



Better than Revenge

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Tamsin

My idiot boyfriend just broke up with me...by sleeping with one of my friends. Now they're both exes and the only thing on my mind is revenge! I want to make them hurt like they hurt me...and the best way to do that is to go to the guy who hates my ex more than me. Levi St. Croix. Together we're going to find out how sweet revenge can be. Because nothing is better than revenge...right?

Levi

When Tamsin Fairchild shows up on my doorstep asking for my help in ruining her ex, I listen. Sure, Tamsin might have played a part in some of my naughty dreams but she's sweet and innocent and not meant for a man like me. Then again, men like me never really do what we're supposed to and Tamsin proves too much temptation for me to not show her just what exactly is better than revenge!

What's better than revenge? A sweet hunk of a man who knows what he wants and goes after it! And love of course! Always love! So, hang on to your handlebars, sweet readers. We're about to go on a delicious ride where revenge is a dish best served steaming hot and being held by a man with eyes that will set your panties on fire!

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Chapter One

Tamsin

I keep asking myself what the hell I'm doing here. Then I remember. Revenge. I am here for revenge. And that thought alone gives me the courage to raise my hand and knock on the door in front of me. This might be a dumb idea but I'm not just going to sit around and mope over some ass who didn't realize what a good thing he had. Fuck him!

My boyfriend -ex-boyfriend- dumped me. Yeah, it's tragic, and if it was just that I would let things be. But it's not just that. He dumped me...for one of my close friends -an ex-close friend- someone I thought I could trust and who cared about me. Times two. Double the hurt. And now I want double the revenge. Is this a smart idea? No, not at all but if I have even a chance to get back at those bastards then...well, here I am.

The door springs open, and I am staring at a broad, bare male chest. My eyes fly up as I realize I am standing here staring only to have penetrating blue-gray eyes look right through me. Oh my God! I made a mistake. I shouldn't have come here.

"Tamsin Fairchild. What are you doing here? Are you lost?"

I don't like how he says my name. Or how he decided to open his door. Or how he...makes me sound stupid. I take a calming breath and raise my chin. Be resolute. Be firm. Be the one in control. You can do this. You can.

“Can I come in?”

“You want to come into my home?”

“Well, I guess I can ask you for help in destroying your least favorite person on your stoop, but it might be hard to hear over the engines reeving down below.”

Levi St. Croix lives above a repair garage where every Friday and Saturday some of the wilder citizens in town come out and do things like drag race, park to show off their cars and fuck in the backseats, and drink and raise hell. I shouldn't have come, especially not tonight. I've already been cat-called, and propositioned, and several people are looking at the two of us standing on the metal stoop connected to the stairs that go up to his apartment. If I have to leave because he slams the door in my face, I'm going to have to put up with so much shit getting back to my car.

A thought flashes through my head, and I turn to leave. What if he has company? What if there is a reason he's shirtless? What if I'm interrupting something? Ew, gross. The last thing I want is to see him fucking someone. I've already seen enough of that this week when I found my ex-boyfriend and ex-friend going at it. I really shouldn't have come. This was a stupid idea.

A hand circles my wrist and stops me from rushing down the stairs. I stare down at it before looking back up into those startling blue eyes that remind me of a summer storm. One that comes out of nowhere and can turn deadly if you're caught out in it. We stare at one another for what seems like a long time. Me with a shocked expression in my eyes and he with a constant, bored disdainful look in his.

“You got five minutes.”

He holds the door wider but doesn't move aside. I open my mouth to tell him to forget about it or maybe that I don't want to come in and find naked people prancing

all around me when a voice shouts up to us.

“Yo, Levi, who you got there? Sure looks pretty enough to eat, doesn’t she?”

Yeah, chalk this up as a stupid, drunk mistake I took too far. I’m out of here.

“Tony, keep your god damned eyes to yourself before I come down there and help you with that.”

He pulls me into the house as the guy’s laugh follows us in until he slams the door behind us.

“Ignore Tony. He couldn’t hurt a fly, but he likes to talk a big game. Kind of like your boyfriend, kitten.”

“Ex. My ex-boyfriend.” I correct him.

“Hmm. I heard you caught him dick deep in someone that wasn’t you. Wasn’t sure you actually dumped him though.”

My cheeks heat and I refuse to look into those eyes that see way too much. “I didn’t. He dumped me which just makes everything worse since I didn’t even get the satisfaction of dumping his cheating ass.”

“So, you would have dumped him if he hadn’t dumped you first?”

This time I do look up at him. Annoying fucking man.

“You think I would have stayed with him even though I found him cheating on me?”

He shrugs his shoulder like it’s no big deal he thinks I’m that pathetic. “You stayed

with him knowing he was a douche nozzle. What's changed now?"

He looks me up and down, dragging his eyes over me like a physical touch.

"I didn't realize he was a 'douche nozzle' and I most certainly would not have stayed with someone who was cheating on me."

He lifts an eyebrow, "Hmm, I don't know. You look like the kind of girl who would give him second, third, and fourth chances. One of those let's-work-it-out kind of girls."

What is wrong with that? When it's the right man. Not that Zane was the right man, mind you, but every relationship takes work and love and...work.

"The girl he was found 'dick deep' in..." I use my fingers in air quotes again as I use his wording once more, "was one of my good friends."

"Damn!" His brows go up as his face loses any trace of passiveness.

I need to walk out of the door and pretend tonight never happened. I need to find another way to get my revenge, find another person. I need to punch this dick in the face and crawl in my car so I can go home and start drinking again. Maybe I'll have another bright idea like this one, only it will actually work this time.

Back to the drawing board and right the hell out of here!

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Chapter Two

Levi

I stand and watch the play of emotions across Tamsin's face. She never could hide anything she was thinking or feeling. We sort of went to school together even though I'm two years older than her. She took a lot of advanced classes that put her in higher grades...with me.

She was never prissy or stuck up and always tried to help other students. She didn't date in high school but a couple of months ago she started with Zane Bridges who has always been nothing but an asshole. He had money -or his parents did- and threw it in everyone's face. He treated people like shit and always thought he was too good to do anything nice to or for anyone. Honestly, when I heard she was dating him, I thought less of her.

And now here she is. In my fucking apartment.

"I don't need your fucking judgment. I wanted your help, but I see now that was a mistake. It would seem I'm making a lot of those recently."

She starts for the door, but I step in front of her stopping her. She's so wound up she walks right into me, smack in the chest. I probably should have put a shirt on before opening my door, but I thought it was one of the guys from the garage. I had no idea I would find this little thing on my doorstep. My hands come up to steady her as she bounces off me. I start walking her backward until the couch catches the back of her legs and she sits down heavily in front of me.

Not any better than before. This new position puts her head level with my fucking cock which doesn't understand it's not needed in this conversation. Her scent encircles me like a goddamn cloud of temptation and now I know what having my hands on her feels like, if just for a little while. She lets out the cutest fucking gasp as she falls back. Sounds like those make a man wonder about things he shouldn't. To keep from scaring the fuck out of her, I turn and reach for a shirt I have thrown over the back of one of my overstuffed chairs.

“Why don't you tell me what you were thinking, kitten? And then we can talk about what you want from me.”

“I...wanted your help. I know, everyone knows, how much the two of you hate each other. I don't know why exactly and if you don't want to tell me that's fine too.”

Why do I hate the fuck out of Zane Bridges? Where to even fucking start? Could be the fact we went after the same girl once when we were both about fourteen or fifteen. He used his money and his daddy's influence to get the girl and promptly dumped her about a month later. Guess it's his M.O. Or what about the fact he was always trying to start shit with me anytime we were in the same area. Always annoying me and trying to get me to beat the fuck out of him so he could run off to his daddy and cry about being a victim. Who knows how many cars and houses daddy bought that loser because he likes playing the victim? I never took his bait. Could be any or all of the above but mostly it's just because he is a horrible fucking human being. Despicable, sorry, and always trying to ruin everyone around him because of how sad and pathetic he is.

“I wanted to...pretend to date, knowing it will piss him off like nothing else either of us could do. I wanted to make him so jealous he would beg me to take him back, dumping that twat I called friend, and letting me have the opportunity to finally crush him when I tell him I wouldn't take him back for anything. Nothing he could do. I want to absolutely shake his foundation he builds his conceited little fantasies on and

break him.”

“I hope you're not here to ask me to help you kill and bury him in the end because I suck at cleaning up and one of us has to be the other's alibi.”

“Oh my God!” She hops up, her eyes round and I prepare myself to be preached at about the sins of killing or even thinking such a thing. “What is wrong with you? Living with his emasculation will be so much more rewarding than the quick moment of pleasure his death would bring.”

Now, I'm the one who's shocked and surprised.

“Besides, I'm not good at cleaning up either.”

Damned if I don't like her sense of humor. Not everyone gets my fucked-up humor.

“I don't want him dead. I just want him to feel what he makes other people feel. I want him to suffer long after both of us have moved on.”

“So let me get this straight. You want to use me to make your boyfriend...”

“Ex!” She interrupts to immediately correct me.

“Your ex-boyfriend jealous? By being your fake boyfriend?”

“Yeah, pretty much.”

“And you chose me because you know we can't stand each other.”

“Yeah. I did.”

“What’s in it for me, sugar?”

“Excuse me?”

“What’s in it for me?” I enunciate each word, so she understands me perfectly.

“You mean besides seeing a guy you hate and called a ‘dickless wonder’ get crushed? What else do you want?”

There’s a hint of fear tucked behind all that bravado she’s putting out into the world. I wonder if it’s me she’s afraid of or just the situation. Maybe she’s just not used to...asking for help. Or maybe she’s not sure she can trust me yet. It’s going to be fun finding out.

“I’ll think about it and let you know, kitten.”

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Chapter Three

Tamsin

“So does that mean you’ll do it?” I can’t keep the little thread of hope out of my voice as I ask.

“That means I’ll think about it, kitten.” The nickname sets my teeth on edge, but I don’t say a word because if I’m going to do this, I need him. It has to be him.

He reaches for me and for a moment I think he’s going to ask for whatever he wants right now. My mind is totally and firmly in the gutter. I’m thinking sexy contracts and him wanting my body as payment only to have him shove me towards the door unceremoniously. He nods his head in a silent command to go down the stairs when we both go through the door.

When I hesitate, he offers up a sort of weak protection from the car junkies down below, like that’s what I am upset about. “I’ll watch till you get to your car safe. No one will bother you while I’m here.”

Jeez, thanks. I’m so glad I can walk back to my car safely without getting hit on. How ever will I live without this kind of care and concern? Without saying another word to the asshole, I stomp down the stairs and make my way to my car. I berate myself the entire way home. I can’t believe I did something so stupid as to ask HIM for help. He’s probably laughing his ass off with his friends as they sit around and make fun of the poor idiot girl.

I had a couple of classes with Levi when we were in high school, but he was older than me and way cooler. I usually sat up front where all the dorks and nerds sit, and he sat in the back where all the cool kids and bad boys sit. I swear there were times when I felt like I could feel those dangerous blue-grey eyes boring into me even though I understood I didn't have a chance with him and I had to be delusional thinking he was watching me. And now, I'm sure I was delusional. He couldn't wait to get rid of me.

I got dumped by my boyfriend and my fake boyfriend all in the same week. Wow! I'm on a roll. Not to mention dumped by my ex-bestie as well. Three people in one week. And now I'm the laughingstock among half the town. I don't know why I even tried. It was a stupid idea to begin with and was born out of a night with my best friend and too many wine coolers. What can I say? I'm a lightweight.

I really liked the idea of making that bastard suffer though. I wonder if I could find someone else that would piss him off as much as Levi would. Probably not. My phone rings and I pick up right away to let my friend know I have not been murdered or kidnapped by the very guy who has me so riled up now.

"So how did it go?" Sophie always knows just how to get to the point. No beating around the bush.

"About as good as I thought it would. He thought it was a stupid idea, I was a stupid girl, and short of laughing in my face told me to get the hell out of his apartment. I'm sure he and his friends are having a good time at my expense as we speak."

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry. I thought it was a pretty good idea."

"Yeah, well...I guess I'm just going to have to think of another way to make the son of a bitch hurt. Maybe running him over will be enjoyable. Think I can get both of them at the same time and everyone would still think it's an accident?"

She laughs on the other end. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure you could be on the other side of the world, and they would still think you had something to do with it, babe.”

“But enough about my sad life, how are you and Max?”

Part of the reason I started dating Zane was because my best friend in the whole world had started dating Max. I was happy for her but seeing how Max treated Sophie made me want that for myself. It wasn’t so bad because April didn’t have a boyfriend either. Then she got one for a short time. And I was the only musketeer without a date. So, when Zane asked me out after reconnecting with me, I said yes. Then April broke up with her guy and...apparently made herself feel better by fucking my boyfriend.

She was always the weakest musketeer. The one who wasn’t really a ride or die but still sweet and silly and I thought she vibed with us. I was wrong about her and about Zane. And I guess I was wrong about Levi too. Maybe he didn’t hate Zane as much as I thought he did. Maybe he just doesn’t like me. Maybe he thought I got what I deserved because I dated someone like Zane. I turn the television on, so I don’t have to wonder and grab my computer to click away the world, more than ready for this day to be over.

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Chapter Four

Tamsin

Two days later I'm pretty much doing the same thing when there's a knock on my door. I get to work from home designing websites, business landing pages, and social media designs and I love it. I love that I don't have to get dressed every day or start at a designated time or that I even work for someone else. Yeah, I have customers but as long as I make the deadline they don't care when I get up or stop working.

So, I pad over to the door in my PJs and open my door with no thought to who it might be, just wanting to get back to work. I'm pulled up short when standing on the other side of my door is none other than the someone who has taken up way too much space in my mind.

"Levi? What are you doing here?"

"I can't visit my girlfriend's place?"

"Girlfriend?"

"Yeah, girlfriend. You gonna invite me in or you want to discuss shit out in the hallway."

I'm stunned, but I back up and open the door wider for him to come inside.

"Come in." All I can think of is vampire mythology and how I just invited him in. I

shut the door behind him and wonder what the fuck I am doing. Besides playing with the devil. “Does this mean you agree to help me?”

“Yeah, I’ll help you.”

I wave my hand indicating the couch and sit in a silent gesture for him to make himself comfortable. If he wants to sit he can. I wish he would since he already towers over me but I’m not going to say anything. About that anyway.

“And what do you want in return?”

I can only think of the moment in the Disney movie where the fish girl signs her voice away to the evil squid lady. Or was she an octopus? Is that what I’m doing? Signing over something I really don’t want to do without?

“I’m not sure yet, but we’ll say you owe me a favor.”

“Open-ended. Yeah, I’m not sure I’m alright with that. How do I know you won’t ask me to do something awful?”

“Like?”

“I don’t know, like using me to fuck everyone you’ve lost money to in a poker game or...,” the look on his face is one of alarm but I keep going, “or passing me around to your friends that you owe something to.”

“Who the hell have you been hanging around, Kitten?” He kind of already knows the answer to that question, doesn’t he? “Me and my friends don’t whore women out to pay our debts or offer pussy like it’s a fucking joint to be passed around.”

“I...read it in a book.” It was a good story too. The hero comes through and makes

sure the heroine doesn't have to do anything bad. “You know what, never mind. I’ve been thinking and this was dumb and would never work.”

Blue eyes narrow on me making me feel like I’m being studied under a magnifying glass. It’s disconcerting.

“Why?”

Chapter Five

Levi

“Because the whole thing only works if I can make Zane jealous enough to dump April and in case you forgot, he dumped me. He wouldn’t want me back if he...” she pauses and her eyes flit to everything in the room except mine.

Yeah, I can imagine a couple of ways she could have ended her statement, but I don’t believe any of them, and by the time I’m done neither will she. There’s no way he never wanted her to start with, no way he finds her disgusting now, and not a snowball’s chance in hell that he would pass up a chance to be with her one last time.

“He’s not going to care that I’m dating his sworn enemy is all I’m saying.”

“He’ll care, kitten.”

I’m damned sure of that.

“No,” she shakes her head, “you can’t be for sure...”

“I can. I know the man and I know the particular breed of douchebag we’re talking about. Trust me, he believes you would never move on from him or have the nuts to go for someone you knew he hates. He’s the type of guy who goes over to his ex’s house, fucks them, and then goes back to his current chick and never even thinks he did anything wrong. It’ll kill him that I’ve been all up in where he thinks he belongs.”

