



Blake University HBCU Chronicles: Archer & Destiny

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Category: Romance

Description: When Destiny, a determined young woman with a radiant spirit in a wheelchair arrives at Blake University, she believes her path will be a quiet survival, not love.

Everything changes when she crosses paths with Archer.

Archer is a man who hides his grief and struggle beneath his calm interior.

One encounter in the school cafeteria turns into a love that transforms them both.

It teaches Destiny that her life was never meant to be lonely, and it shows Archer what it means to be truly seen.

Blake University is a heartfelt, fast paced Instalove college romance novella!

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ONE

Destiny

Destiny sat quietly in the backseat; her copper-brown coils bobbed gently with each bump in the road.

The sound of her parents' bickering made her anxiety shoot through the roof of the car.

It always started and finished with the topic being about her.

Destiny was happy and scared shitless about starting college.

Happy, because for once, she wouldn't feel like such a burden on her parents.

Henry and Kourtney Davis had been married for over thirty years.

Both of her parents were successful. Henry Davis was a co-founder of a multi-million-dollar Cybersecurity company.

Kourtney Davis was a successful web developer.

The two were high school sweethearts that got married at the tender age of eighteen.

Since they were both always so busy, they agreed to give birth to only one child.

Kourtney had several miscarriages and felt ecstatic that she carried Destiny full term.

The couple relocated from California to Georgia when Destiny was two years old.

Through ups and downs, Destiny is who brought them closer and carried them through the test of times.

Destiny hated the way most of their arguments revolved around her. She looked down at her hands that rested in her lap, today they were slightly swollen from morning stiffness. It wasn't as bad as usual, so to her, that was a sign that today would be a good positive day.

The car crept through the gates of Blake University HBCU.

It was her dream school; to her, it was freedom, and a fresh start never looked so good.

The college looked like a post card or a pinterest photo.

Destiny marveled at the bright green lawns and red brick buildings.

Students walked in groups, laughing with excitement in their eyes while they carried bins full of their personal belongings.

Destiny couldn't wait to be a part of it all.

"Kourtney, did you make sure her meds were packed in the overnight bag? She needed those pain patches and?—"

"I packed it all, Henry." Her mother cut him off.

Kourtney eyes were still fixed on the road ahead, avoiding her husband's anxious glare.

"I double checked the pill box, the backup bottles, and the emergency stash in her purse." Kourtney added.

Destiny let out a quiet sigh, her eyes focusing back to the window.

Not wanting to be a part of her parents' bickering, she continued to take in the campus.

Don't be weird, Destiny. Be outspoken for a change, meet new people, have fun...

you're only twenty-four years old... She told herself with sadness swirling inside of her mind.

She couldn't even be mad at her father for pushing back her initial start for the university, which was years ago.

She cried for several nights, not understanding why he was so scared to let her go.

Henry reassured his daughter that he would get her enrolled for 'Next Act Blake U' which was a program designed for students that missed their opportunity to go to college after high school.

She read all about it and loved the fact that the program assisted people over twenty-five to get back on track and into higher learning.

Next Act also gave students the opportunity to have the options to take night or day classes.

They could also live in designated dorm rooms if they chose to do so.

Destiny wanted to experience that, so she begged her dad.

Henry pulled major strings and greased important people's pockets to let his only child into the program.

Her birthday was next month in September, so they overlooked the fact that she was twenty-four.

Destiny worried about her physical health.

Her mother helped her pick her academic field.

She agreed to do education and social work because she wanted to do work that mattered.

She always enjoyed volunteering at her high school library.

Her father also signed her up to become a student tutor.

A lot of kids that she helped reminded her of herself.

They weren't just statistics in need like her, they were vivid and held lots of dreams.

It made her feel like she had a purpose when she was helping others. So, when her mom mentioned education and social work, she was all for it. It was something that demanded compassion and understanding. To Destiny, that was something that a lot of people in the world didn't have.

Destiny had been struggling with severe arthritis since she was diagnosed as a

teenager.

She struggled with confidence; her low self-esteem weighed her down at times, but she still found a way to think positively.

Because of all the different health issues she went through since ninth grade, she was from doing the things that she truly wanted to do.

She wanted friends, and to feel accepted somewhere other than her household. Destiny's parents were very wealthy, they sheltered and spoiled her with no regrets. She was their miracle baby, their only child.

"I tell you what, Destiny...if one of these assholes disrespects you, I'll come up here quick! This is why we moved close to campus, just for you, baby. A lot of these dumb fucks don't know what the fuck ambulatory wheelchair users are! I wish the fuck?—"

"Henry, please! You already started this day off negative. Her nerves are already bad and you just making shit worse." Kourtney rolled her eyes hard.

"How am I making shit worse? I'm just telling my daughter that I got her back and front. Mind your damn business." Henry spat.

He was already fired up from thinking about all the what if's and what his daughter might endure.

She had been through enough since high school.

From school bullies to people just making her feel insecure and offended.

His mind went back to the awful night all of their lives were turned upside down.

Destiny went out with so-called friends when she was in the ninth grade and got shot.

Doctors claimed that she would never be able to walk again.

She proved them wrong year after year. Destiny was determined to walk again.

She had gone from not being able to feel anything from the waist down to gaining feeling.

She could even stand and waddle from side to side, she just couldn't do it for long periods of time.

Her muscles would spasm severely, or she would fall down if she pushed herself too far.

Now that she gained feeling back from the waist down, she experienced pain like no other.

Some days, it would put her in a depressed mood; she would either cry throughout the day or be highly medicated to not feel half of the pain that traveled throughout her body.

She picked up an eating habit then gained most of her weight by the time she turned seventeen.

Henry put Destiny on a diet, but it still didn't stop her from sneaking to eat whatever it was that she wanted — thanks to her mother, Kourtney.

Food became her comfort; Destiny was beautiful but couldn't see beauty in herself.

She was five foot six and weighed a good two-hundred and sixty pounds.

Her weight wasn't sloppy, it was well proportioned.

Her deep, doe-shaped, brown eyes and deep-dish dimples that sunk in whenever she talked or smiled made her look like she had the face of an angel.

She didn't see what people saw when they called her beautiful.

She figured she didn't have any friends, simply because people viewed her as a liability.

It was all frustrating to her, but she tried her best to remain positive about it all.

"I'm just saying." Henry huffed. He adjusted his cap and glanced back at Destiny like he would catch her in the act of hiding one of her many flare ups.

He knew his daughter very well, and he admired her courage and ambition to take care of herself without help.

Henry wouldn't see it any other way but to assist and help his daughter with whatever she needed.

"This ain't like high school. I'll admit that I'm nervous for my baby. If she misses a dose and her joints lock up, who will help her in the middle of the night or throughout the damn day." He looked over at Kourtney.

"I know that." Kourtney sighed.

"She's not a damn child. She made it through the flare ups and spasms back in March on her own without telling us. Destiny is very mature and capable. We thought so many things, Henry. We thought in the beginning that she would never be able to even stand again when that bullet hit her spine and?—"

“Mom, please.” Destiny murmured.

One thing she tried to bury deep in the past was the trauma of that night.

It left a bitterness inside of her that she thought she would never overcome.

Destiny still couldn’t forgive the fact that her normal life was snatched away from her in one night.

She missed being able to run, stand, and walk long distances.

You never appreciate the little things that you don’t realize you enjoy doing in life until it’s snatched away from you.

“Dad, I got myself, I promise. Please don’t stress over me.” She said softly.

Henry didn’t answer, he just exhaled roughly and thought now would be a good time to admit to the expensive purchase that he made without telling his wife or his daughter.

“I won’t stress.” He smirked mischievously.

“I know your hands swell up and your arms get cramps from trying to wheel yourself around. This is why I had to invest; it was important, and it will help you.” He smiled confidently.

The women in the car inwardly shook their heads. Henry’s favorite line when he wanted to justify his actions of outrageous purchases was, I had to invest, or this was a good investment.

“What did you do, Henry?” Kourtney cut her eyes over at him. She silently hoped

that her husband didn't go overboard.

"I ordered her an electric wheelchair. It's fully loaded." He chuckled proudly.

Kourtney couldn't even say a word, she felt the urge to smack him in the back of his head but knew not to even go there with his hardheaded ass.

She wasn't upset that he got the electric wheelchair for Destiny.

It was more so frustration, because she asked him if they should get one for her around the time she first got shot to make things easier on all of them.

"Thanks, dad." Destiny's mood lifted.

She saw plenty of videos and pictures of Blake U and knew that the campus was huge.

She couldn't wait to give her dad a big hug to express her gratitude.

Henry was always thinking ahead of time.

He always knew what she needed, and most of the time, Destiny didn't have to fix her lips to ask for anything.

That was another thing Destiny was tired of.

Her parents took care of her fully. Financially, they covered everything for her.

Each month, her father deposited a hefty amount of money into her bank account.

She wanted to know what it was like to make her own money.

Destiny wanted to buy her parents gifts and prove to them that she was capable of being an adult on her own.

“You’re welcome, baby, it’s fly too.” Henry added with a big contagious smile plastered on his face.

Henry pulled right in front of the school.

Next, he was going to drive her over to Cove City, which was a popular suburb close to the school.

It had several apartment complexes and housing developments where Destiny would stay.

Henry already had a car service on call for his daughter.

He even offered to hire someone to help her on a day-to-day basis, but Destiny refused and reassured him that she could do it all by herself.

Destiny’s eyes landed on the Blake U Bear with the words, Fierce.

Focused. Fearless. Written in perfect cursive bold letters.

Henry got out of the car first and went around to retrieve her wheelchair from the trunk.

She turned around in her seat to watch him and smiled.

Her chest tightened when he came around to open her door.

“You sure about this, baby?” Henry asked as he locked the chair’s wheels and held

out a hand.

Destiny nodded her head then slowly transferred from the car to her chair with practiced grace.

She hid her pain well, but today, it became excruciating all of a sudden.

Ache crawled behind her knees and the stiffness clinged to her legs.

She looked up at Henry and smiled weakly then pushed her shoulders back.

“I’m sure, dad; I’m fine.” She stated as confidently as she could.

Before her eyes started to well up with tears from the unbearable pain, she forced herself to think of something else.

It was mind over matter. Her pain tolerance was high, since she dealt with pain most of the time.

It was something that she was used to, although it still annoyed and frustrated her.

Students moved around everywhere, and music was playing loudly. Destiny could feel the excitement radiating off of everyone. She watched people walk fast and slow while others hit a light jog. This was everything she wanted and more — freedom.

“You got your water bottle, right?” He looked at her seriously before he started to wheel her.

“It’s hot as hell already, you know hydration is key when the meds kick in.” He added.

“I got everything I need, dad.” She reassured him with practiced patience.

“Okay, and I don’t want you taking your nighttime meds on an empty stomach. That’s why I wanted you to agree to having a chef come to meal prep for you every three days. You know?—”

“Henry!” Kourtney stepped out of the car, irritated with her husband.

“We still have to go get her settled into her apartment. You can say all of that there. Not in front of all these students. Just let her be and take her inside to get the rest of her paperwork.” Kourtney rolled her eyes hard in his direction.

“I swear, if we weren’t out in public?—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah! Just wheel her in and hurry up.” Kourtney got back in the front seat and slammed the door.

Destiny stifled her grin and put her head down.

She loved them both so much it hurt sometimes.

She loved the way her parents loved on each other and hoped that one day she could experience a love like that as well.

She also loved that she knew that their bickering wasn’t anger, but fear dressed as nagging and a bunch of noise out of concern for her.

It was an overbearing love that got her through her toughest battles.

It all made Destiny more determined to prove to them that she could do this on her own and make them proud.

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TWO

Archer

Archer's head tilted back, lips parted, a slow satisfied groan coming from the depths of his throat as a blonde between his legs sucked his dick like she had something to prove. Most women he came across, no matter the race, treated him like he was royalty.

Her green eyes were locked on his face, mouth wrapped around him, and her hands gripped his thighs as if her life depended on it. Her main goal was to make sure she secured a spot in Archer's life.

"Pull them titties out, baby, pinch those fuckin' nipples." Archer encouraged her just as she pushed his ten inches past her tonsils.

His toes cracked as he watched her eat his dick up with no shame. Her tongue slithered from side to side as she cupped and massaged his balls.

"Nasty ass bitch, do that shit then." He turned his lip up and chuckled.

The room smelled like cologne, weed, sweat, and sex.

Archer could hear the world outside that buzzed with first day of class anxiety.

He didn't give a damn about syllabus week.

Class could wait; he never took shit at Blake U seriously, to be honest. He always felt like he was living a damn lie.

The only time he felt alive was when he was in his own element.

Off of campus, at his real house with his real responsibilities.

He leaned back further into his expensive leather desk chair, one hand was tangled into her bleached hair, the other lazily flicking the ashes from a blunt into a crystal ashtray that was shaped like a pussy.

His dorm room looked more like a luxury suite than a student's quarters, thanks to his father's money and Archer's side hustles.

Designer sneakers lined the wall, even his walk was expensive.

On top of his desk was a glass tray of pills: Adderall, Xans, and a few other things that the students at Blake U partook in.

Archer found out a while ago that students didn't just crave knowledge; most of them craved escape.

Archer knew how to sell both, because he spent most of his life escaping the harsh realities of a lot of different things.

Just as he shot his nut all over the blonde's face and breasts, his door exploded open with a thunderous bang.

"What the hell is this shit, Archer!"

Archer didn't acknowledge his father, instead, he took his dick and shoved it down

the girl's throat as a parting gift. She gagged, as her eyes widened looking over at Archer's dad. Archer snatched his dick out of her mouth and shook his head at her.

"Next time, focus on my dick and not him." He dropped his dick, making it land heavily on his thigh.

She scrambled to cover up her breasts as she eyed the tall, red-faced man storm further into the room. Archer Sr. was dressed in a tailored, smoked-gray suit. His pale blue eyes morphed into tiny slits as he stared at his first born in disgust.

"Sr." Archer said coolly, blowing out a cloud of smoke.

There wasn't a trace of shame in his voice or face.

"You knock now or...?"

Archer Sr. face turned a deeper shade of crimson.

"You're nothing but a fucking thug! Fix your god damn pants!"

The girl let out a squeak, adjusting her crop top and trying her hardest to wipe off all the nut that decorated her face and chest. Archer stood slowly, like the world moved for him.

