



Bastard Boss

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Chapter One

“If I wanted you for more than a quick fuck, I’d have told you!”

Anya Miller winced as she heard her boss, Xavier Leigh, speak harshly to another woman. She wanted to go in and comfort the woman, but she stayed still. The woman he was talking to could take it. Becky, Xavier’s flavor of the week from months ago, had been telling everyone at the office that she was going to be “the wife”, the one that was going to tame him. She’d been coming around for several months, trying to make them all feel small. Anya had heard the other woman talking about it on the phone as well. Becky wanted Xavier. A lot of women wanted Xavier, but then he was that kind of guy. He was the handsome, downright sexy, dirty, hot millionaire.

He was a total bastard.

“You’ll regret this,” Becky said, storming out of the office.

Staring at her computer screen, Anya did her best to ignore the woman who was the latest in a long line of women running out of the office looking embarrassed. He seemed to be sending more off than usual.

For once there were no put-downs, no preening, just a gap of silence while Becky left the building. Biting her lip, Anya continued to type the latest batch of correspondence that Xavier wanted.

“Anya, get your ass in here.”

Jumping at the sudden bark, she quickly got out of her seat and made her way toward the office door. “Yes, sir.”

“Why the fuck was that witch in my office?”

“Witch?”

“Becky! Why was she in my office believing that I was about to give her a damn wedding ring?”

Anya jerked back. “I really don’t know. She was your girlfriend.”

“No, she wasn’t.”

Xavier sat back in his chair. The jacket he’d worn that morning was thrown onto the floor. Bending down, Anya picked up the jacket and folded it neatly before placing it on the sofa in the far corner of the office.

“I don’t understand. She came in and wouldn’t listen to Martha the receptionist downstairs. She told them all they were nothing more than grunts, and that you’d want to see her right away.”

“I expected to be notified so I could stop her.”

“She was already here when Martha alerted me.”

Pressing her hands together, she looked over at her boss, Xavier Leigh: imposing asshole and bastard wrapped all in one neat package. He put his hands behind his head, assessing her. The one thing about Xavier was the fact he was a closed book. No one knew what he was thinking, what he was feeling, and most of the time, you only found out seconds before he struck.

“Well, she’s done and served her time.”

“Was there anything you wanted from me?” Anya asked.

He stared at her. “What were you doing?”

“Typing up the letters you wanted so that you could sign them.”

“You’re such a good worker for me, Anya.”

She had gotten the job by accident.

Five years ago she had been working for Xavier’s Industries as a receptionist at the front desk. She had never known anything about the man himself. He didn’t believe in putting his face on his logo, or by being advertised everywhere. She’d heard he liked to date beautiful women, models, actresses, and such. Still, she was completely oblivious to who he was. Then one morning, a man approached the desk, and he was nice, kind, and she talked him through where to go, even escorting him upstairs.

Anya wasn’t the kind of person to do things by halves. She had learned as much about the company as possible, though still without seeing the picture of the guy who ran the company. Within the first four months of her working there she encountered Xavier. Of course on the day she hadn’t known it was him.

Then one day she was called into the office, and lo and behold, the man she’d tried to help was in fact the boss-man himself.

“I’m sure you weren’t expecting me,” he said.

“No.” She said the word slowly. Glancing around the office, she saw everyone just working normally. “I don’t get it.”

“It’s simple. I was on my way into the office when you stopped me. Instead of questioning me, gushing about who I was, you simply asked if you could help. I was intrigued, and imagine my surprise to learn that you knew more about the company than my very pregnant PA.”

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Anya looked out of the door to see his pregnant PA.

“Then I get your file and discover that Anya Miller is more than qualified to have the exact same position. Tell me, Anya, did you know who I was?”

“No. If I did, I wouldn’t have gone into great detail about what the company did. I don’t believe in wasting my time.”

“Then why did you?”

She took a deep breath. “You were dressed in a suit, and this company is known for investing in other companies that have a mutually beneficial path for the future. I thought you were perhaps a client. Besides, civility goes a long way in this day and age.”

Anya pulled out of the memory. It had been over four and a half years that she did that. Once his PA went onto maternity leave, Anya was once again called into the office, and forced into the job.

There was no choice on her part. She either accepted it, or didn’t. In the beginning she’d had to take a lot of stick from fellow colleagues who didn’t think she deserved the role. Some thought she was sleeping with the boss. Others didn’t believe it. Xavier was known for screwing models, beautiful women all over the world, and the last time Anya looked in the mirror she didn’t even compare to them.

Over time she’d proved herself to everyone, even herself.

“Was there anything else?” she asked.

“Sit, sit.”

Taking a seat she smoothed out her skirt and looked over at him.

“How are you liking your job?” he asked.

“I enjoy it very much. I’ve been working for you for over four years.”

“Then call me by my real name.”

She rolled her eyes. “Xavier.”

“Whoop, whoop, how hard was that?”

“You know you’re very confusing, right?” She stared across at her boss, always finding this side of him ... interesting. For the most part he was serious, always barking out orders, telling her what to do. Then on rare occasions she’d see this playful side of him, which she found hard to handle. The guy had multiple personalities. In all the time she had known him, he’d never shown this side of him to anyone else.

“Always be one step ahead of your enemy.”

“Your clients?”

“And the women who think they can come in and tame you. That’s not the case, and that will never be the case.”

“Okay.”

Xavier didn't have any family, nor did he have any close relatives. He was the guy that had pulled himself out of the gutter, and worked until he owned a billion-dollar corporation, and of course earned the reputation of being a bastard boss.

"You'll not be settling down soon? Starting a family?" Anya asked. He was forty this year. She didn't know if men had the same feelings of broodiness that women did.

"One day. So, what about you, Anya? Settling down? Starting a family? Leaving me to find another person to replace you?"

"I didn't even ask for this job. No on all fronts. No one to replace me. I'm happy in my job."

Xavier laughed. "You may not have chosen it, but you're damn good at what you do."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"You should. I don't give them out often."

She chuckled. Glancing at the watch on her wrist, a present last Christmas, she saw he had an appointment in fifteen minutes.

"I better get started. Becky will be the talk of the office today." She got out of her chair and headed toward the door.

"Makes a change from being about us," he said.

She froze, turning back to look at him. "Sorry?"

"You don't think I know what is going on in the office? What they talk about?"

“It’s just a rumor. I’ve not done anything about it. Would you like me to?” she asked.

He shook his head. “Are you seeing anyone?”

Anya frowned. “No. Why?”

“Just curious. Getting to know my staff. When was the last time you went on a date?”

Xavier Leigh had always been unconventional. His questions were always a little personal, but she found he was that way with everyone. Always prying, always getting to know someone.

“A little over a year ago.”

It had been a blind date set up by her mother. Of course, it was a total disaster. When it came to dates she struggled. Shyness was a huge problem. Working for Xavier was her hope to combat that shyness. Working at the reception, she’d spent a great deal of time shaking. Of course, that had changed once she worked for him, and had no choice but to follow his orders.

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Still, dating men was a big challenge for her.

“Would you like a coffee?” she asked, changing the subject.

“Yes. Love one.”

Xavier watched his little PA leave the room. As always she closed the door, offering him privacy. Anya had always intrigued him, from the first moment he'd met her over four years ago, to this day. She wasn't the kind of woman who tried to gain his attention. It was one of the reasons why he'd hired her.

For four years they had enjoyed a professional relationship. He was the one constantly crossing the boundaries in order to get to know her. Yes, he had a bad reputation. In the past year he'd not had many partners because these feelings he had for Anya were not going away.

The reputation he'd gained as a ladies' man had been well earned. In the early years of his life he'd not cared about anything but making money and fucking. It was what he did, leaving a trail of women behind him in his wake. Business and sex for him came hand in hand.

Running a finger along his lip he stared down at the image of him opening this place. It was taken many years ago by a friend who had since passed. In a few weeks, Xavier would be turning forty years old. He had an empire that would be handed down to no one. Yeah, he was a guy who had everything, apart from the fact he

didn't.

He didn't have anyone. No family, no more friends, not even a dog. He had no one. Business, making money, and that was all.

All of his life he'd fought for everything he ever wanted. Son to a crack whore, pulling himself out of tricky situations through foster homes, he'd done everything, hated it all, and fought every single second of every day. Right now, this very second he was earning money. Millions of dollars going from A to B then back again. Whatever he touched turned to gold.

What was once a challenge was now as simple as falling asleep.

Xavier wanted a family. He wanted a child; son or daughter, he didn't care. There were no plans for gaining a family. In the past few months he'd been going to events wondering if a past flame would be the right one for his future, but none of them were a good fit for him. They had the same hunger for power, for their place in the world. None of them fit into the role of being a mother. They may make good mothers to someone else's child, but not to his.

Anya knocked, gave him a second to decline, then walked in.

Again, it was something she always did even when he was alone. She was always considerate. When he first gave her the job, and her colleagues didn't like it, Anya hadn't done anything about it. She had taken whatever shit they wanted to dish out. He'd admired her for that. She never fought, never did anything that would be considered aggressive. Even when some of the women from his private life came into the office being all snotty, she dealt with them with kindness.

At times he found her too damn nice.

She placed a cup on his coaster.

“Is there anything else you’d like?” she asked.

To him it was a loaded question. She asked it of him every single day. Is there anything else you want? Anything I can get you? What else do you need? So many questions, and yet today, he wanted something more.

“That will be all.”

She nodded and left, her full hips swinging from side to side. With the height of the summer, the office had the AC on. Anya had removed her jacket, and he got to have a good look at her rounded curves.

The more he thought about Anya, the more he learned about her, he just knew deep down to his very soul that she was the woman he was looking for. Going to his desk, he typed into his computer, pulling up her employment file. Five years ago, standing in front of the camera she’d looked so scared, terrified even. She was twenty-eight years old, with red hair, green eyes, and in her photo he saw the freckles dotting across her nose. Her red hair had been pulled back into a ponytail. She never wore her hair down. It was either in a bun or a ponytail. When the company had parties, she didn’t drink either.

Thinking back over the past four years, Anya hadn’t relaxed. The watch she was wearing, he’d bought her last Christmas, and she hadn’t wanted to take it even though they had been buying little gifts for each other since she’d become his PA.

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They were just small things, pictures, books, an album or something. It was a token of memory for someone. He liked it. Then he saw a watch at a jewelry store, and he'd known he had to have it, and that it would be perfect for Anya.

Xavier didn't like going to the jewelry store, yet he'd been there, looking for a gift. He had originally planned to buy the model he was going to ditch a goodbye gift, but of course she'd ended up with a gift card instead.

Closing down Anya's file where he learned nothing new, he grabbed the file on his desk and left his office just as his appointment was about to walk through the door.

"Kurtis, good to see you. I'll be taking him to conference room two, Anya."

"Do you need me to sit in? Take notes?"

"No. I've got it from here, thank you."

She smiled and made her way toward her desk once again. He saw the work he'd given her earlier was still there, and in the next couple of hours he had several appointments.

Entering the conference room, he gestured for Kurtis to take his spot.

"Is your PA not married yet? She is a peach," Kurtis said.

"She's a star."

Taking a seat, he opened up the file, and got straight down to business. Whenever he needed some facts or statistics, he put a call through to Anya. She brought the files right away. There were no lingering smiles or chats with Kurtis.

“I tell you, man, you are one lucky guy. I’ve been in several meetings, and the PAs can be a damn problem.”

“So can the bosses,” Xavier said. “I’ve been to several meetings where it is clear the man is screwing the PA.”

“You’re not screwing yours though. What’s the problem? She too fat for you?”

Xavier sat back, glaring at the guy he was about to sign a million dollar business contract with. Kurtis was the best when it came to software, and he wanted him on his team.

“I don’t like you insulting my PA. In fact, I would fuck Anya if she even gave me half a chance. She’s worth a hell of a lot more than a quick fuck.”

“I’m sorry—”

“I don’t want your apologies. You will not say something so stupid again, do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

He got through the rest of the meeting without beating the shit out of the guy, even though he wanted to.

Once that meeting was done, he spent the rest of the afternoon between his office and the conference room. Anya stayed at her desk, and when six in the evening rolled

around, she came to him with a stack of letters to sign.

“Thank you,” she said, startling him.

“What for?” He continued to sign his name, trusting everything was in order.

“I, erm, I heard what you said to Kurtis. I appreciate your kind words. I know they weren’t true, but I appreciate it all the same.” She forced a smile, and he paused in his writing. Staring into her green eyes, Xavier found it hard to look away.

“What makes you think I didn’t mean it?”

“It’s not something I imagine you’ve thought about. I’m quite uncomfortable right now, so I’m going to be quiet.”

He put his pen down, and stared at her.

“Is there something you’d like me to do?” she asked.

“Sit down,” he said.

“Oh.” She took a seat opposite him, and he noticed how she pushed her skirt down to cover her knees. “I hope I didn’t cross a line. I wasn’t implying sex just, I was thinking about the papers.”

She kept on rambling, and he watched as her cheeks heated.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“I didn’t appreciate his vile words or his tone. I believe you deserve better, and, Anya, I meant every single word.”

She frowned. “That can’t be.”

“Why not? You’re a beautiful woman.”

“I’m not. I’m nothing in comparison to the women you date.”

Xavier smiled. “No, you’re not. You’re much better.”

Chapter Two

Had she heard right? Anya stared at her boss. The man she had known for over four years, who never pushed the boundaries too far, was staring at her like he wanted to eat her. In that moment their relationship of employer and employee faded.

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“If you would like to finish signing them, I’ll mail them out tomorrow. I’ll get them ready.” She made her way toward the door wanting away from this uncomfortable mess. Her mother had always warned her that escape was the easiest solution in dealing with problems, and this one was a huge problem.

“Anya,” he said, using that commanding tone that made her stop and turn around. He stood and rounded his desk until he was in front of it. “You’re beautiful.”

“Don’t cross that line.”

“I crossed that line months ago.”

She shook her head.

“I’ve been crossing that line since I first met you.”

“This is not happening, Mr. Leigh.” She clenched her hands into fists, trying to deal with what was going on between them. Nothing should be going on. They worked together. “I appreciate your kind words.”

“Screw my kind words. I said the truth.” He stepped closer to her, and she took a step back. This side of Xavier she had never seen before.

“I don’t understand what you’re doing.”

He closed the distance between them and caught her face. “I’m going to do something that I can’t stop thinking about.”

Before she could say anything his lips closed over hers. Releasing a gasp, she stood with her hand by her sides as he sank his fingers into her hair, pushing beneath the bun she kept locked at the base of her neck. Her hair was long, too long to spend the time brushing it. He licked along the seam of her lips, and she gasped, opening up to him. He plundered her mouth, and she met him stroke for stroke. Her tits felt heavy, her pussy slick. She wasn't a virgin. There had been men in the past few years, but none of them had stuck. She hadn't felt the need to leave her single life behind.

The kiss went on and on, and she didn't want it to end. Xavier knew how to kiss.

Suddenly, he pulled away, and she opened her eyes.

"I want a baby."

Out of everything she had heard him say, all the horrible names, the bluntness, she never anticipated him wanting a baby. It seemed completely outrageous.

"Why are you telling me?" she asked.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I want you to be the mother of my child."

She froze. Her lips tingled from his kiss, and she was just amazed at what he was asking.

"Is this really happening?" Anya had to be dreaming. Removing her hand from his chest—she didn't know how it got there—she pinched her arm, hard, and flinched. "Ouch."

"Yeah, this is really happening. Why wouldn't it be happening?"

"You're Xavier Leigh, and you've just asked me to be the mother of your child, and

you kissed me.” She was frowning, and it was the fastest way to get wrinkles.

“I’ve thought about it a lot.”

“You had a woman here this morning, and you had sex with her!”

“Months ago. I haven’t slept with Becky in a long time. She didn’t like that I had lost my interest. She even tried to get me drunk to sleep with her.”

“This is crazy.”

“How about we finish up here, and I take you out to dinner, and we talk?”

Dinner? Talking?

“I guess.”

“I promise you won’t regret it.”

Biting her lip, she looked into his dark brown eyes that always seemed so cold, but today they didn’t. They were staring at her in earnest.

What could go wrong?

He wants to talk.

He’s your boss.

Maybe you just heard wrong.

“Sure. If you continue to sign those papers, I’ll get the envelopes and start getting

them ready to send.”

“Good, great.” He moved behind the desk, and he was back to being in charge, in total control. For the next hour they worked on getting the letters finished, and once they were all done, she placed them in the appropriate tray.

By the time she grabbed her bag, he was there, jacket on, and ready.

Taking a deep breath, she followed him toward the elevator, and this time she couldn't help but stare at his reflection. He was a handsome man, she couldn't deny it.

“Do you like looking at me?” he asked.

“You're handsome, you know that already.”

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“I didn’t know that you knew that.”

She rolled her eyes. “Every woman knows what a catch you are. You’re sexy, hot, and you know it. There’s no need to do the whole coy thing.”

“I’m not. I just think it’s hot to know that you’re in agreement with me.”

Shaking her head, she snorted. “You’re my boss, Xavier. I’m not going to point out these things. They’re not appropriate.”

“I just asked you to be the mother of my baby. I think we’ve crossed that line, and you can now see me as hot stuff.”

Before she had a chance to answer, the elevator pinged open. “Saved.”

“What was that?” he asked.

“Nothing. Don’t you just love elevators?”