My words cause a small gasp to fall out of her, “Are you always so...crude?”

“Yeah, pretty much. I don’t really see a reason to hold anything back. It makes life easier in the long run.”

“You would get along with my friend, Sophie.”

“That’s not the one fucking your ex, is it?”

“No. That’s April.”

“Ah.” The way she growls out the name is probably not supposed to be sexy but...it is.

I bet she’s a hellcat when she’s pissed. And will purr when you rub her the right way. Fuck! Not really supposed to go there but there is exactly where we are. The entire time I was thinking over her offer, I couldn’t help but think about getting her naked and under me. Tamsin is a beautiful woman. She always has been even when she wasn’t much more than a kid.

“So...,”

“Can I ask you something?” We both talk at the same time but it appears she’s going to let me go first.

She looks at me with caution but answers in the positive. “Yeah, uh, I guess you can. Shoot.”

“Are your boobs real or have you had them done?” Not really the segue I needed to take my mind off dirty things but something I always wanted to find out.

“My...boobs?” She looks down at her tits and then back up at me before crossing her arms over them. It’s like she’s just realized what she has on...and that it doesn’t offer her much protection considering it is only a thin tank with a cartoon character on the front and a pair of cotton shorts that are just a bit...well, short.

“Yeah, I mean...I’m not trying to be shitty or anything. It’s just I always wondered and...”

“You think I’ve had my boobs done?”

“Well...yeah.”

“Why?” She seems really confused about the why. Surely, she can see why. She gets to look at them every day.

“Well, because...they’re kind of huge for your body, you know.”

“Huge?”

“Yeah, like you’re a...are they real or not?” She’s tiny, so much shorter than I am, and you just wouldn’t think that someone as tiny as her could...

“Yes. It’s freakin’ genetics, okay. All the women in my family -you know what, I’ll find some other way to get my revenge.”

“Just slow your roll, I didn’t ask to fucking hold them so I could test their weight or something asshole-ly like that. I just wanted to know. Your boobs were talked about a lot back in high school and it seemed like a good time to find out and have it out in the open -so to speak- and just ask.”

“Oh my God! What...? People were talking about...?” She’s so self-conscious now,

she's pacing and trying to hide, but her arms aren't big enough to hide all of the curves she's been graced with and that shirt is really having to work overtime to keep them contained too.

"Some of the guys started talking shit and I guess it pissed their girlfriends off, so they said they weren't real...natural, whatever. That you had them done your sophomore year. Not that there is anything wrong with getting a boob job. If it makes you feel better about..."

"The only job I would have done on my boobs is a reduction." Now my brows go up. Reduction? Why would anyone want to get rid of those soft-looking globes of sin? I don't have to ask because she supplies the answer. "They're heavy and hurt my back and I can't run without killing myself. Not to mention...what a bunch of bitches!"

"I didn't think about them being heavy." I know a volunteer who would gladly help take some of the weight off. Me!

"Were you one of the guys talking about my chest?"

"I don't talk; I would rather just go to the source and ask, thus..." I leave the rest of the comment unsaid. "If I found out someone was talking about my girl's tits, I'd beat the shit out of them."

"Was Zane a part of the...talk?"

"I feel like if I answer that truthfully you're gonna be mad and I don't really want to make you mad."

"So, he was, and not in a good way."

"It was before you guys started dating."

“I wonder if...if he just dated me to...,” she doesn’t finish but I’m pretty sure I can finish for her, wondering if he just dated her to find out if her tits were as big as everyone thought they were.

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Chapter Six

Tamsin

“Now he knows, right? He can tell all the bitches they’re real.”

“Knows?” Shit! I think we’ve come to the time I was most dreading about this whole deal.

“Yeah. Now he knows what they look like and that they...”

“We never had sex, okay!”

He looks at me like...well, like I expected him to when I confessed. Now, I’m regretting the whole thing and just want Levi to leave so I can nurse my wounds and milk my sorrow or whatever the hell people say when you sit in your room pouting and sucking down ice cream all damned day.

I understood he would find out, that I would have to tell him at some point if we...worked together. I just didn’t think it would be right away.

“He never got that far with me. So, he didn’t find out.”

“Wait, weren’t you guys together for five or six months?”

“Three and a half.” Miserable, terrible months now that I look back on them.

“And you didn’t...?”

“It’s why he broke up with me, or at least that’s what he told me as he kept fucking my friend in front of me. One of the many, many reasons, not the least among them being how I wouldn’t have sex with him.”

“How far did you guys go?” I give him a narrow-eyed look and pick my pacing back up. “Look, people are going to ask shit, and I don’t want to come off looking like I don’t...”

“We kissed,” I answer him quickly before he can finish. He doesn’t want to look like a loser because he’s with me. I get it, damn it. I just don’t want to hear him say it out loud.

“And?”

Anger rises up inside of me. Anger and hurt and...rage. I hate his questions; I hate that I’m going to have to tell him something I don’t want to talk about or share with anyone. And I LOATH Zane. That mother fucker. He's the cause of this.

“Come on, kitten. You all had to do more than fucking kiss.”

“You can leave now. This clearly isn’t going to work and...”

“Is it a religious thing or were you holding out for that ring?”

“Out!” I’m rushing to open the door so I can boot his ass out quicker. “You can get out now!”

He grabs my wrist before I make it to the door and uses my own momentum to pull me back to him. I raise my free arm to take a swing at him, but he catches that wrist

too. Now, both my arms are pinned, and he is in complete control. How did this happen? How did I come to be wrapped up in his arms, close to tears, and not knowing what to expect?

“Sweetheart, don’t start something with someone like me if you can’t carry through. You’ll end up with your little ass cherry red and over my knee.” I drag a shaky breath in my starved lungs or try to, but there is no give in his hold on me. Our gazes clash and whatever he sees in mine makes him loosen his grip slightly. “I won’t ever hurt you. You might find out you like it, kitten.”

“I won’t!”

“How can you be sure if you’ve never tried it or did you and Zane experiment together instead of just fucking one another?”

“I...,” Experiment? “I’ve never...we never...I just know I won’t like it. I don’t like being slapped.”

“It’s not really a slap so much as a love tap if it’s done right, little kitty.”

My heart has been trying to leave my body since he put his hands on me. I may never breathe right again.

“Will you let me go? Please.”

“In a minute. When you tell me what I want to know. How far did you and Zane really get, kitten? We talking heavy petting, did he get his fingers wet? What?”

“Oh my God! Get out of my apartment!”

“Did you put that sweet pussy down on his face and let him eat you out?”

Oh fucking...I can't get any redder. The room is a fucking furnace and I'm going to melt if I don't find a way to put space between us. I have never been so embarrassed - and I walked into the room when my boyfriend was fucking my friend...and they kept fucking as he dumped me!

"There are a lot of fun fucking things you can do and not go all the way, kitten. And I want to know what you did with him. Did he get to suck on those ripe berries you hide under your shirts or did he go right between the legs? Did you give him a taste of that candied pussy or did you lock it up tight?"

He shocks me by burying his face in my neck and smelling me. Goosebumps run up and down my body and I fight to contain the whimper that wants to come out. I am in so much trouble! And I'm not sure how to make it stop!

Or if I want it to stop.

That's the part that scares me. The part that makes my heart thump faster and something inside of me turn restless and...needy. Zane never made me feel like this and this man hasn't even kissed me yet.

"I...want you to leave."

"You wanted the bad boy, kitten, now you got to live with what you asked for."

Holy shit! I never thought I would be standing in my apartment with this...beast of a man, wrapped in his arms with our mouths so close his breath fans across my lips. I might have wanted the bad boy, but I had no idea I was going to unleash what's in my living room. What am I going to do?

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Chapter Seven

Levi

She turns forest forest-green eyes up to meet mine.

I have a suspicion that has taken root and metastasized. It makes what I am doing to her ...well it makes me a dick, but I have to know now, damn it. I should back up, let her go, stop breathing her scent in deep in my lungs with every breath. I just need to push her a little bit further.

“You gonna give me a taste, pretty kitty. Just so I know what I’m pretending I’ve already fucked tastes like.”

She gasps but doesn’t break eye contact.

“You’re not as much of a bad boy as you pretend to be, or you’d already have hurt me.”

Holy shit! The little thing saw right through my act. “Smart girl but don’t ever trust someone else like this. When someone grabs you like this you kick the fuck out of their shin and headbutt them in the fucking face until you can get away. Alright, sweetness?”

I wait for her to nod for me before I let her go slowly and finally take a step back. Fuck I can still feel the imprint of her hot body up against mine.

“I don’t think you got very far with old Zane, did you baby?”

“How...how do you know I didn’t do all of those things with him and more?”

Yeah, that pretty much answers my question.

“I can just tell, sweets. So, Zane left you because you wouldn’t fuck him or give anything up because you’re a fucking virgin.”

She gasps and her little mouth trembles open.

“I...how...yes.” She answers miserably.

“He got dick deep in your friend as payback for you not giving it to him. Does he know about the current status of your cherry?”

“I...I’m not sure. He never came out and said it the way you just did. He just said I had trust issues and wasn’t very good at anything.”

What the hell? Who the hell does the guy even think he is? If she didn’t know, if she wasn’t very good at it, then it should be up to the other partner to slowly introduce and teach those things to her. You don’t go off and fuck someone else. Or at least, I wouldn’t have gone off and fucked someone else.

It isn’t like she has to do anything other than be in the same fucking room for me. She got me hard just smelling her. I could cum just listening to her voice over the phone. What the fuck is wrong with him? He had to realize she was fresh and untouched and just didn’t want to break her in. But thinking about it now, I’m not sure if he actually did. He is pretty fucking stupid and only concerned about himself.

“But then of course there were the guilt trips where he said I was making him suffer

which was cruel of me because I was the person who could make it all better if I just let him fuck me.” She starts pacing back and forth in front of me waving her hands. “When I told him he could always use his hand he said I was mean and ‘toxic’, but he was going to be the better person and stay with me anyway.”

“The only thing toxic about that whole situation is his fucking attitude and the lies and manipulations he tried to spew out so you’d let him have it. He’s a fucking shithead! And you,” I reach out for her again. It seems I just can’t stop pulling her closer to me no matter how many times I make myself let her go. “You have good instincts. You should listen to them more.”

She nods for me and lets me pull her close, “Okay.”

“And never let a strange man into your place, by the way.”

“It’s...I don’t. It’s not like you’re a stranger.”

“I didn’t say stranger I said strange. Most crimes are committed by someone the victim knows casually or even someone they’ve met just professionally.”

“That sounds...terrifying. Not that I didn’t know that already. I watch Keith Morrison too. Somehow, even though I shouldn’t, I trust you.”

I incline my head in acknowledgment and stick that admission back in my brain for later. She trusts me.

“So,” I flop down on her couch and look up at her, “we’re going to fuck him dead up if we make him think I got what he couldn’t. That’s going to eat at him like a fucking virus! Which means me and you got to figure some shit out!”

“Alright. So...where do we start?”

I like her enthusiasm. I pull her down on the couch next to me and note how she acts around me. Not entirely comfortable but not afraid of me like before. Unless of course I'm sniffing her neck and asking her to sit on my face or talking shit about what two people can get up to without going all the way.

"First thing we have to do is get used to one another. See how we react to one another. Find out if we even have chemistry." Pretty sure that isn't going to be a problem for me but finding out isn't going to be a strain either.

"Okay. How?"

"We start off slow. Hold my hand."

"You...want to hold hands with me?"

"Yep, sure do." I take her hand with mine and give her my full attention. I entwine our fingers, scoot closer to her, and throw my arm around her shoulders.

Her eyes widen and she starts to stiffen and pull away from me. All it takes is an arch of my eyebrow and she loses some of the stiffness.

"You...is there ever going to be a time when you have to...to surround me like this?"

"Darlin', we're going to have to make people think we're fucking."

"Oh...okay. I just..."

"We're going to go slow, kitten. Real slow. Put your hand on my leg." I wait for her to unclasp our hands and do as I say before going further. "And I'm going to put my hand on your leg."

When I do, she jumps again but this time she doesn't try to pull away from me.

"Now, we're going to kiss but just a little kiss. Just with our lips."

"Okay."

I go slow and wait for her to protest or stop me but instead, she closes her eyes and waits for me. Our lips brush and as badly as I want to do more, I pull away so I can check in with her. Her lips are the softest things I have ever touched. When her eyes open, I swoop in for another kiss but this time my hands come up to cup her cheeks and lengthen the contact between us. She gasps and her hands come up to circle my wrists, but she doesn't pull away.

By the time I leave, I realize just what kind of man Zane is. A stupid one. Because any man who doesn't sell their soul for a couple of minutes with Tamsin Fairchild's lips against theirs has to be the dumbest mother fucker on Earth. I also realize the next couple of weeks are going to be fun as hell! I just have to find a way to keep my fucking dick under control and make sure she still has her cherry at the end of all this because despite what others might think, I'm not the asshole everyone believes me to be.

Unless of course, I have to be. Or Tamsin needs me to be one. For her, I'll live up to the image people have of me as the bad boy troublemaker who swooped in as soon as she was left vulnerable and heartbroken. For her, I'd cause all kinds of trouble.

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Chapter Eight

Tamsin

He stayed over for quite a while last night. We talked and made a plan for our mission which I am currently calling Operation Revenge. Other than a couple of chaste kisses and some hand-holding, Levi remained a perfect gentleman. He still had that rough edge about him, but he didn't guilt me or try for more than he said he was going to do. I like the fact that he wants to go slow for me. And I can't help but like his kisses.

Those were...really nice. Unrushed, uncomplicated, and really fucking hot. I'm not sure how he made the brush of his lips against mine so sexy, but he did a fantastic job. It's all I can think about since he left. I even dreamed about him. Hot, sweaty dreams that I woke up from gasping and blushing.

And he's coming back over again tonight. I hate to admit it, but I've spent the entire day looking forward to him coming back, which is why I am at my favorite little diner grabbing us something to munch on while we...do whatever it is we need to do tonight.

"You and your best friend having a movie marathon tonight, Tamsin, honey?"

Shirley is too sweet and has always been good to me. She's my favorite waitress by far. We tend to talk a lot since I stop here every other day. She knows how close me and Sophie are and that we do these little girls' nights every so often.

“No, actually. I have a date tonight, but we still might have a small marathon. One of my favorites, one of his, and then do it all over again. That sounds like fun. Thanks for the idea, Shirley.”

“Well, I don’t know about that, but I do know I’m loving the way this guy has you beaming.”

Am I beaming? What does that even mean? Is it really Levi that puts whatever look Shirley thinks she sees there? I start overthinking every word Shirley says as she goes to the back to put in my order and turn right into my ex-friend.

“Making up fake dates now, Tamsin?” What a bitch? “That’s so like you to try to make Zane jealous with some pathetic attempt to...”

When my phone starts buzzing, I dive for it and answer with no thought to manners. Fuck her. She doesn’t get my best manners or my attention anymore.

“Oh hey, are we still on for tonight?” God, I hope so because I just bought a shit ton of food and there is no way I’m going to be packing all of this away by just myself.

“Yeah, I’m actually on my way over right now. I just wanted to know if you wanted me to pick something up for us.”

“Oh crap. I’m actually picking something up for us at my favorite place, Honey’s over on...”

“No fucking way. That’s where I was going.”

I giggle like I’m fourteen and this is my crush on the other end, “Are you okay with their chicken planks?”

“Uh, better than okay. I fucking love those.” I can’t help but laugh again since those are my favorites too. No suave moves and flirty behavior for me. I’ve turned into a total goob.

“So, I’ll see you in a few minutes?”

“Yeah. See you then.”

I hang up and look over to see I’m in luck, Shirley has my bags of food ready with a smile on her face. “Whoever he is, he looks good on you, baby girl!”

“Thanks, Shirley. Bye.”

I turn to leave and walk around April leaving her standing in the diner with her stupid mouth open. Operation: Revenge is going better than I could have imagined. And somehow, me and Levi are selling this whole couple thing with ease. But is it too easy? And will Zane fall for it? Can I actually do this, or will it turn out to be nothing more than a huge embarrassment?

