



# Attracted to A Savage

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**Category:** Urban

**Description:** Cashmere Savage is the most sought-after attorney in the Midwest. With a 98 percent acquittal rate, she is exactly who she thinks she is.

Kairo Carter is a young, violent crash-out who is incarcerated for double homicide. With his trial just months away he hires a defense attorney who introduces him to Cashmere.

Instantly, their relationship is less about her defending him and more about their growing attraction. Cashmere knows she shouldn't cross those lines, but Kairo is too tempting not to. Behind the jail walls, they engage in a steamy romantic fling. Cash is leery because of her career, but Kairo wants more. And the quicker she can help him beat the case, the faster he can show her.

He warns Cash not to activate his demons, but she doesn't take heed. Find out what happens when two Savages cross paths.

**Total Pages (Source):** 12

# Page 1

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## CASHMERE SAVAGE

" Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, as you go to deliberate, I want you to render a verdict based on evidence, not emotion.

The circumstances are truly unfortunate, but my client was not the person who pulled the trigger.

There is no forensic evidence that puts him there.

In fact, it is the exact opposite. Cell phone towers and his car's GPS placed him over two hours away at the time of the murders.

Had this evidence been in the prosecution's favor, they would have made it the focal point of their argument.

Despite his criminal history, which the opposing side has continuously brought up, my client is innocent.

He's served his time for the crimes he committed and has used his incarceration for its intended purpose—rehabilitation.

The state's case is based solely on the testimonies of two witnesses and a personal vendetta against Mr. Young.

I ask that you not further continue the injustices that have been brought upon him.

Thank you." I spoke confidently, my heels clicking the tiled floor as I walked back and forth in front of the jury box.

I was sure to look each juror in the eye as I spoke.

I wanted them to feel my conviction, my rawness.

I wanted them to believe me. When I finished, I returned to my seat, feeling like Annalise Keating.

As I sat down, Mr. Young smiled at me. It was the first smile he gave me since I started representing him.

He was cold, with a record that began when he was just twelve years old.

He was in and out of prison before he could legally drive a car, and the fact that he got lost in the prison system was honestly sad.

The sheriffs came to cuff him and take him back into the holding room until the jury was done deliberating. Greg and I stood to leave as well.

"Cash, that cross-examination and closing statement was badass.

I know he hates you even more today." Greg whispered to me as he nodded his head toward the District Attorney.

I know Hanovich hates to see me coming. He had never argued a case successfully against me, even though he tried his damndest.

"You're a horrible person, and I hope you know that." He snarled as he leaned down and closed the space between us.

"Aw. Come work for me, and I can teach you how to be a Savage." I pouted as I taunted him. He and I had been enemies for over fifteen years. I had come into the field fierce, young, and with the gift of gab. And I've been running circles around him ever since.

"I would never dabble in immoral corruption for a dollar.

" He snapped as he turned on his heels and walked away quickly.

I ignored his comment. We always had a back-and-forth when we were on the same case.

I would have to check his temperature if he hadn't done this, so I was accustomed to it.

His issue with Mr. Young was personal because Mr. Young had supposedly been responsible for the death of the police chief, who was a very good friend of his.

He had vowed to get Mr. Young thrown away for life, that was, until I was hired to defend him.

He knew that any hope he had to win went down the drain as soon as I got on the case.

People have always asked me how I could defend heinous acts and people who I knew were guilty.

My answer was always the same: I didn't get paid to know.

I got paid to defend the evidence. Each case I took was hand-selected based on the facts of the case.

If I looked at the evidence and it could be manipulated to defend you, that's what I did.

I never asked any of my clients directly if they were guilty.

There are times when I may have felt like a client was guilty, but the evidence proved otherwise, so that's what I went with.

Feelings are why thousands of innocent men and women are currently serving sentences.

"I'm going to go grab a coffee," Greg said as he left me sitting alone as usual. It was my routine to sit and reflect on my thoughts and pray during deliberations.

I hadn't been in the room for longer than an hour before Greg peeked his head back in and said, "The verdict is in.

" My heart fell to the pit of my stomach as my nervous eyes met his, which were also unsure.

Slowly, I stood and walked toward the door.

I took a couple of deep breaths and put back on my poker face as I walked through the courtroom with my shoulders back and my head held high.

"Madam foreperson, has the jury reached a verdict?" The judge asked as he looked over his glasses at the juror who had now stood.

"Yes." She said.

"Proceed...."

"On count one, homicide in the first degree, we, the jury, find the defendant Antwon Young... not guilty."

"Count two, reckless endangerment, we, the jury, find the defendant Antwon Young... not guilty."

"Count three, shooting into an occupied dwelling, we, the jury, find the defendant Antwon Young...not guilty."

"Count four, a felon in possession of a weapon, we, the jury, find the defendant Antwon Young...guilty."

"So, say you all?" The judge asked.

The jury nodded as the foreperson sat down.

Audible gasps and cries came from the victim's family as they started screaming obscenities at me.

He and I both expected him to be found guilty of the last charge because he was caught with a gun when he was picked up.

However, that would likely be commuted to time served.

Mr. Young reached over and brought me in for a brief hug.

"Man, you're the real deal." He said as we parted, and I shook his hand.

The judge interrupted our premature celebration.

"Mr. Young, the court will grant you time served on your charge.

This is the longest time you've gone without being in a courtroom.

I hope your last stint in prison taught you something.

You've gotten away now, but please know that if I see your face again, the outcome won't be as lenient. You are free to go."

After all the specifics were finalized, Greg and I walked out of the courtroom with a police escort, got into our cars, and drove away.

After every big win, I always celebrated with my team by closing the office the next day and taking everyone out to lunch.

Tomorrow would be no different, but tonight, I would go home and binge-watch crime shows.

I had almost made it to Evansville when my phone rang.

"Cash Savage," I answered.

"Ms. Savage..." A voice on the other end boomed.

"May I ask who's speaking?" I questioned.

"Uh, Antwon. I wanted to thank you for all you have done for me and ask if I could do it over dinner," he said quickly.

"I appreciate you, Mr. Young, but the words feel just the same.

Take care of yourself and stay out of trouble.

" I answered before disconnecting the call.

I didn't give him time to respond. If I allowed him to debate me, he could persuade me, and that wasn't happening.

I was never the type to fraternize with my clients.

Business was business. I wasn't about to be the attorney on the court shows getting the taste smacked out of them.

I always established clear-cut boundaries, and that was why they respected me the way they did.

Pulling into my parking spot, I looked around before I pressed the button to quiet the engine and got out of the vehicle.

The clock read a quarter till five, and I was grateful that it was still daylight.

Most times, darkness beats me home because I work long hours at the office.

I finally had a break before I had to take on the next case.

I was excited to spend my evening in the quiet of my home, snuggled up and rubbing my feet together on the couch.

As I neared the door, I didn't even notice the bouquet of roses that were sitting off to the side, waiting for me to come home.

I scoffed as I walked past them with my heels in my hand.

The lawn maintenance would clear them for me, just as they had done the last fifty



bouquets.

My soon-to-be ex-husband, Nasir Adeoye, had been working around the clock to slither his way back into my good graces, and there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell that he would do it.

His mistress popped up to our house, big and pregnant, demanding to see him because he had tried to end things with her.

The whole ordeal had me blindsided because I had never expected my husband to betray me like that.

He was always attentive and patient and treated me like gold.

Apparently, he had enough good qualities to go around.

I filed for divorce from him the very next morning, and he had been on his hands and knees since.

We had been separated for six months, but he still covered my monthly expenses faithfully.

Yet no amount of money, apologies, or pop-ups would make me accept him and his love child back into my home.

I showered the stress of the day's events away.

As I stood underneath the steam of the shower head, I let the water cascade down my face.

My tears, now blending perfectly amongst the wetness, while I cried my heart out.

I would be a liar if I said that it didn't hurt like hell what Nas did to me.

We had been together since we were twenty-two and in college, and now, at age forty, it was hard trying to grasp that he wasn't the man I had always known him to be.

For eighteen years, I had a fairy tale, and then one day, in a matter of eighteen minutes, it was over.

But crying in the shower is where it ended.

When I dried my body and my eyes, I moved on with life.

All of my frustrations came out in my work.

I may not have had my fairytale ending, but I was a Savage, and nothing could keep a Savage down long.

Slipping into my robe, I went down the stairs of my home and grabbed the left-over hibachi that I had from yesterday.

I had a date with me, myself and Law & Order.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

KAIRO CARTER

"Nigga where the fuck is the money that you owe me?" I gritted as my cellmate came in with his order from the commissary.

"M-my girl sent it to me, but they took the phone." He stammered as he started to climb to the top of the bunk.

I pushed him down as he hit the floor with a loud thud, and all the contents of his bag fell out. "Nigga put all that shit on my bed. You won't eat round this muhfucka until I get my bread." I barked.

I didn't need his food, but this nigga thought that he had all the sense in the world.

I had arranged for his girl to bring a package to one of the guards.

The plan was for the guard to pay her the money, and then she would send it to him over time since we couldn't have money on the compound.

Now, all of a sudden, twenty thousand went missing because the guards took his phone.

What he doesn't know is that my brother-in-law is one of the guards, and he told me that the nigga's girlfriend was the one who called in the complaint that he had a phone.

They tried to set me up, but I was sixty steps ahead.

That's my fault for dealing with broke ass bitches, because had she actually played her role, she could've wiped her ass with that.

"You tripping Hot! Nigga I said—" He jumped up from the floor, but before he could finish, I sent a right hook to his face that cracked his shit.

He stumbled, but he swung back. It was sweet as apple pie, and it didn't do anything but power me up because I sent blow after blow to him.

The guards eventually heard the scuffle and came to try to pull us apart, but I was locked onto him.

One of the male guards pepper sprayed me, and I turned around and knocked his ass out too.

It didn't take long before the whole shift was on me, pinning me to the ground and cuffing me.

I knew that I was going to solitary from the way that I had beaten my cellmate's ass.

So, I might as well have gone out with a bang.

"Hothead!!!" Somebody called out as I was being dragged to the hole.

I couldn't see, and I was resisting the urge not to scream out because that shit was tearing me up.

Hothead was a name that I had gotten for apparent reasons.

But I didn't fuck with anyone who didn't fuck with me.

I was a cool nigga, but when it was time to take it there, there was no turning back.

"Give me some milk or something," I yelled as they pushed me into the cell and closed the door.

I turned my back to the slot so they could uncuff me.

The female officer opened the slot and spoke into it.

"I ain't giving you shit, and we ain't uncuffing your ignorant ass.

" Before spraying more spray into the opening.

I chuckled and choked. "You just don't come back in to bring my food, I'll snap your fucking neck.