“I’m driving,” he said, gripping her waist, and leading her away from her car, and taking her toward his.

“What about when all of this is over? I don’t want to be stuck waiting for a ride,” she said.

“You won’t be. I’ll take you home, and tomorrow morning I’ll pick you back up, and take you to work.”

She stared at the passenger door, hating how her stomach twisted. When colleagues hinted at her screwing the boss she'd ignored them. There was no chance of it. This was risking the rumors spreading once again, only this time, it could actually be the truth.

He wants a baby!

"I'm not going to hurt you, Anya. I want to have dinner, and talk about this."

Grabbing the door handle, she opened the door and climbed into his car. Xavier further surprised her as he leaned in and buckled her in. "I just want to make sure you're safe."

She smiled. "Okay."

The back of his hand brushed across her breasts, and she tensed up. Had it been on purpose? Was it a mistake? Sitting back in her seat, she did her best to ignore him as he climbed behind the wheel and started up his car. She glanced over at her own car, and tried her hardest not to pout.

Neither of them spoke as he drove through the busy city streets. Even at seven o'clock at night it was still busy. It was one of the downfalls of living in a city, the chaos. Living here was like living on constant speed.

"Today was a good day."

"Did your deal go well with Kurtis?" she asked.

"Yes. Of course it did. He just needs to learn some respect. I don't want you alone with him if he ever comes by the office."

“Why?”

“Don’t trust him.”

“I’m sure he’ll be fine. You put him in his place.” She had heard him growl at the man. Kurtis had looked so afraid. For a split second she had actually felt sorry for the man. Still, it was no excuse to be a pig of a man. Respect was something that was earned, and Kurtis hadn’t earned hers. Either way, she wouldn’t do anything to ruin the reputation of the company, or Xavier.

“I won’t have him upsetting you. If I’m not there, stay at your desk, and don’t bring yourself to be alone with him.”

He sounded ... strange.

“I’m going to still be working there then?”

“Why wouldn’t you be?”

“The kiss. The whole baby thing. It’s, erm, not exactly making for a stable working environment.”

“Don’t worry about that. I’d never fire you. Besides, I want to talk about it when I can look at you. Face to face conversation is always better than none.”

“Sure.” She’d be lying if she said she wasn’t curious about his little outburst. Xavier Leigh wanted a baby. It seemed surreal. If he said he wanted an extra billion, she would have understood a lot more.

They were silent on the drive to the restaurant. There was no need to be talking. Their silence wasn’t awkward either. She liked that.

Resting against the leather seat, she watched the city go by, wondering what life would be like outside where everything was slower, more enjoyable.

He suddenly pulled outside of a busy Italian restaurant, and the door was opened for her. She smiled at the valet, used to Xavier's expensive taste. He liked quality in everything, food, service, wine, women. She gasped as he took her arm and led the way inside. This was really happening. They weren't on the way to meet prospective clients. This was between the two of them.

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I can do this.

Anya looked ready to bolt at any minute, and he couldn't blame her. Xavier waved away the waiter, the maître d', and everyone that fawned all over him.

"This is where you bring your women, right?" she asked. "Wine them, dine them, bed them."

He sighed. "Yes."

"At least you're not blunt about it." She took a sip of her water, and he watched her throat work, wondering what it would be like to have his dick passing between those sweet fucking lips. His cock thickened at the thought.

"I don't believe in holding back. Nothing gets sorted in life if you're constantly waiting around."

"Then I suggest you tell me exactly what you want instead of lingering."

"Fine. I have everything in life. A successful company, cars, money, houses, plenty of time for vacations if I wish. I can have any woman that money can buy."

"You buy women?"

"What I've come to see is that in my world, my personal company comes with certain

requirements. They fuck me, I have to give them nice things in return.”

She sat back, eyes wide. “What happened to just the pleasure of company?”

“Get a lot of money, and it extends to a piece of jewelry, or even a few nights’ stay in a luxury spa.” He shrugged. “It’s all just money.”

“And it’s cold.”

“Even still. The one thing I don’t have is an heir. Someone to hand my legacy down to. I worked my way from the gutter up, and I’m not going to do that to have it torn apart and sold. I want my own flesh and blood to take over.”

“A baby.”

“A baby, a son or a daughter, both even. Someone that I can nurture, and in time, I can give him or her the chances that I never got. They would be more than ready to take the lead of my company.” He took a sip of his water. “None of the women I’ve been with are what I’m looking for in a mother. They are only there to serve their own goals. I want you. I think you’ll be a perfect fit.”

“Xavier, if I was to get pregnant with your child, I wouldn’t leave it. I would want to be with him or her. It’s not like a house that you can walk away from, and sell.”

“You wouldn’t have to worry. I’d hoped that you would be interested in staying around. I know you’re a wonderful woman, kind, nurturing. I’ve seen the way you’ve been with the new starters in the office, and when others have no one to look after them, you make sure you’re available to take care of their kids. I’ve seen you with children, and you’re a natural. Your file states that you’ve never been in a serious relationship. There’s no one now. You’re free, available, and I know I like you.”

“Right now I’m not sure that I like you.”

He chuckled. “I’m used to that. Don’t worry, you’ll grow to like me. I’m the same guy.”

She bit her lip, taking another sip of her water. He was pleased he hadn’t allowed her to have wine. At this rate she would be having way too much to drink.

“Where do I fit into all this?”

“You don’t have a partner. No lover. We get along well. You put up with me, and I think we’d make a good team for my child.”

“Wow.” She sat back, and stared at him, her green eyes open and wild.

Figuring it was a good time to grab the waiter’s attention, he ordered for them both, keeping their beverages to water. He didn’t want her drinking. This was a serious discussion for him.

The waiter left them.

“I know you’re thinking I’m crazy.”

“That’s the nicest thing that I’m thinking right now.”

He smirked. “I’m serious.”

She suddenly sat up, leaning a little closer to him. “So say I agreed. What would I have to do? Sign a contract? Will we separate? I don’t want to be away from my child. No matter what, I will love him or her. Also, my parents will be a little shocked by this arrangement. I always imagined that my life would take a different path.”

“I would expect you to be with me. You’ll live with me, be part of my life, and the mother to my child.”

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“So ... like a couple?”

“Yes.”

“How do you expect us to get pregnant?”

“The usual way.”

“Through a clinic? Insemination?”

He chuckled. “No. I intend it to be traditional, with sex.”

“You want to have sex with me?” She went a little pale, which wasn’t doing any good for his ego.

“I’m good at sex, at fucking.” He stopped as the waiter put their orders down in front of them.

“Thank you,” Anya said.

He watched as she lifted up a fork and started to pierce her dinner but not actually taste it.

“You’re a man-whore! I, just, I don’t understand what you want from me?”

He took a bite of his beef and reached out, taking hold of her hand. When she made to pull away from him, he held onto her hand a little tighter.

“I want us both to have a baby. There won’t be any more women, I can promise you.”

She let out a breath. “This morning you were just my boss. I listened to you be mean to Becky. What if you change your mind? What if I end up out of a job, and with no way to support myself, and I’m pregnant. I just—” She dropped the fork, and shook her head. “I’m sorry, but I can’t eat. I can’t. I need to walk.”

For the first time in his life a woman walked out of a restaurant. She didn’t wait for him, nor could he rush out to stop her. Cursing, he threw down plenty of money, apologized, and followed her outside. Looking left and right, he saw her approaching a cab. “Anya!”

She stopped, waiting for him.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“I’m going to head home. This is all just too much. Your idea is ridiculous.”

“Let’s walk.” He closed the door of the cab, linking her arm between his. Walking across the street, they passed several shops that were still open. “I want you to consider this. I’ve been thinking for a while.”

“And now you’ve decided that I’m the best option for you?”

“You’re perfect.” He meant every single word.

“How is this going to play out? Take it from the top.”

“I want us to try for a baby. When you get pregnant, you’ll move in with me, and we’ll raise the child together. You can still work for me, and nothing will change.”

“We’ll be in each other’s life for longer periods of time.”

“We’re rarely apart now.”

She stopped. “I don’t know if I can handle a relationship with you seeing other women.”

“I wouldn’t.”

“You’ll just stop seeing other people.”

“I’ll be with you. I won’t need other women.”

“What about after the baby?”

He reached out, stroking a curl behind her ear. “What do you think is going to happen? We’re going to be together. I like you. For the most part, you like me.”

“Like is really far away from attraction.”

“Sex is easy.”

“For you. I’m not attracted to you.”

He took hold of her face, and pressed his lips to hers. “I can change your mind.”

She pulled away from him. “I’ve got to think about this. You’re asking me to sign my life away. Give up on the chance of finding a man who could love me.”

“Love is overrated. Believe me, I have yet to find a woman who could be so loving and loyal when money isn’t involved.”

“I find your attitude disgusting. You can have love. Money doesn’t have to mean everything. Yeah, it makes life easier not having to worry about it.”

Xavier shrugged. “Then prove me wrong.”

“How can I do that? You have money. Ugh, look, I will think about this, okay? I don’t want you rushing me, nor do I want this getting out. The last thing I need is for our colleagues to start spreading vicious rumors.” She pulled out of his arms, and rubbed her own. “Can you take me home?”

“You don’t want to eat?”

“Not with you. I need my space.”

Xavier wasn’t used to a woman wanting space. They were usually all over him, and this was a new turn for him. “Sure.”

They made their way back to the restaurant where the valet was waiting with a bag of food, and his keys. “You may not want to eat, but I do. I’m starving.”

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Climbing behind the wheel, he made his way toward her apartment, and parked outside.

“I’ll be by tomorrow morning to pick you up.”

“Okay. I won’t be late.” She climbed out of the car, and he watched her round ass walk toward the door.

He was going to own that ass, and he was going to make her fall in love with him. Xavier liked a challenge, and Anya was going to be his biggest conquest yet.

Chapter Three

The following day, Anya was waiting for Xavier as he pulled up outside of her apartment building. She didn’t linger, and climbed into the passenger side.

“You’re in a rush to get to work?” he asked.

“Yes. You can’t say too much. You’re here in good time. I guess we’re both ready to go to work.”

Last night when she finally got home, she had called her mother to ask her advice. Of course, her mother thought it was strange, but if it was something she wanted to do then full support would be provided. They wanted to be grandparents long before they passed.

Their overall excitement at the prospect of being grandparents hadn’t helped her in

her decision. They wanted her to have a baby. For her, she didn't know how it would work between the two of them, Xavier and Anya. They were totally different. Where she was happy with a home cooked meal, he wanted the glorious high life, living with quality chefs. She wouldn't want to go out every single night, nor would she want to go traveling all the time. The traveling she did with Xavier for work was more than sufficient.

Then there was the fear of what would happen if he grew bored. Would he push her to one side, only visiting their child when he liked it?

“What made you change your mind?” she asked.

“What do you mean?”

“This whole baby thing. I don't- why me?”

“I like you.”

“You've liked a lot of women.”

“I've fucked a lot of women. Doesn't mean I liked them.”

“Do you get off on being this hard-assed man?”

“It's just who I am.”

“Are you happy?” she asked.

“What makes you think I'm unhappy?”

“This sudden swift decision. It makes no sense to me. One moment you're happy

sowing your wild oats, or whatever it's called. Now you're saying you want to have not one, but maybe two kids with me, where we live together?"

"I think it's a sound decision. Did you talk to your parents about it? I know you're still in touch with them, and they mean a great deal to you."

"Yes, I talked to them."

"And?"

"And they like the idea of being grandparents. They also think you'll be a good father."

"See, even your parents are seeing sense."

"They also said it had to be my idea."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"It means if I'm not happy sharing this ... thing with you, then they'll accept it."

"Why wouldn't you be happy?"

She turned toward him, and glared. "Yesterday I was a mere employee. Now I'm the future prospective mother for your children? A woman I know you've slept with was there yesterday talking to everyone. She would gloat about how you were so in love with her, and intended to marry her."

"That I didn't know."

"No? She would tell everyone who would listen how hot you were for her, and now

you're telling me you want me. Not only do you want me as a mother, you want to do it with sex. What if we get to the bedroom, and you don't find me attractive? How the hell am I going to live with that?"

"That wouldn't happen."

"You don't know that."

"Actually, I do." He pulled into the parking lot of his building. Her car was still there, and so were several other cars. She did her best to ignore them. "I know I'm attracted to you. I loved our kiss, and I want to do it again. I watch you walk away because I love your ass. Your tits are more than a generous handful."

"You are really crossing that line."

"That line was already crossed, and I'm not going to uncross it." He took hold of her hand. "I'm being serious about this. This isn't a decision that I'm going to change tomorrow, or when I get bored. I'm in this for life, and while you're thinking about it, I want you to consider that. I won't push you away. I won't find another woman."

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“How do I consider this? Nearly every part of me is screaming hell no.”

“Then what is your other part screaming?” he asked.

“Not as loudly. I’m ... ugh ... I don’t know what I am.”

“I’m not going to rush you. Okay. We’ll go in, work, and just think about it. Can you do that?”

“Of course I can do that.”

Climbing out of the car, she held her bag tightly in her grip. They made their way toward the elevator. No one else was on it, and she glanced over at him. “Why did you give me this job? I never applied for it.”

“The way you treated me when you had no idea who I was. I thought you handled yourself well. You knew all of the details of the business that were important. Did you know some of our colleagues were laughing at you?”

“Yeah, I know.” She was used to it.

“I wanted to give them a reason to stop laughing. I also saw that if you garnered that information within a few months, then I wanted to see your potential working with the guy who built it from the ground up. I wasn’t wrong.”

“Thank you.”

“They are not compliments. You earned the right.”

“Still, it’s nice to know.” She smiled at him.

She was never afraid of hard work, and the moment she got this job, she knew she’d done well. Xavier was a hard boss, but he was fair.

They got off on their floor. She stopped at her desk while he made his way into his office. Several people had seen them together, but that wasn’t newsworthy. They often met at the parking lot, and traveled up.

He wants to have a baby.

Firing up her computer, she handed the tray of letters to Lottie, the postal lady in the company, and then went to the coffee station. Martha was there, grabbing an entire tray of coffees.

“First floor has you getting their drinks?” she asked.

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not your job.” Anya knew from experience that certain floors would gang up, and see what they could get certain people to do. They got a kick out of making the receptionist their little slave, or something. She didn’t get it. “What did they say this time?”

“I’m fine, really.”

Anya didn’t press, but she saw that Martha was upset.

“Fine, okay. They told me I didn’t have much to do anyway, and I might as well get

busy and get them coffee.”

“They’re assholes. Your job is very important.”

“I man the desk, direct people, and answer the phone. It’s not a lot.”

“I tell you what, Mr. Leigh believes it’s one of the hearts of the business. People come here, that first initial greeting can be the difference between a good meeting and a bad one.”

“I never really thought about it like that.”

“I wouldn’t get them their coffee, and to avoid the floor, just use the stairs. You’re a hard worker, Martha.”

She grabbed her and Xavier’s coffee, taking him one, and then going back to her desk. For the most part, the day went by without a hitch. Clients and prospective companies turned up for their appointments. She assisted Xavier in any way that she could and dealt with people from the first floor who were pissed to have to get their own coffee.

Throughout it all, she couldn’t get rid of what Xavier wanted from her.

A baby.

A living, breathing, precious thing.

Something that usually brought families together.

By the time people started to leave, Anya still hadn’t come to a decision. She kept saying yes, and then no, and then yes again. She’d always wanted a baby, and at least

she knew she could trust Xavier. He may be her boss, and for the most part an asshole, but he did follow through with his word.

Not once did he break a vow, or offer something that was never going to happen.

By six, she was finishing up her work and grabbing her jacket. Xavier was still arguing on the phone, and she made her way toward his door. She didn't enter, nor did she draw attention to herself.

Watching him work, how deeply he fought for his company was the final reason she made a decision.

He slammed the phone down, shaking his head.

"Did you not get the deal you wanted?" she asked.

"Oh, I got it all right. Never doubt me when I want something."

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“I don’t.” She glanced down at her feet, took a deep breath, and looked at him. “I thought about your offer, and I’ve come to a decision.”

He put down the pen he was holding.

“It’s yes. I’ll have your baby.”

Xavier looked around her apartment. He’d never been inside before, and he liked it. It was tiny. Much smaller than his penthouse suite, which he loved. Anya’s space was filled with personality, life, love, all of it. He saw a picture of her graduation with her mother and father on either side.

She had agreed to be the mother of his child, and instead of letting her change her mind, he’d wanted to go to her place to iron out the details.

Taking a seat, he leaned back, and sighed. She had a wonderful sofa, nice and soft on the back, and something to sink into. Resting his head back, he closed his eyes, and it was strange how he found peace.

The apartment smelled like her. A floral sweet scent that always made him want to press his nose against her neck, breathing her in.

“I don’t have any fancy coffee I’m afraid, so I made hot chocolate.”

He watched as she walked in, and bent down to place his cup on a coaster on the

coffee table.

“Hot chocolate is fine. Do you cook for yourself?” He noticed the long line of cookbooks across a wall.

“Yeah. It was something I always did with my mom. She’s an amazing cook. Every time I feel a little homesick, I cook or bake.”

Since she had entered the kitchen she had put her hair down, and now the long red strands caressed her face. He wanted to reach out, and touch. Resisting the urge, he grabbed the cup, holding it in his hands.

