noticed about her two years ago.

I had always been hypnotized by the sway of her round hips and the way her pouty lips stretched into a smile. The way she laughed and her free-spirited personality. Sasha had been the cure for my broken heart until she snatched it out of my chest and took it with her when she left.

This time her leaving was a good thing. Because Sasha didn't return to the reception after my warning, it gave me time to focus on business. I know I wouldn't be able to control myself if she was in the same room. Sasha's presence brought out the obsessive side of me that I'd long since thought I'd buried. However, it was resurrected tonight, and I knew that I would never be the same.

The first thing I needed to do was get all the information I could on her—the last time I made the mistake of agreeing to her wishes. I never looked for her after she left even though I wanted to because she said she didn't want me. Her reasons never sat right with me, but if a woman says she doesn't want you, you leave her the fuck alone. No matter how infatuated you are.

The task of finding out about Sasha Phillips has always been easy because of who I am. I chose not to use my resources last time, but that would not be the case this time around. As the next Don of my family, I had invaluable means to get what I needed. With that decision made, I tuned back into the annoying woman who clung to me. If Lola weren't so busy trying to throw her pussy at me, she would've figured out that I didn't want her. I never wanted her. She wasn't even my date tonight, and yet she

continued to harass me in that annoying ass voice.

I was thirty-seven years old. The last thing I needed was some whiny child following me around like a puppy. Lola was beautiful, but she wasn't my type. My mind was already made up on who I wanted. And this time, I wouldn't let her go.

Soon after I was introduced to a few of Lola's friends, I was able to slip away from her claws. She had her sights set on me, and I would have to let her down gently since her father was an integral part of the ward at BHM. Dr. Pratt was married to Sofia Bishops, Alejandro Bishops' cousin. Dr. Pratt was the Director of the Neurology department and a highly-respected member of Founder's high-society. I didn't need to rock the boat so soon after I've gotten here, so I would continue to be cordial to Lola.

"Ah, son. Are you enjoying the wedding?" My father slapped me on the back jovially.

I shrugged my broad shoulders. It was more like a business dinner than a wedding reception, but my father had worked a long time for this, so I could understand his happiness.

"I know it's been five years since..." I held up my hand, cutting my father off. I was not about to go into some sentimental bullshit with him because he remembered the last family wedding.

"It was a long time ago now. The wedding is fine, Dad. But you should be asking Lennox. It is his day, not mine." I responded my tone brokering no argument. I had enough of my past haunting me for one night, and I didn't need my father adding to the bullshit.

My father sighed heavily, "Lennox is being a bit difficult right now."



“Difficult?” I snorted at my father’s inability to admit that he fucked his son over. Conrad Nash would never apologize for getting Lennox mixed up in the family business. He did everything in his power to rope my brother back in, and he finally succeeded.

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“He’ll get over it,” it was my father’s turn to shrug his shoulders at me. He was right though, Lennox was a lot of things, but a grudge holder wasn’t one of them. He would find a way to make the best of his situation. It was one of the many things that I admired about my brother.

Hopefully, I could take a page from his book and make the best out of finally finding the woman who ran away from me and make her mine... for good this time.

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It had been a few days since the wedding and I had decided not to go back to the states as planned. I would eventually be moving, but I wasn’t scheduled to do that yet. I had to go back to the states to make sure everything was in order. Moving a multimillion-dollar company was a taxing experience, especially when several parts of the company were illegal.

We’d made plenty of contacts on Founder’s to be able to do all the things we needed to get settled. First, we found a new building to house the real-estate portion of our organization, which was the easy part. And now I was going to be meeting with Oran Hale.

Oran Hale was the head of the Hale family business after his interfering father finally stepped down. I’d much rather deal with Oran than his snake of a father any day. Our fathers had butted heads from the time they’d been introduced, and it put a stall on our moving to Founder’s for years.

However, now that we are co-owners at BHM, it is much easier to navigate the

Founder's hierarchy. From a very young age, I was taught the inner workings of how my family was expected to be run. I knew that I had to uphold a certain façade to the outside world to keep our organization running. Unfortunately, part of the façade was rubbing elbows with people I'd rather step on than talk to, but you do what you have to do. So, tonight I would have to keep the company of the elite of Founder's high society at a prestigious gallery opening. All the while, keeping an eye on my obsession.

I've come to terms with how it is going to be between us, and hopefully, she wouldn't fight me too much. There hadn't been a spark of anything concerning a woman since she left me over two years ago. I had to convince myself that one night stands with faceless women would be all that I would ever have left. But once I saw Sasha again, it all changed. Just like that, in a blink of an eye, my infatuation was back with a vengeance.

When I arrived at the two-story art gallery, my eyes took in the building's glorious architecture. The sign read Premier Illusions, and I was thoroughly impressed. When Darby had given me an update on just what my Sasha had been doing these past few years, I found some very interesting things about her that I'd never known before.

I knew that Sasha was an artist. When we were together and not in bed, we shared our mutual love for art. However, I never knew that she wanted to own an art gallery. Although the building wasn't hers, she was renting out the property and turned it into a hot new gallery that everyone on Founder's was talking about.

The art gallery was made of stone and brick that looked like it was plucked out of the French Quarter in New Orleans and placed in downtown Founder's. From the outside, the exterior windows were surrounded by arches trimmed in black iron with matching metal railings for balconies. Each entrance to the building also donned the same rot iron trim and stunning archways. As a trained Architect turned real-estate mogul, I had an acute eye for daring designs.

However, when I entered the building, I was blown away by the inside. The gallery's open floor plan was to be expected, but the space's execution was unique. The black iron accents ran throughout the ceiling holding the track lighting that helped to spotlight the artwork. Even the way the concrete flooring was stained made it seem like part of the art: Sasha, the goddess with the fiery brown eyes that held me captive had exquisite taste. And even though she left me to accomplish her dreams, seeing this place made me proud of her.

I strolled around the gallery looking at the art my pride growing with each step. Everyone who was anyone was at the opening tonight. I had the feeling that these people would go to the opening of a soup can if they thought they could be in the press. And I'm not taking anything away from Sasha or her magnificent show, but I knew when I was in the midst of a bunch of ruthless people.

I told myself that I would stick to my business and not confront Sasha tonight; however, when she slid across my vision, I had to physically turn away to keep myself from approaching her. The draw I had to this woman was astronomical. It should've bothered me more considering what she put me through, but I can admit that it didn't.

I watched Sasha talk to the curator of the gallery, Bambi Laurence-Vásquez. I had done my research on everyone surrounding Sasha this time because I'd be damned if she disappeared on me again, and to my surprise, Ms. Bambi had a lot of secrets. But she wasn't a threat to Sasha's wellbeing, so I would let her be. The two women talked animatedly with a customer, and it made me want to get closer to hear what they were saying. I couldn't, though, because I didn't want to be seen just yet.

Sasha was gesticulating wildly as the diamond headband she wore twinkled with each nod of her head. Her signature afro was large and glorious like a soft cloud surrounding her gorgeous face. She wore a simple white tailored suit jacket and white satin cropped pants to match. The jacket laid neatly against her dark chocolate skin,

displaying her beautiful cleavage. I bit my lip thinking about all the nasty things I used to do to her petite little body. Things that I would do again.

I groaned and shifted the bulge in my pants discreetly as I watched her from across the room. I could tell she was in her element. Her face lit up with excitement every time she talked to someone about a painting. Her dimples were on full display, and it had me wishing that her smile was just for me.

I continued to move around the space when I spotted someone familiar. I smirked to myself. I knew as soon as he found out Bambi was here, he'd show up.

"If I weren't so good at tracking people, I would've missed your big ass entirely." I tease Markos. But we both knew if he didn't want to be seen, then he wouldn't.

"I heard you coming. Remember, I'm the brother with the eyes behind his back." Markos replies, not turning to face me. I shake my head. I knew the fucker heard me, his abilities are unparalleled, and he's not someone that I would ever fuck with. I'm more than happy that we're on the same side.

I notice that he's staring at the same two people that I was. But I know who he's staring at. However, I still had to make it known who Sasha was to me... just in case.

"Stop staring at my girl. She's mine, and no one can have her." I stated with a smirk.

Markos rolls his eyes, "I'm not looking at Sasha, I know that you want her, I can see it in your eyes and the way that you watch her like you're about to devour her. Trust me, as beautiful as she is, I'm not looking. I don't do that."

"Who wouldn't want her?" I snort. Sasha is beyond fucking beautiful, and although I know she won't admit it right now, she's mine.

## Chapter 3

### SASHA

The gallery's opening was going extremely well, and I was so glad that I had my old friend Bambi by my side. She had been a godsend helping me get ready for the opening. We met when I was in junior high, and she was in high school, and she was the volunteer teacher of my afterschool art class. Bambi was one of the first people to encourage me to pursue my art. It's strange how things all come full circle because now Bambi is once again helping me with my art.

I was nervous when we first opened up the doors for the first time, but I think Bambi was worse than me. I'm glad that I didn't tell her that I snuck one of her pieces into the show, or she'd probably pass out. When I was picking out the art that I wanted to display, I saw the perfect piece that would fit right in. Bambi would've never given me her permission, so I took it upon myself to include it in the exhibit. I didn't put a price on her magnificent piece, but if she wanted to sell it, she could. I had several offers already.

"Bambi?" The woman jumped a mile high with her doe eyes wide. Her name was very fitting. However, her level of anxiousness had me concerned. "Are you okay?"

"Uh... ye-yes I'm fine. Did you need something?" She looked around nervously, and it made me do the same.

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“No, I just wanted to make sure everything was going okay. We’ve had a lot of interest tonight. Almost all of the pieces have sold!”

Bambi visibly relaxed, but she continued to look around nervously. I’m not sure what was up with her, but she was safe here. I don’t know all the specifics of her story, but you always know when someone is running from something. And Bambi Laurence-Vásquez was definitely hiding something. I just hoped that she would trust in our friendship enough to tell me if she ever needed help.

“There’s a customer that was asking about theTree,”Bambi pointed at the man, “I’m sure he’s ready to buy,” she smiled at me as she walked toward the blond man with striking blue eyes. TheTreewas one of my favorite pieces of work. It was an expression of how I viewed women to be the root of all the world. The vibrant browns swirled with the golden greens and midnight blues to create a soulful woman. Her body was the trunk, and her hair the leaves.Mother Earth.

I was brought out of my musings when I saw my bestie from across the room. “Oh! There you are, Raven! I’ve been looking all over for you!” I exclaimed, happy to see her. I wasn’t sure if she would be able to make tonight’s opening with everything that had happened to her recently. But from her and her husband’s looks, it seemed as if they were getting along great after their unconventional beginning. Raven finally looked happy, and I couldn’t be more relieved.

“Hey, Sash! I’m so happy to see you! Congrats, girl!” Raven said with a proud grin.

“Thank you, Rae! I was so nervous, but it looks like almost all of my art has sold.”

“Wow! That’s awesome, sweetie!” We hugged one another in excitement. Raven had been my biggest supporter when it came to my art.

“I know, right! Hopefully, I’ll get to meet the buyers. After all, they are helping me with my goal of buying this place instead of renting it.” When Raven got some of her trust fund last year, she offered to help me buy this place. But people were always using Raven for her money, and I didn’t want to be in that category. It wasn’t her responsibility to help me, besides I was capable of owning this place myself.

“So, you want to own this place? I think it would be a great buy.” Lennox smiles down at me, and I flush. I didn’t realize how much he and his brother looked alike until this moment.

“Yes, the building itself is a work of art. I love showing my pieces here.” I respond after I gather my composure. Raven seemed like she was actually in love. Her face was glowing as she looked up at Lennox, and I couldn’t help but smile at the couple, wondering just how much Raven will need to tell me at our next happy hour meet up.

“Nice set-up you have here,” Before the wedding, I hadn’t heard that voice in over two years, but even then, I’d known I would never forget it. Monster.

“What are you doing here?” I glared at the man who dared to encroach on my happy place. He wasn’t supposed to be here. I knew for a fact he was supposed to return home to the states because Raven had mentioned it in passing the one time we’d talked on the phone after the wedding.

“I came to admire your work, of course.” Sawyer’s wicked smile reminded me of our time together. A time I promised myself, I would forget. It was too painful to remember such a happy time knowing that I had to give it up—thereasons I had to give it up.



“I didn’t realize you two were so familiar with one another.” Raven stated with a curious expression in her gray eyes. At that moment, I felt ashamed. I never told a soul about my time with Sawyer, not even my best friend.

“Oh!Sashdidn’t tell you. Raven, you’ve practically been replaced as her best friend.” I frowned at Sawyer because he was never so petty in the past. But I guess my leaving affected him more than I thought it would.

“Uh, no. Sasha hadn’t mentioned it,” Raven looked at me with an arched brow, and I looked away. For once in my life, I was able to keep a secret. Usually, I couldn’t hold water when it came to keeping a secret. However, my time with Sawyer was something that stayed close to my heart. I didn’t want to share that with anyone, not even Raven.

“Raven and Lennox are newlyweds, Sawyer. I would never interrupt Rae to complain about her bullheaded brother-in-law that doesn’t know how to mind his damned business.” I ball my hands into fists, frustrated because Sawyer called me out, and I didn’t want to talk about us. It would lead to conversations that I knew we couldn’t have.

“You call me bullheaded after I just purchased all of your pieces.” Sawyer shakes his head in mock disappointment, “Some people are simply ungrateful.”

“Y-you did what?” I gasp my hands fly to my chest in complete shock. Why the hell would he do that?

“Ipurchased your artwork.Sweet Sasha.” I recognize the dangerous growl in his voice, and the nickname he wielded like a threat. That tone in his voice used to make my panties wet because I knew what was coming. Now though, I wasn’t so sure.

I vaguely hear Raven and Lennox make a hasty retreat at the awkward exchange, but

Sawyer didn't leave. He just stood staring at me.

"What do you want from me?" I bravely asked.

"Everything."

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I was all discombobulated after my exchange with Sawyer. It was easy to forget him when he wasn't standing in front of me, reminding me of what I'd given up. I just hoped he would change his mind about pursuing me, and let me go back to my life. I couldn't focus when I knew he was around. I couldn't trust my Monster, and I couldn't trust myself not to tell him the truth behind why I left.

But I wouldn't be deterred by his gorgeous face, sparkling emerald green eyes, or persistence. I had to leave him once, but I can't be sure if I'm strong enough to leave him again. And deep in my heart, I knew I would fold if he kept showing up and asking questions. I may have been able to keep a secret from Raven, but I was never able to keep anything from Sawyer. The only reason he didn't know much about me was because he never asked.

Our time together started as a fling. I was in New York, working as an apprentice to Jon Lucca Espinosa, a world-renowned art curator. I was twenty-four-years-old, wide-eyed, and naïve. It was my first big job in the art world, and I was excited to have the opportunity so fresh out of college.

I had only been off of Founder's for college, but living in New York was the first time I'd been completely on my own. I was living my best life in the big city. Meeting new people and finding my way. Then one day, I met Sawyer Nash.

Sawyer was older than me, worldly, and sophisticated. He was mysterious and dark,

and I was completely enraptured by him from the beginning. He was a man that knew what he wanted and got what he wanted. And he wanted me. And truth be told I wanted him.

But after two months of infatuation and pure lust, it all came to an abrupt end. I wouldn't ever be the same. So, I came back home and started over. I left New York a different woman. I was determined to make my life my own, and although it took me two years to get to a good place, I was finally there. I had enough for the down payment to buy the building where I housed my gallery, and I was determined to move on in my life without Sawyer Nash.

## Page 6

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With Sawyer pushed to the back of my mind, I walked into my meeting with all the confidence in the world. Today I would be signing a contract to extend my agreement with Mr. Todd who has owned the building for twenty years. Because he decided to sell this year I was able to slide right in and take him up on his offer.

When he first offered me the rent-to-own deal, I was ecstatic. There would be no way that I would be able to own such a prime piece of property. The banks wouldn't give me the loans I needed, and I didn't have enough saved.

However, all that was about to change because Mr. Todd was a lifesaver. He took a leap of faith and was willing to give me the chance I needed, and I would be forever grateful.

"Good morning, I'm Sasha Phillips. I have an appointment with Mr. Todd," I greeted the front desk receptionist with a smile.

"Oh, good morning. Yes, Mr. Todd will be right with you." The pretty receptionist responded with a bright, toothy smile.

I only waited a few minutes before the receptionist led me to the conference room where Mr. Todd was waiting. Bruce Todd was a man in his late sixties with white slicked back hair and a jolly disposition. All he needed was a beard, and I would be tempted to call him Santa.

Normally, Mr. Todd was all smiles and jokes, but today, he seemed off. His usually warm presence was icy cold with a hint of fear, and I instantly went on alert.

“Hello, Sasha. Nice to see you again. Please have a seat.”

I nodded and sat in the chair with anxiousness covering my body. I had an uneasy feeling about today. I’ve been preparing for this deal for a long time now.

“Mr. Todd, is everything okay?”

“Well, there’s no sense in beating around the bush,” Mr. Todd sighs as he sits down behind his desk. He opens up a drawer and takes out a stack of papers. I watch him curiously as he flips through the papers.

“What’s going on, Mr. Todd?” I ask, getting more nervous with each flip.

“I’ve had another offer to buy the building, Sasha.” He finally stops fidgeting and looks up at me with sorrowful brown eyes.

“What?! We had an agreement!” I couldn’t believe he would sell the building right from under me. My dreams of owning my own gallery were disappearing right before my eyes.

“Calm down, Sasha. I said I had an offer, and I didn’t say I took it.” Mr. Todd responded. But the way his eyes shifted from left to right nervously told me that wasn’t all there was to it.

“Okay, so we’re still signing the paperwork today?” I asked, trying to get to the reason I was here.

“No. We won’t be signing anything today. I told the other potential buyer that I would give you a chance to counteroffer.”

I took a deep breath. My dream could still be a possibility. All I had to do was make a

counteroffer, and I could still buy the building. It wasn't as bleak as I thought. I could do this.

"Alright. I'd be happy to counter. You know how much I want this building, Mr. Todd."

He nodded, "I do."

"Great! So what's the offer on the table?" I asked with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"A million dollars."

"A million dollars!!" I was shocked. The value of the building wasn't appraised at nearly that much. It was valued at half that, and there was no way in hell I had that type of money. There weren't any other buildings that could house my needs right now. I would be out of business if I couldn't come up with a solution.

"Yes. But, I'm willing to honor our deal," my eyes lit up with excitement, but Mr. Todd held up his hand before he continued, "you will need to come up with at least three-hundred-fifty-thousand before I will let you make payments." Mr. Todd managed to crush my hopes with one number. The original deal was for eighty-thousand, and I had barely scraped together that much. My parents even put up their house. I couldn't lose my parent's only investment because they believed in me.

"I don't have that much. I could maybe..." I trailed off because I had no idea what to say next. Mr. Todd gave me a pitying look that upset me. I didn't need his pity; I needed him to stick to his agreement. Maybe I could sue? But that would take time and money that I didn't have.

"I'll give you a few weeks to consider. I know how important this is to you and your

family, Sasha. But the clock is ticking.”

I had to come up with two-hundred-seventy-thousand dollars in a few weeks. How the hell am I going to do that?

## Chapter 4

### SAWYER

I did my best to stay away from Sasha Phillips. She brought out the worst in me, and I had to remind myself that she left me high and dry without a plausible explanation. However, my infatuation with her grew more and more each day. But instead of acting on my obsession, I left the island, which wasn't the plan. I was supposed to live on the island full time while my father worked in the states, but I had to put distance between us to focus on what was truly important and the entire reason why I came to Founder's in the first place. I had to establish Nash Industries as a legitimate business entity.

## Page 7

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For the last few months, I had been working in the states doing what I did best. I had managed to remotely set up a home office and a warehouse on Founder's Island. Once I had met with Oran Hale and a few other heads of the founding families, it was easy to get established.

However, as well as my business life was going, my personal life was in the shit. I couldn't stop thinking about Sasha. Now that I knew where she was, it was hard for me not to go to her. And now that I was back on the island for Lennox and Raven's baby shower, I knew that I would have to face the woman who had me in turmoil.

I approached my brother and sat down beside him as he gazed across the room at his heavily pregnant wife. I smirked at Lennox. I was glad that he was happy, and his arrangement had worked out.

"Why are you watching your wife like a stalker?" My voice came out gruff, but my brother simply chuckled. I would never admit it out loud, but I was jealous. My brother had everything that I thought I'd given up.

"It's not stalking when you're married. Stalking is what you do to Sasha." Lennox smirked back at me, and I frowned even deeper. I'm not a fucking stalker. I didn't follow Sasha's every move... well, at least not personally. I had Darby for that.

I watched Sasha from across the room as she talked to that friendly motherfucker, Caerwyn Hale. He was way too nice for my liking. I could feel my face heating up with rage. The urge to snatch Sasha up and keep her from laughing and joking with a bastard that wasn't me was so great I had to look away.



In the short time I'd been away from her, I tried to keep from thinking about our brief time together. Sasha was young, too young for me at the time, but I didn't give a fuck. I wanted her. When she first walked into the hotel restaurant, I was instantly drawn to her. She wore her hair like it is now, a big fluffy afro that bounced when she walked. Her light brown eyes always seemed to glitter with happiness, and she radiated a joy that couldn't be faked.

I am a dark man, but I was in the darkest place I had ever been when I met Sasha. And she exuded a light that I was instantly drawn to and selfishly wanted more of. I took advantage of a naïve young woman and made her mine. At least I thought she was mine until I found a letter in an abandoned apartment telling me not to look for her.

I continued to watch her flit around the baby shower, laughing and talking to everyone, but me. It pissed me off because that smile used to be just for me. I hadn't seen her in person in months, but I got a daily update from Darby because I trusted him the most, so I left him behind to watch her. However, it wasn't the same as me watching her myself.

"I'm not sure what's going on with you two, but if you don't make your move, I'm pretty sure she's going to get a restraining order against you." Lennox's smart ass mouth brought me back to the present. He chuckled at my expense as he continued to watch Raven's every move.

I shook my head, "Lennox, stop worrying about what I need to do. I'm the older brother here, and I know what I'm doing."

"Yeah, okay. But we both know why you won't go after, Sasha." Lennox looked directly at me with an accusing tone.

"And just what's the reason, oh smart one?" I questioned with an arched brow.

“Cara. It wasn’t your fault what happened to her. You deserve to have someone to love, Sawyer. You don’t have to be a widower for the rest of your life. You’re too fucking young for that.” I knew this subject was bound to come up as soon as I showed interest in a woman. It was one of the reasons that I kept Sasha a secret the first time. I didn’t want people pushing their bullshit onto me.

I held up my hand to stop my brother from continuing. Today was a happy occasion; I wasn’t here to drudge up my ghosts. I didn’t want to think about Cara, especially while I couldn’t stop thinking about Sasha.

Before I could respond to my brother, I see Austin Thomas slide his arm around Sasha’s waist and kiss her temple. I’m instantly furious! Darby didn’t tell me that this motherfucker would be here. He knew that I would want to know. Surprises like this made my inner killer stand up and stretch.

This asshole, Austin Thomas, called himself dating Sasha. It wasn’t anything serious because I knew every time they went out, she sent his ass home without inviting him into her place. He hadn’t touched her yet, and it was the only thing keeping his slick ass alive.

Before I could even think to stop myself, I was heading in Sasha’s direction. When she saw me, her eyes rounded in surprise. I hadn’t seen her since the gallery opening when I bought almost all of her paintings.

“Hello again, SweetSasha,” the smile that I wore was not a friendly one. It was predatory as fuck, and Sasha knew it.

“Mon... Sawyer!” My name was a surprised squeak. I had left her alone, no calls, no popping up unannounced, nothing. But she should’ve known I would be at my brother’s baby shower.

“Oh! Sawyer Nash, I’ve heard a lot about you!” The other man exclaimed, giving me a big toothy grin. He was a leading attorney at one of the big firms on the island, so I’m not surprised he knew who I was. However, if he weren’t trying to date my woman, I wouldn’t know who the fuck he was.

“Hmmm.” I didn’t want to talk to this asshole, he wasn’t worth my breath, but I nodded at him as I glared at Sasha. She didn’t acknowledge my stare as she quickly looked away guiltily. We hadn’t been together in years, but I knew when Sasha was feeling regret. Now that I was back, there was no room for anyone else in her life. I might have been playing it cool, but she knew I was seconds away from punching this motherfucker in his face.

“It’s nice to meet you; my firm is set to do some business with Nash Industries.” I glanced at the man as I shook his hand. He smiled widely, and I caught Sasha rolling her eyes, and I smirked. No woman wanted to date a guy who was fanboying over another man.

“Oh? What firm is that?” I continue to look at Sasha as I asked her “date” the question. Although she looked everywhere, but at me, I knew that she could feel my intense gaze. As what’s-his-face, rambled on about whatever the fuck he was talking about, Sasha finally looked at me.

There was so much turmoil in her gaze, but I refused to look away from her. I want Sasha to see me, and I want her to know that I see her. She can try to deny what she feels, but I refuse to let her.

“Austin...” Sasha interrupted the rambling man, “I need to go check on, Raven.”

Austin could barely nod his acknowledgment of Sasha’s words before he began his incessant musings. The only reason I hadn’t told him to shut his ass kissing mouth the fuck up was because I didn’t want to cause a scene at the baby shower.

“I’ll show you where Raven is,” I volunteered, taking Sasha by the hand. Before she could protest, I intertwined our fingers and led her away. I needed to touch her, but more than that, I needed to get away from the man who thought she was his. It was only so much I could take before my crazy slipped out. Nobody needed that shit to happen.

“Where are you taking me?” Sasha’s voice was a harsh whisper, but she didn’t let go of my hand.

“We need to talk.”

## Page 8

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I led Sasha into the first available room and shut the door behind us. I took a deep breath and ran my fingers through my hair. I was worked up from that bastard putting his hands on her, and I needed to calm myself down.

“What do we need to talk about, Sawyer? I’ve already said what I needed to say.” Sasha huffed, crossing her arms over her ample chest. The motion drew my eyes down to her pert breasts. Her petite body had curves in all the right places. But that’s not what attracted me to Sasha. Her huge heart and creative mind were the most gorgeous things about her. But I had to focus on what was important. And my little Sasha was skittish, and talking about our past right now would have her running for the hills.

“I want to come by the gallery for my paintings,” I said, the most normal thing that I could think of. If I asked her why she left or told her I wanted to push her up against the wall and fuck her until every man at the baby shower knew that she was mine, that wouldn’t go over too well.