When I pull in, Levi is already there, leaning up against a motorcycle looking like a teenage girl’s wet dream. And even though I am not quite a teen by like one year, he still looks pretty tasty to me...or maybe I’m just hungry. Either way, Levi still looks good in blue jeans with a rip at the knee and a tight black t-shirt stretched across his chest like a lover’s hands and those cobalt blue-gray eyes that shine like some rare jewel any woman would want to possess for herself.

Hell, I don’t even like jewelry all that much and I want to own those pools of blue too. Not that I plan to go all serial killer on Levi and do something awful so owning them is only in a metaphorical sense as HE would be mine since his eyes would kind of go where he goes and if he’s mine...no, it still sounds like it is bringing serial killer vibes to the party.

“You okay? You look kind of...indecisive.”

Shit!

“I ran into April at the diner when I was picking up our food.” This seems like a better thing to talk about than what was actually going through my head, and I don’t want Levi to think I am indecisive about our operation or to find out how freaky I am since I just thought about owning his eyes. Pretty sure that would end Operation Revenge before it begins.

“April? The ex-friend who fucked your ex before he was your ex, right?”

I nod. “She thought I was making shit up when I told her I had a date I was buying food for.”

“The fuck? She thinks you’re going to eat all this shit by yourself?”

“That’s pretty much what I asked. She accused me of trying to make Zane jealous so I could get him back which is stomach-turning but kind of what we’re doing.”

He throws his head back and laughs. “You tell her who your new boyfriend is?”

I shake my head. “I didn’t think we were ready for that.”

“Yeah, I think you're right. Let’s practice a little more. I kind of want to be with you when he finds out and he confronts you about it.”

Confronts me? That sounds...far more serious than I actually want it to be. He takes the food out of my hands and carries it while I fish the keys out of my bag so I can open the door for us, “Oh, so you can see the look on his face, right.”

“No. So I can make sure he doesn’t try to lash out at you because we made a fool of him.”

“Lash out?” Shit, I never even thought of that happening and that is way more serious than I was prepared for. “I never really...”

Realized what I was getting myself into?

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Chapter Nine

Levi

I finish the thought for her.

“Thought about him trying to hurt one or both of us.” She’s gone white and I can tell she’s overthinking every fucking thing. “That’s because you’re sweet and innocent. You would never think like a douchebag and use and hurt others. It never occurs to you to treat people like you’re a raging cunt. Or hurt someone for real.”

She lets us in, and I follow her to the kitchen, setting the bags on the island. I keep my eyes on her the entire time.

“Is that a compliment or are you just being really nice about calling me stupid? Sweet and innocent kind of seems like synonyms for stupid here.”

“Not stupid, kitten. Being sweet and innocent doesn’t make you stupid.” It makes her fucking adorable.

“It kind of feels like it is when you’ve been run over by those types of people.”

And I want to kick that fucker in the balls again.

“It’s not stupid. It’s the thing that makes you so kind and good. Come on. Sit down and eat with me before we do anything else.”

She nods for me, and we talk over the food she's brought for us. I take her apartment in while we talk. Her walls are mainly covered in books of every shape and size with pictures of family and friends sitting everywhere. It's cute and comfortable and speaks of who she really is. She's not trying to hide from anyone. A book on the shelf catches my attention so much that when we finish and stand up, I head straight for it.

She's behind me when I reach for it. "What are you...? Oh goodness, don't...give that back to me."

I hold the book up high so there is no hope of her reaching it. The added bonus of feeling her up against me is just icing on the cake. She's not even subconscious because all she cares about is getting the book back from me. I look up at the title.

"'How to Make Anal Sex Fun'. And here I thought you were a good girl."

"Levi, please."

"You want this? Here."

I hand the book to her and watch as she clasps it to her while simultaneously bending down to snag another book.

"Oh, no! NO! Levi!"

"'The Woman's Guide to Better Sex', 'How to Give the Perfect Blowjob'." I release the newest book so I can take her in my arms. "You get all these books for him, kitten?"

"No, I...I had them before. I started collecting them," a blush hits her face, "in high school."

“High school? You were learning how to rock a guy’s world in fucking high school?”

“I just...wanted to be prepared when the time came.”

“And then...you what, baby, got cold feet?”

“I...I don’t know. It never felt right. It never seemed right.”

“And he didn’t notice these babies hanging out in your bookshelves.”

“I’m not even sure he can read, Levi.”

I laugh loud and long as I pick her up and twirl her around in a tight circle. She drops books left and right so she can grab for my shoulders to hold on to.

“Those books, they’re going to come in handy for us one day. But for right now...” I walk to the couch with her still grasped in my arms before I sit us both down on her couch, her straddling my lap.

She starts getting antsy, shying away from me when she realizes exactly where she is.

“Sweetheart, we’re gonna have to make you a little more comfortable with me if this thing has any chance of working.”

“I know that. I do. I just...I’ve never been like this with someone and I really don’t want you to find out how bad I suck at all this.”

“Baby, you could kiss like a cold, dead fish and it would still be the hottest thing I’ve ever had my lips on.”

“Oh.”

Not sure if it's an actual word or just a sound since she says it so low it's almost a whisper. Before she can start overthinking things again, I push my mouth to hers and start kissing her. My hands come up to cup her face. She's such a tiny thing; I'm actually worried a little bit that I might hurt her if I move too fast or get too rough. My fingers brush against the soft skin of her neck causing her to squirm in my lap which in turn causes my body to react in ways it hasn't in...years.

“No rush, kitten. We have all night and good things are worth savoring.”

“Oh.” Again, it's nothing but a whisper against my lips but I feel this one down to my soul.

How the fuck did he never take the time to find out how to make this little thing go speechless? How did he never get off teaching her everything? How did he not get fucking possessive and want to do everything in the world to keep her as his? How the hell am I going to stop when she gets this revenge she's after because in truth I wonder if I can?

My hands drift down to hold her hips and I have to really try to hold myself back to keep from holding her too tight. When I pull back, her lips are a little swollen from mine and there's a sheen across them. She looks sexy as fuck, like the perfect temptation.

I give her another chaste kiss before whispering to her without taking my mouth away from hers, “Open for me, kitten.”

She does and I surge inside before I can grab hold of myself shocking a gasp from her.

“Shh,” I try to calm her by whispering against her lips like she whispered that sexy ‘oh’ to me, “It's okay, sweetheart. Let me in. I won't take more than you're willing to

give me.”

I hope anyway. The way she tempts me has my certainty shaken a little bit. The girl doesn't mean to, but she's more tempting than any fucking stripper or porn star. She has a natural sensuality about her that even I could see way back all those years ago when I couldn't keep my fucking eyes off her.

She nods and then opens for me and I spend the next several hours teaching my revenge-craving little kitten how to kiss and explore with our tongues. The very first innocent swipe of her tongue on mine and my cock gets even harder than it already was. When she nips at my lip with her teeth, I move her head so I can control the kiss and get more of her. Instead of gasping and pulling away from me, she wraps her arms around my shoulders and starts leaning against me.

I slowly sink lower on the couch so that she's all but lying on top of me. Little noises pour out of her and she starts rocking against me sending my senses scattering in her wake like fucking leaves in a fall wind. Tamsin is a fucking force of nature and when I pull back to let her have some air -that doesn't come from me- I'm cupping one of her tits with my hand while my other one is buried in her hair. Neither of us says anything for long moments. I finally move my hand off her tit so I can run it up and down her back.

“You sure you only kissed Zane?”

My question causes her to stiffen in my arms but I tighten them around her so she realizes she's not getting away from me. I'm not ready to let her go just yet, “Yes. Why?”

“I don't know how he could have kept his fucking hands or mouth off you? I'm not sure how I'm going to keep my tongue out of your mouth now that I know how good you taste.”

A breathy giggle comes out of her and a blush hits her cheeks. A smile tilts the corners of her mouth up as she plays with the material of my shirt.

“You all spend a lot of time kissing?” Yeah, I’m fucking jealous. And I’m man enough to fucking admit it.

I’m not about to make the same mistake that fucking loser made. If I get her under me, she’s mine! Forever!

Chapter Ten

Tamsin

The last thing I want to think about is Zane but for Levi, all this is about, is revenge. And I would be smart to remember that, “Not really. He never really wanted to do it like you do. And, um, I was never really comfortable with...him being so close.”

“You don’t seem to have a problem being close to me, kitten, so, I’m thinking that was a him problem and not a you problem.”

He gives my head a slight push so that I’m resting against his chest while he makes big circles on my back with his fingertips. He touched me and I think got to second base and I’ve only been ‘dating’ him for two days now. What does that say about me? What does that say about Levi? Is this just normal everyday play for him? How many women has he been like this with and why does the thought of him doing it every Saturday make me sick?

“He never really wanted me to sit on him either. He said I was too heavy.” I supply without him really asking because I want to stop the track my thoughts are on.

“That mother fucker. He just wasn’t man enough to hold a woman like you.”

And he is. For how many women beside me? How do I get this feeling and these thoughts to stop? I try to raise up off him, put distance between us, but those fingertips that were lightly caressing before now become his while hands holding me down. I try to remember what we were talking about.

“I don’t know about that. Before you taught me...how to do it, I guess I wasn’t very good. And I have no clue what I’m doing past kissing. Even though I have all those books about how to...do stuff.”

“I think you know exactly what you’re doing, baby.” He takes my hand that has been lying on his chest and moves it down to lay it on his pants right above his zipper. I can feel his hard-on immediately. “See.”

I gasp and try to lift my hand away, but he holds it there.

“Don’t pull away, baby. You ever touch one?”

Is he being mean right now? “You know I haven’t.”

“You could have brushed against one or sat on one accidentally.”

“Yeah, that never happened.” He grins like he’s up to the most mischievous shit anyone has ever been up to.

He pulls me close and when he speaks, the tiny hairs he’s moving close to my neck tickle, “You should get used to feeling it, baby. I’m gonna be hard for you every time you’re in the same room.”

Oh, wow!

It feels huge under my fingertips and I can’t help but tighten my grip to try to figure out how thick it is. He moves his hips under me and moans causing my eyes to fly to his when they had been glued to where my hand was. He doesn’t blush or shy away but instead drops his hand over mine so we both slide up and down on the length hidden under the denim.

“Anytime you want to meet with him, baby, you just say the word.”

Oh my God!

“I don’t...not right now.” God, I hope that doesn’t piss him off. “You said we’d go slow.”

“I did. And we will. But never doubt how fucking hot and desirable you are, kitten. All you got to do when you’re in doubt is to look down.”

I nod and he releases my hand which I automatically take away. This time when I take his shirt in my hand it’s in a tight grasp that kind of seems like I’m trying to hang on to him instead of floating away.

“I am interested in taking a look at those books but for right now, let’s watch a movie and chill, maybe kiss some more.”

“Okay. Yes. That sounds...,” safer, “good. Let’s do that.”

One thing is for sure. Levi certainly knows how to take my mind off everything but the present. And if he keeps staying until way early in the morning, we won’t have to tell what’s-his-name about us, everybody else in town will do the job for us.

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Chapter Eleven

Levi

I don't get to see her the next day but on Saturday I show up at her door because we agreed to go out with her friend Sophie, and her boyfriend, Max. I figured it might be best to give her a little breathing room after we went so far the last time. Instead of taking it slow, I wound up with her breast in my hand testing the weight and she had a grip on my cock. So, yeah, the day off was probably needed if we didn't want to wind up in bed before our first real fake date.

I can't help but wonder how she's going to handle being on the back of my bike. I can't help but walk differently on my way to her door. I've got a cocky strut that tells everyone who looks just exactly what I've been doing with my girl. If Zane ever sees me, I won't need words to tell him what's been going on.

I knock but she doesn't answer, and I can't help but wonder if she snuck out to grab us food again even though it's my turn to feed us. But when I text her, she doesn't text me back. Instead, she calls.

"Levi," I can hear what sounds like the shower in the background, "shit, I'm so sorry. I'm running late. My spare key is under the little ladybug in the flowerpot. Just go ahead and come on in. I'll be out in just a few minutes."

I already have the key in my hand when she speaks again.

"Also, can you come grab my phone? I'm pretty sure the floor is already soaked and

the way my day is going I'll probably drop it or it will fall. Thanks."

My temper flairs so high I can barely see as I let myself in. She just really asked me to come into her home while she was naked in the shower and then invited me into the same freakin' room. I pocket the key so it's not going to be put back under that damned ladybug and go to find my fake girlfriend. If I find out Zane knows about her spare, I might change my mind about killing him.

I shut and lock the door behind me. Her music is turned up so loud she couldn't possibly hear an intruder if one broke in. I walk into her room where the music and shower are louder. Clothes are laid out on a chair and her bed is unmade. I walk to the half-closed door and open it. There's a puddle on the floor and her phone is haphazardly perched on a towel that looks like it might fall too. But the thing that has my complete and total attention is the woman behind the shower curtain.

Does she realize the thing is backlit, so she becomes an erotic shadow putting on a show for me?

"Tamsin."

"Hi, Levi. Just make yourself comfortable and I'll be out in just a second."

"You let every guy you date know where your spare key is, baby?"

"Well, there's only been you and that fucker, and believe me, I never said a word about that bad boy when he was around. The only three people who know about it are you, me, and my best friend."

Something settles and I find I don't feel like yanking her out of the fucking shower and spanking her wet, naked ass now. Well, as badly as I did when I came in.

“Oh shit!” And I’m back needing my hand on her ass. The curtain is pulled back and I curl my fingers in my palms, so I don’t just drag her the hell out. “I think April might know about it.”

“I’m keeping the key and we’re getting your fucking locks changed tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow is Sunday. No one will come out on Sunday to do that.”

“I can do that, sweetheart. I’ll go get the shit to do it in the morning.” I don’t tell her I don’t plan to leave tonight.

She gives me a little smile that makes her fucking eyes twinkle, “Thank you, Levi.”

And then she’s ducking back behind the curtain. I walk back to her room and pull the door shut. No need to tempt myself any further than I already am. I touch her desk, her curtains, pretty much everything I can lay my hands on and then I start looking for things that aren’t readily available -like her underwear drawer.

I pull out a pair of panties that are crotchless with the front nothing but lace in the shape of a butterfly. The thing is barley dental floss with a clear lace patch. If she wore them, I would be able to see every fucking thing, nothing hidden. My mind automatically goes to wondering if she is bare or does she have a little stripe leading to heaven. A pattern perhaps. A little heart or something whimsical like that. Or is she au natural? Somehow, looking at these little panties, I’m betting she isn’t rocking the natural look.

The shower turns off and by the time I’ve turned around, she’s coming out of the bathroom wrapped in nothing but water droplets and a towel. What the hell? Is she trying to kill me?

Her eyes drop to my hand where I am holding the scrap of material still. Her eyes

narrow but a sly smile lifts her lips into a devilish grin.

“Please tell me you weren’t going to try those on?”

I can’t hold back the bark of laughter that comes from deep in my chest.

“No, kitten, I think I’ll leave these for you to wear.”

“Not that I would judge you for it. We’d just have to find a bigger size.”

“Oh yeah, you don’t think I can wear them?” I hold them up for her. “Why don’t you put them on and let me see if I really need a bigger size?”

She pulls them from my hand and wags her finger at me.

“Why don’t you stay out of my underwear drawer?”

“Hmm, seems like something a boyfriend would do, kitten. But if you really want to keep me out I’m sure we could come up with a surefire way to do just that. All you’d have to do is model all your pretty little panties for me. I’m very sure that there are more I would love to look at.”

“I bet there is.” Her attention is taken from me briefly by a song that comes on. Her eyes widen and her whole face lights up. “Oh my God! I love this song! I haven’t heard this song in forever!”

She grabs my arm and does a bounce thing that makes the towel pop up with her. It doesn’t help that the song is dirty as hell. How long has it been since I got so excited about something as simple as a good song coming on? Or about getting to see someone I just saw the day before? Tamsin is dangerous. Much more dangerous than something as pedestrian as a loaded gun or drugs or going too fast on a curvy road.

She runs around the room and dances around me and the entire time I'm just waiting. Waiting for that towel to fall, waiting for the right moment to pounce, waiting for her to show me everything. She comes back over, and my hand shoots out before I can stop myself. I tug her against me and drop back on her bed. There's not a lot of room for both of us so she ends up plastered against me. My mouth finds hers and this time there is no build-up, no gentle kisses to ease her into more. No, this time I take her mouth in a deep kiss that leaves us both breathless and hungry for more.