" I said lowly as I struggled to make eye contact with her through the burning.

She always gave me hell because I didn't want to fuck her.

Had I given her some dick when I was first transferred here, I could've had her bringing in my cocaine in her panties.

Still cuffed, I sat against the wall and tried to soldier through the burning of the spray. That shit had to be military grade because it felt like it was acid burning through my face and forehead. Taking slow, deep breaths, I waited for the burning to subside.

"Ro, come here, fool." I heard the slot slide open, and I knew that it was the guard who I had given the drugs to.

I stood from my position, went back over to the door, and leaned down so that he

could take my cuffs off.

"Nigga why the fuck did you do that? Grab this," He asked with a chuckle as he pushed through a rag and a milk carton.

"Johnson and his bitch kept the money from the drop," I said as I took it and immediately started pouring the milk on the rag to calm the burning.

"Nah, for real?" he asked as I nodded. He continued, "Look, man. I'm giving you ten minutes to get your eyes together before I need this shit back."

I walked blindly from one side of the small room to the other with the rag over my face. It didn't take long before the burning stopped, and I could see again.

"Ay yo, your attorney is on the phone. Come back to the slot so I can cuff you." He came back not even five minutes later.

Once he buzzed me out of the heavy metal door and cuffed me, I walked the corridor of the jail.

Passing by the cell that I had just been let out of, I saw them in there with mops and rags cleaning up the pool of blood that I had left Johnson's bitch ass in.

I smiled at my handy work. We also passed the officer who was talking shit to me; I winked at her and blew her a kiss that made her scoff.

If I wasn't already fighting to get out of here, I would snap her neck for real.

I reached the phone, and it was the new attorney I had hired.

I had gone through two defense teams, and they were trying to get me to take a plea

deal I wasn't about to take.

Corey was my third attorney, and if he wasn't talking right, he would be fired, too.

I wasn't trying to spend another year in prison for nothing.

I don't care if they have footage of me on CCTV, I wanted my team to argue that it wasn't me.

If he couldn't get me off these charges, I would find someone who could.

"What's up?" I said into the phone as I picked up the receiver.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Carter. I was calling you because I wanted to run something past you." I didn't acknowledge what he said; I sat silently, waiting for him to finish. I didn't need anything else to piss me off today.

"Ummm, I was looking over the evidence on the case, and I'm not quite sure how to pull off a good argument. We can-"

"Nigga, either you can or you can't. I'm not paying you in skittles my nigga." I grilled. My patience was thin as fuck already, and I wasn't in the mood for riddles.

"Give me a second. I was going to suggest that we bring in another attorney. But obviously, I have to run it by you because it's coming from your pockets. We could bring in Cashmere Savage to help us pull off the win." He spoke quickly.

I didn't have to ask because I already knew who she was. It was hard as hell to get her on a case; my people had been emailing her for months. Her receptionist said that she wasn't taking new cases for at least another year. Her name rang bells like Johnny Cochran all over the state.

"I tried to get her, but I didn't get an answer."

"We went to law school together; she's a good friend of mine.

If I call in a favor, she'll help me out with no questions asked.

But you know she's a big ticket. As long as you're willing to pay her price, I'll make the call.

" He responded. Money wasn't an issue for me.

If I could have someone on the team that I was comfortable with pulling off the win, I would pay whatever, and Savage would be that person.

"You already know that's cool; get her, and I got that," I assured him before we disconnected the call. For the first time since I had been locked up, I felt confident I would go home soon. If this nigga was bluffing or couldn't get her for whatever reason, I was knocking his ass out next, though.

I put the phone back on the receiver, and I went back to solitary confinement. It was a small thing to a giant; they couldn't keep me in this bitch forever.

I sat in the deposition room at the jail, agitated as fuck.

Corey had claimed that he could get Savage, and she would be here for our meeting, but we had been waiting for her for over thirty minutes.

I tried to give that nigga the benefit of the doubt, but if she didn't make it here soon, I was going to wire his shit.

"Look, man, I'm starting to feel like you playing in my face."



"I know she's running late, but if she said she was coming, she's coming. Trust me."  
He tried to reason with me.

"I don't give a fuck!!! I'm two seconds away from firing all y'all muhfuckas." I spat just as I heard the door open, and a woman came in with an umbrella and sat it next to the door.

"I apologize for my tardiness. The weather was unfavorable. I'm—" She extended her hand.

"Wasting my fucking time having me waiting," I cut her off, my tone ice as I looked at her. I could see the shock all over her face as she slowly put her arm down before her expression was replaced with a smirk.

"I'm sorry. Is there anything else that you have to be doing right now, sir?" she asked me, with a frown on her face and her arms crossed. She was being cute, but they all had me fucked up.

"Listen, muhfuc- " I said right before my attorney cut me off.

"Hey, hey, let's not do that, Kairo. Let's start on a positive note. This is my partner, Cashmere. Cash, this is Kairo Carter."

Neither of us wanted to acknowledge the other. Corey chuckled as he looked between us and spoke to me.

"Mr. Carter, she's really the best in the business. It would greatly benefit you to have her on your defense team. Her acquittal rate is 98 percent. If you piss her off and she doesn't take this case, consider yourself a permanent resident at this facility." Corey continued.

I knew the nigga was right, so I was going to swallow my pride for the time being. I wasn't even really mad at her for real; I was just ready to get this shit over with. With all my team changes, the trial had been pushed back for the third time, and it had me on edge.

"Look, Cash-" I started.

"Ms. Savage." She corrected with that same smirk still in place.

" Ms. Savage , I apologize for my attitude and language earlier.

Y'all are my third team, so I don't really trust my attorneys at this point.

My anger was misplaced." I said in my professional voice as I licked my bottom lip.

I was not hiding the fact that I let my eyes roam from the top of her head to her designer shoes.

My aggravation had me delirious because there was no way that I should've missed how fucking fine she was when she walked in.

I knew that she was a bit older than me, but she didn't look a day over thirty.

Her caramel complexion, that one dimple that made an appearance when she gave me that sarcastic ass smirk, her titties that spilled over the shirt underneath her blazer, and the hips that looked like they would never stop curving. The woman in front of me was fine as hell.

"Accepted. Can you guys brief me on the details of the case?

? Before we start, I need you to know that I need every single detail.

I don't care if there are three hundred facts to make you look guilty.

I need to be prepared with 304 explanations.

I do not need a proclamation of innocence or an admission of guilt.

Share your confessions at the pulpit; I deal with facts.

" She said as she took the manila folder from Corey and opened it.

Corey looked in my direction and gave me a nod of approval as she started taking notes.

Our meeting lasted for a little over an hour, we were talking, but I couldn't help but look at her titties the entire time she was leaning over and writing.

I didn't see a ring on her finger, not that it mattered to me anyway.

If it was something that I wanted, I would get it.

Watching her body language, she looked serious and tense.

That told me she needed a young nigga to loosen her up, and that nigga was going to be me.

"Mr. Carter, there's one more thing." Just as we ended the meeting, she closed the notepad.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Why is your alias listed as Hothead here?"

"Because when I was little, I was always sick and kept a fever." I shot back quickly, and I pulled my lip between my teeth.

"Cute," She broke character and laughed, showing that dimple.

"Look, you just said that you don't need any admissions of guilt, right? That's all I got for you." I said as I smiled at her.

She looked up at me and then let her eyes fall on the empty table.

"You're right, Mr. Carter. I'll look over the details more in-depth, and then we can reconvene if I feel like I can take on the case. Good?" she said as we all stood.

"Cool," I said. This time, I shook the hand that she had extended to me before she grabbed her umbrella and walked out the door.

Corey looked back at me and chuckled once he caught me watching her ass in that skirt.

I didn't give a fuck how old she was at that point, she was fine as fuck, and I wanted her.

The sooner she could get me out of this muhfucka, the sooner her life was going to change.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

### CASHMERE

The meeting with Kairo and Corey lasted for a little over an hour, and when it was over, I collected my papers and my thoughts and got on the road to make an almost five-hour drive from Gary, back home.

It was raining cats and dogs when I made it here, and at first, I was going to postpone, but I had given Corey my word, so I pushed through.

I woke up at the crack of dawn to make the early morning meeting, but I was thankful that now the sun seemed to be shining, and the drive home would be nothing like the one here.

Corey and I went to law school together.

He was a great attorney; we often kept in contact through social media.

When he reached out to me last week, nothing could have prepared me for the favor that he was about to ask for.

I know that if he was reaching out to me for assistance, he was not confident that he could pull off a win.

Meeting Kairo was one of the few times that I got that feeling.

Going through the never-ending stack of priors for him and how he snapped me up, made me believe that whatever they said he did this time, he did it two or three times.

However, that wasn't my job; my job wasn't to have an opinion either way.

I didn't want to say anything to get his hopes up, but I was confident I could win his case.

No sooner than I opened the file, I saw three loopholes in witness testimony that Corey should have caught.

Still, I would wait until I could sift through everything before committing to it.

There was only going to be one thing that hurt us.

Kairo was young, wild, and reckless, to say the least. He was the most complex type of client to defend.

His run-ins with the law were extensive, with thirteen arrests.

Not to mention the number of homicides that he was named as a person of interest in.

With his current charge being double homicide, it would be hard to argue that he wasn't involved.

At only 27, he'd already spent four years in prison for a shooting outside of a nightclub.

From my research, Kairo was a kingpin from Gary, Indiana.

He inherited the "throne" after his father, Kaine, got sentenced to life in prison.

Admittedly, I had never conducted background checks or researched my clients beforehand.

But there was something about Kairo that intrigued me as soon as his mugshot flashed across my screen.

Professionalism aside, it was hard not to notice a tall 6'4" brown-skinned man with long locs, tattoos canvassing his entire body, and a white gold diamond open-faced grill.

His rich skin and those locs made him look like the human representation of a black God.

Though I should have been utterly offended, his rugged demeanor alone would make him stand tall even if he was 5'2".

It was easy to tell that he commanded respect in every room he entered, and if he didn't get it, there would be hell to pay.

It didn't help that once he stood to shake my hand, I could see the outline of his dick resting comfortably on his thigh.

I fanned myself, thinking about it as I continued the drive home.

"Hello?" I said with more attitude than I realized because the phone snapped me from my salacious thoughts about the man that I had just met.

"Cashmere, it's me..." the voice on the other end of the phone said, and I immediately picked up the voice.

"Nasir, what do you want?" I rolled my eyes so hard that they probably got stuck.

"Baby, I'm sorry. Can we please meet up and talk?"

" He pleaded, but I just hung up and proceeded to block that number as well.