His skin was warm brown; he was tall with a careless elegance that made people mistake him for someone well put together. On the inside, Archer was dark.

"Get the fuck out." Archer said to the Blonde.

He looked at his father and raised his brows. That was a cue for Sr. to continue with all the bullshit that he was getting ready to lay on his first-born son. The same bull

shit that he ignored most of the time, because none of it was sincere. Soon as the girl rushed out, Sr. started up.

“You missed the first day, Archer.” Sr barked.

“Do you understand what kind of embarrassment that is? The son of Archer Sr, renowned civil litigation attorney, skipping classes to smoke weed and get his dick wet. Every day, you just throw my hard-earned money into the fire.” Sr. shook his head.

Archer grinned, unbothered by his father’s words. Sr. constantly threw his title around to stroke his own ego. It was super corny to Archer how his father needed everyone around him to make him feel like he was something. He stretched before tugging at his sweatpants.

Sr.’s hands shook; rage and shame flared behind his blue eyes.

“You act like I ever asked to be your legacy. Why you always so uptight, Sr.? Sounds like you need to be the one getting your dick wet.” Archer chuckled.

Sr. advanced and stopped soon as he saw the icy look in Archer’s eyes.

“You think this is a joke? You think I’m paying for your Blake U tuition so you can become some drop out junkie selling pills to kids who still wear retainer wires?”

That made Archer pause with a look of amusement.

“How long you known?” He asked, his voice calm but dipped in venom.

Archer was ready to knock his father out, it wasn’t something that would be a first for him.

“Long enough.” Sr’s jaw flexed.

“Then why you wasting money still paying for a dorm that I just use as a prop and storage space?” Archer tilted his head.

“You hope I snap out of it? Or you just scared that your empire might crack if people find out that this perfect son you painted me out to be prefers slanging drugs over law books.”

“You’re going to lose everything. You keep this up, Archer, and I swear I’ll cut you off...Completely.” Sr. balled his fist, ready to chance it all by knocking some common sense into Archer’s face.

Archer stepped forward, too close, his voice dropping dangerously low.

“Do it, I dare you.” He sneered in Sr’s face.

He wasn’t talking about his father cutting him off, he wanted him to hit him so he could show him just how much of an unseasoned pussy he really was.

“Archer, sweetie.” Karen’s voice cut through the tension.

“Your father’s just worried about you...we all are.” Karen’s voice held fake concern.

She was Archer’s so-called mom. Archer caught on early and had to discover on his own that Karen wasn’t his real mother.

He said something about it when he was ten years old.

Sr. beat him for disrespecting who he claimed was his real mother.

Archer wasn't stupid, there was no way two fully white individuals could create a kid that looked more black than white.

He let them fake it 'til they made it, like they did with everything else.

They both turned to Karen, who was still standing in the doorway.

She clutched her Tory Burch bag like it would shield her from the truth that hung in the air.

She despised everything about Archer; the feeling was mutual from Archer as well.

He was the kid that got sent to live in his own apartment at the age of fifteen — secretly.

He was also a reminder of how much of a dog her abusive, shitty husband truly was.

For the money and the title, along with all the perks, she endured it all when it came to Archer Sr.

Karen learned a long time ago to get with the program and stroke her weak-minded husband's ego.

“Oh, I'm fine, just getting my education and a little head on the side whenever the fuck I feel like it.” Archer snapped with a sadistic smirk that tugged at his lips.

Karen stepped past the threshold of the door and slammed it.

Her eyes darted to the pill tray on top of his desk then back to Archer.

She took in his blood-shot eyes, the red a stark contrast to his pale blue irises, making

them look discolored.

Shaking her head, she tooted her nose to the ceiling and fake coughed like she was choking from the smell of weed.

“Well, he gets that wildness from her anyway—” Her lips clamped shut quickly but it was too late.

Archer’s smile curled mockingly, he looked over at Sr. and chuckled dryly by how pale his face got.

“Her, huh?” He repeated, dragging the words out like a blade.

“So, what I already knew was true?” He bit his bottom lip then looked back at his father for answers.

Sr. turned to Karen with a pissed off look on his face.

“Karen.” Sr. hissed out.

“Fuck all of that!” Archer’s voice cut through their awkward stare down.

“You lied to me my whole life.” Archer laughed.

All he could do was laugh through all the disappointment his father gave him.

“This white bitch, you paraded around like my mother, feeding me legacy dreams and country club hand me downs was just a fucking place holder and?—”

“Archer!” Sr. cut off Archer’s hurtful words.

“You’re my son, and I love you...Karen is your mother! She has?—”

“Fuck that and fuck you! I ain’t shit but your mistake that you kept in the dark long enough to believe I’d never find the fuckin’ switch!” Archer’s voice elevated, which pissed him off for getting out of character.

He could talk hatefully and get mad, but he never liked to raise his voice much because he felt like that took up too much of his energy.

“Archer—”

“Where is my real mother?” He struggled to get the words out.

A painful lump rose in his throat, although he knew all along the truth. It pained him to not know who his biological mother was. His entire life, he had gone without a mother’s love. It’s part of what made him cold and void of any emotions.

“K—Karen is your mother.” Sr. said confidently.

For a second, Archer’s shoulders dropped in defeat. He refused to allow his chin to drop, too. He quickly masked all of his emotions and looked his father in the eyes with a blank expression.

“Remember, you made me this way. So don’t be surprised when I burn down your whole damn blueprint.”

He snatched his hoodie from the back of his chair and picked up another blunt from his desk. Sr. and Karen started to argue as Archer made his way to the door.

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THREE

Destiny

The sun was gentle today, not too hot shining down on Blake U's campus. Destiny rolled across the quad with her head held high. Her thick copper-brown coils were pinned half-up with the rest flowing down her back. Her hair bounced with every turn of her electric wheelchair's tires.

It was her second week of classes. She'd been on time to every one and hadn't missed a dosage.

Her mother checked in with her once or maybe twice a day while her father called her in between every class.

He'd also stay up late, acting like he was making small conversation, when in reality, he just wanted to be sure that she was eating before taking her medicine at night.

Destiny actually felt good, she hadn't cried for an entire week. That was a new record for her. She hadn't made any new friends but just being in a new environment felt good to her.

Today, she promised herself that she wouldn't race straight back to her apartment like she normally did the moment lectures let out.

She felt like she deserved to see more of the campus.

How can I ever meet new friends if I'm always inside studying.

She smiled at nothing in particular. Soon as class let out, students poured into the courtyard like released confetti.

Destiny turned toward the heart of campus instead of the exit.

She was nervous at first and second guessed her decision on texting her driver Alley to tell her that she didn't need to be picked up until around six p.m. Her fingers hovered over the joystick as she passed couples that lounged on hammocks in the middle of the grass.

Her mouth watered at the frat boys that tossed a football back and forth.

She looked at students under trees curled over open laptops outside of the food courts.

That's how free and comfortable she wanted to be.

She rolled through the glass automatic doors of the food court and was instantly hit with the smell of fried chicken, fries, burgers, and just about everything else.

Someone was playing music from their speaker, and Destiny slowly bobbed her head to the beat. Just for a second, she felt invisible in the best way possible. She didn't hear any whispering about a girl in the wheelchair, whereas in high school there was noise and no normalcy for her.

The first thing she did was order a mango smoothie from Jamba Juice then wheeled toward the back wall where two tall vending machines glowed beside the student lounge. She stared up at all of them. One vending machine was full of drinks and the other was stacked with snacks.

She got excited just thinking about having frosted Pop Tarts, sour gummies and hot Cheetos as she read on her Kindle from bed that night.

I can do this. She thought to herself as she powered off her chair.

She locked the wheels and slowly braced herself to stand.

Her legs protested immediately, feeling stiff, heavy, and almost foreign under her.

Some days, it felt like her body went numb — which she appreciated, so she wouldn't have to endure much pain.

Today, she felt pain but hadn't stood up since this morning when she got herself in the shower.

She gripped the edge of the vending machine with one hand while her other hovered over the keypad.

She read the snack numbers slowly, trying to choose which one she wanted to attempt to get first. She knew it was a task, and didn't bother looking behind her to see who was watching.

If her dad was with her, he would have got her whatever she wanted.

Moments like this, she wished he was there with her.

She rid herself of those thoughts, not wanting to remain dependent on what all her dad would do for her.

This was a hard task, what made it harder mentally was her thinking that all eyes were glued to her as she struggled.

Destiny was right, all eyes were on her, and no one offered to help at all.

It's like the people behind her knew what Destiny's fate was before it happened.

There were some students that got a kick out of watching her struggle. Some of them recorded her without even trying to conceal their phones. Destiny's chips descended, exciting her before she tried to bend down to get them out of the slot.

A sharp pain shot up her back, automatically causing her to wince and cry out.

Her legs twitched then buckled. It happened in a breath, her muscles spasmed violently and she couldn't shift fast enough.

Destiny twisted, trying to reach for the armrest of her chair.

She knew she was going to fall, at least it would be better to land in her chair.

She missed by inches; her body hitting the tile floor hard.

The vending machine beeped once, uselessly.

Her smoothie rolled to the side and spun in circles.

There was silence at first, but seconds later, she heard laughter.

It wasn't from everyone, just a small group of boys that had got it all on their phones for funny content and memes.

Destiny closed her eyes; her face burned with humiliation.

She couldn't stop her tears from falling down her chubby cheeks.

Record broken. Now I'm fucking crying after going so long without feeling this way.

She thought sadly. She sniffled and tried her best to suck up her tears, but it was hard for her.

The weight of her humiliation weighed her eye sockets down, and she refused to turn towards all the students behind her.

She didn't even want them to see her in pain.

Just that fast, she felt like her day was ruined.

She didn't understand why her body chose to betray her in front of everyone.

Behind closed doors, she could stand and waddle her way from her bed to her bathroom.

She could even stand longer than expected in her kitchen whenever she cooked something for herself.

Out of all days to have a bad spasm, it happened in the food court.

She told herself that maybe she should have gone with her first mind.

Now, she wanted her driver to pick her up at the regularly scheduled time.

She knew she would have to sit for a while on the floor.

Her legs were locked; her arms shook from the hard fall.

Suddenly, the laughing stopped like someone hit mute.

A new presence, quiet but heavy, stepped inside of the food court.

Archer watched her fall before he entered; he stood outside of the food court, waiting to see if anyone was going to help her.

It infuriated him that people laughed and recorded the disabled instead of assisting them.

Soon as he walked inside, just about everyone got quiet. Everyone knew not to fuck with Archer. His cold demeanor preceded itself. He eyed one of the boys that was laughing and recording when he stood up to attempt to walk up to Destiny, who was still on the floor.

“Move.”

A deep voice sounded off from behind Destiny, not loud but it sounded too close to her ears. She opened her eyes and turned to look at the boys at the table who shifted and put their phones down. They looked like they were scared for their lives.

Archer crouched beside her and didn't say anything.

“You hurt?” He asked lowly.

Destiny just stared into his pale blue eyes, fully captivated. Why did it have to be a fine ass man to come save me? She took in Archer's features, to her, he looked like a Greek god.

Destiny shook her head no sadly. Usually, it was nothing for her to mask her pain. Right now, it felt excruciating.

“I just need to sit here for a while, if you can reach in my backpack to get me my pain

pills, they'll kick in for me in about thirty minutes." She smiled up weakly at Archer.

Her eyes welled up, but she quickly blinked her tears away.

"Alright, I'll get your pills once I pick you up off the ground." Archer said.

His eyes landed on her shaky arms. He felt for her and instantly got pissed all over again that people refused to help her as soon as they saw her struggling. Archer was closed off, so most people thought he was mean and cold hearted. He was actually the total opposite.

"Oh no, you can't lift me." Destiny laughed nervously.

"Why not?" Archer brow raised.

"I'm too heavy to be lifted, I can get myself up soon. Once my legs?—"

Destiny gasped as Archer reached under her carefully. He placed one arm behind her back, the other under her knees, and lifted her like she weighed nothing. She wanted to protest but was in too much shock. She hadn't been touched by a guy other than her dad since the ninth grade.

He placed her in her wheelchair gently and adjusted the position of her legs without her permission.

Archer quietly went behind her wheelchair to unzip her backpack.

Destiny cringed at the noise all of her pill bottles made as Archer read each label.

Finally, he spotted her pain meds and gave them to her.

He zipped her backpack up and quietly moved toward the vending machine that had sodas, juice, and water.

He used his phone to pay for her a water then handed it to her.

“You wanted anything else out of here?” He asked, never turning back around to face her.

Destiny contemplated then gave in, telling him all the snacks she intended to get. She offered him her debit card; Archer simply ignored her and got everything she called off. With all of her snacks in his hand, he walked back behind her wheelchair then stuffed them all in her backpack.

Destiny stared at him, overwhelmed, humiliated, and very grateful all at once.

“All of this just for some big back snacks.” She tried to joke, but her voice still trembled.

Archer didn’t laugh, although the corner of his mouth tugged up slightly.

“You good now?” He asked.

“Yes, thank you so much.” She smiled.

He nodded then stepped back, his gaze went over to the table where the boys were laughing before. Then, he turned to leave without saying another word. Destiny’s heart thumped hard in her chest as she watched Archer walk away, calm and unbothered by helping her.

He moved like a man who didn’t rush for anyone. Like he had nowhere to be but people knew better than to waste his time. I can’t let this moment pass like this! This

is a chance to make a new friend! Dammit, say something, anything Destiny!

Her fingers twitched over the joystick as she turned the chair.

Her eyes were locked on the broadest part of his upper back as he strolled toward the exit.

He just helped you up off the damn floor and picked you up in his arms. You can't just let him disappear like he didn't just give you a memory you'll replay for weeks!

"Hey!" She called out, biting the inside of her cheek.

Archer paused, but he didn't turn around right away. He just stopped mid-step and had an internal battle with himself. Destiny cleared her throat, unsure if what she was about to ask was stupid. It was now or never; Destiny didn't want their interaction to end so she thought quickly and boldly.

"You...know anywhere else to eat around here? Like, outside of the food court?" Her words stumbled out awkward and breathless, like her dignity hadn't already taken enough of a hit for the day.

At least I said something. What's the worst that could happen? Destiny thought with more confidence. She was tired of letting the world move on without her, all to be stuck in the same position. Archer turned his head slowly, giving her a look over his shoulder. His face was unreadable to Destiny.

She forced a smile and continued through baited breaths.