The taste of her, the feel of her opening for me, of her giving herself over to me is a heady drug. She doesn't understand what she's doing and isn't trying to be this way. Our mouths mimic sex, my tongue doing to her mouth what my dick wants to do to her sweet little pussy.

When I pull back to stare down at her, her lips are swollen, and her eyes are closed. She's laid out for me like a delicate smorgasbord. She's breathing hard causing her trapped breasts to rise and fall and pulling my gaze down to where the towel is knotted. Her eyes open as I run my fingertip down from the little dip at the base of her neck all the way down to the knot. And then I go under it.

She gasps as I nestle just the tip of my finger in between the swells of her breasts but she doesn't pull away from me or tell me to stop either.

"We should probably get you more comfortable with my touch, don't you think?"

Her eyes are wide but again she doesn't tell me to go to hell or to stop touching her. Or that I'm a dirty perv that needs to keep his hands to himself.

Chapter Twelve

Tamsin

Try to be cool about this. Try not to let him realize how hard your heart is beating and how turned on you are by just a couple of kisses. Even as I say the mantra to myself, I can tell my face is flushed and I can't stop the gasps that come out. The last thing I want is for him to push me away because I'm an idiot or some kind of freak.

I didn't really think Zane had gotten to me as much as he did. I didn't realize I was probably going to carry his words with me into every new relationship I had. And the idea of that makes me mad enough to do something about it. To try to figure out how to chase the ghost of him away from me.

"H...how would we do that?"

He looks down at me for so long that I'm almost certain he's going to laugh at me and stand up to leave.

"You really want to know how?"

I know I want to figure out how to wipe any thought of that douche out of my head.

"Yes."

I stare into his big blue eyes for so long that I don't realize what he's doing until there's a tug on my towel. By the time I look down to find out what he's doing the knot holding my towel together has been untied and opened by his nimble fingers.

“What...?”

“Why don’t you forget what I’m doing or about to do and kiss me again?”

“You...want me to kiss you?”

He nods and waits for me to bring my lips to his. I can’t help but be a little nervous knowing what he is thinking about doing, thinking about all the unknowns that might happen. I can read about it all day long. It’s nothing like actually doing the real thing, especially with a man like Levi.

He doesn’t just spread the two halves of my towel right away. Instead, he lets me explore and take control of our kiss until my body starts to relax and then I feel the air hit my bare breasts. As soon as the cool caress of it crosses the tips of my nipples, I gasp and pull my mouth away from his.

He doesn’t let me get far though, taking my mouth with his and not giving me a chance to look down at what he is doing. When the back of his hand brushes against the hardened peaks all I can do is gasp into his mouth and try to fight the urge to wiggle under him.

“Shh, just little touches, kitten. Little brushes. Nothing big, nothing too much.”

He finally pulls back and lets me watch as he gently brushes his knuckles over the stiff pebbles again and again. The contrast between his hand and my breasts is...shocking. His hand is large enough to cover my entire breast if he wanted to, his skin darker than mine and a little rougher. It all reminds me this is really me doing this with him and how far he’s gotten since I stood on his doorstep and all but begged him to help me.

When he turns his hand over and brushes the sensitive skin with his palm and

fingertips, I fight to hold in the moan that wells up inside of me. His hands are much rougher than mine, callused from working under cars and on motorcycles and doing...strong shit that causes calluses to grow on a hand. The touch is rough without being hurtful.

The new sensation tightens my nipples even harder and causes me to shift under him. My legs squeeze together to try to stop the liquid feelings welling up inside of me. He takes my mouth again and my arms go around his neck as I all but pull him on top of me. His hand tightens around the mound of my breast before his fingertips gently give my furred nipple a quick, gentle tug.

“Oh my God!” I jerk my mouth from his to try to drag in enough air. I try to remain stiff under him, but I realize instantly that he clocked my hips jerking off the bed.

“Easy, sweetheart, easy. There’s no rush. Just take a breath and try to feel everything.”

“I...I can’t.” It comes out in a whine as he starts to kiss down my cheek and over my jaw. “Levi...oh, um, Levi.”

“Yes, little kitten.” His mouth has moved to kiss and lick down the column of my neck, my hands cupping his head. “I shouldn’t push you but you’re god damned beautiful, sweetheart.”

I grab his head and move it so I can look into his eyes. “Are you just saying that so I’ll let you do whatever?”

“Hell, no! Wh...?” He doesn’t say anything else for what feels like days, but I logically know can’t be more than a few moments. “I get it. You’re not ready for this.”

He folds my towel back around my chest and I have to close my eyes so he doesn't see the disappointment and tears that burn in them.

Way to go, stupid. No one can turn a man off quite like you, Tamsin. You just keep getting better and better at it. By the time all of this is done, men won't even try, they'll be repelled by me from afar.

"Kitten." I don't open my eyes. "Tamsin."

The way he says my name has me finally opening my eyes. He must see the slimy chicken pot pie of emotions swirling through them because he uses the same hand he held my breasts with to brush against the back of my cheek.

"If that towel comes open again, your tits are going to have my tongue wrapped around them and I won't stop there. You're way too fucking tempting and you not having a god damned clue how beautiful you are is just an invitation for me to show you." He leans forward to whisper in my ear. "With my cock, baby."

My mouth forms a perfect 'o' as his words sink in.

"You like me touching you, sweetheart? You like me giving you just a taste of what's going to happen soon?"

I shiver under him but somehow find the courage to nod. Oh, I more than like it. I want to ask when we can do it again.

"Very soon." He kisses me but this one is light and nothing more than a buzz of his lips against mine -almost like a promise. "But for now let's get you dressed. We have a date to go on."

"Oh shit!"

I completely forgot about Sophie and Max and how we're supposed to meet them. The look he gives me says he realizes that.

He chuckles as he helps me up and makes his way to the door. He turns back before closing it. "I would lock this if I were you."

Chapter Thirteen

Levi

Even though I was kind of worried about how Tamsin's friends would act around me, her best friend put my mind at ease right away.

"You're the guy helping Tamsin get her revenge on that dickless little shit?" I nod, smiling at how frank she is. "Thank you. I'm glad she knew exactly who to turn to...but if you break her heart, I'll cut yours out."

"Why is Zane still walking around being a dick then?"

"Because she didn't really....," she stops and looks over at where Tamsin and Max are talking. "She didn't like him like I can see her liking you. Don't make me regret ever meeting you."

I step closer to Sophie but not as close as I would if she were Tamsin, "Sophie, I'm not about to let something hurt that woman."

She gives me a genuine smile and turns back around to the two waiting on us. "We got the tickets."

She waves them in the air and runs to wrap herself around Max. He's a pretty chill guy. And I don't feel like I have to cut his eyes out because he looks too long at my kitten. In fact, the way he looks at Sophie I expect the two of them to wind up knocked up in a month or two. I also see how Tamsin looks at the two of them.

There's happiness of course, but also a little bit of sadness and a hint of envy. She wants to be loved like Sophie is loved by Max. She wants a relationship she can just fall into and give her all to, no worries if the other person is in it with you because you are confident they are.

Something primal takes over and I need to remove that look from her eyes quickly. Lucky for me I have the perfect way to do it too.

I wrap my arms around her and turn her to face me and not them, "You ready?"

I wait for her to nod before taking her mouth in a hard kiss. By the time I've let her up for air, her hands have wrapped themselves in my t-shirt and Max and Sophie are standing right beside us.

"Thank God. For a minute there I thought me and Max were going to have to rent you all a room."

A soft blush hits Tamsin's cheeks. Before I let her go, I take another kiss. I have to turn her towards the entrance when I'm done because she tries to go the other way and stumbles a little. It makes my mouth curve up and my walk a little cockier than it was before.

I spend most of the afternoon watching Tamsin laughing and playing with her friend. We do putt-putt golf first, then stop to grab some snacks before we hit up an arcade. By the time we leave, night has fallen and the whole place is lit up with neon lights. She's rocking a big smile that reaches her eyes and makes them dance as she takes me by the hand to pull me to the next thing she wants to try or do.

By the time she's had her third funnel cake, I'm starting to worry this is how my girl eats every day. Candy, cookies, sugar on top of more sugar, and some kind of fruity drink that I'm pretty sure is ninety percent syrup. Me and Max look over at one

another and order the girls something with actual food in it. Still probably not good for you but at least it won't blow your heart out of your body with the sugar high you get afterwards.

I pull her down in my lap and watch her do the sexiest thing I can imagine doing with clothes on...eating a corndog. I can't fucking pull my eyes away from her mouth and as soon as she's finished my mouth is on hers.

"Tamsin?"

Instead of jerking away, I hold her for just a moment longer before I end the kiss. The look in her eyes tells me she never even heard her name.

"Tamsin, is that you?"

This time she hears and stiffens in my arms. Both of us turn our heads to find Zane standing with the little shit that betrayed my girl right beside him. God, if I could take a picture of that face, especially the moment he notices whose lap she is sitting in.

"What the hell are you doing with HIM?"

I have a front-row seat for the change that comes over my kitten. Her eyes narrow and her chin comes up like she is looking down at something she would scrap off her shoe, the coldness leaking out of those beautiful green orbs could freeze a man to death.

"Any damn thing he wants me to." She turns to give me a hell of a grin as her eyes go from frigid to melting.

The bastard's mouth literally falls open. You could park a fucking truck right into the space.

“What the hell is this?” He’s on the verge of shouting but my girl doesn’t shrink back as she turns cold eyes to him.

“Wait, what do you mean ‘what the hell is this’? Why should it matter to you?” Ah, the bed-hopping ex-friend finally says something.

“This,” I wave my hand up and down in his direction, “looks like regret. Thank God you’re fucking stupid or not man enough to hold on to a woman like my kitten.”

His face goes from pale to red with outrage as Tamsin makes it worse. “Levi, we would have found each other no matter what.”

“Wait, this is your new boyfriend you were getting dinner for the other week?”

My girl nods with a self-satisfied smile curling her lips up. “I had to get my man fuel for all the extra activities I was going to put him through.”

“Seems like she found someone who can fill up her...nights, finally.” Sophie has both our backs.

“Tamsin doesn’t move that fast, buddy. So don’t even try to make us believe something happened between the two of you like that.”

“Maybe, but the towel she was prancing around the bedroom in says otherwise, Zit...Zane.”

Max, Sophie, and Tamsin laugh at my nickname for Zane since the day we met and I found out he was a little bullying shit.

“You already slept with him?”

“Now, Zi..Z,” she cuts herself off before committing to my nickname.

“Good save, baby.”

She giggles before focusing back on the asshole in front of us.

“A lady never tells, and she certainly doesn’t show what belongs to only her man.”

A well-placed dig at the ex-friend.

“You know how to keep Daddy happy, don’t you kitten.”

She nods before leaning down and taking my bottom lip between her teeth in the sexiest fucking kiss I have ever been privileged to. Eyes open and staring into mine. I swat her ass when she leans back to study my reaction, to make sure I’m okay with this. Fuck yes, I’m alright with it. I’m more than alright, I’m fucking rock hard and I show her as I take her hip and move against her so she can feel just how alright I am.

She giggles and stares down at me with a look of amazement in her eyes as I cup her cheek and pull her down so I can whisper to her. “I told you, you were sexy as hell, baby.”

“Hello.” God, did he always have such a whiny voice?

This time she does jump as she turns her eyes back to the little zit. “Sorry, I forgot you were there.”

“And the death blow has been dealt, people. Ooh, that must hurt like a sunburn over sand.”

He turns and stomps off leaving the traitor behind until she realizes he’s gone. Then

she turns and runs after him.

We dissolve into cackles and laughs.

Sophie takes both of us in before dropping the thought that eats at me for the rest of the night, “You guys are good. You sure you’re not...more?”

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Chapter Fourteen

Tamsin

Sometimes Sophie's mouth shoots off and I want to bop her in the arm. I jump up out of Levi's lap to tug on her arm.

"I mean, I get your partners-in-revenge, but you two have chemistry dripping off..."

"Sophie, honey, can you not? The last thing I want is for you to be overheard by those assholes or to chase Levi off."

When I turn back to look at Levi, he's giving me a look I don't really understand. It's intense and makes the blues of his eyes darken like the water of a lake right before a storm.

"No worries about me, Kitten. I'm not that easily scared off."

What does that mean? And how do I feel about letting the cat out of the bag now that Zane's found out who I've been spending my time with? I think it went well but I can't be for sure. April didn't really look like she bought it.

This whole day has been...fun and awesome and perfect. I've never had so much fun or been so relaxed with anyone else except for Sophie. And Levi has been...the part that has been perfect. He's not told me to 'tone it down' once or told me I shouldn't dance around like I was because it annoys him or stopped me from ordering what I want -he did say I should probably eat something non-sugary, but it didn't stop him

from getting me another ice cream.

I love how handsy he is. Maybe it's all for show, or practice perhaps, but he always finds ways to brush against me, take my hand, or pull me into his lap. Hugs, little kisses, and caresses have driven me all but crazy. I'm so nervy that every touch feels like more, more than it really is, deeper than it really should be. And Sophie is destroying any hope of me remaining cool and calm.

As my oldest and dearest friend, she realizes how much I really like all the attention from Levi, how the kisses make me feel so much, how far I'm...falling for someone who is only in it for the revenge. Damn it! I should have been smarter than I was, should have remembered this isn't just a date so two people can spend time and get to know one another. This is about the Operation and I'm not sure how I could have lost track of that so quickly.

By the time we tell Max and Sophia bye, and he's put a helmet on me again, I'm almost sure I have myself under control again.

"Come home with me?"

"What?" I did not just hear him correctly.

"Come home with me? I have to grab you a new lock for that front door..." I don't really see how coming home with him has anything to do with my door, "We're not really sure if Zane has made a copy or gotten that little traitor to make one..."

I didn't realize I was holding my breath until I deflated. "So, you want me to come home with you because you are worried about me?"

Not to really 'take me home' but to make sure his enemy doesn't cause him problems.

“Now more than ever. Zane was not happy that you’ve moved on, especially not with me. Who knows what kind of shit he would pull?”

“Why not just come back to my place?”

“Because I've seen your bed. It's tiny and your couch is even tinier than your bed. There is nothing I could sleep on and not hang halfway off it.”

“Oh.” That makes sense. “And you have a big bed and couch so you can sleep on the bed and I can take the couch.”

“Yeah, that's not going to happen. You can take the bed and I'll take the couch. Unless, of course, you want to share the bed with me.”

“I hate to kick you out of your bed though.”

“So, it's settled. We'll share the bed.”

“Wait, what?” Not what I meant exactly.

“Hop on, baby.” He doesn't give me time to really do what he says, instead picking me up and sitting me on the seat himself before swinging his leg over the bike too.

By the time we make it back to his place, the streets are empty, and the day is catching up to me. Being on the back of his motorcycle is exciting and thrilling but also oddly soothing. He ushers me up the steel stairs I took just days before when I came to ask him for help. This time there are no racers or catcallers, just silence and streetlights.

He wraps his arms around me to unlock his door before giving me a little push inside. This time I take a good look at what's around me. Last time I was too worried about

naked women hanging from the ceiling and doing horribly naughty things to him. Now the thought has me wishing I had come up with a good excuse to go back to my place. I'm very sure I don't want to see or think about his harem being here.

The couch is much bigger. Everything here is. Made to be just like the owner. There are stairs at the back of the room leading up to where I imagine the bed and bathroom are. The kitchen is at the back of the studio-style apartment and everywhere I step I am reminded of who lives here. His scent is in the air, filling up my nose like some sort of drug I could snort.

"You look tired sweetheart. Come on, I'll show you where the bathroom is and..."

I interrupt without thinking, "Oh no, I don't have anything to wear to bed."

"I'll grab one of my shirts. It's going to be long enough to be a dress on you."

He shows me the door that leads to a large bathroom only stopping to grab the T-shirt he promised me, and I take a quick shower before popping out to stare at the bed. He was right. It is a big bed. The shower is big. Everything but me is well fit for Levi. I'm the smallest thing here.

Before I can find the right words to tell him I am going to take the couch, he is pulling me over to the bed and pushing me down on it.

"No, no, no. I...I'll be fine..."

His mouth taking mine stops me from arguing any further. Our tongues meet, the velvety touch of his to mine has me forgetting what I was supposed to be doing. God, Levi can kiss like lives depend on it. I'm not sure when I bring my arms up to twine around his neck or how my legs end up wrapped around his hips, but they do.