He had been changing numbers on that app around the clock for weeks, hoping I would finally hear him out, but I wouldn't. The divorce was set to go before the judge in a few weeks, so there was no turning back.

Nasir came from a traditional Nigerian family who instilled in him the importance of having a career and a stable family. I'm sure that now since his entire family has exiled him and his secret baby, the reality is starting to hit him that he fucked up.

His persistence would normally throw me off my game for a bit.

Whenever he came around, he reminded me that I didn't get my happily ever after.

But not this time; I could barely focus on anything other than the man that I had met.

Thoughts of Kairo overtook any effort that I had to think about anything else, and it caused aching between my legs.

The way he said my name in the deepest baritone that I had ever heard.

The way his eyes scanned my body as he spoke to me.

The few times that I had caught him blatantly looking at my breast as I leaned down but feigned ignorance.

His dick was the size of a universal remote, the old-school ones.

It made my middle throb in the wildest way, and there has never been a man, past or present, who had done that at just the thought of him.



Taking on his case was going to be a challenge.

I had never had a felon that I wanted to ravage my body in the way that I wanted him to.

Before Kairo, I had never even found any of them remotely attractive.

But he was different. He would be trouble for me, trouble I would wholeheartedly welcome should the opportunity present itself.

I know that it might be wrong, but I was absolutely about to dabble in the immoral corruption that Hanovich had spoken of. Just not the kind that he had thought.

Once I made it home, I ran my bath water as I prepared to soak before the long road that I now had ahead of me.

Sliding down into the warmth of the tub did nothing to cool the burning desire between my legs.

Taking my waterproof vibrator that I brought with me, I turned it on and submerged it deep between my legs.

With one hand holding it steadily on my clit, I took a finger from the other and slid it inside of me.

Imagining that my fingers were Kairo. He had been the subject of my fantasies for the last four hours now, and I couldn't shake him.

As the vibrator brought me to the brink of my release, my finger worked in and out of me faster.

I came with a force that I can't put into words.

If the thought of him had me that worked up, I could only imagine what it would be like once it was real.

"Good morning, Greg," I said as I went into the office the next day with nothing but work on my mind.

I needed to comb through hours of witness testimony and surveillance videos, so it would not be an easy feat.

This was the most time-consuming part of my job, but it was the one thing that I couldn't pass off to my team.

My eyes and ears were sharp, and I knew what to listen for and caught things that most people wouldn't.

When I opened the door, flowers were on my desk. Rolling my eyes, I took the vase and headed to the trashcan before I realized Nasir had already sent me flowers on Monday. Stopping in my tracks, I searched for a card, and sure enough, there was one.

"Happy Wednesday, beautiful; I'm sorry that we got off to a rough start. I hope this gesture makes it better. -Ro"

I couldn't help the smile that escaped my lips even if I'd tried.

I went to the table on the far side of the room and put them there before tucking the card in my purse and turning on the computer.

What I saw would determine if I would officially take the case, so this would need

my undivided attention.

Despite how badly I wanted Kairo to fuck me, I wasn't approaching this any differently.

My stats were on the line, and I wasn't going to mess them up by taking a case for dick that I'm sure he'd be glad to hand over either way.

My business phone rang before I was halfway through the first witness statement. I silenced it and continued taking notes. When it rang again, I picked it up and blew out a big breath. "Cash Savage speaking..." I answered.

"Cashmere," The baritone on the other end of the phone was like thunder. My breathing hitched. I wanted to say that I knew who it was just by his voice. But I fell into the game.

"Yes? May I ask who's speaking?" I asked as I bit my lip and awaited the answer I had already known.

"Kairo," he said, confirming my suspicions.

"Is there something I can help you with?" I inquired, trying to maintain my composure.

"Nah, I just want you," he said smoothly. It took everything in me to hang up on that man. Calling me from his contraband. He had some nerve.

"Mean ass" he sent a text message. I smiled at it and deleted it. This man was going to get me in a world of trouble.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

KAIRO

When Cash's mean ass hung up on me, it made me laugh.

She had tried so hard to be tough, but I saw the way her eyebrow rose when she saw my dick through these thin ass pants.

I wasn't going to let up on her, though; the flowers that I had delivered to her today were light work.

That wasn't even the start of how I was coming behind her.

All I needed was for her to commit to taking the case so she could have a reason to bring her fine ass here; I was applying nothing but pressure.

She could hang up the phone on me all she wanted, but in person, she wasn't going to be able to tell a nigga no.

"Let's go, Carter. I'm taking you to medical." The female guard came into my cell and waited for me to stand so she could cuff me.

"The fuck I need medical for?" I grilled her as she stood in front of me, waiting to get a reaction from me. This bitch was aggravating; she was the type of guard that was the first to get killed in a prison riot.

"Your hand looks broken." She snapped as she put her hand on her hip and rolled her eyes. Still waiting for me to get up.

Reaching out quickly, I grabbed her and pulled her to me. It caught her by surprise; at first, she tensed, and then she relaxed and fell into my body.

"Don't take me to medical; take me to the closet," I said as I looked down at her.

"Boy, please." She laughed as she pushed me back gently. I gave her a look that told her I was serious.

"I'm dead ass, let's go." I grabbed my dick, and it got her attention.

With a deep breath, she turned around, exited the cell, and waited for me to come.

She was so ready that she didn't even remember to cuff me as we walked down to the closet at the end of the unit.

Once we were there, she locked the door behind us and turned to me with nothing but lust on her face.

Finding a table, I leaned against it and pulled her between my legs. She leaned up to kiss me, and I turned my head. I wasn't putting my mouth anywhere near her.

"Take that off," I instructed her as she stood in her uniform.

"You want me to be naked in here?" She looked up at me in confusion.

"Hell yeah, I know it's some fire under that uniform.

"I looked down at her and waited. Slowly, she started to strip out of her uniform until she was in nothing but her boots.

Taking my dick out of my pants, I turned her around and stood behind her, rubbing it

across her bare ass.

She moaned out loud as I reached in front of her and grabbed her neck slightly.

"You ready for this dick?" I leaned into her ear as I slapped my dick a couple of times on her butt cheek.

"Mmhmm," she moaned.

"I know. I wouldn't fuck you with that baton on your belt.

" I pushed her out of my way, put my dick back into my pants and walked out.

I bounced, leaving her standing in the middle of the closet, completely naked.

She had the audacity to damn near empty a can of mace on me, throw me in a cell still cuffed, and think that I was going to fuck her afterward.

She wasn't even an ugly girl, but she was as easy as a kindergarten spelling test. If it was any nigga in the dorm who had a little motion, she was down to fuck.

I wasn't sticking my raw dick in anything after these niggas in here.

Savage was the only woman that could walk on this compound and get every inch of the dick I had to give.

I had a meeting with Cashmere today, and I damn near beat the guard's ass when he acted like he was going to be late getting me there. I couldn't wait to see her fine ass come through the door.

"Hi, Mr. Carter, nice to see you again." She said she reached over to shake my hand.

I looked at her with nothing but fire in my eyes as I scanned her body. She came in today looking good as fuck with a brown dress and loafers on. I let my touch linger as I held her hand, and she blushed before taking it away.

"What's up, Ms. Savage? Thank you for being on time." I joked as I took a seat at the table and waited for her to do the same.

Breaking character again, she burst into laughter as she joined me and took her seat.

"I would like to go over the things that I've reviewed. Mr. Wright won't be joining us today. He had a family emergency to attend to." She pulled out a pad that was filled with notes.

The only thing that I saw was her. I know I must've been staring at her ass like a creep, but I had never found anyone this fucking pretty before. Especially a woman so much older than me. She looked up and caught my gaze but chose to ignore it. She read off the notes on the paper as I zoned out.

"Right now, we have two witnesses who claim that a man matching your description was firing the weapon at the victims. We must find a way to bring doubt to the fact that?—"

"You got the flowers I sent you last week, Ma?" I interrupted her.

"Yes, thank you. Now focus, please..." She cleared her throat before she continued talking. Even the way that she nervously pushed her hair behind her ear was sexy. My dick got bricked underneath the table just looking at her.

She spent the next half hour running down the game plan.

"I said all that to say that I believe I can win the case for you. So, as soon as you pay

the retainer, we're good. Any questions?" She said once she was finally able to take a breath.

"Nah, not about the case; I feel confident in you. I feel like you got this shit covered. I knew you were official when the nigga I hired suggested I hire you." I said as I leaned back in the chair.

"Well, thank you. I know you can never be too sure, but I took the only cases I lost despite my doubts. This one is not one of those. I can't make any promises, but I have a solid defense strategy lined up," she assured me.

"Cashmere?" I said lowly.

"Yes, sir?" she answered as she returned all the loose papers on the desk to her briefcase.

"You married?" I asked her.

She didn't respond. She just continued to stuff the documents inside. She picked up the pace, and I knew that she was trying to hurry up and get the fuck away from me. Her nervousness amused me. She liked a chase, and I was damn sure willing to give her one.

I leaned across the table and lifted her chin so that she brought her eyes to mine. She didn't stop me, giving me the impression that I had her where I wanted her.

She leaned back out of my reach as she quietly said, "I'm going through a divorce.

" She rounded the table, and I cut her off.

I stood in front of her, and I could see the rise and fall of her chest increase.



She could've told me her husband was outside, but the result would still have been the same.

Blocking her exit, I leaned down and placed my lips on hers.

At first, she stood frozen, but then she opened up and allowed my tongue to slide inside her mouth.

I applied pressure to her neck and continued to kiss her with everything that I had inside of me.

She moaned into my mouth but then jumped back and broke the kiss.

"Kairo, we can't do this." She whispered. The hell we couldn't. I had been thinking about this visit since she scheduled it. She just had to give in to what her body wanted.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

### CASHMERE

"Kairo, we can't do this," I whispered against his lips as I pulled away from him.

When I made up my mind that I would gladly give him my body, I didn't mean in the deposition room at the jail.

This was too risky, with too many factors.

There could be cameras in here; someone could walk in and catch us; the possibilities scared me.

"Yes, the fuck we can," he urged as his lips crashed back into mine, and he kissed me hungrily. I let out a low moan as I grabbed the back of his head and welcomed it with no more hesitation.

He grabbed a chair and placed it in the corner of the room that we were in, away from the window. My eyes shot to the small glass, and I saw the shoulder of someone standing there, it was a guard.

"Kairo, no-" I snatched my hand back from his as I looked at the figure outside the door.

He chuckled. "We good; that's my brother. He ain't gone let nobody walk in here. Come here." He grabbed my hand and led me to the corner as he sat and had me straddle him. Sensing my hesitation, he kissed me again, sliding up my dress and leaving my bare ass exposed for whomever to see.

Gripping it tightly, he landed a firm hit on it as he continued to kiss me.

