



# Blackmailing the Virgin

**Author:** *Alexa Riley*

**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Welcome back to Alexa Riley Promises. This series is dedicated to old romances. It's tropes galore, with all of our usual over-the-top alphas and sweet cheesy goodness.

These short books will focus on traditional and classic tropes while sticking to the Alexa Riley code: no cheating and always with an HEA. That's our Promise to you.

Blackmailing the Virgin

When Calder Cox sees Felicity for the first time, he has to have her. There's nothing that will hold him back...until he finds out she's his lawyer's daughter.

Felicity Chandler is graduating college soon but has no idea what she wants to do. While playing her violin one night, she sees Calder and feels instantly drawn to him. But when he tries to keep his distance, she doesn't know what to do with all of her feelings.

Calder can't be held off much longer, and when his control snaps, there are consequences. Felicity might be trying to run, but he'll make sure she stays...even if he has to blackmail her to do it.

Warning: This is an Alexa Riley Promise, so it's over the top, contains no cheating, and will always come with an HEA. It's ridiculous baby-making drama that's packed full of heat.

**Total Pages (Source):** 24

# Page 1

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## Chapter One Felicity

Can someone love and hate a city all at once? The new chill of winter blows, hitting my cheeks as I stand on the balcony of my father's condo in the middle of Manhattan while his Thanksgiving party rages on the other side of the building. More than fifty people came to celebrate and drink until God knows when. I know maybe five people at the party and tried to make an escape.

It's only been my father and me for years, and I know he feels the need to make holidays bigger than they really are for us. I'd rather spend that day with just the two of us. I don't like being around a lot of people, and the party below makes me uneasy in my own home. Even more so when I don't even really know the people. My father, being a top lawyer in New York, has a lot of people in and out of his life. New faces always seem to be popping up.

I'm only here for a few days before I'm back off to university once again, but this has been the pattern for the last eight years. I come home from boarding school or uni to a list of things or events that we will do or he'd like me to do, never really giving us much time alone. It's almost like my father fears the silence between us. I know he loves me. I'm just not sure he knows what to do with me. Sometimes when he looks at me, I wonder if he only sees my mother. A woman I know he cares nothing for. Maybe even hates, though he tries to pretend he doesn't.

Placing my hand on the clear glass railing of the balcony I look over the edge to the people hustling down the street below, on their way to anywhere and everywhere.

I lift my violin to my collarbone, holding it in my left hand, resting my face on the

side as I let my eyes fall closed. The music flows, drowning out the sounds of the city, and the tension leaves my body. This is the one place I feel like I can play for an audience, something I've never really wanted to do. Do I love to play? Yes, more than anything. But I never felt the need to do it for others. My father says it's because I'm shy, which is true, but I don't think that's what really stops me. It feels intimate. I pour more into my music than I want to share with just anyone.

I know my mother loved to be the center of attention. To put on a show for all those that would give her attention, or so the whispers said. Who knows what's really true. There was always a lot of whispering growing up, and I know my father tried to shelter me from that. He says I'm a lot like her, but if the stories are true, he's wrong. I have no desire for material things and no wish to hop from one man's bed to another. Nor do I wish to use a child as a ploy for financial gain. I also don't like when people watch me, and I don't draw attention to myself. It's a trait I apparently hadn't inherited from either of my parents.

I play for the whole city, but no one knows I'm here. The music flows from me, and it makes me feel like I'm somehow connected to my mother. I've only ever seen a few pictures of her. She was long gone by the time I was four, and photos are all that remain. I remember nothing about her, just little fantasies I cultivate based on what the other girls at school have.

This is the only show I can bring myself to put on. I can't remember my life without a violin in my hand. Always the shy girl, but something about it makes me feel like I come alive. Each note leaves me and enters the world. It's a piece that I put out there and it belongs only to me. Saying so much without saying anything at all.

The music slides through me to my core, where I put everything I have into it, feeling the world start to lift from my shoulders and drop all around me. Normally I find peace here in this place, but today it's like I can't reach that spot. So close but still so far away. The loneliness pushes in and I don't want to be alone. I feel myself lean

forward, trying to get closer to the people below.

It does nothing; the peace doesn't come. I play harder, moving my hand quicker, the movements pushing me towards it. But the harder I push and the faster I go, the farther away it moves.

“Beautiful.”

The deep word startles me, making me spin. A man grabs me, pulling me towards him. My body goes easily, melting into his. I stare up into the bluest eyes I've ever seen, finding a little bit of the peace I was looking for moments ago.

“You shouldn't play so close to the edge.” His deep voice rolls over my skin, warming the winter chill that has coated me. His concern is sweet.

I should tell him he shouldn't stand so close to me, but the words don't come. I just stare up at him. His midnight hair is just a little long, such a contrast to the brightness of his eyes. Everything about him is a contrast to his eyes. The rest of him seems dark. From the hard set of his jaw to the little crook I see in his nose, and even the small scar that marks one of his eyebrows.

He looks nothing like the boys I go to school with, or even the professors. They carry a softness to them, and he doesn't seem to have any. Except for those eyes.

I just stare at him, the words not coming. Not that they ever really do.

Then he moves, his mouth coming down towards mine. I gasp as his lips hit mine. One of his hands goes to my hair, grabbing hold and tilting my head back. I give him total control of the kiss, dominating and powerful as his tongue pushes into my mouth.

I don't even kiss him back. He takes the lead and then takes it all. My body goes lax, his other arm catching me as he holds me to him, devouring my mouth. Devouring me.

The taste of sweet, smoky scotch fills my mouth. I don't know if the moan comes from him or me, but I try to push my body into his. He's so big he easily surrounds me. The loneliness falls away and peace drops over me as the kiss goes on. This. This is what I was looking for when I came up here.

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## Page 2

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All too soon he's pushing back, pushing me away.

"What the fuck was that?" he asks. My hand comes to my lips, wanting to feel something there again. It's my first kiss, and I want more.

I go to step towards him. It's a bold move for me, but I can't seem to help myself.

"Felicity?" At my father's voice, I jump away from the man whose name I don't know.

"Here, Dad." He's standing in the doorway that opens onto the balcony. I glance over to the man next to me, who cocks his head as if putting together who I really am. It's now I really get a good look at him. The light from the open door spills out onto the balcony. It's clear he comes from money, his suit shows every inch of that, but a tattoo peeks out from of his cuffs, as if trying to escape. Even though I'm farther away from him, he looks even bigger. He must have really had to bend to kiss me. He has at least a foot and a half on me and I'm in the heels that I'd put on for the party.

"Calder?" my father says, following my line of vision to the mysterious man. "I didn't know you were here. I saw Sidney downstairs and was wondering if you were around."

"Just stepped out for some air," he replies, looking over at my father, then back to me.

"I see you met my daughter, Felicity. She's home from school this week." My father steps out onto the terrace and makes his way towards us. He stops next to me, picking

up my bow—I must have dropped it during the kiss. My violin's still held tightly in my other hand, the strings digging into my palm.

Sidney? my mind asks.

“Yes, I caught her playing.”

“You're lucky then. She hardly plays for anyone, no matter how hard I try to get her to.” I can hear the pride in my father's voice. He loves when I play, and I always do it for him.

I feel my cheeks warm at my father's admission. I lick my lips. They suddenly feel so dry. Calder's eyes track my tongue.

I know his name. Calder Cox. My father has mentioned him a few times in phone calls we've had. A new client of his. A big one. And that's saying a lot. My dad has countless powerful clients, so if he's using that word, he must be something special.

An awkward silence grows, as if Calder doesn't want to comment on my playing, and I still can't seem to find words myself.

I just stand there like a silly girl who has no idea what to do or say.

“Why don't you go inside, sweetheart? You don't have a coat on,” my father finally says. I'm wearing a knee-length dress without sleeves. The temperature seems to have dropped at least five degrees since I got out here. I hadn't noticed until Calder stepped away from me, taking all that warmth with him. My father tries to dismiss me nicely, knowing I probably want to go. I do but I don't.

I just nod and go to make my way past him, hoping Calder will say something. Anything. But he doesn't. I hurry down the stairs and into the house. They lead right

to the kitchen. I bypass the caterers as they hurriedly work in the kitchen, putting together trays of food and glasses of wine and champagne. I go straight to my bedroom.

After putting my violin away, I flop back on my bed and listen to the sounds of the party outside my room, wondering if Calder is out there now or if he's still on the balcony with my father. Had he caught us kissing? I don't think he did but I can't be sure.

That kiss. I've never felt anything like it in my life.

I wonder if all kisses are like that. I try to think about the time Mark from university tried to kiss me. I'd turned my head right before and got an awkward kiss on the cheek. He just laughed it off. I didn't get any kind of fluttery feeling with that kiss. Not compared to what I'd just felt on the balcony. Almost like the world had stopped for a moment.

I should have kissed him back. Will this be one of those moments I look back at and always wonder about? But even greater than my regret is my curiosity about Sidney. Her name keeps floating around in the back of my mind.

I sit up and slide my heels back on before going over to the mirror. I pick up some lip gloss and slick a little on. I wonder what I tasted like to him, if I'd left a taste in his mouth like he'd done to me.

Dropping the gloss back down onto the vanity, I try to tame my hair. The wind had gotten a hold of it and it looks pretty wild. Maybe it's wrong to want to try and sneak another kiss from someone my father works for, but I've never wanted anything like this before. Maybe it's time to push some of my shyness away.

Would he even want to kiss me again? His cold indifference after the kiss makes me



feel unsure. Did he feel what I felt, or is he one who kisses every girl he sees. I know a lot of men in New York get around. Some of my father's friends have been married a number of times and the whispers of mistresses are always around.

The woman's name pops in my head again. Is she his wife? The thought makes my stomach cramp. I should have looked for a ring. I still can.

I slip from my room and make my way back to the kitchen, picking up a glass of champagne and drinking it down before grabbing another and doing the same thing. I've maybe had a sip of wine or two in my life. In England, where I go to university, you can drink at eighteen, but I've never felt the draw. But maybe a little liquid courage could help a girl out.

## Chapter Two Calder

I watch her go, the sound of her music still playing in my head, the feel of her lips still on mine. I don't know what to do. I have this overwhelming urge to follow her and push her against the nearest wall. Jesus. What's happening to me? It feels like I'm boiling inside and that curvy little kitten is the only thing that can soothe the ache. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

## Page 3

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Her long dark hair and gorgeous green eyes have me in a trance. I want to knot my fingers in her hair and see her eyes light up with desire. I want to have her under me while I thrust into her little body.

My lips are still tingling from where I devoured her. To call it a kiss wouldn't do it justice. No, that was a claiming. I took her and marked her as mine, and all I want to do is finish marking her in the most animalistic way possible.

“Having a good time?”

Bill's words shake my attention away from Felicity, and I reluctantly pull my eyes from the doorway she disappeared through.

“Yes, thank you,” I answer as politely as I can with all the other questions screaming in my head. Where did she go? Where has she been? Will you know if I pull her into a dark corner and have my way with her?

“They grow up so fast. I can't believe she's in college. It feels like yesterday I was walking her to kindergarten.”

I breathe a sigh of relief to find out she's over eighteen. I had heard he had a daughter in college, but for a second there I had a moment of panic. I was too far gone and too blinded by lust to stop myself. If she hadn't been legal, I still don't know that I could stop myself.

“She's just like her mother.” Bill's words are a little wistful as he turns back towards the house and I follow him.

I never met Bill's wife, but I had heard a lot of stories about her.

I heard she'd only married him for his money. Bill had once told me he only married for Felicity's sake, but he soon found out that was a mistake. The women cared nothing for her daughter. She only cared about herself. She was out the door when he offered her a few million to sign over her rights.

Apparently she slept her way through most of his colleagues and some of his clients before someone finally told him. I'm sure Bill knew of her indiscretions, but as he'd married her only for Felicity, it's likely he didn't care. Bill doesn't miss much. She saved her worst behavior for parties, I'd heard. She always had to be the center of attention. If that's the case with Felicity, then I'm sure she's getting all kinds of male attention.

The thought makes me grit my teeth and clench my fists. I don't want to envision anyone else's hands on her, but the way she looks makes me think she's had plenty. Her body is made for a man's grip. She's short but has thick curves in all the right places.

Why am I even thinking these thoughts? I can't do any of this. Bill is my company's attorney, and this is his daughter. I need to stay away from her. I need to keep my distance. This could be very bad for everyone involved, so I'm glad I just took a kiss.

Fuck, I wanted to take more. And if the throb in my cock, which refuses to go down, has anything to say about it, I still would. Jerking off in a bathroom crosses my mind, but I push the thought aside. I don't want my hand. I've got something soft and warm I want instead, and I'm trying like hell to not think about her.

As Bill and I descend the stairs, I try to think back to what I know of his personal life. There isn't much, other than rumors. I remember hearing that his wife left him some time ago. I wonder how old Felicity was when that happened.

I shake my head. I need to clear the thought. I can't think about her like that. I can't fantasize about my attorney's daughter, no matter how much I want to. This would be very bad for business, and I can't imagine what people would say.

Thank God I pulled away when I did. I didn't know who was interrupting us at the time, and I'm thankful not to have been caught. I wanted her so badly I didn't think about the consequences of who she was and where we were. Who knows what I would have done if we weren't interrupted. I have to get better control of myself.