The shirt I am borrowing rides up and before I realize what's happening, he's running his hands under the hem touching my waist and stroking my bare hip. My body turns feverish and heavy with lust. My breasts swell like they are trying to reach for his touch and there is a flutter in my lower tummy that is both scary as hell and exciting and new. It's like being on a roller coaster, with every swoop you lose touch with the ground and become breathless.

His fingertips slowly inch up to brush against the underside of my breast causing me to gasp out, but I don't try to pull my mouth away from him. When his palm fully cups my breast a moan is wrestled from me but he eats that up as well. This time he's not teaching me, he's not trying to go a little further for someone who doesn't understand what she is doing. This time he is taking for himself.

I can feel that in the way he tightens his fingertips up around my already hard nipples. I mumble an 'Oh, God' against his lips before a cry escapes when he rolls my aching peak between his finger and thumb and adds the perfect amount of pressure. There's no hiding how much I like this, how much my body is responding to what he is doing to me.

He pulls away long enough to pull my borrowed shirt up over my head. I have no time to even guess what he's about to do as he lowers his head and places his mouth over one aching peak. All the air -what very little was left after his breath-taking kisses- leaves my body in a rush as I feel the drag of his tongue over the throbbing nub. My hands fly to the back of his head. I'm not sure if I'm trying to hold him to me or pull him away but once there all they seem to want to do is sink into his hair and use him as an anchor.

Sensations spiral through me, new and sharp, threatening to explode. His other hand comes up to play with my other breast before he switches places. I'm a puddle, a single-celled organism with only one thing on its mind. Every part of me is connected to where he licks and sucks. The scrape of his teeth causes me to gasp out and I'm

certain moans and sighs are coming from me with no thought to try to hide them now.

“Levi...?”

He looks up without taking his mouth away from me. When our eyes meet, he starts kissing a trail over the rise of my breasts and up my neck. This time when he takes my lips the kiss is just a buzz instead of a mind-numbing play of tongues.

“Sorry, kitten. Sorry.”

My body goes cold underneath him like it’s had icy water poured over it. Is he sorry he...played with my...?

“I shouldn’t have lost my fucking mind like that, but you are so fucking beautiful. I didn’t mean to scare you. Or lose control like I did.”

Somehow, I find my voice, “You...didn’t scare me.”

He stares at me, pinning me to the bed with his gaze. I try to wiggle my hips; try to find the pressure I need to make the ache that has built up inside of me go away -or at least quieten down. I’ve never felt this sense of urgency before. I want to run and jump and...I just want to make this crazy intense feeling subside.

“Sweetheart, are you alright?”

I nod my head knowing if I try I won’t be able to hide the desperation rising inside of me and choke back the cry that wants to come out.

“You need me to help you, kitten?”

“Hel...help me?” How would he be able to help me?

I don't have to wait long to find out.

Chapter Fifteen

Levi

Part of me hates the fact that I took something from Tamsin without her being fully aware of what I'm doing but another part -the dark son of a bitch side of me- is pounding my chest and yelling from the rafters. I made this woman nearly cum with nothing more than a couple of licks and sucks to her magnificent tits. And my little virgin is so responsive I've got no choice but to help her. I can't leave her in pain, unfulfilled. It would taint the whole experience for her and I won't have that.

I want her to look back on our time together with fondness and maybe a bit of yearning. It would be nice if she remembered me after all of this is over. And how do I feel about it being over? Well, I can't think of that right now. I have my girl to worry about.

I give her one more kiss before I rearrange us, so I am lying by her side. She starts to cover her breasts, getting shy when she shouldn't be. She's beautiful. I take her hands and bring them over her head so I can look at what I have laid out before me. Even though her hands are now trapped she still tries to hide from me by bringing her knees up. Which is exactly what I wanted her to do.

I transfer both her wrists to one of my hands and place my other hand around her throat, not tightly, but enough so that she knows to listen to me.

"Don't hide from me, little one. Let me see..." I stop myself before I can finish my thought. Let me see what belongs to me. It stops me in my tracks for so long she

starts to shift around getting anxious.

“Let you see what?”

“Let me look at that beautiful body, kitten.”

I run my hand down the column of her neck and over the mounds of her breasts, playing as I go, listening to her gasps and soft cries as I touch various spots. My hand continues down her body over her tummy and around her navel until I reach the edge of her panties. Cute little virginal white panties that are almost see-through at the gusset now.

“Wh...what are you doing, Levi?”

I hold eye contact as I nudge her waistband down low over her mons. I finally drop my eyes and look at what I’ve unveiled, soft skin, bare flesh, the hint of her soaked pussy.

“We shouldn’t leave you in these wet clothes.”

“Wet clothes?”

Her brows scrunch together in the cutest fucking expression of confusion I have ever seen. I pull her panties down while watching her face so I can see the realization dawn on her as they come unstuck from her swollen, damp lower lips. Her eyes widen and her mouth drops open.

“Levi!”

“Easy, kitten. No need to worry or be embarrassed. This is a good thing.”

I run my fingers up the center of her pussy to collect the honey she's made for me, just for me. No other man has ever done for her what I am doing. There's a sense of ownership in that fact, a sense of her belonging to me that I have to fight back.

I hold my finger up to show her how shiny and slick it is. Her cheeks turn even pinker and she tries to close her legs.

"Oh no, no, no. Like I said, this is a good thing, baby. It means you're getting ready for me. It means your body's about to accept me inside of it."

She gasps out and turns skittish.

"No worries. I understand you aren't ready for that. No one said you had to be ready for that, now or even later. I just want to help you so you're not achy and uncomfortable tonight. Think of it as helping you get to sleep."

"Helping me sleep? How?"

"Well, the best way to relax and drift off is by cumming." A look comes over her face that has me halting. "You alright with this, sweetheart? I don't want to do anything you're not okay with."

There's a moment of fraught silence before she is nodding for me. "I want...this. For you to help me."

"We'll take it nice and slow, and you can tell me to stop any time."

"I won't tell you to stop. I want this."

"Then kiss me." I lean down so I can take her mouth with mine and kiss away that look. Our mouths meld together and her tongue dances over mine. Her hands strain at

my hold and I let them go so I can run my hands down her body.

This time when I reach her soft pussy, I run my fingers over the puffy lips before adding pressure and going between them. She's wet for me everywhere but at the heart of her, where all the creaminess is being made, she is dripping. When I rub against her clit her little body stiffens and she pulls her mouth from mine with a moan that would drive any man crazy.

"Levi." This time she says it with a whimper and her hands come up to grab my shoulders.

I could get used to hearing her say my name like that. I could get used to having her silky softness under my hand morning and night. I could get used to finding her in my bed and coming home to her waiting for me. To keep myself from thinking any further I take her mouth again but this time, I'm in charge. I move her head so I can tongue fuck her sweet mouth and can't help but wonder if her pussy tastes as sweet.

Eventually, I move from her swollen lips down the column of her throat, letting her catch her breath for a little bit. Some mindless part of me that I can't seem to control wants to put my mark on her, so I leave love nips up and down her neck. Her hands have worked their way under my shirt so she can cling to the muscles in my upper back. I'm half over her and my fingers have sped up so I can make sure she reaches heaven.

"Levi! Levi! Levi!"

She cries out as her body tenses and her thighs clamp around my wrist. She all but holds me to her as she searches for my mouth which I give her freely. She screams out as I cover her mouth and take it like a hungry fucking animal. Her hips start riding my fingers until she breaks around me, her body shuddering, my lips on hers and my fingers sending her over the edge. Muscles twitch and spasm as her back

arches off the bed pushing her breasts against my still-clothed chest.

When I pull away, I'm not thinking of this being some project, some form of revenge. When I pull myself from her all I can think about is putting my mouth on her pussy, getting the taste of her on my tongue where it belongs. I knock her legs apart as I wedge my shoulders between her thighs. I run my thick tongue up the middle of her pussy as I moan around the flavor hitting my tastebuds.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I hear her strangled cry and realize she tries to sit up but my arm is holding her down. Her hands come down to wrap around my wrist lying in the middle of her breasts. I shouldn't be doing this but fuck if I can stop. I need it. I need her.

I bury my face and find her already swollen, sensitive bud. She screams as I suck it into my mouth and bat it around with my tongue. Her body rushes to release as I feel it this time, not just the shadow of it but how her whole body starts to shake and throb for me. Her muscles contract and release as her pussy floods my mouth. I sit up taking her with me, roaring into her as she's tossed into one orgasm after another. Her legs are hanging off my forearms and the only thing still on the bed is her shoulders. The position opens her pussy up even more for me and I take the opportunity to wedge my tongue in the tight entrance that squeezes up around me, drowning me in cream.

I take pity on her and stop. Her eyes are closed, her body is still trembling with aftershocks, and my face is soaked with her, as I gently lay her back on the bed. She doesn't open her eyes when I pull back and yank my shirt over my head. She still doesn't move or react when I shuck my pants to the floor and crawl into the bed with her, positioning her back against me so that I can cup one of her breasts with one hand and her wet little pussy with the other one.

For the first time in what feels like forever, I too drift off to sleep easily. Completely

satisfied I marked my little sex kitten just like she's marked me.

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Chapter Sixteen

Levi

I'm up early the next morning with breakfast already done when there's a knock on my door. I rush to get to it, so it doesn't wake Tamsin up. It's the only reason I would have even opened the door to the idiot on the other side. Once I realize who it is, I put my arm up to keep his fucking ass just outside.

He's got a shit-eating grin on his face that makes me want to punch it off.

"Levi."

"What do you want, Zane?"

"I just thought you would want to know where I was last night."

"Why the hell would I care where you were last fucking night?"

Crazy fucker.

"Oh, you'll care."

"So, spit it out. Where were you?"

"With your girlfriend."

“Come again?”

“I was with Tamsin last night, dude. She let me stay the night at her place. And I mean ALL night.”

“You must have been fucking lonely as shit sitting in her apartment all alone.”

“Oh, I wasn’t alone, dumb ass. I was hitting it all night. Seems like your girl is playing you, my man.”

I really need to address the fact that I am not his man. At all. But I swear all I can do is laugh.

“Why are you laughing? What’s funny about this? I just told you Tamsin is cheating on you with me and all you can do is laugh?”

“Yeah, that’s all I can do. Because you are a fucking idiot. You don’t even realize how big of a fucking moron you’ve made yourself, do you? Which is even funnier.”

“What do you mean?”

“Because Tamsin isn’t -and wasn’t- at her apartment last night, ‘my man’.” I use his words back on him. “She was here with me.”

“You think I’m going to believe Tamsin fucking Fairchild is here with you and has been all night long.”

Just at that moment, my girl comes to stand at the handrail of the loft bedroom she’s been sleeping in.

“Levi? Who are you...?”

She sees who I am talking to immediately and there can be no doubt in even the stupidest shit's mind. She's got my sheet wrapped around her body with one bare shoulder showing, her hair is circling her head like a halo that screams 'I got fucked last night' and her neck has my mark - on both sides. She looks good and fucked.

"What the hell, Tamsin? Did you fuck him?"

"Watch your fucking mouth, you...!"

"You...fucked him but not me?"

I can already tell Tamsin isn't in the right head space for his shit today. I push him back through the door and shut it right in his face. Would I love to beat his fucking face in? Yeah. But she doesn't need that right now. I make sure the door is locked before I take the steps up to her two at a time.

"You alright, kitten?"

"I...," she nods but doesn't finish what she was about to say.

"You what, baby?" I bend so I can better look into her eyes.

"I thought...you had company."

"Company?" Who the hell did she think was at my door?

"I should go home."

"You're not going anywhere!" Her eyes, avoiding me until now, fly to mine. "Until you eat something, and we get that door fixed. I already made breakfast. I was about to wake you when that asshole knocked."

“I don’t want to keep you from...anything.”

“Like what?”

She doesn’t answer me. I take her by the chin and turn her face up, so she has no choice but to look at me. I could leave well enough alone, but that isn’t going to get me what I want.

“What do you think I might be doing if you left, sweetheart?”

“I just...I need to go home. I can’t...”

“Was it because I ate your sweet pussy last night?”

Her cheeks flare red and her eyes dart around the room. She’s doing her best not to look at me. “No. It...I just don’t think I should stay. I’m not really okay with...”

“I don’t have to touch you, kitten. I just want to feed you.” I show her by letting her chin go and backing up to give her some room.

“It’s not that, Levi. I just...um, I’m not alright being one of your...harem.” What the fuck? “And I’m not asking you to be different or trying to manipulate you. I just think we need to understand each other’s limits and I’m certain I wouldn’t be alright being on a list.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

I try so hard not to shout or even appear angry. She doesn’t need me to lose my shit right now. She needs me to reassure her.

“There is no harem. No list. No line to my bed, Tamsin.”

“Don’t lie to me! I know we’re only doing this to get back at Zane, but you don’t have to lie to me. I’m not stupid, okay? I realize you...”

“I’m not lying to you. And I didn’t eat your pussy to get back at Zane or make him jealous.” I interrupt her easily because she needs to realize what she thinks is wrong.

“You all but admitted it last night.”

“When did I do that, baby? When my mouth was on your tits sucking your nipples or when I was cheek deep in your pussy sucking on your clit?”

The color that heats her cheeks is less from embarrassment and more from anger now.

“You don’t have to be crude.” She moves away from me putting the bed between us. Like that’s going to save her. “You told me last night the best way to go to sleep is from cumming, so don’t try to tell me you’ve not had a different woman over here every night! You don’t just say something like that and not have...”

“I’ve had sex before, kitten, that doesn’t mean...”

“And don’t call me kitten. It’s...not who I am!”

Fuck it! She wants to know. She’s going to know.

I jump over the bed and grab her before she can finish letting out a little yelp and turn around to run. My arms are wrapped around her waist before she realizes what my goal is and I have her naked on my bed before she can get my name out of her mouth.

“Levi! Let me go! Put the sheet back on me! Levi!”

“Oh, no, sweetheart. You want to know my history. Now you’re going to listen to every bit of it and you’re going to keep that perfect mouth closed or I’m going to sink my dick in it.”

She gasps before closing her mouth tightly.

Chapter Seventeen

Tamsin

“I’ve not been a fucking monk. I had girls in high school who wanted a bad boy. But I only did that for a couple of months before I realized they were just using me to brag to their friends. It wasn’t real for them or for me. So no, I’m not a fucking virgin.”

I really don’t want to hear this. I try to yank my hands down, but his grip is unbreakable.

“I don’t have a...what did you call it? A fucking harem? Yeah, that’s not happening. I got smarter real quick, sweetheart. I’ve not been with any fucking body in years. Fucking years. In fact,” He actually looks like he might be thinking about the last time. “I haven’t had sex with anyone since I looked up and saw you come through the classroom door.”

Right. Like I believe that. Everything else was almost believable but then he had to push it too far.

“You’re an asshole.” I practically spit the words at him. “Why are you lying? About everything? You didn’t even know I existed until I started dating your fucking enemy, so don’t even try...”

He laughs at me.

“You have no idea what you look like, do you little cat? No idea what those fucking tits do to a man -or a teenage boy. No idea how all eyes follow those hips when they swing left to right like a fucking hypnotist’s clock. No idea how I sat in the back watching those fucking legs cross and uncross wondering if I would ever be lucky enough to fit myself between them. You don’t realize how that fucking smile you give to everyone around you goes straight to a man’s dick, do you sweetheart?”

What the hell? All my words -all my thoughts- die and my mind goes blank.

“You don’t think that after you graduated there wasn’t a fucking line of men hoping you’d turn your eye towards them so they could lay you out just like I have you right now. Or how about the way you’re fucking pussy is like eating a handful of sweetly tart candies that you want on your tongue, melting in your fucking mouth. Maybe you don’t realize, and you need a taste yourself. Is that what you need, sex kitten?”

“No! I...,” Before I can finish he is rolling me over and pulling my hips off the bed. “What are you...?”

The question is interrupted by my yell as he buries his face in my pussy from the back.

“Levi! Levi! What are you doing? What...?”

He doesn’t answer me because he’s too busy licking and sucking on my clit and each of my lips and when he moves even further back, I try to jerk away from him. He stops only long enough for me to feel the sting of his palm against my ass cheek.