His touch was strong yet gentle, igniting something in me that I don't believe I had ever felt.

Freeing his dick from between us, I looked down at it.

Thick, long, dark, veiny, and my mouth started to water at just the sight of it.

He sucked on my neck passionately as his hand found its way to my center.

"I do that to you, Cash?" He mumbled into the crook of my neck.

"Mmhmm," I moaned lowly. By this time, I was drenched and anticipating the pleasure I knew he was going to bring me.

"Sit on it, baby." He instructed as he lifted me from his lap and lined his dick at my entrance. It had been months since I had been intimate, and the feel of him parting me made my legs shake as I tried to steady myself.

"Fuck, this pussy is tight as hell." He moaned as I slid down slowly. Once I was seated entirely on his shaft, the growl that he let out almost made me release.

"Shit!" I cursed as my eyes rolled into the back of my head, and I found my rhythm on top of him.

"You feel so good on this dick Cash." He said as he grabbed me again and fucked me senseless from his seat.

Behind me, he tugged my hair. It was firm but not painful as his nails bore into my ass.

My mouth was hung open, and my eyes were unable to focus as I braced myself and let him take control.

From the bottom, it felt like he was able to hit just the right angle, which drove me insane.

"GAWD! You're going to make me fall in love." I said to him as he slowed his fast strokes to grinding his hips. I met his rhythm, and in a matter of seconds, I could feel my release coming.

"You promise?" He growled as he bit my neck.

I had never heard sexier words; I came harder than I had ever cum before.

Fighting the urge to cry out, I grabbed him.

"Fuckkkkkk," he said as I felt his dick pulsating inside of me, filling me with everything he had.

Once he had come down from his release, we both gasped for air as I struggled to maintain my footing and stand up straight.

I fixed my dress as shame instantly washed over me. I knew I couldn't afford to cross these lines in my position. But I had no regrets about the experience. His dick was the best thing that I had ever known, and I had only gotten a small sample of it.

Smoothing down the wrinkles from my dress, I walked back over to my briefcase. Kairo stood and adjusted himself in his blues. He grabbed me by my arm before I could exit and pulled me back to him.

"Answer the phone when I call you tonight, aight?" It was more of a demand than a

request. But one that I was going to fulfill, nonetheless.

"Okay," I said before he leaned down and kissed my lips.

I opened the door to the room, and the guard turned to me and nodded.

I gave him a tight-lipped smile and continued walking outside to my truck.

I kept a straight face, but I could feel the evidence of my transgressions sliding down my leg the entire time.

That man had left me a sore, wet, mess. Yet, secretly, I was counting down the days until he could do it again.

My phone woke me from my peaceful slumber, and I knew Kairo was calling to wake me up.

I don't know how we fell into the routine of talking night and day, but it had been over a month since it began.

Looking at him and his rap sheet, he was everything I could've imagined him to be.

He was raw, unfiltered, crude, and possessive, but he didn't play about me, so it was a bit easier for me to overlook his unbecoming qualities.

The dick played a massive part in my decision to tolerate his crash-out tendencies too.

Reaching my hand out to my nightstand, I felt around for my phone.

Answering it, I realized that it was two o'clock in the morning and that I hadn't been

asleep for long at all.

"You sleep, my baby?" He said as he always did. It was a simple phrase that turned me on every time he said it. I don't know if it was the age difference or the fact that he was fine as hell, but everything that he did always had a sexual undertone to it.

"I was," I answered groggily.

"Get up, Ma," His voice was low, and I immediately knew what he was calling me for by his tone.

I took a second to gather myself before I brought the phone to my face and looked at the camera. My hair was wild; my scarf had come off through the night, and it was scattered all over my head.

"You look so pretty." He said, making me blush.

"Thank you. What do you need, Kairo?"

"I need you. I watched these videos a million times. Now I need to see you live in action," he said lowly.

This last month, talking to Kairo has taken me back to my younger years.

He was bringing back a part of me that I had long since lost while I was married.

He was bringing excitement and spice back into my life.

On any given night, I was having phone sex and making videos for him to watch.

Those are the types of things my husband never liked.

Meanwhile, Ro had me in front of the phone camera as if content creation were my profession.

I looked at him blankly. A smile spread across his face, and his teeth were illuminated in the darkness of his cell.

The fact that this man woke me up and thought I was supposed to be aroused on command immediately was a reminder of our age difference.

Tee-Tee had to warm up like a car in the winter.

I fixed my hair as I looked into the camera, and my favorite part of Ro came into view.

If there was nothing else I had figured out that I liked, it was to see him stroking himself.

It was erotic, and every time he did it, I wanted to lick the screen.

It had been a month since I had felt him buried inside of me, but I didn't want to raise any suspicions.

As much as I would like to skip into the jail every day and let him have his way with me, I knew better.

These phone sessions would have to do until I could get the real thing again.

Watching as his hands glided up and down his dick, it didn't take very long at all for the throbbing in my middle to be awakened. Instinctively, my hands found my entrance as I rubbed my bud gently. I let out a low moan, and he realized that I was pleasing myself.

"Let me watch you baby." He moaned. I was happy to grant his wish.

Turning the camera, I let him watch as my fingers carefully strummed my clit.

My eyes closed as I cooed in unison with the sounds of my wetness and his grunting.

I had yet to speak; the feeling of my hands working magic erased any thoughts that I may have held.

"I want you to bend over and show me Cash." He demanded. I knew that he was almost over the edge.

Raising from my back, I put my phone against the headboard and turned toward the foot of the bed, giving him a complete view of my ass and pussy. Knees apart, I reached between my legs again and continued the X-rated show that I was starring in for him. My moans increased.

"You almost there?" He asked.

"Yes," I confirmed for him.

"Then put two fingers in that pussy and cum for me." He coached. I did as I was told. Slowly, I slipped one of my fingers into me and then another. Skillfully, I worked them in and out, as I sang in pleasure.

"You there?" He asked.

"Damn, Ro. Yes!" I cried as I continued to bring myself to a release.

"Shit, Cash!" He grunted as he released as well.



I flopped on my belly, winded and still sleepy from being woken up.

I knew that after this session, I was guaranteed a good night's sleep.

Getting up from the bed, I grabbed the phone and walked into the bathroom to take another shower.

My inner thighs were wet and sticky as I walked.

"You didn't have to get up; I was enjoying the view I had," he said, chuckling. I shook my head at him as I put my phone in the clear holder on the wall and showered really quickly.

"Ro, if you keep me up all night, how will I have the energy to fight the case?" I scoffed.

"Yeah, you're right. You'll need all the energy you can stand when I come home.

" He said as he smirked at me. I smiled and continued to shower before grabbing my towel and returning to bed.

Ro was dangerous, and the worst part about it was that I had one week until his trial.

It would only be a matter of time before he was home in the flesh.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

KAIRO

"Hello," Cash said into the phone, her voice was always so subtle and sweet.

"What's up, my baby?" I asked as I took a seat on the bottom bunk.

"Hi, Ro," I could hear her walking, and I knew that she was outside.

"What you got going on early this morning?" I questioned.

"I have a meeting later at the prosecutor's office, so I'm going to grab something light from the smoothie place. I'm not in the mood for a big breakfast."

I heard a nigga in her background, and I didn't even acknowledge what she had said.

"That's a nigga calling you?" I grilled her.

"Yeah... I'm going to get an açaí bowl," she answered as I heard the cashier from the smoothie shop greeting her.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry to bother you, but you're beautiful. Can I pay for your order or take you out to eat?" I heard the voice say again. She wasn't responding quickly enough for my liking.

"Fuck no! Cash, get that nigga out your face." I gritted.

"Thank you, but I'll have to decline. I'm dating someone at the moment."

"I understand. Tell him he's a lucky man." The nigga said back to her.

"Nah, he's a lucky man. Bitch ass nigga I don't need luck," I said as she started to laugh.

"Ro hush," she said once she stopped laughing.

"Every time I talk to you, it's niggas hounding you. Stay in the house." I barked.

"I can't help that. Men are men, baby." She said casually.

The line was quiet for a beat. A nigga was heated because what Cashmere didn't understand was that once I got a sample of her pussy she belonged to me.

Cash was pretty as hell, smart, and freaky.

It was no way that I was letting another nigga experience that shit.

I didn't give a fuck that she was going through a divorce, the age difference, none of that.

I wanted her and everything that came along with her.

She could fuck around and find out that there was no cap on that rap sheet if she wanted to. Then I heard her giggle.

"What the fuck is so funny?" I asked, agitated as hell.

"The guy left his number on my truck and said to call him when I get single." She laughed again.

"And that's funny?" I asked. I didn't find a fuck thing funny.

"Yeah, it was, lighten up."

"I'm dark as 12 o'clock. What's his number?" I gritted.

"I don't know. I left it in the parking lot. And even if I had it, why would I give it to you, Ro? That's messy."

"Yeah, whatever. You probably kept it to let that nigga take you out when you get bored." I snapped.

"And if I do? Last I checked, I was free to do whatever I wanted. Calm down."

"Oh, that's right?" I asked, making sure I had heard the sentence I had heard.

"Yeah, that's right, Kairo." She fired back.

I scoffed, my jaws clenched as I tried to will myself from snapping her up and saying something I would regret. But then she doubled down on it, and all I could hear was her calling me a bitch ass nigga. She didn't say the words, but her repeating that shit might as well have been the same thing.

"Aight, then fuck you. Go be free to do whatever it is you want to do." I hung up on her.

I walked into the courtroom nervous as hell today.

After me and Cash had that argument last week, we didn't speak.

She texted me two days after I hung up on her, telling me that Corey was going to

defend me at trial and that she was resigning as my attorney.

Corey's ass had been nonexistent during the whole process, so to have him be the one arguing the case had a nigga on edge.

But it is what it is. I steered clear of the whole unit these last seven days because with me and Cash not talking, I was bound to hurt one of those niggas and get another charge.

She calmed me in a crazy ass way, and I missed her.

The officer brought me to the table and sat me next to Corey, who looked like he was sweating bullets.

"Have you heard from Cash? I can't get in touch with her.

" He asked. The shit made my stomach bubble.

I knew that she was mad, but I didn't expect her ass to be angry this long and not show up for real.

The judge came in and sat at the bench. As soon as he opened his mouth to address the court, Cash came in wearing the Balmain dress I brought her. I smiled. Aight, it was showtime.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

### CASHMERE

With less than a week before the trial, the last thing I wanted was to be at odds with Kairo.

His street name, "Hothead," definitely fit him because he really was the definition of zero to one hundred.

Kairo was possessive, and it was cute sometimes, but I was way too old not to know that it was a red flag.