When we finally make it back down to the party, I nod to Bill as he blends back in with the crowd. My balcony antics haven't been mentioned. It's as if it never happened. I wish someone would tell that to my cock because he sure as fuck knows it happened. And he's looking for more.

I grab a glass of red wine from one of the passing caterers and stand by the fire, surveying the crowd. I feel her before I see her. I turn towards a darker part of the room. Felicity is in the corner while a man I don't recognize leans down to talk to her. I see her look my way and then look to him, a deep blush creeping across her cheeks.

I feel a snap between my fingers and look to see the stem of my wine glass has broken in two. A server comes over and takes the broken glass out of my hand, passing me a clean towel. There only seem to be a few minor cuts, so I wave him off.

When I look over at Felicity, I see her gazing over at me with concern on her face. Is she worried I'm going to tell her father what happened upstairs? Because that would be the last thing I'd want to do. She should be more worried about me going over there and pushing that guy away from her and pinning her in that corner with the lower half of my body.

Gritting my teeth, I grab another glass of wine, careful this time not to crack it in my

hand. I also try—unsuccessfully—to not stare at Felicity. I keep my eyes on her, watching as she blushes and nods, hardly speaking a few words to the man. She's so shy that I can see it from across the room. This doesn't jibe with her father's words. As the man leaves, I take a step forward and then think better of it. Keeping myself rooted to the spot, I chant over and over in my head that I must not go to her. No matter how much my body wants it.

I see her eyes light up, and she starts to take a step, only to be cornered by another man. This time I want to smash my wine glass on the floor and scream obscenities until I blow the roof off this place. I want to scream that she's mine, but she's not. I don't even know where these barbaric and crazy ideas come from.

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She gives the new man a smile, and I stifle the rage in me at the gesture. Why do I even care that she's smiling at someone? It's no business of mine. Except for the fact that I've marked her mouth and now I feel as if I own it. How dare she use what I own to make other men happy? That mouth is mine and should only be used for my desires.

"Calder, are you okay?"

Looking to my left, I see Sidney walk up and put her hand on my shoulder. It's not the hand I want. The one I want is on the other side of the room, and I hate it.

I nod, accepting her comfort, and try not to be so obvious about my newfound obsession with my attorney's daughter.

"Are you ready to go? I think I made the rounds for us, and I'm dying to get home. My feet are killing me in these shoes." She leans on me a little, lifting one and giving it a squeeze. "But they're so pretty I couldn't bear not to wear them."

I just hum as I sneak another look at Felicity. I feel heat flood my bloodstream when I see her with a big smile on her face as she leans into the man in front of her. I guess her father was right. Maybe she is just like her mother, always needing attention. No matter who it's from. I'm bitter, and I can't look at the scene much longer.

I take Sidney's hand and pull her out of the living room. "I'm ready," I grit out as we exit the penthouse.

When we get downstairs, my car is waiting at the curb. My driver helps Sidney in,

and I go around, nearly slamming my door as I get in.

“Calder? What happened?”

Sidney and I have known one another since the fourth grade. She was allergic to peanuts and so was I, so we had to share a lunch table. There was a big sign above the table that declared we had allergies, and it was really embarrassing at the time. So we ended up bonding over it and became best friends.

People always assume we are a couple, and we’ve used that to our advantage. It’s helped me out with social climbers and keeping out of the single spotlight, and it’s helped Sidney keep her sexual orientation from her family. They’re strict Catholics, and having a lesbian for a daughter would be the end of the world to them. So instead, Sidney tells them we’re an item and I just won’t commit. I’m fine with being the asshole to her family and taking all the shit they dish out at the holidays. I’d walk through fire for her, and I know she’d do the same for me.

“Nothing. I’m okay.” I take a deep breath and try to clear my head. Maybe now that I’m not around her, this need will dissipate. “I’m good. Just have work on my mind. Are you staying at Lori’s tonight?”

I try to change the subject to her girlfriend, knowing this will pull her attention away from me.

She sighs and leans back in the seat, and for a second I feel bad about bringing it up.

“No. She told me last week that if I went to another event with you as your girlfriend, then she wanted to break up. I told her that we work together and it’s complicated, but she knows it’s bullshit. She’s asking for something I can’t give her.

I nod, thinking about exactly that—wanting what I can’t have. I look out the window,

holding my fist to my mouth as I try to quell the growing desire for Felicity. It's as if the farther away I get from her, the stronger the urge is.

"Richard, drop me off at my place," Sidney says, and I look over at her.

"You're not coming over?"

We'd agreed before the night started that she'd come over and play the new Madden with me. She's one of my closest friends, but she's also a badass when it comes to playing football.

She looks over at me and raises an eyebrow. In that one look, I can see everything she's not saying. That look is telling me I know you're full of shit and you're hiding something. I know you need the night to yourself. So unless you want to talk about it, I'm going home.

I nod again and go back to glaring out the window. "You're right. I'll see you tomorrow."

The car stops and she leans over, kissing me on the cheek. "Night, Calder."

I wave to her as she gets out and goes into her building. When the car starts to move again, I lay my head back and put my hands over my eyes. It takes everything in me not to tell Richard to pull the car around and go back to Felicity's home.

Just one more look. I think if I could see her one more time, that's all it would take to make this go away.

The distance between us grows, and the lie I keep telling myself falls away. Once with her will never be enough.



## Chapter Three Felicity

“I have a meeting in my office, but I should be done in an hour.” I jump at my father’s words and close my laptop before he can see what’s on my computer screen. My shameful secret.

His eyebrows rise in a question.

“Sorry, you scared me. Just looking up recipes,” I lie. He gives me a half-smirk, seeing right through me. I’m the world’s worst liar. I don’t even know why I try.

“I’m asking my client to join us. Can you make sure there’s enough?”

“Yeah. I’m going to start dinner here in just a second. I’ll make sure there’s plenty.”

He walks into my bedroom and bends and kisses the top of my head. It makes me smile.

“I’m glad you could make it home. Even if it’s just for a few days.” He’s said this every day since I got here, making me feel guilty each time. I almost didn’t come home for the holiday. It was selfish, and when I’d brought it up to my father about not coming home, I took it back immediately when I heard the disappointment in his voice. It was Christmas, and I was a brat for even having the idea. My father and I are all the family either of us have.

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All because I didn't want to run into him. It's on the tip of my tongue to ask my father who the client is, but I don't. I've never asked something like that before. It's not uncommon for my father to take meetings in his home office. He works from home even more when I'm here, and I don't want him to catch onto me. My father is good at catching things like that.

"You're just tired of eating take out," I tease him. The only time Dad eats food that isn't from a restaurant or in a to-go box is when I'm home to cook for him.

"I can deny that, but I've missed you."

I reach up and fix his slightly crooked tie.

"I missed you, too," I admit.

"Only a few more months and I'll have you back in the city with me for good." He smiles at his own reminder. Graduation is fast approaching, and he couldn't be prouder. Me, I'm kind of freaking out. The whole what-am-I-going-to-do-with-the-rest-of-my-life question looms. But I'm one of the lucky ones. A lot of the other students I went to school with didn't have a dad like mine. They didn't like that their kids got degrees in fine arts and spent all their time playing an instrument. That wouldn't put food on the table.

"Dad, you know I'm not coming back here, right?" He stiffens a little at my words. "I mean, back here." I point down to the floor, indicating my bedroom. "I'll be getting my own place."

“That trust fund is already kicking me in the ass.” He lets out a deep sigh. “I know, sweetheart, but just keep in mind there are condos for rent in this very building. I could get you one now if you’d like to hold it. I’ll even buy it if—”

I cut him off. “Dad, don’t you have a meeting?” I don’t want to get into this conversation again. I’m not shooting down the idea, but if I tell my father I’m mulling it over, he’ll push for more and I’ll end up back in this bedroom again. My dad is just too good at negotiations, and I’ve learned to try and avoid them because I crack. I can’t help it when he goes all sweet, loving dad on me. I hate when he gets that disappointed look on his face.

“All right.” He kisses the top of my head again before leaving me alone in my room. I reopen my laptop and look at the New York gossip column I’d just hidden.

Looks like Sidney Grant spends the night at Calder Cox’s once again. Below the headline is a picture of Sidney exiting what I’m assuming is Calder’s place. The same woman he’s always pictured with. The same woman he’d left my father’s party with after kissing me.

They are always seen together at events. It’s rumored they are planning a secret wedding. I can’t seem to stop myself from reading each and every article I find on them. I’m starting to think I’m a masochist.

I shut my laptop again and pull myself away from my bedroom, making my way to the kitchen to make dinner. I’ve cooked dinner every night since I got here Christmas Eve. Dad makes a list of things he’d like me to make while I’m in town and I check them off one by one each day. I saved his favorite—stuffed chicken—for last, and I’m making it tonight. I won’t be cooking tomorrow night since he’s hosting a New Year’s Eve party, and I leave for school midday on New Year’s Day.

Pulling out the chicken, I get to work preparing the dinner and setting the table. I go

ahead and set a third in case someone might be joining us like Dad said. Unwanted butterflies take flight at the possibility that it might be Calder. I chastise myself for the thought. He has a girlfriend, I remind myself for the millionth time. I hate that I have on a crush on a man who's taken. It feels wrong on so many levels. I never want to be that girl, but here I am.

I stop myself from going to my bedroom to make sure I look okay, because it doesn't matter. Even if Calder is coming, he isn't mine and can't be, even if he kissed me like I belonged to him. Kissed me like he was made to kiss only me. Made my body come to life and want things it had never wanted before.

When I hear voices in the dining room, I still, trying to hear them. I can't make anything out until my father calls my name. Taking a deep breath, I enter the dining room, and there he is, sitting to the left of my father at the dining room table. I'm going to have to sit across from him for the whole meal. Maybe I can eat fast.

"Felicity, you remember Calder from the party last month, don't you?"

"Of course. It's nice to see you again, Mr. Cox." I give a little nod before taking my seat. His bright eyes stay trained on me, and I can feel them move over my body. He looks just as good as that first night, only tonight he seems a little more laid-back, not so put together. His suit jacket and tie look to be long gone. The sleeves of his white button-down shirt are rolled to his elbows, the button at his collar popped. Even his hair looks like he spent the day running his fingers through it.

He just continues to stare at me, the room completely quiet. As if finally noticing the yawning silence, he nods. "Nice to see you again, too, Felicity." My name rolls off his tongue like he's said it a thousand times before.

My father's eyes go back and forth between us for a moment. "You heard Felicity play, didn't you?" my father asks, and I wonder if he feels the tension, too. Or maybe

I'm the only one who feels it at all. For all I know, Calder kisses hundreds of women and that one meant nothing. Maybe he was drunk and doesn't even remember it at all. Which is disheartening. I can't get any part of it out of my head. Every time I close my eyes, that moment is there again. I can still recall the taste of scotch on his tongue that night. I don't think I'll ever taste it and not think of him. It will be branded in my mind as long as I live. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Yes, she was quite impressive.”

I feel myself blush at Calder’s compliment. My normal shyness comes to the surface like it always does. I’m sure he can see the blush hit my fair skin. I can’t hide it even if I want to.

“It’s not something she shares with many people. I’m one of the lucky ones. Seems you are, too, now,” my father boasts, making me smile over at him.

“But isn’t that what she goes to school for?” Calder asks, catching me off guard. My eyes go back to his, and I find his gaze still fixed on me.

“I’m not sure what I’m going to do. Maybe teach,” I half-mumble, feeling a bit uncomfortable because every time I say this, I get the same response from people. Teaching is the one thing I keep coming back to. The only thing that makes me feel comfortable. Teaching or giving lessons to kids. My own teachers tell me it’s a waste of my talent. That I should be out in the world, sharing my music. I don’t even respond to the comments anymore.

“You don’t want to share your music? It was breathtaking.”

I shrug, disappointment lancing through me. I don’t even know this man beyond what I’ve found online, but something in me wants him to get it. That every time I send a piece of my music out into the world, it feels like I’m sending a piece of me out, too. Like willingly giving my diary out for anyone to read the pages.

A smile spreads across his face as if he likes my response.

“I hear you’re getting married, Mr. Cox.” The statement pops out of my mouth, even surprising me. I glance over at my father who looks equally surprised. Something about Calder has me doing things I don’t normally do. Maybe it’s to do with all these things he’s making me feel. I’m not typically one to ask the questions. I have to be cornered into a conversation or I’ll disengage myself.

One would think if I was crushing on someone, my shyness would be ever present, but maybe it’s the simmering anger I have pushing me on.

“Never been engaged.” That smile spreads even farther, his perfect smile shining through. I really feel the heat of a blush hit my face now. I’ve been busted. He knows I’ve been reading about him. It’s written all over his perfect face, and it makes my anger a little bit deeper.

“Oh, haven't popped the question yet?” I push on, the rage fueling me.

My dad lets out a deep laugh. “I don’t think anyone will ever get Calder to finally tie the knot. A confirmed bachelor at heart like me.”

“You got married once,” I correct my dad, knowing he married my mother and a quick silent divorce followed. She was gone just as fast.

“I’ve seen what marriage can be like first hand with my own parents. It’s not something I’ll put myself through. I sure Bill here would agree.”

I look over at my father who is looking at me. He might call himself a confirmed bachelor, but I’ve never seen the real roots of that. Women weren’t coming and going. I’ve never even seen him date. I have seen him make googly eyes at his secretary, though.