The last time I let her know exactly what I wanted to do to her, she slapped me. I’m not a masochist, but the shit turned me on. The way her beautiful mouth formed into an angry pout and the way her eyes lit up with rage made my dick hard.

Antagonizing Sasha Phillips is one of my favorite things to do. It was also one of the reasons she gave me the nickname Monster. But now that I’m back on the island to stay, I would make sure that mysweetSasha would see me every day.

“Oh!” Sasha was shocked by my statement. I know she was waiting for me to ask questions, but I’d beat that horse to death. It was time for me to try a different route.

“I’m sorry that Bambi hasn’t set that up yet. I know that she tried contacting the number that was left, but our messages were never returned.” Sasha said, relief covering her pretty face.

“No worries. I’ll be able to accommodate your schedule.” I made sure to look Sasha up and down seductively. Letting my eyes travel the length of her body and back to her face. When our eyes connected, I could see the desire flare in the depth of her gaze. She wanted me just as much as I wanted her.

“I’ll have Bambi call you on Monday.” Sasha’s voice came out breathless, and her pupils were dilated as if she were high.

Sasha didn’t know it, but with that one simple look, she had sealed her fate. I wouldn’t stop until she was mine. I couldn’t resist her any longer.

I leaned down and took her lips in a hard, unrelenting kiss. My tongue devoured every inch of her sweet mouth. As hard as it was, I regretfully pulled away. Her lips were swollen, and it made me smile. I marked her as mine, and she didn’t even know it. I winked at her before leaving her in the room breathless.

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I waited for over a week before I was finally able to go to the gallery to get my art. Of course, that wasn’t the real reason I wanted to go to the gallery, but that was the excuse I used. I needed the time away from Sasha so that I could get my shit together. I couldn’t act like a possessive asshole behind a woman who claimed she didn’t want me. But that’s exactly what I did whenever I was around Sasha. I couldn’t seem to help myself.

When I walked into the gallery, again, the building had me in awe. The architecture and interior design choices were perfect. I continued my admiration as I made my

way to the offices upstairs. I frowned at the fact that the security guard wasn't at his post at the front door. The gallery was only open to the public at specific times, but there should've been a guard during off hours. I made sure that Darby did a background check on the two security guards that worked here. Old man Todd did a pretty good job when hiring qualified help, at least with one of the guards. Jack Lewis was retired military and good at his job, so I wouldn't have him fired. But the guard that wasn't at his station was definitely going to be replaced.

When I got to the top of the stairs, it was eerily quiet. I had an appointment, so I know Sasha was expecting me. I knew that her curator, Bambi, had left early because I checked with Markos to make sure that I would have Sasha all to myself.

"I gave you more than enough time to get the money to pay me back." The voice was low but threatening. I knew who it was, and my vision instantly blurred with hatred. Darby hadn't told me anything about this man being in Sasha's life. He couldn't have known. There's no way Darby would've kept that from me.

"I just need a little more time." Sasha's voice was a timid whisper. She didn't sound anything like herself, and it pissed me the hell off. How dare she be afraid of this bastard. Not on my motherfucking watch!

"No. This building and you will be mine."

"The fuck she will!" I slammed into the office like a hurricane. My sudden presence surprised both Sasha and her unwanted guest.

"Sawyer? Wha..." Sasha's teary eyes searched mine for an explanation, but my eyes were locked on the man that I would kill if he thought of trying to take Sasha from me.

"Nash? What the fuck are you doing here?"

“Abbott. I could ask you the same fucking thing.” I wanted to rip this fucker’s head off.

“I’m conducting a business deal. One that you so rudely interrupted.” The smug bastard responded with a satisfied grin covering his bearded face. His beady eyes narrowed in my direction, and I could see he was plotting something.

I could feel the scowl deepen on my face. Patrick Abbott was the son of a rival crime family back in the states. The Abbott’s had been making a name for themselves in the crime world in the last five years. To me, they were just a bunch of bottom feeders that would do any and everything for money. They didn’t care who they hurt or who they crossed for the almighty dollar. They had dealings in everything from the sex trade to human trafficking. They were trash. But they made a lot of money and fast, so some respected them.

“You’re not conducting shit with my woman.”

“Your woman?” Abbott smirked before continuing, “I did my research on Ms. Phillips, and your name never came up.”

His answer had me narrowing my eyes. Abbott was beyond one the grimmest fuckers to ever walk this Earth. If he was doing searches on Sasha, he wanted her. And she would never be his. She was mine to protect.

“Sawyer, it’s okay. We’re almost finished here.” Sasha’s voice was stronger, but I could see the worry etched across her face. I don’t know what type of deal she made with this evil bastard, but I would put an end to it by any means necessary.

“It’s not okay, Sasha. You have no idea who this man is.” My voice was a growl as I vibrated with anger. She had no idea who the fuck she was dealing with.



Chapter 5

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 10:02 am*

SASHA

It shocked the hell out of me when Sawyer burst into my office. His face was red, his large hands were shaking, and his green eyes were filled with rage. I thought he was going to choke the shit out of Patrick Abbott. I had no idea how the two men knew each other, but it was obvious that there was bad blood between them.

I wanted to calm the situation down, but every time I opened my mouth, Sawyer looked like he was going to shoot fire at my head. He had never treated me like this. He was always so sweet and tender with me, but now everything had changed, and it was my fault. I could accept it, but it was still a hard pill to swallow. And although he was obviously angry with me, and his high-handed attitude made me angry, I was grateful for him being here. I can admit that I'm in over my head.

When I couldn't get a traditional loan, I went to see a guy my cousin Joe knew. Joe told me that Patrick Abbott could get me the money I needed to buy the building from Mr. Todd. I knew what a loan shark was, and I knew that they would charge an extraordinary amount of interest. I was prepared for all of those things, but I wasn't prepared for Patrick to go back on his word. He told me that I would have a year to pay back the loan. He lied.

It had only been a few months, and here he was knocking on my door for his money. It wasn't like I could pay him back. I didn't have another show scheduled for another few weeks, and it still wouldn't garner the type of money for me to be able to pay off the entire loan.

I panicked, trying to come up with an excuse to hold Patrick off when Sawyer came

in. I know that I shouldn't have felt a wave of relief wash over me at the sight of him, but I would be lying if I said it didn't. To see Sawyer's tall, muscular body taking up the doorway at the exact time that I needed him, calmed me completely.

However, this was not his problem to deal with; it was mine. It wasn't his business which I had dealings with, and I couldn't involve him. He couldn't save me, and I wasn't some damsel in distress. I was a big girl, and I needed to figure this shit out. I just needed a little more time. Even though I was glad Sawyer showed up, I couldn't rely on him to save me.

"Sasha, you need to let me handle this." Sawyer was trying to once again handle business that wasn't his.

"Sawyer! I appreciate you being her, but can you let me finish up with Mr. Abbott?" Patrick Abbott was a snake, but he was a snake that I chose to do business with. So, it was up to me to clean up my own self-made mess.

"Fuck, no!" The anger dripped from Sawyer's words, but I didn't have time to figure out why Sawyer was so upset. I learned two years ago that Sawyer kept a lot of secrets, and this was just one more.

"Nash, you heard your woman. We have business to finish. And I'm not leaving until I get my money, or..." Patrick let his words trail off as he looked at me and licked his thin pink lips. The action made me want to vomit.

Patrick Abbott could qualify as handsome if he never opened his mouth. His brown hair was almost the same color as Sawyer's, but it didn't have that luster and shine that made you want to run your hands through it, like Sawyer's did. Patrick's eyes weren't bright, either. However, his eyes did hold the same dangerous glint as Sawyer's. It was something that I'd noticed when I'd first met him. He had a straight nose and a thick dark beard that surrounded his forever smirking mouth. Patrick was

always dressed in a tailored suit that showed off his body, but he still would never measure up to how Sawyer looked in a suit.

However, I didn't like Patrick's threats. I didn't have the money and I was hopeful that he wouldn't kill me. I knew that Patrick owned some bars and gentlemen's clubs, and I hope he didn't think I was about to be shaking my ass or selling it to his money.

"How much does she owe you?" Sawyer's question broke through my frantic thoughts, and I frowned.

"Half a million." Patrick leaned back in his chair and crossed one long leg over the other. The number upset me all over again. I borrowed two-hundred-seventy-thousand and not a penny more. Now, I owed a loan shark five-hundred-thousand. I knew the risks, and I knew about the high-interest rates. I knew that I couldn't call the police. I knew I was completely fucked.

"You'll have it by the end of the day," Sawyer said, shocking the shit out of Patrick and me.

"Sawyer, you can't do..." I didn't finish my sentence because Patrick had jumped out of his chair and got in Sawyer's face.

If they were going to fight, there wouldn't be anything I could do about it. Both men were over six-feet tall with solid muscular bodies. My little one-hundred and thirty-five-pound five-foot-three frame surely wouldn't be able to pull them apart, and I will be damned if I tried.

"You're always sticking your nose in my business. This has nothing to do with you." Patrick growled menacingly.

"That's where you're wrong. Sashaismy business. And you'll have your money, so

stay the fuck away from her.”

“Hey, hey, fellas. Let’s all relax and calm down.” I tried to interject, but neither man was listening to me.

“You have no jurisdiction here, Nash. You can’t order me to do shit!” Patrick sneered at Sawyer. I’m not an idiot by any means, but I couldn’t follow their conversation. It was like they were speaking in code or something. What did he mean by jurisdiction? I know Sawyer wasn’t some kind of law enforcement? How exactly did they know each other?

“You’re right, and I don’t have any jurisdiction here. But Sasha’s my wife, so that makes her off-limits, or did you conveniently forget about that rule.”

“Wife!” Patrick and I exclaimed at the same time. I knew Sawyer was crazy, but this man needed to be in an institution. I don’t care how sexy his ass was; he needed to be in a straight-jacket. Pronto!

“She’s not your wife! It wasn’t on the check,” Patrick was shaking his head with his fists balled up. I don’t know why he kept mentioning a check. At first, I thought it was about the loan, but the more he keeps saying it, the more I think he’s referring to a different type of check.

“Sasha will be my wife in a few days. We wanted to keep it under wraps for now, but since she didn’t tell me about this deal with you,” Sawyer looked at me with a stay quiet expression when I went to interrupt. I could see he was trying to help me, so for now, I would stay quiet. Clearly, there were things that I didn’t know about Patrick Abbott and Sawyer Nash.

“I have to tell you about our union. This makes Sasha as well as the gallery off-limits to the Abbott family.” Sawyer finished his little speech, and I was still confused.

“If you’re not married by the end of the week, I’m going to the council about this.” Patrick stormed out of the office, and I was left with a million questions and a new fiancé.

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“Okay! What the hell is going on?” I yelled the question at Sawyer as soon as Patrick was gone. I was standing in the same room as the two men, and it was like they were speaking in riddles. I couldn’t follow their asinine conversation, and it made me mad.

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“I’ll tell you what the fuck is going on! You made a deal with the fucking devil, and now you have to marry one to get out of it!” Sawyer’s body was radiating anger. He continuously ran his hand through his chocolate brown locks as he stared a hole into the wall.

“We don’t have to get married, Monster. That is utterly ridiculous. I just need to pay the man his money back, and all this will be over.”

“You can’t be this fucking dumb!” Sawyer yelled his face crimson as he ran his hand down his face. The statement sent fire through my veins. This motherfucker!

“Who the hell do you think you’re talking to? You barge in here talking in riddles and claiming me as your wife, and you call me dumb.” I point to myself, appalled at the nerve of his crazy ass.

“Patrick Abbott is a loan shark!” Sawyer yelled again, and I took a step back. It took all of my patience not to slap his face again.

“I know what he is! That’s how I got the money in the first place. No bank would give me a loan.” I shook my head in frustration. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, but I willed myself not to cry. I know that I’m in big trouble and this time I don’t know how to fix it. But I wouldn’t allow anyone to bully me and make me feel weak. I did what I had to do at the time.

“You don’t know, Sweetheart,” Sawyer said in a much calmer tone. “His family deals in human trafficking. If you don’t pay him his money, how do you think they’re going to get it from you?”

Sawyer's question caused my breath hitch, and my mind swirl. They would sell me. Holy shit!

"I-I. Oh, my God!" I could no longer hold back the tears as I flopped down in my chair. What the hell was I going to do?

"Listen, I'll pay the money for you, but we have to be married in order for you to be fully protected." Hearing the word "protected" gave me a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Sawyer, I need you to answer this question. And I want full honesty," I stated, looking up into his handsome face, "Who are you?"

It was a question that I'd been afraid to ask in the past. Even after my life had been threatened, I still don't know who Sawyer Nash really is. We had a silent mutual agreement that we didn't talk about ourselves when we were together. For a blissful two months, we never went beyond surface level bullshit.

He sighed as he sat down in the chair in front of my desk, "Since you'll be my wife, I guess you should know everything. But not here. I have a place that we can talk that's more secure." I was thoroughly confused about why we had to leave the gallery to have a conversation, but Sawyer's face told me that I would need to hear whatever he had to say. I nodded my head with a sigh and began to gather my things.

Sawyer led me outside, where a large redhead was standing waiting by an SUV. I recognized Darby immediately, or was it, Flynn? I couldn't tell them apart, but I've seen them around when Raven's father got shot. They are hard to miss being over six-five with bright red hair and muscles like the Hulk. I nodded at the man, and he winked with a smirk. Once we were in the SUV, I could feel the tension floating around us like smoke.



We arrived at an office building, and Sawyer led me inside. I couldn't get a good look at my surroundings before I was in a spacious office with the door shut behind me. I sat down on a large couch in the corner of the room, and Sawyer sat beside me.

"I'm the next Don in the Irish mob." He blurted out, but before I could ask any questions, he continued, "The Abbott's are another crime family making a name for themselves in the underworld. The Nash family is one of the largest crime families in the states, but there is a council that we all answer to in some matters. When you took that loan, you entered our world."

I gasped in complete shock. I couldn't believe all of the shit he was telling me. The intimacy that I shared with Sawyer had been unmatched, and I thought I knew him, but it turns out I had absolutely no idea who he was. I could blame it on being young at the time, but that was no excuse. I was fascinated with Sawyer Nash from the first time his deep voice caressed my ears. I was mesmerized by the dangerous aura that he exuded. I wanted to take a walk on the wild side, and I didn't bother to ask any questions. Fuck me!

"My cousin said it was just a loan." I tried to explain. "Joe assured me that it wasn't a big deal as long as I paid them their money back," I stated, confused. Joe wasn't the most reliable person, but he was still family. He came through when I really needed the money.

"They never intended for you to pay them the money back, Sasha. They would easily get over a million dollars for you. Two-hundred-and-seventy-thousand dollars wasn't anything to them when they would get you and the gallery in return. They didn't ask you for any collateral, did they?" Sawyer shook his head, and I couldn't believe how stupid I was.

I just assumed that the astronomical interest rate was enough punishment. I would be paying them almost double the amount I borrowed. I didn't realize they knew that I

wouldn't be able to pay them the money back.

“So, I stupidly borrowed money from the mob, and they intend to sell me and take my building to get their money. And the only way I can prevent that from happening is by marrying you, a Don of another mob family, for protection?” It all sounded like a movie plot even when I said it out loud. I couldn't believe it.

What the fuck is happening in my life? First, the man I'd run away from pops back up like an apparition, and now I have to marry him. I had to tell him why I left, and I couldn't put us both in danger.

“I'm not the Don yet, but yeah. That about sums it up.” Sawyer nodded his face still grim.

“I can't marry you. If I do, we'll both die.” I almost choked on the words, but at least now they were finally out.

## Chapter 6

### SAWYER

“What do you mean? We'll both die?” I was confused by the heartache that was etched across Sasha's face. There was no light in her eyes, no dimples peeking at me, and no laugh spilling through her luscious lips. She wasn't joking, and I knew whatever she said would have me committing murder.

“I-I was warned not to tell you. I can't... my parents. I have to protect us all.” The tears welled in her eyes once more, and I was furious. I sat on the coffee table directly in front of her so we could be face to face. I needed to see her eyes while we had this conversation. I needed her to see the sincerity in my face; I needed her to feel it in my words.

“Sasha, baby. You can tell me anything. Please.” I never begged anybody for shit, but I would beg her.

“I came home one day to a masked man inside my New York apartment. I didn’t recognize his voice; shit, I don’t even know what color he was. He held me at gunpoint while he threatened me. He knew everything about me. Where I worked, where I was from, my parent’s address, everything. He said that your last wife was killed because of you.”

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I was completely floored. I had no idea Sasha even knew about Cara. There were many things we didn't speak about, and my dead wife was one of them. Sasha only knew that I was single with no kids; we didn't go beyond that. I didn't want to go beyond that.

"The man said that you didn't deserve to be happy, and if I didn't leave you, he would make me watch as he killed you and my parents before he killed me. He gave me twenty-four hours to leave, and I wasn't supposed to tell you anything." She sobbed loudly, "He said you didn't deserve to know why I left. I was so scared. I'm so sorry, Monster." Sasha's voice was shaking as the sobs racked her body with tears were streaming down her beautiful face. I couldn't help but pull her into my chest to comfort her. Whoever threatened her was as good as dead. I would kill him myself.

"You should've told me, Sash." My voice was soft, but I was upset that she hadn't trusted me enough to tell me what had happened. I was mad at myself.

"I wanted to protect you, Sawyer. He had a fucking gun!" She exclaimed as she pulled back from my hug to look me in the face. Her voice was hysterical, and her eyes were wild. I hated that she was so afraid. I pulled her to me once more, hugging her tenderly.

"That's not your job, baby. I protect you, not the other way around." I tsked.

"I thought you were a normal guy, an architect. I didn't know about your family. I didn't know how or why your wife had died; he just said it was your fault. I just... I just didn't know." Sasha cried harder as I rocked her back and forth.

It really wasn't her fault that we didn't know enough about each other to come to me. Sasha was my safe haven away from Nash Industries and the Organization. Not even Darby knew about Sasha at the time. I would spend all my free time with her in her small little studio apartment. She opened my eyes and made my dead heart beat again.

"I'm sorry, baby. This is my fault, but you don't need to worry about anything. I'll protect you from now on." It was a vow that I would never break, so help me God.

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"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss your bride." I couldn't believe I was here. This wasn't how I wanted to make Sasha mine. I didn't want it to be out of some arrangement to be under my protection from another mob family. I wanted her to be mine because she chose me.

However, when we kissed for the first time as husband and wife, all my bitter feelings flew out the window. I reveled in kissing her once more. After she left, I thought I'd never get the chance again. I leaned in to touch Sasha's soft, plump lips. Stealing a kiss at the baby shower had nothing on kissing her at this moment. It was meant to be a peck, a respectable kiss to seal the deal, but the taste and feel of her mouth was too much for me to handle. Before I knew it, my tongue was plunging into her mouth with an erotic motion that made my dick hard. However, the small moan that left Sasha's lips as she pressed her petite body into mine had me wanting to fuck her right here.

Sasha was finally mine even though I had promised myself that I would leave her alone. Now that I knew the reason for her leaving, I knew that we were meant to be together. Our time was unfairly interrupted, and I had to find out by who. But first, I had to take care of my biggest concern at the moment, which was protecting my wife from Patrick Abbott's lowlife family. But none of that could negate the fact that I was

happy that Sasha and I were finally back together.

I continued to devour Sasha's sweet lips. I slipped one of my hands into her soft fluffy afro, and the other was gripping her ass. I pulled her into my hard dick, and she moaned even louder. I was two seconds away from clearing the room and consummating the marriage. However, the justice of the peace cleared her throat, causing me to pull back from our intense kiss. I wanted to live in this moment forever. The sight of Sasha took my breath away. She wore an almond colored bohemian style dress and a flower stuck in the side of her glorious mane. Sasha was now my wife, and she would always make my pulse race because her beauty was unmatched.

I felt guilty that I couldn't give her a big wedding surrounded by loved ones, and that we had to get married at the courthouse with Darby and Flynn, two people who I trusted more than anything, as our witnesses. Sasha didn't want to tell her parents what was going on yet, and I understood her concern.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were good people who worried about their only child. They had already borrowed money against their mortgage to help Sasha, and she didn't want them to worry about helping her any more than they already had. They had just won an all-expense-paid cruise, and Sasha was worried they would try to cash it in to help her. They had worked hard, and they deserved the free vacation, so I agreed to wait until after their upcoming trip.

And since Sasha didn't tell her family, I followed her lead and didn't tell mine either. Well, my father already knew. As the Don, he had to approve the union and place Sasha under our protection. After what happened to Cara, I knew he wouldn't object to my marrying Sasha so quickly.

My father had arranged my first marriage. Cara's family was also Irish mob, but they were still in the old country. The Callahan's were a lively bunch of crazy fuckers who

had a pension for killing. However, Cara was a sweetheart. Like me, she had known from birth what was expected of her. We were arranged from a very young age, and although we weren't strangers, we weren't in love when we married. We both agreed that it was something that we could possibly grow into, but we didn't get the chance.

Cara and I were married less than a year when she was killed in a car accident. Her bodyguard, Doyle, also died in the wreck. It was officially ruled an accident, but both my family as well as hers was suspicious. The car was so horribly damaged and burned beyond recognition that they couldn't find the wreck's cause. And no matter how many experts we had, they couldn't decipher the wreckage enough, and we never found out who or what happened. Because of that, the Council deemed it an accident. No matter who we suspected of killing Cara, I couldn't seek revenge or retaliation. After her death, my father didn't ask me for much. I did my duty and married like I was supposed to, so when it was time for the arrangement with the Bishops, it was Lennox's turn.

And when I told my father about Sasha, I knew he would never go against my wishes. However, dealing with Conrad Nash was the easy part. But when I finally break the news to my mother, Anna was going to kill me.

"I never said, thank you for getting me out of this mess." Sasha's words brought me out of my daze. We were sitting in the back of the SUV, going to my house...our house. My mind automatically corrected.

Our home was located in an exclusive gated community. I trusted the new neighborhood because Andres Bishops recommended the place. Men like us had to have a secure location for our families, and if I could trust anyone about my safety, it was Andres Bishops.

"You're welcome." I said simply. I didn't want her gratitude. I married her for purely selfish reasons. Yes, she needed my help, but after I found her again, I knew she

would be mine eventually.

We stopped at the gate where a man I hired now worked the booth, Darby checked us in, and the gate was opened. Several minutes later, we pulled into the circular driveway.

We're parked in the driveway, and neither of us moved to get out of the car. I knew Sasha was stalling, but I would entertain her for now. I knew she had questions, and I would answer all of them because no matter what, she's not going anywhere.

"So now that we're married, what now?" Sasha said, finally looking at me.

"I need to find and eliminate the threat. The Abbott's aren't going to go away quietly. Unfortunately, that's not their style." I frowned because just thinking about the Abbott's made my head hurt. I hated those fuckers.

"I'm really sorry, Sawyer. I didn't mean for any of this to happen. We haven't seen each other in two years, and I know this isn't a traditional marriage. I don't expect anything from you." Sasha was looking out of the window as she said those bullshit words. Before I get mad, I want to clarify what precisely she meant.

"What exactly are you getting at?" I asked the question slowly because if she meant what I thought she did; Sasha was out of her motherfucking mind.

"I mean the last time I saw you, you were on a date with another woman. What will your girlfriend, Lola think about your new wife?" I could tell she was mad about Lola, but she was worried about the wrong thing. From the time I saw her again in that church, I was done with other women.

"All I have is a wife. You. And you know me well enough to know that you're the only woman that matters to me." I pulled her chin toward me so I could look into her



big brown eyes. She needed to see the expression on my face. No, we hadn't seen each other for a while. And yes, to her, this was an arrangement to protect her. But, to me, this was forever.

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“Sawyer, I don’t expect you to forgive me for leaving or pretend that you didn’t have a life before you had to marry me so freaking unexpectedly. I know you were single and probably living your best life. I mean I’m spontaneous, but this is insane.” It was like she was pleading with me to cheat on her. No, this situation wasn’t insane, Sasha was insane.

I inhaled deeply so that I wouldn’t lose my patience with my new wife. I’m not sure if she was pushing my buttons on purpose or if she was really that selfless. Whatever the case may be, Sasha Nash was about to get a reality check. I pulled her across the backseat so that I could get right in her face. The little surprised yelp she released from her mouth almost made me chuckle. But this was not the time for laughter, Sasha needed to understand who the fuck she was dealing with.

“Mrs. Nash, I’m going to say this shit real slow, so you can understand who the fuck I am to you. I. Am. Your. Motherfucking. Husband. I don’t need another woman because you are my wife!” Sasha was bringing out more of my crazy than I wanted to show. However, each dismissive word toward our new relationship status has me losing my shit.

“But it’s been two years. We don’t even know each other anymore,” Sasha responded in a whisper.

“Then we will get to know one another. We are married now, and we will live as a real husband and wife. We’re not pretending like we’re strangers, and we’re not going on like it’s business as usual. I get that you don’t want to tell your parents right now so they can go on vacation without worry and that’s fine. But I’m not hiding our relationship because I don’t have to hide shit. Am I clear?” I was so close to her; our

noses were almost touching. My large hand gripped her chin so she couldn't turn away from my penetrating gaze.

Sasha glared at me with contempt marring her beautiful face, and her hands were balled into tiny fists. However, her smooth dark skin was covered in goosebumps as her chest heaved up and down. I wasn't sure if my new wife wanted to fuck me or punch me. Maybe both.

## Chapter 7

### SASHA

I didn't know if I wanted to punch Sawyer for manhandling me or jump his bones. His rough ways were something that always turned me on. I liked his no nonsense attitude and just taking whatever he wanted without giving two fucks about what anyone else thought.

But this situation was straight up crazy. I didn't want to keep dwelling on the fact that I had to leave him especially now that I'd told him the reason. He was a lot more accepting than I ever thought he would be, and although he revealed his mob ties, I was still afraid for him.

I always sensed that Sawyer had a side to him that he didn't show me, and it turns out, he was indeed a monster. But I didn't realize he was in the mob. And not just a member but the damn leader. Oh shit! I'm a mob wife!!

I knew I couldn't stall any longer, and the back seat of the SUV was suddenly feeling cramped with all the sexual tension permeating the air. We finally exited the vehicle and I took a deep breath. I had to gain my composure to enter my new life.

"Wow! This is where you live?" My mouth hung open in awe. The house was a

spectacular sight. The modern, three-story, gray and white stone front made an impressive first impression. The balcony and elaborate archway over the front door made the entrance one of a kind.