"If it's not too much for you, you don't have to show me...you can tell me. I don't know anyone here, so I figured if I'm going to keep exploring inside and the outside of campus...I should know where all the good food is." She chuckled nervously.

There was a long uncomfortable pause. Seconds later, Archer turned around and looked at Destiny.

He didn't smile back at her or soften his face.

I don't know anyone here... Her soft-spoken words replayed in his mind.

He gazed around the food court, and within seconds, he figured out that people were probably dick heads towards her because of her disability.

"Come on." He stated flatly.

The way he said the two simple words hit Destiny's chest like a second wind.

He turned and walked through the door then held it open.

Once Destiny rolled out of the food court, he turned and walked through the door, not waiting for a response from her.

He walked at his own pace, already knowing that she'd follow.

Destiny powered her chair and wheeled behind him fast. Her legs still ached and felt locked, but her spirit sparked with something new. Hope.

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FOUR

Archer

Archer didn't know what the hell he was doing.

He walked with his hands in his pockets, face blank as usual.

His mind raced louder than the bass that rattled the back of his Dodge Challenger.

He could hear the soft hum of Destiny's wheelchair behind him.

She wasn't talking to him, and that was unusual.

Normally, when he just glanced at a chick, he couldn't get them to shut the hell up.

She was just there, and that was what kept messing with him.

He glanced back once, just to take a quick look at her.

Her copper brown coils looked like a messy halo around her head; it was frizzy, but still beautiful to him under the sunlight.

Destiny had no make-up on, just blemish-free skin and full lips that she kept pressing together nervously.

He noticed in the food court the curve of her cheeks.

When she talked, her dimples sunk in deep, which made her attractive as hell.

He could see the thickness of her frame through the oversized tee.

She didn't try to look perfect — to him, Destiny wasn't trying at all. She was simply just being herself.

He never messed with a big girl before; it wasn't because he was against it.

He never came across one like Destiny, there was something about her that felt magnetic.

Archer felt a pull instantly when he scooped her into his arms. When he walked in the food court and spotted her on the floor next to her wheelchair, his legs moved without permission.

He glanced back at her again, this time, their eyes locked.

Destiny offered him a nervous smile; she tucked some of her hair behind her ear then looked away.

Destiny didn't even realize that her hair was a mess. The top half of her ponytail was loose, and she still looked naturally pretty as hell.

To Archer, she looked like something warm that he could get lost in without even trying. She smelled good, and her body was soft and fluffy. Archer wanted to touch her again.

By the time they reached the student lot, Destiny finally spoke.

“One second.” She called out to Archer just as he spotted his matte black Challenger

parked under a tree.

Archer stopped and turned around to face her.

“I want to put the food places in my phone notes. I can have my driver take me.” She stated nervously.

Destiny didn’t understand why Archer was taking her to a parking lot. She expected them to go outside of the food court and he’d converse with her then give her a run-down of all the food places nearby that were good. She wanted to do more on and outside of campus.

“I’m going to show you different food places in my car then take you to a nice spot where you can lounge at other than the food court. I can take you home afterwards or you can call your driver after my tour.” Archer said as he nodded his head for her to follow.

Secretly, he was happy Destiny stopped him.

Now he was intrigued and wanted to get to know her.

He got so wrapped up with Destiny, he forgot all about Latosha.

She sat on his passenger side with one leg out the window.

Her bright red lace front wig was slayed to perfection.

She was pumped to get another round in with Archer’s fine ass.

Latosha had on coochie cutter shorts and a white tube top that practically showed all of her cleavage. Her chocolate complexion was flawless. Latosha knew she was the

shit; all the men on campus chased after her, but not Archer. He treated her like the slut she was known to be.

She perked up soon as she saw him.

“There you go, you got me melting in this sun. Could have at least turned on the?—”

“Get out.” Archer said flatly, already reaching for the driver’s door.

Latosha blinked like she’d heard him wrong.

“Huh?”

“Huh?” Archer mocked her annoyingly high-pitched voice. He cocked his head to the side and gave her an icy glare.

“I said get the fuck out, I got other shit to do.” He started up his car and turned on the AC for Destiny. He stepped back out of his car then walked around to stand in front of Latosha.

Latosha’s eyes narrowed as she looked over at Destiny who had an uncomfortable look on her face.

“Oh, so you ditching me for little miss Hot wheels?” She giggled shamelessly.

Destiny froze then swallowed down hard. Her fingers flexed on her chair controls. She wasn’t a push over and could stand up for herself. She was about to say something but before she could speak, Archer turned toward Latosha.

“If she little miss hot wheels, you little miss hot pocket pussy. Don’t talk about my friend...” Archer frowned.

“Don’t even look at her, get the fuck out so I can help her inside.” He added.

Latosha’s neck snapped back like he slapped her. Destiny saw a big confrontation about to happen and decided to try and bow out gracefully.

“It’s okay, I can just call my driver. Thank you for everything?—”

“It’s not okay.” Archer cut her off without even looking Destiny’s way.

“You can’t let evil sex-crazed bitches get to you.” His voice was low, filled with irritation.

“I just told you that I had other plans, Latosha. You not one of those plans.” He smirked evilly.

Latosha huffed then got out of the passenger seat. She yanked her purse off the car floor and rolled her eyes hard at Archer.

“Whatever, you weird as hell anyway. I was just bored today.” She said, trying her hardest to patch up her bruised ego.

“Go be bored somewhere else.” Archer muttered

Latosha shot one more glare at Destiny then Archer before she rolled her eyes and switched hard across the parking lot.

Her slides smacked against the pavement with each furious step.

Destiny looked at Archer cautiously, she was confused and a little shaken up from his anger and mean words towards Latosha.

“So, you’re taking me in your car?” She asked nervously.

“Yeah.”

“What’s your name?”

“Archer, yours?”

“Destiny.” She smiled.

Her deep-dish dimples had Archer smitten.

“Nice to meet you, Destiny. You riding with me... or are you calling your driver.” He smirked, finally showing her emotion on his face.

“I’m riding with you. I just don’t think you had to do all of that for me. We don’t know each other, and if she’s your girlfriend?—”

“She not my girlfriend, and I did have to do all of that.” He cut her off.

“Don’t do that.” Destiny’s mouth clamped shut soon as the words left her mouth.

“Do what?” He asked curiously.

“Cut me off when I’m speaking. It seems like you have a habit of doing that to people. I don’t like it.” Destiny looked right into his pale blue eyes.

She wanted Archer’s friendship, he was fine as hell but she wouldn’t dare let him be rude to her. Archer stared at her honey brown face in shock. He wasn’t used to any woman telling him what they liked and didn’t like. He couldn’t stop the smile that stretched his face.

“Oh, you don’t like that. What else you don’t like, Destiny?” He licked his cinnamon lips and leaned up against his car.

“There’s not much, I just think it’s rude to cut people off when they are talking.” She offered him a small smile.

“Okay, my apologies—” His words were clipped short at his own realization of what just came out of his mouth.

A damn apology. The fuck wrong with me?

“Let me help you in the car.”

Archer stood stuck for a second. He shrugged off the weird feeling that swirled inside of him and focused on helping Destiny into his car.

Archer didn’t usually feel anything when he touched a woman besides lust and a hard dick.

In this moment, he felt a steady hum running through his veins like a warning and a promise as he stepped toward Destiny.

He could see the worry in her eyes. She bit into her plump bottom lip, getting ready to protest again.

“I got you.” He said, and before she could offer help or even breathe, his hands were on her.

Her body was soft, warm, and full in all the right ways. Archer didn’t expect that heat to hit him the moment his arms slid under her knees and cradled her back. She was heavier than the girls he usually lifted when fucking, but he liked the weight of her in

his arms.

Destiny's scent was tantalizing, like a little vanilla mixed with shea butter.

Her copper coils brushed against his jaw as he lifted her all the way up.

He had to remind himself to keep his face neutral.

Destiny let out a soft breath then placed her hand on his hard chest. She didn't flinch or make a sound, she trusted Archer holding all of her.

He eased her into the passenger seat with careful precision, then put her seat belt across her chest. His hand brushed the slope of her thick thigh as he tugged on the strap gently.

"You good?" He asked lowly.

Destiny blinked up at him with flushed cheeks, the moment was supposed to be something simple and a kind gesture, but it felt charged between the two of them.

"Yes, I'm good. Thank you, Archer." She smiled, happy to know his name.

He nodded once, shut the door then moved around to collapse her chair. He loaded it behind his driver's seat as if he had done it a dozen times, when this was the first. It all felt natural to Archer, like she belonged in his car with him already.

Once he got situated in the front seat, he didn't bother to look at her right away.

Destiny had him acting different, Archer didn't know how to feel about that just yet.

He tapped the screen on the dash then scrolled to his playlist. For a moment, they

both remained quiet as Archer drove.

He stopped by plenty of places and pointed the different food places out to Destiny.

He smiled at the way her eyes lit up with excitement. She quickly pecked away at her phone, adding all the places that he showed her to her notes.

“So, you don’t usually roll with girls in wheelchairs, huh?” Destiny spoke softly with humor in her tone.

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Archer glanced over and chuckled, he figured that Destiny was trying to tease herself before he did it. He assumed that she must have gone through people underestimating her a lot because she was in a wheelchair.

“I don’t usually roll with anybody. Latosha wasn’t going anywhere with me, but to give me some head right in that student lot.” He shrugged.

Destiny’s eyes widened at his bluntness.

“So, what makes me special? I’m not giving you head, or any sex.” She didn’t beat around the bush at all. Destiny knew what most men wanted and for her to give her precious goods up, it had to come with a deeper connection and commitment besides just casual sex.

Destiny also had eyes, and with those eyes, she saw how fine Archer was.

She knew that women probably fell down to their knees to worship him.

It didn’t matter that she was crushing hard on him, she had morals and standards and wouldn’t break them for fine ass Archer.

Besides, she highly doubted that he would even look at her that way.

She had already assumed that he was just a very nice, and blunt guy.

“I know you’re not giving me anything, Virgin Mary.” He cracked a sly smile.

“How did you know that I was a virgin?!” She frowned, feeling offended.

“It was a joke, I didn’t know but thank you for telling me that. I don’t fuck virgin pussy. Whoever gets that is lucky as fuck, though.” He shook his head in disbelief then bit into his bottom lip.

He hated the way his dick reacted to the new knowledge of having virgin pussy so close to him.

Intrusive thoughts like how tight her pussy felt crossed his mind involuntarily.

His fingers tightened slightly on the wheel, feeling a twinge of jealousy just thinking about how lucky a guy would be to take Destiny’s v card.

“Why don’t you fuck virgin pussy?” She sucked her bottom lip into her mouth then bit down.

Destiny was starting to feel like she was talking a little too much, the conversation was not where she intended for it to go.

“Because, most women that give up their virginity want more out of a man. I don’t have shit to give a woman but a wet ass and a sore jaw.” He spat.

“Wow, that sounds boring and miserable. Why are you like that?” She seriously wanted to know.

Archer cracked a charming smile and laughed lightly. It was a serious question from Destiny but sounded funny coming from her mouth.

“I don’t know why I’m like that...” He mocked the way her voice sounded.

“It could change, but for now, it’s just how I am.” That was all that came to Archer’s mind. No one ever cared enough to question him on why he was like anything. He tucked the question into a small part of his brain to figure the answer out later.

He really didn’t know why he did women the way that he did them.

All he knew was that the people that he looked to for love failed him.

His father always had so many expectations out of him but never met his own expectations for his first-born son.

He didn’t know what it was like to be truly accepted and loved.

Whenever shit went bad or he did something out of the ordinary, he was talked down to.

Archer had to grow up watching his sister and brother get all the love that he wanted.

Instead of feeling sorry for himself, he let his so-called parents believe that he was just a fuck up.

He embraced the black sheep role and played it well.

At a young age, Archer owned more businesses than an average forty-year-old.

He studied real estate, something that his father wasn’t aware of and used all the money from his trust fund to invest in properties like two apartment complexes.

Later, he took the extra money he made from that and invested into other things.

He owned a cigar lounge that he took pride in and used it as his getaway spot.

Archer also had a couple of nice properties in different states that didn't cost him much to buy out.

He had a lot more going on, far more than what people assumed.

The only reason why he followed along with the entire college situation was because that was part of the stipulation in the second trust fund that was coming to him once he turned twenty-five.

Archer's father split his trust fund into three parts.

He got his first big lump sum when he hit eighteen, his second one was due when he turned twenty-five, which is why his father forced him into college.

The third one would come when he hit thirty.

His father wanted him happily married with at least one kid on the way to continue the legacy.

"You want to know why I allowed you to roll with me?" Archer looked over at Destiny. He noticed that she was shutting down, and he wanted to keep her vocal. He enjoyed her speaking her mind, it felt real, and it was something that he started to enjoy.

"You didn't call out for help when you hit the floor."

She blinked her eyes, then swallowed down. Embarrassment rose inside of her as she replayed the way that she fell and how she felt all eyes on her when she did fall.

"It was also the way you looked afterward when you thought you were shielding yourself away from everyone. You looked like it embarrassed you, but it didn't break

you.

You didn't wait for sympathy...you just existed and sat there getting yourself together.

" Archer smirked then placed his eyes on the road.

Destiny was stunned from his observation.

She never wanted a soul to feel sorry for her, that in itself irked her.

Even with her parents trying to cater to her every need.

It made her feel useless; she even redirected her thinking when she caught herself wishing that someone was at her apartment with her to help her.

That was only because she got used to having her parents do everything.

She wanted to push herself until she didn't need anyone to do anything for her.

The way her parents treated her, she tried to excuse because she knew it was just because they loved her. It also fueled her ambition to be out in the world on her own.

If Destiny thrived off of sympathy, she would not be able to feel the lower half of her body.

That was something doctors were sure of when she got shot.

They told her that she would never be able to stand nor walk and she proved them wrong.

Destiny believed in speaking positive manifestations into her life.

She believed that God was going to see her through it all, it just took time and patience.

“You’re kind of deep for a guy who cursed out a half-naked girl in the parking lot. I don’t like when men call women bitches, by the way.” She said.

Destiny took the top of her ponytail out. There was no point in the top still being confined when most of her curls had fallen out when she fell earlier. Archer took his eyes off the road and got lost in her beauty for a couple of seconds before responding.

“She earned that, you didn’t. I’ll work on calling women bitches in front of you, though.” He uttered.