“We could have done this in the office,” she said, fidgeting in her chair.

“You don’t like having me in your space.”

“It’s nothing personal. Well, not much. It’s just, I don’t know what I’m saying.”

He smiled. “You’ve agreed to have my baby.”

“I know.”

“So, I should probably come around a little more, and get used to being with you.”

“I don’t want anyone at work to know. Can we keep it secret?”

“What about when the baby is born?”

“I’ll deal with everything after. Until then I’d just like to have this chance to ... have a quiet life. It was difficult for me when you hired me without the interview. I’d rather not stir anything up.”

“You’re going to have my baby. That will stir everything up. I won’t keep it a secret.”

“I know. I know. Please, just do this for me.”

“Fine. I want you to start spending more time with me. When we’re out of work, I expect you to go on dates. I don’t live in the limelight as you’ve seen, so there’s no fear of us being caught together by the press.”

“I can handle that.”

He chuckled at her lack of enjoyment. She was such a refreshing change from all the women that wanted to be seen in certain places, by important people. “I guess we should talk about marriage then.”

“Wait, what?”

“We’re going to have a baby together. I want us to be married.”

“People have babies without the need for a marriage.”

“I know. I know what I want.”

“You want marriage now?”

“It’s a small thing. I don’t want my child to be known as a bastard. It’s old-fashioned, but I want my name at the end of his or hers.”

She held her hands up. “Okay, okay.”

“Besides, I don’t see why marriage will be a problem. We’re going to spend the rest

of our lives together. Anya, I don't want you seeing other men. When we do this, we become it for each other." He wanted to make clear he had no interest in sharing her.

Anya blew out a breath. "I won't cheat on you. This is a whole lot to take in. What if we're not compatible?"

"We are."

There was no way he was getting fucking hard if there wasn't anything there. "How about we take a chance? Are you willing to ... experiment?"

"How?"

He leaned back in the chair and patted his lap. "Come and have a seat."

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“Are you serious?”

“Yep. Come and sit with me. It’s a way to find out. You’re going to have to get used to being touched. We’re going to have to do it to get pregnant.”

She took a breath. “Fine.”

Getting to her feet, she stood in front of him. Keeping his gaze locked on hers, he caressed her knees, and slowly lifted her skirt up, helping her straddle his lap.

“This feels ... nice.”

“Nice is good,” he said.

His cock was ready to burst through the seam of his pants. He was so damn turned on, and she was only straddling his lap.

“How long has it been?” he asked.

“A long time.”

“Really?”

“Yes, at least a year.”

He hadn’t been with someone in some time. Had this been happening to him longer than he first thought? When he’d known Anya was going out on a date, it had

affected him. He had made life difficult for her, being a complete bastard until she had to cancel several dates.

Running his hands up the back of her thighs, he couldn't help but love the fact she belonged to him.

Not yet.

Soon.

“What are you thinking?” she asked.

“You wouldn't like it if I told you.”

She chuckled. “That makes me kind of scared.”

“Nothing to be afraid of.” He cupped her ass, squeezing the round cheeks, and moaning as he did. “You've got a really nice ass.”

She giggled. “This is weird. I don't know much about you other than what I've learned about the company.”

“Ask anything you want.”

“Did you know you wanted kids when you were younger?”

“No. I didn't think I'd want them. I grew up in foster care. I wouldn't risk doing that.”

“Oh, were foster homes rough?”

“Some were, some weren’t. Depends on the people, the group of kids. It’s not just about dumping a load of kids in one place and hoping they would get along.”

“I don’t imagine it is.”

“How were your parents?”

“They were lovely. They only had me, and they had me quite late. I love them. They support me in every single decision I make.”

“And you told them about me?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“And?”

“They are happy about it. If I’m happy then they are happy. They want grandkids.”

Her parents were going to get the biggest gift basket in the world as far as he was concerned.

“How is this little experiment supposed to work?” she asked.

He sank his fingers into her hair, and pulled her down. Locking his lips against hers, he closed his eyes, moaning. Her hands went to his shoulders, her nails sinking into the fabric of his shirt. Caressing down her back, he pulled her shirt out from the top band of her skirt. He didn’t break from the kiss once, sliding his tongue across her lips, opening her up.

“Fuck, baby, you’re so damn hot,” he said.

“This isn’t happening.”

“Oh, it is. Tell me you’re not wet. Tell me you don’t feel this, too, and I’ll leave. I won’t ask you again.”

She whimpered. “I can’t. I want to say I don’t care, but I can’t.”

He slid his other hand underneath her skirt, and touched her panty covered pussy. She cried out, but he felt the evidence of her arousal. Her panties were soaking wet.

“This is evidence that we’re going to be good together.” He took one of her hands, and placed it against his cock. “That’s what you do to me, and you’ve been doing that to me for a long time.”

She rubbed his cock and at the same time, kissed him back, the passion inside her bursting out.

He moved her panties aside, and slid a finger through her slit, stroking her clit. Circling the hard bud, he moved down, thrusting a finger into her core.

“Yes, yes, feels so good,” she said, muttering the words against his lips.

“I’m only just getting started.”

Anya opened up his pants with one hand, working his dick as she wrapped her fingers around his length. That simple touch took the pleasure to another level. Never had he felt so fucking turned on by a woman. Usually they acted coy, or the other extreme was that of a fake porn star. Anya was wet, she was aroused, and her hand on him wasn’t about blackmailing or trying to get shit from him.

“You’re so big,” she said.

He shoved her hair aside, fingering her pussy at the same time. Thrusting two fingers within her cunt, he ran his thumb across her clit, watching the arousal build and heighten within her gaze.

“Please, please, please,” she said, gasping.

“Do you want to come? You want to come all over my fingers?” he asked.

“Yes, God yes.”

He wasn’t going to last much longer. With the way they were behaving it was like they were a couple of kids rather than adults, making out on their parents’ sofa.

“Come for me, baby. Come all over my fucking fingers.” The one thing he loved about sex was how dirty it could be. He wanted it to be dirty with Anya. Every dirty little fantasy or secret she possessed he intended to live out.

She wouldn’t find anything anywhere else.

He would become her everything.

Chapter Four

Waking up the following morning, Anya stared in her mirror. Last night was a little bit of a haze. She couldn’t believe what they had done. Her pussy was a little tender

from his fingers, it had been so long. She also didn't own a vibrator or a dildo. Not only had Xavier gotten her off last night, she had gotten him off as well.

Letting out a breath, she grabbed her toothbrush, and kept on staring at her face. Nothing seemed to have changed. She was the same woman. Only now she had agreed to have her boss's baby.

"It's nothing," she spoke the words around the toothbrush, releasing a sigh.

Anya had gotten off, and so had Xavier. He'd finished his hot chocolate, and then left. They hadn't discussed the finer points of their arrangement.

A sudden bang on her apartment door had her gasping. Spitting out the toothpaste and saliva, she made her way toward the door, and checked through the peephole.

Frowning, she opened it up, and found Xavier already there. He was dressed for work while she was still in her pajamas. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I realized we didn't actually do any talking. Not that I'm complaining. I loved the whole fucking thing, and will gladly do it all day, every single day." He brushed past her. "I got us a lunchtime appointment with a doctor. He's going to check us both out. Make sure we're healthy, and then we're good to go. Also, we have a date at the end of the week for our wedding."

"Wow," she said, closing the door. "You move really fast."

"I don't see a reason why we should wait. Last night proved that we've got what it takes. Now, the rest is up to us. Pack a bag. You're staying with me tonight."

"Wait, what?"

“I know. I can’t believe I didn’t think of it before. Pack a bag, and you can come to my apartment. Do you rent this place out, or do you pay a mortgage?”

“I’m paying for it.”

“Don’t worry, we can sell it, and you don’t need to worry about another place. You’ve got mine.”

“Xavier, stop!” She held her hand up. Her hand was shaking. He was taking over her entire life, and all she had done was agreed to be the mother of his child. “I’m not ready for us to take that next step.”

“You’re going to be the mother of my child.”

“I know, but before we move on to ... that. Don’t you think it would be fair that even as we’re taking the next step, we have time to pace, to enjoy what we’re going to create?” she asked.

Xavier was a good man in his heart, for the most part. However, she wasn’t under any illusions concerning him. He was an asshole, had a reputation for being a bastard, and even though she loved working for him, there were times she would disappear to the ladies’ room to scream at him. Of course, he didn’t know she was screaming, which always made the screaming that little bit harder.

“I don’t see why we should wait.”

“You’re taking over, and I can’t stand that right now.”

She moved past him, but he stopped her by catching hold of her arm. “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to get changed, and get ready for work. I’ll go to your doctor’s appointment, but tonight I’m coming home.”

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She pulled out of his hold, and slammed her bedroom door.

Grabbing her suit, she removed her pajamas, and bent down to pull some panties on.

“This is ridic—”

“Get out! I’m naked.”

He stopped talking, and she tried to cover herself up.

Xavier moved up behind her back. “I’m going to see you naked soon.”

“Not like this.” She was so angry, but the moment his hands were on her, she lost all sense of anything other than need. Damn her body. Her pussy grew slick remembering the way he’d touched her, fingered her, brought her to orgasm.

“All I know is charging ahead. You want me to slow down, I’ll slow down.”

“We may not get pregnant right away. I like my life here, and if you annoy me, I like the thought of coming home, and having my own space.”

His fingers gripped her hips, and the whole of his body pressed against her back. Glancing across the room at the full-length mirror she kept to make sure she looked presentable, she saw them both together.

“We look good,” he said.

Her hands were crossed in front of her body, and she was biting her lip. Her cheeks

were flushed, and her tits felt heavy, even to her. She wasn't perfect. Her body was fuller, rounder. There was no flat stomach, or smooth thighs. The last thing she resembled was a model.

"You're so beautiful," he said. He wrapped her hair around his fist, and pulled it to one side, kissing her neck.

She gasped, unable to keep the moan that escaped her lips.

"You make me want to fuck you right here, right now."

"Will you always tell it like you see it?" she asked.

"I don't know any other way. I'm not some prim and proper businessman, Anya. I'm a man to the core. A man that knows what he wants and goes after it. It's the only way I know. From nothing I forged a multi-billion dollar empire, and I don't care what people think of me." He kissed down her neck, nibbling on her collarbone.

She closed her eyes as her body came to life at his caress. "Xavier."

"What?"

"We really need to get to work."

The hand on her hip moved up, cupping her breast. He pinched her nipple, and they both cried out. "I can't wait to fuck you. To have you spread open, and waiting for my dick, Anya. What the fuck have you done to me?"

"I've not done anything."

"Oh baby, you don't have a clue what you do to me." He pushed his cock against her

ass. “That’s what you do to me. I’m so damn hard for you.” He whispered the words against her ear, and she couldn’t look away. It was so hypnotic.

She stood completely naked while he was fully clothed. What also surprised her was how much taller he was than she was. He surrounded her, making her feel small and somewhat dainty.

“I want to fuck you, Anya. I want to take you so fucking hard that every step you take you’re thinking about me.”

Anya whimpered.

“Would you like that? Imagine my cum spilling into your panties because I’ve filled your delicious cunt.” The hand on her breast traveled down, and she didn’t fight him as it dipped between her thighs. He teased her clit, and she moaned, pushing against his hand. “I have a confession to make, Anya. I love my sex fucking dirty. When I’m done, I love to taste, and be covered in sex. Does that surprise you?”

“Yes.”

“I want to watch as my cock fills your mouth, and spill my spunk inside. I’ll wait until I’m ready, and see you swallow.”

She couldn’t believe how aroused she was getting by his words.

“You like that, don’t you? Do you want to get dirty with me, Anya? To take what you want?”

“Please,” she said.

“You want to come?”

“Yes.”

“After today’s appointment, I expect you in my bed, at my beck and call, do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” He thrust two fingers inside her pussy, drawing them up to her clit, and swirled his fingers across the nub. “So fucking wet. Come for me, Anya. Come for your boss.”

And she did. She shattered, screaming his name, and begging for more. He took her over, held her as the arousal claimed her, and she simply gave in to it.

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“Trust me, baby. Give yourself to me, and I promise you, you’ll want for nothing.”

When her orgasm subsided he still held her, and she watched as he licked his fingers, tasting her. “You’ll be pleased to know that my penthouse has a whole lot of mirrors, and I intend to put them to good use.”

She closed her eyes, panting, sated, and completely confused.

Who was Xavier Leigh?

They were both completely healthy, and the doctor didn’t see a reason why they would have trouble conceiving. Xavier was damn happy about that. He couldn’t focus on work, and found his attention straying to his natural red-headed PA. Anya had surprised him with her response earlier, and he intended to enjoy every part of her.

When his staff started to leave at the end of the afternoon, his cock started to thicken at the possibilities for the night.

He’d been insistent this morning that he drive them both into work. She didn’t like it, but he wanted the chance to take her back to his place tonight. Turning off his computer, and filing several contracts away as he always did at the end of the day, he watched, and waited.

Anya flitted from the copy machine room, back to her desk, rushing all around the floor. She took her job seriously, and he found it a turn-on that she was doing it

because she wanted to rather than trying to impress him. Running a finger over his lip, he mourned the loss of her scent.

After he had made her come, she'd marched him into the bathroom, and washed his hands, her cheeks a nice shade of red.

Finally, after what felt like a lifetime, she glanced toward him. She quickly looked away and grabbed her jacket and bag. She had a small overnight bag packed for this evening. It was a start. What she didn't know was that that bag wasn't going back to her place, nor were the clothes. Slowly, he'd move her in with him.

She stepped in the doorway. "How are you getting on?"

"I'm finished, waiting for you."

Her hands were shaking as she rubbed them together. "Do you want to go?"

"Yes."

"I would understand if you don't want to go through with this plan."

"We're going through with it." The more he thought about having a child with her, the more excited he became. He wanted to be a father. In fact, he wanted to be a father more than he wanted anything else.

She let out a breath. "Okay."

"What about you?" he begrudgingly asked. The last thing he wanted to do was give her a chance to leave, or to pull out.

"I'm okay." Her cheeks heated. "I can't deny how I feel."

No, she couldn't.

Neither could he.

"You're not alone."

He grabbed his jacket and his case. There was no such thing as leaving work at work for him. He took it everywhere he went. This company was his baby, and he intended to leave it to his son or daughter.

They went through the same motions, getting on the elevator. This time, they weren't alone. A couple was talking about an upcoming public charity event. Xavier liked to invest in charities, especially those that helped children with disadvantages. It meant a great deal to him. There was a time he had been such a child. So when people applied for a job in his company, it was with the understanding that certain ... sacrifices needed to be made.

Those sacrifices could be a huge bake off, held in the local campus grounds or high schools. A dress up day where they were asked to be creative and spend the day in a costume.

Whatever raised money, he was more than willing to do.

Every year during the summer, there was an event where all of his colleagues had to vote on what they would want him to do in order to earn money. One year he knew for a fact that Anya had pledged over a hundred dollars for him to sit for an hour in a bathtub filled with beans.

Whichever suggestion got the most votes and the most money, he would double the amount, and do the deed for a length of time.

It was a good cause, and for one day, he wouldn't be considered a bastard, or at least it was a little payback for them.

"Hello, Mr. Leigh," the woman said, noticing him behind her.

"Evening."

"Are you looking forward to the annual food event?"

"I am. This is a potluck, right?"

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“Yes. You have been pledged to try a buffet blindfolded,” the guy said, smirking.

“It’s an interesting idea, and like I said, if it got enough votes, I will do it.”

“It did,” Anya said.

“I know.” He winked at her. “It’s all a bit of fun.” Besides his numerous charities, he was also creating a department that allowed for possible sponsorship, and a chance of working in his company. This was for high school graduates, and college applicants.

“Man, it’s going to be so good,” the guy said.

The elevator opened, and they left.

“Was it me or did that guy seem to have a little bit of an issue with me?”

“Maybe you’re seeing things?”

“I don’t know. That’s not something you see.” He shrugged. “I make a great deal of enemies.”

“You were the one who built your reputation, even before I got here.”

The elevator opened, admitting them into the parking lot. “I think it’s a good incentive.”

“I don’t think you’re all that bright though.”

“Why?” he asked.

“You’re a hard-ass boss, with a horrible reputation, and every year you open yourself up to this. Now you’re going to be trying food that could be so damn nasty.” She shuddered.

“Are you contributing?” he asked.

“Yes, but I’m not going to do anything nasty.”

He shrugged. “It’ll be good fun.” At the back of his mind, he couldn’t help but be a little tense. He hoped it was going to be okay. Maybe some vomit-worthy entries, but when he saw the suggestion on the board, he made sure everything had to be at least edible. Nothing foul or awful.

Opening her car door, he waited for her to get inside before he buckled her in.

“I do know how to get in the car.”

“I know. I like doing it.” Once he was behind the wheel, he didn’t waste any time, and went straight toward his penthouse.

“You’re very bossy.”

“I’m the boss. It comes with the territory.”

She laughed.

“You do know what is going to happen tonight?”

“Yes. I’m not some virgin. I still think we’re rushing into this.”

“Why?” he asked.

“We don’t really know each other. There’s a whole lot of reasons why we shouldn’t do this. I happen to enjoy my job. You’re a pain in the ass to work for, but you’re also a challenge as well.”

“I’m a hot challenge.”

“I’ve never seen this side of you. You’re kind of nice.”