“No, Sweetheart. This is where we live.” Sawyer kissed my forehead before sliding his hand into mine. The sight of the house made me momentarily forget that I was thinking about punching my new husband. After Sawyer’s little declaration I didn’t want to lose my cool so I stayed silent thinking about all the mistakes I’d made to lead me here. So I focused on the beauty of the house instead.

“This place is huge! My goodness, I mean I knew the whole Mafioso thing paid well. I watched *Goodfellas* and *Casino*, Robert de Niro is one of my favorites, but damn I didn’t think ya’ll really lived like this.” I knew I was rambling, but this entire situation was crazy. I’m naturally a talker with a bubbly personality, so sometimes when I’m excited I talk... a lot.

“I’m not a Mafioso.” Sawyer chuckled, and I frowned in confusion.

“You said you were a Don, and that your family is the mob, right?” I questioned still taking in the massive foyer. My eyes are wide as I swung my head from left to right in awe.

“I’m not a Don yet, but my family are Irish mob, not Italian. So I am not a Mafioso.” Sawyer explained in a calm tone. I’m glad he was answering my questions instead of treating me like I was an idiot. I was still pissed that he’d asked me if I was dumb. The asshole. But I didn’t want to argue and I still had more questions so I let that one slide, for now.

“Oh. Yeah, I can understand that. My bad. I didn’t mean to stereotype you or anything. I guess you already know I don’t know much about the mob.” I grimaced. Sawyer could be a dick, but I didn’t want to offend him. Just because he was an

asshole didn't mean I had to be one as well. It wasn't in my nature to be mean to anyone anyway.

"Don't worry about it. Let me introduce you to our house staff, and then I'll give you a tour of the house." I nodded my head feeling nervous all of a sudden. This was uncharted territory for us. In New York, we lived in a bubble. We basically spent all of our time in bed in my studio apartment. Now, we are sharing a life and apparently he had a staff. I really needed to know more about my husband.

Sawyer led me into the kitchen where a short rotund woman with blond hair with silver streaks was making lunch. Her hazel eyes danced with mischief when she looked at Sawyer. I instantly liked her before she had even said one word.

"Marla. This is my wife Sasha." I had to school my face because hearing Sawyer introduce me as his wife was shocking.

"Oh, my! Aren't you the prettiest little thing." I laughed at her because at five-three I was taller than she was, "How in the world did you get mixed up with a rascal like this?" Marla's toothy grin had me giving her a genuine smile in return. Her presence helped to relax me.

"So, you just run off and get married and then come in here and act like I won't whip your behind for not telling me about a new woman in your life." Marla looked at Sawyer with an arched brow. Her pale face was flushed red from preparing lunch and her hazel eyes were dancing with excitement as she teased a smiling Sawyer. It was fascinating to watch their interaction. I could easily see the love between the two of them

"Come on, Marla. You know you're the only girl for me." Sawyer kissed her hand and gave her a charming smile. She slapped his chest playfully before pushing him aside to look at me.

Before I knew what was happening, Marla swept me up into a hug. I giggled at her motherly affection because I wasn't used to such loving behavior from strangers on Founder's. I knew with that act alone; she wasn't from here.

"Hi, Mrs. Marla. I'm Sasha." I hugged her back smiling.

"Oh, stop with that Mrs. It's just Marla." She replied as she held me at arm's length.

"It's nice to meet you, Marla."

"Sasha honey, it's nice to meet you too. Welcome home."

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Welcome home indeed.

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I'm not sure what I expected before meeting Sawyer's house staff. But it wasn't this makeshift family they'd all seem to be. Marla, was the grandmother figure who ran the house with love and a no nonsense rule of thumb, even when she dealt with Sawyer. Ben was the gardener and head grounds keeper, and Charles was the butler. But those were just a few of the people that worked on Sawyer's estate. There were his men who were always around without being "around." It seemed that they were always lurking in the shadows, only coming out on command. If I didn't know about Sawyer's mob involvement the shit would creep me out. It made me wonder if they were lurking when we were together in New York because I never noticed them before.

Now that we've been formally introduced, and not just seeing them and hearing about them from Dove, and the fact they were at our wedding, I know how important Darby and Flynn are to Sawyer. And not just because they were two of his men who were always around.

I even remember seeing Darby at the baby shower, and Flynn was at the hospital when Alejandro was shot. In both cases, they made sure to make their presence known. The two red headed giants were mountainous, walking, talking threats. Darby was the talker of the two always laughing and smiling, but Flynn barely said a word. His hazel-green eyes were forever watching everything. But no matter how much Darby joked, I could tell both men were equally dangerous.

After all of the introductions were over, I made my way into one of the many guest rooms I saw on the tour Marla gave me. Sawyer had some urgent business to take care of, so I was left on my own for the rest of the day. Although I was feeling guilty for not telling my parents what was going on, I knew I needed to call and check on them. They won a cruise and the timing couldn't have been more perfect. Now, I could talk about their upcoming trip and they would get too excited to ask about my life.

“Hey, Sasha girl. How's your day baby?” My mama's raspy voice came through the line in a cheery tone.

“Hey, Mama. My day was okay. Are you guys getting ready for your trip?” I asked switching topics quickly. I couldn't let her ask too many questions or I would fold and tell her I got married today. I'm such a horrible daughter.

“Oh yes! I went online and got me some swimsuits. Your daddy won't know what hit him.” I laughed at that. My parents have been married for going on thirty-years and they still acted like newlyweds. Nobody could ever say that Rosie and Daryl Phillips weren't in love.

“Oh, I'm sure whatever you have he will enjoy it.”

“He better if he knows what's good for him,” Mama giggled in the phone. In the background I could hear my dad grumbling about my mother's addiction to online shopping and we both laughed.

He could complain all he wanted to, but nothing and nobody would stop may Mama's online shopping.

We talked for about twenty-minutes catching up and laughing before I had an overwhelming feeling of exhaustion. I said my goodbyes and decided I could finally



try and take a nap.

I didn't get to appreciate the opulence of the bedroom where I would be sleeping because my mind was going a million miles an hour. However, I would do some snooping after I took a nap. Maybe some rest would help my thoughts settle.

I didn't think I would be all alone on my wedding day. Actually, that's not true. I never really thought about what my wedding day would be like. I left the romantic notions and the dreams of true love to my best friend. Raven was the one who would get all mushy over thoughts of wedding gowns and flowers.

I frowned at the thought of Raven. I didn't tell my parents or my best friend that I was getting married. I didn't tell anybody that I was getting married. I'm so embarrassed that Sawyer had to marry me in the first place. I've always been independent and careful. I never would've thought that I would be in a situation like this.

I never wanted to be a burden on anyone. My parents gifted me the money from their house without telling me what they were doing, but I should've given them their money back. But I thought once I owned the gallery that I would be able to repay them easily with interest. I should've planned better, but I didn't. If it wasn't for Sawyer, there's no telling where the hell I'd be.

I had a fitful nap, and didn't get much rest at all. But at least I had an excuse for locking myself in my room. It was weird to have all these conflicting emotions when it came to Sawyer Nash. On one hand, I wanted what we had back in New York, but on the other hand, neither of us were the same people that we were two years ago. I could tell that Sawyer was bossier than he was back then. Maybe it was because he was about to be the Don of his family. I'm not sure what it was, but I could see the heaviness in his emerald eyes like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. And the last thing I wanted to do was add to his responsibilities.

But I was grateful that he married me. He saved my life and I owed him, but still he was a different Sawyer than before. Now he was domineering, crass, and rude as fuck. I wanted to slap his face and sit on it at the same time.

I was frustrated and I really needed to paint. It was the only way that I could get my mind to rest. But my art room wasn't set up yet. I let out a heavy sigh. My life was a serious mess, and there was absolutely nobody I could blame but myself.

My self-deprecation lasted until I got out of the shower. I wrapped a nice fluffy towel around my body and entered my room. I let out a startled gasp when I saw Sawyer sitting quietly in a chair watching me intently. He scared the shit out of me, but I wouldn't show fear to my predator of a husband.

"Uh. Hey. Do you need something?" I questioned lightly as I pulled the towel tighter. I was glad there wasn't a tremble in my voice to give away how unnerved I am. You can never let someone as dangerous as Sawyer see you sweat. His passionate stare roamed over my body, and I gulped. The heated look he was giving me made me want to snatch away the towel and fling my body on top of his. However, I stood with my hands crossed over my chest waiting for him to answer my question.

"I was just coming to check on you, Céile." The nickname was new and I'm not sure what it meant, but his deep voice held a seductive cadence that made goosebumps cover my skin. His voice dripped over me like melted chocolate.

"I'm good, thanks." That's all I could trust myself to say. I was confused about my feelings when I was alone, but in his presence it was a thousand times worse.

"I see. I was just coming to check the reason as to why the fuck you're in here...the guest bedroom and not in our bedroom." Sawyer's sultry tone turned dark and ominous in a blink of an eye. The shit made my head spin. But I wasn't about to play this game with him.

“I told you before, we haven’t seen one another in two years. Things have changed. We don’t know each other anymore; I don’t know if we ever did.” I stood firm in my decision. I was a free-spirited person, but I made a lot of mistakes in the past. Sawyer and I weren’t honest with each other, and I lived for two years believing that our lives were in jeopardy because of that.

“And I told you. We will live as husband and wife in all things. Now, we don’t have to fuck if that’s not what you want. I’ve never had to force myself on a woman and I won’t start now, but you will stay in our marital bed.”

“No. The. Hell. I. Will. Not!” I don’t know who Sawyer thought he was dealing with, but I am not the one.

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I stood staring at Sawyer. His pink lips were held in an angry line with his slightly larger bottom lip poking out. His thick dark brows looked like angry slashes over his narrowed green eyes. The light stubble that covered his chiseled jawline earlier in the day had grown into a five o’clock shadow and it just added to the sexy broodiness of my new husband.

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Before I knew what was happening, Sawyer stood from the chair and was in front of me in two strides. I yelped when he scooped me up and threw me over his shoulder like a rag doll.

The towel loosened as I kicked my legs and hit his broad back. He had stripped off the suit jacket he'd worn to the ceremony earlier and was left wearing a fitted crisp white dress shirt. I was so mad that I couldn't even admire the feel of his back muscles flexing underneath my slapping palms.

"Monster, put me down!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. I can't believe he just picked me up like this. I could feel the breeze on my bare ass as the towel flopped up as he continued to walk. When I squirmed a little too much, he almost dropped me.

"Stay still." Sawyer slapped my ass so hard, I squealed out. But not in pain, more like shock that he actually hit me. The slap didn't hurt and as he rubbed the sting away, I felt my center getting moist. He had never spanked me before and it took all the strength in me not to moan. I don't know what is happening to me or my treacherous body, but I had to get control over myself.

"Please, put me down, Sawyer." I don't know if it was the pleading tone or what, but before I could beg anymore I was unceremoniously dropped on a soft fluffy cloud. This bed was even more heavenly than the one in the guest room. I lay there with my chest heaving up and down like I'd run a marathon instead of being carried.

It didn't take me long to realize that my breasts were completely exposed. My nipples were hard by not only the chill in the air but the memory of Sawyer's touch. I tightly shut my eyes in embarrassment, and tugged the towel back into place.

Sawyer has seen me naked before, and I wasn't a shy woman at all. I was often called a hippy by my family and friends. I had a free, love your body and yourself type of mentality. However, it had been a long time and Sawyer's attention unsettled me.

The room was draped in silence, but I knew he was still watching me. It was something about his gaze that I could always feel. It was both addicting and terrifying; two more conflicting emotions that confused me.

I opened my eyes when I felt him hovering over my body. I know he promised not to touch me, but damn I wanted him to touch me so bad. Our gazes collided and his was scorching hot. I wanted to wrap my legs around his waist and run my fingers through his hair. I'd done it a million times before, and even though I was now his wife, I didn't feel like I had the right.

"SweetCéile," Sawyer's voice was a low purr as he ran his calloused hand down my cheek. But I knew it was a trick. He was using the new nickname and he only called me sweet when he was about to say something crazy.

"Don't call me sweet. You had no right to man handle me, Monster. The shit is unacceptable." I sneered his nickname because he was acting more and more like the monster that I'd named him. It was usually out of fun, but this shit was not cute. I was surprised that my voice was as calm as it was considering my nerves were on edge and I really wanted to slap him. However, if I didn't want him man handling me, I had to keep my hands to myself.

"You're right. I won't man handle you. But I promise to spank your ass every time you act like you're not my wife."

I wanted to say something witty, but at the mention of spanking, my mouth had gone incredibly dry. I've always been open in my sexuality, I like being free. But tonight was the first time I've ever been spanked. And if I had on panties they would

definitely be wet. It made me wonder why he didn't spank me before.

"Like I said, I won't touch you if that's not what you want." Sawyer's eyes roamed over my body from head to toe. Before those bright emerald orbs connected intensely to mine, "But right now, I need you to get dressed so we can have dinner." Sawyer kissed my forehead sweetly. Something he likes to do, and he rolled away from me. He strolled nonchalantly to the bedroom door as if it was just another ordinary day. My husband is going to drive me crazy.

Before he left the room I hollered out, "Hey! I don't have any clothes in here."

"Yes, you do. The closet is on the other side of the sitting area. See ya in fifteen-minutes." Sawyer disappeared closing the door softly behind him.

I walked through the massive master bedroom again in complete amazement. The room looked like a presidential suite at a fancy hotel. When I made it into the customized closet, it was like walking into every woman's wet dream. The closet was the size of a bedroom. One side was obviously Sawyer's because there were fancy tailored suits, dress shirts, t-shirts, jeans, and even shorts neatly hanging, separated by color. There was a large shoe rack holding all different pairs of fancy Italian leather loafers, expensive dress shoes, the latest sneakers, and even flip flops.

However, the pièce de résistance was a crystal chandelier hanging in the center of the closet above an island. The lights from the chandelier danced and reflected off of glass of the closet doors. It was as if I was standing inside of a diamond. It was opulent and over the top and something that I never envisioned for myself. I took a closer look at the marble island and realized it held an array of jewelry; watches, cufflinks, even leather bracelets. It was weird I've never seen Sawyer wear leather bracelets or flip flops. I really didn't know him well at all.

As I walk around the island I came to the other side of the closet. My side. I couldn't

believe my eyes.

“How the heck did he get all of my clothes in here?” Everything I owned was neatly placed in the closet. Which would’ve been fine, except I left most of these things in my apartment.

## Chapter 8

### SAWYER

I gave Sasha fifteen minutes, but in reality, I needed more time than that to get my shit together. The sight of her smooth dark skin glistening with water droplets made my brain short circuit. I planned to be calm when I went to check on her, and she wasn’t in the master suite. I sat waiting patiently as I could in the chair after pacing outside the door for ten minutes. I couldn’t understand why Sasha insisted on trying me.

We may not have done much talking for the short time that we were together, but she knew me. She knew that her smart mouth and defiance would get her fucked on any available surface. Until tonight I had never spanked her, but I could see the action had turned her on. She didn’t want me manhandling her, and I wouldn’t, I lost my head, and that’s not an excuse. However, spanking her ass did not qualify as manhandling. And if she thought for one second, I would let her sleep in the guest room; then, she was crazier than I thought.

I took the stairs two at a time until I reached my study. I sat behind my desk so that I could make an important call. Yesterday, I didn’t have time to dig deeper into the reasons why Sasha needed money from a loan shark. I wanted to know about the man selling the building, and the banks that denied her loans. I wanted to know every fucking thing.

“Darby, I need you to find out how Patrick Abbott and Sasha’s cousin, Joe are

connected. I need to know everything about this cousin of Sasha's that introduced her to a human trafficker."

"Anything else?" Darby was a jokester, but he knew when to be about his business, it's what I liked about him.

"Yeah, find out all of the banks that turned down Sasha's loan, and who Bruce Todd was selling the building to?"

"Got it." Darby disconnected, and I knew that I would have all the information I asked for by the next day.

I leaned back in my chair and steepled my hands. The thoughts of the danger that Sasha had put herself in had my rage soaring. Sasha is an independent person who prided herself on doing everything on her own; I admired her for that. Sasha was a breath of fresh air and had me hypnotized from the first time I laid eyes on her.



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### PAST

I was sitting in the Sixty SoHo Boutique Hotel, doing my best to drink my weight in whiskey. I knew that I was going to be there a while, so I made sure I was seated at the best table as I sipped from a crystal tumbler. I had just had a meeting with my father, and I was made COO of Nash Industries. It was a proud moment for both of us as well as our family. I may have been an entitled asshole, but my father didn't just hand me the position. It took me five years to work my way into the position.

Of course, nepotism played a role, but I had to earn my spot. My father didn't take work ethic lightly, He expected all four of his sons to be in the family business, but as the oldest, I was expected to take over one day.

And although I had finally reached COO, I had been derailed for the last three years. My wife died unexpectedly in a car accident, and I was convinced she had been killed. I may look like the typical Wall Street type, but I was anything but. My tailored suits, perfectly styled hair, and broad smile hid the real monster in me.

The Wall Street bastards didn't have shit on the monster that I am. My family was Irish mob. We ran shit here in the states for generations, and like my father before me and his before him, I was going to be the Don. I started my training young and made my first kill when I was sixteen. I was ruthless, dangerous, and angry. I was always so fucking angry.

And today, when I should've been happy that I'd finally gotten my father's approval and moved one step closer to taking over the family, I was angry. It had been two years of nonstop searching, and I still hadn't come up with any reason why someone

would kill my wife, Cara.

Cara was a sweet woman with a pretty smile, long red hair, and bright hazel-green eyes. We didn't love one another when we were married, but we had an arrangement that we both agreed on. Our families were two of the most powerful families in the Irish mob council. Our marriage had been arranged before we were even born. I never had any preconceived notions about love or marriage, so marrying for money and power seemed normal for me. And today of all days, I was informed that my last hope of finding evidence of foul play in Cara's accident, was dead.

I frowned as I thought of my in-laws. Cara may have been sweet, but she wasn't naïve. She knew what I was and what our union represented. We were high targets for families who wanted to make a name for themselves, but I was cocky. I let my new wife leave the safety of our home with only her bodyguard, Doyle. He was new, but he came highly recommended, and we trusted him to do his job and protect Cara.

I never thought anyone would dare touch her, she was married to a Nash and born to a family of killers. Only a fool would fuck with us. And although both the police and the Council said she died in an accident, something in my gut told me differently. They claimed it could've been a faulty brake system, but they couldn't know for sure because of the fire. Faulty brakes were way too obvious. Who in their right mind would believe such bullshit? Well, I sure the fuck didn't.

There was foul play and I promised myself I would find out who killed Cara. I let my guard down, and it was my fault. Finding her killer wouldn't bring her back, but getting revenge would calm the beast inside of me.

As I sat brooding and drinking, a vision of beauty floated into the restaurant. The woman was small, and she couldn't have been more than five-three or four. She wore a red, orange, and green flowery patterned maxi skirt and a tight white crocheted top that caressed the swell of her pert breast. There was a sliver of belly that peaked

through when she walked. Her afro was a glorious crown that bounced with every step of her platform shoes. The large gold hoops caressed the smooth brown skin of her shoulders, and I could imagine my fingers doing the same. Her beautiful face held a bright smile that displayed straight white teeth and dimples that gave her an innocent look. Her light brown eyes glittered, and the bangles on her wrists jangled when she waved. I stared across the room to see who she was greeting, and I couldn't help the scowl when I saw a tall black man with the wide smile waving back.

Was it her boyfriend? Maybe a husband? What was it about this woman that made me want her?

I continued to watch the pair as they embraced in a hug that said they were familiar with one another, but the kiss on the cheek told me that maybe they weren't romantic. I took a deep breath, and my shoulders relaxed at the friendly gesture. When she threw her head back, and a melodious sound left her perfect lips, I smiled. The action felt almost foreign because I didn't smile often, shit, I didn't smile at all. She would be mine.

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## PRESENT

"Do you want something else to eat?" I'd been watching Sasha push the food around on her plate for over ten minutes. The silence between us was awkward and uncomfortable. It was never like this.

But maybe that's because all we did was fuck. We never had in-depth conversations, and we never asked one another the hard questions. We were each other's refuge, and we didn't want to taint that, now I wish we would have.

"No, no." Sasha shook her head, "it's fine." I sighed heavily because we were going

to have to have a difficult conversation, even harder than when she told me about her leaving.

“It’s not fine, Céile. I need you to tell me what’s going on. What are you thinking?” Sasha placed her knife and fork down and wiped her make-up free face with a napkin. I may not like what she was about to tell me, but I would do my best to listen and not react.

“When I went into the closet, I realized just how little I know about you.” Sasha looked into my eyes with a sadness that I hated to see.

“You realized that by my clothes?” I asked, confused. We had a whole conversation about me being in the mob, something I had kept a secret from her the entire time that we were together, and my clothes are what she was worried about.

“Yeah, your clothes. You have leather bracelets and flip flops. I’ve only ever seen you in suits or naked.” Sasha smirked up at me. “It was absolutely believable that you are in the mob. You always had this... way about you. This danger that oozed out of you like honey. But I tried picturing where a guy like yourself would wear leather bracelets.”

Out of all the things I’ve told Sasha about me, she was focused on the fact that I wore bracelets. The strange thing was, I wasn’t completely shocked. Sasha’s quirkiness was one of the things I liked about her. The fact that as an artist, she often saw things that other people either overlooked or never bothered to notice.

“I do take vacations, you know,” I smirked at her trying to ease the discomfort I felt at her seeing me.

“Oh yeah. So I’m guessing you’re a beach guy.” Sasha smiled at me, and I felt relief that she was changing the subject. Well, sort of.

“I haven’t been in years, but yeah.” I gave Sasha a sexy smile to try and distract her, and when she dipped her head and touched her hair, I knew she was blushing.

“So, we’re married now.” Her statement came out a little shaky, and I knew she was nervous. The last time she brought up our marriage just a few hours ago, I lost my shit.

“Yes, we are, Mrs. Nash.”

“We didn’t sign a prenup, Sawyer.” Sasha looked at me with determination covering her beautiful face. No nickname... just Sawyer. I knew she was about to start some shit.

“We don’t need a prenup, Céile,” I growled the words through clenched teeth. Don’t lose your shit, Sawyer.

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“Sawyer,” Sasha sighed my name like a curse, “I don’t want your money, so you’re right. We don’t need a prenup, but we can’t stay married. We don’t even know each other.”

“We can get to know each other. I’m not giving you a divorce. There’s still a threat out there, and we have to stay married.” I stated dismissively before picking up my wine and sipping calmly. Keep it together, Sawyer.

“We don’t need a divorce. We haven’t consummated our marriage; we can get it annulled.” Sasha’s beautiful face was hopeful, and the look was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

I calmly rose from my chair, rounded the table, and stood in front of my wife. Her eyes were wide, and that hopeful look was replaced with fear. Good. Sasha should be afraid. She’s the only woman who ever enticed the monster. And now she would really have a reason to call me by her little pet name.

I swiped all the dishes off the table, and Sasha gasped and jumped out of her chair. I picked her little ass up and placed her where the nice dinner setting was. The look on her face was priceless. She was turned on.

“Monster, what...” I didn’t let her finish the sentence as I pulled her face toward mine and kissed her breathless. I pushed up the skirt of her short tank top style dress and pushed her panties to the side. My fingers rubbed her hardened clit making her hot pussy wetter with each stroke.

“You call me, Monster, and then act surprised! You know who I am. And you knew

what I'd do if you baited me." My voice was rough with hunger, and I couldn't hold back the anger and frustrations that dripped from my every word.

"Sawyer..." Sasha moaned as I stuck two of my large fingers inside her. Her hips began to swivel, chasing the feeling of my touch.

"I know you want me. We may not have had many conversations, but your body tells me everything I need to know. It always has, and it always will."

## Chapter 9

### SASHA

My body heated at Sawyer's touch. Like he said, "it always had, and it always would." From the very first time he ever touched me, my body was his and his alone. I could play tough, but his touch made all the games and resistance fly from my head.

I wouldn't even try to stop him. I couldn't if I wanted to... which I don't. I've been craving this man's touch since I left him two years ago. I thought I'd never get the chance to ever have this feeling again.

"Sawyer, I..." My words once again were lost on a guttural moan.

"I know, baby. Give me the words I need to hear them!" His voice demanded, and I folded like he knew that I would. Sawyer had my body worked up, but he wouldn't let me fall over the edge. He kept his fingers at a steady pace inside me as he swirled his thumb over my clit.

"Monster, shit! Fuck me!" I exclaimed in frustration.

"Your wish is my command, Céile." Sawyer's pulsating dick entered me in one hard

push. I don't know when he even had the time to pull it out, and I didn't give not one single fuck!

"Ohhh." We groaned in unison. How I missed the feel of him. Damn! I have been missing out.

Sawyer lay me down on the table and continued to stroke in and out of me with a frenzied pace. I wrapped my legs around his waist and thrust my hips up to meet his. I reached my hand up to touch his handsome face, but he stopped me. Sawyer grabbed both my hands and placed them above my head. He held them there as he pummeled my pussy. He leaned down until we were nose to nose, he growled like an animal staring into my eyes with his narrowed in anger.

"You think you can just leave me? Do you think I would ever let you go again? Never! Do you fucking hear me? Never!" With each word, I could feel his passion building. His dick was getting harder, and his strokes were more aggressive. I released a long moan that I could no longer hold inside. I wanted to rip off my shirt, which we didn't bother removing. His sweat dripped onto my face when he lifted his head to look at me. His smile was feral when he leaned down and kissed the side of my face.

He slowed down, watching me intensely, and I shivered in response to his long, languid strokes. All I could do is groan and take everything that he was giving me. My hands were still held tightly in his, and all I wanted to do was touch him. To connect with him like we used to do.

"Sawyer, let me touch you." I pleaded gazing lovingly into his handsome face. His chiseled jaw was clenched, and his mouth was held in an angry line.

"No!" The one word told me more than I was willing to admit to myself. This intimate act was all consuming for me, but for him, it was about control. I turned my



face away from his burning stare. I didn't want him to see the hurt in my eyes. After all, it was me who suggested that we get an annulment. I just wanted to give him the option that I thought he deserved. It didn't matter that we had a previous sexual relationship. We were not in a place where we should've been married.

"Don't turn away from me," Sawyer grabbed my jaw roughly and turned my head to face him. He held me in place as he licked my lips before pushing his seeking tongue into my mouth. Sawyer kissed me with a hunger that I'd never felt before, even with him. He was sending me mixed signals, telling me no but showing me yes. However, I couldn't concentrate on that because my body was too built up. And when Sawyer let go of my jaw to slide his hand between our pressed bodies to play with my clit, I finally crashed over the edge into the abyss.