My father does the half-shrug I often do, before picking up his glass of scotch and

taking a drink. It makes me smirk. Yeah, confirmed bachelor, my ass. Dad might be a hard lawyer out in the world, but he's a gooey-soft family man when he's at home. I think he's faking the whole I-don't-want-a-woman thing because of me. I always come first. It's one of the reasons I don't want to move back here. I want him to find someone. I know he wants it but just won't say it.

I go back to eating my chicken. My father changes the topic to some company merger, and I just focus on my plate. Every time I glance at Calder, he's just staring at me, so I eat fast, wanting to get away from this table before I snap another question at him. I feel hundreds bubbling inside me. Ones I really don't want to say in front of my father.

"I think I'm going to head to bed." I push back my chair and stand up. Leaning over, I kiss my dad on the cheek. I can't bring myself to say anything to Calder, but I feel his eyes on me like they have been from the moment I entered the dining room. My father says goodnight and I exit the room, taking my half-empty plate with me and placing it on the kitchen counter.

After all that, my stupid crush hasn't dimmed, even after what he said about marriage. That should have crushed it for me. Since I met him, all I can think about is marriage, with little babies, and my own little music studio where I could teach little kids to play. This fantasy grows each day, even when I try to stop it.

I shake my head at my own thoughts. I can only hope that tonight I won't dream of him once again.

## Chapter Four Calder

I turn the knob silently, closing the door firmly behind me. It's dark in her room, but the moonlight through the window shines enough for me to see my way over to the bed.



This is a bad idea. A very, very bad idea. But I've had five too many drinks to worry about that. I'm drunk, and Bill was kind enough to show me to one of his guest rooms, even though I have a driver I could call, even though this is a city with more cabs than people.

I knew what I was doing when I walked into his study. I knew I was going to get loaded, let my cares go with each drink, and then wait for the opportunity. I knew Bill would ask me to stay, and I knew what would happen if he did. I knew coming in here was wrong, but it's happening.

The way she looked at me during dinner told me exactly what I had suspected. That the feelings from the night we kissed are still there. That none of the desire and need dissipated during our time apart. If anything, it's driven me insane.

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Clearly, I'm crazy.

I approach her bed, seeing her silhouette, and I'm struck once again by my pull to her. Her flawless face rests on her pillow as her full lips are parted slightly in sleep. Her dark hair is spread out on her pillow, and I stand there watching her dream. I selfishly wonder if she's thinking of me, and I take a step closer. As if to prove how her body is so in tune with mine, I hear her softly whisper my name.

"Calder."

Maybe I'm drunk, but it sounded like she said my name. I walk forward until my knees hit the edge of her mattress, and I know what I'm going to do. I can't stop this, just like I can't stop the pull I feel towards her.

The past weeks have made me crazy with want, and I've done all I can to stay away. So many years my life has felt hollow, but since I found her on the balcony, something has changed. She crept into those empty spaces, and I need more. I crave her like oxygen.

Now, with her being this close, I can't control it anymore. She's too beautiful, the most perfect thing I've ever seen, and I feel so many things I've never felt before. Didn't even know existed. It's as if she's brought something inside me to life. Felicity has turned me into a new man, woken me back up, and this new part of me must own her. In every way possible.

I strip out of my suit and throw it to the floor, and then stand there in my boxer briefs. I hesitate for only a second and then push them down as well. I know what I want,

and I know she wants it, too. I've felt it between us, and I saw it in her eyes tonight.

I gently pull back her blanket, careful not to wake her yet. Looking down, I see she's wearing a small T-shirt with her college crest on it and pale blue cotton panties. I'm a little surprised at her innocent underwear given how her dad had mentioned she was just like her mother. Then again, she didn't expect me to come sneaking into her room tonight, so maybe that's why she didn't wear anything sexier. I like the look of these panties, though. They're innocent and sweet, as if she's untouched.

When I push away the blanket completely, I crawl into the bed on top of her.

Her eyes pop open, and she looks alarmed for just a moment before they focus and recognize it's me. There's a moment when she takes in a breath as if she's going to scream, but then just lets it out slowly. She's still as she looks into my eyes, the questions starting to mount. In the moonlight, I can see the blush deepen across her cheeks.

"Felicity," I breathe the second before my lips land on hers.

I've held off as long as I could, but I have to taste her again. I have to claim her mouth as mine, because God knows who she's given it to since we've been apart. I growl at the thought before pushing it away and sweeping my tongue inside her mouth.

She lets out a little whimper, but her hands go to the back of my head, holding me to her. Pressing the full weight of my body on top of her, I give into my urges and hold her tightly to me. My hands go to her sides and push the small shirt above her curvy waist, needing her skin against mine. My mouth moves to her neck, and I hear her say my name again, this time with a question on the end of it.

"What are you doing here?" she gasps, but her legs spread under me, allowing my

steel-hard cock to press against her hot, panty-covered pussy.

“I’m giving us both what we need, sweetheart. I can’t stay away from you any longer. I’ve tried, but seeing you tonight was my undoing. Please, Felicity. Please don’t turn me away.”

Even I can hear the desperate plea in my voice as I beg her not to kick me out. I would pull away and leave her here alone if she asked me to. I would do anything she asked of me, but it would tear my soul into pieces if she did.

“Let me have you, Felicity.”

“But Sidney...” I see the sleepy look on her face as she says the words.

“Is nothing for you to worry about. I promise. I need you. Only you.”

I thrust against her with my cock, letting her feel my need. Her legs tighten around my hips as she tilts her lower body to get closer to me. I feel her damp panties rub against my length, and I throb, spreading a few drops of my own on them.

“Yes,” she moans and lifts her chin, letting my mouth trail down farther.

My hands push her shirt off, and our naked chests press together. I’m dizzy from the potent arousal flowing between us and the intoxicating pull I feel towards her.

“So beautiful. God, you’re absolutely stunning, sweetheart.” I look down at her naked breasts, seeing their lush weight spread across her chest, her hard nipples in tight buds that make my teeth ache. “You don’t know how many times I’ve thought about you like this. Thought about this moment when I would finally get you under me.” I lean down and lick between her breasts, tasting her sweet skin. “I don’t want it to end.”

Her fingers come up and tangle in my hair as she smiles up at me. “How many drinks did it take you to get up here?” she asks, a knowing smirk playing on her lips.

“I’ve never needed that kind of courage before, but you bring me to my knees.”

I take her mouth again and reach between us, feeling her damp panties. She’s soaked through them, and I can’t wait any longer.

Her taste, her scent, the feel of her is all too much. I should take my time, eat her pussy, which I know is going to taste like heaven. Suck her nipples, which I know will feel like silk in my mouth. But right now, I just need to be inside her. I have to wrap that little cunt around my cock and cum in her before I die from hunger.

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Not wanting to stop kissing her, I reach between us and push her panties to the side. Just enough to expose the part I need to sink into and give us what we need. I can feel it building in our bodies, this strong urge to connect. It's like I have to get my cock in her before something happens and this fantasy all goes up in smoke.

Pressing my dripping cock to her wet opening, I slide against her in a teasing motion, slipping away from where I want to go. Moving her panties a little more, I push in, and this time thrust fully into her heated pussy. The sticky sweet cream coating her helps me glide my cock all the way to the root.

I start thrusting, feeling her pussy squeezing the life out of me. But she's so fucking wet and ready that my dick is slicker than it's ever been. Her mouth opens for me, and I sweep my tongue in again, swallowing her moans and tasting her desire. She's clinging to me as I ride her hard, fucking in and out of her tight body. Her thick curves under me welcome my thrusts, and her big soft breasts rub against my chest.

This is the single greatest feeling I've ever had in my life. It's as if our connection is one long orgasm—no build-up, no tease, just one intense climax. She's so perfect under me. It's exactly how I pictured it, only better. She's more beautiful than I imagined and so much fucking sweeter.

It's then I feel the orgasm building in my balls, and I want it to stop. I'm not ready to cum yet. I grit my teeth as I feel the ripples in her pussy that tell me she's on her way to climax. She's going to cum, and it's going to shatter me, because I'll have no choice but to follow her into paradise.

She breaks the kiss, throwing her head back, and I have a split second of clarity as I

throw my hand over her mouth to muffle her cries of pleasure. She cums loud and hard all over my cock, and I grit my teeth in perfect agony as I cum with her.

I hold myself inside her, spilling my hot seed into her body. There's no other place for my cum but her pussy, and I never once have the thought of pulling out.

“So beautiful, sweetheart. So fucking beautiful,” I whisper, resting my forehead on her chest. “I like that you don't play for everyone. That your music is just for who you choose.”

I feel my hand fall away, and I start to drift into some kind of pleasure-filled coma. All the desire from the past weeks have finally caught up with me, and my body feels sated for the first time.

I try not to collapse on top of her, but I'm not sure if I make it off her as I'm out before my head hits the pillow.

Any dream I have of her will be nothing compared to what we just shared. No dream could touch the perfection of what I just experienced, and I hope when I wake up I remember to tell her exactly that.

## Chapter Five Felicity

I wake to a sweet ache between my legs and the previous night playing through my mind. A delicious smile spreads across my face. If not for the ache, I'd think it was a dream. One I'd had many times before. Absently, I reach for Calder but come up with nothing. His body is no longer wrapped around mine.

Slowly opening my eyes, the morning light shining in through the floor-to-ceiling window of my bedroom, I see him sitting on the edge of the bed. His elbows on his knees, his head down, one hand in his hair like he's almost pulling it. His breathing is

deep, each breath making the big muscles of his back flex, showing the lines of his defined body.

Reaching out, I run my fingers down his back, wanting to encourage him back to bed with me. His whole body freezes. No more deep breaths. Just completely still. I can feel the frustration rolling off of him in waves, and it makes me pull my hand back.

“What did I do?” I hear him mumble. “I should have listened to your father.”

Out of all the things I thought he might say, that isn’t one of them. Not even close. In fact, talking about my father while we are both naked after making love seems completely wrong.

“Did he tell you to stay away from me?” I wouldn’t be surprised by that. It’s the only thing I can really imagine my father would say. He’s never scared men off before, but I don’t normally engage in their affections either, so there has never been a need.

“No. Said you’re just like your mother.” The way he says it, with such distaste, makes me push myself farther away from him, almost falling off the other side of the bed. Grabbing the sheet, I wrap it around me to cover up my body. He makes no move to look at me as he hangs his head and looks down at the floor.

My father has said many times that I’m like my mother, that I seem to just draw attention to myself. But she sought hers, and I don’t. He’s often said that I just light up a room. I’d always believed it was just a father doting on his daughter. Of course he thought I lit up the room. But I don’t think that’s what Calder means. Not with his tone of voice, the bitter anger that seems to lace them. No, he’s talking about the other whispers I’ve heard about my mother. For some reason, I want to hear him say it. Maybe because no one has ever said it to me before. It’s always been danced around or avoided.



“And what does that mean?” I’m surprised by the firmness of my own words. I’m shocked that I don’t stumble over them. I meet him head on.

This time, he does turn to look at me. His bright eyes bore into mine. The look is cold, all that sweetness from last night long gone. So cold I almost wonder if I made it up to begin with. That it never could have been in those eyes.

“I think you know what I mean, Felicity. It’s no big secret about your mother. Hopping from one bed to another. Do you so easily fall into bed with men? Do you do this for all of your father’s clients? That why he seems to be so popular?”

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I can feel the blood drain from my face. Yes, I've heard the rumors. On some level I've had a dislike for my mother, but another part of me, the child deep inside me, still craves something from her. When my father said I was like my mother, it made me smile because I filled it with a sweetness. That I had a little part of my mother in me was a cause for happiness for me. I know it's silly, she abandoned me, after all, but I clung to it for some reason.

Is that what my father told him? Maybe that's why he wants me so close. He can keep a better eye on me. Make sure I'm not too much like her.

"I believe it was you that climbed into my bed."

"A bed you easily welcomed me into," he throws back. I don't get his anger. What the heck changed from last night to this morning?

"Well then, you better be on your way. I'm sure someone else will be filling the spot shortly." I don't know where that came from, but it felt good. More than good. I let the anger take control because if I let myself feel anything else, I'll be crumbling into a babbling, crying-girl mess. I won't give him that.

No, I've already given him too much. More than I've ever given anyone, only to have it ripped away from me so quickly.

He shoots up from the bed, turning to look at me full on in all his naked glory. Rage lights up his face. I feel a moment of triumph when I see what looks like jealousy flash across his face. I jump to the other side of the bed, taking the sheet with me, wrapping it around my naked body.

“Oh, trust me. If anyone is going to be fucking you in this bed, it will be me. You can cancel your fucking list while your little ass is still in New York. Hell, indefinitely. I’ll be the only man between those greedy thighs.”

“Get out!” I scream, hoping my father isn’t home. He’s taking what I thought had been lovemaking and turning it into something else. Something I want no part of. “You’ll never touch me again.”

“Oh, I’m going to do more than touch you. I might have had a little too much to drink when I stumbled in here last night, but I’m seeing things all too clearly now in the light of day. I held myself back, but I might as well take what you seem to be throwing around. No sense in driving myself crazy by not just taking it.”

“I’m not sure you see anything clearly at all.” My voice is soft, losing all the power it had. I can’t stop the sense of defeat I’m feeling from leaking out.