With how our last conversation ended, I wanted so badly to abandon him and tell Corey to figure that shit out, but I decided to see it through.

Between paying my fee and still spoiling me, I had been overcompensated.

So, to get this far and not bring it home would have been wrong.

I was going to put my issues aside for now and still put on the Savage ass argument that I was known for.

But I was going to have a bit of fun while doing it.

When the prosecution finished their closing arguments, I knew that I had the most impactful of the two.

I started off strong, and I planned to continue this way.

Once I was finished, I sat back in my seat, and Corey squeezed my leg underneath the table.

I looked at him, and he gave me a subtle head nod.

I exhaled a deep breath, leaving every ounce of energy I had on the floor and in the jurors' hands.

All I could do was pray that they received it.

Once they took Kairo, we got up, and I walked into a separate room while the jury deliberated.

This time, there was no quick deliberation.

They deliberated well into lunchtime, and the only thing that made me more nervous than a quick deliberation was a long one.

That meant that I had failed to convince someone.

My hands were clammy and sweaty, and I declined lunch.

Drinking only a sports drink to keep me hydrated, I waited for them to return with the verdict.

After four hours, we were all ushered back into the courtroom.

I wanted to throw up as I heard them read off each charge.

My head seemed like it was spinning as they read the words "not guilty" after each one.

There were eight of them, and I held my breath until the final one.

Corey had nearly dislocated my kneecap as he squeezed me hard underneath the table with each victory.

I looked toward the end of the table at Kairo.

He kept his head hung until they were finished.

An uproar started in the court once they were done, and the judge struggled to regain order.

Corey and Kairo shook hands and embraced briefly.

Kairo and I did the same. As he pulled me into him, he said, "Thank you, my baby.

" We parted ways, and I spun on my heels to leave.

Walking out the door with my police escort, I saw Hanovich, who had probably come to watch me fail but wouldn't get the satisfaction.

I smirked as I passed him. I couldn't believe I had pulled off a win as big as double homicide.

As soon as I was out of the parking lot, I screamed at the top of my lungs.

I was excited. It was hard being a woman in a male-dominated field, especially a black woman.

Winning this case solidified that I was the Savage attorney I thought I was.



I stopped up the street to get some food and then took the long drive back home.

Corey called me, of course, and pumped me full of all the gas in the country.

The way he gassed me up, I didn't even have to stop by Eagle Gas.

By the time I got off the phone with him, he had convinced me that I was the female Jose Baez, and the price had officially gone up.

I pulled into my yard, feeling fulfilled.

I would pop a bottle of wine and end my night with a celebration.

I was sleeping in my bed when I was jarred out of my sleep by my doorbell.

Looking at the clock, I saw that it was 3 a.m. Thinking it must have been a mistake, I checked my door camera and saw Kairo standing at the door with flowers and bags.

He rang it again impatiently. I got up and threw my robe on before going downstairs and answering the door.

It had been three days since he was released, and I hadn't heard from him.

Admittedly, I started to feel a little stupid, thinking that he had just given me the classic jailhouse talk so that I could defend him.

But seeing him standing here in the flesh made me smile.

Opening the door, he walked in, smelling like a 5-star meal.

He looked completely different out of his blues, and his scent alone screamed that he

was money.

He was dressed casually but still looked edible.

Before I could say anything, he leaned down and kissed me passionately, kicking my door closed with his foot.

Our lips intertwined, and tongues danced to a slow song that only he and I knew the rhythm of.

He broke the kiss before going over to my glass table and set the many bags and flowers he had down.

Going over to the sectional, he sat and pulled me on top of him while gripping my ass underneath the satin material of the robe I was wearing.

He grabbed mounds of my ass as we moaned into each other's mouths, taking full advantage of being able to be as loud as we desired.

Sliding to the edge of the sectional, lifting me with one hand, he repositioned me to lie flat on my back and slid perfectly between my legs.

His eyes were laser-focused as they scanned every inch of my body as if he were examining me.

Replacing his roaming eyes with this tongue that slowly raked over my naked frame, there wasn't a place on my body where his lips didn't kiss.

He went from my neck to my breasts, my stomach, and then my toes.

The way he sucked my toes had me squirming in anticipation of the things that he

could do with his mouth.

Ro may have been younger than me, but he was proof that it had no bearing on skill.

"Cash. I'm sorry for disrespecting you. I'll never do that shit again, aight?"

"He said between kisses. Those were the first words between the two of us.

I didn't even acknowledge the apology, I appreciated it, but at this point I wanted some dick.

He peppered kisses from my legs up to my thighs and traced my lower lips.

With his hands holding my thighs firmly, he dove in face first, and I felt all my self-control evaporating from my body like smoke from a chimney.

With the ability to do what he does with his mouth, he could tell me to do whatever he wanted, and I fear that I might consider.

Ro sucked my clit sensually as he alternated paces between fast and slow. My back arched completely as he licked me with expert precision. My hands massaged his scalp through the thick of his locs.

"Damn, Kairo!" I panted. He stopped just as I was about to release. I looked at him in confusion as I struggled to catch my breath.

"Turn over and get on your knees, Ma." He coached before slapping my ass with a vicious smack as I followed his instruction.

Continuing his assault, he took one finger and rubbed my clit as he gave my ass the same attention as he had given my middle. At this point, I was losing my mind from

how well he pleased me. He slid one finger into my opening and then another.

He took a brief break from his meal as he moaned, "You taste so fucking good.

" I didn't need anything else; his words alone had me on ten.

After I orgasmed, he picked me up and stood me on the floor, grabbed me by my hand, and told me to take him to my bedroom.

My legs felt like Jell-O as I struggled to ascend the stairs.

Once we were in the room, he began undressing.

When his shirt came over his head, he looked like the perfect canvas.

His tattoos, covering his body as far as my eyes could see, all worked together to paint the perfect man.

When he dropped the jeans he wore, my eyes lit up like a Christmas tree.

His second leg, chocolate, fully erect and thick, sprang from his boxers, and I wanted nothing more than to feel him inside of me.

Dropping to my knees in front of him, I trailed kisses from the head of his dick to the base.

"Cash, know what you doing before you activate my demons, baby." He cupped my chin as he looked down at me. Not taking heed to his warning, I took him inch by inch into my mouth until he was tapping on the back of my throat.

"Gah damn!" he moaned. I knew it got real when he started to put my hair in a

makeshift ponytail as he fucked my mouth.

"You look so pretty on your knees, Cashmere." He said as he looked down at me. It took about three minutes, and he was cumming down my throat. He pulled me by my hair and kissed me before collapsing on my bed as he groaned loudly.

Once I was off my knees, he sat up from his position and stroked his dick back to life. When I saw it returning to its full length, I knew I was in for a long night.

Him parting me felt like he was tearing me a new opening, but it was a pleasurable pain.

"Mmmm shit, Cash, you so fucking tight, baby." He said as he gripped my waist. Pushing my legs into the air, he held them while sucking my toes and fucked me sensually.

"Kairo, gah damn!" This man was taking me to places I had never imagined.

He had me contemplating how in my forty years of living, I'd never been fucked so good.

Releasing me, he pulled out abruptly, stroked himself, and told me to turn over.

I did, but I braced myself for the pain that I knew was about to come.

"Fuckkkkkkk man. This shit so good, Ma." He said as he grabbed my waist and pulled me closer to him.

"Shit!" I said as he stroked me viciously from the back. The sounds of smacking filled the room.

"This my pussy, Cashmere?" He questioned as he grabbed a handful of my hair.

"Yes, Ro," I cooed as I matched his pace.

"I know. I just hope you understand that baby," he said as he leaned forward, grabbed my face, and kissed me.

"Kairooooo," I said as he arched my back deeper and stroked harder.

"Uh uh...stop running. Cum for me, Cash." It was like a request I couldn't wait to fulfill when he stuck his finger in my butt. Immediately I came all over his dick.

"Just like that baby," he uttered before his groans got louder and sexier, and his pace quickened; I knew he was soon behind me.

"Shittttttttttt!" He said as his body slightly shook, and he orgasmed hard.

Winded, we collapsed as he pulled me into his chiseled chest.

We lay there in complete silence, both of our bodies fighting to find the air in a room where lust was suffocating us both. Somehow, our breathing fell into the same pattern. He turned me from my position to face him.

"For real, though, I can't thank you enough for what you did for me. You didn't have to come through for me after I spoke to you like that, but you did. I appreciate that. I don't care what happens between us. I got you for life. Aight?" He kissed my forehead and rubbed my butt.

"I did my job, Kairo," I said with my eyes closed. I was drifting back off, but I knew that I needed to make it to the bathroom.

As soon as my foot touched the floor, I knew I had a great morning. My legs were numb, and my pussy had a dull ache, but I was satisfied. With each step, my soul smiled at how good this man had fucked me. Ro got up after me and went in once I had come out, and then he returned and laid down.

He pulled me to him, brought me to his chest, and wrapped me in his arms. I had fallen into the routine of sleeping alone, so lying with someone new felt so foreign.

But it was a feeling that I welcomed. It wasn't much longer before we fell asleep, and I was lightly snoring on his chest. If this was his way of thanking me, I would gladly accept.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

KAIRO

Cash's phone had been vibrating all morning.

She was laying her thick ass next to me, sleeping peacefully and snoring every so often like she drove trucks.

Her laying in my arms was the only thing that stopped me from getting up to see who the fuck had been blowing her up.

She could talk until she was blue in the face about me being jealous or possessive and how she didn't like it.

But I told her don't activate my demons, and I'll be damn if she didn't hit the kill switch.

Rubbing her butt as she laid with her ass toward me, my dick got bricked up again.

She wasn't going to sleep too much longer because I needed that; I was already addicted.

Then she rolled over, freeing my arm as her phone vibrated again.

I slid out of the bed and walked over to grab it.

It was an unknown number, so I answered it.



"What's up?" I said into the phone like I owned it.

"Um, I was looking for Cashmere." It was a nigga, with a thick accent that I couldn't put my finger on.

"Who is this?" I shot back as I leaned against her dresser and waited for a response.

"This is her husband." He said back, and my blood instantly started boiling.

"She's right here. Hold on," I said as I put the phone on speaker and slid back into bed.

Climbing between her legs, I placed the phone on the pillow and kissed her cheek and the side of her neck.

"Cash, wake up," I said between kisses.

I don't know how the fuck she was able to sleep through me talking on the phone, but she was still snoring. Dick was better than Nyquil.

"Hmmm," she finally stirred.

"Your husband is on the phone, Ma." I chuckled as her eyes shot open, realizing what I had just said—a look of confusion washed over her face.

Using my knee to push hers apart and get between her legs, I rubbed her clit.