They both went quiet again, but it wasn’t uncomfortable.

The air in the car was thick with something warm, something that they both couldn’t quite define.

Archer couldn’t stop glancing over at her.

He took in every movement that came from Destiny, down to the way her arm rested on the door.

She absentmindedly tapped her fingers to the beat.

Her round face was calm but guarded. He didn’t know her at all, but liked how she felt around him.

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FIVE

Destiny

Destiny watched the trees blur past her window.

Her body still buzzed from the way Archer had lifted her earlier.

He carried her like she wasn't an inconvenience, but something he wanted to do.

That alone had her thoughts in disarray.

What really unnerved her was how quiet he stayed as they drove.

It was as if he didn't need to fill in the silence to own a room.

Archer also didn't act like an asshole when she did decide to converse with him. She could tell that there were so many layers to him. Hurt radiated off of him and was concealed by his nonchalant persona, as well as his bluntness.

He pulled into a gated lot that had smooth looking black pavement. Beautiful palm trees stood tall next to the valet that awaited them in a tailored black vest. She looked up at the sign and it read "Archer's Delight".

He owns this place... She smiled at the nice sleek building.

Archer didn't announce it, nor did he brag on the way there.

He parked in the front and cut his engine then walked around to help her out of the car like it was nothing.

Once she was situated in her chair, Archer walked next to her with his hands stuffed in his pockets.

Two massive men stood at the entrance like statues.

They stepped to the side when they caught eyes with Archer.

He gave them a nod and let Destiny roll in first. Destiny's chair glided smoothly over the polished floors as they entered.

Her mouth fell slightly open at the view.

The inside looked like something straight out of a billionaire's private collection.

Dark wood walls soaked in the smooth amber lighting.

Floor-to-ceiling wine racks lined the back, while Mahogany cabinets filled with cigars were built in on either side.

Tables were covered with thick velvet cloth.

There were leather armchairs and crystal skull ashtrays, and Jazz played low through invisible speakers.

The scent inside was intoxicating, it smelled like cedarwood, smoke, bourbon, leather, and spice.

“Wow, this is yours?” She finally managed to ask.

Her eyes darted between the bar lined with vintage seats and the low booths that were lit by gold pendant lights.

“Yeah.” Archer smiled with pride as he took in his own masterpiece.

Archer’s Delight was his pride and joy. It took him a year to create the blueprint for it.

Whenever he felt overwhelmed or needed an escape, he’d come here and unwind by himself.

Today was the first day he ever brought somebody here with him.

Something inside of him told him that Destiny would appreciate a place like this.

Somewhere to escape the campus to feel welcomed and relaxed.

“I feel underdressed.” She laughed breathlessly.

Archer glanced at her, then back to the path ahead of them.

“You not, at all.” He said, meaning every word.

Destiny was beautiful, and she looked so chill and comfortable.

It didn’t matter to Archer if she had sweats and a hoodie on.

Nobody could tell him who to bring inside of what he owned.

There was no dress code at Archer’s delight, either.

Destiny's heart rate picked up as she asked herself all kinds of questions.

Is this like... a date? She bit the inside of her cheek and smiled.

She blushed and couldn't believe where she was at, and not by herself.

She was actually out with a man, a fine man that was being nice and a gentleman towards her.

She woke up this morning determined to do more, she never thought that it would end up with her thirty minutes away from campus and with Archer.

I need to fall out of my chair more... She snickered lowly at her own thoughts.

They settled into a private corner booth near the back.

The leather seat cushioned her stiff joints.

She was grateful for how helpful Archer was in making her feel comfortable.

She didn't have to ask him to assist her into her seat, he just did it.

Her eyes continued to drink in every detail, down to the custom gold cigar cutters on display.

"This is like an experience; it's beautiful, Archer...thank you for this. I never get to—" She stopped talking as she looked away.

Archer waited a couple of seconds before speaking. He didn't want to cut her off again, since it really seemed to piss her off earlier when he kept cutting her off mid-sentence. Once he saw that she wasn't going to finish her sentence, he spoke.

“You can come here for free, any time you want. The staff will know and let you right in and assist you.” He stated confidently.

“Wow. I want you to be my friend.” She stated seriously.

It might have sounded corny, but Archer thought it was cute. No one ever asked to be his friend. People just naturally flocked to him and tried their hardest to be in his circle.

“I’m your friend.” He chuckled, loving the way she tried to play off her blushing.

Archer was cocky, he knew without Destiny having to say it that she thought he was attractive.

Even though he knew that, he wouldn’t play on it.

Destiny didn’t have to tell him much about herself for him to know the kind of good girl she was.

On top of that, she was a virgin. She had a simple crush on him, and he already established that he wasn’t after what was between her legs.

“I don’t roll with anyone, remember? You rolled with me...I brought you to my lounge that nobody knows about.” He smirked.

“Your parents don’t know?” She asked curiously.

“Nah, I like them to believe whatever it is that they think of me.” Archer shrugged.

“What do you think they think of you?”

“They think very low of me. I used to care; I even wanted my father’s approval for everything that I did until I realized that he fed me nothing but lies for his image.

Two weeks ago, the truth that I had known for a very long time came out.

It just helped put things into a better perspective for me. ”

Archer didn’t know why he felt so comfortable with Destiny.

He never felt comfortable enough to express himself to anyone.

The shit with his family life was weighing him down; he tried his hardest to bury it and keep moving like it was nothing, but it still nagged at him.

Archer wanted answers and fast, about who his biological mother was.

“What was the truth, if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Karen is not my real mom. I believed that she was since a little kid, she was the only mean ass woman around me. It wasn’t until I got old enough to see the difference in my complexion.

I had my father’s blue eyes and that was about it.

I don’t even look like him. My siblings were born years after me...

They look like full blooded white folks ” His throat ached instantly after saying it out loud.

“I knew that, but I—still...love Karen...” He admitted, more so to himself.

“She’s all I’ve known. The closest thing that I have had for a mother.

She never loved me...I been knew that, but I can’t help but to love her.

Because of her disdain for me...my siblings don’t treat me like any other sibling would treat a big brother.

That don’t change the fact that I still love them as well.

” Archer dropped his head at that realization.

Destiny’s breath got caught up in her throat.

She reached across the table and placed her hand on top of his hand.

She couldn’t help that she was an empath, she couldn’t imagine what all of what Archer was saying would feel like if it was her.

Archer normally would have snatched his hand away.

He didn’t want Destiny feeling sorry for him.

That sentiment alone with her warm soft hand stroking the top of his felt good to him.

He enjoyed the way her skin felt up against his, so he continued to talk.

“All of this college shit is just for an image. My father constantly needs something to brag about until my brother and sister go to college. I don’t have to do shit at Blake U, my dad pays good money to make sure I pass every class, so I randomly show up on campus just to make my appearance and make extra money while doing it.

” He spat out the bitter truth and was now ready to change the subject.

“If you want, I can help you find your real mom.” Destiny said, feeling determined to help her new friend out.

“Why would you want to do that, when that’s not your problem?” Archer’s thick brow raised.

“It’s what real friends do. I might have not had friends since ninth grade...but, now that I got you, I want to help.”

“What happened to you?” Archer asked.

“I was shot in the back at a party. A party I should have listened to my parents about not going to. That night, the girl that I thought was my best friend was sleeping with my so-called boyfriend. I caught their young asses fucking in one of the guest rooms at the house party we were at. I was too scared and emotional to confront them...I ran outside and—” Destiny looked away.

Archer noticed that her eyes misted over.

“I don’t like talking about the night that changed my entire life.

I miss walking. The doctors told me that I would never stand, walk, or have feeling in my legs again.

God proved them wrong. I do at home physical therapy, and it works.

I gained feeling back, which comes with pain, but I’m blessed and appreciate the pain sometimes because it proves that there’s hope in walking. ” She smiled sadly.

“You going to get there. Keep pushing the way that you’re pushing yourself now. I can help you along the way, too.” Archer gave her a reassuring smile.

“So, that means you’re going to let me help you?” She perked up.

“I might let you help me, first I’m going to confront them during family dinner and demand that they tell me who my real mother is.”

Archer removed his hand gently from under Destiny’s.

He stood and then sat down right beside her.

He was so close, Destiny shifted slightly.

She tucked a coil behind her ear as her nerves buzzed the moment he reached inside a carved wooden box that was on the table. He pulled out a cigar and held it up.

“You ever smoked one?” he asked with his eyes still on the cigar.

Destiny shook her head and eyed it.

“Nah, the closest I’ve gotten is standing next to my dad. He likes to smoke them on special occasions.” She smiled.

Speaking of her dad, Destiny forgot that her cell phone was in her pocket now. She pulled it out and saw that she had four missed calls and text messages from her father. Archer wondered who she was speed texting but didn’t feel like it was his place to wonder too long about it.

“This brand is Dominican.” He said, holding the cigar out for her to get a good look.

“It’s hand rolled, medium bodied. When you smoke it, it’s a smooth draw. It can’t hit harsh unless you rush it.” He smirked.

She watched Archer carefully as he clipped the end and lit it. The flame glowed then burned evenly. He inhaled slowly, she watched his lips part around the smoke before he let it curl from his mouth. That is so fucking sexy! She thought.

“You don’t inhale it like weed.” He said, turning toward her.

“You let it sit in your mouth, let the taste linger. It’s about the ritual, not the high.” He blew a small cloud of smoke her way.

Destiny swallowed as she watched Archer intently. Smoke wrapped around his sharp jaw then vanished around them.

“Sounds like you love cigars.”

“I do.” He smirked, eyes low from all the blunts he smoked earlier.

“What’s all of the things you love?”

“Knowledge, money, weed, and pussy...” Archer paused for a second before adding extras to what he said.

“Oh, I love real estate too. I like investing my money and saving.” He smiled.

“You have a nice car, expensive clothes, and jewelry...do you save money?”

“I didn’t buy none of it. It’s all for my father’s image.” Archer reminded her.

“Look at you, trying to catch me up in a lie.” He chuckled.

“So, this is what you do when you not being mean to half naked women waiting in your car in parking lots?” Destiny laughed.

“Only the ones who disrespect my friends.” He said, voice clipped. He took his eyes off the cigar and looked Destiny in the eyes.

Archer didn’t like that she kept bringing up Latosha; to him, she was no longer worth the mention or thought.

“You don’t belong in parking lot drama...you belong in peaceful rooms like this, though. You also too pretty to be worried about how I treat hoes in my spare time, Destiny.”

Destiny gasped softly, then tried to steady her breathing. She wanted to play it off but Archer had openly flirted with her and called her pretty. Plus, what he said wasn’t just smooth as hell, but it sounded like he meant it. It felt like he was seeing her in ways no one else did.

Archer took another drag of the cigar, but this time, he purposely let the smoke drift toward her, warming the space between them.

Destiny rested her hands in her lap, her eyes still on Archer and his cigar smoke.

She didn’t know what the hell was happening, but she wanted to stay here until the day ended to keep feeling whatever it was swirling between them.

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SIX

Archer

The hallway in Cove City Heights smelled like weed, cheap body spray, and musk.

It was located near the center of campus.

Archer made the bulk of his money at Cove City Heights and Blake Hall.

He walked down the hallway with his hoodie up and headphones in; no music played, he just used the earphones as a deploy to keep people from speaking to him.

He utilized his time wisely whenever he came on campus.

Today, he popped in and out of classes and actually showed some sort of interest in it.

Last night, he re-up'd and planned on selling out by nightfall.

The box of pills sat heavily in his backpack.

This was considered a bulk drop for him.

Inside was Adderall, Oxy, and a few Benzos for the ones who liked to float through their work instead of studying.

He chuckled at the mere thought of his father finding out that his close friend, Dr.

Cosby, was the one supplying him with all of the drugs that he needed in order to make a profit.

Dr. Cosby was also fucking Karen, another well-kept secret that Archer held onto.

The secret that he kept tucked made Dr. Cosby give Archer whatever he asked for plus his own secret connect to Cocaine, another drug that college students liked to have during parties.

He knocked twice on the dorm room and waited.

Seconds later, the door swung open fast. A tall lanky guy with acne scarring all over his pale face appeared at the door looking nervous.

Archer had seen him before at one of the frat parties.

Behind the lanky guy were three other boys that lounged on mismatched futons, and an unmade messy bed with clothes all over it.

They had PlayStation controllers in their hands; their eyes were red as hell. The room smelled disgusting like no one washed their ass.

“Yo, finally dude! Did you bring all of it?” One of the guys on the unmade bed asked. He sat up anxiously as the tall lanky boy shut the door behind Archer.

Archer walked in without answering him. He hated mess, Archer took pride in always keeping his space clean.

He placed the bag on a cluttered desk beside a half-eaten pizza box.

He unzipped it slowly, then pulled out five tightly wrapped bottles.

He laid them out like sacred offerings as he pointed to each one.

“Oxy, Addy, Valium, and the rest of the shit is there, all clean and sealed. Don’t waste my fucking time.” Archer said. He was ready to go; the smell of the room and all of the clutter made his skin crawl.

He zipped his bag back up and put it back on his back, readjusting the straps.

One of the caramel skinned guys that was shorter with a big gold chain that looked too big for his neck leaned forward. His grin didn’t quite reach his eyes. Archer could sense that he was about to say some dumb shit by the way his top lip quirked up.

“You the nigga that’s been chilling with the chubby chick in the wheelchair?” He sniggered after his question, his friends looked at him with wide eyes.

Archer didn’t move or blink, he straightened up then licked his lips.

His gaze was sharp enough to cut through the guy’s fake ass smile.

Archer wanted to knock the braces out of his mouth for trying to be funny with him.

Bringing up what he did in his personal time sounded too close to this man clocking his moves, which wasn’t something that Archer liked at all.

“Where’s my fucking money?” He asked flatly. He stepped closer to the guy who asked about Destiny.

The room got quiet as the guy behind him fumbled through a drawer. He pulled out a thick envelope then passed it to Archer. Everybody watched Archer rip the envelope open. He counted through his money without rushing then tucked the envelope into the front of his hoodie.

“She got a name.” Archer said very calmly.

All of the men looked at him confused.

“You ask about her again or disrespect her...I’ll make sure your bitch ass can’t walk, too.” He tapped the front of his pants with a shit eating grin stretching his face.

He didn’t go anywhere without his nine-millimeter.

People on campus already knew he had money.