His eyes narrow on me like he is trying to read me like some puzzle. I look away, my eyes going to the bed. When I see the bloodstain on the sheet, I squeeze my eyes shut for a minute, trying to get myself together.

When I look back up at him, I see his eyes are on the bed now, too. I feel embarrassment flood me. To be called a whore despite having been a virgin not even hours ago would be almost laughable if my heart wasn’t breaking.

Slowly, his eyes come back to mine.

“I said get out,” I push again, needing him out of my room. I feel the dam breaking. The knot growing in my throat. It will be a miracle if I can get him out of here without shedding a tear in front of him.

“I—”

“Don’t!” I hold my hand up, the other still holding the sheet to my body. I can’t take another word from him.

He goes to move around the bed, and I take two steps back, almost slipping on the sheet now tangled around my feet. “I’ll scream. I’ll scream so loud everyone will hear it.”

He stops in his tracks.

“Please. I’m begging you. Just leave.” My voice cracks on the last word.

His head drops and he looks down at the floor. I let out a sigh of relief as he finally starts to dress. I turn around, not wanting to look at him. I feel a tear streak down my face, and I quickly wipe it away. I don’t want to wait for him to leave, so I walk towards my bathroom, shutting the door behind me, not even looking back at him. Flipping the lock, I let myself fall against the heavy door.

“I’ll see you tonight. We’ll talk then. After we both cool down and think about things rationally. Meet me on the balcony.”

I don’t respond to him.

“Felicity,” he pushes from the other side of the door.

“Okay,” I lie, happy he can’t see my face and read the lie.

I walk over to the shower and turn the knobs before dropping the sheet and climbing in. I have to get out of here. There is no way I can be here tonight. The idea that he thinks I’ll meet him on the balcony after what he just said to me is ludicrous. The idea that I’d ever want to talk to him again is laughable.

And I have a feeling that if I'm here tonight, he'll corner me into doing just that. Calder doesn't look like a man who stops until he gets what he wants. I don't think he'd have become as successful as he is if he did.

Washing my body, I stop between my legs. The ache I felt when I woke this morning no longer feels sweet. Now the dull throb just adds to the pain I feel pulsing through my body.

I have to get out of here. I turn off the shower and dry myself before opening the door. A wave of utter relief laced with a pang of sadness washes over me when I see that he is indeed gone.

It's then I notice the bedsheet is gone. The evidence of what happened is no longer here, effortlessly whipped away.

Grabbing my phone off my bedside table, I look at the text from my father.

Dad: Had to run to the office. Be back later this afternoon. Staff should have everything handled for tonight.

I drop the phone back down, wondering what my dad had said to Calder. I can't bring myself to ask. I already feel like I'm on the edge of shattering into a million pieces. One little shove and I'm not sure how long it would take to put me back together again. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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The night before keeps playing through my mind, taunting me. He was so sweet. Like he couldn't get enough of me. It hits me like a ton of bricks. Glancing down into the trash, I can't see a used condom. Nothing. I don't remember him using anything at all.

I drop down onto the bed, burying my face in my hands and letting myself cry. I've never felt more alone in my life than in this moment.

I give myself thirty minutes of self-pity before I pull myself from the bed and change my flight. I'm relieved to find one that departs in three hours.

I pack my bags and get everything together before sneaking out of the apartment and down to the lobby where I hail a cab.

It isn't until I'm on the plane do I finally text my dad.

Me: Sorry had to head back a little early. Have fun tonight. I love you.

I feel guilty for not staying. For not asking for the truth. I know my father holds some disdain for my mother, never has it fallen on me. That doubt has never been in my mind. Now it's there.

After turning my phone on airplane mode, I drop it back into my bag.

Taking a deep breath, I let my head fall back as I close my eyes.

This too shall pass.

## Chapter Six Calder

I waited on that balcony all night as that hollow feeling started to return. I stood there and heard people below chanting the countdown and then singing ‘Auld Lang Syne.’ She didn’t come and didn’t let me explain what happened. I acted like an asshole, and she didn’t deserve that. I was mad at myself and mad at the situation, but I never meant to hurt her or take my frustration out on her.

I was pissed at first that I let myself stumble into her room drunk and take her like that. That she so easily welcomed me when she shouldn’t have. She deserved better than that. Than me. Worse, I let my jealousy rule me. I knew I would never be able to let her go. It’s why I tried to stay away, and her father’s words taunted me —she’d always pull the eyes of other men. I’d have to fight them back till the end of days. It pissed me off, but it was a task I’d easily complete. I’d make sure none of them looked at her. They’d all know she belonged to me and me alone.

The look on her face. I’ll never forget that. All the sweetness turned to sadness. I should have known. She was so innocent, but maybe I was a little jaded. Didn’t think after all the pain life has given me that it would give me something so sweet that could be all mine.

I stomped all over the precious gift of her virginity. If I could just get her to listen to me, I’d spend the rest of our lives making it right. I took the sheet off her bed and brought it home with me as a reminder of what I’d done. It was barbaric, but I had to take it. Keep it. Not let that gift be washed away.

Days pass, and I have no way of getting in touch with her. Finally, I break down and try to casually mention Felicity to Bill. I need some more information on her. I can’t stand the ache in my chest, and I need to see her.

I go by the office he works at and lean casually in the entryway. Ironically, it’s a

relaxed position when I've never felt tenser in my life.

"Hey, Bill. Just wanted to come by and say thanks again for the drinks before New Year's."

I knew Bill had no knowledge of what happened between Felicity and me because I feel sure he would have ripped my throat out the first time I saw him afterwards.

"Sure, Calder. Anytime. Were you able to make it on New Year's Eve? There were so many people I didn't catch if you and Sidney had been able to stop by."

"Yes, I did actually." I stop, not knowing how to continue, then try to make an easy transition to my desired objective. "I looked for you and Felicity but didn't see you before we left."

"Ah." He looks away and then looks back to me. "I was around, mingling as usual, but unfortunately Felicity had to leave for school earlier than expected."

I can see the disappointed look on his face, and I hate that I may have put it there. It's obvious his daughter is important to him, and it just adds another layer of asshole to the pile I already feel.

"Where does she go to school again?" I know exactly where she goes to school, I just need some details.

"Cambridge in England. She comes home when she can, but she's busy with her studies. She's set to graduate this semester and she's working overtime. She's got her whole life to work. And if you ask me, she's taking on too much. She's young. She should be falling in love and having a good time. But instead she keeps her music to herself, closed off from everyone."



I absorb all of his words, thinking that she's old enough to know what she wants, and if she should be falling in love with anyone, it should be me.

He shakes his head and looks apologetic. "Sorry, that might have been over-sharing. I just worry. She's my only little girl."

"You said before she was just like her mother. But you said that Felicity is introverted?" I ask, wanting to get to the bottom of his comparison.

"Oh." He looks at me like he forgot he mentioned it. "I must have said that in passing. Yes, she's so much like her at times. She's so passionate about her music, the way Ruthie was about life. My ex-wife may have had her faults." He lets out a dark laugh. "A lot more than I realized to begin with, but there was an air about her. People flocked to Ruthie. She loved attention and grabbed onto it everywhere she went, but she turned it into something nasty. But sweet Felicity has that draw and doesn't even know it. She's like the glow of a sunset that people gather around to watch. She commands attention without lifting a finger." He shakes his head and looks off into the distance. "That was the reason I fell for Ruthie to begin with. Felicity is cut from the same cloth, but she has her own path. She's just as beautiful as Ruthie, and I don't think she even realizes it."

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“I know,” I whisper, and he turns to look at me. I clear my throat and make a mumbling sound, trying to make it sound like I was trying to stifle a cough instead of agreeing with him. “So she’s coming home for spring break then?” I ask, hopeful that she’s headed this way sometime soon.

Bill sighs and shrugs his shoulder. “She sent me a text last night saying she’ll let me know. Oh well. At some point I have to let her live her life. Right?”

I give him a tight smile and change over to work talk. It’s the last thing on my mind, but I can’t walk out of his office having only talked about Felicity. I need to stay under the radar with him and hide my feelings for her until I can come up with a way of talking to her.

I go back to my office and kick myself for the workload I have lying before me. I have so much I need to be doing, but all I can think about is making a trip to England. We have consultants there, and I could use it as an excuse to pop in, but would it be obvious to Bill? Maybe I’m being paranoid, but I need to see her. I need to find a way to talk to her.

Just as I’m about to book a flight, I get an email detailing a long list of problems with one of our projects here in New York. It’s the kind of shit I will have to deal with myself and will keep my ass firmly planted in the Big Apple for quite a few weeks.

Handling as much as I can while I’m in the office, I work until the sun is long set and the moon is telling me to get my ass home. It’s dark by the time I walk into my penthouse, and the feeling I’ve been trying to avoid all day creeps in.

Felicity.

I go to my room and strip off my clothes, climbing into the cool sheets. I grab my phone and see what I can find on social media. Anything. A girl her age has to have Facebook, Twitter, Instagram. Right?

Wrong. She's nowhere to be found. I find an old account, but it only has a single picture on it, and it's long since been forgotten, without so much as one post.

I decide to dig deeper and look into her college orchestra's social media. There, I luck out and find a scrap of information. It lists names and dates for some of their social outings, but I don't see Felicity's name mentioned on them. When I click through some of the classroom pictures, I catch a few glimpses of her in the back. At least knowing where she is eases some of the pain. Knowing that she's safe is better than not knowing anything.

After my search through her school, I look up one of my contacts who's done some work for me in the past. I make a quick phone call across the pond to Edward Odom and have him find out all he can on Felicity. I need someone to get eyes on her, and I need it starting yesterday.

Once I finish our quick chat and explain what I need, I lie back in bed and think of her.

It's all I can seem to do lately, so it's not difficult. The hard part comes when my cock won't stop aching for her, no matter how many times I rub one out. I've jerked off so many times, my own cock is bored with me. I hadn't jerked off in years, just choosing to do without. I'm not like most men, with an irresistible need to get off. When I came, I liked there to be someone with me. But the someone I want most isn't here, and my cock doesn't seem to understand that.

Reaching down under the sheet, I take myself in my hand and begin to rub. It's nothing like the feel of her velvety cunt wrapped around it, but I try to pretend. I think about how good it felt to get inside her and how badly I want to do it again.

When I'd woken up the next morning, I was so angry with myself. I'd fallen on top of her so easily, and I was so jealous of every man who had ever done that before me. I'd made myself sick to my stomach thinking of all the men she might have let touch her precious body after I left that day. Thinking about someone else's hand on her. I didn't care if she'd slept with ten thousand men before me, I just couldn't stand the thought of someone else getting to do it when I was gone.

I threw hateful things at her that morning, and I needed to make it right. I needed to explain why I was upset. I needed to tell her that all the things I felt that morning hit me hard, things I hadn't felt in years, things I'd never felt at all. I wasn't just going to slip from her life and be another man lying at her feet when she was finished. I was going to stand with her forever, and she needed to get used to the idea. Everyone did.

I will make Felicity understand, and I'll make her father understand, too. I'm not going anywhere, and she can just deal with it.

I fist my cock roughly, punishing myself for letting her go so easily. One she's in my grasp again, she won't be able to get away. I'll make damn sure of that.

Looking over to the chair beside the bed, I see the sheet folded neatly with the small red stain on top. The sight of her virgin blood and knowing I got her cherry first makes me cum all over my hand and stomach. The knowledge that though she may not have been saving it for me, I still got it just the same makes me crazy. Her hymen was mine, and I'll keep that sheet as a badge of victory.

Maybe I should have taken her more gently since it was her first time. But as I wipe up my cum, I can't imagine having her any other way. She was so responsive and so

needy under me, and remembering the details makes my cock swell again.

\* \* \*

I make it through the next few months, and before I know it, it's May. Most of the time I feel like a zombie, just walking around like a shell of a man. I get updates from Edward weekly on Felicity, but nothing has changed. She didn't come home for spring break, and I'm starting to get worried. Edward tells me she's a loner and doesn't participate in much beyond her music. I take that as a good sign though, because if she's still playing, then there is still light inside of her.

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I found her email address and have been sending her an email every day. The ones in the beginning were apologies, but after a month of that, I moved on to telling her about our future. The plans I want to make, the things I want to do with her, if only she'll hear me out. She hasn't responded to any of them, and I'm beginning to come to the end of my rope.

A form lands on my desk that needs my attention, and I see that there's a note attached. It says that it needs to be taken care of before the end of the week because our corporate attorney will be out of town.

Bill is a hard worker, taking about as much time off as I do, which is basically zero. So seeing the note makes me wonder what's going on. I walk out of my office and make my way over to his and knock on his open door.

"Bill, you have a second?" I try to ask casually, though my heart is beating a mile a minute.

"Sure, Calder. Everything okay?"

"I just saw that you wouldn't be here next week. Going on a vacation?"

He smiles, and I know right away it's to see Felicity. "I'm going to my daughter's graduation. She hasn't been home in a while, and I kind of got the impression she was avoiding me." He looks away and shrugs his shoulders before smiling back at me again. "But I'm not missing her graduation for the world."

"What a coincidence. I've got business I need to tend to in the UK next week as

well.”

The words fall out of my mouth before I can think about what I’m saying. All I know is that I need to be there, too.

“Oh, really? That’s great. Maybe we can meet up for a drink.”

“I’m sure I’ll be seeing you,” I mumble as I exit his office.