“Niceness doesn’t work well within the office.”

She didn’t say anything for several seconds. “I’ve been thinking about these charity things you do. They mean a great deal to you, right?”

“They do.”

“I was curious why.”

“I grew up in foster care, Anya. I know what it’s like to be dumped and forgotten.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I don’t mean to pry.”

“It’s fine. Most of the time, we all act like we don’t give a shit. Like it doesn’t hurt to know that you’re not wanted. We go through life, and we go to school. I remember going to school, and people knew I wasn’t like them. I wasn’t ... wanted. Anyway, I’d watch my peers run to their parents, and the foster kids, we had a mini bus to pick us up, that advertised where we came from.” He was used to looking back. It no longer hurt him anymore. “One day, I just got up, and I studied hard, and I knew I was going to do something important. I wasn’t going to let anything step in my way. It’s why I make sure the kids at these homes have me.”

“Do you go and see them?”

“Of course. How do you think I know about them?”

“I had no idea.”

“I raise the money, and then I take it to each home, spend as much time as I can. Don’t get me wrong, some kids are damaged in these homes, and they are so damn violent that they can’t come back from that. I just help as much as I can.”

He glanced over at her to find her eyes on him.

“I had no idea that you cared so much.”

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“There’s a reason none of my charity events are known to the public. It’s not for others to look at me, and swoon, or to try and do one better. This is me. This is who I am.”

“And deep down inside you’re a good person. You just don’t like people to see it.”

She patted his knee.

“Don’t feel sorry for me,” he said.

“I won’t. It helps me.”

“How?” He was confused now.

“I don’t want an asshole to be the father to my kid. You’ve proven to me that you have a heart. I’ve seen you at these events, Xavier. You have a heart, and you care. You’re going to make one hell of a dad. The truth is, I bet you’re one already.”

“I’m careful with the women I fuck.”

“I don’t mean that.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“You’ve become something of importance to these boys. In a way, you’re like a father, or at least a very good uncle.”

He liked that. Parking up in his space, he linked their fingers together. “I don’t want you to be nervous about tonight. We’re not going to rush anything.”

“I know. I’m not afraid, Xavier. You’re not a bad guy.”

He may not be a bad guy, but he was a dirty one, and Anya was about to find out exactly how dirty he could be.

Chapter Five

Anya had been to his penthouse several times in the past. If he was ill, she’d come and work for him at his place so he never fell behind. She also prepared his meals, and actually took care of him.

This time, it was different. She carried an overnight bag with the intention of staying, of sleeping with him. Sex.

Xavier closed the door behind him, and she felt somewhat ... aroused. She wanted this. Her tits were heavy, and her pussy slick. Licking her dry lips, she looked around his home. There wasn’t much to it, no artwork. Xavier liked things clean, and without any personal touches.

“I can take my bag.”

“I’ll take it.” He moved toward the bedrooms, and instead of putting it in the spare bedroom, he went straight through to his.

I’m about to have a baby with my boss.

Xavier Leigh is about to have sex with me.

Raw fucking, and everything combined.

He surprised her when he went to his closet, opened it up, and there already was a space for her. “We can put your stuff here.” He opened her case and started to hang her stuff in the right spots.

“I can do that.”

“Nearly all done.”

When he made to grab her underwear, she stopped him. It was bad enough that he was hanging up her clothes. Did he realize he was touching a size eighteen?

“You can remove your shoes if you want,” he said.

Feeling obliged to remove them, she stepped out of them, and stood. Bending down, she picked them up, and placed them in her spot in the closet.

“Right, dinner time,” he said.

So far everything was natural. Nothing rushed, and she found herself relaxing.

Entering his kitchen, she looked toward him. He’d taken a seat at the counter, and was watching her. “Anya, tonight I intend to fuck you so the only thing you’re thinking about is how good I feel deep in your pussy. This kitchen, my home, it’s yours. We’re going to be making a child anyway.”

“It just takes me a few minutes to get my bearings.” She took a deep breath, and reached for the fridge. This was her domain. She loved being in the kitchen. It was the one place in the whole wide world that actually offered her enjoyment away from him. There were many times over the weekends when she couldn’t make it back

home, that she'd be on the phone to her mother, and they'd be cooking along together. She always enjoyed those moments.

“Still not learned to cook?” she asked.

“I don't need to. I have good places that deliver. Also, my very sexy, very lovely PA knows a thing or two about cooking.”

Grabbing some ingredients out of the fridge, she got them both set on a chicken pasta with a salad on the side. Xavier didn't offer to help, and she didn't even ask him. They didn't talk about anything important. In fact, Xavier got his laptop, and finished up some work while she cooked.

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“Do you ever finish? Or are you always working?” she asked.

“When you own the company, it’s hard to warrant a day off.”

She shrugged. “I can understand that. Do you ever need help?”

“Not with stuff I do at work. Nah, it’s easier to just do this when I’m relaxed.”

With everything served up, they went to his dining table, and they ate. Xavier moaned around mouthfuls of food, and he opened up a bottle of wine. The atmosphere was slightly tense, a little awkward.

Sipping the red wine, she loved the fruity taste, and it complemented the food. She didn’t finish all of her pasta, and was surprised when Xavier took the plate from her and finished it off.

“You’ve got a big appetite.”

“I happen to love food.”

“If you love food so much how come you didn’t learn to cook?”

“It’s not a skill that makes me money. Over the years, I only worked on skills that made me more money. I’m not going to make a living out of cooking.”

“It can be for your enjoyment. I know growing up many of my memories are because of food. I love eating. I love cooking. When I go home for Thanksgiving or

Christmas, I know I'm going to be spending a lot of time with my mom." She was old, but she didn't allow anyone to take her place in the kitchen.

"She sounds amazing."

"My dad, he doesn't do much in the kitchen but take stuff. It's always funny because Mom will slap his hands, and he says it's always worth it. Of course, he'd grab her around the waist, and kiss her. They kind of got really touchy-feely growing up. It made bringing friends home a little difficult."

"You love them very much."

"They're my parents. I hope with our child, he or she will feel the same."

"What if we say children? We can have more than one."

"I never want to presume something."

He leaned back, staring at her. "You think I'm going to change my mind?"

"It's difficult to predict the future, Xavier."

"But we can plan for a future we can't predict." He sipped more of his drink.

"Anyway, I was wondering how you'd want to handle a wedding. Would you like a big lavish affair, lots of guests, media, and such?"

"Media?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'm not in the public eye so much, but a rich guy getting married could get a lot of attention."

Anya wrinkled her nose. “I don’t want any more attention. We can just go to the, erm, the court’s filing office. I’ve heard you can literally go in on your lunch break, and be done with it. No lavish affair, no planning, or expense. It’s very cheap.”

“Money is not the issue.”

“I don’t want a big affair.”

“You’ve not dreamt about your big white wedding?”

“No. I haven’t. I’ve been very practical in life. When I was growing up I was more interested in books than in boys.”

“We all grow up differently I guess.”

“What about you? Any plans for marriage?”

“Other than right now, no. What if I told you this is the most fun I’ve ever had, and we’re not even on a proper date?”

“What?”

“Honestly, I’ve been with women, and I’ve been completely bored. I took one to an Italian restaurant—this was about four years ago actually. She spent the entire time at the restaurant pointing out certain celebrities, telling me gossip. I don’t do gossip. Nor do I do drama.”

“I didn’t think you did,” she said, smiling.

“I can’t actually recall a time I’ve thoroughly enjoyed a woman’s company, apart from the obvious.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to talk about the women you’ve been with before.”

“You can tell me about your men.”

She chuckled. “No. There’s not a lot to tell. I’ve been on dates, and I’ve done the whole steady relationship thing. I’ve never gone for moving in, or taking the relationship to the next step. I’ve always been hesitant about that.”

“You like your own space.”

“I do.” She took a sip of her wine. “This is nice.”

“You don’t have to be nervous.”

“I kind of do. This is so surreal to me. We’re about to make a baby together.” She took a breath, shaking her head, and trying to clear her thoughts. “Sorry, just a little crazy right now.”

“It’s good to be crazy.”

She chuckled. “I’m used to being me. Doing the sensible thing.”

“Sometimes you’ve got to learn to live on the edge.” He got to his feet, and she watched as he moved to his music collection, turning on a soft tune. “Come and dance with me.”

Getting to her feet, she walked toward him.

The music was soft, gentle, soothing. She found herself relaxing.

Standing in front of her, Xavier gripped her hip, tugging her close. She wrapped her arms around his neck, the action feeling totally natural to her.

“How do you make me feel so relaxed?”

“It’s a skill I’m working on.”

“I love it.” She smiled up at him. “Tell me something new about yourself. Something I wouldn’t know, or no one would know.”

“Besides the fact I want a child?”

“Yeah.”

He thought for a few seconds. “I cannot recall a time when I was really happy.”

She frowned. “You’re a rich, successful businessman.”

“You ever heard the statement, money can’t buy happiness? It’s true. I’m happy, sometimes. It’s strange. I watch people go through their lives, seeming happy, and I have to wonder if they really are.”

“You actually feel stuff. Who knew?”

He chuckled. “Don’t get used to it. I don’t feel all that much.” He started to stroke her hope. “Tell me something about you.”

“I’ve never had a one night stand.”

“Never?”

“No. I’ve always been on a few dates with a guy first.”

“I’m not going to encourage you to start doing that.”

“I won’t. I’m not the kind who can.” Silence fell between them. It wasn’t awkward. She stared into his dark gaze, and wondered what he was thinking.

The hand on her hip moved behind her, pulling her closer. The hard length of his dick pressed against her stomach, and she didn’t need any second-guessing. He was rock hard, and she couldn’t think of a single reason not to give in.

Her body was soft, and Xavier's need for her was only getting stronger. They were moving fast, and yet he didn't care. He didn't give a shit about anything but getting her naked in his bed.

"I want you," he said, growling the words out. Leaning down, he slammed his lips down on hers, and started to walk her back toward his bed.

This need had been growing inside him at least four years, maybe even longer, and it wasn't going to let up. Not now, not ever.

Gripping her ass, he squeezed the flesh, and they both moaned.

Biting her lip, he kissed her hard, and pulled back.

"I want to fuck you so damn bad. You ever been fucked, Anya, fucked hard?"

"I think so."

"Baby, if you have to think you have, you really haven't."

He pushed the door open, and released her long enough to grab the blouse she wore and tear it open.

Buttons sprayed across the room. Tugging his own shirt off, he spun her around, and removed the bindings that kept her hair locked in a bun at her nape. He fingered the long, dark red length. The strands were silky.

"You're very bossy."

“It’s all I know how to be.”

He pulled the strap of her bra down her arm, and she released a little gasp. Flicking the catch open, he let it fall.

Like he’d promised that morning, his bedroom had a lot of mirrors, and he didn’t need her to be standing to see exactly what belonged to him. Across his bed was a large mirror, and Anya was staring at him.

Her large tits filled his hands, and spilled over. The tips were a dark red, large, and begging for his lips.

Fingering the zipper of the skirt, he had it off her within seconds, and she stood there in a simple thong. The thong surprised him. Running his fingers up her thighs, he slid them between her ass cheeks, touching the thin piece of fabric.

“This, I like. In fact, I like it a hell of a lot. Bend forward.”

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She placed her hands on the bed, and he spread her ass, admiring the thong nestled between her ass cheeks.

“You ever been fucked in the ass?”

“No.”

“Oh, then I’m going to have to take that cherry. There’s no way I’m leaving that tight little hole alone.”

She moaned, wriggling against him. Moving his finger down the material, he plunged inside her cunt, feeling how wet she was.

“You surprise me with how much you like dirty,” he said, nibbling her neck.

“I didn’t know.”

“Are you going to try and be a prim and proper little thing? Pretend you don’t like this? Fight me?”

“No.”

“You’re not?” he asked.

“I want this, and I’m not going to ruin it by pretending that I don’t.”

He wouldn’t give her the chance. “Good.”

Drawing his finger up to her clit, he stroked her nub, watching the pleasure dance across her eyes. He kissed the base of her back, alternating between thrusting inside her pussy, and fingering her clit. His hand was soaked with her cream, and it wasn't enough. He wanted to see her.

Pulling away, he tore the thong off her body with the promise that he was going to buy her so many more. Flipping her over onto her back, he got a good look at her.

Huge tits, nice soft rounded curves, a cute fuckable ass—which he couldn't see now but he wanted—full hips, and he knew she was going to look amazing carrying his kid. Her stomach swollen—it made his dick so damn hard thinking about it. Gripping her hips, he ran his hand down her thighs to her knees, and spread her open. Her pussy was covered in a fine dusting of hair. She was puffy, and the lips had opened a little, showing him her swollen clit and the entrance to her cunt.

“Baby, you've got a nice pussy. Open it up for me, let me see.”

Even though her cheeks turned red, she still reached down, spreading her lips open, showing him her pussy. He slid a finger through her slit, watching as he did. Circling her clit, he moved down, and plunged inside her, all the way to the knuckle. She let out a moan, and he did the same this time with a second finger. He started to stretch her out. His cock wasn't small, and when he finally took her, he wanted her to want it, not to be screaming about it.

“Feels so good.”

He couldn't look away as he worked her pussy open, sliding inside her, the walls of her cunt gripping his fingers.

“You're so tight. Do you know I've wondered about this? Thought about how tight you could be, spread open for me. This is so much fucking better than thinking about

it.”

She thrust up to meet his fingers, and he just wanted to dive in and fuck her, take her so damn hard. First, he wanted her to come, to get her nice and slick ready to take his dick. Only when he was satisfied with how wet she was would he actually give her what he’d been wanting to.

“I need you, please.”

Sinking to his knees, he sucked on her clit, biting down, and then sucking it deep before flicking it with his tongue. She arched up off the bed, and with his other hand, he pressed her down. She was going to come all over his face.

“Oh God, that feels so good. Please, please, please.”

Thrusting inside her, he flicked her clit, feeling the tightness of her cunt wrap around his fingers, begging for him to stop, and then not to stop.

She was so fucking beautiful, and her body was a dream.

Anya screamed as she came, her cunt gripping his fingers like a vise, and she softened with her orgasm.

Only when she was shaking, and he’d worked every single tremor from her orgasm did he stand up. Removing his pants, he was careful over the ridge of his cock, not wanting to trap that monster away.

Anya went to her elbows and started to move back as he crawled toward her. She wasn’t running away, and besides he liked the chase.

“Spread your legs open.”

She submitted to him, and opened her thighs. The scent of her arousal in the air was heady, and he wanted her. Damn, he was so fucking desperate. He wanted inside her, filling her with his spunk.

Anything prim and proper had left him long ago. Right now he wanted to fuck his PA, and make her scream his name loudly.

When he was between her spread thighs, he leaned back, and ran his hand over the length of his shaft.

“Oh ... wow.”

“What’s the matter, baby?” he asked.

“Erm, that’s impressive. I see what women say about you.”

“I don’t want you talking about other women when you’re in my bed.”

She nodded. The tip was already leaking pre-cum, and this was going to be the first time he’d been with a woman without wearing a condom.

Placing the tip against her entrance, he slowly started to fill her. She was incredibly tight, and he only had the tip inside her.

Instead of watching his cock sink into her, he wanted to stare into her green eyes that were shining up at him. She bit her lip, and he took hold of her hands, pressing them beside her head, he thrust every single inch of his dick inside her.

“Fuck!” She screamed the word, arching up against him and whimpering.

“Sh, it’s okay, baby.”

“Feels ... oh ... wow,” she said, panting.

“You keep saying that.”

“You’re big.”

“What every guy wants to hear.” He was more than happy that he had been blessed in that department. Holding still within her, Xavier gritted his teeth, trying not to let go, and pound deep within her. Instead, he enjoyed the feel of her pussy wrapped around him. How slick she was, and the heat, was the best feeling in the world.

Slowly, Anya started to wriggle on his dick.

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes!”

Slipping out of her pussy so that only the head remained, he stared down, seeing her cream covering his dick. “Look at us, Anya. Watch me take you.”

She looked down, and he slammed all the way home. She loved watching. His dick felt everything, and she couldn’t deny what she needed.

There was a little horny devil in his PA, and he intended to draw her out and play with her.

He would gladly have a lady in the workplace and his kitchen, but when it came to sex with him, he wanted her to be as filthy as possible.

Chapter Six

Xavier’s cock was so big that it took Anya’s breath away. He surrounded her, made her feel beautiful, and treated her body like he owned it. With the way he thrust inside her, he did own her. There was no mistake about that. Xavier owned her. She had never felt anything like this before. The pleasure was something she could get addicted to.

“Watch me,” he said.

Glancing between them, she watched as his cock eased out of her pussy. Her cream coated his length, and it made her desperate for more. He slid inside her, filling her right up, the walls of her pussy expanding because of his precious length.

He released her hands, and ran his down the length of her body, going down her hip to cup her ass, hiking one of her legs higher on his hip. As he slammed deep inside her, Anya cried out, arching up to his touch, moaning his name. Fire was building inside her.

Even though he'd brought her to orgasm once, she was building to another. Gripping his shoulders, she thrust her hips up, meeting the hard impalement of his cock.

“So fucking tight, and perfect, and all fucking mine!” He growled the last word against her lips as he took a kiss. There was no gentle caress, only deep passion.