"You are mine. And you're not going any-fucking-where, and don't you ever-fucking forget it!" I thought we were finished. I was wrong. Oh, so wrong. I just orgasmed, yet my body was being greedy, and I felt the flutters of another orgasm as Sawyer kept moving inside of me.

Before I knew it, Sawyer had picked me up and slammed my back against a wall. My hands were held above my head, still wrapped in his strong grip, and my legs were still wrapped tightly around his waist as he pounded into me. His slacks rubbed against my bare thighs, and the friction was adding to the eroticism of the situation. Sawyer took me roughly, biting and sucking on my neck in between him grunting and swearing loudly. It was savage, lustful, hedonistic, and hot as hell!

"I'm gonna cum. Don't stop! Please don't stop!" I yelled out, rocking my hips, doing my best to match Sawyer's rhythm, but I couldn't keep up.

"Don't you fucking cum," he growled ruthlessly. "You cum when I say you can." He stilled his hips, and my orgasm started to fade. I whimpered in utter dismay, but when Sawyer chuckled, it pissed me off.

“You motherfucker! I said I want to cum!” He had done this to me. He made me remember how his dick felt. He made me feel pleasure and a connection that I hadn’t felt since I walked away from him.

“Oh! I’m a motherfucker now, huh? No, I’m a monster!” Sawyer’s laugh was manic, and it scared me a little. But I know he couldn’t tell that I was afraid because my juices gushed out like water falling into a waiting river. But my second orgasm hung at the precipice, and Sawyer’s petty ass was still refusing to move.

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“Please...” I wasn’t above begging at this moment. I needed this release so bad I could taste it. Yes, I was being completely gluttonous, and it should’ve embarrassed me, but I didn’t give a damn. My body felt entirely too good to be ashamed.

“It’s too late to beg, sweet Céile. This pussy is mine. I’ll make her sing when I’m ready.” Sawyer was holding his body rigid as he held me up against the dining room wall, and I could feel the tears welling in my eyes. I wasn’t in pain, at least not physically. But the frustration of not cumming was making the emotions spill out of my eyes.

“Don’t cry, baby,” Sawyer licked my cheeks free of the salty tears that spilled from my eyes and kissed my eyelids. He finally let go of my hands and caressed my face tenderly, “You deserve every bit of this punishment, Céile. I need you to understand that spanking isn’t the only way for you to learn that I am your husband. And now that we have consummated our marriage, there’s no easy way out! I won’t let you leave me this time!” I couldn’t believe his words. Sawyer Nash was punishing me for giving him options. We had a fling, and he married me to keep me safe after I made a foolish decision. It wasn’t fair for him to have to stay married to me forever. It wasn’t fair to keep him in this arrangement.

However, before I could express my grievances, Sawyer began to move. His hips moved slowly at first, and just when I got used to the pace, he sped up so fast that all I could do was wrap my arms around his neck and hold on for dear life.

“Cum!” Sawyer commanded, and like a soldier following a general, I came.

“Ohhhhshityes! Feels good baby yes!” My words flowed out in a jumbled mess. I threw

my head back against the wall as my body trembled with my release. My orgasm seemed to go on forever, and all the energy was sucked out of me. I closed my eyes as I felt myself going limp against his hard muscular chest.

“Don’t go to sleep yet, sweet Céile. I’m not done with you.” I immediately knew that his words were a promise of more punishment, and I also knew that I was indeed crazy because I couldn’t wait.

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Sawyer “punished” my body for the rest of the night. He didn’t let me sleep, and after the fourth time I orgasmed, I stopped counting. The energizer bunny didn’t have shit on my husband. I found myself begging him to stop and meaning it. When I could barely hold my eyes open any longer, Sawyer finally let me sleep. However, my rest didn’t last long when I felt him lift my leg and slide into me from behind. I had no idea what time it was, and it didn’t really matter. Sawyer took my body to the highest of highs as he caressed my breasts and kissed my neck affectionately. His thick digits found my clit as he moved inside of me once more.

“I’m sorry, baby. Please forgive me.” I’m not sure what he was apologizing for, and I was in no state to ask. This was definitely not a punishment. It was making love, and I think that scared me more than anything we’d ever done. We climaxed together, me for the millionth time and Sawyer for the first time. I got the feeling he was holding back his climax, but I had no idea why.

The next morning when I woke up alone, I was hurt. I wanted to talk to Sawyer about what happened, but I guess we were going to stay in the cycle of not talking to each other. I sighed; there was no use in me worrying about a man I couldn’t change. I was a gallery owner now, and I had work that needed to be done.

I may not have been able to divorce Sawyer, but the least I could do is pay him his

money back. I'm a big girl, and I can own up to my mistakes. I made a huge error by getting involved with a loan shark. I was in over my head, and I can admit that. Sawyer saved me when he didn't have to, but I had no illusions of a happily ever after. Sawyer wasn't that type of a man, and that was something that I would have to accept just like the first time we were together.

After my shower, I placed my hair in a puffball on the top of my head. I sweated out my twist out with our wild night of sex, and I didn't have the strength or the wherewithal to wear a bonnet to sleep. I put on a little face powder and nude lip gloss to finish off my look. The gallery wasn't open on Sundays, but I thought I would go in and catch up on some paperwork I had neglected over the past few days.

I dressed in my usual casual bohemian style of maxi dress and platform sandals with large hoop earrings and multiple bangles on my wrists. I was much more relaxed when I dressed like myself. Lately, I've had to wear much more sophisticated attire. I wanted to make sure I perfectly represented my business. I was already at a disadvantage because I grew up on the wrong side of Founder's island. People knew that I didn't come from money, and some of the more uptight members of the high society didn't let me forget it. But no matter what, I refused to let stuck-up elitist dictate the success of my business. My gallery was already a success after only a few showings. Once I convinced my old friend and hot photographer, Yohan Hobbs, to show his newest work, then I would draw in a huge crowd.

I decided that I needed to call Raven before I headed out. I had been avoiding my bestie's calls by texting her that I was busy. I felt ashamed, but I was afraid that I would spill the beans on my marriage to Sawyer. However, I wouldn't be a very good friend if I didn't at least try to call.

"Oh, so I guess a kidnapper doesn't have your phone and pretending to be you by texting." Raven's snarky tone was so unlike her that I knew Lennox had to be rubbing off on her.

“I love you.” I sweetly sang into the phone, trying to get my friend to loosen up. Raven was a big softie and couldn’t stay mad at anyone for too long.

“Uh, huh. Where the hell have you been, Sash? I’ve been worried sick.”

“I’m fine, Rae. I promise. Like I said in my texts, I’ve been extremely busy with the gallery.” I gave her a half-truth because explaining the whole truth would take time I didn’t have.

“The gallery, huh? You sure it isn’t a man that’s taking up your time?” I gulped. There was no possible way Raven could know about Sawyer.

“What?” I slapped my forehead with my hand. I can’t lie for shit, and Raven would definitely not let this go.

“Austin. I know you two were getting mighty close at the baby shower.” I sighed in relief. Of course, she was talking about the last guy I dated. She had no idea I was married to her brother-in-law.

“Yeah, no. Austin and I didn’t work out. I’ve really been busy with the gallery and getting a new artist. But I promise we’ll have lunch and catch up soon.”

“Okay. I guess I’ll let you make it. Besides, badgering you over the phone is no fun. I like to see you squirm.” Raven cackled, and I frowned. She definitely sounds more and more like Lennox.

“I don’t squirm.” I huffed with indignation.

“Yeah, sure you don’t. Anyway, I’ll see you in a few days for lunch. Love you. Bye.” Raven disconnected, and normally I would be mad at her for rushing me off the phone, but I was glad that I didn’t have to answer any more of her questions. I would

definitely have to tell her about my marriage soon.

After getting off the phone, I grabbed my purse and headed downstairs to find Sawyer. My car was left at my apartment, and I needed a ride to the gallery. It was hard for me to remember my way around the ten-thousand-square-foot mansion. I wandered around for ten minutes before I made my way to the kitchen. Maybe I can find Marla, and she could call her boss for me.

When I got to the kitchen, I found the twins sitting at the island eating lunch. I know they are identical, but it was still eerie just how much they looked alike. The only way I could tell them apart was that Flynn, who rarely talked, normally wore his bright red beard long and thick like a Viking, and Darby, who seldom shut up, wore his beard more groomed.

“Hey, twinkies. What’s shakin’ bacon?” I floated into the room, pretending to be relaxed. I learned a long time ago, fake it until you make it. So, if I wanted to feel comfortable around Sawyer’s guys, then I would have to act like I would with anyone else.

To my surprise, it was Flynn who laughed out loud and Darby, who frowned. That was unusual, and maybe I couldn’t tell them apart after all.

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“Hey, brat. You goin’ somewhere?” Darby’s Irish accent was thick, but I could still understand him.

“Since when am I a brat? I don’t think we know each other well enough for you to call me that.” I cocked my head to the side to study him closer. His hazel-green eyes were alight with humor, and I smirked at him.

“Since you came bounding in here, giving us nicknames and shit.” Darby smiled, and I shook my head with a chuckle.

“Fair point. Where’s your boss?” I asked, looking between the two mirror images.

“Business.” They said in an eerie unison.

“Uh, alrighty. I need a ride to the gallery, and my car is at my apartment.”

“You’re with Flynn, brat. He’s your personal guard.” Darby stated, and Flynn rose from his chair with a nod. I frowned because I didn’t need a guard. But then the memory hit me like a ton of bricks; I’m a mob wife.

## Chapter 10

### SAWYER

When I woke up next to Sasha, it was like all of my fantasies come to life. I was wrapped around her petite curvy body. Her ass was pushed into my crotch, making my morning wood that much harder, and the thought of slipping into her waiting slit



made me groan. But I couldn't take her again. The last time we made love Sasha was exhausted. Bless her, and she couldn't even hold her eyes open as I pushed into her from behind. I thought I would never again get to experience the pleasure of her tight warm wet pussy. The feeling of her was exquisite, and I couldn't get enough. I didn't even stop to taste her, and eating her pussy was my favorite thing to do.

When we were apart for those excruciating two years, I thought about her constantly. Her smile that showed off her deep dimples, the way she threw her head back when she laughed, and the way her light brown eyes danced with mischief when she wanted to fuck. While we were together, we lived in a bubble where only we mattered. Now that she's back in my life, I couldn't bring myself to reconcile the fact that I'd ever let her leave.

So, when she started talking that shit about getting a divorce, my crazy jumped out. There was no fucking way I would let the woman of my dreams go for the second time. No. Fucking. Way. I would chop off an arm before I'd let her go. Her little ass wasn't going any fucking where. That's why I fucked her into exhaustion. I marked every part of her body. Sasha would never forget the way my dick felt. At one point during the night, I had to apologize to her. I knew she was probably sore, but I couldn't stop myself. I had to have her. So being the selfish bastard that I am, I took her. All fucking night! I would definitely be doing it again if she pissed me off.

However, right now, I needed to give her mercy and let her sleep. So, I got out of bed before she woke up. One thing that hadn't changed about my sweet wife is she sleeps like the dead, so it was easy not to wake her from my movements. The hard thing was not waking her up for one more round. But I was able to talk myself into letting her rest because now that I'd tasted her again, there was no turning back. I told her that I wouldn't fuck her, but I knew that was a lie as soon as it left my lips. I knew I wouldn't even try to keep that promise if she showed an inkling of wanting me, and she did. So I gave in without a second thought, taking her over and over again until I felt like she understood that she wasn't leaving. She was never fucking leaving.

I showered, cleaned myself up, and slipped out of the room twenty minutes later. I headed to my study so that I could do some business. I usually didn't do business on a Sunday, but considering all the shit I needed to get done, and the fact I was trying not to keep fucking my wife for the rest of the day, I had to lock myself away for the morning.

By mid-afternoon, I could no longer fight the urge to see Sasha. When I heard voices coming from the kitchen, I headed in that direction. Marla and Darby were laughing and talking as usual. Since Darby and Flynn were now exclusively with me for the time being, they lived in a smaller house on the back of my property. I told them they didn't have to provide twenty-four-hour security, but they insisted. They were only supposed to be training my men, and this wasn't supposed to be a permanent situation for them.

The twins had been in the states for over five years, but I've known them since we were kids. From the time I turned ten, I had gone to Ireland and trained with their father. He was the best at what he does, and their family was known for their ruthless killing. The twins were six years younger than me, but they were taught the same things that I was. We were killers. Trained killers. And we were good at it. Darby and Flynn were my brothers, and I wouldn't trust anyone else with my life.

"Well, he's alive after all. Would you like a late lunch?" Marla asked in the motherly tone she often used with me. Although she could be very stern, she was one of the most nurturing and loving people I'd ever had the pleasure of knowing.

"Sure. A sandwich will be fine." I answered, pulling up a stool to sit beside Darby at the granite island that was in the center of the elaborate chef's kitchen.

"Where's Flynn?" I asked Darby, who hadn't looked up from his phone. He was forever on that damn phone.

“He took Sasha to the gallery,” Darby said casually, not looking up from his phone.

“What? Why didn’t you tell me?” I can’t believe Sasha just left without coming to see me. I know I was avoiding her, but only so I wouldn’t fuck her again. It didn’t mean I wanted her to leave the house.

“You said not to bother you, so I didn’t. I did send you a text, though.” Darby shrugged. I was two seconds away from punching this redheaded fucker. But Darby was the only person that was as crazy as I am. I knew that Sasha would be fine with Flynn, but I was still annoyed.

“Next time, if it’s about Sasha, then fucking bother me,” I growled even more irritated by his smirking bearded face.

“No problemo,boss.” Darby grinned. I threw a scowl in his direction before turning away. He knew I hated it when he called me boss. But I wouldn’t say anything because the fucker got off on antagonizing me.

“Oh, calm down hot head. Little Miss, Sasha, will be just fine. You know she’s in good hands with Flynn.” Marla tsked as she sat a plate with a large club sandwich in front of me.

“Yeah, extremely good hands.” Darby moved his brows up and down suggestively.

“Don’t make me kill you. Because I will.” I gave Darby a stone faced stare that I often intimidated others with, but he just laughed.Asshole.

After finishing my sandwich, both Marla and Darby left me alone in the kitchen. To keep myself from calling Sasha, I called the one person who I knew would keep my mind off my wife.

“Why are you calling me on a Sunday? It’s my day off, and I want to spend it deep in Raven’s puss...”

“Lennox, I don’t care to hear about your exploits with your wife. You fucking weirdo.” I shook my head. Lennox was almost as bad as me. He said anything that came to his mind. It’s amazing that his bedside manner was so impeccable.

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“Then why are you calling me, Saw?” His tone was light, but I knew he was looking for a real answer. An answer that I couldn’t give him at the moment because my wife didn’t want anybody to know we were married. I sighed in frustration.

“Just checking on you. There’s shit going down with the family, so we’ll need to meet sooner rather than later.”

“Right. Family shit.” Lennox growled, and I knew he was mad, but it couldn’t be helped.

“Look, you wanted to be kept in the loop, so I’m keeping you in the motherfucking loop,” I growled back.

“You’re right. Lunch this week. I’ll talk to you later.” Lennox disconnected before I could say anything else. He had a reason to be upset, so I wouldn’t hold his petulance against him. But he better his shit together, or we would have problems.

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I waited as long as I could before I called Sasha. I knew Flynn was with her, and I trusted him. He would never let anything happen to her, but I still couldn’t help myself. We had just found out that her cousin Joe had gone to jail for armed robbery right after the deal with Sasha and Patrick Abbott had fallen through. It wasn’t a coincidence, Sasha’s cousin set her up, but I would get his ass eventually. Even if he was in jail.

“Hello?” Sasha’s sweet voice was hesitant as it filtered through the line.

“Céile.” I smiled as I called her the Gaelic word for wife.

“Hi, Monster.” Her voice was small and uncertain, and I didn’t like it at all.

“How’s it going at the gallery? Is Flynn talking your head off?” Sasha chuckled. We both knew the only person Flynn talked to in length was Darby. You were lucky if he gave you more than one or two words at a time.

“Yeah, he’s a regular chatty Cathy.” She giggled, and I smiled at the girlish sound coming from her. Sasha was always so light-hearted and fun. I hope we could get back to that place where she could be that person with me again.

“I bet. No matter how chatty Flynn might be, I need you to stay with him at all times.” I didn’t want to sound overbearing, but I didn’t trust Abbott one fucking bit. He would strike when we least expected it. His family was pissed that the council wouldn’t hear him out after my father gave them proof of the marriage.

Sasha huffed in obvious frustration, “Flynn is my new shadow. I got it.”

“You can huff and puff all you want to, but don’t fucking leave Flynn’s sight, and I mean that shit,” I growled in the phone. Every time I wanted to be nice, she triggered the beast in me.

“Did you need something, Sawyer? Or did you just call to be an asshole?” Sasha didn’t know it, but her sass was just feeding my need for her.

“I need you to know that your sass will get you a wet pussy and a spanked ass,” I smirked at the little gasp Sasha released in response. She could pretend all she wanted, but I knew she liked the filthy shit I said to her.

“You don’t have to be so crass.” Sasha’s reply was breathless, and I chuckled.

“I’m a monster because I don’t sugarcoat shit. Plus, I’m just telling the truth, Céile. I want to make sure you’re safe. There’s a threat out there, and Flynn is there to protect you.” I knew I was overprotective, but it couldn’t be helped. I made mistakes before by not telling Sasha everything, so I would make sure she was fully aware of what was going on.

“I promise I get it. I won’t leave Flynn.”

“Good. We have a dinner date at six, so don’t be late.” I hung up the phone before she had a chance to reply. Sasha never liked my bossiness, but it is who I am. I’ve always been a boss; it was something she’d have to get used to.

After I hung up, I made reservations for the Anchor. It was a well-to-do establishment that Lennox told me about. Hopefully, Sasha would enjoy the food. Although I knew she wasn’t into the whole elite bullshit, my woman was a foody. Her palate was extensive, and she loved trying new things. I wanted to share that with her.

I made my way back to my study to call Oran Hale. We had been in several meetings to hash out some property deals, and it dawned on me that he might know who Bruce Todd was selling the gallery to. The phone rang several times before a gruff Oran picked up.

“This better be fucking important, Nash. Calling me on a Sunday. Me and Trophy have shit to do.” I chuckled at the man. Nobody got between him and his wife.

“Yeah, it is. I needed to know who Bruce Todd was trying to sell the gallery that Sasha was renting to. I’ve done some looking and run into some brick walls.”

“Sasha Phillips?” Oran’s voice held confusion, and I wanted to correct him on her last name, but I resisted for now.

“Yes,” I answered instead.

“Alright, give me an hour, and I’ll get back to you.” Oran disconnected the call, and I knew that he would come through.

Darby had managed to get all the other information that I’d asked him for. He had gotten all of the background on Bruce Todd, all of the banks that denied Sasha a small business loan, and who had put offers on the building. However, he couldn’t find out who counter offered Todd to interfere with Sasha’s agreement with the man. And Bruce Todd had left the island as soon as the papers on the building were transferred into Sasha’s name.

It was as if someone were purposely blocking the information, and it was suspicious. It was also pissing me the fuck off.



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I spent the rest of the afternoon running and working out in my home state-of-the-art gym. I even managed to get Darby's big ass in the ring to spar with me. I needed to get out the built up frustrations before Sasha got home. If I didn't fight it out, I would fuck it out, and I was trying to be sensitive to the pounding I'd put on her the night before.

Just thinking about how snug and wet my Céile's pussy was had me hard as a rock. The woman was made for me, and this second time around, I was even more addicted to her. We could never be what we were in the past because that isn't enough for me—being in a bubble, acting as if the world didn't exist, wasn't realistic. However, learning everything about my wife and pleasing her in every way possible forever; was definitely what I'd plan to do.

### Chapter 11

#### SASHA

Sawyer definitely knew how to aggravate the hell out of me. But I understood his concern. If Patrick Abbott was as dangerous as Sawyer said he was, then I would do as I was told. Especially, after Joe went down for some robbery charge. My cousin was a screw-up, but he had never done anything like armed robbery before. And the fact that he plead guilty without a fight told me all that I needed to know. My cousin was afraid, and his ass set me up.

I was livid, but there was nobody to blame but myself. I should've never gone to Joe or gotten mixed up with a loan shark. So, when Sawyer acts all overprotective, I take him seriously. Because there's no way I wanted to be the next installment of Taken. I

trusted Sawyer and all, but I don't think he can pull off Bryan Mills. I would take my chances with Flynn. As quiet as he was, he didn't strike me as a threat. He just seemed to be very aware of everything that was going on around him. He actually intrigued the hell out of me, and I found myself sketching him on one of my pads.

I'd gotten finished with all my work, and I didn't want to go back to the mansion that I now called home. I was avoiding my feelings for Sawyer, and I didn't know how to deal with everything that was going on in my life right now.

"Hey, Brat. You got a visitor." Flynn said in his thick Irish accent. He appeared in the doorway of my office out of nowhere. For a big guy, he sure did move quietly.

"Umm. I don't have any appointments scheduled, who is it?" I asked with a wrinkled brow as I rose from my chair to see who was outside my office. I was confused because I didn't have any appointments, and the gallery is usually closed on Sundays.

"Austin Thomas." Flynn's voice was flat, but I couldn't tell if that was his normal tone or not. I was shocked that Austin had shown up to the gallery. I hadn't talked to him in a few weeks. After the baby shower, he kept hounding me for details about Sawyer and his business. Any time we were together, the conversation would be about Sawyer Nash. He didn't seem interested in getting to know me, so I decided we should just be friends. He agreed, and that was that.

"What is he doing here?" I mumbled under my breath as I rounded my desk.

"Don't know. Do you want me to get rid of him?" Flynn asked. I smirked at him because, just as I suspected, Flynn may not say much, but he saw and heard everything.

"No. I'm good. You can send him in." Flynn nodded, and I leaned against my desk to wait for Austin. A few seconds later, Austin entered wearing what I called his

“relaxed” wear. His blue collared golf shirt was tucked into a pair of dark gray chino pants. His white pair of boat shoes made the outfit casual.

Austin smiled, and the dimple on his left cheek made an appearance. His short blond hair was perfectly styled, and his blue eyes twinkled. I could admit that he was a cutie, but definitely not my type. In fact, he was the exact opposite of my type, which is why I dated him in the first place. I seemed to gravitate toward the bad boys, and that only got me broken hearts and lonely nights.

“Hey, Austin.” I greeted with a smile. We parted ways amicably, so there was no need for me to be anything but friendly.

“Hey, Sasha.” Austin pulled me into an uncomfortable hug, but it didn’t last long because a throat clearing had him stepping away from me quickly.

I looked over Austin’s shoulder and saw a glaring Flynn still standing in the door. He was propped up against the door frame, and I had a feeling he wasn’t planning on leaving.

“Um, have a seat. What’s going on?” I asked once he was sitting on the couch in my office. I chose to sit in the chair facing the sofa. I was afraid if I sat too close to him, Flynn would do something crazy.

“I went by your apartment, and you weren’t there,” Austin replied cocking his head to the side.

“I’m confused. Why were you going by my apartment?” I questioned. We hadn’t so much as text since we decided to just be friends, so there would be no reason for him to just stop by my house.

“I hadn’t seen you in a while, so I thought I’d check up on you.” Austin shrugged, but

I could see through his relaxed demeanor. We'd dated for a couple of weeks, and he was a nice enough guy, but we didn't have the connection I was looking for. We barely even kissed, so I know he wasn't just popping up for no reason.

"Oh. Well, I'm doing just fine." I said suspiciously.

"I see that," Austin glanced over at Flynn, who was staring at him with a death glare. He looked away quickly with a frown. I held back my smirk because Flynn wasn't the one Austin should've been worried about. If Sawyer knew he was here questioning me, there would be hell to pay.

"Why are you really here, Austin?" I was never one for mincing words. It caused confusion and frustrations, and I already had enough of that in my life at the moment.

"I want to know why you disappeared on me, and now you have a bodyguard." Austin had a little too much bass in his voice for my liking. He wasn't my daddy, and I already had an overbearing spouse.

"First of all, I didn't disappear. We decided not to date anymore. I don't know what that means to you, but to me, that means I don't owe you anything." I was trying my best to keep my voice level. I didn't like confrontations, and I'm a go with a flow type of girl, but I didn't like the way Austin was coming at me.

"I didn't say you owed me anything, Sasha. But I didn't think you were that type of woman." He all but snarled in my direction. I'm not sure what the hell he meant, but I didn't appreciate the insinuation, and apparently neither did Flynn because I heard him grunt behind me. It seems like both me and Flynn are losing our patience with Austin.

"What type of woman would that be?" I questioned with an arch in my brow. Austin didn't know shit about me.

“The type that dates a man for his status.” Austin narrowed his eyes at me. I was shocked that a man I dated only a few weeks had the audacity to show up and accuse me of being some gold digging trollop.

“Well, it seems you’ve made yourself perfectly clear,” I stood up and walked toward where Flynn was still standing, “Flynn will show you out.”

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“Sasha, don’t act all innocent. I know you’re dating Sawyer Nash, or his goon wouldn’t be here.” Austin’s face was held in a fierce frown, and I took a step back. I looked him up and down with a sneer. The fucking nerve!

“How dare you call, Flynn a goon. You don’t know shit about my friend and you don’t know shit about me. I don’t know what your problem is, but what I do and who I date ain’t none of your business.”

“Whatever. You can flop around here acting like it’s all love, but I know who you are. You can’t just drop me and move on like I’m a nobody!”

“Just leave. You’re delusional, and I won’t be able to stop Flynn from kicking your entitled ass if you don’t go now.” I huffed trying to regain some control over my emotions.

“I suggest you take my wife’s advice, or Flynn is going to be the least of your worries.” Sawyer’s deep voice was calm, but I could hear the malice dripping from each syllable.

Both Austin and I turned to find a glaring red faced Sawyer standing where Flynn had been. I don’t know where Flynn went or when Sawyer arrived, but by the look on his face, I was afraid for Austin.

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“Hey, baby!” My voice was entirely too loud and cheery. I could never control my pitch when I get nervous.

“Céile, I came to see what was taking you so long. We have dinner plans.” Again, Sawyer’s voice was entirely too calm. But the fire in those emerald green eyes didn’t lie. The monster I often got a glimpse of was present, and I know I can’t handle him in full force.

“Austin, decided to drop by and see how I was doing. He was just leaving.” I looked at Austin and nodded toward the door. If he were smart, he would leave.