My dick hardened at the sight of her pussy in the natural light of the sun.

It was fat, pretty, and freshly waxed. I leaned down to kiss her.

She was hesitant at first, but she eventually fell into my kiss and let out a moan.

Looking down at the screen, this nigga was waiting on the phone patiently. But he didn't know he was about to get exactly what he was waiting for.

"Baby, tell him to stop calling you," I said as I replaced my finger with my dick and ran it up and down her slit. She moaned, but she didn't speak. I took that as a challenge; she was playing with me.

"You not gone tell him?" I said as I slid back into her with a vengeance.

"Fuckkkkk, stop calling me." She said as I pinched her nipples, and she hissed. I stroked her, and in seconds, her pussy was soaked for me.

"Tell this nigga whose pussy this is Cashmere." I barked, looking her in her eyes. Eyes that couldn't stay focused and kept rolling in the back of her head.

"Yours, Kairo, my pussy is yours." She cried. The nigga hung up, and I continued to fuck her into the mattress. She shook through another orgasm and then dragged herself to the edge of the bed.

She stared at me with those innocent eyes and that one dimple as I leaned over and kissed her.

"Don't even think about going back to sleep. I want to take you out today." I offered as I looked over her naked body. Her eyes went from lust to confusion.

"Take me out? Take me out where Kairo?" She asked as she looked at me like I had just violated her.

"We can figure it out when we get there. My folks are having a welcome home

gathering for me, and I want you to come with me, too." I laid back against the headboard as I waited for her response. She said nothing, so I pressed her.

"What's good, Cashmere?" I gritted. The way she was looking was lowkey agitating me.

"Ro, do you think that it's wise that we're out and about in the free world four days after I just got you out of a double homicide charge?

If someone were to see us together, every case I've ever tried would be called into question.

Thank you, but no thank you. This is still my profession. " She snapped as she exhaled.

I chuckled. "So what you saying is, you can fuck me, but it's nothing else? Bet." I snapped back at her. I gave her too many opportunities to change her mind, and now she was really about to wake up some shit she didn't want to.

"That's not what I'm saying." She tried to reason as she reached out to touch my arm.

"I know, baby, so get dressed. You're going to meet your family." I kissed her forehead. She scoffed before she slid to the edge of the bed, picked out clothes and headed to shower.

### 3 YEARS LATER

Getting off the private jet, I was just glad to have my feet on the ground. The turbulence made me sick as hell, and I couldn't wait to land. As soon as the three of us got off, we all started pouring sweat. The heat in Puerto Rico was set to hell, and if I could get any blacker, I would be.

I had agreed to a family vacation for my mother's birthday, and I knew it would be a hell of a weekend.

My siblings, Kaira, Kaino, Kaire, and Kaice, had already touched down and were waiting for us at the house.

They had brought their spouses with them, as well as my nieces and nephews.

It was the first time that all of us had been in the same place since a nigga came home, and we were about twenty deep on the island.

But any chance I got to make up for lost time was always welcomed.

"Mama, where you going?" I questioned as my mother walked in the direction of a street vendor instead of going to the black truck that I had booked to transport us. A closer look made me chuckle because she was going to buy a daiquiri.

I waited on her outside the door as she reached into her bag, gave the vendor a twenty-dollar bill, and swayed back in the direction of the truck. Helping her inside, I got in behind her and closed the door.

"It's my birthday weekend. I'm on vacation, and I got my babies and grandbabies in the same place.

What could be better than that?" She asked as she twisted open the top and took a sip.

I looked at her and smiled before I turned away and looked out the window as we rode down the street.

Passing the stores, markets, and food stands on every block, I took in the scene around me.

I was no stranger to traveling; I had been to many different countries and places, but I was always there for business.

It was rare that I got the chance to chill, so this was different for me.

"Ayo, stop!" I barked at the chauffeur as I widened my eyes to make sure that they were working. He hit the brakes hard. The horns of the cars honked from behind us. That didn't matter to me.

I jumped out of the car and made my way through the rows of the shop, never taking my eyes off the woman I hadn't seen in three years, but I would know from anywhere.

Cashmere Savage. After I was released, we dated for six months.

She had my head gone, and I had never seen forever with any woman the way I saw it with her.

I respected that she wanted to keep her career, so I wasn't pressuring her to be public about us.

But shit ended, and I had nobody to blame for that but myself.

Going to Cash's contact, I called her phone for the fifth time.

We hadn't spoken since she left to go to the office this morning, and she hadn't responded to any of my messages asking if she wanted me to bring her lunch.

As it went to voicemail again, I hit a U-turn in the street and headed toward her office.

Truthfully, my mind started thinking the worst because she always made sure that she hit me back.

She had never gone hours without at least sending a nigga a message.

With her career, I know that for every person who loves her, two hate her.

She called me back as I neared the building, easing my thoughts.

"You good baby?" I asked as soon as it connected.

She didn't respond, and I could hear a commotion in the background.

"Thank you for letting me take you on a date," the voice in the background said.

"A date? You think this is a date? This is a business meeting." She said as she giggled. I didn't need to hear anything else because the laughing already had me on a million. Cause what the fuck was so funny.

"A man could only wish, right?" He said back as she laughed again. Pulling the phone away from my ear, I thought about the fact that she had shared her location with me a while back. I checked to see if it was still turned on, and it was. I made my way to the restaurant where they were.

I passed by the side of the restaurant and saw her sitting outside on the patio with a drink in her hand, still amused. She was too busy entertaining this nigga to even notice my truck.

Throwing it in park, I walked into the restaurant and went straight to the door that led to the tables outside. As soon as I rounded the corner, she looked at me, and her eyes bulged.

I took a seat beside her and faced the nigga she was talking to as I sat my gun on the table.

"Since he's a comedian, I want to know every joke this nigga just told, and if I don't laugh, I'm going to air this bitch out."

He sat back in his chair and threw his hands in the air.

"Ro, this is a business meeting, please." She said in a harsh whisper, and I could see the embarrassment all over her face, but I didn't give a fuck.

"What the hell is going on?" He asked. As soon as he said it, I picked up the gun and hit him in the face with the butt of it. She screamed as I went around the table and hit him a couple more times. The patrons of the restaurant were running and screaming for someone to call the police.

"You need to go." She said as she tried to push me away and kneeled to tend to the nigga on the ground.

I can still hear her crying when I called her that night.

"I'm done with this shit Kairo! You're a liability to me. How you act is not normal! How could you say you love me and do something like this? I'm lying to the police for you! Thank God those cameras weren't working outside. Just keep your distance. It's over."

Cash held true to her word. She never forgave me for that shit.

She blocked me from her phone, changed her gate code, and kept her mouth closed every time I showed up to talk to her.

I ended up spending three months in the county for that shit at the restaurant, and when I got out, she was gone.

Her firm was being run by someone else, her phone was disconnected, and she no longer lived at her place.

Holding my breath as I got closer to the woman, the tattoo of the "K" on her wrist as she flipped through dresses confirmed that it was really her. It matched the "C" on mine.

"You not tired of running from me, Cashmere?" I leaned down into her ear. She jumped and faced me quickly before she stood frozen, the look of terror all over her face. It wasn't normal, almost like she was afraid of me. Before I could address it, we were interrupted by a kid running up to her.

"This one, Mommy, I want this one." He said as he held a toy up in her direction, and she dragged her eyes from him back up to me as my nostrils flared.

In front of me was a child whose midnight shade of brown was a complete contrast to hers but a replica of mine.

His eyes and smile as he ran up to her and held the toy in the air were familiar.

The frustration as he threw it on the ground when she ignored him—was all me.

I kneeled as her breathing hitched. I came face to face with the little brown boy with the freshly done braids that fell down his back. He was well put together, not a wrinkle or speck of dirt in sight.

"What's up, man? I'll get that for you." I said as his smile returned. He handed it to me.



"What's your name, buddy?" As soon as I asked, she brought him closer to her.

"Kash"

"Okay, Kash, that's a cool name. What's your last name?" I questioned.

"That's enough, Kairo... he's a child." I gave her a look that silenced her immediately.

"Carter," he said as I sucked in a sharp breath. Slowly, I rose to face her; she was like a deer caught in headlights.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

### CASHMERE

The last person I expected to see was Kairo here on the island, and I almost pissed myself when his voice crept up from behind me.

I had heard his voice in my conscience almost daily, be it a hallucination at the grocery store or in my dreams at night.

My eyes scanned the row for KJ, and I prayed that he played with whatever toy he had found just a little longer.

But my prayers went unanswered when he came running toward me.

I knew that as soon as Kairo laid eyes on him, he would know that KJ was his.

My baby was his twin, from his complexion and height to his little attitude that I had tried so hard to correct.

That realization is precisely what happened.

I had called Kairo many times over the years to tell him that we had a son, but I never found the courage to speak the words when he answered.

I didn't know if he was going to be mad at me, harm me, or try to take him.

A little over three years ago, when he popped up at the business meeting and beat that man within an inch of his life, I had made the decision that I was done with him.

Thank goodness those outside cameras didn't catch the exchange between us because I told the police I had no clue who the assailant was or what the altercation was about.

The last time I checked, the guy never recovered and was living in a nursing home.

That wasn't the first time that Kairo had pulled a stunt like that, and for months, I had let it go.

I wasn't blind to his temper, but I had rationalized his behavior by comparing how gentle he was with me.

Still, I knew it was no excuse to keep his child away from him.

I didn't even know I was pregnant when I moved to Kentucky.

For years, I had been told that I couldn't have children.

I had been in a marriage for eighteen years without a single pregnancy scare.

But after passing out and being told that I was five months pregnant, I had a lot to sort out.

The breakup was fresh, and I was in the process of rebuilding my life.

I kept saying I would call him so that he could be at the birth, but that never happened.

The universe has a funny way of making you face your demons. Because here in the flesh was mine.

"You got some fucking explaining to do." He gritted, and I couldn't fault his anger. I

would be pissed with me too. All I could hope was that he didn't show out too badly in front of KJ.

"Ro, right now is not a good time." I reasoned as I held my baby tightly.

"When the fuck is a good time? Another three years!" He blew up and scared me half to death. KJ started crying, and only then did his eyes soften, and he blew a big breath out.

Tears rolled down my eyes, and I could see the hurt in his.

I hoisted KJ on my hip as I looked up at him.

His face had changed so much since I last saw him, but he was still as handsome as sin.

I washed KJ's tears, and he laid his head on my shoulder.

Ro's chest heaved, and I knew that he was probably fighting the urge to break me in half.

"You gave him my name but couldn't tell me he existed? You don't think I would've taken care of my child?" He stepped towards me, and I took a step back. Still holding on to KJ tightly.