Kissing down her neck, he took one of her nipples between his teeth, and bit hard. She screamed his name. The pain and pleasure mingled, making her gasp and beg for more.

He pulled back, gripped her hips, and slammed inside her, over and over again.

“Touch yourself, Anya. Touch that clit, and let me feel you come all over my cock. I want you to gush.”

His words, his actions, they belonged to a man at the brink, a man not in control. She loved it. This side of Xavier she'd never seen.

Touching her clit, she watched him stare at her, his gaze on her fingers.

“Use two fingers. Get them nice and wet.” He pulled out of her pussy long enough for her to dip her fingers inside herself, and spread the cream across her clit. The second she was gone, his cock thrust back inside her, shocking her with the depth of his stroke. She fingered her clit, feeling the sudden shock build as she brought herself close to a second orgasm.

Xavier cupped her tits, pinching the nipples, and riding her body hard.

“Fuck, baby, I’m not going to last. I want to feel you come all over my cock.”

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She cried out his name as her body seemed to answer to him and him alone. Shaking with her orgasm, Xavier slammed inside her, fucking her hard as they both found their completion within seconds. The hard pulse of his cock filled her with his orgasm, as her own ebbed away.

He collapsed on top of her, and she wrapped her arms around him.

I've just had sex with my boss.

This was not some drunken one night stand.

This was real.

This was for a baby.

Holy crap, that was the best sex of my life.

Seconds passed, maybe even minutes, she didn't know. All that she did know was she liked his weight on top of her. The way he had her pinned was something she could get used to.

He started to move, grabbing a pillow, and resting it beneath her ass.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Xavier didn't pull out, but he got her to lift her ass up as he placed a pillow beneath her. "I want us to not take chances."

Slowly, he pulled out of her, the angle of the pillow leaving her exposed. Heat filled her cheeks as he sat back on his heels and stared between her open thighs. When she made to close them, he gripped them, keeping them open. “You’ve got no idea how damn pretty you look filled with my spunk. I can see it inside you. Right now you’re so open. We could have made a baby today.”

His words shouldn’t have turned her on, but they did. He caressed her thighs, massaging the tender muscles that hadn’t been used in some time.

“You’re embarrassed?”

“You’re staring right at it.”

Anya gasped as not only did he stare, he slipped a finger inside her, pulling it out, and swirling around her clit.

“I think it’s fucking hot.”

She gasped, arching up. It was too soon after her last orgasm, and her whole body was already on pleasure overload.

He chuckled, and sat back, massaging her muscles once again.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” she said.

“I can. That, baby, was the best sex of my life.”

“To make a baby.”

“Do you really think I’m only going to stop for a baby?”

“Are you wanting to wait to see if tonight we were lucky?”

“Hell no. I want a kid, but that, I want it just as much.” He moved from between her legs, lying beside her, cupping her cheek, and turning her to look at him. “You can’t tell me that once was enough.”

“I’ve never felt like that before. I’ve never done those things before.”

She went to turn her head but was caught with the mirror above the ceiling. This was how turned on he’d made her. She hadn’t even caught sight of the mirror on the ceiling. “You really weren’t kidding around about seeing everything, were you?”

“The room speaks for itself. I’ve been with a lot of women. I told you I wouldn’t lie to you. I love sex. The moment you agreed to this, Anya, those women, they no longer have a place in my life, but I love to fuck. I love to fuck dirty, hard, and anywhere I like.”

“You expect me to provide that for you?”

“We both get something out of it. You can’t deny that you enjoyed it. It was fucking hot, and worth every second of the last four years.”

She glared at him. “What are you trying to say?”

“I’m saying that watching your hot ass walking around hasn’t been the easiest thing in the world to do. Do you have any idea how many times I’ve wanted to fuck you? Bend you over my desk, and fuck you so hard that the entire office knows that you belong to me.”

“That would be very inappropriate.”

“I happened to like the office spreading gossip that you belonged to me, and only me. It meant everyone else stayed away from you.”

“You were that possessive?”

“Baby, don’t even get me started on how hard it was for me to watch you to go on those dates. I remember you coming out of the bathroom all dressed up, and it was hard to let you go. There were so many times I wanted to follow you, to show you what a real man was like.”

“You’re that man?”

“I’ve got you in my bed, sated. I’d say I’m a better shot than anyone else.”

She smiled. Anya couldn’t help but like the thought of him wanting her, or even his possessive thoughts. She wasn’t used to men seeing her like that, wanting her, needing her.

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Xavier gripped her hip, squeezing it.

“When do I get to meet your parents?” he asked.

“Soon. Mom and Dad, they will have a lot of questions for you. Kind of scary questions as well.”

“Tell me these scary questions.”

She licked her lips, remembering that he didn’t have any real parents. “Okay, they’ll ask if you care about me, what you would do to keep me safe and loved. If you actually loved me. What your plans were for the future.”

“We’re getting married within the next week.”

“I know. I was thinking that’s how you could answer. They won’t be so hard on you.” She was going to be married to Xavier Leigh, but the biggest problem was she wanted to keep it a secret.

Being with him excited her, yet it made her nervous. He was wealthy, and she wasn’t. It was as simple as that.

The hand on her hip moved up her body to cup her breast. He pinched the nipple, making her moan.

“Do you have any idea what you do to me?” he asked.

“I’m starting to get the idea.”

“Fuck, baby, your body. It’s a dream, and you turn me on. You’ve got no idea.”

Glancing down at his rock hard length gave her an idea of exactly how turned on he was.

“I know it has been some time. Are you ready for round two?”

Staring into his eyes, Anya felt a stirring. It was only small but it was there, and she didn’t understand it. This was only going to be an arrangement between the two of them, and yet, it was there. He made her ache. He made her yearn for him. This wasn’t going to be as simple as a quick fuck for kids.

No, Anya feared that she was going to start to fall for Xavier.

She hoped if it happened, it wouldn’t be such a bad thing.

After all, he was only a bastard in the office.

One glorious week had passed. Xavier stared out of his office window, and couldn’t keep the smile from his face. He was married, and slowly, he was moving Anya into his place. Their wedding hadn’t been a big deal. No white dress, no flowers, no guests. Like Anya wanted, they’d gone down to the courtrooms during a break, and simply gotten married, signed the paperwork, sealed it all up, and he’d placed a ring on her finger. It had to be one of the coldest moments of his life. Then he recalled Anya’s smile, and nothing had been cold about that day. They all had to make sacrifices, and she was giving up her life to be with him.

There had been a few minor setbacks. She didn't want anyone to know that he was married in the office, so the ring he wore was around his neck attached to a necklace. Anya wouldn't wear her ring either, which pissed him the fuck off. She belonged to him. They were in the process of making a baby together, and they were husband and wife. It would only be a matter of time before it got out, and then she would have to face everyone.

They had also set a date for him to meet her parents. Another week to go, and he would know a little more about Anya. Spinning around, he found her talking to the lady who took the letters, Lottie. For some strange reason Anya believed it was good of him to remember colleagues' names, or in his case, employees' names. He didn't really care to remember every single name in his employ. There were so many. He treated them well, and if they fucked up, he made sure they knew it. Growing up in foster care, he was always told when he was doing wrong, when he was fucking up. It didn't stop him.

In fact, he got stronger, he got better, and when everyone else was praising someone else, he speared ahead. Life was a competition, one he always intended to win.

Getting to his feet, he made his way out the door.

"I had a great weekend, thank you. My husband took me out for a romantic dinner. Well, I thought it was romantic. We went for a picnic out near our old football field."

"That sounds perfect," Anya said, smiling.

He was blown away with that smile. Rarely did she smile at him.

"Morning, ladies," he said, alerting them to his presence.

The smile disappeared from Anya's gaze. Lottie looked flustered. "I'm sorry, sir. I'll

just be taking these letters.”

“It’s Lottie, right?” he asked.

“Yes. Yes, sir, it is.”

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“Great to finally meet you. Anya talks so highly of you.”

“I come to the floor every single day,” Lottie said.

He held his hand out for her to take. She looked at him like he was going to bite. Quickly, she shook his hand, and made her escape.

“Why did you have to do that?” Anya asked, turning toward him.

“What?”

“Make her nervous. She probably thinks she’s out of a job now.” Anya shook her head, and pulled out a file. “You have three appointments—”

“Baby, where have you been?”

Xavier turned in time to see Becky throwing her arms around him. Anya’s desk phone had been ringing constantly, and she now took the distraction to pick it up.

Becky’s grip was a damn nightmare, and he tried to pull her off. He’d seen the look in Anya’s eyes. She was ... gutted.

“She’s here, thank you, Martha.” She put the phone down, and he saw her eyes were a little teary. “Sir, Becky is here to see you.”

Before he could say anything, Anya turned on her heel, and left.

What the fuck?

“Have you missed me?” Becky asked.

“I kicked your ass out of my office. Why are you back here?”

“Don’t be so silly. I know you were only joking around, and it was so funny. Let’s be serious, you want me. I remember all the amazing times we had, and how much you loved being inside me.”

This was the kind of woman he’d been fucking. He felt sick to his stomach, and he wasn’t happy with how Anya had left him. He was pissed off, angry even. She was his wife, dammit. He’d done everything in his power to make her happy, and she just got up, and walked off.

Becky tried to wrap her arms around him again, and he became aware of people watching.

“Get out of my office,” he said.

She rolled her eyes. This woman was a psycho. He didn’t trust her, and more importantly, he had to go to Anya. She’d looked so damn sad and upset. He had to go and protect her.

“You always play hard to get. If you’re embarrassed, don’t be. They all know that you want me.”

“I don’t.” Grabbing the phone from Anya’s desk, he called security.

The change in Becky was instant. “I’m pregnant.”

“No, you’re not.”

“I am. I’m pregnant with your baby.” She cupped her stomach.

“I haven’t slept with you in a long time, Becky. This is harassment, and I will get a restraining order. That won’t look good for your agent.” The only reason he’d dated Becky was because her agent happened to be a good friend, who asked him to. Xavier was done doing good deeds. Becky was a spoilt brat, used to getting what she wanted, and when she didn’t, she threw a fit.

“When you were drunk, that’s when you slept with me.”

Xavier burst out laughing. “Don’t even try to use that tactic, Becky. When I’m drunk I can’t even get it up. That baby you’re carrying is not mine, if you’re even carrying a baby.” He wouldn’t put it past her to try to lure him into bed to get what she wanted.

Security appeared seconds later, and when he was sure they would deal with it, he went in search of Anya. He found her in the copy room, standing at the machine. Papers came out of one end.

She glanced behind her, and her eyes grew wide. “I thought you’d be busy.”

“I’m actually taken, babe. I got married over the weekend to a pretty good woman.”

“Enough, Xavier. People can hear.”

“I don’t give a fuck what they hear.” He entered the copy room, and closed the door. The blinds were down in the room, and Anya sighed, turning around. This moment was clichéd as fuck, but he wanted her. Damn it, his cock was rock hard, tenting his pants.

“I don’t want everyone to know our business. It’s not important to you like it is to me,” she said. “I had to deal with it when you hired me. I’m lucky I get some respect now.”

“I hear anyone bitch about you, say horrible shit, and I would end them, Anya. Tell me who says anything, and that would be it, done.”

“It’s not that simple.”

“Yeah, it really is. You don’t have to make a big deal out of nothing.”

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“She’s the first one of many. You’ve not lived like a monk.”

“Neither have you.”

“I don’t have men coming to work to claim me, Xavier.”

“If they did, I wouldn’t walk away,” he said. “I’d stay by your side, letting them know exactly who you belong to.” He advanced into the room. Standing in front of her, he sank his fingers into her hair, gripping the back of her neck. Pulling her close, he slammed his lips down on hers, and they both moaned. The hands on his chest started to push him away. He fought her until she ran them up, sinking into his hair. With his other hand, he cupped her ass, kneading the flesh. He’d been inside her this morning, and it still wasn’t enough. He needed her again. Picking her up, he placed her on top of the copier, and tore at her panties until they snapped.

“What if someone comes?” she asked.

“Oh, there will be people coming. Both of us.” He spread her open, feeling her wetness. Groaning, he pulled his cock out of the open zipper, found her entrance, and slid home.

He covered her mouth to soften the sounds. “We don’t want anyone to hear.”

Her eyes grew wide, and her pussy spilled more of her cum over his dick. She was so responsive, so wild. He just knew that none of her wildness had ever been explored. His Anya was the one that had always been overlooked.

Pulling out of her pussy, he slid back inside, thrusting hard.

“When I get you home tonight, I want you on your knees, ready to take my dick.” He pounded inside her, getting her more aroused about what he had planned for when they got home. “When you’ve taken my cum in your mouth, and I’ve seen it there before you swallow it down, I’m going to lick your pussy, get you ready for another wave of cum.”

She met his thrusts, wrapping her legs around his waist as he fucked her hard, taking what he wanted. He paused in his thrusts, reaching between them to flick her clit.

Xavier wasn’t about to find his release before she did. She was going to come, come hard, and he was going to enjoy it.

“You like this, don’t you? The risks, the chance of getting caught. I don’t care if someone walks in. I hope it’s a guy. That way they will know that you belong to me, and no one has a chance with you. Your body is mine.”

You want her heart.

Xavier gritted his teeth, trying to cut off the yearning that had started from the first moment he thrust inside her.

Anya came, spilling her cream all over his cock. When the orgasm started to subside, he thrust inside her, going deep, claiming her as his own.

He pressed his face into her neck to stop himself from crying out. The pleasure of her body made it even harder for him to leave her alone. She was fucking heaven.

Spilling his cum inside her, he pressed a final kiss to her lips.

This wasn't going to end with one child, or even with two. Anya had always been a dream to him, a pleasure that he never thought he'd find in a woman.

"Becky is gone," he said. "Every single woman that came before means nothing to me. All there is, is you."

Chapter Seven

"Please tell me he's a meat eater?" her mother, Emma, asked.

"Yes, Xavier likes meat." Anya sat outside of the office building, eating a sandwich. Xavier was on a very important conference call. She made sure he had some lunch, and decided to eat hers outside on one of the walls, watching the hustle and bustle of the city life go by.

"Good, good. I have no problem with people being vegetarian, or whatever they want to call it. Just not for me. A meal is not a meal without some meat."

"There are a lot of people who will disagree. I like vegetarian food. You should make the lasagna. Amazing."

She heard her mother's scoff. "Can you imagine me feeding Harold a vegetarian lasagna?"

"Nope. Dad wouldn't talk to you for weeks."

"Now that you say that, I may just make it for him."

Anya started laughing. Her mother and father loved each other very much. "How much does he know of ... my arrangement?"

“He knows everything, sweetie. You know I don’t keep things like that from your father.”

Anya groaned. “That’s not good.”

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“I don’t lie to my husband. I love your father very much. How does this whole thing work for you?”

“We’re trying for a baby. We’re going to make it work together.”

“Do you like him?”

“Most of the time. He’s not a bad guy. Yeah, he has his moments of being an asshole, but don’t all guys?”

“Your father’s annoyed that we didn’t get invited to your wedding.”

“No one did. It was done in a courtroom. Documents sealed, nothing fancy.” There was no elaborate dress. They had both been dressed for work. It had been an office day. In the morning she went in as Anya Miller, PA. When she returned she was Anya Leigh, PA. Strange even to her.

“We wanted fancy for you.”

“I’m not the kind of person to appreciate it.”

“Okay, well, how about him making you happy? Does he make you happy?”

“Yes, he does.” She wasn’t going to go into detail of the ways that Xavier made her happy. Spending so much time with him over the past week, she’d started to see the little things. It wasn’t just about the boys he helped in foster care. He loved them, and his cause, making sure he did everything for them. Late one night, he’d been making

love to her when his cell phone rang. It hadn't been his work phone. He owned a special cell for emergencies only. After he finished making love to her, they had gone in search of a boy who hadn't come home.

They'd found the kid alone at a park, crying. Her heart had broken for the little boy who had found out that his mother had moved on, and wasn't coming back for him.

"He's a good man, most of the time." She told her mother about the incident with the boys, and her mother fell in love with him.

"How can this man be considered a bastard?" Emma asked.

"He's not very nice to previous girlfriends, and he tends to cause a few problems."

"Pfft, he sounds like my kind of man. So, do you think you could be pregnant?"

"There's a chance. A slim chance I might be."

"I can't wait. We're so excited about being grandparents."

Anya smiled. She loved making her parents happy and proud.

"We'll see you this weekend. We have the charity event on Saturday. It's a major thing here for foster kids. Then we'll be driving to your place."

"How about Harold and I come and see him? I'd love to see him in something interesting."

"I'll ask him, and I'll call you back." She wasn't sure if Xavier would want to meet her parents while also completing tasks to raise money.

“Call me back. I’ll be doing my pot roast, or if it’s warm enough, I’ll get your father to grill.”

“Don’t let him burn anything, Mom. You know how he can get with that thing.”

“Totally agree.”

She said goodbye to her mother, and hung up.

Making her way up to her floor, she saw Xavier was still in his office, and made her way toward the coffee room to refresh hers. If he needed anything he’d call her. Martha was standing at the machine, and the receptionist smiled at her. “Thank you so much. I can come and get my own coffee now without being stopped.”

“I’m glad.”

She grabbed a cup, and started to fill it with cream and sugar. Sensing Martha lingering, she turned to look at the other woman. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong. Not really. I just, I wanted to ask you something.”