Before my office door has fully shut behind me, I’m booking a flight. I’ve waited long enough to see her, and this is the opportunity I need. It will be perfect. She’ll have her graduation, and I will convince her to give me a chance. What could possibly go wrong?

## Chapter Seven Felicity

I look down at my phone, my hands shaking, as I stand outside of the auditorium. The graduation ceremony has just ended, and crowds of people mingle and celebrate all around me. Everyone is happy to see their families. Me? Panic has now set in.

Dad: Surprise, sweetheart! You looked wonderful walking across that stage.

“What’s the matter?” Mark asks from beside me, taking off his graduation hat. We’d gone to graduation together. His parents couldn’t make it. Off on some trip or something. He didn’t seem too torn up about it. He avoided them like I had been avoiding my father for the past few months. We just did it for different reasons. He couldn’t stand his family. I just wasn’t ready to face mine. To be honest, I wasn’t sure I’d ever be ready to face my dad.

What is he doing here? I hadn’t even told him when the graduation was. Not that it would have been hard for him to find out. I look down at my gown, happy the thing is

too big to show anything.

“My dad’s here,” I confess. I can hear the panic in my voice. I’m so not ready for this. I’m not sure I’ll ever be ready for this.

“Shit.” He looks down at my gown like I did moments ago. “You can’t really tell,” he tries to reassure me. I told Mark what happened. Kind of. That I slept with someone over Christmas break and I had a little surprise from it. One that has been making itself known lately. My belly can’t seem to stop growing. I swear, one day there was nothing and now there’s a baby bump that is impossible to hide.

I just shake my head. “What am I going to do?” I moan. I’ve had months to try to come up with something, anything, and still nothing. Avoiding had been my game plan, but it looks like that plan is over.

“Sweetheart.” My dad’s voice makes me jump, and I turn to see him standing next to his administrative assistant, Becky. She gives me a beaming smile, looking elegant and classy in a pair of white slacks and a dark blue blouse. She always looks so put together, never a hair out of place, but warm and welcoming at the same time.

My dad eyes me suspiciously.

“Sorry, you scared me.” It’s only a half lie because he did indeed scare me.

Mark puts his arm around me and pulls me close. I glance up at him. He’s tall compared to me, almost as tall as Calder, but he’s leaner. I might even call him thin. He winks at me. I have no idea what he’s doing, but the comfort is nice, because I feel like I could pass out. I can actually hear my heart beating hard in my chest.

God, I don’t want to tell him. Even less so after hearing what my father said to Calder. Just like her mother. I don’t think I can bear the look he’ll give me. I’ve never



once seen disappointment on my father's face, and it's something I never want to see.

"Ah, Dad, this is Mark. Mark this is my dad, Bill, and his assistant, Becky." Mark holds his hand out, taking my Dad's. Then he shakes Becky's next.

"I'm so proud of you." My dad reaches out, grabbing a hold of me and trying to bring me in for a hug. I do the awkward lean-in hug so most of my body doesn't touch him. When I pull back, he studies me again. He knows something's up. I can see it all over his face. He just hasn't put it together yet. Well, I don't think he has. You never know with him. My dad is normally three steps ahead of most people.

"Let's go to dinner. Talk about your plans. Did you get those apartment listings I sent you? The ones in my building? You didn't respond. Unless you were just thinking about coming home. In that case—"

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“Dad, slow down. I’m not even sure I know what I’m doing. I still have a few things I want to figure out.”

“Like what?” he asks, cutting right to the point.

“Dinner. Let’s talk about it over dinner,” I stall, wanting more time. Needing more time. At least to get my bearings back.

“Okay. I’m staying at the Varsity Hotel. They have a nice restaurant there. Seven?”

“Sounds good,” I confirm, already trying to think of a way to get out of it.

“Should I make it for four?” He raises his eyebrows, looking over at Mark.

“That’d be great,” Mark confirms.

I just stand there like a fish, mouth opening and closing in shock. My dad leans in, kissing me on the cheek before whispering in my ear. “Be there, or I will track you down.” Then he turns and makes his way through the crowd, disappearing from sight. He knew I was going to try to cancel. He definitely knows something is up, and he won't stop tonight until he knows what it is.

“Just tell him,” Mark says. I shake my head and start to make my way through the crowd as well, wanting out of here. There are too many people. It makes me uncomfortable. Mark follows behind me in the direction of my dorm room.

“Come on. I’ll go with you. You have to tell him eventually. All you’re doing is

making yourself sick. It's going to come out one way or another."

I know he's right. I freaking aced my last semester. But it was only because if I didn't have my nose inside a book, all I would do is obsess about Calder. I could barely lie down and sleep because every night he'd come popping back into my mind, his hurtful words playing over and over in my head. They just wouldn't stop. I'd start reading my school books until I'd pass out.

"You know. I was serious when I said I'd marry you. I think we'd be good together."

I glance over at him. He just holds up his hands. "I know, I know," he says with a smile on his face, not seeming upset by my clear refusal. He'd offered when I first told him I was pregnant and had a little bit of a meltdown on him. It was sweet that he'd do that. I don't love him like that and I know he doesn't love me either.

Mark just has a shitty family and wants his own. I think he thinks I'm a quick way to get that. The closest we've ever gotten was that almost-kiss nearly a year ago, something he never tried to repeat. We've both settled into a solid friendship that I love so much I'm debating staying here in the UK.

He has a townhouse here and offered me a room if I wanted to put off going back to the States to face my father. I'd been toying with the idea of just kind of showing up with the baby. Look, Dad, see what I have! It might be hard for him to be so upset with a cute, squishy, little baby in my arms.

As for Calder, I have no idea how I'll tell him. I've often wondered if I even should with how he acted about being married. If he felt that way about marriage, I can't see him wanting to have kids. But it would be so wrong to keep it from him. Maybe if I opened by telling him I'm letting him off the hook, he'd be more accepting. I push those thoughts to the side. I need to focus on my dad first.

When we make it back to my dorm room, I let us both in. Mark closes the door behind us and I pull off my graduation gown, tossing it on my bed, and look at my baby bump.

“Maybe if I wear something baggy, I can cover it up tonight. I think I have—” Suddenly, the door explodes in, hitting the wall with a bang that makes Mark and me both jump.

Calder stands in the doorway with a look I’ve seen before. He’s pissed. His anger floods the room. I take a step back, then another. Mark goes to stand in front of me.

“Get the fuck out,” Calder growls in a low deadly tone, sending chills up my spine.

“I’m not going anywhere. Who the hell are you?” Mark fires back.

I look around Mark to see Calder step into the room, using his foot to kick the door closed behind him, shutting the three of us in together.

“Who am I? Who the fuck are you, and why are you in her room?”

“He’s my fiancé,” I half-shout, trying to push my way past Mark, my anger egging me on. For some reason I want to make him madder, jealous even. Make him feel a slice of what I’ve been feeling these past few months. I want to get in his face and scream. All out of character for me, but he does this to me. Has me doing things I’d never thought I’d do. Like let a man I barely knew sneak into my bed and take my virginity. I can’t believe he’s here, bursting into my room and asking questions that are none of his business.

Calder is across the room in two giant steps, grabbing Mark by the collar of his graduation gown, and thrusting him against the wall. I grab a hold of Calder, trying to pull him off Mark before he hurts him. They might almost be the same size, but it’s

safe to say Calder still has a good fifty pounds of solid muscle on Mark.

“Please stop. Don’t hurt him,” I beg, regretting making up the lie and pulling Mark into my own mess.

Mark grunts and pushes against Calder, who doesn’t move even an inch. I pull harder on him, but nothing. He’s like a freaking boulder.

“Tell him you’re not marrying him, Felicity.” Calder doesn’t even look at me when he says the words right in Mark’s face. His deep and heavy breathing reminds me of a bull ready to charge.

“I’m not marrying him,” I confirm, but he still doesn’t let him go.

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“Now tell him to leave.”

“Mark, can you please give Calder and me a moment?”

“No fucking way. I’m not leaving you with him. He could hurt you.”

“I’d never fucking hurt her,” Calder fires back.

“If you are who I think you are, then it’s too fucking late. She’s been hurting for months.” Mark’s voice is calm, but the room goes deathly quiet. Calder slowly lets him go, and I see what might be pain flash in Calder’s eyes.

“Mark. Please. I really should talk to him. Then I’m going to go to dinner with my father.” I just need to get this over with. Mark is right. I’ve been making myself sick over this whole mess. I need to come clean.

“You want me to go with you?” he asks. Calder goes to grab him again, but I snatch his arm away in time. He actually stops at my touch.

“No, I need to do this, but thank you. I’ll be fine.”

“All right. Call me if you need anything.”

“She won’t,” Calder bites out.

Mark just shakes his head and leaves the room.

“Your fiancé,” Calder spits the word like it’s disgusting, “so easily left you here with another man.”

I feel my face flush. I still can’t wrap my mind around the fact that he’s here, standing in my dorm room. Why now?

“What are you doing here?”

“We’re getting married.” Calder looks down at me, his eyes hard. His voice is firm. It’s probably the same tone he uses to command his company. A do-it-or-else voice. He looks tired though. I can tell by his eyes he hasn’t slept in days. Even his suit looks like it’s been slept in. His hair is messy and his sleeves are rolled up, showcasing his tattoos.

“Who told you?” He has to know. Why else would he show up here demanding I marry him? I won’t do it. I won’t marry a man who doesn’t love me. I don’t have it in me, no matter how tempting the offer is. No matter how many times over the last month I’ve dreamed about him showing up and telling me he made a mistake and begging me to give him another chance.

Then he’d find out about the baby and be filled with joy. Silly girl dreams. Ones I shouldn’t be having. I have to grow up. Take this seriously. I’m about to be a mother myself. “I won’t marry you just because you got me pregnant. I hate you!” I scream the last part around the lump that has formed in my throat.

He leans in, his mouth only a few inches from mine. “Oh, you’ll marry me, or else.”

## Chapter Eight Calder

I feel the wicked smile pull at my lips at my demand. She’ll marry me no matter what she says. Then all of her words hit me, and I stop.

“Wait, what did you say?”

Felicity crosses her arms in front of her chest, a defiant look on her gorgeous face. A face I’ve dreamed about every night for the past few months.

“I’m not marrying you because I’m pregnant. That’s the worst reason in the world. And it’s not fair to our child.”

I’m frozen solid and speechless. She’s pregnant? With my baby? I got her pregnant the first and only time we had sex? Is that even possible?

I’m just staring at her, and she huffs out in annoyance.

“Are you going to say something, or are you just going to stand there like a giant rock?”

My eyes go down to her belly, and I see a small bump showing through her dress. A small baby bump. Feeling overwhelmed, I fall to my knees in front of her and grab her hips. She lets out a little squeak, but I pull her to me, bringing her belly closer to my mouth. I place my lips on the rounded bump. I close my eyes and mumble my thanks to whatever is in the sky above us for giving me this gift.

“Calder?” Felicity’s voice is confused, but I hear a hint of something else there, too. Something that sounds like longing. “Calder, what are you doing?”

I give her belly one last kiss and then look up to her eyes, still holding her close.

“You’re going to marry me. Today.”

Felicity pulls back at my words, but my hands don’t let her go too far.



“You have a girlfriend!” she shouts at me, and I can’t help but let out a laugh. She’s obviously had this on her mind if this is her defense.

“That’s over now,” is my answer. She must think Sidney and I were together. I haven’t so much as looked at anyone in that way since long before I ever met her. But I certainly wouldn’t even think of another woman after laying eyes on her.

Felicity shuffles her feet a little, indecision running through her. I won’t have her trying to get out of this, and I’ll make her do it. I don’t care what kind of leverage I have to use.

“You’ll marry me, Felicity. You’ll marry me, or I’ll stop all business with your father. Immediately.”

It’s the ace of spades in my back pocket and she knows it. The gasp that she lets out, followed by the angry look on her face, lets me know she gets my drift.

“You wouldn’t,” she seethes.

“Oh, I would. There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do to have you.” I squeeze her hips, pulling her back to me so all the space she’s tried to gain is gone. “I’ll make sure there’s not a company or person in New York that will hire him. I’ll even spread the word globally. You will marry me, or it’s the end of his career. The choice is yours, sweetheart.”

The use of the endearment makes her even angrier, but I don’t care. I’m not playing fair when it comes to her. Reaching down, I slide my hands up her bare thighs and feel her muscles start to tremble.

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“Calder.” Her voice is soft now, but she still has her arms crossed, unwilling to let herself open up to me.

“Felicity,” I say in the exact same tone, trailing my hand a little farther up, reaching the hem of her dress.

“You can’t just show up and blackmail me into marrying you. That’s not how things work.”

Her arms uncross and fall to her sides, her hands starting to reach for me but then pulling back.

“I’ve thought about you nonstop.”

“That doesn’t mean anything,” she huffs.

“You’ve thought about me, too.” My hands run under her dress until my fingers find the edge of her panties. I hear an intake of breath, and her hands finally go to my head, gripping my hair.

“Th-th-that doesn’t matter.”

Pushing her dress up, I expose her panty-covered pussy to me, and my mouth waters. I didn’t get to taste her that first night, and it’s all I’ve been dreaming of.

“It’s all that matters, sweetheart. You and I have something that can’t be so easily broken.”

Leaning forward, I press my nose and mouth between her thighs and inhale her scent. She smells like sunshine and lilies, and it's the most perfect thing I've ever experienced.