Especially the ones like the guys inside of the room who just bought in bulk.

Archer wanted someone to get testy with him.

He could fight well but if someone ever tried to rob him, he didn’t mind putting a bullet through their skull.

The guy laughed nervously; he raised his hands in mock surrender to Archer. Inside, he was shitting bricks.

“Damn, bro. I was just playing?—”

“I didn’t come in this bitch with a smile and a basketball, though.” He turned on his heels and walked out without another word.

Back at his own place, he tossed his hoodie over a chair then pulled out his phone.

He had a missed call from Destiny, he smirked without realizing it.

Destiny had become a part of his routine.

They talked almost every night now. Sometimes for an hour, and other times, Archer would realize that they would be on the phone for plenty of hours talking about nothing in general.

He admired Destiny and the way that she carried herself.

He learned that she loved to paint, color, and go on nature walks to clear her mind whenever she was battling her depression.

She loved to talk about her classes, her pain flares, and how her professor kept treating her like she was unable to do small things around the class.

Destiny loved her parents as well, and he loved all the stories she told him about them.

Archer listened, and when he didn't speak, Destiny talked more and got him right back into the flow of conversation.

They hung out twice since the lounge. Destiny sent him a meme about late night drives and R her chocolate skin glowed under his porch light. She batted her long lashes and looked up at him like she actually gave a damn about him.

"It's about time." She spoke.

She didn't wait for him to invite her in; she strutted in like she belonged there.

"You must have forgot how good this head is or you must be too busy playing nurse with that bitch in the chair." She spun around just as Archer closed the door behind her.

He planned on being just a little bit of nice to Latosha but since she mentioned

Destiny, he got right to the point.

He kicked his slides off and walked into his living room.

He thought about the way Destiny's voice softened and sounded seductive as hell when she got tired.

He would rather beat his meat to the sound of that than deal with Latosha's nasty ass attitude.

Latosha was supposed to be a distraction that he thought he needed. Destiny came into his life close to a month ago and Archer was still captivated by her. He rid his mind of Destiny and pulled his sweatpants and boxers down in one smooth motion.

His dick was still hard from the text conversation that he had with his friend. Latosha turned slowly, her eyes dragging over him with a satisfied smirk.

"Damn, no dinner or drink? Just dick? I'm starting to feel used, Archer." She teased, licking her lips.

She dropped her purse on the couch then put her hands on her thick hips. Archer didn't crack a grin, instead, he grabbed his dick and gave it a light squeeze.

"I ain't in the mood to talk to you." He muttered, voice low.

"I wanted to spend some time with you, I really think the both of us got off on the wrong foot." She said in a mock-hurt voice.

That only irritated Archer further. His phone sounded off in his sweats that were crumpled on the floor. He ignored it.

“Either you get on your knees or go...decide quickly.”

“I want the dick, Archer but I also want?—”

She stopped mid-sentence when his phone sounded off again.

Archer bent down to grab the phone out of his pocket. Once he saw Destiny's name on the screen, he answered immediately.

“Hello?” Her voice came through, she sounded shaken up.

“What's wrong?” he asked.

“I know it's late, and you have company but I umm?—”

“Company don't matter, Destiny. What's up?” Archer cut her off forgetting all about how she didn't like to be cut off mid sentence.

Right now he didn't care, he heard the urgency in her voice and wanted to help her.

“I do matter, I just drove all the way from campus to be here and?—”

“Shut the fuck up!” He cut Latosha off then pointed to the door.

She ignored him and stood still, flopping down on the couch to listen to their conversation.

“I had another leg spasm... In the shower this time, it's worse than usual. I ended up falling again, and I don't want to call my parents and get my dad all worked up. He will start saying how I need someone there with me and all the extras that come with his reasons of concern.”

“Are you hurt real bad?” He asked.

“No bleeding, just can’t really stand back up right now. My arms feel weak, and my knees are locked.” She said with a small breathless laugh.

Archer could tell that she found a little humor in her situation but also felt embarrassed.

“I know I sound crazy?—”

“You don’t, I’m on the way.”

“Archer, you don’t have to?—”

“I am.”

He hung up, already pulling his clothes back on. His movements sharp and exact, he forgot that fast about Latosha sitting there looking stunned and pissed off.

“So that’s the fuck it? You really about to leave when I just got here...for her?” She snapped.

He pulled his hoodie over his head then snatched his keys with an unreadable face.

“Yeah.” He said coolly, walking towards the door.

“The fuck you still sitting down for? Grab your purse and go, I’m already at the door.”

“Are you serious?” Latosha’s mouth hung open.

Archer saw the look of hurt cross her face and decided to be nice instead of rude to her. Latosha had high hopes of getting another taste of Archer's dick. To have that taste snatched away by a girl in a wheelchair was a hit to her already cocky persona.

“Look, my friend needs me. I'm not putting her off just to get my dick wet. All these questions and shit is a turn off right now. Get your shit and go, we can pick this up another day.”

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SEVEN

Destiny

Destiny sat on the floor wrapped in her towel, her heart thudded faster than her legs could. With her back pressed against the wall, knees drawn up awkwardly, she sighed nervously. Guilt crawled up her spine like a slow trickle of cold water.

It's not even that bad, I could've gotten up...

She knew this when it happened. Her knees had locked for a minute but her pain eased after a few stretches.

She could have made it to her chair, dried off from her shower, then got in bed.

Her joints still ached from the earlier spasm, yet again, Destiny knew that she could have powered through it all.

She wasn't in danger, nor bleeding, Destiny just wanted Archer.

When Archer texted her about having company, something inside of her cracked.

She didn't need context, she wasn't stupid about what Archer meant by 'Company'.

It made her burn on the inside, but not from anger or judgement.

She felt that familiar low ache in her chest that had been growing stronger since the

night he took her out on a late-night drive.

It was the same ache from when he told her she was pretty.

She pressed the palm of her hand to her chest then shut her eyes.

God, what is this? Why am I acting out of character?

Her hormones had been raging, like her body suddenly realized that it wasn't just sick, stiff or broken.

Her body was hungry for something real. Something and someone as hot as Archer is what her body craved.

She never said it out loud, but ever since he started calling her every night, and scooped her up like she belonged in his arms whenever they did spend time together...her mind had been going to places she was too scared to admit out loud.

Now, she was sitting on a cold bathroom floor in a towel with nothing underneath, partly lying to get attention of the only man besides her father that ever made her feel like more than her condition. Her legs twitched beneath the towel, more from her frazzled nerves than pain.

Archer: I'm coming up now.

Destiny: Okay, the door code is C32305

Her stomach flipped after she sent the door code. She adjusted the towel tighter across her chest, cheeks hot with shame mixed with high anticipation. She didn't even know what she was doing, she didn't have a plan or know what to say when he got inside.

Moments later, she heard his heavy footsteps echo across her hardwood floor as he called her name.

“I’m in here.” She shouted back.

Seconds later, the door creaked open, and there Archer stood. His pale blue eyes were low and red from all the weed he smoked. His hood was up as he stared at her with an unreadable expression. He scanned her damp body then spoke.

“You alright?”

He stepped further in then crouched low beside her.

“My knees gave out again, the pain was worse than usual.” She bit down on the inside of her bottom lip.

He didn’t press her or question her; he sniffed then nodded his head.

“Okay, well I’m here to help you. No need to feel ashamed, stop looking like that.” He looked her right in the eyes. The look of concern and reassurance alone made her instantly melt.

Seconds later, his arms slid beneath her and he lifted her as if she weighed absolutely nothing.

In his arms, she felt safe and more secure than ever.

Her heart thudded so loud, it drowned out every guilty thought that she had about falling in the shower.

I need to fall more often, in his arms feels so right!

She simpered quietly as he carried her like he was her savior.

Archer made Destiny feel weightless — not just physically, but emotionally.

To her, it felt like she could stop being strong for a while and stop pretending that her body didn't betray her all of the time behind closed doors.

Through it all, she kept pushing, never calling on anyone unless she had to.

Archer laid her gently on the bed, her body sinking into the plush comforter.

Her towel was still wrapped tightly around her curves.

Usually, she wouldn't have laid against her pillows with damp hair, but right now, she didn't care.

She welcomed the comforting buzz of her AC vent, and the smell of vanilla and eucalyptus drifting through the space from her oil diffuser.

He knelt at the edge of the bed and reached for the bottle of lotion that she had on her nightstand.

Destiny watched him through her natural curly lashes as he put a generous amount of lotion into the palms of his hands.

He rubbed his hands together to warm it up slowly.

His hoodie sleeves were rolled to his elbows, revealing strong forearms dusted with his ink and muscle.

When he touched her legs, Destiny's breath hitched.

It felt so good, the pressure of his hands eased some of the pain in her joints.

He didn't touch her like he was repulsed by her or like she was fragile.

He wasn't afraid of the tension that pulsed through her calves, or the trembling of her thighs that lingered from the fall.

The pads of his thumbs worked deep circles along her shin, just below her knee. She let out a soft breath that was too close to a moan. It felt so good to Destiny, she couldn't stop her eyes from misting over. She turned her face into the pillow, embarrassed.

"You okay?" Archer asked, voice low and husky.

Destiny turned to face him, she batted her eyes and nodded her head slowly.

"I need to hear you say it." Archer's smile stretched the corners of his lips.

"It feels really good, Archer. I've never had a man tend to me the way you are." She smiled softly.

He searched her eyes and nodded his head, he knew exactly what Destiny meant.

In that moment, he decided that he was gonna tend to her and make her feel special.

He didn't understand why she never had this type of special attention.

Especially when she was beautiful as hell.

Despite being in a wheelchair, Destiny had a beautiful personality that was magnetic.

If people gave her a chance, they'd want to be around her just as much as he did.

They didn't deserve her, though, especially if they judged her before getting to know her.

"You gotta say something if it hurts." His hands moved lower, more deliberate.

"It doesn't hurt, it feels really good...I promise." She whispered, relaxing under his touch.

Her fingers gripped the top of the comforter to ground herself. Her skin tingled with every stroke, it felt like he was painting her whole body back to life. He paused, his hands rested just at the curve of her upper thigh, his voice came out quiet and intimately.

"Is it okay if I take the towel off, so I can lotion the rest of you?" He asked, his eyes met hers like he wasn't just asking for permission but her trust.

Destiny's pulse slammed in her neck; she swallowed down hard. Her lips parted, unsure if the ache throbbing inside of her was fear...or desire.

Archer waited, saying nothing until she gave him a small nod.

"Yes, you can take it off." She held her breath after her words.

"You seem nervous, I don't want you doing something that you don't feel comfortable with. Your body is sexy as fuck...once I start massaging?—"

"I want you to make me feel good but I'm nervous... I never?—"

"I know...and I want to be the first to make you feel all the things that you've never

felt before. Them other men was dumb as fuck to not take notice of a woman like you. You're special, Destiny."

"I thought you didn't do virgin pussy." She smirked.

"I don't and I'm not taking your virginity. Your mind in the gutter, baby. I just said that I want to make you feel good." Archer smirked.

"What does making me feel good consist of?" She raised her brow.

"Let me just show you. Tell me first... Do I have permission to taste, touch, and feel all over you?" Archer licked his lips and scooted closer to her.

"Ye—yes." Destiny sucked her bottom lip into her mouth.

"You don't sound for sure." Archer looked deep into her eyes.

His pale blue eyes penetrated through her soul.

"Yes, you have permission." She sounded more for certain.

Archer pulled at the top of her towel, peeling it away slowly.

It fell from her like rose petals. Destiny didn't move, her breath trembled in her throat.

Her skin prickled with both fear and hunger as Archer pulled it from her body.

The air kissed her bare skin, and the sudden vulnerability of the moment made her heart pound hard in her chest.

She was naked completely, her thick soft body looked like a full course meal to Archer.

She looked into his eyes and braced herself for something that she didn't find, like judgment, hesitation, or pity.

Archer didn't flinch or blink. His eyes stayed glued to her body with hunger.

He eyed each stretch mark that looked like scriptures on her body.

The dips and curves of her belly and the slope of her thighs he wanted to trace with his tongue.

He took his eyes off of her to get more lotion, rubbing it between his palms until it glistened and felt warm, he started at her shoulder.

With slow strokes, he applied deep pressure.

His thumbs worked up the base of her neck, and Destiny moaned lowly, her eyes rolling back.

He moved to her arms next, kneading out tension from her joints.

Then he moved to her upper back until he flattened his palms and glided them down to the small of her back.

He moved his hands lower to the top of her ass, not wanting to cross the line just yet, he gave the top of her ass a light squeeze.

Destiny gripped the sheets. Every part of her body felt alive, she was burning with need.

Archer's hands finally came around to her front.

Her breath caught in her throat as his eyes traveled over her slowly.

He knelt beside the bed, his face was so close, she could smell his minty breath.

He applied lotion to her belly sensually then his hands moved up over the underside of her titties. Gently, he cupped them, Destiny's nipples tightened from his touch. When his thumbs grazed over the tips of her nipples, she gasped and moaned.

"Archer..."

Her legs trembled but not from pain. His fingers rolled her nipples between the tips of his rough finger tips. He squeezed tighter until her back lifted off the bed, her hips bucked forward toward nothing as she begged him.

"Please..." she uttered softly.

Archer smiled sinisterly, his mouth was slightly open. Destiny searched his pale blue eyes with confusion.

"Please what, Destiny?" he rasped out.

She didn't know what the hell she was begging for. Destiny just knew that she needed to be relieved of all the heat and throbbing that her body was doing from Archer's touch. Her hands found his forearm, nails digging lightly in as her voice cracked.

"Do whatever you want. Please, Archer, I need something."

That broke him, he wanted to devour her instantly but held back, trying his best to take it easy on her. He leaned forward, his lips wrapped around one nipple while his

hand tormented the other. His tongue swirled, hot and slow, his mouth sucked hard, pulling her deep into his heat.

Destiny cried out as her hips jerked again; this time, Archer cupped her soaking pussy into his hands roughly.

His thumb slid across her clit, making her body snap.

A wave of pleasure rolled through her so violently, she couldn't stop it.

She couldn't muffle her screams as her thighs clenched tightly around his hand still cupping her fat pussy.

Her breath caught as her moan broke into pieces as the orgasm ripped through her sharp, damn near blinding her.

She came hard just from his mouth, her body trembled as she went limp into the mattress.

Sweat beads decorated her forehead, she closed her eyes and simpered lowly.