“Sure.”

“Are you dating the boss?”

Those words made Anya freeze. “I’m sorry?”

“I know. It’s so embarrassing asking you that. There’s been a few rumors going around about the two of you leaving together, and some not very nice things have been said. They believe you’re the reason he’s broken it off with Becky.”

“That’s a lie. I’m not responsible for him.”

“So nothing is happening?”

Anya didn’t like lying at all. This was harder than she thought it would be. “Don’t believe everything you hear.” Quickly making her escape, she got to her desk, and just got stuck to work.

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She didn't know how much time had passed before Xavier came out of his office, and rested against her desk.

“Success, we have the Brian account.”

“He caved?”

“It would seem the old man doesn't like the thought of working for companies that simply break them down, and change them. He likes companies that thrive, and are willing to invest to produce the best for their clients.”

“Congratulations.” The urge to hug him was strong. She stopped herself, and simply smiled at him.

“No hug?”

“Not here. Rumors have started to stir up again.” She looked around to see if anyone was staring. Fortunately, no one was. She let out a sigh.

“You're my wife.”

“I know. It's just ... you didn't have to deal with this last time. I did. I found it really hard, and right now I don't want to start it up again.”

“You really need to learn to trust me. I wouldn't let anyone talk shit about you.”

She sighed. “Can we not talk about this here?”

“Fine!”

She watched as he stormed back into his office. Feeling like a total bitch, which she was, she got to her feet and rushed inside. “I’m sorry,” she said.

“Close the fucking door.”

Anya quickly closed the door, wishing she hadn’t upset him. She wasn’t afraid of him, far from it.

“Look, I know we’re a little bit unconventional here. I get that. I know it’s a struggle. We’re married, and I don’t want to spend the rest of our lives hiding this. I won’t.”

“I know,” she said. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Just tell me how to get you to fucking accept this, Anya. Do you want to be my wife?” he asked.

Her heart started to race. “It’s not like I can just stop being it.”

“That’s not what I asked. We can divorce. It’s simple. I don’t want to divorce. I’ll do it for you.”

“I don’t want a divorce.”

“Then I want you to head down to human resources with me right now, and let them know that your name has changed.”

Biting her lip, she nodded. “Okay.”

He moved toward her, taking hold of her hand, and locking their fingers together.

“It’s going to be okay.”

“Wait, erm, my parents. They wanted to know if they can stop by on Saturday. Get to know you at the charity event where you help raise money?”

“They do?”

“You like meat, they considered that a bonus.”

Xavier threw his head back and laughed. “I cannot wait to meet them.”

“They feel the same way about you.”

“Anya, babe, you’re going to have to learn to trust me. I know that’s hard to do, but put a little faith in me. I’ve not steered you wrong, have I?”

“I guess not.”

“Come on then, let’s go and do this.”

Squeezing his hand, she smiled. She would rather face the future with Xavier, than alone. Even her feelings for him were changing. She didn’t know what she felt, only that it was getting stronger every passing day.

Later that night, Xavier was waiting for Anya to finish in the shower. He would join her, but he had plans with her, and he intended to carry them out. After he’d escorted her to the human resources department for the two of them to change their marital status, and also her name, his building was humming with gossip.

Martha and Lottie took the time to stop by her desk to ask about the details of what was going on. When she had looked toward him, he'd gone to help her, letting them know that they couldn't stop love.

Xavier stared at his reflection in one of the mirrors, and then stared down at his wedding band.

Love.

He'd never felt it before in his life. The people in his world didn't deserve love, and he didn't really believe in it either. At least, he hadn't.

No, he didn't love Anya.

Love was just an element of control that people used.

He believed in sex.

Anya came out of the bathroom dressed in a towel. "Why did you take my nightshirt?"

"Why would I want you dressed?" He ran his hands up and down his cock. The tip was leaking pre-cum, and he spread it all over the head, moving down the sides of his shaft.

“You’ve got that look in your eye.”

“What look would that be?”

“You’ve got dirty thoughts.”

“When it comes to you, they don’t fucking stop. Drop the towel.”

“You like giving orders.” She stared at him without dropping the towel.

“I’m the one that is in charge here, babe.”

“Then why don’t you come and drop the towel how you want it?” she asked.

Xavier climbed off the bed, and with a few quick strides, stood right in front of her.

“Do you really think you can test me?” he asked. “I always get what I want.”

“And what do you want, Xavier?”

“You, completely naked, and ready to take my dick.” He looked down at her fuller body, and released a moan. “Now that is what I call temptation. I can’t pick my favorite part of you. I love your ass, your pussy, and your tits.” He pressed them together, and leaned down to flick the tips. Sucking them in deep, he moaned as she moved toward him. Slipping a hand between her thighs, he found her arousal. “So wet.”

“Please, Xavier.”

“What do you want?” he asked.

“I need you to make me come.”

“You want me to make you come?”

“Yes.”

“Then ask me, Anya. Tell me what you want, and I’ll give it to you.”

“Please, Xavier, let me come.”

“I will, baby. You asked so damn nicely. Now tell me, with my tongue, my fingers, or my dick?”

She whimpered. “Your tongue, and then your dick.”

“I will, baby. First, I want you on your knees.” He pressed down on her shoulders, and watched as she went to her knees. She wrapped her fingers around his length, and started to work the tip up and down.

He released a growl. Watching her was a turn-on for him. “Open your mouth, baby.” She opened her lips, and he placed the tip of his leaking cock to her lips, covering her with his cum. “Lick it off.”

She ran her tongue along her lips, with the tip touching the head of his cock.

“Open your mouth, and push your tongue out.” She did as he said. Xavier gripped the base of his cock, and placed the head on her tongue, moving down into her mouth. “Suck it.”

Her lips closed around his length, and he started to thrust into her mouth. Wrapping her red hair around his fist, he started to pump into her mouth. When he hit the back of her throat, he paused, giving her time to get used to the feel of him.

“Your mouth is fucking perfect.” He released his cock, and stroked her cheek, watching as she sucked him hard.

This time when she took him in deep he didn’t stop. He went a little deeper. Even as her eyes grew wide, he slid inside her mouth, feeling her swallow him.

“Fuck, baby.” He pulled out of her mouth when he couldn’t stand anymore. Alternating between shallow and deep thrusts, he fucked her face. Anya gripped his ass, holding on tight. Her nails sank into the flesh as he rode her face.

The pleasure, it built until he was at the pinnacle with no return. He shouted out a warning, making sure she wanted to do what he had fantasized. Anya didn’t push him away. She held him tightly.

“Don’t swallow. No yet. I want to see it,” he said.

A second later, he unloaded into her beautiful mouth, spilling every last drop of cum. She didn’t swallow, and he pulled his cock from her mouth.

“Show me.”

She opened her mouth, and there was his cum.

“Swallow it.”

Anya swallowed his cum, and Xavier fucking loved it. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her up, and placed her on the bed. Placing a pillow beneath her ass, he

spread open her thighs, and fingered her wet slit. Inhaling her scent, he flicked his tongue, sucking her clit into his mouth. She cried out, her hand moving between them about to stroke her own clit. He slapped her hand away. "This is mine," he said. "Hold onto the headboard."

She reached up, and gripped the headboard.

Sliding two fingers inside her pussy, he sucked on her clit. Stretching the walls of her cunt, he bit down on her nub, listening as she screamed his name. With the pillow beneath her and her legs wide open, he had the perfect angle to touch her ass. Removing his fingers from her pussy, he stroked over her anus. She tensed up.

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“It’s okay, trust me.”

Flicking his tongue across her clit, he waited for her to ease before continuing to tease her ass. Pressing against the tight ring of muscle, he pushed his finger into her ass.

She cried out even as her pussy grew slick. He tongued her clit sliding down to plunge inside her cunt.

Pumping his finger into her ass, he got her used to one digit before adding a second one.

“Do you like that, baby? Do you like my fingers in your ass?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you want to come?”

“Yes!” She screamed the word, and he smirked against the flesh of her pussy.

He fucked her ass, getting her used to his fingers before he finally took her with his cock.

This may have started with making a baby, but it had fucking changed now. Anya had gotten under his skin, and there was no other place for her to hide. She was everywhere. Xavier believed that she didn’t have a clue about what she’d done to him. Becky’s presence made him feel repulsed. Any other woman didn’t satisfy this need that only Anya could sate.

“Oh, God, Xavier,” she said.

Her body grew tenser as her orgasm neared. Sucking her clit, he watched as she erupted, feeling the waves of pleasure as her ass tightened around his fingers. He swallowed down her cum, loving the taste of her.

Love.

The very same word he was sure didn't exist.

Xavier loved her body, allowing the orgasm to ebb away before he pulled away from her.

Easing his fingers from her ass, he pressed a kiss to her knee, and left to go and wash his hands. In his bathroom, he stared at his face in the mirror. Even to himself he looked a little wild.

Love.

Such a simple four letter word, and yet he'd known it caused so much pain. Washing his hands, he wiped his face, and made his way back into the bedroom in time to see Anya changing the pillows on the bed.

“What are you doing?”

“We are so not sleeping on a cushion that I may have leaked on. It's so embarrassing.” Her cheeks were as red as her hair, the fiery color like a beacon to him. Moving up behind her, he wrapped his arms around her waist, hoping they were pregnant. Not for any other reason but that he wanted another excuse to keep Anya close to him.

“Why did you do that? You know, to my butt.”

He chuckled. “I’m going to fuck your ass one day soon, Anya, and when I do, you’re going to be begging me for it. Honestly, it’s one of the best things in the world.”

“How do you know? Have you ever gotten your ass fucked?” she asked.

“I know how good it feels to do it.” He nibbled her neck, smiling as she sank against him.

There really was nothing better than having a willing woman in the bedroom.

Chapter Eight

That Saturday, Anya stayed beside Xavier, holding onto his arm as they were surrounded by congratulations. She didn’t miss the questioning looks that some were throwing their way. There was no mistaking their confused thoughts. They were all wondering why he was with her.

Xavier, though, he was so different. The kids from over ten different foster homes in the area had turned up at the school for a day of fun. Every year Xavier would donate money to the school so that he could host these events. The previous four years she had stayed in the background, playing her part but never really getting too close. This year was different. Xavier grabbed her arm, holding up their hands, and announcing to the whole event that they were husband and wife. He didn’t address anyone but the kids.

“Kids, listen up. Something is a little different this year. You see this beautiful lady by my side?”

“She’s your PA,” one kid said.

“Now she’s my wife. Anya accepted my proposal.”

“Does that mean you’re in love?” another kid asked.

“Yes, very much so.”

“Do you have to go away?”

“No, not at all. Nothing is going to change. Not for me.”

She smiled at everyone, leaning against Xavier’s side, hating the attention.

They had all gathered around her, including Logan, the little boy they had found together. She didn’t like how sick the boy was looking.

“Did you have to make a big speech?” she asked.

“Of course. These kids, they’re like my family, and I love them.”

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She looked up at him. “You said love.”

“I did, didn’t I?” He pressed a kiss to her lips. “Then maybe one day in the future I might just surprise you.”

Anya stared into his dark eyes. Was he trying to tell her there was a chance he could fall in love with her? The Xavier she knew didn’t believe in love.

Do you?

Staying by his side, she forced a smile to her lips so the kids didn’t have a clue how tormented she was. Xavier kept hold of her hand as he talked with each of the kids. They were all vying for his affection, and she noticed Logan stood off to one side. Letting go of Xavier’s hand, she made her way toward him.

“Hey, Logan, do you remember me?” she asked.

He was sitting on the bench, and he turned toward her. “Yeah, you’re Xavier’s wife.”

“Wow, yeah, I guess I am.”

“Were you his wife when you got me?”

“Yes, I was.”

“Why didn’t you say anything? Why did he say you were his friend?” Logan asked.

“I was nervous about being Xavier’s wife. He’s so handsome, and I’m not.”

Logan frowned, staring at her. “You’re very pretty.”

“Thank you. I’m not like the women that he usually dates.”

“Do you love him?”

Kids were so damn hard, and they didn’t know when to stop. Her feelings for Xavier had changed over the past few weeks. The man at the office was not the man he showed to her when they were alone.

“Yes, I think I do.”

“That’s not very good. If you don’t love each other then you’re going to have babies, and abandon them like I was.”

“No, no, no, that would never happen, Logan. I love Xavier. I do.” It was the strangest thing in the world. The moment she said those words, she meant them. It was like a switch went off inside her head, and everything fell into place. Glancing toward Xavier where he was playing ball with several of the kids, she had flashes. Moments of their time together before he even wanted her to have his kid.

The guys she had dated, she’d always kept at arms’ length, never wanting to get too close. Whenever a new woman entered the office, she always felt a pain jolt right through her heart. It was instant, and it made her feel sick to her stomach just remembering. Had she been in love with him all this time? Biting her lip, she turned back to Logan.

“For grownups, it’s just harder to say how you feel.”

“Mom didn’t love me. She left me there ‘cause her boyfriend hated me.”

Anya pushed some of his hair off his face, hating how lost and alone he sounded.

“Have you had any breakfast?” she asked.

“I’m not hungry.”

“I don’t think so. Eating helps make us strong. It’s what keeps us going.” She took hold of his hand. “I smell pancakes, and I’m not going to stop until you eat an entire stack. I also spotted some pick and prize games. Come on, Logan. Let’s go and have some fun.” She walked him toward the pancake stand, ordering them both a stack, and taking him to the nearest table. Placing one in front of him, she took one herself.

His eyes lit up, and his tongue licked his lips.

“Dig in. Don’t be afraid to eat up. Come on, you’ve got to make me look like a lady now.”

Logan took a large bite, and frowned at her. “Why wouldn’t you look like a lady?”

“Because I love pancakes.” She took a bite, and moaned. There were chocolate chip, and fluffy, with lots of syrup. “Now that is a pancake worth getting fat for.”

“Am I missing something?” Xavier asked, taking a seat beside Logan. He ruffled his head, and stole one of Anya’s pancakes.

With the new revelation of her feelings, she wasn’t sure what to do with him close. She was scared that he’d see, and that meant their deal would be off the table. She could be pregnant now. Xavier wouldn’t do that, would he?

Crap, her feelings were now causing her to have doubts about him. Well, not doubts

about him, but his reactions to her. Was there any way that Xavier could love her?

“Anya got me pancakes,” Logan said.

“Anya is amazing. Can you believe this gorgeous woman agreed to be my wife?”

Logan chuckled.

“I’m serious. I may look like a damn good catch, but some ladies really want you to work for it.”

“Did you work for it with her?”

“Yes. I did.”

She looked up in time to see him staring across the bench at her.

Her mouth went dry, and her pussy grew slick at the heat and promise within his gaze.

“Thank you for coming, Xavier,” Logan said.

“You know I wouldn’t miss this for the world, buddy.” Xavier ruffled his hair again.

Once Logan finished his pancakes, and Xavier finished hers, she took Logan to go and win some prizes. First one was throwing balls into a hoop in order to win a bear. Logan won a small bear while she sucked at it, coming away with nothing.

“Here,” Logan said, holding out his prize.

“Don’t you want it?”

“No. I want you to have it.”

Bending down, she looked into Logan's eyes, and saw the pain there. The pain and the loneliness, and it broke her heart. "You deserve to have this, Logan. No one is ever going to take this away from you."

He wrapped his arms around her, and she held on tightly to him.

For the next hour, she held his hand, and took him from one game to another. Xavier came and spent time with her in between acting like a big kid. They stood on the sidelines watching the games they played. Slowly, Logan started to let loose, and several kids came up to take him to play. She watched to make sure Logan was okay.

Shannon, the woman in charge of Logan's fostering, came up to her. "It just breaks your heart, doesn't it?"

"They all do." All the kids deserved a home. She would have given a home to all of them, but that wasn't possible.

"Most of these kids won't get a home. Some are too old, and people don't want the trouble that comes with taking on a troubled kid. Logan, though. He's ten years old, and he was dumped in foster care because his mother liked the high life, and her boyfriend hated him. She was given an ultimatum. The boyfriend, or the kid."

"She picked the boyfriend."

"The same night. She packed Logan up, a few of his things, and dumped him."

Anya shook her head, angry at the woman that she didn't know. "That is cruel."

"I know. We can't do anything about it. People drop their kids into foster care all the time. Sometimes it's because they're going through a bad patch, and at least in care they're given food, security, and a roof over their head. When they're back in a

comfortable situation, they're back to collect them."

"Everyone is different."

"I wanted to offer you my congratulations. Xavier, he's amazing, and a true inspiration for the boys."

"Thank you. He's really something."

A something I'm falling in love with.

"Xavier, this is my mom and dad, Emma and Harold Miller," Anya said.

The two people were a lot older than Xavier imagined, but he saw that they were loving, caring people. The kindness in their eyes showed through. While he'd been participating in this yearly event of torture, "taste the food", he'd noticed her parents arrive. The care they gave to each child was something he admired.

"Hello, it's great to meet you," he said.

"It's about damn time we met you. Been married for what? A month or so, and we're only getting to meet you now. It's a disgrace."

"Dad, stop it," Anya said, chuckling. "We've been busy, and we both know you'd have needed to calm down before you could even accept him into your life."

"Yeah, well, a father is still allowed to be ... annoyed."