“I wasn’t leaving because we weren’t finished talking.” Austin replied in a haughty tone, and I sighed. He isn’t smart, after all.

“Oh? What were you two talking about?” Sawyer made his way to my side and kissed me on my neck. I shiver at the possessive display.

“I didn’t know you two were as close as you are. I knew you knew each other but dating...” Austin’s eyes bounce back and forth like he’s trying to figure something out. I’m surprised he didn’t hear Sawyer’s initial declaration that I was his wife. Maybe he was too distracted at glaring at me to hear what my husband said.

“We’re not dating.” Sawyer simply stated his face expressionless.

“Well, you look awfully cozy for two people who aren’t dating.” Austin’s blue eyes squinted in our direction. Sawyer’s face broke into a wide grin, and I knew he was about to be petty.

“We’re married.” I blurted out before he got the chance. Sawyer looked down at me with a smirk, and Austin was glaring at me with a hatred I didn’t expect from him.

“So, I guess you landed an even bigger fish. Typical.” Austin’s flippant response was followed by a growl. I placed a calming hand against Sawyer’s chest. Wherever Flynn went, I wished he would make an appearance because the last thing I needed

was Sawyer flipping out and going mob boss on Austin's dumb ass.

No matter how many hints I threw at the man, he just wouldn't recognize when he was in danger. His flight or fight response must've been seriously impaired. Hell, even I was ready to take off running when Sawyer growled, and I was his wife. Before I could warn Austin again, Sawyer moved quickly and had Austin by the front of his shirt.

Austin's eyes were wide, and the entitlement was wiped completely off of his smug face. This could potentially be a huge problem for Sawyer. The last thing I wanted was my husband losing his shit on a lawyer. Austin worked for the biggest firm on the island. It wouldn't look good for either of them to be fighting.

"Babe, it's fine. Please put him down. We have reservations remember?" I could hear the pleading in my voice.

"Flynn!" Sawyer bellowed, and Flynn appeared out of nowhere. I swear he was a ninja in his former life. Shit, he might be one now.

"Yeah, boss?" Flynn responded in his perpetual dry tone. He didn't bat an eye at the fact Sawyer had a man hemmed up by his collar.

"Show Mr. Thomas to the exit, will you?" Sawyer's voice was back calm, but I could see the raging bull in the depth of his green eyes. He shoved Austin into the door, and he stumbled before righting himself. I don't know if Austin's face was red because of embarrassment or anger, but I could see in his eyes this wouldn't be the last I heard from him.

"I'm a lawyer. You can't assault me and get away with it." Austin threatened as he glared at me with contempt.



“You’ll be a dead lawyer if you think you can threaten my wife.” Sawyer’s voice was low and gravely, but I could tell Austin believed him. I know I did.

“Flynn, we’ll be down shortly.” Sawyer called out to Flynn, who followed behind Austin. Sawyer turned his glowing green gaze on me, “What was he doing here?” I frowned up at him.

“Hell if I know. He just popped up.” I shrugged. The entire encounter was weird. I hadn’t seen the man in weeks, and he just pops up out of nowhere. Then he gets mad and accuses me of going after Sawyer cause he’s rich. I’ve never been that type of girl. The mere suggestion pisses me off.

“You sure?” Sawyer asked his eyes narrowed as he looked me up and down. I didn’t like what he was implying. What was with these men calling me a whore?

“Yes! I’m fucking sure! What the hell do I look like? I’m not some slut running around sleeping with every Tom, Dick, and Austin!” I placed my hands on my hips and sucked my teeth. I have a happy disposition, but I’m not a pushover. And I definitely wouldn’t allow my husband to talk to me like a stranger off the street. I deserved respect because I gave him respect.

“I know you didn’t sleep with him.” Sawyer says, shrugging his large shoulders, and I frown.

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“And just how the hell do you know that?” I asked, rolling my neck. I know I didn’t want him calling me a hoe, but he didn’t know my entire life.

“Because I know everything about you, Céile.” Sawyer answers my unspoken sass. His large hand slides down my cheek softly, and I all but melt into a puddle at his feet. There’s something about Sawyer Nash that I’ll never be able to resist.

“So, if you know so much, why are you questioning me then?” I step back, regaining my sassiness. He wouldn’t get to distract me with his soft touches after being a creep.

“You didn’t have any appointments for today, so I was surprised when Flynn called to tell me that your little friend was here.”

Anytime a grown man calls another grown man “little friend” he’s definitely jealous. However, now was not the time to antagonize my overbearing husband. But I would keep that in my back pocket for later. Right now, I wanted to make sure his crazy ass wouldn’t chase down my ex and beat him to death.

I stood in front of Sawyer with a seductive smile on my face. I might have been avoiding him, but now that he’s standing in front of me, I couldn’t help but feel the constant sexual energy between us.

I rubbed my hand down his chest, and I noticed Sawyer’s casual dress was completely different from Austin’s. His t-shirt fit snug across his muscular chest, and his relaxed fit jeans hung off his hips. And the classic pair of J’s matched the red and white t-shirt. He looked young and carefree, and I’d never seen this side of him. I liked it.

“Let’s go home and get ready for dinner.” It was my turn to kiss him on his neck, and he groaned before taking my lips in a dizzying kiss.

## Chapter 12

### SAWYER

I always get lost when I’m kissing Sasha, and she knows it. That’s why she’s distracting me instead of letting me kick Austin’s ass. But his day will come. Flynn will let me know everything I need to know about Austin Thomas. For now, though, I’ll let my wife think she has the upper hand.

Later that night, the SUV was quiet as we were driven to the restaurant. I held Sasha’s hand, and she didn’t pull away, so we were making progress. The familiarity with one another was slowly seeping back into our new relationship, and I was relieved. After seeing Austin’s slick ass sniffing around again, I made a decision to stop avoiding my wife.

I’m a grown ass man, and I haven’t run away from my problems since I was with Sasha the first time. I’ll never be that man again. I was broken, and I needed that time to get my shit together. Sasha was my salvation without even realizing it.

Brennan pulled into the valet and opened the door. Darby finally let him take on more responsibilities after training him for a year. Brennan was from Ireland and was almost as quiet as Flynn. The twins approved of his presence, and he had proven himself, so I trusted him.

When we got out of the SUV, I made sure to stand in front of Sasha to help her out. Her unusually short dress would’ve flashed anybody looking. And the last thing I wanted to do was kill a motherfucker on an empty stomach.

“Thanks, Monster.” Sasha smiled up at me, and I smirked because the nickname was back. That meant my Céile was feeling relaxed.

“You’re welcome.” I kissed the palm of her hand. “Did I tell you how beautiful you look tonight?” Sasha’s face broke out into a gorgeous big dimpled smile, and she fluttered her lashes at me.

“Yes. But a girl can never hear it enough.” She giggled, and the sound cute as fuck.

As we made our way to our table, I noticed there were a lot of stares and whispers. Lennox warned me about the high society bullshit the island abides by. Being the new family on the block, made us interesting for gossip fodder. I would definitely have to get used to navigating the tabloids here. I had plenty of experience with the rags back in the states, but they pretty much left me alone. Nobody cared about a grieving Architect, no matter how much money my family has. I wasn’t famous or interesting enough to be the subject of any magazine.

“You’ve made quite the stir, Mr. Nash.” Sasha smiled as the host led us to our exclusive table, which I paid a premium amount to have.

“No, baby. It’s you their whispering about.” I kissed Sasha on her temple before pulling out her chair and helping her sit.

Once I was sitting next to her, the eager waiter came to take our drink order before scurrying away. The ambiance of the restaurant was calming, and the design of the building was nice. It had a nautical theme that the island was famous for.

“Have you ever eaten here?” I asked Sasha as she perused the large menu.

“I have a few times.” She said without looking up. I quirked a brow at her answer. I knew for a fact that she was leaving something out because she was avoiding my

stare. Which meant she'd been here on a date.

"Care to elaborate?" It seems like my wife wants to look everywhere but at me as she squirms in her chair. She's already going to get her ass spanked tonight, but if she keeps avoiding the question, it will be for much longer than I planned.

"I came here with Raven and her family." I nodded at the half-truth. Sasha is still fidgeting, so I know she's bursting at the seams to tell the rest. She's never been good at keeping secrets.

Before I could badger her more, the waiter came back to take our orders. His eyes kept wandering over Sasha's cleavage, and his olive complexion held a red tint. I was worried about how short her dress is and didn't account for how low cut the front is. In true flower-child fashion, the dress had flowy belled sleeves with lace details, and the front had the same lace details with a low cut v-neck showing glistening dark brown skin. She wore her hair up in a large puff at the top of her head with big hoop earrings that called attention to her long neck.

As I gazed at her, taking in all of the details of the woman in front of me, I couldn't blame the waiter for his leering. But I would show my ass if he kept the shit up—good thing he didn't.

"Did Thomas make you uncomfortable today?" I asked, breaching the subject of her so-called ex. That motherfucker's clock was ticking. His mouth wrote a check that his ass would cash. I don't do disrespect.

"Austin is all talk. But he did surprise me, though. I hadn't seen or heard from him in weeks. But he acted like we just stopped talking yesterday. The shit was weird." Sasha's eyebrows were bunched, and her perfect lips were held in a pout. She's so fucking gorgeous! And she's mine!

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 10:02 am*

“Well, don’t worry about Austin. He won’t bother you anymore.”

“Don’t kill him, Monster.” Sasha giggled, but I held my face completely blank. I would make no such promise.

“Monster? Sawyer, for real.” Her light brown eyes were wide because even though she claimed she didn’t, she knew me.

“How’s your wine Céile?” I questioned not so smoothly changing the subject.

“Sawyer.” Sasha’s voice was serious, but I wasn’t a liar, so I wouldn’t promise her anything dealing with Austin Thomas.

“Sasha,” I responded just as seriously. “People who aren’t a threat get to live.”

I stared her in the eyes so that she could understand I was serious. Any threat to my wife would be eliminated. I made the mistake of not taking threats seriously once, and it would never happen again. If anything or anyone caused even the slightest bit of fear in Sasha Nash, their days were numbered. I would see to it myself.

“Hmmm.” Sasha seemed to let the subject drop, and I was grateful.

We settled into our drinks and soon the waiter returned with our meals. Everything was going just fine until I heard an annoying ass voice that I hadn’t heard in months.

“Sawyer Nash. I thought you fell off the face of the Earth.” Lola was talking in that damn baby voice, and I didn’t have it in me to be nice.

“Lola.” Her name was all I could manage to say without rolling my eyes. Sasha on the other hand didn’t have the same problem. Her eyes rolled so hard I thought she would pass out.

“What are you doing here... withher?” Lola sneered. I shook my head. Lola Pratt was a sore loser. As soon as I knew about Sasha, I told Lola there wouldneverbe anything between us. She didn’t take it well, but I didn’t give a fuck. Her feelings were not my responsibility. We never even went on a date, I didn’t owe her shit.

“Lola, I have already threatened to whoop your ass once, and I guess you haven’t learned. I’m not going to be the stereotypical angry black woman that you want me to be. Instead, I’m going to let myhusbandhandle his business.” Sasha sat back in her chair and grabbed her glass of wine.

“Listen,” I said slowly, “that’s the last time you will disrespect my wife. I’ve already told you that we could never be anything. You know what I’m capable of...” I shook my head in warning. Lola looked around and I could tell that she was thinking about making a scene.

Lola was one of those women who loved attention; good or bad. But her father worked in theWard, she knew what was up. She might play dumb but she knew exactly who I was.

“You two are married?” Lola questioned finally. It took entirely too long for her to realize that Sasha had called me her husband.

“Yes. And if you ever want to see your own wedding day, I suggest you stop antagonizing my wife. I’m really not a nice man when it comes to her.” I warned once more.

Lola didn’t say anything else before she hung her head in what I hoped was defeat

before disappearing back to her table. I knew that would be the last time we had a run-in with her because I would make sure of that. Dr. Pratt was a lot of things but he wasn't stupid. He would get control of his daughter.

"I'm glad you handled your little friend." Sasha smirked, and I chuckled. I was going to spank her ass.

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The rest of the evening was uneventful, as well as the next several weeks. Sasha and I managed to fall into a comfortable agreement with one another. We slept in the same bed, and although I often woke up cuddling her, we hadn't had sex since our wedding night. I lost complete control, and I promised myself that I wouldn't do that to her again. So I haven't.

I'm well aware of the lascivious looks, and wanton desires that twinkle in those big brown eyes of hers, but she won't tell me what she wants. So we both have to suffer. My dick is in a perpetual state of rock hard whenever I look in Sasha's direction and don't get me started on when her ass is pushed up against my cock in her sleep. I feel like a teenager again at the many times I've had to rub one out in the shower.

"Would you like to have lunch with me today?" Sasha's words cut into my musings. We're eating breakfast before we both leave for our respective jobs. I'm actually shocked that she asked me.

"Yeah. Of course." I respond smiling entirely too hard, but I can't help myself. I may be a hard ass mob boss, but I'm still a man who wants his woman to want him.

"Great! I like how things have been going with us in the last few weeks, and I don't want to make the same mistakes as before. I want to really get to know you this time." I was floored that she was saying this.



Just a few weeks ago, she wanted an annulment. Now she wants to get to know me better. I want to be suspicious of her motives because it's my nature. However, Sasha is the least malicious person on the planet. It's not in her to hurt anyone purposely. I know that much about her.

"Where would you like me to take you?" I asked, feeling hopeful about our new arrangement.

"I invited you, so I'll take you." I frowned. I don't fucking think so!

"Yeah, that'll never happen, Céile. Is eleven okay? I have a meeting at one." I stood up from the breakfast table and pulled on my suit jacket. Sasha just rolled her eyes at my declaration. We were getting somewhere because she knew not to argue.

"Yeah, Monster. Eleven is fine," she sighed in defeat. I didn't want her to feel defeated, so I walked around the table and kissed her softly against her temple.

*Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 10:02 am*

“See ya at eleven, Céile.”

When I got to my office, I made a few phone calls about some new properties that I was interested in purchasing. However, the information Oran gave me weeks ago is at the forefront of my mind. There was a company that wanted to purchase the building from Bruce Todd. The Wilcox Group was an entity that I’d never come across before, so I gave the task to Darby. Everyone may think that Darby and Flynn are just two more of my men, but they’re more than that. The twins were here to learn the ropes of the business side of our family. In Ireland, it wasn’t necessary for them to seem legal.

However, their family wanted to expand to the states. Their technology company was worth millions of dollars, and the twins were the heads of the company. It was funny how everyone underestimates them because of what they are perceived to be. Goons.

Darby is one of the most intelligent people I know besides Flynn. They are both certified geniuses, but Flynn’s IQ is higher. Go figure.

It was amazing how easy it was to get into the swing of things here on the island. Our real estate business was going well, and our gun operation was booming. Having access to ports that weren’t regulated by the state’s laws and regulations made everything so much easier. It was a wonder why my father didn’t make this move to Founder’s earlier. I guess he had his reasons, but now after seeing how much of a benefit it is for us to operate on the island, it’s hard for me to decipher what those reasons could possibly be.

Before I knew it, Brennan was knocking on my door, alerting me that it was time to go pick up Sasha. I could get used to seeing my wife in the middle of the day.

Looking for all the dirt I can to get the Abbott's ousted by the Council has been a full time job. They walk a thin line but haven't crossed it yet. There is a saying, "there's honor amongst thieves," and the Council takes that shit seriously. But I know those bastards don't have any honor, I just haven't proven it yet. But I will.

When I arrive to pick up Sasha, she's talking to a hippy looking white guy with long dirty blond dreads. He's gesturing wildly, and his mouth is moving a mile a minute. I'm too far away to hear what he's saying, but I can tell he's excited about something. The way Sasha is smiling up at him with adoration smeared across her gorgeous face gives me pause. I don't know who this man is, and I know every man that comes into contact with my wife.

I slow my walk to a stroll so that I won't alert the two of my arrival. I want to know who this guy is and what he's doing here. And more importantly, I want to know why my wife is looking at another man like he can hang the moon for her. The shit pisses me off.

"I have so many ideas for this space, Flower. I can't believe how awesome this place is!" The hippy exclaimed with joy dripping from his every word. Flower? Why is he giving my wife nicknames?

"Oh, Yohan! I'm so glad you could finally see my gallery! It's been such a long time since I've seen you." Sasha's voice was light and tinted with a happiness that I hadn't heard from her since we've been back together.

"I love it! I can't believe I waited this long to take you up on your offer." The hippy's voice dropped a few octaves, and I knew he was going for seductive. If he wanted to live, he would raise that shit back up to the helium balloon sound that it was.

"You're a busy guy, I'm just glad you finally had the time to come by." Either Sasha was simply dismissing his flirtations, or she was completely unaware. Knowing my

Céile, it was the latter.

“I’m not too busy for you, Flower.” There went that seductive shit again. Hell! No!

“Céile? Are you ready for lunch?” My voice was a growl, but the shit couldn’t be helped. I was doing everything in my power not to choke the shit out of this fake ass Bob Marley.

“Hey, Monster!” Sasha squeaked with big guilty round doe eyes. Just the squeak in her voice pissed me off that much more.

“Monster? What kind of name is that?” The hippy smirked.

Yeah, I’m going to choke the shit outta this dude.

## Chapter 13

### SASHA

My voice was entirely too high, and I could hear the guilty tone coloring my words, and it made me cringe in regret. There was nothing that I needed to be guilty about. Yohan Hobbs was an old friend from New York and the client of my dreams. I’ve been trying to get him to show his photography at the gallery for the longest time. He was the hottest thing out there right now, and I would be privileged to have him. I was excited that he was finally on the island for a short visit and was able to drop by and see the space on a whim. It was pure luck and an opportunity that I would make count.

I couldn’t help but admire Yohan’s talent, and he wasn’t hard on the eyes either. His cognac-colored eyes stood out from his tan skin, and although the locs he wore in his hair wasn’t my style, it fit his laid back personality.

“Monster? What kind of name is that?”

Ah shit! That was definitely the wrong thing to say about Sawyer’s crazy ass. I call him Monster for a reason. And although I try not to say it in front of people, his presence shocked the hell out of me, and it slipped out.

“My name is, Sawyer.” My husband’s voice was deep and menacing, but as usual, his face held an almost serene expression. If you didn’t know him or weren’t paying attention, you would think he was being nice. He most definitely was not.

“I’m Yohan. My little Flower was showing me this awesome space.”

“Your Flower?”

Fuck! This man cannot read a room to save his life!

“That’s not what he meant, babe.” I tried to soothe the situation as best I could, but by the look on Sawyer’s face, I wasn’t doing too good of a job.

“But that’s what he said, Céile.” Sawyer’s unwavering glare made me worry. My husband was unpredictable when he had a certain look in his eyes. And boy was the look there now!

It has been real cozy between the two of us. After he put Lola in her place, we’ve been getting along like an old married couple. We fell into routines easily. The only thing that has been missing is the intimacy between us. I can admit that I’m afraid of the connection we have, and if we have sex like we did on our wedding night, I’ll never be able to let him go. But I would never cheat on Sawyer, and the way he’s looking at Yohan doesn’t seem like he believes that.

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“Céile? What’s that mean?” Yohan asked his head cocked to the side in question.

“Wife,” I responded. The softness that replaced Sawyer’s glare was instant. I know he figured I didn’t know what the Gaelic word meant, but I have Google.

“Wife?” Yohan responded, looking down at my ring finger. I wore a simple gold band on my ring finger. I hadn’t taken it off since we had our courthouse wedding. The ring was uncomplicated, unlike our relationship, but I loved it.

Yohan seemed to deflate a little at the news, and that was definitely for the best. I thought his flirting was harmless, but Sawyer absolutely didn’t see it that way.

“Yes, wife. Are you finished? Or do I need to wait in your office?” Sawyer smiled at me, and I automatically smiled back. Although his expression was no longer blank, his eyes didn’t reflect the monster, so I was at a loss as to what he was thinking.

“Umm, yeah. You can wait in my office. I promise I won’t be long.” Sawyer strolled over to me slowly before kissing the top of my hair.

“Take care of your business, but don’t make me fuck the hippy up.” Sawyer’s voice was low, so Yohan didn’t hear him. He shot one more glare at “the hippy” before turning and walking toward the stairs. I was glad he didn’t threaten my newest client directly, but I knew it wouldn’t take much for Sawyer to keep his promise. I rolled my eyes, but I still couldn’t resist taking a moment to admire the magnificence of my husband.

Damn that man is fine as hell! My brain refused to get out of the gutter whenever he

was around tempting me. Sawyer walked with the confidence that simply exuded “big dick energy.” His short curly hair was gelled out of his face today, and it drew attention to his striking green eyes. The tailored suit he had on was dark gray with a light blue dress shirt. The combination should’ve clashed, but he made it look stylish. I had to hold back a girlish sigh when he turned around and caught me staring. He threw me a wink and a sexy as sin smirk before disappearing out of sight.

“So, I didn’t realize you were married.” Yohan frowned, and I put on my bright business smile before answering his question.

“Yes, I’m married. We hadn’t done much catching up, and we’re not here to talk about relationships, we are here to discuss business.” I replied, getting back to the subject at hand. Yohan was ready to sign on the dotted line before Sawyer came in, but this was a smart business move for both of us. Hopefully, he could see that.

“You’re right. This is about business. And I admire all of your business skills.” I’m not sure what Yohan meant by that, but I won’t give power to the statement by asking.

“So, does this mean you’re ready to do a show here at Premier Illusions?” I was doing my best to hold back my excitement, but I could see it on his face that he was going to give in.

“Yes! I would love to show my work here!” Yohan agreed with a wide smile that showed all of his pretty straight white teeth.

“Great! I’ll get the contracts together, and I can have Bambi send them over to your agent before the end of business.” I smiled as I reached my hand out to shake his, but instead, he tugged me in for a hug.

“You know I’ve always been a hugger,” Yohan, who clearly had a death wish, smiled

mischievously. I shook my head. Yohan was obviously a thrill seeker.

“Well, I suggest you tamp down on that urge in the future because I call my husband, Monster, for a reason.” I smiled at my old friend.

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After Yohan left, I decided to go speak to Bambi so she could prepare the contracts. She was sitting at her desk, sketching when I knocked on the door.

“Hey, Bambi! We landed Yohan!” I exclaimed with a bright smile.

“That’s awesome! He will pack this place without question.” Bambi returned my smile. She was one of the most genuine people that I knew, and I was so happy she was on board. She made it easy for me to run the gallery and continue with my art.

“Hey, I meant to tell you. The other day Jack told me the alarm was tripped.” I furrowed my brows in confusion. Jack is our night guard. He only works until midnight, and then we let the high tech security system monitor the property. We only have round the clock guards if we have a show. Otherwise, the pieces are locked in a special vault that was built when the building used to be a bank.

“Why didn’t he tell me? When did this happen?” I asked, growing worried. The last thing I needed was a break-in right before a famous artist signed with us.

“It was a false alarm. A rat or something chewed through a wire in the basement. I called the exterminator, and they set some traps. We should be good.” Bambi responded, calming my nerves.

“Okay, well as long as it’s been taken care of. Thanks for telling me, and keep me updated on the exterminator.” I smiled as she nodded her agreement.



After we hashed out the information for the contracts, I headed to my office. I knew Sawyer was waiting, and after our heated exchange, I have no idea what to expect. However, I couldn't help the shiver that ran down my spine at the thought of the last time I made my husband upset. He ended up fucking me on the dining room table.

I know that a married couple can't solve all of their arguments with sex, but it sure was nice to try. We hadn't had another conversation about Abbott, the money, or the gallery since that night. The deed to this building with my name on it, showed up on my desk the Monday after we were married. I was the outright owner of the gallery, free and clear. I thanked Sawyer profusely when I arrived home that night, but he acted as if it were no big deal.

I used the money that I had saved to repay my parents, and now I am working on a business plan to be able to pay back Sawyer. Now that I've landed Yohan, it will happen much sooner than I was anticipating.

Hopefully, I can get myself out of this mess by paying back all of the people I borrowed money from. I have definitely learned from my mistakes, and I won't be so stubborn that I won't ask for help from the right people next time.

Once I arrived in my office, Sawyer was standing by the window with his back to me. His muscular body had me licking my lips. I often found myself ogling my husband, I should feel ashamed, but I didn't. It's my right as a wife, no matter how weird our marriage is.

"Sorry, I kept you waiting." For some reason, I could feel butterflies fluttering around my stomach. The realization that my husband still made me nervous after six weeks of marriage made me flush.

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“No, problem. I was a little early.” Sawyer said, turning in my direction. His handsome face was an emotional stone mask, and I knew some shit was about to go down.

“Are you ready to go? I just need to grab my purse. I already let Bambi know that we were leaving.”

“We’re not leaving yet. As a matter of fact, go ahead and shut the door.”

I stood frozen. I have no idea what Sawyer has planned, but the deep tenor in his voice made goosebumps break out on my entire body. When he stood completely still waiting for me to move, I did what he asked. I shut my office door with a soft click. The sound was mocking my situation.

“Strip.” Again I stood frozen.

“What about lunch?” I asked as my pulse began to race, and my nipples hardened under my blouse.

“I’m going to have you for lunch. Now strip!” Sawyer’s growl shook me out of my daze, and I began to unbutton my orange silk blouse.

Sawyer stood in the same spot as I took off my skirt and undergarments. His electric gaze roamed over my body and heated my core. My pussy pulsed with each pass of his eyes. He crooked his finger, and I began walking toward him. I was completely spellbound, and I didn’t want to break the trance. I knew in my heart it will always be this way.

When I finally stood directly in front of him, Sawyer ran the back of his hand down my face. I closed my eyes at his touch. When his hand left my face, my eyes instantly popped open. I stood watching as he pulled his jacket off his shoulders and threw it over a chair in front of my desk. He wasn't wearing a tie, so it was easy for him to unbutton the rest of his shirt. It joined his jacket over the back of the chair. Sawyer unbuttoned his slacks but left them on. I could see that he wasn't wearing underwear, and the sight made me wetter.

Sawyer took me by the hand and led me to the couch. He sat down and pulled me across his lap. Is he about to...

"Shit!" I'm instantly shocked that he just spanked my naked ass.

"I've needed to do this for some time now." Sawyer continued to rub his large hand against my ass every time he struck me. I wiggled and squirmed, but I didn't complain.

My chest was heaving, and my juices were sliding down my thighs. I had never been so turned on in my life. I couldn't believe I was enjoying this. Sawyer stopped after a few minutes, and I couldn't ignore his unyielding manhood underneath me. Then I couldn't ignore his finger sliding into my pussy from behind.