“Oh no, sex kitten. You need to understand I’m not just going to do what all the normal boys would have done to you. When I take you, it’s gonna be in every way you can possibly dream or read about, in every sexy hole. Including. Right. Back. Here.”

He punctuates each word with a lick over my most secret place. I've read about it but I never thought...

"You wanted the bad boy, Tamsin. Now you have to learn to handle me, baby."

I scream when his tongue tries to pry my tightly furled hole open as his finger slips inside my untried entrance. Oh God! Oh! GOD! My body can't take it. It can't take his large hand squeezing my ass so that I'm spread even further open for him. It can't take it when he probes me before pulling back and finding my clit with his slippery fingers. I can't take it when his teeth sink into the swell of my ass cheek and he bites down. I try to pull away, to put space between us but there is nowhere to go. No way to get away.

"Levi, please! God, you have to stop...I'm...it's not..." I end the sentence with another scream as I feel his finger at my back entrance. "Please!"

I'm a blubbing mess as I start to shake around his fingers and tongue. I'm going to cum. There's no fighting it, no helping it. His finger breeches me and sinks deep. I try to tighten up around him but get another nip as his fingers work my clit.

My nails sink into the mattress as I try to hold on. "Levi." The name is sobbed out of me. "I can't. I can't. Levi, it's too much! It's too..."

"Oh, baby, you can take it. You're going to take it and cum all over my fingers and mouth and you're going to let me eat up all the sweetness that's dripping from your little body. Do you realize it's running down my wrist? Do you know how fucking turned on you are right now, kitten?"

His words, his fingers, and the fact what he says is true has my body tensing up so tight I'm worried I'm having a heart attack or that I might pass out on him. The orgasm starts somewhere deep in my tummy and spirals out in all directions. My clit

throbs under his touch and when he turns the finger he's sunk in my ass downward he hits something that causes my hips to start to rock and my mind to shut completely off. I'm nothing more than a rutted animal giving it all to her mate.

“Yes! God, yes! Don't...don't stop! Fuck! Levi, fucking don't stop! Oh my God! LEVI!!!”

My body breaks around his fingers. I not only can tell my pussy pulses but also my asshole throbs around his finger. My thighs are wet and I'm pretty sure there is a puddle under me.

“That's it, baby. That was my good girl.”

He doesn't give me any time to recover but instead flips me back over onto my back. I am unprepared for him to lift my hips off the bed like he did last night and lick right up the middle of me. He also licks either side of my thighs. It's like he's trying to clean up the mess I've made -with his tongue! Or maybe he's chasing the...aftermath of what he did to me.

I can't bring myself to actually think about him actually going after each drop he's rung out of me. He licks and sucks my already sensitive bud causing me to cry out but it's a weak yelp at best. His blue eyes find mine and he watches me the entire time he eats me. When I cum for him this time all I can do is moan and arch my back in a useless attempt to bring myself closer to him. Once my thoughts come back, he's climbing over me and finding my mouth, doing exactly what he promised he would. He's sharing the taste of me from his mouth, his tongue, his lips.

“I'm gonna roll you back over, kitten, and you're going to stay really still for me. Aren't you?”

I give him a non-committal sound that might be a yes or a no. I'm drifting into a kind

of twilight doze until I feel his hand on my ass again. Even then I don't rouse myself enough to move. Until wet warmth streaks across my butt and lower back.

Chapter Eighteen

Levi

I shouldn't be doing this -painting her ass and back with my cum- but when have I ever done what I was supposed to, especially when it comes to Tamsin. I really shouldn't be pulling her cheeks apart so I can smear cum on her asshole and down the middle of her pussy. I have to hold her down when she realizes what I am doing.

“Levi?” Her voice is heavy with sleep and a question I'm not ready to answer for her. “Isn't that...?”

Risky? Oh yeah! Is it going to stop me? Not when my claim on Tamsin is threatened. And make no mistake I am very much staking a claim. I've never came on someone before, never done anything without having it wrapped up tight. And yet, here I am, running the head of my cock up her velvety soft middle and teasing at her entrance. She's not ready for that just yet but she's going to have to get ready because it will be happening sooner rather than later.

I put my dick away, zip up and roll her over. She's the sexiest thing I've ever laid eyes on and she's barely still awake. I scoop her up and take her into the bathroom. I set her on the sink as I yank my clothes off and pick her back up, her legs coming up to wrap themselves around my hips. She gasps out when she feels me against her, skin to skin for the first time.

“Shh. Don't worry, baby. I just want to help you clean up and then feed you. Then your little ass is going back to bed while I go out to buy a new lock.” For a door I

don't plan to leave her behind for too much longer. I wash her hair and body, savoring the experience, a new one for me and her.

Once I take care of her and then myself, I rub her down with one of my softest towels and put a new shirt of mine on, then I walk her down the stairs. I don't sit her in a chair of her own and instead take my seat with her in my lap. I can tell she's going through the motions as I bring food to her mouth. When she's had as much as she wants, she lays her head on my shoulder and drifts off. I've never been so fucking happy.

I already have her in bed when I rouse her enough to make her promise to stay put until I come back. I don't hang out at the fucking hardware store either, only giving the guy who owns it a cursory smile and the barest minimum of small talk. When I get back home, she's still curled in the middle of my bed looking like the rightest thing I've ever seen.

I slowly sink onto the bed and find her lips with mine.

"Come on, baby. Wake up for me."

She comes awake slowly and with a smile on her face before she fully wakes up and realizes it's me and what we've done comes back to her.

"Levi." She sits up. "How long did I...was I asleep?"

"Bout an hour. You were pretty worn out when I left."

"I'm never going to get anything done with you constantly..."

"Wearing your little ass out? Oh, sweetheart, you haven't seen anything yet. When I finally fuck you, you're not going to be able to walk for a couple of days."

She blushes and I can't help following it down, pulling her shirt away from her so I can look to see how far that beautiful pink goes. Her hands come up to encircle my wrist driving home how much smaller she is compared to me. She shifts but doesn't pull away from me. Good girl. Very good girl.

"Are you going to, um, scoot over so I can get up?"

"Hmm, I'll think about it."

She gives me a look that makes me laugh. I stand so I can pull her up out of bed giving her another kiss.

"You're right. For right now, we should focus on getting that lock fixed for you, sweetheart."

"Okay, so...give me some space to get dressed."

I narrow my eyes letting her know I'm not happy about the idea, but I'll give her this. For now. "I'll be outside, kitten."

"Hey, Levi. Thank you."

I shake my head as I go down the stairs and out the door. That woman could make me do whatever she wanted by just begging and batting those lashes at me but when she thanks me...I'm definitely a goner.

"Hey buddy!" I look up to find Tony coming towards me. "I heard a funny story about you."

"Oh yeah, you plan to share, or you going to be a dick and not tell me what people are saying behind my back."

“Nah, man. I’ll tell you. It has to do with that hottie who visited you the other day. Everyone’s saying you and her are serious. They say you stole her away from that douchebag dude and now she’s yours. I said ‘Nah, my boy would never tie himself down like that. Levi would never be whipped like that.’”

“You said that.”

“Yeah, man. I got your back. I...” Tony stops talking when he spots Tamsin coming out of my door looking like she had a good night. “Holy shit! It’s true!”

I clamp my hand on Tony’s shoulder in warning, “Mind your mouth, Tony. And don’t stare at my woman or I’ll have to kill you.”

I walk over to where Tamsin is coming down the stairs and offer my hand to her. When she takes it, I turn us both into a dip so I can take her mouth with mine before righting us and leading her over to my bike.

“Kitten, this is Tony. He hangs out here sometimes, especially on Fridays and Saturdays.”

“I remember. We met briefly when I, um, came to visit Levi.”

And she just won Tony over to her side. He preens like a damned peacock when she tells him she remembers him.

“I’m gonna lock up. Tony...don’t touch her.”

I make it snappy and rush back before Tony has a chance to send her running. He leans towards me when I get close.

“I like her. I can see why you’re alright with being whipped man.”

Of course, he has to say it in the loudest stage whisper a person can do without just speaking normally. He might as well be shouting. Tamsin tries to hide her smile as I help her into her helmet, pick her up, and sit her on the back of my bike.

“Bye, Tamsin. See you soon.”

I growl and he scurries off. Even my damned friends are wrapped around her little finger.

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Chapter Nineteen

Tamsin

It's Sunday and I don't expect to see the man who has haunted my dreams again until at least the middle of the week. I'm trying not to be down about that. I tell myself that space is good, time to myself is what I need, and that I don't really miss him as much as I do.

All of it is horse shit but damn it, I'm trying to be normal and not cling to him. Guys don't like a clinger. Right?

It's not like he's dropped off the map. We talk on the phone. We make plans for the next weekend. He's not ghosted me. So why is he the only thing I can think of?

My phone rings and I find my heart beating faster as I pick it up...and find out it's my bestie and not my faux-boyfriend-who-is-kind-of-my-real...something now.

"Hey Sophie, what's up?"

"Oh my God! Where is Levi?" That's an odd question. One that makes me kind of worried.

"I...don't know. Why?"

"Someone from school called me to tell me Levi and Zane got into it in a parking lot. Rumor has it, it was over you, girl."

“What?!” I almost shout the word. “Is...is he alright?”

“I assume the ‘he’ you are talking about is Levi and not the douche.”

“Of course, I want to know if Levi is alright! I don’t give a shit about Zane.”

“Well, word is...”

A knock at my door has me interrupting her. “Wait a sec, Sophie. Someone is at my door.”

“I can bet I know who it is.” When I look through the peephole I see Levi. “I’m gonna have to call you back.”

I yank my door open before I’m even finished hanging up on Sophie. Levi looks up and I spot his lip which has been split and one of his eyes is starting to turn black.

“Oh my God! Are you alright? What happened?”

I yank him inside and shut and lock the door behind him.

“Are you okay?”

He wraps his arms around me and brings me in close so I can hear the beating of his heart, “I am now.”

“You’re bleeding!”

He looks down at where I’m pulling his shirt away from his body.

“It’s not mine.”

“Get it off. Take this shirt off.”

I help -or at least try to help- him take his shirt off before dancing my fingers up over his ribs and across his chest. It looks like it's only his eye and lip that are hurt. Then I see his knuckles.

“Oh God! Sit! Sit down!” He slumps on my couch as his dark blue eyes follow my every movement. There's something predatory about his eyes that I've not seen before. It...kind of turns me on.

I rush to the bathroom to grab my first aid kit and run back to him. I help him clean his knuckles and bring him some frozen peas to put on his eye. But Levi isn't interested in holding the vegetables to his bruise. He lays it down on my table and puts his hands on my hips before pulling me down on his lap, my legs on either side of his thighs.

“I appreciate the doctoring but what I really want, what I need, is you, kitten.”

“You have me.”

“Do I?”

We stare at one another as he asks me something a lot deeper than what those two words mean.

“Yes. You do.”

“Then show me.”

Show him? I place my hands on his chest and lean close to his mouth.

“Can I kiss you?”

“Always. You never have to ask.”

“It won’t hurt you?”

He shakes his head, so I place my lips on his. My tongue traces over his split lip as I gently use it to tease and play with his. But he’s not wanting slow and gentle. His hands fall to my ass cheeks and he squeezes as he pulls me closer and his thick erection nestles between my open thighs. I moan into his mouth and forget to go slow so I don’t hurt him. Instead, I sink my fingers in his hair and rub myself against him.

He pulls my head back so he can attack my throat as I let my hands explore his bare chest. When I rake my nails over his nipples and he sucks in a breath, my confidence grows. I lower my head so I can play hide and seek with the tight little nubs so like my own and yet so different.

I run my tongue over the tips and delight in his reaction before I move on and kiss my way down his body. When I come to his belted jeans, I need his help to undo the buckle and open his zipper. He scoots down even more so I have more room to pull at his clothing. Once I have his boxers down, his thick, long cock jumps out to greet me like the sexiest jack-in-box ever made. The first real-live dick I’ve ever seen.

It’s huge and intimidating. He’s fucking big and long in a way none of the men in my How-To books ever were. I can’t help looking up at him and offering him an apology with my eyes.

He cups my cheek and runs his thumb over my lower lip. “You don’t have to.”

“I want to,” I say fast enough it has him chuckling. “I just hope I don’t suck.”

This has him fully laughing. “That’s kind of the point, sweetheart. As long as your mouth is on me, I’m going to be a happy man. You don’t even have to put it all the way in your mouth. I’m pretty sure seeing your mouth next to my dick is going to be enough to make me cum.”

With the new confidence Levi has given me, my eyes drop, and I start making a game plan for giving my man the best blow job he’s ever had or dreamed of having.

Chapter Twenty

Levi

She takes my heart in her hands when she wraps those little fingers around my thick shaft and gives it an experimental glide. I don't try to hide the grunt that comes out. I'm fucking tired of hiding anything. Tamsin is mine and I'm going to make her the happiest woman in the world. I'll do anything to make her smile every day, I'll make her the focus of my whole world, I'll keep her safe and give her orgasms until she can't take anymore.

I'm about to give her gentle instructions when she opens her mouth and runs her tongue up the full length of my shaft.

“Holy fucking shit, Tamsin! Holy shit!”

“They say to start by licking it like an ice cream cone.” She demonstrates exactly what she means with her tongue running up the underside and flicking it as she gets to the wide head.

Fuck! She's trying to kill me. I'm going to die. And what a fucking way to go!

She runs her tongue over the broad crest before sinking down on it. My hips come off the fucking couch causing more of me to go in her mouth. She jerks off me coughing and sputtering a little bit.

“Sorry. Shit. I'm so sorry, kitten. I...”

“Maybe do that a little later. After I’ve gotten used to having you in my mouth.”

I shake my head like an idiot. “Yes. Sorry, baby. Yes. Anything as long as you do it again.”

I’m babbling like a fucking incoherent drunk and I don’t give a fuck. I’d light the world on fire if that’s what would make this woman happy. She goes slow, this time sucking the tip of my cock before sliding down over it, taking more and more into her mouth. Then she retreats and does it all over again.

“I like the way you taste, too, Levi.”

Oh! This is not my sweet little sex kitten, this is the naughty tiger come to swallow me whole and I am ready for it. My hands sink into her hair of their own accord before she stares up at me and takes me in her mouth in one long hot glide going further than before.

“Fuck, baby, you...you’re going to make me.....,”

“Am I going to make you cum the same way you make me? I like that. I like that a lot.”

She goes back to bobbing up and down on me swirling her tongue as she goes up. My eyes roll in the back of my head and my mouth falls open when she takes a little more each time she goes down on me. And then she hits the back of her throat. I fight the urge to make her take even more as I grip her hair in both my hands.

And then my sweet woman, the little sex kitten that she is, goes back down and takes even more. Her eyes start to water as she goes further and further, making little sucking sounds with her mouth that make my cock even thicker.

She jerks back and looks down at it with surprise. “You got even bigger!”

“Means I love what you’re doing,” I tell her in a gasp, my words coming out grunted and strained. My brain can’t think when I’m so close to cumming.

She tentatively goes back to sucking and licking my dick as I come closer and closer to heaven. My balls draw up tight to my body and all I can think of is Tamsin. Then the little minx licks from the tip of my cock all the way down until she can kiss the tightened flesh of said balls. She starts leaving big, wet kisses all over them as she works my shaft with her hand. My hips jerk in uneven thrusts.

“Tamsin! God! Tamsin, I’m so close to cumming, sweet girl! You’re going to make me blow!”

“Better put my mouth back on it then. To contain the mess!”

Oh God! She is not saying what I think she is saying, is she?

She sinks back down on me, and I can all but feel her open her throat so she can take more and more of me. Her hand cups my tight balls as she drags her nails over them softly causing me to shiver and lose all control.

“God, Tamsin! Tamsin! I’m cumming! Last...chance...to...move!” I end the warning on a groan, but my little tigress doesn’t move away. She doesn’t back off or act like she’s going to pull away once she feels me start to cum and it just makes the whole experience even more erotic. She looks up into my eyes as she uses one of her hands to play with my balls and the other one to wrap around the rest of my shaft she can’t fit in her mouth. She opens that throat one more time and sinks low as her throat squeezes up on the head of my dick and I go up in flames.

“Tamsin!”