Xavier smiled as he noticed Harold hesitated before saying something, making sure

kids didn't hear any cussing words. According to Shannon, the event was a roaring success. Xavier would double, maybe even triple, his donation this year. Every now and then, he noticed that Logan would go off, and sit on a bench. His mother leaving him had really cut him deep.

Several of the kids had asked if he would be willing to foster Logan. It was insane. Most of the time kids were desperate to get noticed, to get the attention from willing parents. These kids, they saw how broken Logan was, and they had banded together like a brotherhood, hoping that Logan got picked first. When Xavier said it wasn't fair for him to take Logan, the kids had thought it was stupid of him. None of them expected him to take them all on. Logan was special. He needed this chance, and Xavier agreed with all of them. It was breaking the little guy. The other kids were more than happy with him, desperate for him to take Logan.

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He'd spoken with Shannon, and she said she'd get the papers ready for him. Now, he just had to speak with Anya about it. In theory, this took away his need for an heir, which took away his need for her.

But it didn't. Damn, he couldn't lose her. Not now that he had her in his life. The last four years had been torture when it came to Anya. The employer and employee relationship stopped him from crossing that line that was always drawn in these situations. He'd hated watching her go out on dates with random guys, getting pissed that they could touch her when he couldn't. All the time, he'd tried to brush off his concern.

Since having her in his life, with her beneath him, he'd seen how wrong he'd been to keep her at a distance. She was beautiful, loving, caring, and everything he'd ever wanted in a woman.

When he was in foster care growing up, he would imagine being with someone when he was older, someone who loved and cared about him. Someone who meant something to him. The more he looked at Anya, the more he saw that she was the woman he'd always imagined. The woman he'd always wanted.

"Here, eat this," she said, handing him a hot dog covered in lots of chili. "It may take the rancid taste away."

The food tasting event had been one of the worst he'd endured.

"There were a few times I thought you were going to vomit," Harold said.

“There were. It wasn’t exactly the best decision I had to let them do this.”

“You clearly upset a lot of people this year,” Anya said. “I didn’t vote for this though.”

“What did you vote for?”

“The waterslide. What else? Raising money should be fun. The whole tasting food that had a risk of being vile never appealed.”

He kissed her head. “I love you.”

Emma tapped Harold’s shoulder, and smiled. “See, honey, it is love.”

For him it was love. Wrapping his arms around Anya, he pulled her against his side, and inhaled the floral scent that he’d come to associate with his woman. She was perfect in every single way for him. He loved her, and it was damn hard at times having feelings for someone he didn’t know if she even loved him back.

“We’re following you home tonight, right?” Xavier asked.

“You sure are,” Emma said.

“You’ll be staying in the spare bedroom.”

“Dad!”

“No, my house, my rules, and no naughty business in my house. It has never happened.”

Anya rolled her eyes. “How did I come along?”

“Not in the house.”

Anya’s face went bright red.

“We were wild once as well,” Emma said.

“I don’t need to hear this. Children do not need to know what their parents get up to behind closed doors.”

“Oh, sweetie, it wasn’t always behind closed doors.”

Xavier adored her parents. They clearly loved their daughter, and he’d seen so many parents who really didn’t care. There was a darkness that came with fostering that not many spoke about.

“The event is winding down.” Most of the kids had already started to board certain buses that would take them back to their homes.

“Do you need to stay ‘til the end?” Anya asked.

“No. I’ll be in touch on Monday, and settle everything.” He’d make a further donation, and then he’d start planning for the next event.

Taking hold of Anya’s hand, he made his way toward the car, and helped her inside. He liked securing her in, before he went toward his side of the car.

“Thank you,” she said.

Starting the car, he pulled in behind her parents, and waved back at them.

“I love taking care of you.” There, he told her the word again. A simple four letter

word that was so hard to say, and yet he was telling her how he felt. If he kept on saying it, maybe she would get the hint that for him, it was starting to mean a hell of a lot more.

“I love you taking care of me, too.”

“There’s something I want to talk to you about,” he said.

“There is?”

“Yeah. Logan.”

“I adore him, Xavier. Is there anything we can do to put a smile on his face? It breaks my heart seeing him like that.”

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“There is something we can do.” This was the best time to talk about it. “We can adopt him. The kids that live with him, they asked for me to take care of him, and I want to. I want to look after him. Give him a home, love him.”

“We can do that?”

“Yes, I’m getting Shannon to draw up the paperwork. I’ll have to work from home, and take plenty of time with him. I’d want you there, by my side.” They came to a set of traffic lights, and he turned toward her. Taking hold of her hand, he kissed her knuckles. “This changes nothing to me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I want us to have a baby. I want us to be married, Anya.”

“Why wouldn’t we be?”

“I’d have a son.”

“Oh, you’d have an heir.” She smiled. “I didn’t even think of that.”

“I want you, Anya. I want us to have a family. I saw the way Logan leaned on you today. We could make this work, together, as a team.”

“Xavier, I get it. I’m not running away.” She patted his hand, releasing him long enough for him to follow her parents. “I always wanted a family. My parents, as you can see, started late in life, and they always regretted that.” She blew some hair out of

her face. “I want kids.”

“When I asked you, you seemed shocked.”

“I was shocked of course. I mean, Xavier Leigh wanted to have kids. He wanted an heir, and I was there, and it was just surreal. If I didn’t want kids, I wouldn’t have said yes. I do love kids. Did I mention they eat a hell of a lot, and I love to cook?”

“You do love to cook.”

“I do, and Logan ate a lot of pancakes. I could do some really wicked experiments.”

Xavier couldn’t keep the smile off his face. He was in love with a woman with a kind heart, a beautiful soul. Now he just needed to tell her exactly how he felt.

“I just want to warn you that I don’t see a divorce in my future,” he said, and winced. How the fuck was that telling her how he felt?

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to divorce you. Besides, I wouldn’t leave Logan either. How long do you think we’ll have before he’s ours?” she asked.

“Providing nothing goes wrong, a couple of weeks.”

“That’s good. I like that.”

They were starting a family. He only hoped Anya realized exactly how much he loved her.

It didn’t matter if she realized it. He was going to show her.

Chapter Nine

Anya watched as Xavier spoke with his clients. It had been a week since he'd asked her about Logan. Things were moving slowly with Logan, but Shannon was reassured that they would be able to have him by next week. Until then, they both went and visited, getting Logan used to them.

The boys with Logan weren't angry or upset that he was coming home with them. In fact, they were damn happy. She was shocked by the love the boys showed Logan, and she was proud.

The workplace gossip had died down now. No one was whispering behind their hands, looking at them, and laughing. It was the laughter she'd hated more than anything. Xavier wouldn't let them hide their relationship anymore, and for that she was glad. She'd never enjoyed hiding that part of herself, and it never felt natural for her to.

"Here you go," Lottie said, interrupting her.

"So sorry, I was away in a different land there," she said, taking the mail from her.

"Marriage must really suit you."

"Why do you say that?"

"You're practically glowing. You're really happy, and it's nice to see you so happy."

Anya nodded. "I am happy. Last week we went and stayed at my parents' place."

"How was it?" Lottie asked.

"Kind of scary. We're both adults, but still, he was meeting my parents, and that can be really scary."

Lottie chuckled.

“It went well though. I had no complaints.” She glanced through the mail. “How was your weekend, and week?” They had been so busy with one problem and another with work that she hadn’t caught up with Lottie.

“Not a lot. My husband was poorly this week, so I nursed him back to health.”

“Everything okay now?”

“Of course. He always acts sick, but I have a trick up my sleeve.” Lottie leaned in close. “I wear my nurse’s outfit, and he’s always ready to get back on the horse, if you know what I mean.”

Anya burst out laughing. “Men, huh.”

“Yeah, men.”

Lottie left soon after, and Anya was still smiling at her story. It was funny, and it was good to laugh.

The weekend with her parents had actually been a blast. Her father adored Xavier, and they had both gone fishing down to the lake back home. She stayed with her mom, cooking up a storm. It was great to get into a nice, big kitchen, and just create. The downfall to living in an apartment was the size of the kitchen. It wasn’t great. Also, her mother often sent food out to the neighbors. Living in the city, that was kind of dangerous to do, and not something she recommended to anyone.

In the evening they’d sat playing board games, and Xavier loved it. He loved being surrounded by family, and it made her realize everything that he had missed out on. Xavier didn’t have a family, nor did he have many close friends. He had colleagues, business associates, contacts, nothing personal. No friends, nothing.

She wanted to make a family with him, to give him everything that he had missed out on as a child.

When her parents had gone to bed, that hadn't stopped Xavier from coming to her room. The days were spent with her parents where he was the perfect son-in-law. The nights, they belonged to them, and Xavier made every single one of her dreams come true. It wasn't dirty, hard, rough sex. Those two nights they stayed at her parents—they didn't leave until Monday morning—Xavier made love to her. There was no dirty talk. It had been beautiful, and she felt a connection to him that went far deeper than sex.

Licking her suddenly dry lips, she rounded her desk, and got on with work. The day wore on, and with it being a Saturday, everyone was gone by two. Xavier was working harder. She knew he was putting in longer hours as she stayed with him. He wanted to make sure he was able to spend as much time with Logan when they got him home.

Their apartment was already prepared for him, the spare bedroom being set up for everything a ten-year-old boy would want.

They were always on the hunt for a house outside of the city. By five o'clock, they were the only two in the building, and Xavier came out of his office. She sat up, stretching out her back, and giving a little moan as she did.

"I didn't expect to be this long."

"It's okay. I've caught up on all the work, and besides, what's a Saturday without having to work overtime? Maybe I should ask my boss for a raise," she said.

"Come here," Xavier said.

Getting to her feet, she made her way toward him. He reached out, taking hold of her hip, and tugging her close.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing. I just realized that I’ve spent most of today without you near.”

“I heard a lot of yelling over the phone.”

“A competitor is trying to buy out something that I want. He’s making several tempting offers, but I won’t let him take what’s mine by lying. I don’t believe in that shit.”

“My man, always doing the right thing.”

“You don’t think I should?”

“No, I do. I guess I’m just so proud of the fact you won’t be bullied into doing something you don’t want to do.”

“It’s not something I agree with. If you’re going to buy out a company, and sell it off piece by piece, then be honest about it. I want to make this company thrive. It’s an old bakery company that went under during the last financial crisis. They’re struggling, and I know I can help them.”

She cupped his cheeks, smiling up at him. “Then do what you think is right.” She pressed a kiss to his lips.

He gripped her ass, squeezing.

Anya let out a squeal as he picked her up, and walked back toward his desk. “What are you doing?” she asked, laughing.

“Something I’ve been thinking about doing all day.”

“You’ve been in meetings all day.”

“You don’t think I’ve looked through the glass, and been tempted by you?” he asked.

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She licked her lips, staring up at him. “No, I don’t. Maybe you should show me.”

He placed her on the edge of his desk, and ran his hand toward the edge of her skirt. He pushed it up. Lifting her ass off the desk, she helped him move the skirt past her panties. She cried out as he tore them off her body, pocketing them. Ever since she’d been with him, she had lost more panties because of his need to take them from her.

“I don’t think I can have too many more panties go missing.”

“Put it on my bill.” He captured her face, and slammed his lips down on hers, making her moan with the kiss that he gave her. He devoured her lips, plunging his tongue deep into her mouth, and making her belong to him. This man owned her heart. It didn’t matter how many times she tried to deny it. The truth was, Xavier had gotten inside her heart a long time ago.

Probably from the first moment that she realized he cared. Xavier had so much love inside him. One day, she hoped that he could love her with that kind of fierceness.

“This isn’t going to be nice,” he said, opening his belt buckle.

“I don’t want it to be nice.”

He shoved his pants down, revealing his rock hard cock. Tipping her back on the desk, she cried out as he found her pussy, and slammed deep inside her. There was nothing nice about it. He was hard, and he took her with a passion that surprised her.

Xavier tore open her shirt so that buttons flew all over the office. He tugged her tits

out of the cups, and pinched her nipples.

“Fuck, baby, you have no idea what you do to me.”

“I’ve got an idea.” She screamed his name as he swiveled his hips, and plunged deep inside her.

Reaching between them, she fingered her clit, watching as it drove him crazy. Xavier loved it when she took charge of her own orgasm, making him feel when she came. He didn’t make her wait for long as he started to pound inside her, going deeper than ever before.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!”

He pumped inside her, spilling his cum. At the same time, she found her own release, echoing his name over again.

When it was over, the only sounds in the office that could be heard was that of his panting.

“I booked us a restaurant,” he said, breaking the silence. “And I bought you a dress.”

“You didn’t need to do that.”

“I know I didn’t need to. I want to.”

He kissed her lips, and she couldn’t help but smile. She was with him because she wanted to be as well.

Xavier watched as Anya kissed Logan's cheek, wrapping him up in his new jacket. Each time they brought him back to the foster home, the harder it was to leave him behind. There had been a snag with the adoption, but Shannon was dealing with it. There had to be an assessment done on Logan to make sure he wanted to live with them.

Their backgrounds had come back fine, and Shannon assured him it was just down to paperwork. One department needing to talk to another, and rather than phone calls, they had to do it in paper. He was used to problems like this.

Logan threw his arms around Anya, holding her close.

She was so beautiful, and she took his breath away. They had been together for a little over a month now. A month of being married, and he loved her even more.

Shannon nodded at him, taking hold of Logan's hand as Anya came back to him.

"I hate this. I hate leaving him."

"We'll have him soon. I've already got my lawyers working on speeding up the process." He handed her some leaflets of houses they still had to look at. Logan had come with them in the morning to see some of the properties that they were interested in. Most of the places were too superficial, and wouldn't welcome a child.

Xavier was looking for something spacious, that screamed for children to have fun, laugh, and enjoy life.

Climbing behind the wheel, he headed out of the city, driving for over an hour until he got to the next house.

"A beautiful house fit for a family who are looking to get away from the city. Its

quaint location allows for the owners to bask in a peaceful life.' Sounds interesting."

"Those little slogans are designed to make people buy them."

"Very true. That cube mansion. Perfect for an artist type who likes to defy the conventional," she said.

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“Ha, if you ask me the guy was just allergic to anything with a circle.”

She started chuckling, and he loved the sound.

Pulling up outside a large security gate, Xavier sighed.

“Give it a chance. Think about it, a gate is security. We won’t worry about Logan’s safety.”

They were admitted by the realtor, and Xavier pulled up outside of the house. Only the realtor was waiting.

“Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, welcome,” he said, shaking their hands.

“Andrew,” Xavier said.

“Where’s the little man?” Andrew asked.

“We had to drop him off. He was getting too tired,” Anya said.

None of them wanted to say that Logan was currently in foster care.

“It’s a shame. I have a feeling he’d love this one.”

Taking Anya’s hand, Xavier followed Andrew inside.

The moment they set foot inside, it screamed home to him. The door closed, and

Andrew went on, talking nonstop about the previous owners. The overall love in the house was easily seen.

Xavier loved the place.

The kitchen was up to date, with modern appliances, and he saw Anya standing behind the counter, heavily pregnant with Logan beside her. It was a scene that he'd pictured many times growing up. She had stepped out of his dreams, and helped to make them a reality.

Once they were upstairs, he saw their bedroom, and there were four other bedrooms. They picked out Logan's room, and then he saw the room he could make into a nursery.

"It's perfect," she said.

"It is."

By the time they got to the garden, with the tree house, swing, and barbecue pit, he was sold.

"I'll take it."

Andrew paused. "You're sure?"

"I'm sure. We both want it. Make the arrangements. I'll pay the asking price, plus extra if they need it." He tugged Anya to him. "We have a house."

"We do."

He slammed his lips down on hers, and everything else faded away. All of his

dreams, they were coming true.

“Let’s go to dinner.”

After all the paperwork was done and the deposit was paid, Xavier took her to a little French restaurant. They had a private table where they were able to talk about the plans for the future. He knew what he wanted to do.

Taking hold of her hand, he kissed her knuckles, and smiled at her. “You’re going to make me the happiest man in the world.”

“And how am I going to do that?” she asked.

“By giving me a child, letting me make love to you every chance I get, and tonight, I intend to claim the only hole I’ve not had.”

She burst out laughing. “That was really romantic until you got to the last part.”

“You haven’t seen romance yet.”

“I don’t think doing anal would class as being very romantic.”

“You’ve not seen how good I am at it yet. I may surprise you.”

Later that night, when Anya was lying naked on the couch, he spread open the cheeks of her ass, and teased some lube between her cheeks.

“I don’t feel the romance,” she said.

He chuckled, and slid his finger into her pussy. “What if I was to tell you that I hated it when you went on dates?”

“You want to talk about past dates right now?”

“Not all of them. I’m just talking about how I felt.” Pushing a finger deep inside her cunt with one hand, he used his other hand to tease her ass. The tight ring of muscles of her anus kept him out, but he was determined to get inside. With enough pressure, he pushed a finger into her anus, feeling her pussy grow slick around his finger. “I would hate it. I’d sit at my desk thinking of ways to keep you with me.”

“I never knew,” she said, moaning.

Adding a second finger to her ass and pussy, he thrust inside her. His cock was already leaking pre-cum, and coated in lube. He was preparing her to take his dick. He wanted to own every part of her, surround her so that all she could think about was him.

“I hated the women,” she said.

“What?”

“The women you had coming through the place. I hated them, and most of the time I wanted to run and cry. I never understood it until now.”