"I just wanted to move on with my life! I could've gone to prison!" I yelled back, and KJ cried again.

"I," he mocked me. "You selfish as fuck. What's that shit that you told me? When you love somebody, you don't do that to them. Look what you did to my son, he needs his fucking dad." He seethed.

"KJ honey. Stop crying, baby. Can you look at his face and tell me who this is?" I asked as I bounced him to soothe him. He used the back of his hands to wash his face as he looked at Ro. His little eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"My daddy's home from school?" He gasped.

A tear rolled down Ro's face. He smiled at KJ and reached his arms out. His eyes shot to me, silently daring me to ruin their moment. I knew I had no choice but to give him his child. He brought KJ into his embrace for a hug.

"Yeah, man, I'm home from school." He said as KJ all but choked him.

I wiped the never-ending trail of tears from my eyes as I sat back and watched their interaction.

From my peripheral, I could see someone hastily coming our way.

It was a younger woman whose face held confusion.

She sported a pixie cut and was dressed for a vacation.

Her maxi dress flowed freely as she hurried in our direction.

"Baby, what's all the commotion about? And whose kid are you holding?" She crossed her arms and scowled at me. Kairo was too wrapped up in KJ to answer her right away.

Up close, even with her face sour, this woman calling him 'baby' was beautiful.

Her presence tugged at my heart, but it was unrealistic to think that Kairo wouldn't have moved on in the three years that had passed.

I disappeared; he had every right to. I was quiet as I looked at the anger on her face because it wasn't my place to answer her concerns. I would let him handle that.

"Do you not hear me?" She asked again as she nudged him before turning to me.

"Ma'am, what business do you have with my husband?"

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

KAIRO

"M a'am, what business do you have with my husband?" Ayesha said from the side of me.

Had this not been a serious moment, I probably would've started laughing at her instigating ass. The jealousy on Cash's face is the only reason I let her have her moment and not correct her. Ayesha was Kaira's sister-in-law, and she was nothing more than a chick I fucked a couple times before.

"Go back to the truck with my mother. Tell her I'll be right there," I shooed her away. She knew I didn't have to answer her, and I wasn't going to pretend I did to make Cash mad. She turned with an attitude and stomped in the direction of the truck.

KJ was still hanging on to my neck, damn near suffocating me the same way I wanted to do his mother.

"Is this where you disappeared to?" I asked.

"No, I'm a state over in Kentucky. I'm just celebrating KJ's third birthday this weekend."

I clenched the muscles in my jaw. Just thinking about the fact that she chose to celebrate birthdays without me pissed me off.

"When is his birthday?" It was a question I should never have had to ask, and I kept willing myself to not People's Elbow her in this shop.

"Tomorrow," She answered.

"He was born on my mother's birthday."

"I'm sorry, Ro. I know I should've told you, but-"

"Give me your phone," I demanded.

"What? Why?" She countered, her face shifting from sadness to confusion.

"Open it and give it to me," I barked, and she did as I told her.

I dialed my number and waited for my phone to ring so that I could contact her.

My contact information was still saved in her phone; I had purposely kept the same number all these years, waiting for her to reach out to me, but that call had never come.

After I called myself, I shared her location with me from her phone.

"Where are you staying?" I grilled her.

"Dorado Beach." She answered.

"Let me get my people to the house and settled in. I shared your location with me. If you're not at the hotel in exactly one hour, we're going to have a major issue. Do you understand that?"

She blew out a breath of frustration as she looked at KJ. "Don't take him, please." She begged.



"I'm not taking him. We have a lot we need to figure out. I'll meet you at the resort in one hour. Sixty minutes, don't even test your luck and show up in sixty-one." I looked her in the eyes as I spoke.

Leaning over so she could take him, he went back to her as she put him down on the ground, straightened his clothes, and kissed his cheek.

"I'll see you in a second, okay? Tell Mommy to let you buy whatever you want." I said as I reached my hand out for him to slap, which he gladly did. Then I went into my pocket and gave him a stack of money.

"You going back to school?" He questioned, and my eyes snapped to his mother.

"Nah, I'm done with school," I assured him. "Fifty-eight minutes," I said to Cash as I turned to return to the truck, now parked at the curb waiting for me.

The last thing I wanted to do was leave KJ with his mother, especially after discovering he existed.

But I didn't want to add so many moving parts before I had shit figured out myself.

My entire family was here; my sisters would probably stand in line behind my mama to beat Cashmere's ass.

Right now, bullshit isn't what KJ needed.

He needed to know he had a father, and I needed to bond with my son.

I had matured a lot since she left me because she left me.

It was the first time in my life that I had a consequence for my actions that I gave a

fuck about.

The threat of jail and prison didn't faze me.

But losing her had me sick as fuck. I'm not too tough to admit that I was down bad for at least a year.

Cash was the only woman I had ever loved, aside from the females in my family.

As much as I wanted to have hard feelings about how foul she moved, I couldn't bring myself to hate her.

I know I put her in a predicament to lose everything because I couldn't check my feelings, but I didn't think she'd take it this far.

"Everything okay Kai?" My mother asked, calling me by the name that only she used, as she sat in the seat and continued to sip her drink slowly.

"Yeah, just somebody I know from around the way." I brushed it off as Ayesha shot daggers my way.

"Some cougar whose face he was in. They had the audacity to stop talking when I walked up too Mama Roc," Ayesha said with an attitude.

"You haven't learned about older women after Cashmere had you crying for forty days and forty nights?" She joked as she laughed loudly. My mama was the only person I could vent to during that time. Nobody else would've ever believed it. The shit wasn't funny then, but we could laugh about it now.

"Ma, chill," I said as I chuckled at the thought. Cash's ass had me torn up.

I looked down at my GPS and saw we had fifteen minutes to make it to the house before I switched to Cash's location.

She was in a car now, and for her sake, she had better hope that the car was taking her to her reserve.

Despite how I felt about her, now that I knew my son existed, she would never reappear if she pulled another disappearing act.

We made it to the mansion that I had rented. Everyone was outside at the pool, and my brother was barbecuing. Grabbing my mom's and Ayesha's luggage from the back, I carried it inside and told the driver to wait for me.

I hugged my sisters and then dapped up their husbands and my brothers.

My little niece Kaiya ran up to me and finessed me out of a hundred-dollar bill after she reminded me that I forgot to bring her a beach ball a couple of months ago.

I had just found out about KJ's existence less than an hour ago, and I was already thinking that he should be right here with them playing in the water.

"Where are you going, Ro?" My younger brother Kaino asked me as I hastily walked back to the front of the house so I could leave.

"Yeah, where you going?" Ayesha asked as she came behind him and walked toward me.

"It's always business to handle," I answered him and disregarded her entirely. He nodded, and I continued to walk toward the truck.

"Ayesha, leave my brother alone! Stop hounding him. You already popped up at my

mama's house so you could get on the jet with them." My sister Kaira came out the door with a pan of macaroni in her hand and yelled at her in-law. Her husband stood behind her, shaking his head at his sister.

"I'm manifesting not hounding beloved." She said as she laughed and turned to follow my sister back into the backyard.

Ayesha was cool, and she was fine as fuck.

But she was trying to force me into a relationship, which wasn't what I wanted from her.

At first, she said she was cool with it, but then she flipped.

I wasn't the type of nigga that could be pressured, so I fell back from her.

Jumping back into the truck, I clicked on Cash's location again. I had twenty-three minutes until I was going to get the answers from her that I had waited three years for.

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*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:36 pm*

### CASHMERE

I cut my shopping into an eighth when Ro said that I had better be back at the reserve in an hour.

I ran out of the shop so fast you'd think I stole everything in the bag to ensure I had enough time for the forty-minute drive back to Dorado Beach.

I know I had kept the secret from him, but the last thing I wanted to do was test him about it now that he knew.

He would be on my ass so fast that I wouldn't even be able to make it off the island.

The truck slowed to a stop, and I stepped out to pick up KJ from the seat.

I struggled to throw him across my shoulder and carry his dead weight into the suite along with the bags of clothing and toys.

Walking through the door, I laid him down on the bed, took off his little sneakers, and kissed his head.

I took a couple of deep breaths as I watched the time pass.

I finally had put one beast to sleep, and now I was about to wake up another.

When Ro stood in front of me in that shop and I looked into his eyes, I could see that it took everything in him to give me KJ.

But I knew he did it because he didn't want to hurt me.

That was the exact reason why I had excused every red flag about that man despite them waving like women in a pageant.

Kairo was so quick to anger, except when it came to me.

With me, he was kind, understanding, and passionate.

He was considerate of his words and apologetic if he offended me.

Then, he would mosey into the street and shoot at someone or beat them into a vegetative state.

"I'm here." My phone scared me as I looked down and saw that Kairo had told me he had arrived at the reserve. I texted him the suite number while waiting for him to come to the door. My breathing hitched because I didn't know what the outcome of the conversation would be.

He knocked twice, and I opened the door and allowed him to come in. He looked around before the door closed behind him.

"Where's Kash?" He asked no sooner than he crossed the threshold.

"In the room, he fell asleep. It's his nap time." I said quietly. He walked to the room and peeked his head in to be sure that I hadn't dropped KJ off anywhere.

He nodded as he followed me into the living room and sat across from me. I could see how his temples flexed, that he was fighting back some emotion.

"Why the fuck would you keep him away from me?" He grilled me.

"I didn't know that I was pregnant at first. I moved away, tried to rebuild, and found out.

I was supposed to let you know, but I just felt like doing that would have me right back in the middle of what I had just escaped from.

I was resentful; I felt like loving you caused me to lose everything I had.

I was mad at myself for even crossing the line in the first place.

It was a lot. And I know that doesn't make it right, but it's true.

I'm sorry." I said honestly as tears rolled down my face.

He looked up at me and didn't speak right away.

"You told him I was at school?" He scoffed.

"I made sure he knew you, Ro. He knows so much about you. I gave him the best answer I knew."

"Yeah, that sounds good, but it's not the same.

I still remember my pops took me everywhere with him.

Nigga would throw me up on his neck and go on with his day.

Pictures ain't the same. He needed that time.

That shit matters." His voice croaked as he spoke.

We had spent so many nights talking about how much he missed his dad since his dad had gone to prison.

"You're right, I'm sorry." I apologized again. I would never argue that I was right because I knew I was dead wrong. But somehow, I just let it go too far.

"I'm sorry I fucked up your career," he said lowly.

After the inside cameras showed Kairo walking through the restaurant and Hanovich found out that Ro was behind the attack, he made it his business to have me investigated by internal affairs.

Once Kairo and I were linked together, the state of Indiana quietly disbarred me.