"You like it when I spank you, don't you?" Sawyer's voice was laced with humor, but I didn't find anything funny. Especially with me being on the edge of orgasm.

"Wh-why did you spank me? I-is this a punishment?" I breathlessly stuttered out my questions.

"No, Céile. This is a release. I need one, and so do you." His explanation didn't make any sense, but I wasn't in the right frame of mind to question his reasons. I just wanted to cum.

Before I could contemplate anything else, Sawyer had me bent over the couch. He entered me from behind. His strong thighs slapped against mine in long hard strokes. His rigid dick pushed into me without mercy, and the feeling was glorious. Sawyer leaned his naked chest against my back and wrapped his hand around my throat. He didn't apply any pressure, but just the weight of his hand cranked the eroticism up a notch.

"Sawyer! Shit!" I moaned out loud as I threw my ass back. I couldn't get enough.

"That's right Céile, take every single inch of this dick." Sawyer licked the back of my neck, causing me to shiver.

"I'm gonna cum!" I moaned loudly. My body started to shake uncontrollably, and I could feel the pressure building up.

Sawyer just chuckled darkly as he continued to pound into me from behind while his hand lightly added pressure to my throat. The other hand slipped around my front, and his fingers roughly rubbed my clit.

I came with a loud cry, but I knew my husband wasn't finished with me yet. He continued to swivel his hips, bringing me right back to the brink as if I hadn't cum at all. This man knew every button to push to get me there. The feeling was spectacular, and once again, I could feel myself close to the edge.

I was there on the cliff of another mind blowing orgasm when suddenly there was a knock on the door. Sawyer was lost, still groaning and pumping his hips when my eyes widened at the door creaking open.

Shit! I didn't lock the door!

Chapter 14

## SAWYER

My wife's pussy is like living in heaven, and I can't get e-fucking-nough. I tried to be a gentleman and ease her fears by letting her get to know me. Sasha continued to bring up that we didn't know each another, so I spent actual time with her doing more than fucking. However, seeing her smiling and laughing for someone else made me feel some type of way. I had to reassure myself that she was truly mine. That no matter how little we knew each another, or how many secrets we held, she still belonged to me. I am HER Monster.

My hips have a mind of their own as I continue pumping into my wife. My balls drew up, and I could feel the tingle start in my toes. Sasha was moaning, and her pussy was fluttering around my cock. I was about to spray her walls with every built up frustration I had. When I heard the door open, I didn't even try to stop. Besides, if the person is smart, they will leave and close the fucking door behind them.

"Holy shit!" I sigh at the voice because it is my misfortune that the person is not smart at all. He is, however, fucking annoying.

I pull out of Sasha gently and turn around to hide her from the interloper. I cross my arms over my chest and scowl.

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“Man! Put that shit away! Nobody wants to see your dick!” I continued to stare because I wasn’t about to hide shit. He was intruding on me, giving my wife some dick for the first time in weeks.

“What the fuck do you want, Lennox?” I questioned, not trying to hide how pissed off I am.

“Sawyer! For real, dude. Can you cover yourself before I lose my sight?” Lennox covers his eyes with his hands dramatically.

I look over my shoulder at Sasha, who is hiding behind me with a look of total mortification on her face. I turn around and face Sasha and kiss the top of her head.

“Lennox, can you step out so we can get dressed?” I don’t know why his ass is still standing there. Any normal person would’ve left by now.

“Who is we?” Lennox questioned like an idiot. Sometimes I don’t know how my little brother became a Neurosurgeon.

“Me and Sasha, idiot!” I yell out in frustration.

“You’re in here with Sasha?” I swear to sweet baby J, I am going to kill him.

“Who the hell else would I be with, in Sasha’s office? Get the fuck out, so my wife can get dressed!”

“Your wife!” The gasped words did not come from my fool brother. I hang my head

because Sasha is going to be pissed. After all, I just let the cat out of the bag. Damn!

“Guys, can ya’ll give us a minute. Fuck!” I roared, and finally, I heard the door shut.

“Sasha...”

“Don’t. Let’s just get dressed, okay?” I nodded as we gathered our clothes. We dressed in an awkward silence, but I wasn’t going to let it stay that way for long.

“Céile, I don’t want you to be upset,” I began in a calm voice because Sasha can be stubborn as hell, and we were finally in a good place, and I refused to go back. “We would’ve had to tell them eventually, but I’m sorry I blurted it out like that.”

Sasha sighed heavily before looking up into my eyes; her face held a glow that wasn’t there before our little escapade. I hope that I fucked her so well that she didn’t have the strength to be mad. Although we didn’t get to finish, and just looking at her was making my dick rise again.

“I’m mad that you told my best friend, but I’ll get over it... eventually.” I knew that she was going to be difficult, so I plan to fuck her until she forgets about my slip up.

“So, I guess we’re going to have to take a late lunch,” Sasha stated as she picked up my jacket and handed it to me.

I placed it back down before pulling her into my arms. I kissed her soundly on the lips, tasting her sweetness. I can admit that I will never be able to get enough of this woman. Hell, I didn’t even want to try. She was it for me.

“I’ll order your lunch and have it delivered. We can go to dinner tonight with my brother. I have a feeling that lunch won’t be enough time to explain everything that’s going on with us. And with those two, you know that will be an unnecessarily long

conversation.”

“You know it will. Raven will never forgive me.” Sasha placed her forehead against my chest, and I wrapped my arms around her tightly. I kissed her hair again, which smelled like shea butter and coconut oil, and I smiled.

“Of course, she will forgive you, sweetheart. She’s your best friend, and I’m sure everything will be just fine. Even if it does take some time.” I rocked Sasha in my arms, giving her the comfort I know she needs.

I know that Sasha and Raven have been friends for a long time, but they were grown women with separate lives. It was okay to keep your business to yourself. Nobody owed anybody else their peace. If Raven couldn’t understand that, she wasn’t the friend that I thought she was.

“Okay, can you tell Flynn that I want a Caesar salad wrap and sweet potato fries from the bistro on the corner.” I chuckled at her very specific order that she mumbled into my chest.

“Yes, ma’am. And do you want a drink with that?” I asked, smiling down at her as she finally lifted her head from my chest.

“Just a lemon water,” Sasha replied, smiling, and I couldn’t help but lean down and kiss her swollen lips.

“Okay, I’ll be right back. Don’t worry about anything. I’ll take care of Lennox and Raven.” Sasha nodded as I left her office, closing the door behind me.

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After I gave Flynn Sasha’s order and told Brennan to go to the warehouse, I made my



way to a large conference type room that was by Bambi's office. Even though the woman was Sasha's trusted employee, Markos and Bowie kept her so busy, I barely saw her. Like now, she was gone, and I had a feeling who she was with. I was just glad she wasn't in her office to hear Sasha get her little ass spanked. I know my Céile would be embarrassed.

When I opened the door, Lennox sat on a couch with his arms spread out, and his legs crossed. Raven was wobbling back and forth doing her best impression of a pacing penguin. The fact that she had on a black and white dress made it that much more funny.

“Raven, you should probably have a seat before you have PJ.”

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“Don’t you try to give me advice. You married my best friend and didn’t tell me.” Raven burst into tears, and I stood there, stunned. What the fuck just happened.

Lennox raised from his seated position and slowly approached his wife. He pulled her into his arms and held her as she sobbed.

“Princess. Baby, it will be okay. I will beat his ass.” Lennox’s words were said in a soothing tone, and I wanted to laugh. My brother was capable of a lot of things; saving a person’s life, performing spinal surgery, prescribing medication, but whooping my ass... no, not ever.

“Do you promise, baby? Because I know this is Sawyer’s fault.” Raven continued to sniffle as Lennox reassured her he would kick my ass. Both of them were fucking insane. That’s why they get along so well.

“Why do you assume this is on me?” I questioned, trying not to laugh at Raven. I know that her hormones played a significant role in her outburst, so I wouldn’t hold it against her because she wanted my brother to fight me. After all, I married her best friend without her being there.

“Because I know Sasha can’t keep a secret, so it has to be your fault.” Raven’s gray eyes were like daggers, and her lips were twisted up in a fierce look. I really wanted to bust out laughing when her little hands balled into fists. Lennox told me how she loved to fight, but I didn’t want her to be upset. PJ was due any day now, and I sure as fuck didn’t want to be the reason she went into labor.

“You’re right. It’s my fault, sis.” I looked down at the ground to gain my composure

and hopefully fool Raven into thinking I was really sorry. When I looked back up, her hands were relaxed, and her pout was gone. She was entirely too easy.

“There are things going on, and I didn’t want you to worry, especially in your delicate state.” I smiled lovingly, and I could see by the look in her eyes she was softening, my brother, however, just gave me a smirk. Lennox knew exactly what I was doing.

“Okay, fine, it is your fault. But I want to know every detail, and I can’t believe Sasha got married without me.” The tears started to well up again, and I knew I had to do something before the crying became worse.

“She didn’t want to, Rae. Listen, we will have dinner tonight anywhere you want to go, and we will explain everything to you.” The lie flowed so easily that it was almost a crime. But there was no way I would tell Raven and Lennox anything that Sasha didn’t want them to know.

“Why don’t you let Lennox take you home, and we’ll see you tonight, okay.” I crossed over to Raven and rubbed her back as I led her to the door. Lennox trailed behind us, shaking his head. All I know is he better not say shit. Just like he would protect his wife, I would protect mine. Lennox didn’t want Raven upset, and I didn’t want Sasha upset.

“I need to talk to Sasha first.” Raven sniffled.

“It’s okay, Sasha had an important meeting, she’s sorry. I distracted her enough for the day. I promise we’ll see you tonight. Go get some rest.” I kissed Raven’s cheek, and she nodded her acceptance.

“You’re not slick, motherfucker. I want to know what the hell is going on, and all of it.” Lennox said where Raven couldn’t hear. His smirk was still in place, but I knew

that he was serious. I nodded. I would tell him what he needed to know.

After I walked them out, Flynn was coming back with our lunch. I still don't know why he and Darby insisted on doing grunt work, but I didn't have the energy or the patience to deal with that issue right now. I needed to get back to my wife to reassure her that everything would be alright.

When I got back to her office, Sasha was looking out of her window. The view of the Founder's port can be seen, and it made quite the serene picture. If the windows were facing the other way, she would be able to see my warehouse from here.

I walked over to Sasha and placed my arms around her waist from behind. I put my head on her shoulder and breathed in her sweet scent. She wrapped her arms around mine and took in a deep breath.

We stood there for a moment in silence. Just breathing in each other and looking out of the window. It is probably the most peaceful time we had since being married. Too bad it came at a cost.

"It will all work out, Céile. I promise." I whisper in her ear with conviction. I would never let anything hurt my beautiful Sasha, and if I had to take the blame for not telling people about our marriage, then I would do it in a heartbeat. I didn't give one flying fuck what people thought about me, but Sasha did. And I would protect her.

"You promise, Monster."

"I swear on everything I love, baby."

## Chapter 15

### SASHA

I couldn't stop fidgeting. My hands and legs displayed just how nervous I am to have dinner with my best friend. I never thought I would be this anxious to see Raven. I have been married for approximately two months, and I hadn't said a word. The longer I waited, the guiltier I felt. And now, with Raven being eight months pregnant, the last thing I wanted to do was have her worried about me.

"Sweetheart, I already promised you that everything would be fine. Stop worrying." Sawyer pulled me closer and tucked me under his muscular arm.

The only good thing that came out of today's fiasco was that our intimacy returned with ease. I no longer felt that I had to hide how attracted I was to Sawyer. And boy, was I attracted! The man was sexy without trying. The danger that pulsed around him drew me in like a moth to a flame. I couldn't get enough of his random touches or his deliberate ones. Being so close to him and smelling that unique Sawyer smell had me high. The delicious aroma that wafted off of him made me want to lick him from head to toe. Hell, I might do that anyway.

"Céile, did you hear me? Are you listening?" I looked up into Sawyer's smirking face. Hell nah, I'm not listening. I'm thinking about that big monster dick of yours.

I licked my lips, "Sorry, I didn't hear what you said."

"Hmmm. It seems like to me you have something on your mind. Care to share?" Sawyer ran his thumb over my bottom lip, and before he could take his finger back, I sucked it into my mouth.

Sawyer bit his lip as he pushed the digit in and out of my mouth like he would his dick. My nipples pebbled under my dress, and my pussy soaked the seat of my panties. I knew we weren't leaving this car until I had my fill. Maybe I could get rid of this nervous energy by riding my husband in the back of this car. The partition was up, and I knew Brennan wouldn't be able to hear or see us. I might as well take

advantage of this new found freedom. I grabbed Sawyer's hand so that I could speak. He looked at me with a frown but didn't say anything.

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“Why don’t you let me sit on your dick before we get to the restaurant?” I fluttered my lashes at him flirtatiously, and he growled before taking my lips in a punishing kiss.

Sawyer’s hands were everywhere, and for the life of me, I couldn’t catch my breath. His touch was overwhelming, but I couldn’t get enough. I pulled up my dress, happy that I was wearing another short flowy dress that wouldn’t hinder my passion. I started to lift up so I could take my panties off, but Sawyer stopped me.

“No! We don’t have time for that, Céile. Slipped that shit to the side.” I hurriedly did as he demanded.

It didn’t take much time for Sawyer to have his pants unzipped and slightly pulled down with his hard dick out. I straddled his lap and slid down with ease on his waiting cock. The initial sting of him entering my wet pussy was a welcome reminder of what we’d done earlier in the day. Sawyer waited patiently as my body adjusted to his, but as soon as I let out that tell-tell sigh and sat down on him completely, I knew shit was about to go down.

“I need you to hold on, baby. This is going to be hard and fast.” I smiled at his words, but the expression was quickly replaced with one of pure ecstasy. Sawyer began to pound into me like a beast. His strong hands helped to guide me up and down his stiff cock. His pulsating shaft was hitting every part of my pussy, and I couldn’t do anything but enjoy the ride.

I felt myself building up as Sawyer’s thrusts became more and more savage. He pumped his hips in an uncontrolled upward motion while he pulled me down without

mercy. I threw my head back and groaned, biting on my bottom lip. Even in my lustful daze, I remembered we were in a moving vehicle, and although the partition may have been up, Brennan definitely would've heard me scream. And I reallyreallywanted to scream. I wanted to shout from the damn mountaintop that my husband was blowing my back out.

“Damn! Baby! Fuck, yeah!” Sawyer mumbled with his head, pressed into my chest.

I knew that he was battling, not yelling out as well. Sawyer may have been gruff when dealing with most people, but he was very vocal with me, especially when we were having sex. He had never been the type of man to hold in his moans. He always told me how good I felt and how good I was making him feel.

“I’m a cum, baby. Please... just...” I stuttered out my plea. Because I was right on the edge, but I needed something more so I could fall over the cliff.

“I gotcha sweetheart. I know what you need.” Sawyer leaned back against the seat and put his large hand between us. He continued to roughly maneuver me on his dick as he began to flick my clit.

The hard strumming of my descended nub had me going over into an overpowering orgasm. This time I couldn't help the long scream that flowed from the bottom of my feet and out my mouth.

“Fuuuuuuck!!!” I yelled out without thought. My body was trembling from the magnificent release. “Holy shit, Saw!”

My breathing was labored, and if we weren't on our way to eat dinner, I could've easily curled up in a fetal position and went straight to sleep.

“Fuck, Céile. You're going to make me cum if you don't stop milking my cock right



now.” Sawyer groaned as his pumping hips slowed down.

“I already came, Monster. You can cum now.” Sawyer was a gentleman like that. He always made sure that I finished first before he would let himself orgasm.

“Baby, you don’t have a pair of panties big enough to hold the load I would spill in you. We have to go to dinner, so I won’t make a mess. But please believe when we get home, there will be nothing to stop me.”

With that promise, he gently pulled me off of his hard dick and sat me on the seat next to him. I couldn’t help the longing look of hunger I gave his glistening dick before I licked my lips once more.

“Céile! Fuck! Stop looking at me like that. Your ass is already sore from earlier, and if you keep looking at me like that, I won’t be able to help myself.” At the reminder of my spanking today, my ass began to tingle. I bit my lip and looked at my husband through my lashes.

With a shrug, I said, “It would be worth it.”

“I swear, Sasha Nash if I didn’t know you were trying to avoid Raven, I would take you home right now!” Sawyer leaned over and bit my bottom lip. When he pulled away, I instantly began to pout. He kissed my lips and pulled back with a chuckle that made me pout even more.

I didn’t often pout or do anything childish for that matter, but Sawyer not giving up that big anaconda would make any woman a little salty. I can admit that I am extremely greedy when it comes to my husband’s dick. I can never get enough. I still don’t know how I managed to go so long without him in the first place—temporary insanity.

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When we arrived at the restaurant, Brennan opened the back door with a blank expression on his handsome face. If it would've been Darby driving us, he would've teased the hell out of me. As a matter of fact, Brennan didn't really talk, and I definitely never heard him exchange the same type of banter with Sawyer that the twins did. In fact, the dark, brooding giant was even more silent than Flynn. At least Flynn eventually warmed up and began to talk to me, and I don't think I'd ever heard Brennan say more than a few words.

When I made eye contact with Brennan and smiled, he simply nodded at me and closed the door. Sawyer gave him clipped instructions in Gaelic that had Brennan nodding once again before rounding the car and driving away.

"Why do you always speak to him in Gaelic?" I never thought to ask before, but I've never heard Sawyer speak anything but Gaelic to Brennan.

"So people don't understand what I'm telling him," Sawyer replied with a sexy smirk. He was trying to distract me again with his gorgeous ass. But I know he meant what he said. Brennan was one of his closest men, and I'm sure he knew a lot about Sawyer's businesses. It would make sense for Sawyer to keep his guard up at all times. Even on a night out.

My thoughts of Brennan were swiftly forgotten when I saw Raven. My friend's beautiful face was glowing with happiness as she looked up into Lennox's handsome face. I'd never seen Raven look so content in my life. I was genuinely happy for my friend.

However, when she looked in my direction, her happy face quickly turned into an angry scowl. I knew she would be upset, and with her raging hormones, my best friend was unpredictable.

“Hey, Rae. You look sooooo pretty.” I sang as I approached her with caution. Her ass was the most volatile I’d ever seen her, and since she’d been pregnant, she had fought, cussed out her sister, and tried to damn near strangle a woman. Even though the bitch deserved it, I still wouldn’t put it past Raven to explode.

“Thank you. You would look pretty too if you didn’t look so sneaky.” Raven responded, placing her hand protectively on her swollen belly. I frowned at her snarky response, but the Nash brothers both chuckled. Assholes.

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“I’m offended, Rae. I wasn’t being sneaky; I was being cautious.” I responded, feeling a little hurt. Yeah, I didn’t tell my best friend about my marriage, but I hadn’t told my parents either. The only people that knew were Sawyer’s men. I was shocked that he had kept it from Lennox for so long, considering how close the two are.

“Cautious?” Raven frowned as she turned her narrowed eyed stare toward Sawyer. I knew that she would want to blame him for everything, but I wouldn’t let him step in and save me again, even if it was just from Raven’s anger.

“I have a lot to tell you, but I can’t tell you here. Business.” I gave Raven the “look” that said it was about “Bishops” business so that she wouldn’t continue to question me. If there was one thing that I’d learned from being around the Bishops family for so long was there were certain things you didn’t talk about in public.

“Oh! Okay. I guess that means you’re a part of the business?” Raven questioned, still staring at Sawyer.

“Yes,” I responded, waving my hand in front of her face to get her attention. When she finally looked at me, she nodded her acquiescence. However, I was well aware that I would have to go into detail about why Sawyer and I had a courthouse wedding without telling anyone. It wasn’t a story that I was excited to tell, in fact, I was ashamed that I had been so foolish.

“Fine, but just know you have a lot of explaining to do.” Raven finally smiled. I returned her smile and gave her a side hug. I rubbed my niece or nephew, and we giggled.

The hostess led us to the best table in the place where all eyes were on us. I can't say that I'm not used to the attention because anytime I'd gone out with Raven's family, the attention was crazy. However, I'd always been on the peripheral. Not completely on the outside, but definitely not a part of the in-crowd. However, tonight, I felt very much on the inside.

My husband and his brother were definitely worthy of all the female attention they garnered by simply walking through the restaurant. They looked like movie stars that decided to grace us mere mortals with their presence.

Sawyer wore his signature dark suit with a dark shirt that was unbuttoned at the top. His hair was faded on the sides with the long top slicked back out of his face. His unshaven jawline and kissable lips made me thankful that he was mine.

If my panties weren't already wet, they'd surely be soaked from the sight of his sexy ass. When my eyes finally made it up to his face, he wore a smirk. All I could do was shrug because I'd been caught red-handed ogling my fine ass husband... again.

## Chapter 16

### SAWYER

I couldn't help but catch Sasha every time she was eyeing my body because I was busy staring at her. The woman was more and more beautiful with each passing day. Hell, each minute of the day.

I never thought I'd be able to open up and be my true self with another woman, but especially a woman like Sasha. After Cara died, I thought I would never find anyone else I wanted to be with. Cara knew who I was from the beginning. She knew about my family because hers was the same. Cara grew up in the life, but sweet Sasha didn't have a clue. And it was clear by the deal she'd made with Abbott.

It was easy for me to keep eyes on the grimy fucker while he was on Founder's, but after the council approved of our protection over Sasha, he left for the states. He stuck around New York for a few weeks, but then he was scheduled to take a trip to Mexico, and we lost his trail. I know the motherfucker gave us the slip, but Darby will find his ass.

“So, how long have you two actually known one another? Cause, the way you were acting at my baby shower and the gallery opening says you two are awfully familiar with each other.” Raven's voice brought me back to the dinner at hand with her question. And although it seemed innocent enough, I knew the question was loaded. She was definitely going to freak the fuck out when she found out we'd been married for two months.

Sasha looked at me, then took a deep breath. I knew my Céile was going, to tell the truth. Besides the fact that she couldn't keep a secret to save her life, Sasha didn't like lying. She was a true hippy when it came to karma and aura's and whatever else the hell she thought the Universe was about.

I loved her for it because God only knew what the hell my karma was. But I had to have done something good in a past life if Sasha was my wife.

“We met two years ago when I was working in New York,” Sasha replied before turning away bashfully. I wasn't surprised that she hadn't told anyone about our time together, especially after being threatened. Flynn was hot on the trail of whoever did the shit, and as soon as he found out, they were dead.

“You all knew each other before the wedding?” Lennox asked me with a brow raised. I shrugged and sipped my glass of wine. He knew damned well I didn't tell him or anyone else my business. But two years ago, I wasn't in the best place. Sasha was my peace, and I didn't want anyone to interfere with that.

“Yeah, we knew one another. But I hadn’t seen him in over two years when he popped up at you guys’ wedding.” Sasha smiled when she looked at me.

“I didn’t just pop up, Céile. Lennox is my brother, and I was the best man.” I reminded her with a chuckle.

“Yeah, well, I didn’t know you had a brother, remember.” Sasha rolled her eyes playfully.

“And I didn’t know you were from Founder’s Island.” I cocked my brow in response.

“Touché.” Sasha giggled. However, Raven watched us with confusion.

“You guys don’t seem to know much about one another before you got married.” Raven’s gray gaze swung between Sasha and me. I know she wasn’t being judgmental; Raven was just hurt that Sasha kept such a big secret from her when I knew they shared almost everything else.

“We didn’t know each other long before Sasha had to leave New York to help out her parents. I guess you must’ve been in Europe then.” I made up an excuse for my wife because I know she was feeling guilty. I could tell by the look on her beautiful face.

“Yeah, I was in Paris living my best life. I guess we didn’t talk as much as we should have back then.” Raven stated a sad glint crossed her face, and I could’ve sworn she was going to start crying. Bless her heart. My sister-in-law’s hormones had been all over the place her entire pregnancy. Lennox didn’t know what to do. Served the little shit right for being such an annoying asshole.

“We had our own lives then. It’s okay that we were doing our own things.” Sasha smiled, and Raven returned the gesture.

“So, at least you guys weren’t total strangers like Lennox and I were when you got married. Believe me that isn’t something you want to have to go through.” Raven chuckled, and we all joined in. The tension in the air dissipated slightly, and I was glad for the reprieve.



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“When did you guys have this shotgun wedding anyway? I mean, Dad has to know if it’s business, so why didn’t you tell me?” Lennox questioned, and I really could’ve punched him in his mouth.

Just when everyone seemed to relax, he had to go and ruin it. So fucking annoying.

“We got married two months ago,” Sasha answered, looking directly at Raven with a sad smile.

“Two months?” Raven’s brows knitted together and her lips were pursed. She looked like she was about to blow a gasket. However, before she went off, a look of sheer horror crossed her face.

“Princess? Baby doll, it’s not that big of a deal. If it’s about business like Sasha said, then they had their reasons.” Lennox rubbed Raven’s back as he tried to comfort his raging hormonal wife.

“No!” Raven huffed out. Her face was growing fiercer by the second.

“No, what? It really isn’t that big of a deal, Rae.” Sasha replied with her own fierce look.

“No, I don’t care about that!” Raven breathed out. Everyone looked at her in shock.

It wasn’t often that Raven was so harsh, especially to Sasha. I was shocked and disappointed by my sister-in-law. Hormones or not, she shouldn’t be so callous with her best friend.

“Princess...”

“Lennox, babe. I don’t care because I think my water just broke, and I’m trying to keep from screaming because these contractions are a motherfucker.” Raven growled out, and we all hopped up to help.

“Oh, my God! Lennox, did you drive? Go get the car!” Sasha shouted as she ran around the table to help Raven.

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I sat in a comfortable chair in the private lounge at BHM. It turns out that Raven had been in labor for the better part of the day. She didn’t want to worry Lennox with Braxton Hicks, so she hadn’t said anything.

I completely understood why she didn’t tell my know-it-all brother that she was having contractions. He was crazy at the best of times, but he was downright unbearable when it came to his Princess. I feel so sorry for my sister-in-law.

“I can’t believe I sent my best friend into labor.” Sasha put her face in her hands dramatically. I chuckled and pulled her from her chair and into my lap.

Sasha tucked her face into my chest with a sigh. I rubbed her back and kissed the top of her fluffy hair. I loved how much of a baby she would turn into around me. This reminded me of how she used to act back in New York. I got the feeling she never really got to be a little girl. As an only child, she had a lot of responsibilities growing up. With both of her parents working all of the time, she learned to take care of herself at a very young age. Sasha had to grow up fast, and I loved the fact that she felt safe enough in my arms to let her guard down.