Archer looked up slowly, his lips were parted with a wild gaze that showed his restraint and hunger.

Little did Destiny know, this was only the beginning.

Archer was about to stake his claim and make her his.

He became determined this was the first of many orgasms that he was about to give her.

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EIGHT

Archer

Archer couldn't stop staring. Destiny was sprawled out on her bed, her legs trembling as her chest rose and fell slowly.

Archer licked his fingers, the taste of her had him rock hard and ready to fuck.

Shamelessly, he squeezed his hard dick. He had a strong urge to pull it out of his pants and stroke it. Destiny was everything and more.

Her brown skin glowed as he looked between her thighs.

Her essence stuck to the inside of her thighs, Destiny's pussy glistened from the orgasm that she barely recovered from minutes ago.

He needed more. His eyes dragged up her body to the full curve of her belly.

He wasn't used to feeling much when it came to a woman besides lust. This felt like something more and he was willing to explore what it was with her.

Destiny was like something forbidden that he tasted too late, and now he couldn't get enough.

"You good?" he asked, brushing a hand up her thigh.

Destiny opened her eyes and gave him a lazy dazed smile.

“Yes, I feel so relaxed.”

“That’s how I wanted you to feel. Can you cum again for me?” His throat was tight with hunger.

“You want to make me?” She blushed hard, biting into her bottom lip.

“I don’t think I can come anymore.” She giggled.

“You have no fuckin idea...no idea of all the things I can make your body do. Let me show you with my mouth, yea?” he licked his lips salaciously.

“Yes.” She whispered out.

That was all he needed to hear. Archer reached out, gently gripping the underside of her thighs. He spread them wide until she opened all the way up and relaxed her legs. His mouth watered at her thick wet folds. His eyes dropped down to her center, and something inside of his chest twisted.

“You got the fattest pussy I’ve ever seen.” He admitted.

“Fat ass pussy just glistening and swollen for me, ready to be fuckin’ devoured. I don’t even got to feel it yet, baby...after tonight, you belong to me.” He rasped out.

His mouth watered, he eyed her clit that peeked out from the top like it wanted attention.

“So that means you're my boyfriend, and no more company but me will be coming to your house on late nights?” Destiny said through her own haze of lust.

Archer chuckled and nodded his head.

“Yes, that’s what it means.” He bit his bottom lip.

His hands massaged her thighs then slid underneath the globes of her ass.

“I want you to sit in the middle of campus with me on the grass to eat lunch with me. Even if I have to sit in my wheelchair, I want to experience sitting on the lawn like the other students with their friends...eating and studying work.” Destiny blurted out.

“I could have been done that, you know you could have just asked.” He told her.

He parted her ass cheeks in the palms of his hands then squeezed.

“I know, I just be shy sometimes. I want you to know that I did this kind of on purpose.” She looked away from him.

“Did what? Lie about needing help.” Archer chuckled.

“How did you know?” Destiny smirked, looking back into his eyes.

“Because I know that you’re strong and when I got here, the towel was wrapped around you. So that means you wasn’t severely hurt...you just wanted me to come here to see you naked.” He smirked cockily.

“I did but was scared.”

“Are you still scared?” he glanced at her hard nipples.

“No, I feel more comfortable now.”

“Good, sit up on your elbows and watch me.” His voice went low.

Destiny leaned all the way back with her legs spread wide.

Archer bent low, then slid his tongue between her folds.

He tasted her like he was starving, and she let out a loud moan that sounded like music to Archer’s ears.

Her thighs twitched in his grip, the sexy sounds that she made had his dick jumping.

Archer groaned into her; he licked slowly at first, long and deliberate strokes up the middle before circling her clit with his tongue. Her body rolled under him, her hips lifted toward his mouth, begging without words. He went deeper and harder as she got wetter for him.

He ate her sloppier, his mouth was drenched with her juices.

He dragged his lips over every thick inch of her pussy, his tongue dipped inside before sucking back up to the top.

He licked her greedily and switched back and forth between teasing and devouring her pussy.

The more she moaned, the crazier it drove him.

He dropped one hand from her thigh to free his dick from his pants. His hand wrapped around it then he stroked himself slowly. The contrast between her wet pussy and the tight grip he had on his dick made his hips jerk forward slightly. Precum leaked as his hand worked up and down.

“You taste good as fuck.” He groaned into her pussy.

Destiny whimpered, her hands snatched at her comforter as her thighs shook.

She rocked her pussy into his face, gliding it up and down.

It pressed around his mouth perfectly; he buried himself in deeper.

His tongue flicked faster against her clit, seconds later, he sucked it hard enough to make her back arch off the bed.

Her moans got louder as her movements grew frantic.

With one hand, she reached down and grabbed at his wild waves that were now untamed.

“Archer, please! Oh my God! Something is—something is happening, baby.”

He didn’t stop, he couldn’t if he wanted to.

He stroked his dick harder, matching the rhythm of his mouth and tongue.

His eyes locked on the way her body started to break apart.

He felt her clit throb against his tongue, felt the wetness seep out from her hot tunnel.

His name spilled from her lips again, breathlessly, high-pitched and desperately until she shattered.

Her thighs locked around his head as her entire body convulsed.

Archer groaned against her as her sweet nectar coated his tongue.

He stuck his tongue inside of her tight pussy to get a better taste.

Her pussy clenched the tip of his tongue as she convulsed.

Seconds later, he pulled away slowly, his chest heaved but that didn't stop him from wanting to continue to worship her body.

Destiny wasn't just sex to Archer, she was consumption, and he was starving for more.

His mouth moved slowly, as he kissed his way up Destiny's soft stomach. Each kiss sent shivers across her skin.

He dipped his tongue into her navel then swirled it gently.

Her hands moved to his head; her fingers curled into his short waves as his tongue left a trail up to the curve between her breasts.

He took his time dragging his tongue across one nipple before closing his lips around it.

He sucked hard, making Destiny whimper, his teeth grazed the tips while his free hand cradled underneath her other titty.

He wanted her to keep begging and moaning, he shifted his weight and got between her thighs. His dick was hard and heavy, Destiny felt it press against her pussy. She wanted more, Archer purposely slid it against her folds. It knocked against her clit, and she heated all the way back up.

Archer lowered himself, bracing his weight with one hand while the other captured the bottom of her chin.

He kissed her deeply with a hunger that was more than lust. His tongue slid past her lips as she moaned into his mouth.

Her arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him closer.

Just before he could move his hips again, she pulled away from the kiss.

“Can you just put a little in?” She asked innocently.

Archer froze for a couple of seconds then frowned in confusion.

“Just the tip of my dick?” He asked with humor in his voice.

Never had a woman asked to fuck them with just the fat tip of his dick, this was definitely new territory for him.

“I just want to see what it feels like...a little bit with just the head, I want to feel you at least a little bit.” She tried her best to explain, wanting to deepen their connection.

Archer hesitated; to him, her body was tight and untouched. His dick was thick, long, and fat. The tip of his dick alone was bigger than some guys’ whole length, he didn’t want to hurt her. Archer also didn’t want to rush what she wasn’t ready for.

“Please, I want to do that.” Her big brown eyes captured his. There was no way that he could tell her no now.

He told himself to use all self-control and not plunge all the way inside of her.

He reached down and guided himself to her hot tunnel.

His hand wrapped around the base of his shaft then slowly pressed his fat mushroom tip against her folds then slid it back down to where it belonged.

He eased forward with his breath caught in his throat.

Destiny gasped when the head started to push inside. The first thick inch stretched her opening. Her pussy lips parted around him; voluntarily, it tried to suction him in.

“Shit, Destiny.” Archer grunted, his jaw clenched tightly as he blinked his eyes.

Destiny whimpered, her hips twitched as her arms clutched his arms. It burned but felt good, her walls gripped the head of his dick so tight, her body pulsed with a mix of pressure and a raw overwhelming sensation.

Destiny gasped, tears welling up in her eyes, but she blinked them away and tried to focus on Archer.

“Do you want me to take it out?” He looked her in the eyes.

“No, I like the pain and pleasure.” She moaned out softly.

“Alright, tell me when to move. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Move, but just a little.” She winced out breathlessly.

Archer nodded then slid his hand between them, his fingers rubbed her clit slowly.

It immediately eased the tension for Destiny.

He rocked his hips and worked her with shallow thrusts.

His swollen head slid in and out, the sensations wrapping around the rim of his dick.

When he felt his pre cum oozing out, he pulled out and slid his dick up and down her folds then went back in.

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Destiny moaned with her mouth falling open, her pleasure building up fast. She felt her pussy clench around the wide head of his dick as it kissed her walls.

Her clit throbbed under the pad of Archer's thumb.

He got in a zone and nibbled at her nipples one at a time.

The feeling was overwhelming and she felt herself close to having another orgasm.

"I want to feel it all!" She gasped out.

"Nah, I don't think you ready for that, baby." Archer pulled back, circling her clit with his dick then tapped it against her wet folds.

"I am, I want you to push all the way in when I'm cumming." She moaned out loudly.

Archer got quiet in a self-conflicted battle. He wanted to please Destiny but knew how lust worked. He didn't want this situation to be something that she later regretted.

"Archer...Please, just put it all in...I want it. I want you to take it." She continued.

He stilled completely. Seconds later, his hand still rubbed at her love bud slow and steadily. He leaned forward until his mouth pressed up against her ear. Her wet nipples stiffened pressed up against his chest.

"Destiny..." His voice was low and hoarse.

“If I do that....like go all the way the fuck in....there’s no turning back...at all with me.”

“I don’t want to turn back. I want to feel you, see what it’s like for you to be all the way inside of me. I know there’s no turning back; I’m happy that it’s with you and I trust you.” She whispered.

Archer’s chest clenched hard. He never met anyone like her.

Never had a woman look at him the way she did.

His lips moved away from her ear and lowered to her breasts.

He sucked a nipple into his mouth while his fingers returned to her clit.

He circled it with just the right amount of pressure to bring her right back to the edge of ecstasy.

Her hips jerked as her pussy opened to him like it was meant for him.

“I’m stretching you slow, baby. Relax an cum for me...then I’ll slide all the way in...you gone do that shit for me, Destiny?”

She moaned helplessly, and nodded her head, already close to her peak again.

Her body felt like fire as her clit throbbed with his continued circles around it.

Another climax surged up from her core, ripping a broken cry from her throat.

Archer groaned lowly, just as her pussy tightened.

In the heat of her release, he pressed forward, sinking all the way inside of her.

Her tight, virgin pussy stretched around him like a glove made just for all of his thickness and length.

Inch by inch, her walls clung to every part of him, making it impossible for him to breathe.

He could feel how untouched, how wet, how deep she pulled him in.

When he bottomed out, buried fully inside of her, his balls rested against the bottom of her ass cheeks.

“Fuck!” he growled.

His head fell on her shoulder; she was so tight, he could barely move. Her pussy pulsed around him like it didn’t know how to let him go. Destiny cried out again, overwhelmed, both pleasure and the intensity of being filled for the first time. Archer kissed her neck and held her tighter.

“You feel so fuckin good, I could fall the fuck in love just like this, baby.” Archer couldn’t believe his own words.

He didn’t feel like it was the sex that was making him feel this way, either.

He meant the words that he spoke. Since the very first day that he saw Destiny on the floor in need of his help, it was hard for him to deny the connection that he felt for her.

He started to move slowly and carefully inside of her with gentle but powerful strokes. He wanted to savor every second of this, it was like Destiny gave him an

exquisite jewel that he would forever treasure.

“Oh my goodness, Archer. You feel so good, it hurts.” She whimpered into his neck.

“I got you, baby. Just feel me, all of me...can you do that?”

“Mmmhmm.” She moaned out.

He rubbed her swollen clit as he rotated his hips in and out of her.

He wanted her body to stay relaxed through the ache and make sure that she was gaining pleasure from each stroke that he delivered.

He could feel her flinch when he hit that spot deep inside of her.

It made her hips jerk, but the way her thighs involuntarily clenched around him, let him know that it still felt good.

Archer was already reading her body and learning it without her being aware of it.

“Don’t stop, I wanted you like this for weeks...Fuck! Archer, I feel it in my stomach.” She whispered filthy words as her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

He felt everything, down to the way her body pulsed with need, even through the sting. The way her blood and wetness coated his shaft in a hot slick mess that he refused to shy away from. He dipped his head and kissed her slow and deep. His pelvis grinded against her clit with each roll forward.

Destiny was gone, her eyes fluttered, mouth open as she moaned his name like a chant.

When her walls clamped down suddenly on his dick, he knew she was about to cum hard.

Archer grunted, his muscles flexed as all the control that he had left inside shattered.

He pulled out quickly, his thick veins throbbed down the length of his shaft.

His hand wrapped around himself just as he nutted hard.

His groans were low in his throat as thick cum shot across the hardwood floor beside the bed.

He didn't want to finish inside of her, when they already were reckless by not using a condom.

When his dick stopped twitching and his tremors eased, the room went quiet except for their broken breaths.

Archer looked down at Destiny's limp, sweat-slickened body.

Her thighs still trembled with her legs wide open.

Archer took his shirt off and wiped himself quickly then gently lifted her up from the damp comforter.

Destiny let out a small sigh, her face pressed into his bare chest. He held her, not because she needed him to but because he wanted to.

He took her to the bathroom to clean her up, then left her sitting on the toilet to change her bedding.

Tonight was a first for both of them. Destiny had sex for the first time, and Archer held a woman in his arms after sex and stayed the night for the first time.

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NINE

Destiny

TWO WEEKS LATER....

Students flowed out of the west lecture hall, laughing and peeling off in every direction.

Destiny rolled down the stone path in her electric wheelchair with her copper brown coils bouncing.

Skin kissed by the light, a small smile played at her lips.

She felt good, her body still carried its aches, her knees still stiff from either sitting too long or the random spasms that came through.

But the weight in her chest, the loneliness, the shame, and anxiety, felt quieter now.

It had been two weeks since she gave Archer her body.

Since he held her like she was his. He continued to treat her like she wasn't too much or too fragile to love.

Even though they hadn't done it again, they were still close and very intimate with one another.

Destiny liked the fact that he didn't press her for it, instead, he took the time to get to know her and spend a lot of time with her.

She rounded the corner near the main quad, adjusting her chair's speed as she headed toward the busier part of campus and then stopped.