"Calder. I can't. I'm not strong enough to make it through this again."

Her admission is soft, but I hear every word. Her grip tightens on my hair, but she doesn't even try to pull me away.

"You're going to be mine, Felicity. You'll never be without me again."

With my words, I fist her panties in both hands and rip them off her. Her pussy is clean shaven and damp with her arousal. My mouth waters, and then my anger flares.

"Did you show this to that boy? Did you show him what's mine?"

Her legs tremble as I push them open, looking at her exposed pussy.

"N-no. Never."

"You were saving it for me, weren't you?"

I don't wait for her answer before my mouth descends on her sweet, sweet pussy. The taste of sugary desire hits my tongue, and I nearly take her to the ground. I hold her hips while my mouth sucks on her tender flesh, licking my way inside her.

I feel her lean back a little and let go of my hair to grip the desk behind her. The room is small, but I'll make do for right now. I don't have the patience to wait and take her to my hotel room, so this will have to do.

Pulling one of her legs over my shoulder, I growl against her wet heat. I lap up all

that she gives me and feel my cock swell with every lick. Her hips start to push against my mouth, and I feel her body tense. I grab her other leg and throw that over my shoulder, too, so that both of her feet are off the floor and I'm gripping her ass to keep her from falling.

"Give it to me, Felicity. Don't deny me."

I suck her clit into my mouth, and she starts to shout. Her voice rings out in the small room, and I feel my cock leaking into my underwear. It's all I can do to hold off from cumming, but I want to wait until I have more time. She doesn't say my name, but it's my mouth she cums on. I'll make her scream it when my cock is buried ten inches inside her body.

Slowly and softly, I lick her as she comes down from her high. I rub her legs and pet her warm skin, being gentle with her delicate body. As if she realizes I'm being affectionate, she tenses and kicks her legs off my shoulders, putting distance between us.

"You can't just come in here and take over, Calder. I don't even know you."

She angrily pushes at her dress, all of the pleasure I just gave her vanishing into thin air. Looks like I'll have to make her cum about thirty more times before she'll give me what I want. Fine. Challenge accepted.

"You'll have plenty of time to do that when we're married." I lick my lips, getting to my feet and stepping closer to her. "I've apologized and told you every day what I want with you. That doesn't seem like enough, so I thought it was time to show you."

"What are you talking about?" She nearly spits the words at me as she turns and goes over to a dresser, taking out a pair of white cotton panties.

I pick the destroyed ones off the floor and tuck them into my pocket.

“You might as well leave those off, sweetheart. I’m not done with you yet.”

She growls and fists the underwear in her hands but doesn’t look at me. “You can’t tell me what to do,” she says, but doesn’t make a move to put them on.

“You’re going to be my wife. I think there are some rules we can make for one another, don’t you?”

“Stop saying that. I haven’t agreed to anything.”

I walk over to her, taking her hand and pulling her over to the bed. I sit down first and make her stand between my legs. In this position, we are almost eye to eye. She’s so short that even when I’m sitting, I’m still taller than her.

“Felicity. What choice do you have? I’ll ruin your father’s career. And our baby needs a father.”

Reaching down, I rub the bump growing on her belly. Our baby. I’m going to be a father. The thought makes my heart feel light. I’d never considered marriage and a baby before Felicity, but now all of that hope is in my grasp and I’ll do whatever it takes to make it a reality.

“I have plans tonight.”

I look in her eyes and see there is trepidation there. Something is off.

“You have a dinner with your father and his assistant tonight, don’t you?” I ask, knowing full well she does. I saw her father speaking to her after the ceremony.

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“Yes,” she says, not looking at me.

“And you haven’t told him about the baby, have you?”

“No.” Her teeth are gritted, and she doesn’t like that I can read her so well.

“Look, Felicity. I tried to play by your rules. I tried to give you time and space. I told you all that I would offer you if you would only give me a chance. I explained everything about that night, and you continued to ignore me. I hate that it has to be like this. But it will be like this.”

My words are firm, but there is confusion on her face.

“You never explained anything to me. You were an asshole that morning, and then I never heard another word. I was in pieces, Calder, and I had to take care of myself. Thank God for Mark.”

At the mention of that boy’s name, I see red.

“Don’t you dare say his name. You’re mine. And our baby doesn’t need to hear another man’s name on your lips.”

“What makes you think this baby is yours?”

It would have hurt less if she’d just stabbed me in the heart. But instead, I just look at her and her triumphant smile. She knows her words cut straight through me, but she doesn’t feel the least bit sorry about it.

“Careful, sweetheart. Your soon-to-be husband doesn’t like being disrespected.” I stand from the bed and look down at her. “And I can tell when you’re lying. You and my baby need to get ready. We’ve got a dinner to attend tonight.”

## Chapter Nine Calder

Walking into dinner, I feel Felicity pulling on my arm.

“Please, Calder. Not like this. Let me talk to him first.”

“No,” I growl and pull her forward. “You know the consequences if you don’t agree to this.”

I feel her stiffen and then finally she takes a step forward.

We enter the Varsity Hotel and walk through the lobby and straight into the restaurant. I’ve got Felicity on my arm so that there is no mistaking she and I are together.

When we see Bill and Becky at the table, I can practically hear her heart beating, she’s so nervous. Before we walk over, and before they spot us, I pull Felicity off to the side.

“Look at me,” I say, gently holding her chin. “You’ll be fine. I’m going to be next to you the whole time.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.”

Her nervous joke makes me smile, and I lean down, taking her lips. For the first time in months, my heart seems to ease. It’s as if her lips have quieted everything around us, and we are now once again in perfect harmony.

Her mouth parts for me, and I sweep my tongue in, tasting her. I feel her hands come to my chest and rest there as I claim her as mine all over again. She may not think she wants this, but her body has other ideas.

As the kiss deepens, I know it needs to end, so reluctantly I pull away and rest my forehead against hers. I take a moment to catch my breath and then put her hand back in the crook of my arm, leading us over to the table.

When Bill spots us, there's a moment that passes, and I expect to see shock. But instead he nods in our direction and stands to greet us.

He reaches out his hand to me and I take it, grasping it firmly. Becky stands and says hello to Felicity and then looks over at me, a little surprised that I'm here. But Bill is unfazed.

"Calder. I thought you might be joining us for dinner this evening. Please have a seat."

I feel Felicity tense on my arm, but she stays silent as she sits down quickly, no doubt to try to hide the baby bump that I have no intention of keeping a secret.

"Bill, good to see you. I realize we should have had this talk back in New York, but circumstances have changed."

"I can see that," he says, looking over at Felicity. "Anything you'd like to tell me, dear?"

I see Becky's hand fall to his wrist and give it a squeeze. It's a sign of intimacy, and she's trying to calm him down. There's much more happening at this table than anyone is willing to admit. For now.



“Um, Dad. You know, Calder.”

“Oh, yes. The man who employs my firm. Even work in the same building. We’re acquainted,” he says with a laugh.

The waiter decides to pop over at this moment to take our drink orders. I get a glass of red wine for myself and water for Felicity.

After he leaves, I look at Bill and decide I’ll be the one leading this meeting.

“Look, you’re obviously aware of what’s happening between your daughter and me. I should have told you sooner, but Felicity and I wanted to wait until she was finished with school.”

He looks from me to his daughter and raises an eyebrow. “Is this true?”

Felicity looks at me and then at her father, nodding her head. It’s the safest thing for her to do since she’s such a terrible liar. Her brows do this cute little furrow every time she tries.

“We wanted to tell you together. We are expecting and are to be married.”

I see a vein beside his eye twitch. It’s the only reaction from him for a beat, and I see Becky squeeze his wrist yet again. A moment of silence passes, and Becky is the one to break it.

“Oh my, this is absolutely wonderful news. A baby! How far along are you, Felicity? When is the due date? We should get you back to the States right away so that we can get your doctors set up. Right, Bill?”

Becky’s enthusiasm goes a long way to ease some of Felicity’s tension and in turn

relaxes me.

“Yes.            You            should            come            immediately.”

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Bill's statement is meant to sound concerned, but I take it to mean that he wants her to come to his home. That won't be happening.

"Felicity?" I say, reminding her of our agreement, prompting her to interject.

"Oh, um, Calder and I are going to live together when we get back to New York. We're going to get married right away, and he, I mean, we'd like to get the nursery ready as soon as possible. I'm already so far along, but with school ending, I can come back now."

I squeeze her hand, letting her know she did a good job. It's exactly what's going to happen, and Bill needs to hear it from her. I only hate how forced her words are. I want them to be filled with happiness.

"And what about Sidney?" Bill asks, a smug note in his voice.

I feel Felicity tense, but I just sit back in my chair and sip the wine the waiter has dropped off for me.

"Sidney and I have been friends since we were children. There is nothing to tell."

I feel Felicity's fingers trail across my wrist, and I smile as I look over at her. She looks hopeful, and I give her a small wink. She must have been worried that Sidney and I were more than just close friends. I'm happy I could ease that worry for her. The only reason I hadn't told her sooner was that it was Sidney's secret, but now things have really changed. I can't hold back any longer.

The rest of the dinner is spent talking about the baby and the wedding. Becky takes over with questions, and I'm surprised by how excited Felicity sounds at times. It gives me a sliver of hope that I can make her fall in love with me. I keep my hand on her thigh through dinner, needing to touch her constantly. I've spent far too long away from her, and I need to make up for lost time.

When we are finished, I bring Felicity back to my hotel room. I don't hesitate once the door is closed.

I toss the small bag of clothes I made her bring with her on the floor and pick her up, carrying her to the bedroom.

"Calder. We need to talk. I want answers."

"Not now. I've waited months for you, and I won't be held off any longer."

When I get to the bedroom, I stand her up beside the bed and unzip her dress, pushing it off her body. Her curvy hips try to hold on to it, but I push the material down the rest of the way. She's still without panties, and it makes my blood heat. Seeing her round belly and wet pussy has the caveman in me growling to come out.

"Take off your bra, sweetheart."

I jerk at my tie and undo the knot. Then I start pulling at my own clothes as fast as I can. I watch as she unfastens her bra and her big breasts are revealed to me.

"Fuck, they look bigger."

The blush creeps up her chest and to her cheeks as she nods. "They are."

"Mmm, more of you to love."

I pick her up and settle her in the middle of the bed, then come down on top of her. My cock is already impatiently seeking entrance.

I nudge her wet opening as my lips come down on hers. I'm careful to hold myself over her belly so I don't crush the baby between us. But I need to be on top of her. It's been too long, and if I don't control the pace right now, I'll cum all over her pussy without even getting inside it.

Pushing inside her tight channel, I sheathe myself in her warmth.

"Fuck, I've missed your pussy, sweetheart. Best thing I've ever felt in my life."

"Calder," she moans as she tilts her head back and falls into a rhythm with me.

"That's right, Felicity. Say my name, because you belong to me."

I feel her pussy clench at my words as I slowly thrust in and out. Leaning down, I take a hard nipple in my mouth and feel her fingers go to my hair. She lets out a loud moan, and I realize they must be so sensitive.

I move my mouth from one nipple to the other, back and forth and back and forth. I build up her orgasm, edging her for as long as possible. She's so close, but I want her to beg me for it. I want her to know that only I can give her this kind of pleasure. Then she'll never leave me. I can't ever have her trying to get away.

"You want me to make you cum?" I ask, nearly out of breath. My steady thrusts are making me sweat, and I feel her soft skin sliding against mine. This lovemaking is sexy as fuck, and I don't ever want it to end. I want a thousand nights like this and then a thousand more.

"Yes, Calder. I'm just a breath away. Please."

“Tell me you love me.”

I feel her tense, but I angle my hips and put pressure on her clit with each stroke.

“Calder!” The change in sensation almost makes her scream, but she hasn’t cum yet.

“Say it, Felicity. Or I will keep it from you all night. I’ll make love to you so slowly that you’ll remain on this edge for hours.” I slow down the thrusts to emphasize my point. “Give me what I want.”

She looks at me, her beautiful green eyes begging me to give her relief. She wants to say it, but she’s terrified. I know the feeling.

“I’ll always be here to catch you, Felicity.”

“I love you,” she whispers.

It’s exactly what I want, and I thrust hard three times, giving her what she wants. Her orgasm is fierce, and she screams my name into the room. For half a second, I feel bad for the people in this hotel, but then I smile and follow her over the edge. Let them hear her. Let them hear my wife and how much she loves her husband.

My own orgasm nearly rips me in two as I hold myself inside her, cumming in long thick spurts. I feel like my body is being drained of every drop of cum, but I hold myself up to keep from crushing her and the baby.

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Once I feel the last drop of cum leave my cock, I roll to the side, pulling her on top of me. I keep her to the side a little so that the baby isn't squished between us.

As Felicity tries to catch her breath, I run my finger down her back, feeling her cool damp skin. We are a sweaty mess, but I already want her again.

Thrusting up, I fill her with my thickness, letting her know I need her again.

She sits up a little, looking down at me with a raised eyebrow.

“You can sleep through this if you want. But I need you at least four more times before our flight leaves.”

### Chapter Ten Felicity

“Did you want something bigger?” Calder asks, putting his finger under my chin and making me turn my head to look at him. I swear, every time he touches me my skin tingles. It's like he has some special power over my body. I hate and love it. I've never felt such passion in my life than I have in the past two days. Calder can't seem to keep his hands off me, and I can't seem to find the will to try to push him away. Even in my sleep, I seek him out.