My mind shuts down, my body turns molten, and I am clutching her head to me as the cum shoots from my shaft and into her waiting mouth. Her throat works to swallow all that I give her as tears form in her eyes that never leave mine during the whole time. They streak down her cheeks as she drinks me all down. I finally loosen my hold so she can pull back but I don't let her go.

I stand and bring her up with me, yanking her shirt off over her head and pulling her leggings down before I pin her to the wall and take her mouth with mine. She's never looked so fucking beautiful, so freaking fuckable. She's not wearing a bra under her shirt, so her breasts bounce free. I find them with my mouth and suck on the tight peaks hard.

"Oh! God! Levi! What...?"

"Don't pretend you don't understand what's going to happen, kitten. Don't think that this wasn't where it was heading all along. And don't even try to pretend you don't want this too."

"I...I...Levi, please!" She swivels her hips and my still-hard cock rubs against her wet panty-clad pussy.

"Oh, baby, did sucking me off get you wet!"

She nods, not even trying to pretend.

"Naughty girl!" I slap her ass before taking her lips again. "Perfect, naughty girl!"

I move her up and down on my throbbing shaft as she cries out my name.

"You're my girl, aren't you? All mine! No more pretending this is just some way to get back at fucking Zane. No more faking. You're mine!"

“Yes! Yes, I am!”

I speed up the movement as I slip her panties aside, so we are skin-to-skin.

“Levi! Oh...God! You..you’re mine too, right? Just mine?”

“Only yours, kitten. Only ever yours!”

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Chapter Twenty-One

Tamsin

I can't hold back the little whimpers and cries that escape me as his thick shaft runs up and down the center of me. His broad head hitting my clit with every thrust and drag.

“Oh God, Levi! I'm...”

“Yes, baby. Cum for me.”

My nails sink into his shoulders as I tighten my thighs up around him. It seems to make him even hungrier as his hands grab my ass and spreads me open even further. I lean forward and bite his shoulder causing him to let out a growl that vibrates all the way through me. I cry out as I cum on his hard, thick dick.

A warm, wet splash lets me know it wasn't just me that came. It wasn't just me feeling this uncontrollable rush of pleasure and excitement. He was there with me the entire way. I lay my head down on his broad shoulder and try to catch my breath as a loud knock interrupts our afterglow.

“Police, ma'am. Open up.”

Oh shit!

“Um, give me just a second.” I wiggle so Levi sits me down and run to where his

shirt is thrown over the back of the chair. I shove it under the couch and grab my shirt yanking it back on. Levi's already put his dick away and I'm pulling on my leggings when he turns to make sure I'm covered before opening the door.

Two officers stare at both of us as I come up behind him. "Can we help you officers?"

"Yeah, we have a report that Levi St. Croix assaulted a man in the parking lot of a store tonight ma'am. We need to take him to..." Whatever the guy is saying is lost on me as fear rises up inside of me. They can't take him away from me. Not now. Not when I just find out this thing growing between us is so much better than any revenge I could ever want.

"It wasn't him!"

Both men turn to look at me, the one talking pausing. "Ma'am?"

"It couldn't have been Levi."

"Zane..."

"I don't care what you've been told." Mine and Levi's eyes meet and hold as I see a little grin stretch across his lips. "Levi was with me all night."

"How do you explain that black eye?" The officer who hasn't spoken speaks up now.

"Sex!" I'm not making full sentences. "It was...we were...okay! Fine. You're going to find out anyway. It was kinky sex. We were trying something new and...it didn't work out like we thought it would, but Levi doesn't hold it against me. I feel awful as it is, you don't have to make it any worse by pointing it out."

“Kinky sex?”

Levi nods his head. “What can I say, guys? My girl gets...excited sometimes. A small price to pay really.”

“Look, guys, I don’t much care one way or another. Personally, I’m not a fan of that snotty little Zane kid anyway. So it’s no big deal to me since he cries wolf all the fucking time. First time this has ever been the alibi but I’m more than happy to tell our captain the kid is just blowing smoke again.”

The two guys turn around and before Levi can shut the door one of them tells us, “Enjoy your night, folks.”

When he’s got the door shut and locked again, he turns to me. “You alibied me.”

“I did. I couldn’t let them take you. Not when I just found out I...I need you with me.” I want to say so much more. I want to tell him I’ve fallen in love with him. I want to, but I just can’t. I’m brave enough to get on my knees for him, lie to the police, and tell him I need him, but love? It might be too much too soon. So, I give him as much as I dare, “Not when I just found out this is real for both of us.”

He comes over to where I stand and cups my cheeks in both his hands. “It’s more real than anything ever has been for me. For me, it goes beyond need.”

What is he trying to tell me? Does he feel it too?

“Beyond?”

He kisses me, not a deep, soul-stealing kiss, but a soft sweet one full of promise and hope.

“Pack a bag, baby.”

I pull back a little bit. “What?”

I’m not able to figure out where this is going. It wasn’t really what I thought we were talking about or where this conversation was going.

“Pack a bag, baby. One that will last a couple of days.”

“Why?” Is this...a couple thing? Are we going away on a...vacation?

“So, you can come stay at my house. And in a couple of days, I’ll pack a bag so we can stay at your place.”

“Oh.”

“Unless it’s too fast for you. Then we can...”

“I love you!”

Shit! Damn! Mother fucker!

Why did I say that? Why did I...?

A smile breaks across his face and I’m back in his arms again. He’s probably going to make fun of me or tell me THAT is way too fast.

“Better pack two, baby.”

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Chapter Twenty-Two

Levi

I practically throw half her clothes into a backpack before I rush us out the door and put her on the back of my bike. She told me she loves me! How the hell am I not supposed to kidnap my kitten and whisk her away to my lair when she says perfect things like that? I can tell she's worried, maybe about me not saying it back, maybe about how soon it is. Either way, the best way to handle her worry is to take her home with me so I can show her that I love her too.

I'll tell her, I have no problem saying the words, but I also want to show her so she can feel it as she sees and hears it. I want to be able to show her all night long. Every night.

This time when we arrive, I barely get her helmet off before I take her backpack over one shoulder and throw her over my other shoulder so I can take the steps two at a time. No time for us to stall or put a pause on this. Not after what she's told me. She lets out the cutest fucking squeal when I do it and I can't help but give her ass a swat just to make her tremble. She likes it when I do it and I like doing it so it works out well.

I love that she's more than okay with PDA too. A lot of the women in my past haven't been alright with that. They wanted the bragging rights but not the actual blowback from showing up with me in public. Tamsin doesn't fucking care what other people think. If I'm not touching her, she touches me. She's who I should have been looking for all along. I knew it from the first moment I saw her. That's why I

never fucked around with another woman after our eyes met across the room.

I don't set her down once we're inside. I drop her bag on my couch and head for the bedroom. I flip her over, so she ends up bouncing on the big bed, laughing. She might be worried or nervous but she's still comfortable enough, safe enough, to laugh with me. I follow her down as she giggles and tries to roll away. It's like she knows I love the chase.

I easily grab her and roll so she's sitting on top of me, and I can look up into those bright bedroom eyes. I run my hand over her legs and get pissed at her leggings for being in the way. I want skin on skin, breath on skin, tongue on skin. I want it all. I sit up making her gasp out as I take the hem of her shirt and yank it over her head. It winds up being thrown somewhere behind me. The bra she put on to leave her apartment is tossed on the other side and lands on a chair.

Instead of being timid, she yanks my shirt off and tosses it too. I'm pretty sure it goes over the balcony to land somewhere in the living room. Her hands fan out on my chest and her tongue comes out to lick her lips seductively. She doesn't mean to, but it is, especially the way she's staring at me. Her eyes follow where her hands go and my dick is steel.

It gets even harder when she brings her mouth down on my collarbone and drags her tongue across it before nipping at the place where my shoulder and neck meet. Little sex kitten! She runs her nails over my back, and I can't hold back anymore. I pitch forward so I'm on top of her this time. She laughs and more than welcomes my mouth on hers.

I grab her leggings and pull them off without ever taking my mouth off hers. She's only in a pair of panties now, her lips swollen from my kisses, her skin flushed with the touch of my hands. She makes me feel like a damned god.

When she tries to reach for my jeans, I grab her wrists and pin them beside her head.

“Oh no, baby. I’m eating that little pussy before we do anything else. And if I get naked...I’m going to be inside you!”

She bites her lips but not in a shy way. No, she looks hungry. Just as hungry as I am for her. She likes the fact I’m going to be inside of her, to touch every part of her, that I’m going to make her mine in every way possible. She might not understand exactly what’s going to happen but she’s down for it. There with me all the way. And damn, that’s the biggest aphrodisiac ever.

I kiss down her body, loving the gasp that leaves her when my lips move over her breasts and land on her pebbled peaks. I tease her using my tongue and teeth, tugging and licking until she arches her back to offer me more. My name comes out as a sigh on her lips so soft even as her nails sink deeper into the back of my head. And I eat up the small sting of pain my kitten’s nails cause as I torment her other breast before changing sides again.

I'm not sure how long I spend loving on just her breasts but by the time I run my tongue down her body, she’s writhing under me. When I come to the top of her panties, I use my teeth to take them down noticing her eyes widen. Her pupils expand and her breath is only gasps and moans as I take them all the way down her legs and run my way back up with my tongue.

I kiss both sides of her thighs as I run my nose over the outside of her sweet pussy. She’s soaked and more than ready which leaves a smile on my face. I knock her legs apart wider as her hands come to her head and sink into her hair and her back arches again. One day I’ll tease her so long and so good she’ll cum when I breathe on it, but today is not that day. Today, I have to have her under my tongue and begging for me to take her further. Today, she needs me to give her what she wants.

I spread her softness with my fingers and bury my face in her warm, wet heat. I want to wear her all over my face as a badge of honor, her pussy on my face and her virgin blood and cum ringing my cock, her hanging off my body! I've never been so wild and unhinged before. Never wanted to make a mess of someone so badly. Never wanted to take someone apart and put them back together around me.

I lick up the middle of her sweet center and watch as I make her fall apart for me. "Levi!"

I play with her for a little while but mostly I want to take her to heaven, I want to watch as she reaches it and shatters for me. I want to hear her say my name the moment she realizes there's no stopping this, the moment she gives herself over to it. It's the moment I know she's mine.

I look up into her wild eyes as I slide my tongue back so I can spear it into her entrance causing her thighs to start shaking around my head, her body tightens up around the invading muscle. I keep steady pressure on her clit before giving it a little suck. She screams out my name as I slip a finger inside of her when she braces herself against the onslaught of pleasure I'm causing and I feel the moment she starts to pulse around it, the moment she starts to finally cum for me.

Her back arches, she pushes herself further into my mouth and her arms reach out to her sides so she can grab handfuls of my bedding as her body succumbs for me. I lick up the honey and cream she's made for me, the evidence of her enjoyment dampening my cheeks and chin. This, just this, was what I wanted, what I needed.

I surge up over her and take her mouth, so she has no doubt how good she tastes as I work the button of my jeans open. My dick practically unzips the fucking pants itself as it forces the metal down so it can get at what is rightfully his. Her fingertips ghost across my skin and hook into my waistband to show she's ready for me and this is what she wants. She starts pushing the jeans down and over my hips.

She wiggles under me as my dick pops all the way out and lands on her hot, silky skin. I growl when her fingers wrap around me, gliding up the shaft and circling the head. My breath leaves me when she places the thick length up against her wet pussy. I pull away leaving her confused for a split second before she realizes I'm only leaving her so I can yank the damned jeans all the way off and my boxers with them.

Her eyes rake over me as I stand and let her take me in. My heart thuds in my chest as I await her judgment. I can change a lot of things about who I am, but physical size and dick length isn't among those things. When I see her little tongue come out to lick her lips and her eyes light up, I allow myself to breathe again. She reaches her hands out for me, and I go to her immediately.

She accepts me and more by wrapping her arms and legs around me, holding me close to her. Our mouths meet so I can feel her gasp as well as hear it and taste it when I rub against her, and she feels all of me up against all of her. She's all liquid heat while I'm hard stone. She's sweet and soft while I'm something completely different, dark and rough, but rough enough to keep my little kitten safe and well protected.

But can I protect her from myself? Because what I want from her means I have to cause her pain. And as much as I hate it, if this is what she wants...it is what she is going to get! All of me! Just like I have all of her.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Tamsin

I feel him against me. He's like a flame up against me. There's a fear of not only being burned but being consumed by him. The entire ride over I couldn't help but regret telling him that I love him. I don't regret telling him. I just regret the timing since I think I freaked him out by saying it so soon, but he's not turned me away. He's not left me since I said it.

And now he's above me, waiting for me to let him in completely. Levi is going to be the man who takes my v-card. The one who already has my heart. The first man I've told those three words to other than my father and I definitely didn't mean them the same way.

"Are you sure, Tamsin? Are you absolutely certain this is what you want? We can wait if you need to wait, sweetheart."

"Levi, I feel like I won't be able to breathe until I have you inside me. I more than want you to take me, I need it."

It's the truth. I need him. All day today I've walked around feeling like I was only half alive because I hadn't heard his voice or seen his face. It might have happened fast but I know it's real and I'm certain it's what I want.

"Alright, sweet girl. Here we go."

The tip of his dick kisses the edge of my opening before finding entrance. He adds pressure so the thick, wide head sinks into me. Not the whole head but enough that I can feel the stretch and know that taking Levi is going to be a labor of love.

“You doing alright, sweetheart?”

I nod, “More, Levi. I want to feel more of you.”

He pushes forward and both of us gasp as the entire tip pops inside. He drops his forehead to mine as we both focus on the feelings and sensations going through us. Even the little bit that is in me feels like it’s prying me open, stretching me apart so that I will reform around his shape, fitting only him. We share breath as my body gets used to having him inside me.

“More.”

He pulls back a little so he can stare down at me. “We don’t have to rush, little one.”

“I know, but I want more of you.” I nudge him by pressing my heel into his butt cheek.

A gleam comes into his eyes but all he does is feed me more of his cock. He envelopes me as he invades me. His voice fills my head even as his dick fills my body.

“You want more, kitten? You want me to shove my throbbing cock inside, no concern for your sweet body, no worries that you might have second thoughts. You want me to take you over and use you.” I can’t help but whimper. “You want the bad boy to hold you down and fuck your little pussy open, so you’ll feel it days from now.”

I can only moan as I arch my back and more of him slips deeper inside of me. I never realized I like to be talked dirty to, but it is turning me on so badly I can't focus on anything but Levi doing everything he says to me, everything he promises to do.

“You want me to rip through that virgin pussy and make you my bad girl, make you nothing more than the place I put my cock, the place I dump my cum until your little body is overflowing with it. Is that what you want, Tamsin? Do you want to be my little slut that hits her knees every time I need you to relieve me, every time I need you to fuck me?”

“Yes! God, yes!”

If someone talked to me like this and they weren't Levi, I would slap the spit out of them. But for some reason, I like the illusion of being his slut, his bad girl, his naughty kitten. I sink my teeth into his shoulder, and he hisses as he pushes more of himself inside me.

“Then hang on, baby, because I'm about to make you mine!”

He quickly jabs his hips against me, and I feel him break through, my body on fire, and tears spring to my eyes. He doesn't move, doesn't speak, but he does pepper kisses all down my face and over my shoulders and neck.

“Easy, sweet girl. Breathe for me. Just breathe in and out. I know I'm big and I'm so fucking sorry, but I'll make it up to you. I'll make you feel so damned good you'll forget all about the pain.”

His voice vibrates through me and I focus on his words, on his kisses, on the hand he's dropped between us that zeroes in on my clit. My body trembles under him as he works my body so that I not only loosen up around him but also build back up to that pleasure just out of reach. Just beyond the touch of his hand.

I moan as he circles and plays with the hard bud that throbs for his attention. And after a while, my hips start to move as I chase that feeling only he can give me.

“Good girl, baby. Good, good girl. Now you’re ready for more.”

“Oh God! Talk to me more, Levi. Tell me every dirty thing you want to do to me.”

He chuckles and it echoes down my body. “There’s my girl.”

He slides out causing me to whimper only to push back in a little further this time. He repeats the give and take until I am taking every inch of him. His thighs touch my butt as he leans back and moves my legs so they are stretched up over his shoulder.

“Hmm, look at how pretty that little pussy is taking all of my cock. Making a mess just for me.”