Her breath caught in her throat as she eyed Archer beneath the old tree that split the grass courtyard.

He was dressed in loose jeans, a crisp white shirt, and all white air force ones.

His light brown skin looked like it glowed from the sun, and his hair wasn't brushed down in waves.

Archer got a fresh taper on the sides with short, dry curls sitting atop his head.

Those pale blue eyes sparkled from where he stood.

One hand in his pocket, the other held a paper bag of takeout.

Destiny looked down at his feet and blushed at the folded gray picnic blanket already spread across the lawn with two chilled bottled drinks resting under the shade.

He looked up as she approached, a small, crooked smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

Destiny blinked and then smiled; it felt like her heart was flipping in her chest. He remembered...

. The both of them had been busy, but Archer still made it a point to see her every day.

He told her that he was done with college and that he was gearing up to confront his father about everything so he could figure out who his biological mother was.

All of his personal issues didn't stop him from confiding in Destiny and getting her advice.

"You stalking me now?" She giggled.

Archer walked up slowly, meeting her at the edge of the pavement. His smile was contagious. When he looked at Destiny, it made her chest ache in a way that it has never ached before.

"If that's what this is called." He chuckled.

"I figured we'd eat in the center of campus. It's something you mentioned, and it makes sense to me..." His words trailed off as he looked at students walking fast but taking seconds to glance over at him and her.

"I want all these mutha fuckas to know that you my woman. If they fuck with you...I'll?—"

"Archer, don't be mean." Destiny cut him off.

"Don't cut me off, I don't like that." Archer mocked her.

They both shared a laugh together.

"Plus, I owe you." He got serious.

"You owe me?" Destiny frowned slightly.

“You let me hold your whole world in my hands weeks ago. I want to feed you and be what you need. I want to always make you feel special. I’m not sure how to do all of this ‘cause it’s new. But I listen to you, Destiny. I’m learning you, too.” He admitted.

She was stunned speechless. She looked past him at the blanket in the grass.

It wasn’t much, just a small set up. The thought is what counted the most to her.

Something about it all made her eyes sting.

She wanted this, something simple, something normal.

To sit in the grass like the other students, to share food and catch a vibe.

She didn’t want to be reminded every second that her body made the world feel further away.

“I don’t think I need to get low on the grass, though. Just being here with you feels good.” She smiled.

“I brought a ramp pad, but you know I like picking you up and feeling you in my arms. It’s whatever you comfortable with.”

Destiny turned slightly and sure enough, there it was. A portable mat in his backpack. It was the kind that locked over uneven ground to give her wheels traction on the grass.

“You really think about everything, don’t you?” She whispered.

“For your safety and comfort...yes.” He smiled down at her.

“Plus, I think about you...a lot.” He added, making Destiny blush hard.

Minutes later, they were settled in the center of the lawn.

Destiny was seated comfortably on the ramp pad next to him.

Archer passed her the subway sandwich he bought for her, along with a small bag of baked BBQ chips.

The sun warmed her arms as students passed by with curious glances but said nothing.

A couple of the female students that had something going with Archer looked at them a little too long with hunger and jealousy in their eyes.

Archer kept his attention on Destiny because with her, the world seemed far away. Destiny felt seen by Archer, not for her chair or her condition, but for her. Their knees touched, his pinky brushed hers... heat ignited between the both of them.

The chemistry between them was raw, electric unlike anything he'd felt before.

She hadn't even been in his life long, yet her presence already felt carved into him like something ancient and familiar.

There was something about the way she looked at him knowingly, like she could read in between the lines and know what he was feeling without him even having to say it.

He noticed that her eyes always lingered on his lips when he talked. Every time they were near each other, his chest tightened with anticipation.

“This is romantic, I love it.” Destiny broke their silence that was filled with

possibility.

“You think? I don’t really got anybody to ask how to be romantic with a woman.” He said honestly.

His father wasn’t a good example of that at all.

“We can teach each other... My father always surprises my mom with flowers. I love them, too, but I get them on my birthday and special occasions. I always said when I got in a relationship that I wanted flowers randomly, too. I like the fact that my mom isn’t the only one in their relationship that has to do all the planning when it’s time for them to spend quality time together.

My father puts just as much effort in. I think that’s what keeps them well-balanced. ”
Destiny smiled.

She didn’t want to demand anything from Archer, and didn’t want to be in control of what all he wanted to do for her.

She spoke aloud of what she admired from her parents so Archer could know what she was used to seeing.

Her parents had set a good example in a two-parent household of black love that lasted for more than one decade.

It wasn’t perfect but it wasn’t toxic, either.

“I’m excited.” Archer blurted out lowly, looking right into Destiny’s eyes.

He used the pad of his thumb to wipe some mustard from the corner of her mouth and continued.

“I never been in a real relationship or felt anything like what I feel with you. It’s like...” He looked away at nothing in particular.

Opening up and expressing his true feelings was still something new for him but he felt confident and comfortable enough to do it with destiny.

“You don’t even understand what you do to me...

I don’t even understand it but one day I’ll be able to put that shit into words.

It’s like you make me feel everything all at once.

Peace, want, and wonder...it’s not just the way you move, speak, or touch me...

It’s the way you see me like I’m something more than fine ass Archer...

” He chuckled, reciting what he overheard from the women around campus.

“I know you think that this...” he gestured toward her wheelchair.

“Makes you different...but it’s not something I look past. It’s something I look at and still choose you. You’re not less, not even close. You’re strength and softness in the same breath. You’re beautiful exactly how you are. It all draws me in more to you.” He bit into his bottom lip.

Archer reached for her hand gently, his thumb traced slow deliberate circles against her skin.

Destiny’s lips parted, her bottom lip trembled as her eyes shimmered.

She tried to speak but emotions gripped her tightly.

He leaned in closer and brushed his knuckle under her chin, his touch featherlight.

“I see all of you, and I still want all of you. You above all these bitc—hoses—well women...since I know you don’t like me saying mean shit.” He dropped his head and chuckled.

“What?” He looked seriously at Destiny and shrugged his shoulders with a boyish grin gracing his handsome face.

“You above these hoses, baby.” He smirked, making her blush hard.

“Wow, Archer...You make me feel so good. I don’t want to ever stop feeling this way. I don’t want to feel hurt, either. No one’s ever said anything like this to me.” She breathed; her tears fell freely now.

“I’ve always felt like I had to hide parts of myself. Shrink them down to be accepted until I got tired of trying with people. With you, I feel seen, whole, and wanted.”

“You will continue to feel that way with me...I just don’t want to hurt you...don’t want to argue and feel like I’m failing you at some point. I feel like a fuck up most of the time.” He dropped his head, feeling his own emotions get the best of him.

“Archer...we both not perfect. There will be things that I do, that you won’t like...

and vice versa. We won’t be perfect but we should always be honest with one another, no matter what.

My parents bicker all the time...But I know most of it is out of love.

They are each other’s best friends. They pillow talk and experience life together.

I don't want you walking around on eggshells just to please me.

I'm scared that I might hurt you as well but I know that I will do my very best not to.

We can forgive and be adults that communicate.

That's the key." She smiled confidently.

Archer nodded his head and pulled her gently into him.

He picked each one of her legs up carefully and placed them on either side of him.

He leaned forward and Destiny closed her eyes and leaned in, meeting him halfway.

Forehead to forehead, they let the silence speak for a moment longer.

There was truth in every word that they spoke to one another; it made both of their souls listen and tie in together.

TEN

Archer

Archer laid on his side, one arm beneath the pillow, his other sprawled loosely across Destiny's waist. Her back was to him, breaths deep and even.

Her thick curls were crushed against the pillow and the scent of her skin was sweet and faintly floral from last night's lotion.

He didn't move, just watched her back rise and fall.

He wanted to take her to his house that was about two hours away from campus but didn't want to put too much pressure on her just yet to move her around.

Being near campus was more convenient for Destiny, so Archer never complained about laying up in her queen size bed that was a little too small for his liking.

"Good morning, I feel you watching me." Destiny smiled and wiped the crust out of the corners of her eyes.

"You wake up so early." She giggled lightly.

"Today is the dinner, my dad is inviting the mayor over and I have a plan to force him to tell me where my real biological mother is." He sighed then kissed the top of her bare back.

Destiny shifted a little, her body was soft and bare against him.

“You want me to go with you?” she asked seriously.

“No, I don’t want to put you in any hostile situation. Things can get ugly and I don’t want you stressing over bullshit concerning them.” Archer released Destiny and sat up.

“Okay...I can stay in the car while you’re inside. I can get some studying done. I want to be there to calm you down after whatever it is you got planned is done.” She said.

He watched her closely; she took in a deep breath then slowly sat up. He already knew her routine; she liked to go to the bathroom first to take care of her morning hygiene.

Most mornings, she’d use her chair, but today, her bare feet touched the floor.

Archer watched her move carefully. She braced her hand at the edge of the mattress, the other on her thigh.

Her knees locked and trembled under her weight, but she stood.

Archer admired her strength, she didn’t whine or complain at all.

She always pushed herself to the limits.

His heart ached watching her, not with pity but with awe.

Her body wasn’t fast, her legs didn’t move with ease, but she moved, and she didn’t ask for help either.

He stayed quiet as she took slow, measured steps toward the bathroom, her naked body waddling with each step.

Archer eyed her thick hips, the slight roll of her stomach and deep curve in her back.

She focused on her balance and barely bent her knees with each step.

Minutes later, once she made it inside of the bathroom, he heard the shower water run.

Archer rose and stood naked, his dick was stiff, his mind heavy with everything that he had planned for the day.

When he stepped inside of the bathroom, steam was already rising behind the glass shower door.

Destiny stood beneath the stream; her arms braced against the wall as warm water rolled down her curves.

Her eyes were closed, face tilted toward the water. Archer walked in, letting the warmth hit his skin. She felt him before she saw him and turned toward him slowly. He craved to feel her wet body against his. He placed his hands on her waist then carefully pulled her into him.

Her wet skin slid against his as he bent his head and kissed her collarbone, then her shoulder. He trailed kisses down the center of her chest then gazed into her eyes.

“You got up and walked good this morning.” He cupped her butt cheeks.

Destiny reached up to place her hands on his shoulders. She relaxed and let her weight rest in the palms of Archer’s hands.

“I try a little every morning...it hurts but I want to continue to get stronger.” She admitted.

“You stronger than most people I know who can fully walk. I like that you keep challenging yourself. One day soon, you’ll prove the doctors wrong, but you’re already doing that shit now.” He stepped behind her carefully.

When it came down to tending to Destiny, he learned patience. He never wanted to make her panic from him moving too fast with her. Once he was fully behind her, she leaned back into his chest, letting him hold her. The water beat down on them as he wrapped his arms around her curves like armor.

“I want to eat a good ass breakfast since I won’t be eating shit at my dad’s house tonight.” Archer smirked behind her.

He bit into his bottom lip as he looked down at Destiny’s round ass and the way it sat up, causing the arch in her back to look like a crescent moon.

“What you want me to make you?” She got excited.

Destiny was ready to show off more of her cooking skills to Archer.

“I’m going to cook for you...after you trust me.” He kissed the nape of her neck.

“I trust you.” She frowned, wondering where this was going.

“You trust me to lift you up on my shoulders and eat that pretty fat pussy?” He grabbed a handful of her stomach to brace her before slapping the top of her booty.

She gasped and let out a soft moan, the sting felt so good, her pussy instantly got wet.

“Y—yess.”

“After I get full from eating this pussy, I got to get deep inside, baby. Real fucking deep. You gotta trust that I won’t hurt you while holding you. If you panic, it’ll ruin the moment.” He murmured right into her ear.

The deep base in his voice made her clit throb.

“I want to do it all, daddy.” She purred out, feeling naughty.

“Daddy?” Archer stifled his laugh.

“Man, you been having my dick hard for weeks. Now you calling me daddy. That means I get to meet your parents soon.” He joked.

Destiny got quiet, that’s when it hit her that she hadn’t told her parents about Archer yet. She knew her mom would be fine and excited for her, it was her dad that she was worried about. She made a mental note to call and talk to her dad about Archer tomorrow.

“I can set something up, my mom is going to love you.” She smiled.

“And your dad?”

She got quiet for a couple of seconds then giggled.

“He has to warm up to you.” She stated honestly.

“That’s fair.” Archer nodded his head in understanding.

His hands left her stomach up to her melons. He cupped them then used his thumb

and index finger to pinch her nipples.

“That feels so good, baby.” She closed her eyes and moaned.

“Let me make it feel great.” Archer’s voice came out rough and raspy.

The water rained down, heavy and warm and steam clouded around them as Archer sat back on the built in shower bench.

His legs spread wide as drops of water ran over the ink on his arms down to the hard lines of his chest. His pale blue eyes lifted to Destiny’s naked body.

She stood well on her own, but he didn’t know how long she could stand on her own before falling.

“Come here.” He murmured, voice low.

He held his arms out and sat up a little to catch her in case she fell.

Destiny searched his eyes, she trusted him but was nervous.

Her legs already started to tremble from standing too long.

She took one step and felt her knees getting ready to lock.

She took another deep breath and before she could shift, his hands slid around the backs of her thighs.

In one smooth motion, he lifted her. She gasped, arms flying to his shoulders for balance as he guided her forward.

Her legs draped over his shoulders, she could feel the heat of his breath fanning across her swollen clit.

Archer looked up once, and their eyes met.

He chuckled, seeing her wide eyes, her lips parted in shock and need.

Without a second thought, he buried his face in her.

His tongue pressed flat against her thick folds.

He started from her center then dragged his tongue up slowly to collect every drop of her before flicking at her clit.

He teased the hell out of her until her thighs jumped on his shoulders. Then he dived completely in.

He sucked her clit into his mouth while his tongue rolled over it. She was sloppy and wet just how he loved her to be.

“Ar—Archer!” She moaned, her head fell back, the water cascading over her face and through her curls.

He didn’t stop, he loved how her pussy gushed out for him.

Her pussy folded perfectly around his tongue.

Archer enjoyed how the scent and taste of her mixed with the water toyed with his taste buds.

He sucked hard, pulling back only to spit on her clit nastily.

He watched it drip down to her ass cheeks then licked it up again.

The tip of his tongue circled around her clit repeatedly; his dick was rock hard, throbbing as the water rained down on it.

All he could think about was how sweet and addicting she was, how sexy she sounded.

His tongue slid down to tease her entrance, he stuck it in just enough to make her scream.