I've just been pushing my food around my plate for the last five minutes. This was not how I thought my wedding night would go. I guess this isn't how I'd seen any of this going—rushing down the aisle to marry a man who was blackmailing me into it. For the sake of our child. Not because he loved me. I'd tried to tell him we could raise this baby together but we didn't have to be together. That had set him off.

I just shake my head and turning my head back to my food. I feel like the last forty-eight hours have been at hyper speed. Now I'm back in New York in Calder's penthouse. Married. Calder wasted no time getting us back to New York and getting us a marriage license. I'm shocked he had the patience to wait the required twenty-four hours. He'd even thought about just flying us to Vegas, but I'd talked him out of it, telling him I was worn out and just wanted to sleep.

"We can plan something bigger if you like. Do a second wedding," he tries again. He is the most confusing man I've ever meet in my entire life.

He can go from sweet to boiling with anger in the blink of an eye. I'm starting to notice it only happens with me. With most everyone else, he seems to be calm. Put together. Like he's in total control. But with me, I make one mention of us not being together and it's like the world is ending.

He'd lost it the one and only time I'd tried to reason with him on the plane back to New York. It had then exploded into a fight, with him reminding me he would never let me go. Then he made me tell him every detail there was to know about my friend Mark. Every. Single. Detail.

It was clear Calder was not one to share his toys. Ever. I couldn't find the will to asking him about Sidney. I didn't think my stomach could handle it. So I didn't even try. What would be the point? No matter what he said, I couldn't leave.

My father had taken the news well, and I didn't want to throw another log on the fire I'd already made, one that would end the career he'd worked so hard for.

"I don't like to be the center of attention. A small wedding with just us and my father was perfect." I turn to look at him again. "See, you don't even know me. If you knew even a little about me, you would have known that."



He smiles, leaning in and placing a chaste kiss on my lips. “Oh, I know. Everyone says you’re shy, but you don’t seem to be that way around me. In fact, you seem to be full of fire.”

I can’t even fashion a retort because it’s true. I’m all kinds of out of sorts when I’m around him. What’s even stranger is, I like it.

“But trust me, Felicity. I pay attention to everything you do. Like when you get nervous, like you did walking across the stage at graduation, you tap your index finger against your palm. Or when you get turned on, you push your hair behind your ear and let your finger trail down your neck.” He leans in again like he’s going to kiss me “Or just when you’re about to cum, you let out these little puffs of air. I’m already addicted to the sounds. I’m not even sure I could cum without hearing them now.”

He turns, going back to cutting up his steak and puts a piece in his mouth. I just stare at him, shocked by what he said.

“Are you going to tell me what’s wrong? Let’s not start this marriage off on the wrong note. We can make this work. We could be perfect together.”

I look back down at my food. I want to laugh. Start out on the wrong note? This whole relationship seems to be one wrong note after another. We’re a freaking mess. He blackmailed me. How is this marriage not starting on anything but a wrong note? To top it off, he only married me because I’m knocked up. It’s the only reason he even came for me.

I hadn’t heard from him in months. Not a call or anything. It’s not like it would be hard for him to have found me, even less so after I saw the stupid file he had on Mark, which he got himself in under an hour!

But as pissy as that all makes me, he’s right. I don’t want to fight with him. Hell, a

giant, pathetic part of me is happy he forced us together, because he was right that night in his hotel room when he made me tell him I loved him. Because I do. I have from that very first kiss. He flutters into my every thought, whether I want him to or not. Even if I make a conscious effort not to think about him, it still proves that I'm thinking about him.

“I just didn't see my marriage starting this way. I wanted...” I trail off, my emotions getting the best of me. Calder stands abruptly, the chair hitting the floor. He picks me up, making me squeal, and sits me on the kitchen's breakfast bar so we are at eye level with each other. His hands land on either side of me, caging me in.

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His movements are abrupt and fast, but his eyes are soft. Filled with concern.

“Tell me. Tell me what you wanted. What were your plans?” His voice is just as soft as the look on his face.

“I thought you made our plans already. What does it matter now?”

“You want me.”

I narrow my eyes at his cocky words.

“Hell. I wanted you, too. Why else would I come crawling into your bed?”

“Because the word is I’m easy.” There I go again, not holding anything back.

“I was a dick. I was pissed and jealous. Mad at myself for not finding you sooner. I hated the thought that there could have been men before me who had the chance to steal you from me. I was even more pissed because I thought you might move on to someone else. I’m fucking sorry for that. I should have known. I could taste your innocence that first night I kissed you on the balcony. There was no faking that. I felt it deep, but it just seemed too good to be true. I hadn’t had anything sweet in my life in years and there it was again. I was fucking shit-scared it would be taken from me.”

“That was really sweet.” I have to admit, when he throws these little tantrums over my attention or being jealous, a little part inside me gets a thrill from it. I know part of him cares.

“Tell me.” He leans in a little more as if he can’t wait to hear what I have to say. “You want to play your violin? I won’t stop you. Your own studio? I’ll build you one. Just tell me what you want, sweetheart, and I’ll give it to you.”

“I wanted to be in love when I got married. Then have babies and all that. Everything is just backwards.”

“You do love me,” Calder growls.

I just roll my eyes.

“Say it.” I can’t count how many times he’s made me say it now. He never says it though.

“I love you,” I tell him. I know he won’t stop until I say it, and it’s true. I just can’t bring myself to say it on my own. Maybe because he doesn’t love me.

His body visibly relaxes. I almost feel like he might be starved of love. It reminds me how little I know about him. Calder has told me nothing of his family. I only know his parents both died seven years ago because I read it online during my internet stalking of him.

“Let me show you, baby. Don’t fight me every step. I can talk till I’m blue in the face and say sorry over and over until I’m hoarse for the way I acted, but let me show you. Give this a chance. You’ll see I’ll give you anything you could ever want. Will you do that?”

“Okay.” What do I have to lose? It’s clear he isn’t letting me go.

He leans the rest of the way in, taking my mouth in a deep kiss. One of his hands comes to my belly, rubbing the little bump. Then he slides me off the counter. My

legs go around his waist as he carries me down the hall and into the bedroom, laying me on the bed.

I think he is going to make love to me again, but he slides off the bed and removes my shoes before disappearing into the bathroom and coming back with a bottle of lotion in his hands.

“I read that it will help with swelling if I rub your feet regularly.”

“You read?” I can’t help but giggle.

“I couldn’t sleep last night. I might have stayed up reading as much as I could. I know nothing about babies and pregnancy. I was an only child.” He sits down at the end of the bed, pulling my feet into his lap.

“Do you think we should move? The market is good right now. We could sell this place. Unless you want to keep it. It’s close to your father. Or maybe we could sell this and get one in your father’s building and one out of the city.”

“It’s your place. I’m okay with whatever.” I hadn’t really thought about where we should live. But there really hasn’t been much time with as fast as everything has happened.

“I think if you want to do your own little studio, we should have something here in the city and some place outside.”

“I’m not in a rush to do anything with a studio, to be honest. It was just an idea I was toying with because I needed to do something, and I love kids. Now I kind of want to focus on this one.” I rub my belly, making him smile. “Besides, this is your place. It’s really up to you what you want to do.”

“It’s ours,” he corrects. “We’re married now.”

“I know but—”

“Did you sign a prenup? I don’t remember signing one.”

I hadn’t even thought of that. I have a trust, but it’s nothing compared to what Calder is worth. Mine is a few million. He’s worth billions. It’s probably why my father hadn’t even brought it up, shrewd lawyer that he is.

“Why didn’t you make me sign one?”

“Because it doesn’t matter. You’re never leaving me.” He says it with such certainty.

“You’re so sure. How can you be so certain?” I wish I was that way, that I believed that, but the hurt is still there. The months he’d left me alone. I’d wonder if he could do it again.

“My mother and father were together for years. I want a marriage like theirs, and we’ll have one.”

“You never talk about them.” He never talks much about himself at all.

“I lost them a few years back. The only real family I had. It was hard.” He looks up from my feet and glances at me. “But I have a family again, and I’ll do anything to keep it.” <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

### Chapter Eleven Felicity

I stop playing my violin when I feel the thump in my stomach. A smile spreads across my face. That one was a kick for sure. We found out last month that we are having a little boy. I keep thinking I feel him, but I'm never quite sure. That one was a kick for sure, though. I put my violin back in its case and set it on the bench.

Calder and I knew we would be moving soon, but he still insisted on setting up an area for me to play in the penthouse. I always leave the door open. His home office is right across from it, and he likes to listen to me play when he's working.

He hardly goes into his work office anymore. His administrative assistant brings him what he needs, or he'll have us both stop over after we have lunch. He keeps telling me he's making up for the lost months. I feel bad that I might be keeping him away from work but not bad enough to tell him he should go in. I like having him around and soaking up this time we have, just the two of us before the baby gets here.

I've never been in a relationship before, and I can't seem to get enough of it. I've never wanted to have attention showered on me, but when it comes to Calder, I can't seem to get enough of it.

Since I told him I'd give us a real try, everything has been perfect. He still hasn't told me he loves me. It stings, but with the way he treats me, I can't complain. He dotes on me and tends to my every need. Sometimes it's actually a little much.

I found his stupid baby book the other day and tossed it in the trash. I had to hide a giggle when he searched for it for an hour last night. That book was driving me

insane. I make my way out of the room and step into his office, rolling my eyes when I see a new baby book sitting on his desk. I shove it behind one of the throw pillows on the little sofa he has in here. I often lie on it and read while he works.

I head back to the bedroom and pop my head in but don't see him there. He wouldn't have left without telling me. Now that I think about it, I don't actually think we have been apart since we moved in together. Whenever he leaves, I go with him, be it grocery shopping or looking at new homes.

When I hear a noise down the hall, I head for the entryway. The sight in front of me stops me in my tracks. Calder has his arms wrapped around a woman. When she turns her face, I can see it's Sidney. The breath leaves my lungs, and I stand there shocked.

We haven't talked about her since my father brought her up at dinner. I didn't want to. I don't know how long their affair went on, or if they were together those months I was away at school before he'd found out I was pregnant. I didn't want to know. I was going with the whole ignorance-is-bliss thing, but I knew he hadn't been with her since we got married. It just isn't possible, but here she is in our home, both of them with their arms wrapped around each other.

She pulls back from Calder when she catches sight of me, making Calder turn and look, too. I just stand there. I can't seem to form words.

"I thought I felt the baby move," I finally say, then turn and practically run down the hallway.

I hear Calder yell my name, but I slam the bedroom door behind me. As I sit down on the edge of the bed, I feel the baby kick again. When the door opens, I'm surprised to see Sidney standing there.

"Hear me out?" she says, raising her hands. "I promise it's not what you think." It's



then I see her face. It's blotchy, like she's been crying. I immediately feel bad for her. I know what it feels like for Calder to break your heart.

She walks over and sits next to me.

"It's nice to finally meet you. I feel like I know you already." She gives me a half-smile, then looks at my belly. She reaches out to touch it but stops short. I just nod. Since I got pregnant I've noticed people like to touch your belly. Many don't get the chance because Calder literally growls at them. It's kind of adorable and makes me giggle every time.

"He's so happy. I haven't seen him like this since before his parents died. You've really brought him back to life. I could hear it in his voice every time we talked on the phone. I saw it on his face when he opened the door today. Thank you."

I can see how much she cares about him. It's all over her face. "You knew his parents? He doesn't talk about them much." I've tried to get him to a couple times, but I can see the flash of pain on his face anytime I bring it up, so I've stopped. I couldn't imagine what it would be like to lose my dad.

"I pretty much lived over there with them. My parents are difficult. Calder and I pretty much grew up together. His parents knew I was," she pauses for a second, "gay. Mine, not so much."

"You two have never been...?" I find myself asking. Her face scrunches in disgust.

"No. He's like my freaking brother. It's how it's always been. He was protecting my secret. Because we knew when my family found out, they would lose it, and he's been helping me hide it, even going so far as pretending to be my boyfriend."

"I'm sorry if I came between you guys." I'm starting to think I'm the reason why she

might be here crying. Something happened. I'm also guessing Calder has been making her stay away because he didn't want to share the secret that wasn't his to tell.

“No, it was time. I had to come clean to my family. I knew how they would react, but it still hurt. I wanted to tell Calder I finally did it. He was the first person I thought of. It's really just been him and me for the past seven years.”  
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I reach out and grab her hand. “Well, now you’re about to be an aunt,” I tell her. She smiles. I know Calder doesn’t have any family besides the baby and me, but I realize she is his family, too. I’ve been wanting that from him. For him to tell me more about his past, and now I’m seeing it and I’m going to embrace it.

“He told me you were sweet.” She laughs. “In fact, he couldn’t shut up about you.”

“When?” I can’t help but ask.

“I knew something was up after New Year’s. He’d been gloomy since he lost his parents, throwing himself into work nonstop, but I could tell there was something else. Being around him was like being around a freaking bear. One night we were playing video games, and he drank a little much, and I seized the opportunity to get him to spill the beans finally.”

I scoot a little closer. “What did he say?” I ask, making her laugh.

She looks over at the door and I follow her line of sight to see Calder standing in the door. “Tell her.”

“That he would do anything to get you back. That you were his one, like his dad always told him his mom was his one.”