“Baby,” I sighed. “You know damned well that you didn’t cause Raven’s labor. She

was in labor all day.”

“Yeah! All day, probably from the time she and Lennox walked in on us...” Sasha looked around the whispered, “Fucking.”

I chuckled again at her decorum. She was so fucking cute being all respectful and shit. I understood though, both of Raven’s parents were here and a lot of the Bishops family. My parents were already on their way. Lennox was the only one in the delivery room though to the dismay of Mrs. Bishops. I thought the woman’s face would turn as red as her hair when she found out Raven didn’t want anyone but Lennox with her.

Serves her ass right if you ask me. The way Alejandro and Josephine treated Raven all of her life was despicable. Lennox was ready to kick his father-in-law’s ass, and I was willing to help. The old man had it coming. Andres is the only reason Alejandro is still breathing because I don’t play about my family. And Raven is my little sister now.

“Everyone in here is grown, Sasha. Why are you whispering the word, fuck?”

“Shhh! Monster! Oh, my goodness. You can be so crass. Stop cussing in these good folk’s hospital.

“Céile, you do realize that you’re now a part of the good folks?” I ticked my head to the side because I’m not sure if Sasha is aware that she is now a multi-millionaire. All that I have is hers. My mother’s family came from old money, and even though our Irish roots weren’t legal, they were also worth millions. Neither of us ever had to work again if we didn’t want to, but I loved running our real estate empire. And soon, I would be running the family. And truth be told I loved that shit even more.

“Ummm. No, I guess I didn’t realize that.” The cute little crease that formed in the

middle of her eyebrows when she frowned deepened. I could tell the thought never crossed her mind. She was deep in debt with a loan shark, and it never crossed her mind to marry me and take my money.

“I fuckin’ love you, Céile.” I kissed the top of her head, and she stiffened on my lap.

“Uh. Can you let me up, I need to go to the restroom?” Sasha’s voice was low as she tried to raise up from my lap. I wrapped my arms around her firmly so that she couldn’t get up. I hated that she was trying to run from me. I thought she knew me better than to think I would let her.

“Céile, you don’t need to go to the restroom so you can overthink what I said. I don’t say things I don’t mean. You know me by now. I said I love you, and that’s what the fuck I meant. And you don’t have to say it... right now. But only because I know you love me too.” Sasha relaxed back into my lap, and I smiled.

I will make sure to tell her every day that I love her and prove it every hour. There was no way my wife would walk this Earth, not knowing she is loved. And she sure as hell will feel that shit. My Sasha is a fucking Queen, and I will tell her until my dying breath.

“I love you too, Monster.” Although she said the words into my chest, I heard her. And I knew that she could feel my heartbeat race. It was the first time we exchanged the sentiments. Yeah, we were together in the past, but that was kid shit compared to what we have now.

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Two years ago, we weren't ready for each other. Even though we weren't in love, I still needed to mourn the loss of my wife. What I had with Cara wasn't a fairytale love affair, but we were still close. Losing her shook my faith in who I was as a man and a protector. I needed time to reconcile those things. And Sasha was young. Although she was self-assured and independent, she still needed time to figure out who she was as an adult on her own. We both needed that time away from one another to realize what we needed. We needed to grow and learn, and although I am still going to kill the motherfucker who made her leave, I can admit that the two years away from her was beneficial. But now I know that Sasha is who I need, I will never let her go again.

Never!

### Chapter 17

#### SASHA

I can't say when I woke up this morning that I expected my day to be so eventful. But that's exactly what it was. From me securing Yohan for the biggest show in the gallery's short history, angry make-up office sex with Sawyer, Raven's water breaking at dinner, and now the official "I love you" had been exchanged for the first time; it's been an adventurous day, to say the least. However, I can honestly say that I feel much better that my best friend finally knows my secret. It was hell avoiding her so that I wouldn't spill the beans. I've never been good at keeping a secret except when I spent two lustful months with Sawyer two years ago. But that was an easy one to keep since I thought telling anyone would cause multiple people to be hurt.

However, now that more people know that Sawyer and I aren't just dating but actually married, I have to figure out a way to explain to my parent's why their only child eloped, with a man they have never met, while they were on their summer vacation without telling them. My mother is going to kill me.

I sucked in a deep breath, trying to forget about my parents, but the feeling of anxiousness was still there. Raven had been in the delivery room for almost an hour. When we arrived at BHM, Dr. Delgado was already here waiting. He confirmed that Raven was fully dilated, and she was quickly whisked away to the delivery room. I hope and pray that everything was okay with her and the baby.

"You okay, Céile?" Sawyer's deep rumbling voice came from above me. I was still curled in his lap. I can definitely confirm that Sawyer's arms are my favorite place to be.

"Just a little worried about Rae," I responded, leaning back to look into his gorgeous face. For the first time this week, I really looked at him. I don't know how I hadn't noticed how tired his green eyes looked.

I have been so self-absorbed; I hadn't even considered how all of this had affected Sawyer. He came in with his cape and saved a hoe, and my ass didn't even have the decency to ask him how his business was going.

Just because he hadn't brought up Patrick Abbott again and I hadn't heard from the man since he left the gallery after threatening me, didn't mean he wasn't somewhere lurking. Men like him didn't go quietly into the night. They waited patiently for their vengeance.

I took for granted that Sawyer would handle my situation, and I went on living my life. I felt like shit and an ungrateful wife. I have to be better.

“Babe?” I rub my hand down his face, and he gives me a tired smile, “Are you okay? Like your business, and you know... other stuff?” I whisper the last part because I know we can’t talk about his “other stuff” in public. Even if we are in the Bishops’ hospital’s secret wing, I don’t want to violate some unwritten mob rule.

“Yes, Céile. My business and ‘other stuff’ are just fine. There’s no need for you to worry about any of that.” Sawyer chuckles and kisses my forehead. I nod, but I frown because I know he’s lying. His eyes didn’t twinkle, and the chuckle was flat. Something was definitely off with my husband.

“I know we can’t get into a deep conversation about it right now, but I can tell that something is bothering you. I’m your wife, and I love you. I want to make sure that you’re okay. If you can’t go into detail, I understand.” I say with all sincerity. I want Sawyer to know he can confide in me. This relationship is different from any other one I’ve had in the past. I want him to know that he can trust me. We don’t have to make the same mistakes we did before, and communication is the key to that.

Sawyer searches my face for what I’m not sure, but whatever he sees makes him smile. He nods and lifts my chin up. His soft pink lip feathers across mine, and my eyes briefly close involuntarily. Before I can enjoy the feel of his lips, they’re gone.

“SweetSasha. I love you too. We’ll talk later.” He kisses me once more. This time he deepens the kiss. His eager tongue invaded my mouth with strong, passionate strokes. I moan, and I try desperately to reciprocate the kiss by giving him all of me.

When I feel his length hardening beneath me, I release a groan. It was much louder than I intended because I hear a deep chuckle come from behind me.

“Son. You might want to take that to somewhere more private.”

If my skin allowed for my embarrassment to show, I would be bright red. My father-

in-law is standing behind me while I grind on his son, like a nympho, in public. I feel like a teenager being caught making out. I don't know what the hell I was thinking. Although the Ward is private, there are still plenty of people here right now.

Sawyer and I are sitting off to ourselves, so it was easy to forget we aren't actually alone. When we first got here, I quickly went to the elaborately decorated restroom and cleaned myself up. I hadn't gotten the chance after having car sex then having to quickly leave the restaurant.

Once I emerged from taking care of business, Sawyer had secured us a semi-private spot away from the Bishops' family and their men. Brennan had made himself scarce, and I hadn't seen Flynn since I got off work.

And because I've been surrounded by men who intentionally make themselves invisible, I forgot that we aren't alone.

"It was private enough until you got here, interrupting us." Sawyer grumbled, and his father laughed louder. I went to move from Sawyer's lap, but he held me still and frowned down at me.

I widened my eyes in a "let me up" expression, but he just held me tighter. I swear his ass is so bossy.

"I waited for ten minutes for you all to come up for breath. Didn't seem like that would be happening anytime soon, so..." Mr. Nash shrugged without regret.

I cleared my throat and pasted a smile on my face before turning to address Sawyer's father, "Mr. Nash, it's nice to see you again."

"Sasha, nice to see you too. Welcome to the family." His smile was broad as he pulled me from Sawyer's lap and engulfed me in a warm hug.



I was surprised by the action. I had only met the man a couple of times, and that was before Sawyer and I were official. It's not like we were able to date before we got married, and Raven also mentioned that she wasn't particularly fond of the man. But he'd always been nice enough to me, so I wasn't sure what to make of him.

Before I could delve into Conrad Nash's behavior, Lennox rushed in the room with a humongous smile on his face and tears in his bright blue eyes. Raven and Lennox decided to wait until delivery to find out the sex of the baby, so I was anxious and super excited.

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“It’s a girl! Seven pounds three ounces!” We all cheered in delight at the news.

There were rounds of hugs and congratulations given to Lennox and cigars given out. The Ward’s mood was completely different from the last time I was here when Raven’s father had been shot. I’m glad that this time the occasion was a celebratory one.

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We stayed at the hospital long enough to meet my Goddaughter and to visit with an exhausted Raven. Motherhood looked good on her already. Pilar Jade had beautiful caramel skin with bright blue eyes and a perfect little pout. Her head was covered in inky black curls. And she already had everyone wrapped around her little finger, and she’d only been on Earth for an hour.

I promised Raven before we left that I would visit her tomorrow. Now we were home, freshly showered, and in bed cuddling. As exhausted as I felt when we left the hospital, I was unable to go to sleep for some reason.

Now that the excitement was over, I couldn’t get Patrick Abbott out of my head. I have a feeling that I should’ve been more worried than I have been. Even with Sawyer’s larger than life presence, he couldn’t be everywhere at once. And he said he thought his first wife was killed.

“Céile, talk to me. I can feel the tension radiating off of you.” Sawyer was right. My shoulders were by my ears. I was so tense, and for the life of me, I couldn’t relax.

“Did Patrick Abbott just disappear? If he was such a big threat that we had to get married in a week, why isn’t he putting up more of a fuss?” Sawyer let out a loud sigh, and I knew that this subject wasn’t something that he wanted to talk about. But we were done brushing over problems. We are better than that, and we needed communication for our marriage to work.

“He sort of disappeared.” Sawyer answered cryptically.

“Is that code for you killed him?” I questioned, honestly. We weren’t in public anymore, and I know my husband took all the necessary precautions. Our house was a fortress, so I know our conversation would be private.

“No, Céile. I didn’t kill him. I just lost track of his movements a few weeks ago. He’s actively avoiding detection, and I don’t like it. That’s why I sent Darby back to the states to find his slimy ass.” I nodded my head. I knew that Darby was gone on business, but I didn’t ask why.

When “business” was mentioned, that meant Irish mob deals. The real estate business was always referred to as Nash Industries. I learned quickly to differentiate the two.

“Should I be worried about him? I know that I’ve been really selfish, and I’m truly sorry about that. I let you handle all of my bullshit and never checked on how anything was going. I’ll be better, I promise.” I made the vow with conviction lacing my words.

I would be a better wife to my husband. Sawyer was a powerful man with a lot on his plate. I know he needed my support in any way that I could give it even if it were just a listening ear or a shoulder to lean on.

“No! Absolutely fucking not!” He growled the answer. Before I could blink, his big muscular body was on top of mine, with his weight smashing me into the mattress. I

knew then that my question had triggered the monster.

I placed my hand on his cheek and rubbed his five o'clock shadow. His intense gaze softened a little, but the beast was still lurking. I wrapped my legs around his waist and pushed up enough to kiss his lips.

"Okay, I won't worry about him. But I still worry about you, so please don't shut me out. And when I ask you how your day is or how's business, I want a real answer."

Sawyer sighed before kissing my lips. He looked me deep in my eyes and nodded. "Alright. But just know, you never have to worry about your safety. Flynn is there for a reason. He's the best at what he does, and he's training his replacement. There isn't a time that you aren't being protected."

Sawyer's words are reassuring, and I relax. I have to remember that even though I don't see a lot of men guarding me, doesn't mean they aren't there. It would look suspicious if a real estate mogul's wife ran around with multiple bodyguards, so they've been trained to keep an extremely low profile. However, it's easy to explain Flynn's presence because a multi-millionaire's wife would need at least one guard.

"I love you, Sawyer Nash." I peck his lips with a smile.

"I love you, Sasha Nash." He presses his erection into my panty covered pussy, and I moan. He kisses me so deep that I feel light headed when he's finished.

We've had sex twice already today, and with the slightest touch, my pussy is gushing like a water faucet.

"Are you sore?" Sawyer asks from the crook of my neck. He places sweet kisses down to my collar bone and back up to my ear. He sucks the skin right above my collar bone into his mouth, and I know I'll have a hickey.

“A little.” I finally answer. But I continue to grind into his hard dick growing wetter and wetter. It’s my body’s automatic response to his when we’re this close. I couldn’t stop my body’s movement even if I wanted to...Which I don’t.

Sawyer unwrapped my legs from his waist, and I pout. I’m not too sore to have his big dick stretch me wide. But before I can complain, he slides down my body and moves my panties to the side. The long lick that follows has me gripping his hair and riding his face for dear life. I love this man!

## Chapter 18

### SAWYER

After the hospital last week, everything changed with Sasha and me. We are closer than we have ever been, and I am more in love with her each passing day. Sasha is such a beautiful sweet soul, and her love is the light that I need in my life. She balances out the soulless monster that can order a man’s death or kill without thought. My wife calms the storm that has always raged within me.

The only thing hovering over our heads was the lack of information I was able to find on the Wilcox group. The company had been established for roughly ten years and owned several properties. There was nothing suspicious about their accounts, which Darby hacked, so it looked like they were a dead end.

We were able to trace Abbott and keep eyes on him. He was laying low in some small town in Texas. And although Darby hadn’t figured out where he’d disappeared to when we couldn’t find him, at least we know where he is now.

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Abbott hadn't made any other moves toward Sasha, her business, or even Founder's, so I made the call to let one of my other guys sit on him, and Darby return to Founder's. Nash Industries was doing well here on the island, and I was able to broker several deals.

We now owned land that surrounded the hospital, and we have plans to build a physical rehabilitation center, a pediatric center, and a building for counseling. It is worth millions of dollars, and I even decided to consult on the building plans.

I haven't done any work as an architect since I was promoted two years ago. I miss it sometimes. Drawing buildings and structures was always comforting for me. Creating something nobody has ever seen before then watching it being built gives me a feeling like nothing ever had before.

I sit in my new office of Nash Industries and admire the view of downtown. My "other" office is in a warehouse by the port. As a matter of fact, I spend more time there than I do this office. The port office is an integral part of the family business. It's not too far from Sasha's gallery.

Right now, I'm working on investment properties that we can convert into luxury boutiques in the downtown area when my phone rings. When I answer it, the gruff voice has me pausing.

"Meet me at the office at the port." His growly voice rings in my ear before he hangs up the phone. It is a very rare occasion that the man even talks to me, but I don't think he's ever called me directly. Markos is an enigma, a very unstable and dangerous enigma.

We may not talk on the phone, but we are business associates. And if Markos wants me to meet him at the Port office, then some shit has either gone down or about to go down. Either way, I grab my phone and tell Brennan to bring the car around.

I make it to the Port office in fifteen minutes, and Markos is there with a beat up man lying hogtied on the floor. I run a hand down my face and breathe out slowly. I don't know why the hell Markos has this guy here, but I knew it wouldn't be long before I found out.

"Markos, what the fuck, man?" I sigh as I go to my desk and open the bottom drawer. I pulled out a bottle of bourbon and two glasses. I pour a generous amount of liquid into each glass and hand him one.

Markos downs it in one gulp, and I sit down and take a sip. My gaze shoots over to the beat up man when he groans. I sit up in my seat when I recognize his bruised face.

"He was sneaking around the gallery last night after it was closed. Bambi was there alone." I frown at Markos' words. Neither one of our women should ever be alone, especially at the gallery.

"What the fuck do you mean she was alone?" My voice is a low growl, and I have a very distinct feeling that I'm going to have to kill a motherfucker today.

"I found the extra guard dead after Bambi came back because she'd left something at the gallery."

"Why the fuck am I just hearing about this? This was last night!" I'm livid. I jump up and go to the groaning man and start kicking him.

"Why in the fuck have you been hanging around? I told you to leave my wife alone! Speak up, Austin, you piece of shit!" I yell! My control is slipping with each kick I

land on his body.

How did I not know about any of this? When I dropped Sasha off this morning, two of my men had done their usual sweep, and nothing was out of place. How in the hell did Austin Thomas kill one of my men? He was a sniveling lawyer who did more kissing ass than he did litigating.

“I’ve already asked him these questions,” Markos says entirely too calm. I should’ve known it was a reason why the man was lying tied up and not already dead. It’s not like Markos is known to have any self-control or a conscience for that matter.

“He was just being a fucking stalker. He has pictures of everything. He’s been following your wife for a long time. I’d kill his ass if I were you.” Markos throws a phone down on the desk. “He didn’t kill the guard, but he saw who did, though. That’s why he’s not dead.”

“Who killed the guard?” The answer Markos gives me knocks me off my feet. I’ve been betrayed by someone I trusted. I never saw it coming.

“Time to clean house, Nash,” Markos says as he rises from his seated position and heads toward the door. “Next time, I won’t clean up your mess, asshole.” Markos throws over his shoulder before leaving.

“Thanks! You crazy motherfucker!” I holler at his departing back. A clean house is an understatement. Everyone involved in this shit is about to feel my fury! Everyone!

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“Darby!” I bellowed his name as I entered the floor of the warehouse. I left Thomas passed out on the floor of my office. His ass is as good as dead.



I went through the pictures on the cell phone, and the shit is disturbing. Austin Thomas had been following Sasha even before they began dating. The images ranged from her day to day life at the gallery, running errands, to even Sasha at her parent's house. There were even pictures of the gallery itself, which raised red flags in my mind. However, the longer I looked, the more the pictures became sexual in nature. Close up shots of Sasha's breasts, of her legs, or of her bending over. Thomas was completely obsessed with her. The problem is, there's only room for one obsessed Monster in Sasha's life.

It was clear the man had a very unhealthy desire to be with my wife. The only time he hadn't taken pictures of her was when she was in our home. There was no way he would've been able to gain access to our property, and obviously, he knew that.

"Why the hell are you yelling?" Darby comes out of nowhere with a frown covering his face. I've been working the hell out of him, and I know he's tired of my ass, but I don't give a damn. We're in a crisis, and now that I know that I've been betrayed, it affects us all. Especially him.

"Meet me in my office now!" I storm back into the office with Darby on my heels. He closes the door behind him, crosses the room, and sits in the chair without saying anything. He doesn't even bat a lash at Thomas' prone body lying on the floor. The lack of surprise on his face speaks volumes.

"You knew about this bullshit," I accuse him. He's entirely too fucking calm. Darby is a master at not showing emotion, but he's not that good. I know him too well.

"Markos is good at what he does, but carrying a groaning beat up man into our place won't go unnoticed," Darby replies with a shrug.

He's fucking shrugging all nonchalant like I won't fuck him up. He knows damn well that after Cara died, security is a top priority for me. I have cameras everywhere.

Darby should've known that Thomas was following Sasha. I placed a high functioning security system as well as cameras all over the gallery. If there was anyone lurking, Darby would be the first to know.

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“I wanted to know who he was working for. He was pretty good about covering his tracks, but I caught onto him when I was following Sasha the first time months ago.”

I continued to pace the length of my office as I processed the information Darby told me. I trusted the twins. They were family. However, with what I just found out from Markos, I would have to kill people I considered part of my family. And make no mistake, I wouldn't hesitate to take any motherfucker out who went against me; family or not.

But in Darby's case, I knew he wouldn't betray me. There's always a reason for his actions.

“Who is he working for?”

“Douglas Abbott.”

The name sends a chill up my spine because Douglas Abbott is way more dangerous than his son Patrick could ever be. And now that I know, he's involved. There is definitely a cause for concern.

“Wait. He was following Sasha before I moved to the island.” Pieces of the puzzle were missing.

Founder's Island is an untapped resource, especially for businesses like mine, but it wasn't a well-known fact. The Bishops' family had this shit on lock, and I know for a fact they wouldn't let a piece of shit like Douglas Abbott in to do business. Hell, we had to become family before we were allowed to set foot on the island.

“Yes. There’s more to the deal with the gallery, but I hadn’t figured it out yet,” Darby replies with furrowed brows.

“Why haven’t you told me about any of this shit?” I question, my anger simmering under my skin like hot lava.

“Because I haven’t figured it out yet!” Darby’s voice gets louder, but he doesn’t yell. I can tell that he’s frustrated, and under normal circumstances, I would be the voice of reason. However, my logic took a back seat when I found out my wife had a goddamned stalker.

“Alright,” I say, running my hand through my hair and taking a deep breath. I need to calm the fuck down so that I can think. There’s a reason why I’m the next to take over the family as Don. It’s not because my father is the current head of the family; that’s not how it works with us. It’s the most qualified to lead us into success.

I’m intelligent, business savvy, and a fucking savage. I take what I want and kill who I need without issue. I didn’t have a conscience before, and now it lives within my wife. Sasha is my walking talking soul, and now I find out that Douglas Abbott has been watching her for months.

I won’t have that. I can’t have that. I will wipe out their entire family line before I let them get close to my Céile. She won’t end up like Cara. I refuse to let it happen again. I won’t be able to survive it. But neither would anyone else.

“Sasha is safe, Sawyer. I promise you that. Neither Flynn nor I would ever let anything happen to her.”

Darby’s hazel-green eyes twinkle with a sadness that I hadn’t seen in a long time, or maybe it’s been there, and I refused to look. I hate to look at the twins sometimes because the guilt is still there. They didn’t blame me for what happened to Cara, but

obviously, someone in their family did.

“I trust you to take care of Sasha. It should be you with questions about safety. After all, it was my fault that...” I trail off because I can’t bring myself to say the words.

“You didn’t kill my sister, Sawyer. Cara’s death isn’t on your hands.” Darby’s words were meant to be reassuring, but they weren’t. They burned through me like fire. My arrogance got my first wife killed, but I would never underestimate an enemy again.

Now to take care of my current enemy... Austin Thomas is a dead man.

## Chapter 19

### SASHA

“Oh my goodness, Rae, she’s just the sweetest little person in the world,” I smiled down at a sleeping Pilar as I run my hand over her soft midnight curls. She is only a week old, and she is already full of personality.

My best friend attributed her daughter’s attitude to her aunt Dove because Raven stayed mad at her throughout her pregnancy. I said Pilar’s attitude was because of her mother, who kept trying to fight her entire pregnancy.

We are sitting in Raven and Lennox’s plush penthouse apartment while I gush over my Goddaughter. I made a promise to myself that I will not neglect my friendship anymore. I avoided Raven for the last few weeks of her pregnancy because of my horrible mistakes, so I decided I needed to be woman enough from now on to face my issues head on. Hiding from my family and friends will never be the solution. I definitely need to be here for Raven now because I know she’s missing her older sister and her mama.

I finally finish stalling and get down to telling Raven all the sordid details of what lead to me and Sawyer's shotgun wedding. After saying it all out loud, I realized how dramatic it all sounded.

"So, you needed money, and instead of coming to me, you went to a loan shark? Then Sawyer had to marry you because the loan shark turned out to be a human trafficker who belongs to a mob family. And now you're under the Nash family protection as Sawyer the Don's wife." Raven summarized everything I had told her. I nodded my head slowly at the accuracy.

"Damn, sis! When you get into trouble, you go all out." Raven shook her head with a look of total dismay on her pretty face.

I sighed dejectedly, "I just wanted to do things on my own."

"You know, I understand. I'm not judging you, Sasha. But I will help you with anything. That's all I'm saying," Raven replied.

"I know you would. I'm just glad Sawyer was there to help me before it was too late. If it wasn't for him offering this marriage arrangement, there's no telling what would've happened to me."

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“You could’ve come to me, Sasha. I have offered my help a million times. You never had to go to a loan shark for goodness sakes.”

“I didn’t want you to think I was another user. I don’t want your money, Rae.” I tried to explain it for the gazillionth time. I didn’t want to borrow Raven’s money. At the time, she hadn’t received her trust fund yet, and she was working just as hard as me. I would’ve never asked her for anything. We were both just trying to make it through tough times.

“I would never think you were a user, Sasha. I love you, sis. You know that we would do anything for each other.” Raven’s words were sincere, and I smiled. I knew all of those things to be true, but I still didn’t want to rely on my friend. I wanted to do it myself.

“I love you too, sis. Do you forgive me?”

“There’s nothing to forgive. I’m just glad Sawyer was able to be there for you. I saw how you two look at each other, so I’m guessing this arrangement is permanent.” Raven cocked a brow with a sassy smirk.

I giggled, “Yeah, it’s definitely forever with that one. He wouldn’t let me go anyway.” I shrug at the memory of me giving Sawyer an out. He was pissed, but he kicked me down like never before.

“That possessiveness runs in the family.” Raven giggled in response. “Speaking of family, we’re real sisters now.” She smiled, and we hugged one another tightly.

“Yeah, who would’ve thought we would marry brothers?”

“Shit, I didn’t think I would marry anyone. Much less someone like Lennox Nash.”  
Raven smiled thoughtfully.

“I know, right.” I nodded.

“So, what are you going to tell Mama and Papa Phillips? Cause I know they don’t play.” Raven’s words sobered me up instantly.

“They got back last night, so we have dinner with them tonight,” I said with a sigh.

My parents just might disown me. There would be a whole lot of begging and explaining on my end. Hopefully, they would be so blissed out from their vacation they would let me slide. I sighed because I knew that Rosie Phillips was going to beat me.

Soon after our heart to heart, I left Raven’s house to go back to the gallery. Yohan had signed the contract, and we were preparing for his show in a couple of weeks, so there were more people in and out of the gallery than normal.

I noticed the exterminators were here again, and I frowned. Bambi had called someone over a week ago, and they had come out. However, they had found more than rats in our basement. Apparently, we had more than one type of rodent, and it grossed me out. I told them to do what they had to do to get rid of the pests. We couldn’t have them venturing out of the basement and onto the gallery floor. It would cost hundreds of dollars, but I didn’t care as long as the problem was taken care of.

I give a small wave as I approached Jack, our security guard. Jack Lewis was retired military. He was a large man standing over six feet, and he always has a welcoming smile on his dark chocolate face. His brown eyes twinkled with laughter at all times,



and he always had a kind word for everyone.