I gasp out. I didn’t realize he was able to look at me like that. He spreads my legs and keeps on staring down at where we connect.

“One day, I’m going to take a video of this so you can see how fucking beautiful it is too. I’ll watch that when you are sleeping and I don’t want to wake you. I’ll watch your little pussy gobble up my dick and I’ll move my hand up and down my aching shaft until I can tell I’m about to blow and then I’ll roll you on your back and put just the tip in so I can put my cum where it belongs, and you won’t ever have to wake up. I’m going to treat you so fucking good, baby.”

His strokes have sped up causing my breath to come quicker and quicker. He’s hitting something deep inside of me that makes my whole body turn molten.

“You know why, baby? You know why I’m going to treat you like a princess?” I really hope he’s not waiting for a response because I’m not sure I can give him one.

“Because I fucking love you.”

The world stops turning and I stop breathing as I wait for him to...repeat what he just said. Say something else? Explain? Is this just the sex talking?

“I fucking love you too, Tamsin, and I’m going to take care of you and make you happy, so happy you won’t want to be with anyone else but me. Ever.”

“Oh God! Oh...Levi!” He’s pounding into me now so hard my breasts are bouncing, and my body is tensing up. I’m going to cum soon. “I love you. I love you. I would never leave you.”

He leans forward to take my mouth with his, “Good, baby. That’s good because you’re mine. Forever.”

He shifts my legs so that he can somehow get even deeper. It's like he’s hitting the very bottom of me. I try to shout his name but all the air I have left in my body is taken away by every push, every roll of his hips. My heart beats faster, my breasts turn heavy, and everything below my waist feels like it’s one raw ache. My clit beats to the same rhythm as my heart...the same one Levi is orchestrating.

I sink my nails into his forearms and hold on for dear life as everything inside of me shakes like it’s in an earthquake. Levi has made me cum before but never like this, never with this intensity.

“Cum for me, Tamsin! Cum for me now!”

As if my body is no longer mine to control, I fall into a climax that makes me clamp my muscles around his shaft and pulse around him as my body goes liquid.

“That’s it, baby. Mark that cock as yours.”

My body contracts and hugs up on him as warmth floods me. It took me more than a few minutes to figure out he came with me. But he's not lost that hardness that helped him break through my barriers. Before I can go to the worst-case scenario -him not being satisfied, he is pulling out of me and flipping us. I wind up on my back on top of his chest. He quickly pushes back inside my swollen entrance and starts moving in and out of me again.

This position opens me up even more than before and he can more easily play with my breasts and work my clit. He also hits a different spot that has my eyes rolling back in my head and my toes curling. He holds my hips to help me rise and fall on his cock as I arch my back so I can take more of him inside of me.

"That's it, Tamsin. That's my good girl. Work those hips so you can take my dick like a good girl, baby."

"Yes." It comes out as only a pant of breath as I catch the rhythm and start to sink down on his cock every time he pulls me off it just a little bit.

My body is quickly building up to another orgasm as the thick flared head of his dick keeps hitting that magic spot that makes my legs shake and my pussy wetter and wetter. When he circles my neck with one of his big hands I'm completely lost. It takes the whole idea of being surrounded by him, of being locked to him, to a different -and insanely sexy- level.

"Oh my God! Levi! You're...going to make me...cum again! So hard!"

I'm not sure if I'm talking about his dick or my impending orgasm but either way, my body shakes and spasms until I can only scream out his name and milk him for all he has to give me. This one is so much bigger than any he's given me before and leaves me limp and close to exhaustion.

I vaguely remember Levi cumming because everything gets a lot hotter and wetter, then he rolled us so we are spooning. His breath fans out over my neck and his arms wrap me in warmth. Those are the last things I remember before fully welcoming sleep.

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Chapter Twenty-Four

Levi

I watch her sleep for a long time before I finally move away. I hate slipping out of her but I need to find out if she's okay. I wasn't as gentle with her as I needed to be. I really should have let her rest after the first time but I wanted her to be so torn up, so needy for me. I wanted to give her what she wanted -the bad boy. Circling her neck, adding just the barest hint of pressure so she feels my hold on her, was a guarantee to cumming. Apparently for me and for her.

I push her legs open once I come back with the warm, wet rag I got so I can clean her a bit and look at her a little better, although, I am loath to wipe away the traces of our lovemaking. I would far rather leave the mixture of my cum and her blood and cream right where it belongs.

I wipe her thighs clean and then start on the area between her legs. She's swollen and red but she doesn't wince or wake up when I run the cloth over her. I spread her little pussy apart so I can make sure she's not still bleeding or I didn't tear her. It's meant to be a show of concern but, staring at that little honeypot, I can't help but put my mouth on her.

Licking her I can still taste that innocence I took just moments ago. And cream, so much sweet, sweet cream. She moans in her sleep and calls my name and my dick is instantly ready for round two...or three, whatever round it is, I'm ready!

But...I'm pretty sure he's going to have to take a backseat because there is no way

I'm hurting my little kitten when she's put so much trust in me.

"Levi?"

"Yes, sweets." I come up her body so I can kiss her fully awake.

She wiggles under me and feels my cock nudge her thigh, "Again?"

"No, sweetheart. He doesn't get a turn this time. I want your little pussy to rest and heal so we can maybe do more tomorrow. For now, I'm going to eat that little kitty between your thighs and make you a happy woman."

"But what about you?"

When she says it, she has the cutest little pout on her lips. It makes me want to kiss her for hours. "Baby, eating you is heaven for me. I can cum just watching you break apart for me, especially when you say my name in that sweet little moan. Oh yeah, you don't have to do a thing."

"But I want to do something." Her smile is pure mischief and the epitome of temptation. Denying her is going to be harder than I could ever imagine.

"I want that too, but we can't do it the way we want to if you don't have some time to heal, kitten."

She gives me a little pout before I'm rolling her and swatting her pert little ass before I flip on my back and slide up under her so that she's sitting on my face. Her eyes widen and she looks down at me from above.

"Bring that pussy over here and let me have what's mine!"

“Won’t I smother you?”

I give her a big, wide smile, “What a way to go.”

I grab her hips before she can pull away from me and plop her down right where she should be...on my face.

I swirl my tongue around her little nub before licking back so I can fuck her with my tongue. It’s soft enough that it won’t cause her any pain. I can also go further back so I can play with her tightly furled back entrance. She yelps and tries to pull away, but I hold her even tighter and explore all of her. I’m not certain how long I spend eating her. One orgasm bleeds into another as I just keep sending her over the edge. I’ve come twice just licking up the mess I’ve helped make and my girl is sagging above me.

I gently move her so I can lay her down on the bed, her eyes already half closed. I scoop her up so I can take her to the bathroom and clean both of us off before bringing her back to bed.

“You up, sweets.”

She makes a noise halfway between a moan and a sigh.

“How do you feel about maybe...moving in with me?”

“What?” It’s soft but not angry or upset.

“I really want you to move in with me. Or we could even find another place, one that we both choose.”

“You don’t think...it’s too fast?”

“I know I love you and you love me and when I come home all I can think about is you, seeing you again, talking to you, sharing my day with you. If you need more time then I’ll wait for when you are ready, but...I’m more than open for us to be together like that.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure.”

“What did Zane say that made you go after him?”

Damn! Damn! Damn! I should have realized that would have come up. “Do you really want to know?”

“Yes.”

“How about the abridged version? Otherwise, I’m going back to eating you until you pass out again and can’t ask me that question.”

“Alright. That sounds more than fair.

“He made the mistake of thinking he could say something bad about my girl. I explained to him why that would be a bad idea. And strongly suggested he never do it again.”

She starts shaking in my arms and for a second, I’m worried she’s mad but then I hear her giggle.

“You were protecting me.”

“Hell yes, I was! I always will!”

“Even before you found out I love you.”

Things start slowly falling into place. I run my thumb softly over her jaw. “Didn’t matter if you loved me. I already knew I was in love with you. That was all that mattered.”

“Yes! I want to move in with you. Your place is a lot nicer than mine anyway.”

I roll her over so I can kiss her silly and swallow up all her giggles and moans. Never thought I would be where I am, that I would actually have my girl right where I want her. Sometimes...dreams do come true and all I had to do was hold a big ass grudge and think about revenge. The one thing I have learned from Tamsin though, is that love is so much better than revenge. I’ll take love every time.

Tamsin

Three Months Later

I barely get through the door before I'm rushing up the stairs to the bathroom. I have a big problem, and I'm not exactly sure what to do. Things have been going so well and even on the best days I'm forgetful as hell. But it took my best friend being pregnant to remind me that I've not had a fucking period in two months. Two fucking months!

Not to mention me and Sophie have a lot of the same symptoms. She hid hers until after the wedding was over but now she's talking about the constant feeling of being drained, the queasy stomach, the cravings -oh, God, the cravings! How could I forget something this important?!

Okay, I was busy moving in with Levi, getting ready for my bestie's wedding, and doing a little bit of gloating when Zane took off and left April, completely fucking ghosting the bitch. Turns out he had a kid two towns over and the mom was coming after him for child support. And the douche took the easiest way out he could think of...he ran! He and his dad packed the fuck up in the middle of the night and took off. Of course, the embezzling dear old dad was doing might have had something to do with the vanishing act too. Hard to say really.

Now, here I am. Trying to pee on this fucking stick before Levi comes home. What am I going to tell him if this thing comes back positive? We just moved in together! We're not even settled in yet. Right? People change their minds all the time. We've not really had time to get tired of one another yet. He might not want to be a father

now. He might need more time, damn it.

If his stupid dick wasn't so magnetic this wouldn't have happened. I swear sometimes I think I've got the opposite side of the magnet inside my pussy and that is why we are drawn so close together. Something that just is and is too good to try to fight against it.

Great! Now I'm horny! I'm freaking out, horny, and more than a little hungry. What the hell? Is this normal? The three minutes it takes to wait for the stupid thing to figure out if I'm pregnant or not is going to be the longest three minutes of my life. I pace, I bop, I wiggle and I still have two more minutes left. Damn it!

Shit! Are those two lines already? After only a minute and a half? Did I take it wrong? Does that mean what I think it means?

"Kitten! I'm home!"

Double shit! I bump into the stand holding our toothbrushes and toothpaste sending both of them flying and making the loudest clatter known to man.

"Kitten? You alright?"

His voice is closer now.

"I'm fine." Damn, not fine. Everyone knows fine means something is wrong. "Okay. I'm okay."

I spin around and run into the towel rack sending it crashing to the floor as well.

"Then why are you making enough noise in there to wake the dead, my love?"

His voice is just outside the door now.

“I...,” Gigs up, Tam. I open the door and take in my man in all his glory. Damn, he’s hot as fuck!

“I love you. Now, what are you up to?”

I push the door open and show him the mess I’ve created. And the pregnancy test too.

His eyes go right to the little stick. “Tamsin?”

“Yes.”

I nibble my bottom lip as he steps closer and looks at the very clear lines.

“Is this recent?”

“Is it...of course it’s recent. You think I would just hide it and then pull it out when I know you’ll come home.”

“So, I caught you?”

Damn that sounds like it’s not a good thing. “Okay, look, I forgot about having a period every month and so much was going on. I was happy for the first time in...forever and I just thought...yeah, you caught me.”

His face breaks into a big smile and I’m being swept up in his arms and carried over to the bed. “You don’t seem mad. Unless of course, you’re taking me over to the window to dump me out of it instead of the bed.”

He laughs so hard it shakes through me. “I love your mind and your sense of humor,

kitten. No, I'm not throwing you out the window and yes, I am very happy."

"But...we didn't plan this. We...,"

"Weren't using anything to stop it from happening." He interrupts me. "We also spent a lot of time in bed doing what it takes to make a baby. No, we didn't plan this exactly. But..."

I sit up when he lays me on the bed, my brows drawn together, "But?"

'But' sounds suspiciously like he knew exactly what he was doing.

"What can I say, kitten? I'm your bad man. Always will be."

"You better be glad you have such a pretty dick, and you know how to use it."

He kisses me while chuckling and spends the next hour showing me just what a bad man he can be. Thank goodness this bad man is all mine!

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Tamsin

Ten Years Later

“Maddie! Come get the toys off the stairs!”

I play Parkour around the toys as I rush down the stairs so I can make it to the door before he comes through it. We’ve been married for nearly ten years, and I still get excited when he comes home.

But today...there’s a line. And I find I’m fifth in it. Ahead of me? Two kids, a dog, and the fucking bunny Maddie got for her ninth birthday are all ahead of me. We have a full house now. Five kids, two dogs, and a menagerie of other pets all live in this house that me and Levi have made a home. And every one of us loves it when Dad comes back.

Today, he’s got Maddie’s twin brother, Mason, with him. Mason is so like his dad. Tall, strong, protective, loves working with his hands, and super-intelligent. And Madison is just like me. Messy, complicated, loud, and loves lounging and lolling more than anything else other than her family. My mom has the baby with her today so I could get some work done and his dad is coming to pick the rest of the kids up in a couple of minutes to take them to the park before dropping them off at Mom's place. Leaving me and my bad man some time to make plans and work on Operation: Baby Making.

I let them get their kisses and hugs before I come over for mine. Maddie groans at the top of the stairs.

“Mom. Dad. Can you not blind us with your PDA please.”

“Sorry, sweetie, no can do. Might as well get used to it.”

To prove the point I just made, Levi turns with me into a dip and places his lips right on mine in a breath-stealing kiss. The man leaves me speechless. He rights me and looks around him without taking his arm away from me.

“Have you been good for your mom today, little ones?”

“I was daddy,” Abby our youngest daughter says lifting her arms to be picked up, “But Maddie wasn’t. She made a mess and when mom told her to clean it up she screamed at her.”

Maddie’s eyes widen and she goes white.

“And she kicked the dog too.” Abby leans in close and whisper/yells it like she’s sharing all the secrets.

“Yeah, maybe if you hadn’t gone with the whole dog-kicking thing Dad would have believed you.” I rustle her hair. Everyone knows Maddie loves animals and would rather kick one of her brothers than the dogs. “Try her kicking Andy next time. Then Dad would believe you.”

The little girl giggles and wiggles to be let down before running off.

“They’ve all been really good today. Especially Maddie. She helped me with the little ones so I could work.” I catch her eye and give her a wink. Levi smiles at her before kissing her forehead.

“That’s my girl. Everyone ready for Grandpa?”

He gets shouts of encouragement and yeses as he gives them all hugs before he opens the door so they can wait for Grandpa to pull in.

“How did you know he was here?”

“Me and Mason ran into him at the store. He said he’d give us a five-minute head start so I could get my hugs and kisses in. And dad is always on time.”

We greet his father and help him get the kids wrangled before we come back inside to an empty, silent house.

“You miss them already, don’t you?”

“How did you know?”

“Because I know my sweet kitten.” He laughs. “Are you ready for another one?”

A small smile stretches across my face as I look up at the man who’s changed my whole life. “Yeah. I’m more than ready.”

He swoops me up in his arms and carries me to the bed so he can lay me down on the soft bed sheets.

“Then you’ll be happy to know, I’m pretty sure we’ve already made Operation: Baby Making a success, my love.”

“What?”

He crawls up to me before dropping kisses on my cheeks and neck. “You taste pregnant, sweet girl.”

“I do?”

“Oh yeah. So creamy and sweet.” He unbuttons the blouse I’m wearing, slowly exposing my flesh to him. He makes quick work of my bra too. “And you have been craving Cheetos and pickles again.”

Oh, yeah. I have been really craving those a lot lately. Not really something sane people crave without having a good reason for it.

“But why did you want to do Operation: Baby Making this evening if you’ve already guessed we might be pregnant.”

“Because I need my little sex kitten. And I wanted to celebrate with just you before we tell everyone else our Operation was a success.”

I help him work my skirt down my legs as he kisses up my bare thighs. “I love you, my bad man.” We dropped the whole bad boy part quickly when I realized boy just didn't describe Levi well enough. Since then he's been my bad man.

“And I love you my little sex kitten.”

We make love slow and easy and then fast and hard, holding one another throughout the evening and talking to one another about how lucky we are that we both realized very early on that our love is something that is timeless and just meant to be. If I could, I would tell Zane that. I would explain to him how he was the reason we first worked together but we were the ones who found out just how well we fit with each other. That it all might have started out as a plot for revenge, but our love is so much better than anything he could ever comprehend.

The End!