When she was ready for him, he moved behind her, gripping his cock, and easing the tip inside her ass. He told her to push out, and slowly, he sank his cock into her ass, filling her up.

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“There will never be another woman for me, Anya. I belong to you. I don’t give a fuck if we make a baby or not. I just want you.”

He eased out of her ass so that only the tip was inside her. Xavier watched his cock sink inside her, her ass opening up to take what he had to give.

“How does it feel?”

“So good. So wrong!”

He chuckled, biting her neck.

Keeping his strokes slow, he took his time fucking her ass, waiting for her to get used to the feel of him. Only when she started to wriggle, and slam up against him did he go a little deeper, push in a little harder.

It wasn’t long before he was gripping her hip, and fucking her ass. He wasn’t hard or rough. He simply claimed her in a way that made her know she belonged to him.

“Fuck, baby, you’re mine. Always will be,” he said, biting her neck, holding her hips steady as he took her.

Sliding one hand between her, he fingered her clit, holding off his own orgasm until she found her own release.

“Please, please, please,” she said.

Anya came, and her ass squeezed him so tightly that it set off his own orgasm. He pumped his cum into her ass, and when it was over, he sprawled on top of her, kissing her shoulder and neck.

“That has to be out of this world,” she said.

“I now own every part of you. There’s nowhere else you can go.”

“I wouldn’t want to go anywhere else. You’re stuck with me. Scared?”

“No. I’m not.”

“You’re a different man from what I thought you would be,” she said.

“What did you think I was?”

“I don’t know. A playboy, cold, calculating. You’re all of those things, but there’s more to you. You’ve got a part of you that is just magical, beautiful, and charming.” She turned her head so that he could see her. “I like that guy.”

“I can’t be those things in the office.”

“I know. I don’t need you to be them. Besides, I wouldn’t want anyone else to know how lucky I am to have met a guy like you.”

He took possession of her lips, knowing there was no one else he ever wanted, not ever.

He was in love with Anya, and he was going to love her for the rest of his life.

Chapter Ten

Two weeks after purchasing the house, they had Logan officially adopted. Xavier took as much time away from the office as he could. Anya went to the office between school hours, completing his work for him. He didn't want her to hire anyone else. Another two weeks after they had Logan, their house was available, and they moved in on that weekend. Her parents came to help as much as they could. They looked after Logan while she and Xavier organized movers. They had her mother's slow-cooked pulled pork for dinner rather than have takeout.

For an entire weekend, they got the house exactly as they wanted, starting with the bedrooms, and bathroom. Time seemed to move quickly but smoothly where life just played out.

Logan came out of his shell, and completely animated their lives. She loved him like he was her own son. He talked constantly about what he loved, which bands he enjoyed listening to. It was fun getting to find out what food he liked as well. He didn't like broccoli, which was fine, as neither did Xavier.

After a little time, life seemed to slow down, and Anya found herself more and more loving every second of it. There were times before where she'd wish for a day to be over, or a moment to pass. Now she found herself wishing the moments were longer. Family was something she always wanted, but she didn't realize how much until she finally did have it. She loved Xavier, Logan, and her life.

They had been moved in for a month when she started to vomit every single morning. Her stomach turned at the scent of coffee, and she struggled with certain smells. At first, she thought she had a touch of food poisoning or the flu, not really putting it down to anything else. Only, Xavier and Logan had eaten the same as she had, and they weren't sick. After she threw up, she'd be fine, and then she'd find herself getting tired throughout the day.

Late Sunday morning when she'd rushed to the toilet Xavier came to her, pulling her

hair out of the way. “I think it’s time we took a pregnancy test.”

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“Ugh, I think you might be right.” She got to her feet and brushed her teeth. Sitting on the toilet, she reached into a drawer, and pulled one out. “I bought them when we first moved in. They were on sale, and I love bargains.” She forced a smile to her lips. “Seems silly now.”

“It’s not silly.”

She took a breath. “This could be it. We could be having a baby.” Opening the test, she read the instructions. “Do you want to give me some privacy?”

He covered her hand. “Before we do this, there is something I want to say.”

Anya bit her lip, staring into his dark eyes.

“I love you. I’ve never known what love is, and I honestly didn’t think I’d ever feel it, but with you, I do. This is love. I love you, Anya.”

“You love me.”

“Yeah. Even if you’re not pregnant, I don’t care. I only care about you. I want you. This pregnancy, it’s something I want, but it’s you.”

“I love you,” she said, tears filling her eyes. “I’ve known for a while, but I was scared to tell you. I didn’t know if you’d like me to be that honest or not. We’re so different, and I didn’t know what to say, or what to do.”

He slammed his lips down on hers, taking away all protest or fear. “Hiring you was

the best thing I ever did. It took us some time but we're together now, and that's all I care about."

Holding on to him, she was the happiest she had ever been.

"Let's see what the news is."

"If you're not pregnant, we're going to the hospital."

She smiled. "I can't pee on this thing with you looking."

"I'll give you some privacy."

He left the bathroom, and she couldn't stop smiling. Taking a deep breath, she read the instructions again, and peed on the stick.

"We have two minutes, and we'll know the truth," she said, opening the door.

Xavier took her hand, and for two minutes he stared at his clock. Two minutes when waiting for an answer, were the longest two minutes ever.

Anya stared at them. He moved behind her, keeping his gaze on his watch, as he wrapped his arms around her.

"It's time."

Stepping toward the stick, she picked it up, and they both screamed their excitement. She was pregnant. They were both pregnant.

A knock on their bedroom door, had them both rushing forward. Logan was rubbing his eyes. "What's wrong?"

“I’m so sorry, sweetie,” Anya said, going to her knees, she pulled him close, kissing his cheek. “We have some good news.”

“You’re going to be a big brother, Logan. We’re going to have a baby.”

Logan smiled.

When they had first told him that they were planning to have more children, babies, he’d been worried that they would send him back to the foster home. They had told him that no matter what, he was their son, and they wouldn’t be giving him back.

He hugged her tightly and giggled.

They were all laughing, and enjoying the moment. Xavier couldn’t stop kissing her. He spoke to her stomach, kissing her, and telling their baby that he or she was going to be loved so, so much.

They had a small family now. The penthouse in the city he kept for late nights at the office. If he wasn’t going to make it home, Anya traveled with Logan for them to spend time with him. She didn’t want them to be apart, or to miss any chance of them being together.

“What do you say to huge stacks of pancakes?” she asked.

“Yes!” Logan said, screaming.

He rushed outside of their bedroom. Anya made to follow, but Xavier caught her arm, pulling her back.

“What is it?” she asked.

“Nothing.”

He pulled her to him, and claimed her lips, the passion shocking her, the love delighting her.

“I feel I need to wake up.”

“Why?”

“I never thought I could be this happy,” she said.

“Me neither. I used to dream of these moments. Of being close to someone, and finding someone who’d want the same things that I did.”

“Nothing is going to change.” She cupped his cheek. “I’ll always be yours.”

“I know.”

She closed her eyes, resting her head against his, knowing in her heart that she had fallen in love with a man that would love her for the rest of her life.

The weeks passed, and after confirmation from the doctor, they set to work decorating one of the rooms into a nursery. They went for neutral colors, and gave Logan free rein to help them decorate. He had an artistic eye, and Xavier loved seeing the boy come out of his shell. During the decorating of the nursery, it sank in that he was going to have a baby. They were going to have a tiny little life in their hands. It wasn't about being a father, or for Anya a mother, as they already felt that way for Logan. He'd spoken with Anya about it, and she had the same thoughts and fears as he did.

Xavier knew he hadn't made a mistake with Anya. Not only did he love her, but she was a fantastic mom, and she knew exactly what to say and do to help Logan along the way. There were moments, late at night, where he'd still have nightmares. She never once shouted at him. Instead, she'd nurture him, and love him.

Once the nursery was complete, they went shopping, letting Logan pick some of the stuff for them.

The weeks passed, and Anya slowly got bigger. He loved seeing his baby growing inside her. Work was just work, and he loved having Anya with him every single day. He did have to deal with his days being turned on seeing as her pregnant state aroused

him. Even though he loved it, Anya struggled with gaining weight. One day Xavier stood in the bedroom, and heard Anya weeping in the bathroom. Worried, he'd rushed into the bathroom to find her trying to zip up her skirt, only the two ends wouldn't fit.

"I'm so fat!" She sobbed each word out. "I can't fit in my skirt."

The books that he'd read had warned him that women were prone to dramatics, and tears. There was also a chat room online for fathers that gave him advice on how to treat his woman that the book didn't have. For instance, if a woman complained about her weight, don't say anything. Don't ignore it, but tell her how beautiful she is.

Rub her stomach, show her attention. Xavier found if he did that, the tears ebbed away. He couldn't stand her crying. She was beautiful to him, and seeing her swell with his kid was a major turn-on.

After the skirt incident, he'd gone shopping to the maternity section, and selected the clothes that he believed she would love. He did everything he could to show her that he loved her, and he found her newfound pregnancy weight hot. Yeah, he was a weird guy, finding his pregnant wife sexy!

With new clothes, he intended to show her exactly how sexy she was.

That night, he got her to try them on, and then in the privacy of their bedroom, he showed her how much he loved her curves, and her pregnancy.

Xavier always made sure to be one step ahead after that night, and if he saw her clothes getting a little tighter, he'd change them without her noticing. He hated to see her cry, so he had to be constantly on his game. Her hormones were all over the place.

The weeks turned to months, and they got their first scan of their baby. They didn't know what sex their baby was as the little devil had turned away from the ultrasound. It didn't matter to him. He would love any child, boy or girl. Xavier had fallen in love, and according to the woman doing the scan, it looked like their baby was waving to them. So, if his baby turned out to be a girl, she was shy, and maybe he wouldn't have to worry about boys when she was older.

They showed Logan the picture, and he was sure it was a girl. Only girls would wave from inside the tummy. Boys would think that was lame, even as kids.

Work and life carried on, but it was different for Xavier. He was happier, contented, and he'd finally found what he'd been looking for all those years in foster care, and building his business. He had a family, not one he had to buy either. One that actually cared about him as well. Anya's parents constantly phoned him to check in. Her father even said that he could call him Dad. That was surreal, and according to his wife, it meant her father accepted him.

Anya got rounder, and she found it difficult to be on her feet all day. He had no choice but to hire a temporary assistant to replace her. Every time he stared out of his office door, he missed Anya. She was advised to rest during pregnancy. At home, she started nesting, cleaning everything in sight. It didn't make him feel any happier. Whenever he could work from home, he did.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:52 am

One day he came home to discover that Anya had started to can, their basement becoming storage for a zombie apocalypse. It would have concerned him if it wasn't for the smile on her face. Also, he knew how much her mother liked canning and preserving.

Christmas passed in a haze for Xavier. It really did.

His first Christmas as a family, and they had her parents come to their place. Anya and Emma worked on the biggest turkey. Christmas Eve, they went to the foster homes, dropping off food, presents, and simply filling the whole place with cheer. Her parents joined them in bringing the Christmas spirit to many.

Every single day, the love he felt for Anya grew deeper. She had given him so much, and there was no way he could ever repay that.

On the second scan they discovered she was going to give birth to a baby girl. That was with her being five months pregnant. Another four to go.

"I can't get up now," she said when she was seven months pregnant. Her stomach was large, and the baby kicked fiercely. Their little girl, and they were disagreeing on the name. He wanted to call her Francine Leigh. She wanted to call her Lemon, after his favorite pie.

"Come on." He took hold of her hands, and pulled her into his arms.

"Do you still love me even though I look like a beached whale?"

“Of course. It’s because of you being a beached whale that I love you.” She laughed. “I did help you become this way. Remember? We both have to answer to this.”

“Yeah, keep reminding the woman that you love how much you contributed to this while you still look hot, handsome, and sexy. Go on, Xavier, keep telling me how lovely I look.” She laughed.

“You know, I think I’m just going to say this is all your fault. I had nothing to do with your pregnancy.”

He cupped her hips, pulling her as close as her stomach would allow.

“She kicks all the time.”

“You’re tired a lot,” he said.

“I know. It shouldn’t be much longer.”

“Any, if something happens...”

“Don’t think like that.”

“No, I want you to understand. If I have to pick between our baby, or you, I will pick you.”

“Xavier.”

“No, I won’t do it. I love you, and I’ll love our baby.” He’d read that problems during pregnancy can occur, but not often. He didn’t want to take that chance. “You come through. I love you.”

She sighed. “I love you, Xavier.”

He kissed her lips, pleased that he’d told her exactly how he felt. Reading books about her pregnancy had turned him into a nervous wreck. Problems could happen, and he’d read each one. All of them had built up until he was convinced that Anya was going to die.

Anya ended up calling the doctor to help him calm down.

Two months later, Anya was serving up dinner, Logan’s favorite meatballs when her waters broke. Xavier stood by her seeing the water. “You spill the pasta water, babe?”

“No.” She put the saucepan down. “We need to go to the hospital. My waters have broken.”

He’d been in the process of grating cheese into a dish.

Pausing, he turned toward the woman who owned his heart. “Your waters broke.”

“Yes, remember what the doctor said, there’s no need to panic, or—”

“We’re having a baby! Shit, fuck, the baby is coming. Logan!”

Later that night after she had given birth to a beautiful, healthy, baby girl, Xavier sat beside her laughing.

“I overreacted, didn’t I?”

“You screamed. It was really high pitched,” she said.

Logan, who'd been in the waiting rooms with her parents, imitated the sound.

"Francine Lemon Leigh," Anya said. "That's what we're going to call her. Our beautiful baby girl."

There surrounded by the people he loved, and who loved him, he stared into his daughter's eyes, and knew he would protect her. She was his daughter, part of Anya, and he'd love her for the rest of his life.

"Xavier," Anya said, whispering in his ear. "Would you like to make another one?"

Epilogue

From the bastard boss to the devoted father, Xavier changed who he was. Francine was the first of five children in total. Anya was a natural at parenting, and she filled his world with so much love.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:52 am

They were outside in the garden, watching as their youngest son, Howard, was playing in the sandbox. Logan was eighteen, and he'd just graduated from high school, and was sitting with his girlfriend just before they went out to see a movie.

"I'm so proud of you, son," Xavier said.

"Thanks, Dad. I couldn't have done it without you, Mom." He kissed Anya's cheeks, and she smiled up at him.

"You could. This was all you, Logan."

He'd been a dream child really. They'd had Logan from ten years old, and when he was fifteen they had given him the option of finding his birth mother. At first it had been a really hard decision for them both to make. They may have missed out on the first ten years of his life, but he was their son. They loved him. The last thing they wanted was for him to ever be hurt.

Logan hadn't wanted to.

He had surprised them both by saying he remembered the woman that birthed him. The way she'd been with the guy she picked over him. He had no interest in seeing a woman who dumped him.

They had kept the option open to him, and throughout the years, not once did they ever let him feel less than what he was. They were all a family, and they told him it was up to him, if he wanted his brothers and sisters to know that he was adopted. He didn't.

“Are you going to be late back tonight?” Anya asked.

“No. The movie finishes at eleven.”

“We’ll wait up,” Xavier said.

They watched as Logan left, and he nuzzled her neck, sucking on the pulse. Eight years of marriage. Their anniversary was next week, and he had a surprise in store. They would be alone, and he intended to make every single sexual fantasy come true. The kids were being taken care of by her parents, and they were having an extended vacation. No work, no kids, just the two of them, and lots of sex.

“Do you still love me?” she asked. “I have lots of stretch marks now, and my boobs are no longer firm.”

He laughed. “I don’t care. I love you, and your marks are proof of our babies.” He placed a hand on her stomach. The last pregnancy he’d almost lost her. Anya had had a real hard time of it, needing to be in bed for most of the pregnancy. She was in constant pain, and when he consulted the doctor, he knew he was worried. Weekly visits were not the norm for a pregnant woman, especially not for Anya.

When she did finally give birth to their son, there had been a lot of blood. In the labor room, Xavier remembered the smile on her face seconds before she collapsed. The monitor for her heart flat-lined, and for several seconds, his woman was dead.

Xavier had had to stand away as one set of doctors went to work on his son, and another went to work on his wife. It had been the most harrowing moment of his life. He wouldn’t leave her though.

The doctors had brought her back, and he’d sworn to no more children. He’d fixed it so he couldn’t have any more kids.

“Don’t worry. I’m still here,” she said.

“You don’t know what I went through that day.”

Anya looked up toward him. “I don’t know what you went through, but I can imagine.”

“I told you I was going to love you for a lifetime. Eight years is not a lifetime. I want fifty years. I want us to be old, gray, and tell our stories of our life together.”

Tears filled her eyes. “We will, Xavier. I wasn’t going to leave you.” She reached behind his head, and pulled him down, pressing a kiss to his lips.

He lived for her kisses, basked in her smile, and relished the love that she gave him.

“I heard a rumor that you’re no longer called a bastard boss,” she said.

“When the kids come to the office, I can’t be stern. I’ve tried. I’ll never raise my voice to them when they’re good,” he said.

“I know. That’s why you’re known as a big softie. They call you ‘teddy bear boss’.”

Xavier threw his head back, and laughed. It was the name he’d given to himself, a name he hoped would spread.

That was what Anya made him. She gave him love, hope, and a family.

Above everything else, she gave him herself, and he would treasure her for the rest of his life.

The End