I was grateful that the validity of my cases had never been called into question and no charges were brought against me for lying, but it still cut deep that I wasn't able to do what I loved.

"Don't be; I would lose it all again if it meant that I got to be KJ's mother.

" The tears flowed freely as I thought about the blessing that lay just one room away.

I had spent my entire life wanting to be a mother and was blessed with a child at the age of 41.

It was surreal, but it was the best feeling ever.

"What's his full name?" He sat back in the chair and looked at me with fire in his eyes.

"He has your middle and last name. Kash Jamil Carter. K-a-s-h."



"I have to spend time with him; I don't want to miss another day of his life."

"Are you still in Indiana?" I questioned.

"No, I needed a fresh start. I'm in Miami," He answered.

"Florida? That's a far distance. And I already know that you're going to tell me to move.

But I can't just pick up and move again.

I'm just barely getting established in Kentucky.

" I reasoned. When he didn't respond, I knew that I may as well have been talking to the wall.

He came over from the couch that he was sitting on and sat beside me. He turned my face towards him.

"When I told you that I got you forever, I meant that shit. You don't think I already lost enough time?" His eyes searched mine before I let mine fall to my lap. He touched my chin again and made me look at him once more.

"Hmm?" He demanded.

I breathed out a deep sigh. I had prioritized KJ in every aspect of his little life, except allowing him to bond with his father. It was about time I prioritized that, too.

"Okay, Kairo," I said barely above a whisper. Even though he had gotten the answers he desired, his touch still lingered on my chin.

"I love you, Cashmere," he said as he leaned down to kiss me. It took me by surprise, but I welcomed it as I grabbed the back of his head and moaned into his mouth. We kissed for what felt like an hour as our mouths became reacquainted with one another.

Once he broke the kiss, he trailed kisses down my neck as he sucked on it passionately.

"Kairo, your wife," I whispered as I snapped out of my trance and pushed him back. I may have been scandalous for sleeping with my client, but I didn't need the karma of being with someone's husband.

"Damn girl ain't my wife," He chuckled as he pulled me back to him and kissed me again.

Easing me backward, his hand snaked up the shirt that I was wearing and pinched my nipple.

Years later, this man still has the same effect on me that he's had since I walked into the deposition room four years ago.

Breaking the kiss, he sat up, rolled down the tights I wore, and positioned himself back at my center.

Kairo was the last man that I had been intimate with.

With pregnancy, raising a kid, and trying to find myself again, I barely had the energy to say "hi" to a man.

He kissed me again; this time, I stopped him. I could feel his dick as hard as a rock between us as he looked down at me in confusion.

"What's wrong, Cash?" He asked as he peppered kisses over my face.

"I love you too, Kairo," I said as he broke into a smile. He parted my lower lips and slid his dick up and down my opening. I moaned lowly in anticipation of what was to come.

"I love to hear you say that shit, my baby; say it on this dick." He growled. As soon as his head penetrated me, we moaned in unison.

"Gah damn Cash, I love how wet you get for me baby," he said as he slid the full length of himself inside of me.

"I missed you, Ro," I admitted. He took one of my legs and threw it over his shoulder, and used a finger to massage my clit, all while continuing to stroke me at a steady pace.

"You did?"

"Mmmhm," I moaned. It was the only thing that I could get out. My back was arching, and my eyes were rolling in the back of my head before I could process what was even happening.

"Yeah, you missed me. I can feel it." He said as he looked down at the magic happening between our bodies.

"Shit, Kairo!" I cried. Resisting the urge to scream. We had both been trying to be as quiet as possible, but it was getting harder by the second.

"You love me, Cashmere?" He asked.

"Yes!" I was on the verge of release, and I knew it would be intense.

"I don't believe you. Tell me you love me." The finger slightly tracing my pearl had now picked up its pace.

"I love you, Ro," I whimpered as his strokes got deeper, slower, more passionate.

He let my leg fall as he closed the space between us and kissed me again.

His hand applied slight pressure to my neck as he fucked me through an orgasm.

The feeling was so intense that it felt like a levy breaking.

As if the way he bit my lip and tightened his grip on my neck weren't an indication that he was releasing as well, I could feel his dick pulsating inside of me, filling me with evidence of our effect on each other.

He lay on me, and I wrapped my arms around him.

At this point, it was deeper than just catching our breaths after sex.

This was for all the missed moments; it was all the things we had tried to suppress over the years.

I was his safe place. And he was my rainbow.

He showed up after the storm he had just caused and gave me the most beautiful promise of peace.

"Cashmere Elise Savage?" He said from his position on my chest.

"Yes?" I answered with my eyes closed, rubbing his hair.

He sat up and looked me in my eyes. "I need you, and I need my son. Will you marry me?"

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KAIRO

I looked at Cash as I asked her to marry me, and she started crying as soon as I asked.

She was the only woman in the world who had made me want to say the words I had just spoken.

We had just reconnected on the island. I didn't have a ring, and we were naked on the couch of her suite, but I couldn't let the moment pass.

I wasn't going to let her get away from me again. She had my son and my heart.

"Kairo, are you sure?"

"Hell yeah," I said, causing her to laugh through tears.

"Yes, Ro. I'll marry you." She smiled brightly as she sat up and kissed me. We sat there for a moment before I got up and threw on my pants, and I gave her the ones I had taken off her. She slid them on and looked at me.

"Let's go shower, baby. We got shit to do before it gets dark."

"What do we have to do?" She asked, confused.

"We've got to get married. My whole family is here on the island, but I want it to be me, you, and our son. We can see them tomorrow to celebrate his birthday. He needs to know he has a village."

She didn't fight me. She just had me follow her to the shower on the other side of the suite.

It took us longer than expected because she dropped to her knees once we were inside it, and she reminded me why she had left me.

Then when she was done, I picked her up and fucked her against the shower wall until she was screaming and digging in my back.

I missed everything about her, but the sex was for sure high on the list. She was threatening to activate my fucking demons again, but I fought to suppress them until the ink dried on the marriage license. I wasn't going out sad twice.

Once we showered, we dressed, and I followed her into the room where our son was sleeping. I didn't need a test to confirm what I already knew. If by any chance KJ wasn't my son, I was going to have to kill Kaino or Kaire because the boy lying in the bed looked exactly like me and my siblings.

"How long does he normally sleep?"

"Around two to three hours. The best part of my day," She laughed. "Grab him for me, please."

I eased him out of bed as she packed a backpack full of juices and snacks. I looked at what she had and shook my head.

"What's wrong?" She questioned.

"Where the snacks?" I shot back. Looking at the damn granola bars and applesauce she was packing.

"He doesn't eat sugar, Kairo," she said as she giggled and zipped the bag.

"As in he can't, or you won't give it to him?" I raised my eyebrow and looked at her.

"You think the lord is going to give me a baby at forty-one, and I'm going to pump him up full of garbage?" She laughed.

"I hate to tell you this, but I saw a 120-pack of fruit roll-ups at the house, and after they meet him tomorrow, we might have to fight if you say he can't have one," I warned her. My mother, especially, didn't want to hear shit when it came to her grandchildren.

She laughed. "It's okay."

We walked outside to the truck, and I started trying to find a jewelry store nearby. The first order of business was to find Cash a ring, and then we would find someone on the island who could marry us.

KJ started to wake up, and after he noticed that he was lying on me, he reached for Cash.

The fact that he wasn't comfortable with me fucked with me, but I pushed it to the back of my mind.

At the very least, it validated that Cashmere had been an amazing mother to him.

Even though we lost three years, we had the rest of our lives cause he wasn't leaving my side.

We were almost to the jeweler when Cash said, "Ro, didn't you show up on the island with a whole girlfriend? What are we doing?"

"That's not my girlfriend, baby. She can be the flower girl, though."



" I said, never looking up from my phone.

Ayesha was the least of my concerns, she wasn't my girl, and I'll be damned if she was going to be the reason why Cash decided not to go through with this marriage.

I had found a spot here that does weddings, and I was booking a time slot for later.

I was more serious about this than I had ever been about anything else.

Before the sun set, she would be Mrs. Cashmere Carter.

6 months later- Miami, Florida

"Excuse me, ma'am, you are so beautiful." A nigga approached Cashmere at the bar as I was coming back from the bathroom. Her breath was caught in her throat as she looked at me towering over him.

"I just told her two minutes ago, she don't need a reminder nigga," I gritted.

"I'm sorry, my guy." The man said as he turned to me with a shocked expression.

"Yeah, yeah. Get your ass on." I said as I shooed him away. She covered her face in embarrassment.

"It's taking everything in you not to put your hands on that man, huh?" she laughed.

"Eating me the fuck up," I confirmed. She hollered out as she threw her head back. I was what I liked to call a retired crash-out now. My wife said that I needed self-restraint, so I was going to show her that I could be a civilized nigga. Shit still got wicked, but I wasn't so quick to react now.

I had a wife and children to take care of and protect.

It was the first night we had been out since we got married.

I spent every day with her and KJ since we crossed paths, and our bond grew fast and strong.

I barely left the house without taking him with me.

When we made it back to the mansion the next day, my folks gave her hell, but it didn't take long before they came around and damn near took KJ from us both.

Tonight is his first cousin's sleepover at my mom's, and Cash is having the hardest time.

Aside from it being the first time that he'd ever been away from her, this pregnancy has had her all over the place emotionally.

So, I decided to take her out so that she could get her mind off it.

We were also celebrating that she had passed the Florida Bar and was now able to practice law in Florida.

She doesn't even know that I had been looking for a commercial building since I convinced her to study for it.

As soon as they finish the renovations, that's going to be her push gift.

"This celebration would be better if I could have a drink," She pouted.

"Nah, you baking my daughter," I said as I reached out to her and touched her small belly. She was four months pregnant, and I had been enjoying it more than she was.

"Don't remind me, I'm forty-four. I'm too old to be pregnant.

If anything happens to me, promise you won't let Ayesha raise my kids.

"That girl is bat shit crazy." She said as we both laughed.

Ayesha cried real tears and said I ruined her vision board when I went back to the house with Cashmere and announced our marriage. She was crazier than me.

"You could be eighty-four, and I wouldn't give a damn, baby. I love you, Mrs. Carter." I said as I pulled her from the seat she was sitting in and brought her into my lap.

"I love you too, husband." She said as she nestled between my legs and interlocked her hands in mine. As soon as my dick bricked up, I knew that it was time for us to go home. We had been out long enough; now it was time for me to end the night buried inside of my wife.

"Let's go.." I said as I bit her neck. She turned around to me with the sneakiest grin, knowing what I meant.

When Corey suggested hiring her, I never would have thought we would end up married with two children.

But here we are. From the moment she walked in, I was attracted to a Savage, and in a way... she was too.

The End