“Hey, Jack. How’s it going?” I asked as I made my way to the front desk. Jack had been coming in early because of all the preparations that were going on. I was glad for his help.

“Oh, you know. Same ole’ same.” Jack gave me his usual greeting with a bright smile.

“Well, same ole same is better than different and chaotic.”

Jack chuckled with a shrug, “True. My granddaughter says hi, and she wanted to thank you for the advance tickets to that Yahoo’s showing in a few weeks.”

I laughed at Jack because he knew Yohan’s name. However, I had a feeling that my husband had gotten in his ear. Sawyer didn’t like any of my security guards when we first got together, except for Jack. All the rest of the men were slowly replaced with guys from Sawyer’s team. He said they were underqualified, and I knew how serious he was about my safety, so I didn’t argue.

“I’ll be in my office if you need anything. Flynn should be in shortly; he’s doing his sweep.” Jack nodded, and I headed upstairs.

Flynn had been even quieter than his usual. This morning, Sawyer and Darby had left before the sun came up, and I’m pretty sure Flynn was pissed that he couldn’t go with them. I don’t know what is going on, but last night Sawyer came in extremely late and left early.

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I finished all of the paperwork that I was willing to do for the day, so I pulled out my

sketchbook and decided to draw. I hadn't had the time to work on my own art in quite some time, but at least sketching helped to release some of the stress that I'd been carrying around.

I was deep into my drawing when there was a tap on the door. It was Jack wearing a worried expression on his face.

"Hey, Jack. What's wrong?" I asked, putting my pencil down on my desk.

"My wife called. Someone tried to break into the house while she was at the grocery store. Is it okay if I go and check on her?"

"Oh, my goodness! I hope everything is okay. Of course, you can go. I'll be fine here. Flynn is around somewhere." I waved off his concern standing from my chair.

"Great. The exterminators are still working, but I called Fred, and he can come in about an hour to cover the rest of my shift."

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“Thanks, Jack. Go take care of your wife. I’ll be fine here.” I smiled, and I walked him downstairs. I could tell the man was shaken up. He was a protector, and I know first-hand how men like him get if they aren’t there if something happens to their loved ones.

I headed to the bathroom while I was downstairs, and when I came out, I noticed there were more exterminators than I expected. It must’ve been more rats than I thought. I shook my head because it didn’t matter how much it was going to cost; I didn’t need any rats in my building.

As I walked upstairs, dread began to fill the pit of my stomach. Something was amiss, and I have no idea what. As I opened my office door, I instantly knew I was in trouble.

I began to back up, but before I could step out of the office, I felt a gun in my back.

“Aht, aht. Why don’t you come on in and have a seat? My men are surrounding the property, so there’s no need for you to scream or run.” Patrick Abbott says from in front of me. He purses his thin lips at me in annoyance.

I slowly walk further into the office. When I turn to see who has the gun in my back, I’m surprised.

“Brennan? What are you doing?” I whisper the words in shock.

“Shut up and sit the fuck down before I shoot you.” His tone is dark and menacing, and I instantly do what I’m told. After hearing his voice, I’m mad that he’s never

spoken to me before. Maybe if he had, I could've seen that he was a traitor.

Brennan pushes me hard, and I stumble forward before I catch myself. I sit down on the couch in my office, and I stare up at the two men who have me held hostage. What the hell is going on?

“Brennan, why are you doing this?” I questioned, confused. He is one of Sawyer's most trusted guys. Darby trained him for a year before he was trusted enough to be by Sawyer's side.

It didn't make sense that Brennan would go through so much to become one of Sawyer's men to turn on him.

“Don't ask me shit! Just sit there and shut the fuck up!” Brennan growled in a thick accent, and the hatred that is reflected in his tone has me clamping my mouth shut. Now I wish he would've stayed not talking to me.

“Boss. The basement is clear.” A man dressed in an exterminator's uniform comes into the office. Well, that explains how they got in here undetected. We fucking let them in.

“Good. Load up the gear and get started.” Patrick demands, and the man nods and leaves without another word.

“What do you want from me?” I ask Patrick. Obviously, Brennan wasn't the man who was going to answer my questions, and Patrick seemed to be running this little operation, so maybe he would have some answers for me.

“We wanted your business. That's all, but you made this shit so difficult that I'll be happy when I can kill your ass.” His cruel words flow out so dispassionately that it's a smack in the face.

This man knows nothing about me, but ending my life is just another thing to mark off on his list. Sawyer said this guy was grimy, but he's less than that. He's scum—a piece of shit who doesn't deserve to take his next breath.

“You will never get away with this! Sawyer will stop you!” I argue passionately through clenched teeth.

“Nash won't do shit. Just like the last time. We've always planned to take out the Nash family. This time we will get the right person. You're just dumb enough to be the second wife he'll lose.” Patrick shakes his head with dark laughter filling the room. But he's so busy laughing that he doesn't notice Brennan's demeanor completely changing.

The man always seemed angry, but now his anger is directed toward Patrick and not me. Brennan's eyes darken even more, and he begins moving in Patrick's direction. However, before Brennan could do anything, another man entered the office.

“Callahan is on the premises.” My worry for Flynn instantly shoots through the roof.

“Why are you telling me, fucking bring him in!” Patrick shouts.

“We can't, sir. He killed two men and disappeared.” The man looks around with a grimace, and I have to keep myself from celebrating. If Flynn already killed two men, then Sawyer and Darby would definitely be on the way.

“We need to get out of here. Bring the girl!” Patrick moves toward the door, but Brennan stops.

“No! I'm sick of waiting to kill. Let's do this right here and now.” Brennan raises his gun, and I close my eyes.

I'm sorry, Sawyer. I love you!

## Chapter 20

### SAWYER

We've been looking for fucking Brennan since Markos told me he was the fucker that betrayed me. I thought I could trust him. After all, I had trusted his brother with my wife. My first wife, that is. Doyle was Brennan's older brother. He worked for the Callahan family and came on as Cara's bodyguard after moving to the states.

I knew Brennan was Doyle's brother, and I thought he was loyal and wanted to follow in his brother's footsteps by working for the Nash family. Brennan worked so hard with training with Darby that I never questioned that he wanted to be a part of the organization. But I wasn't asking the right questions.

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I should've been questioning why he wanted to be in the Nash Organization, not if he wanted to be in it. Again, I was left dumbfounded. Betrayal wasn't anything new to me. In my line of work, people were prone to want to knock people out of power and take their place. That's why everything was intertwined, and we dealt with families. We married for protection, and we stayed loyal to family no matter what.

Brennan obviously didn't have the same upbringing as I did. His family was married into the Callahan's, not the Nash's. We were related by proxy. Doyle and Brennan are Cara's cousins, which makes them Darby and Flynn's cousins as well. I trust the Callahan's. When Cara was killed, Darby and Flynn never blamed me for their sister's death. They came to the states to learn the business and help me find Cara's killers.

It's a shame that their own cousin refused to see what we did. Patrick Abbott was the reason for Cara's death. I'm not sure how or when he got to Brennan, and it didn't matter. When he crossed me, he signed his own death warrant.

I slammed my hands against the wall as I roared out my frustration. I let that motherfucker get too close, and he sabotaged everything he touched. The security system that he was supposed to watch had been tampered with. The gallery surveillance had been on a continuous loop for the last twenty-four hours. And because Darby was dealing with other shit, nobody noticed. Brennan also disabled the tracking devices on several of the cars as well as his phone.

Brennan was in my inner security circle. He was privy to information that others didn't have a clue about, and he used that knowledge to his advantage. It was no wonder we couldn't track Abbott's whereabouts. Brennan was feeding him the

information he needed to keep giving us the slip.

“Hey, man! I get it, but you need to calm the fuck down!” Darby looked up from behind his computer screen, where he was typing furiously. He was just as pissed as I was when I told him about his cousin’s treachery.

We were taught family above everything; that was the golden rule. And Brennan not only broke the rule, he tore it apart and shit on it. It was unacceptable, and he would meet a torturous end because of it.

“We need to find his ass. There’s no telling what the fuck he’ll do next. Especially since he knows we’re on to him.”

When Brennan caught wind that Markos captured Austin Thomas, he wisely disappeared. Because both men worked for the Abbott family, Brennan knew that Thomas would spill his guts if he got caught. And he definitely dropped everything. I thought back on the night before with a chill.

“Tell me what Douglas Abbott wants with Sasha?” I questioned the tied up man in the middle of the warehouse.

“He doesn’t want Sasha. They just wanted her out of the way. They want the building.” He coughs up blood, and I know he can’t take too many more kidney punches. Markos worked him over pretty good, but he didn’t have the motivation that I do.

“Why do they want the building, Thomas. Don’t start acting tough now. Answer the fucking questions before I lose my patience and kill you now!” I grit out. I haven’t killed anyone in a long time because I have men for that, but this motherfucker is trying me.



He coughs up more blood before he starts again, “The gallery used to be part of a bank. Back in the day, there were tunnels from the building that leads directly to the port,” Thomas stops because he’s wheezing and coughing and I roll my eyes at his dramatics. I cock my gun and put it to his head.

“Hurry the fuck up with the story; I need to get home to my wife.”

Thomas has the nerve to scowl at me at the mention of Sasha. And I know this bastard is crazier than I gave him credit for. Here he is beaten up, tied to a chair, and coughing up blood, and he’s mad that I mentioned my wife.

“Fuck that whore!” Thomas’ face is full of rage, but the emotion quickly turns into pain when I shoot him in his kneecap.

“Watch your motherfucking mouth. Now finish the fucking story!”

“You can move anything through those tunnels without anyone being the wiser. The tunnels aren’t on the updated plans, only the originals that are in a vault at my firm.”

“How did Abbott know about the tunnels, and why didn’t he just buy the building from Todd?” I questioned, but my trigger finger is itching because this bastard is dragging this shit out.

“Mr. Todd already made a deal with Sasha. It was illegal for him to go back on the contract they had in place. He upped the price to get out of the original agreement, which was a loophole in the contract. I knew about it because I wrote the contract myself. Todd didn’t know anything about the tunnels. He’s just a greedy old bastard. I’m the one who contacted the Wilcox group. They had the money, and I knew who they were. People like that always need underground tunnels and cutthroat lawyers. It was a win-win for both of us.” Thomas had the nerve to smile after his sleazy story.

He was almost worse than the Abbott's, and he would meet the same fate as them. I shook my head in disgust before I put a bullet between his eyes. The quick death was too good for him. I should've tortured his ass more, but I didn't have the time. I spit on his body as I walked away.

"Take out the trash! I need to go home to my Céile." I hollered to my men as I left the building.

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We had searched everywhere for Brennan, and his ass was nowhere to be found. I knew he hadn't left the island, though, after I contacted Andres and let him know what was going on. Andres Bishops was the only man I would trust to help me navigate Founder's Island underworld. He had connections everywhere, and he was happy to help.

Now, not only was the Nash Organization looking for Brennan and Abbott, so was the Bishops'. Neither of them would leave the island alive, and the thought almost had me giddy. It had been years of me putting up with the Abbott family. The Council had them protected for whatever reason, and I will be happy to inform them of all of the shit they'd been doing without council approval.

Austin's little confession would get in the right hands, and all evidence that he ever existed would be destroyed. Rest in hell motherfucker!

"Flynn just called. There's some shit going down at the gallery." Jason, one of my guys, came into the office in a rush. Darby hopped up from the computer, and my feet were moving before Jason could finish his sentence.

We were already at the Port office, so the gallery was only five minutes away. The closer we got to the gallery, it looked like a war zone. It seemed like Flynn was

fighting an army by himself when I noticed several burly men jump out of SUV's and start shooting at the men dressed in blue coveralls.

The bastards were like roaches. Every time one would go down, more would come out of the building. I hopped out before Jason came to a complete stop and started firing my weapon. Sasha was in that building, and I knew Patrick Abbott was in there too. He was a fucking dead man, but if he hurt Sasha in any way, he would wish for death before I finished with him.

We finally got a handle on Abbott's men, when we were able to make our way inside. I rushed up the stairs with the twins right behind me. When I burst through Sasha's office door, my heart skidded to a stop at the scene in front of me.

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Abbott was lying on the floor bleeding; he'd been shot in the stomach. And Brennan had Sasha in his arms holding a gun to her head. The coward was standing behind her and using her body as a shield.

"You've already fucked up, cousin. Just let Sasha go." Flynn spoke in their native tongue. His tone broke no argument. And everyone knew if Flynn said anything, you better listen.

"That motherfucker killed my brother. He killed Cara!" Brennan yelled in Gaelic from behind Sasha as he pointed to a groaning Patrick Abbott.

"You think we don't know that! We just couldn't prove it yet. We were getting evidence!" I yelled, also speaking in Gaelic. I was unable to keep control of myself, but I wouldn't totally lose my cool because I couldn't take the chance on him hurting Sasha.

"You stopped working on finding evidence as soon as you married her. You don't give a shit about my brother or Cara." Brennan sneered as he roughly pushed the gun into Sasha's temple. I growled and stepped forward, but Darby held me back, and Flynn stepped in front of me.

"Do you honestly think either my brother and I would be this close to Sawyer if he didn't care about what happened to Cara? She was our only sister. He would never give up; why do you think we're here?" Darby questioned, moving closer to Brennan.

The man seemed to be thinking about what the twins were telling him. His brows met in the middle; he was frowning so hard. He obviously hadn't thought this plan of his

all the way through. There was no way in hell I would ever let him live after this, maybe that was part of his plan to die some kind of martyr for his brother.

“I wanted revenge for my brother. I thought it was Sawyer’s fault. He even said it was his fault.” Brennan shook his head in denial.

“It was my fault because I was arrogant, not because I wanted them dead. I didn’t kill them.” I explained to the younger man switching back to English.

My gaze finds Sasha, and her face is covered in tears. I know she doesn’t understand what’s happening because we weren’t speaking in English, but I can see the shadow of fear covering her beautiful face. My anger is palpable when I take in her anguish. Again my wife is in danger because of me, but this time I’ll be damned if she dies. No fucking way!

“Let Sasha go, and we can talk about this. You know now that Abbott killed your brother. We can work this out.” Darby pleads with his cousin, and the man lets Sasha go. She runs into my arms, but I push her behind me.

“Leave the office, Céile. Jason is downstairs,” I say, never letting my eyes leave Brennan. Without argument, I hear her heels clicking quickly out of the room.

“I’m sorry. I just...” Brennan shook his head. If he hadn’t betrayed my trust, held my wife at gunpoint, and tried to ruin my life, I might have felt sorry for the kid. But there’s no room for emotions at a time like this.

“Twins. Leave.”

“No! This is family. He knew the price, and we will be here to make sure he pays it.” Darby answers in English.

I nod and point my gun at Brennan's head. He drops his weapon and looks me in my eye. He would've been an invaluable soldier if he just would've listened. I pulled the trigger without preamble. He crumpled to the floor with a loud thud. I felt nothing at the sight of Brennan's dead eyes.

As I turn to walk out, Patrick Abbott groans once more. "Shut the fuck up!" I shoot him in the head and continue out the door.

I'm a monster. And nobody fucks with my wife!

## Chapter 21

### SASHA

After the traumatic incident with Brennan, I took some time off from the gallery. We had to get it remodeled anyway with all the bullet holes everywhere. It was a warzone, and my poor gallery paid the price. However, there was no mention of it in the news anywhere. No tv, magazine, blog, or tabloid even caught wind of the shootout. It was amazing what being in a powerful family allotted you in life.

And although I got away with not having to explain anything to the authorities, my parents were different. We managed to put off dinner for another night, but Rosie and Daryl were ready to whoop my grown ass for avoiding them, so I had to bite the bullet and introduce my parents to my gun toting gangster husband. Not that I told my parents any of those details about my new husband.

Sawyer was able to use charm that I didn't know he possessed to soothe my parent's concerns. My father was more upset that I had gotten married than my mother was, which shocked the shit out of me. My mother was just happy I found a rich, handsome man to marry me, her words not mine, but my father was pissed that I brought home some strange white boy, again his words not mine.

In the end, though, they warmed up to the idea that their only child was married. Well, after I promised my mother a big wedding that she could help plan and a grandchild within a year. Sawyer made that deal, and I'm not sure how he plans on getting me on board with that one, but if I know my Monster, I'm probably already pregnant.

I smile at the thought of a little green-eyed monster with brown hair and a take charge attitude. It wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. If I can handle my husband, I can surely handle his child. Well, at least I hope I can. My mother-in-law gives me the encouragement that I need. Anna is forever telling me how she managed to wrangle not only her four bullheaded sons but their equally bullheaded father.

I have to say; Anna was surprisingly happy when Sawyer told her about our marriage. She confessed that she just wanted her oldest son to be happy, and she engulfed me in a warm motherly hug to welcome me to the family. Now I look out at the sea of people, and I'm happy to have such a large brood.

"Céile, are you happy?" My husband comes up behind me and snakes his arms around my waist. He kisses my temple and sways us to the music that's playing.

"Yes, husband. I am ecstatic." I smile up at him from over my shoulder, and he leans down and kisses my lips.

This time our wedding ceremony was filled with all our loved ones. We said our vows in our spectacular garden, and now our reception in our back yard is in full swing. It sounds funny calling all these acres a "yard," but that's what it is.

The large white tent is decorated with white fairy lights on the ceiling with a large chandelier hanging in the center. Each round table is covered with shimmery white linens with silver place settings. The white mix of carnations and roses with touches of lilacs serve as centerpieces for each table. The decorations were a compromise. My

mother wanted glitz and glam, and I wanted shabby chic. So we went with plain white with a little shimmer.



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“I’m glad you’re happy, Céile. So can we leave now?” Sawyer asks with a boyish pout on his face. I laugh and shake my head at him.

“We’ve only been here an hour. It’s our wedding at our house.”

“We can come back. I just want a little taste while everyone is distracted.”

“Okay. But you’re on a time limit. We still have to cut the cake.” I smile as I lead him away by the hand.

We got as far as Sawyer’s study because we didn’t want to take the chance on Marla finding us in the house. She definitely wouldn’t let us sneak away from our own wedding reception to get in a quickie.

I began removing the flower crown from my fluffy afro, but Sawyer stopped me.

“Leave the crown on, Céile. I’m about to fuck my queen.” Sawyer gave me a slow once over. I could see the admiration on his face. It took quite a long time to find my dress. I wanted to make sure that it fit my personality and that Sawyer would find it sexy.

My first wedding dress was a plain white shift dress that I loved, but I never thought it would be worn to say I do. I made sure that this dress was everything I wanted and more. The pure white flowy sleeves draped off my shoulders and flared out, displaying the intricate flower details. The back dipped low and flared out at the waist giving the dress a fairy princess look that I loved. I looked as if I were floating on a cloud with each step that I took, and I loved it.

Sawyer slowly slid off one sleeve then he kissed my exposed shoulder. He repeated the motion on the other side before pulling the front of my dress down, completely exposing my naked breasts.

He dipped his head and began to suck on my right puckered nipple as his large fingers began to roll my left one. I threw my head back in ecstasy, completely enraptured by my husband's skills.

I couldn't help the moan he ripped from the pits of my stomach when he bit my nipple and tugged.

"Shhh. Wife. Marla will come and find us if you keep making so much noise." Sawyer's dark chuckle made me want to slap him.

If he weren't handling my body like the evil genius that he is, I wouldn't be so damn loud. It's his fault that he knows my body better than I do.

"We need to make this quick, babe. If Marla finds us before I cum, you're going to spend our honeymoon begging to get in this pussy." I purred in his ear.

Sawyer growled, and before I knew it, my dress and panties were pooled around my feet, and I was bent over his large desk. Damn, I love this man!

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## SAWYER

Sasha's gloriously naked body was splayed across my desk; my eyes were eating up every dip and curve of this miraculous being in front of me. My wife will always be my second chance at happiness. Her beautiful light shines from the inside out, and I can't get enough of her.

“Sawyer, please.” Sasha’s voice is raspy and dripping with need. I love the sound.

“Please, what? Do you want this big cock?” I could hear the urgency in my own voice, but I couldn’t help but tease her. My easy going wife loves a good teasing.

“Please put it in...” She begs again, wiggling her delectable ass at me. I bite my lip, trying to hold back the groan that wants to bubble up from the depths of my soul. I know we need to hurry this along, but I just can’t.

I can’t rush making love to my wife no matter who’s looking for us. Let them look. I spent enough money for them to be thoroughly entertained anyway. Our guests should be eating, drinking, and dancing the night away while I bury myself deep inside my wife.

“Tell me what you want, Céile.” I bend over her back to rub the tip of my dick against her warm pussy.

Sasha is dripping with need and damn near hot to the touch. I can’t wait to be balls deep. It will be a miracle if we don’t make a baby tonight. Hell, I’m surprised that she’s not pregnant already. I can’t keep my hands off my sweet wife, and I’ve never used protection with her. She was on birth control shot, but I’m hoping it’s worn off by now since she hasn’t gotten one in three months.

“I want you to fuck me, Sawyer.” Sasha seductively purrs as she licks her plump lips and runs her hand down her ass, giving it a squeeze. She definitely knows what to do and say to get me to fuck the shit out of her. So much for making love.

I take her by the hips roughly and slide into the warmest place on Earth. We groan in unison as I let her tightness wrap around my pulsating dick. She’s gripping me so hard that I don’t want to move. But when Sasha leans forward, then slides back down slowly, my resolve breaks, and I begin to fuck her like a mad man.

I pump my hips in and out in a frantic rhythm. The slapping of my thighs against her round ass reverberates around the study so loud that you would think we were in an empty room. There are people all around our house, on the inside and out, but I can't make myself slow down or be quiet.

I want to hear my wife scream my name out in pure bliss. I want her to call on God in heaven and thank him at the same time. I want to feel her wrap around me in love. I. Want. Her.

"I love you! I love you!" Sasha moans as she matches my tempo stroke for stroke. Our bodies move together in a dance as old as time. One we will do together for the rest of the time.

"I love you too, Céile. Cum for me! Now!" My words send her into a gushing orgasm that drenches my cock and runs down my thighs.

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I pull out and drink the sweet nectar directly from the source. Sasha's legs shake as I lick her wet center and begin to suck on her clit. Her moans turn into shouts, and I know that my job is nearly complete. My wife is satisfied. Now to put a baby in her. I stand up and thrust back inside of her pussy.

Sasha screams, and I groan. I pump my hips fast and slap her ass hard enough for it to sting. Just the way she likes it.

"Yes! Baby! Fuck me! Shit! Oh my! Yes! Goodness, yes!" Sasha's head thrashes side to side on the desk as she works her hips on my hard as steel cock. The sight is beautiful, and I can't hold on any longer.

"Fuck, Céile!" I roar so loud my ears ring. I feel rope after rope of cum empty into my wife, and the feeling is beyond satisfying.

"I love you!"

"I love you too, Céile."

Epilogue

SAWYER

ONE YEAR LATER

"I can't believe I let you do this to me!" Sasha yells as tears stream down her beautiful face. Her usually radiant glow is long gone with her distress, and I almost

feel bad for putting her in this position.

“Céile...”

“Don’t you fucking Céile me!” She cuts me off with a yell. It’s my fault that we’ve come to this, but I didn’t do this by myself.

“Sasha, babygirl. It will be okay. You’re strong and independent. You can do this.” Sasha’s mother tries to reassure her, but Sasha just scowls in her mother’s direction.

“I don’t want to do this.” Sasha cries as she reaches for my hand. The same hand, she slapped away from her moments ago.

“You have to do this. Our baby boy wants to be here, and only you can get him here. So push, Céile.” I coach my wife, lovingly.

“Okay. Okay.” Sasha says with determination in her voice. She squeezes my hand tighter as her mother rubs her other hand, tenderly.

Sasha insisted that her mother was in the delivery room with her. I would give my wife whatever she wanted, even if that meant she wanted a thousand people in here. Her father, Daryl, declined being in here, though. I had a feeling he still hadn’t forgiven me for marrying his daughter and then knocking her up. Even though Sasha was twenty-eight, she would always be his baby, and he wasn’t ready for her to be somebody’s wife and mommy.

I understood, but he would have to get over it. I plan on having my wife pregnant at least five more times. Even though she complained about the changes in her body, I know my Céile loved being pregnant.

Sasha had to take it easy for the last few months, which meant she had to put Bambi in charge of running the gallery. Sasha was also able to hire a few more employees

right after the successful show with Yohan. Her business, Premier Illusions, was booming, and it was now the most successful art gallery on the island.

The last year for us has been a whirlwind. After all the shit went down with Brennan and the Abbotts, the Council excommunicated the entire Abbott gang from the underworld. In other words, I was able to get my revenge and wipe out their whole crew without any consequences. The assholes had it in their heads that they deserved to be higher up in our world. My father had cut Douglas Abbott out of so many deals that they decided to try to take over by killing off our family. It turns out, it really was an accident when they killed Cara. They thought I was in the car. I swear their stupid asses couldn't do shit right, and each one of them deserved every torturous thing I did. I made sure to leave Douglas for last so that he could watch his family die one by one. And when I got to him, I made sure there was nothing left, not even bones to bury.

Because Brennan paid the price for his betrayal, there weren't any further actions taken against the Callahan family. That's not what I wanted anyway. Darby and Flynn were devastated by their cousin's actions, and our relationship was strained for a long time. It still isn't the same, but I understand. They felt guilty, just like I did when their sister died. And just because Cara and I weren't in love, didn't mean that I didn't have love for her. She was my friend, and I respected the fuck out of her. I would've never let her death go unsolved. The twins knew that, too bad their cousin Brennan didn't.

The whole incident had me feeling even more obsessive over Sasha than I already was. She has more security than the Pope at this point, but she doesn't complain. She knows I would do anything to protect her, and now our baby boy.

"It hurts!" Sasha yells, but she continues to push as Dr. Delgado instructs.

Before I can reassure her again, or kill Delgado for not helping Sasha with her pain, a high pitched cry breaks out in the room.

“He’s here! All ten fingers and toes.” I don’t realize tears are falling from my eyes while I cut the cord until my eyes get a little blurry. They rush my son off to clean him up and bring him back, swaddled in a blue blanket.

“He’s beautiful, baby girl.” Rosie cries, and I have to agree with my mother-in-law. Sasha nods her tired head as she looks down, lovingly into Spencer’s bright green eyes. His complexion is a mix of her dark brown and my light tan. His nose is all Sasha’s but everything else is definitely from me. My son. He’s perfect.

I kiss both my wife and my newborn son on their temples. These two are my world. I will do anything to protect them, and they will have to live with the fact that they are the obsessions of a Monster.

THE END.