“You said that?”

Calder just nods.

“Said he wanted to give you time. That he’d fucked up. Shocker.” Sidney laughs at her own joke. “That he tried to reach out, but you wouldn’t respond, so he figured you needed more time. Then he kind of snapped.”

“You didn’t reach out.” I shake my head. No phone calls or anything.

“I emailed you every day,” he says, a confused look crossing his face.

“You did?”

“You didn’t get them?” He steps into the room. “You didn’t get them,” he repeats, but this time it’s a statement.

“The university got a whole new email system over Christmas break after the semester ended. Everyone got new email addresses. The old one remained active, but I never checked or used it.” All this time I’d thought wrong. That he’d only come back because he knew I was pregnant, somehow.

“I thought you came because you found out I was pregnant. That’s why you wanted to get married. Wait.” I run back through my mind. “You asked me to marry you before you actually knew, didn’t you? Oh, my God.”

Calder walks over to the bed and drops to his knees in front of me.

“I’m going to leave, you guys. I’ll call later, and we’ll do dinner. I can tell you lots of funny stories,” Sidney says as she exits the room, leaving us alone. Calder cups my face.

“I came for you. The baby was a bonus.”

“What made you finally come? I swear, I never saw your emails.”

“I snapped. I couldn’t take it anymore. I’d been in darkness so long, and that day I came up onto the balcony you lit my life back up. I tried to stay away at first. But my mind kept buzzing with the idea of us being together. Having a family again. I wanted it bad. Then I fucked it up. Sent you running. I couldn’t get you to respond, and your dad said you were graduating, and I knew I had to go. Had to see you.” He looks down, rubbing my baby bump and then back at me. “I should feel bad, but I went there with the intention of blackmailing you. I thought you were ignoring me. I just thought if I could get my hands on you, I could make you fall in love with me. I just had to get you back first, and I was willing to do just about anything to do that. Anything. Knew I’d already fucked up a ton. That you probably hated me. I had nothing to lose and everything to gain.”

His forehead drops to mine when he’s done with his confession.

“You didn’t have to make me fall in love with you. I’ve been in love with you from that first kiss. I love you.”

His mouth takes mine in a hard kiss. His tongue pushes in and both his hands dive into my hair. When he pulls away, we’re both breathless.

“You know that’s the first time you’ve said that without me making you?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve been keeping it from me?”

“You’ve never said it.”

He pulls back to study my face like I’m crazy. “I’ve never told you I loved you?” he asks like I’m making it up.

“Trust me. I would remember that.”

“Fuck.” He runs his hand through his hair. “Of course I fucking love you. I can’t even breathe when I’m not near you.”

My heart flutters, and I feel the baby kick again.

“The baby is moving,” I tell him, bringing his hand to my belly. I watch as awe takes over his face.

“We made that baby. Our first night together. The world knew we had to be together and made sure we’d always be tied to each other.”

## Chapter Twelve Calder

I see a glimmer of sadness in her eyes, and I can’t imagine why it’s there.

“What it is, sweetheart? What’s that thought you just had?”

She shrugs her shoulders, but when I wait, she starts to tell me.

“You said the world knew we had to be together. I wish my father would see it that way. I feel like my getting pregnant was just another reminder to him that I’m just like my mother. He always said I was like her, and I didn’t realize he meant it to mean I’m thirsty for attention.”

“Oh, Felicity, no.” I hold her face in my hands and look into her tear-filled eyes. “No, sweetheart, he didn’t mean it that way. I talked to him about it. And I even spoke with him privately after the wedding to smooth things over.”

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She looks at me questioningly, but there is still so much hope there. “What do you mean?”

“He’d said the same to me once before, and I asked him what he meant by it. I didn’t know your mom, but I’d heard rumors, and I wanted to know why he would say such things about his daughter. He said that you’ve got her spirit. That people are drawn to you, but that you do it without trying.” I run my thumb across her cheek, wiping away the lone tear. “And after the wedding, he said he’d suspected that something had happened between you and me, and he wanted to give us space to make our own decisions about our relationship. He wanted to give us time to have our own world and to create our own family. He understands what happened between him and your mother won’t happen to us. That I will always give you the attention you need, even if you think you don’t need it.”

She gives me a little laugh, and I kiss her soft lips.

“I know how much your father loves you. When it comes to you, there is absolutely nothing you can do wrong. And though I may have blackmailed you into this relationship, I know I did it for the right reasons. We belong together.”

Felicity nods, and her soft smile eases every worry in my heart. I pushed her into this, but she understands why. She may have thought the baby was what was keeping me here, but that was never the case. It was the best surprise I’ve ever had—icing on top of an already perfect cake.

“Calder, make love to me.”

My lips are on hers before she finishes the last word. She only needs to ask. I'll always give her what she wants. Slowly, I strip us until we're both naked. Her warm skin rubs against mine, and I have to taste her.

"Lie back, sweetheart. I need you."

I kneel on the floor in front of her and spread her legs. Her pussy is wet, and her lower lips are swollen with need. My cock hardens at the sight, and I open my mouth, covering as much of her as I can, and close my eyes, savoring her taste.

Her warm honey hits my mouth, and the flavor makes me insane for more. I drink down all that she gives me, and I lick her in long laps, begging for more. The feel of her hard clit against my tongue turns me on, and I feel cum dripping down my cock.

"Calder," she gasps when I suck her into my mouth and nibble just a little.

Bringing two fingers up to her pussy, I push inside her wet channel and rub her most tender spot. As I put pressure on just the right place, her hips rise off the bed and her nails claw at the sheets.

Being able to give her this kind of pleasure makes me feel like a god, even though I'm the one kneeling.

Once I finish pulling every wave of her orgasm from her, I climb up her body, kissing all the special places I love on her as I go. When I get to her mouth, she holds my face and kisses me back so tenderly. The taste of her pussy passes between us, and the kiss is so powerful it only heightens the intimacy.

I hold myself over her, careful not to put any of my weight on her, and pull her legs around my hips. I push inside her wet heat, and her little body welcomes all ten inches of me. In one long thrust, I'm fully sheathed in heaven and well on my way to



cumming.

Just one second inside her and I'm ready to come undone. I've never been so powerless before, and I don't care. As long as Felicity is mine, she can have all of me. She can take it all.

"I love you," I whisper against her lips, and I hear her repeat the words back to me.

My mouth goes to her neck, and I feel her clench around my cock. I lick the shell of her ear and tell her how much I need her as I slowly build her to another climax.

"Please, sweetheart."

She cums on me, wetting my cock and making me follow her over the edge. I hold myself inside her as our juices mingle, my cum filling her up. Once I've given all I can, I carefully roll us to our sides. I don't want to pull out, so I'm careful to make sure she's comfortable afterwards.

We lie there for a long time, neither of us wanting to break our connection. We smile and softly touch one another as if this new information we shared has changed our relationship for the better.

Felicity in my arms and our baby between us, as our lives are meant to be. There was no alternative for either of us because I would have made damn sure of that. Blackmailing her was the smartest thing I ever did.

Epilogue Felicity

Five months later...

"He looks just like you, sweetheart."

Calder is sitting on the bench next to the window, and the sunlight is pouring over both of my guys. It's a tender moment watching him with our son, Jonathan William Cox. We named him after both of his grandfathers, and I think my father might just burst from pride. I only wish Calder's father could have been here today to meet him, but Calder says that maybe he's around us somehow, looking over our new baby.

I was almost two weeks overdue, even with as small as I was and as big as my son grew. After only three hours of labor, here he is. Nine pounds nine ounces of healthy baby boy.

"He's got your ears," I say, lying on my side in the hospital bed and watching them.

Calder looks over and winks at me, and I swear I think my ovaries smile. Seeing him with our baby has got to be some kind of aphrodisiac. I just gave birth and I'm thinking of making another.

My father and Becky left just a few moments ago to let us rest. They were here since first thing this morning, but they still seemed reluctant to leave. They were both so excited about having a grandchild since I'm my father's only child and Becky was never able to have children of her own.

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They've made it official, and she's wearing a stunning engagement ring. I couldn't be more excited for the two of them. She seems to calm him a lot, and he's the happiest I've ever seen him. It amazing what love can do to people.

Calder comes over and places Jonathan in my arms. "I think he's hungry again."

"If he's anything like his father, I'm sure he is." I hold him to my breast and he latches on immediately and starts nursing like a champ. I grunt a little at his aggressive feeding and then relax when he slows down a bit. "Yep. Just like his father."

"You did great, sweetheart. Just perfect."

I look up to see a little mist in Calder's eyes.

"What is it?" I ask, worry starting to creep in.

"Nothing." He leans forward and gives me a quick kiss before pulling back and looking between the baby and me. "I was just worried. What if everything I loved most was taken from me again? I'm just happy you and our son are okay. I love you so much, Felicity."

I'm a giant ball of hormones right now, so I just nod and whisper that I love him, too. Any more than that and I'll send myself into a spiral of tear-filled thankfulness. Instead, Calder wraps me in his arms while I nurse Jonathan, and we stay like that for a long time.

Our little bubble of love is impossible to burst. It's as if everything between us has clicked into place, and this is exactly where we are meant to be. I've never had a feeling so strong before, knowing that being with Calder is the right choice, and every choice I made before it has led me here. It's beautiful and powerful, and I'm going to live the rest of my life being thankful for it.

## Epilogue Felicity

Two years later...

"Well, I just wanted to come in and see if there was anything else I could help you out with today, Mrs. Cox."

The young guy who does yard work for us is leaning against the doorframe. He's got his shirt off and he's sweaty, so I back up. All I can think about is putting distance between us because I don't want it to get on me. Maybe some women would find him attractive, but he's far too pretty and into himself for my taste. I've got a thing for dark-haired grumpy men, and I don't ever see that changing.

"No thanks, Ben. We're all set."

"Are you sure?" He licks his lips, and his eyes run up and down my body. I don't like the way it feels. I'm fully dressed, but somehow this feels a bit like a violation. Only my husband gets to look at me like this.

Who does this guy think he is? He's helped out with our regular gardener twice and suddenly he thinks he's entitled to hit on me? Hell no. I'm about to open my mouth to tell him off when a massive dark blur moves in front of me.

Before I can blink, Calder has the kid pushed up against the side of the house and holds him off the ground by his neck.

“Calder,” I say in a soft voice. “Remember, if you kill him on our property, the cops are more likely to find his body.”

Ben’s eyes go as wide as saucers, and he starts to panic.

“You’re right, sweetheart. I should take him down by the lake with the others.”

Ben starts coughing, and his face turns purple.

Calder leans in and growls in his face. “You leave now and I’ll let you keep breathing. Don’t you ever come back, or I’ll rip your eyes out for looking at my wife that way.”

He drops Ben to the ground, and the gardener takes off faster than a bullet. Calder watches him leave and then turns back to me.

He’s breathing a little heavily, and there’s this angry look on his face. I don’t know why, but my panties are drenched. Seeing him so possessive of me and so strong, it’s got all my female hormones firing.

“Calder.”

His name is a cross between a question and a moan. Looking down, I see the erection clearly outlined in the front of his slacks, and I lick my lips.

“Get in the house now, Felicity.”

He takes a step towards me, but I’m overwhelmed by my need for him. Right. This. Second. I’m not moving unless it’s to let him put his dick in me.

He lowers his chin and glares at me with hooded eyes. He feels this, too. This internal

need to mark his territory, and God help me, I want to be his possession. I want to be stamped and branded as his like never before.

Faster than I expect, he's picking me up and our mouths are connecting. My hands rip at his shirt, popping the buttons and tearing the material as I go. I feel his hands grip my ass roughly, and then my back hits something solid. I'm pinned to a wall by the lower half of his body as his hands push up my dress and rip away my panties.

His long, hard thickness is thrust fully inside my wet pussy before I can even take a breath. Then his hand rips the shredded material of my shirt from my body, and his hungry mouth is on my breast. I feel his teeth there as his aggressive thrusts hold me in place. I grip his back as he ruts against me, angrily taking what is his.

I bite my lip to keep from screaming his name, the orgasm hitting me so fast I don't even see it coming. As I hit my climax, his hands pin my wrists above my head, and suddenly—impossibly— he's deeper inside me. He's stretching my pussy in the most delicious way, and the rough treatment reminds me of who's in charge here.

I know without a shadow of a doubt that Calder worships every inch of my heart and soul. But my body is his to command, and right here and now, he's reminding me of my place. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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The cavewoman in me responds to his dominance, and I spread my legs as wide as they can go, giving my beloved all that he desires. I'm his, and nothing will ever change that. And that's what this is right now. It's a reminder to him that no one will ever take me from him, and he needs this from me. For me to submit and let him declare that my body is his claimed land. I'll give him this and anything else he wants as another climax thunders through my body.

When I feel his warm seed fill me, it's as if he's sated the beast inside him. I cling to his big body as he gently lets go of my wrists and starts to tenderly kiss me everywhere. It's completely contrary to what happened just moments ago, but I'll never get tired of his attention to my body.

"All better?" I ask as his mouth trails down my neck.

"We need a new gardener," he says lazily.

"I don't know. I'm thinking of hiring Ben back if this is what happens every time he hits on me." Calder growls again, and I laugh, clenching my pussy around him at the same time.

My laugh turns into a plea as he shows me all over again what a jealous caveman he can be. Life is very, very good.

THE END