Destiny was gone, she begged and pleaded for a release.

Her pussy betrayed her, it gushed out disrespectfully and Archer made sure to drink her down.

His hand slid underneath her ass, spreading her wider by the cheeks so he could get his tongue deeper.

He swirled it around her sticky hot tunnel, then moved up to flick and flatten his tongue back over her clit until she was moving frantically on his shoulders.

Her hands clawed at his wet hair, she pulled him closer and started to ride his face without realizing it.

“Archer!! I’m gonna?—”

Her words were cut off by him sucking harder, he rolled her clit between his lips until she snapped.

Her entire body locked, including her thighs clamping around his head.

She came violently, crying out as her hips bucked against his mouth.

Archer groaned into her, the vibration of his mouth made her climax hit harder.

Archer's lips were still glistening from her as he pulled back.

The aftershocks of her orgasm rolled through her, causing her thick thighs to shake.

He slid her down to his lap, to let her catch her breath.

He only planned to give her seconds to recover.

When her seconds were up, he cupped the bottom of her chin and forced her to look him in the eyes.

His hands slid down to the curve of her ass, lifting her higher with effortless strength.

Carefully, he stood with her trembling body in his arms.

"Archer, I'm heavy." She whispered in awe at his strength.

"Since when, baby?" He rasped, voice low and filled with desire.

He adjusted his grip, one arm wrapped around her waist while the other guided his dick towards her entrance.

He pressed the tip against her slick sensitive tunnel and closed his eyes for a couple of seconds.

He pushed in slowly, stretching her for the second time.

Destiny gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders as she shut her eyes to prepare herself for all of him.

“You want me to stop?” He paused to look into her tear-filled eyes.

His lips brushed against her ear as he waited patiently for her response. He wanted to be buried deep inside of her but wanted her to feel comfortable. If now wasn't the time, he would pull out with no problem.

“Please, go all the way.” She breathed out.

Archer shifted, bending his knees slightly, and with one steady thrust, he sank into her. Her warmth swallowed him inch by thick inch until he was fully inside of her.

“Fuck!” He groaned.

His eyes fluttered shut for a moment. The heat of her tightness caused his mind to go blank.

Her pussy clenched around him as she tried to adjust to the length and fullness that she felt.

The stretch bordered on too much, yet, it all felt so painfully right.

The water rained down over them, making it easier for their skin to glide against each other.

Archer moved slowly and deeply in and out of her.

She whimpered out his name as he lowered his head and took one of her nipples into his mouth.

His teeth grazed against the tip of her nipple before he sucked it all the way into his mouth.

Archer noticed whenever he sucked her nipples, her pussy put his dick into a death grip instantly.

“Cum all over this dick, baby.” He talked her all the way through it.

They stayed in the shower until the hot water turned warm then cool. By the time they got out, they both were worn out and ready to take a morning nap.

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ELEVEN

Archer

The sun had started to set across the Atlanta skyline as Archer's black Charger turned off the main road.

His tires crunched over an immaculate gravel driveway that wound toward a sprawling estate.

Destiny stared out the window; her copper coils were wild, brushing her cheeks.

Her eyes went wide as the mansion came into view.

She eyed the stone fountains with carved lions spitting water into pools of water.

Everything about it screamed money and power, the kind that had its own weight in the air.

Her parents were very wealthy as well, but they were also humble.

They didn't have a big mansion, they lived comfortably in a four bedroom flat since it was only the three of them.

"Damn, your dad's house is beautiful." She marveled at the outside of what looked like a three story mansion.

Archer's jaw flexed as he cut the engine. His pale blue eyes were fixed on the front doors.

"Yeah, beautiful." He said, with coldness beneath his tone.

Destiny didn't miss how his mood shifted drastically.

She turned to him and studied the side of his face.

His jaw was clenched, and his hand gripped the steering wheel, even after his car had shut off.

Her chest tightened for him, the silent storm that he was battling internally was now loud and obvious. She wanted to be there for him.

"Baby? You want me to get out with you?" She asked gently.

Archer finally turned to her, his eyes softening for a moment as they met hers.

"Nah baby, I won't be long. Just some family shit that I have to handle.

He needs to tell me where I can find my real mom.

I deserve to know that. He stole time away from me that'll I'll never get back...

I'm hopeful, though. Hopeful enough to find her and get her side of the story.

I'll even forgive..." His words cracked as he swallowed down the painful lump that crawled up his throat.

Deep down inside, Archer felt like his real mom was robbed of being able to raise

him.

There was no secret about how racist his father was against black people.

To his family and friends, his father was all about showcasing pure love for his people only.

That was another reason why Archer didn't want to expose Destiny to his father as well as Karen.

To him, Destiny didn't deserve to be treated fucked up because of the color of her skin.

Destiny's perfectly arched brows furrowed slightly.

"Archer..."

"It's nothing you need to be part of." He added, cutting her off.

He leaned over to brush a soft kiss to her lips.

"I promise, I'll be fine."

She hesitated but nodded, but before he could pull away, she gripped his hand.

"You sure?" She asked.

"I'm sure." He said, but inside, he was anything but sure.

Archer exhaled the breath he was holding.

He could already picture what was going on inside of his father's house.

The Atlanta mayor was probably sitting in his father's study, sipping whiskey and talking political donations.

Archer wasn't there for pleasantries or fake ass smiles.

He was there for answers. He was ready to tear everything down inside of that house to get it, even if that included important business relationships.

He already quit college, he was done trying to please Sr. He already had a bright future and didn't need the rest of any trust fund to survive.

His father had lied to him all his life.

Pretending the woman who raised him was his mother while hiding the truth of the black woman whose blood actually ran through his veins.

He didn't even know his biological mother's real name. Archer was done letting it slide, done letting lies shape his life. This evening, with the mayor in the room to witness it if needed, Archer planned to force the truth out of Sr.'s mouth.

He didn't give a fuck how ugly it got. He looked over at Destiny and felt like she was his destiny.

It was meant for him to meet her, he already knew weeks ago that he had fallen in love with her.

She was his motivation to go through with his plan tonight.

After this, his father would probably disown him.

He was always scared of having nobody in his corner.

He already took on the black sheep role, and Archer was okay with his siblings hating him because of Karen and his skin complexion.

He was okay with not receiving love from them as well. He used to take the micro-aggressions and disdain from them just to have family to call his own. Now, in this moment, he no longer gave a fuck.

Archer took a deep breath and let go of Destiny's hand. He stepped out of the car, the warm Georgia air hitting him as he shut the door. He left his keys inside and told Destiny to call him if she wanted him to cut on the air in case it got too hot.

Destiny called for Archer, and he turned to look at her. Her big brown eyes were full of worry.

"Be careful, Archer. I know that's your family...

just don't let them convince you any longer that you aren't a good person.

You're smart, successful, and young. Everything you have right now, is because of you...

not them. I want to go in so bad to give them all a piece of my mind because they don't fucking deserve you." She frowned.

Archer stood still, his chest warmed as his heart rate picked up.

He wanted to laugh at Destiny cursing and talking that way.

She was always sweet, soft, and reserved.

It made him feel extra good that his girl was sitting in his car, ready to go to war behind him.

It also touched his heart that she saw him for what he was.

“Promise me you’ll walk out if it gets too ugly. I told you that I will help you find your mom. You don’t need them.” She added.

He walked back to the car and leaned down close to her.

“I promise. When I’m done here, I’m taking you to my place. It’s two hours away, but I want you to see it. Whenever you have breaks from school, I want you to come up there with me. I love you, Destiny.” He pecked her lips and eased away from the car.

TWELVE

Archer

Archer stepped into the grand foyer of his father's estate, the heavy double doors clicking shut behind him. The scent inside was always the same, expensive wood polish, lemon oil, and faint cigar smoke lingering from his father's meeting.

The marble floor gleamed under the chandelier's glow, and the air felt thick with history from Archer's childhood that he didn't care to remember. This place never felt like home to him.

"Mr. Archer," A soft voice called from behind him.

Archer turned to see Rosa, the family maid who had known him since he was small. She stood in her crisp uniform, her hands clasped in front of her. She looked tired, but her eyes were always warm and inviting with secret understanding to Archer's pain.

"Rosa." Archer nodded respectfully toward her. His voice was even as he looked around.

"Your father is in his study." She gave him a small, sad smile.

"I know," Archer replied, stepping forward.

Before he could take another step, the sharp click of heels cut across the foyer.

“Archer.”

Only one person could say his name with so much disdain.

Karen. He turned towards her, tall, poised, her pale skin void of the usual tans that she always got.

Today, she was dressed elegantly with a deep green silk blouse and pencil tan skirt.

Her blonde hair was styled perfectly as always, makeup untouched, even though it was nearing seven p.m. Rosa quickly bowed out of the room nervously, never making eye contact with Karen.

Karen moved towards Archer with a tight smile, her eyes assessed him to gauge the mood he was in.

“Sr. is in a meeting.” She said, her tone clipped.

“I’m aware, Karen.” Archer said. He slid his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

“This won’t take long.” He added.

“Don’t.” Karen said, stepping closer.

She cut off his pathway so that he couldn’t walk in his father’s direction.

“This meeting is important for him. Don’t interrupt or ruin it for him with one of your many moods.” She rolled her eyes.

“My moods?” Archer raised a brow.

Karen smoothed a nonexistent wrinkle on her blouse.

“Yes. The last thing this family needs is you making a scene while the mayor is in the house.”

He tilted his head as the corner of his mouth twitched.

“I never gave a fuck about what this family needed. What your kids need is a rehab...that’s something this family hides. What you need...” He licked his lips and smiled evilly.

“Would you like me to tell you what the fuck you need, Karen?” His smile continued to play on his lips.

“You don’t know shit about my kids or me.” She snapped.

She was losing her cool and had to remember that she needed to keep Archer calm. She didn’t need an argument right now carrying over and ruining her husband’s meeting.

“It’s cool, you know what you need. Plus, the doctor keeps my pockets fat, thanks to you fucking him whenever Sr. is out of town.” He stated coldly.

Karen’s posture straightened, all the wind left her as she batted her eyes rapidly. Her jaw tightened, but she forced another fake smile.

“Come help me in the kitchen, I have something I need moved.” She changed the subject.

“Fuck that, and you. Where the fuck is my mom?” his jaw tightened.

Karen's smile slipped, just slightly, but it was enough for Archer to see that her usual facade was slipping away.

"What did you say?" She asked, blinking.

"My mother." His tone sharpened.

He was losing the calmness that he possessed before walking in.

"Where the fuck is she?"

"Don't you dare do this right now!" Her nostrils flared.

"Where is she?" Archer repeated, voice lower, colder.

Karen's eyes narrowed, her cheeks turning red as her anger surfaced.

"She is no one, Archer. She is nothing but street trash that your father picked up when he was too drunk to remember what he was risking here." She snapped.

Archer's jaw flexed, but he didn't look away, didn't even blink. Karen stepped closer, her face twisted in rage.

"You should be grateful. Grateful that I agreed to stay. That I agreed to even be a mother to you, after your father cheated on me with that trash ass Black bitch! He never fucking loved her, and he half-ass loved you. All because you were a fucking mistake. It shows, too, every single day, with your defiant, ghetto actions."

Archer didn't move, or yell right away. He processed her words and let them settle into him. His fists clenched at his sides, his nails digging into the palms of his hand as Karen turned to walk away.

“I’m done with all of you. Tell Sr. to never call me again.”

He turned, ready to leave forever. Archer was ready to go back to Destiny, to the only piece of real he’d ever had.

“Archer.”

That voice froze him, his shoulders stiffened as he slowly turned around.

“Dad.” Archer said, voice full of emotions.

Sr. swallowed and stepped fully out of the hallway. He ran a hand through his salt-and-pepper hair that he dyed every now and then. His eyes searched his son’s, and for the first time, he saw no shield there. He saw a man on the edge of breaking from not knowing the truth.

“Your mother’s name was Tasha Reed.” Sr. said, voice cracking.

“I...I loved her, Archer... I know you may never forgive me, for all of this but I want you to know the truth. I just found out most of the truth late last year.” Sr.’s gaze dropped to the marble floor before he forced himself to meet his son’s eyes again.

“I was young. Karen and I were... we weren’t in love; it was more of an arrangement for both of our families... But Tasha—” His breath shuddered.

“She was everything to me.”

Archer’s vision blurred for a moment as he tried to picture his mother. Her name felt warm in his mouth but tasted like ashes like she was no longer here.

“You lied to me.” Archer’s voice broke.

“All of these years.” He whispered out in disbelief.

Sr.’s face twisted in pain.

“No, I didn’t know.”

“Bullshit—”

“I didn’t know!” Sr.’s voice snapped.

“Karen was jealous, she told me a bunch of lies at the time. Lies that I didn’t give Tasha a chance to explain for herself.

Karen and I were already married but I spent most of my time with Tasha and you when you were born.

Karen wanted to take me for everything that I worked hard for.

She even told me that Tasha was sleeping with the doctor...

my best fucking friend! It broke me! I went in a rage and took Tasha to court.

I framed her in court and painted a picture for the judge to make sure he ruled in my favor.

They thought she was on drugs, leaving you at home by yourself to get high.

I forged her parental rights and got you just to hurt her.

I didn’t want you because looking at you reminded me of all the pain that Tasha caused.

She fought so hard for you, even after the restraining order, so hard that I relocated from California and moved us out here.

Late last year..." He paused and then looked away, not wanting to offer the final blow.

"Your mother—Tasha....sh—she died last year." Sr. whispered in disbelief.

Her sister, your aunt, sent me a long email cursing me.

She told me everything about how Karen lied and it was Tasha who actually saw Karen out to dinner with the doctor.

Karen was threatening Tasha and even paid a hitman who failed at killing her.

Tasha never stopped looking for you, she drove herself insane, even through her last stage of breast cancer that ended up spreading to her bones.

"Tears shimmered in Sr.'s eyes, he felt so broken saying it all out loud.

"She's buried at Inglewood cemetery. I can email you all of your aunt Robin's information.

You have a big family that has been wanting to reunite with you and love on you.

I failed you and I'll never forgive myself for falling into Karen's trap.

I'm divorcing her, she knows this but is in denial.

I'm sorry, son. I didn't know until last year. " He reached out with trembling hands.

Archer stepped back, his world felt like it was tilting.

The marble floor felt cold under his shoes.

His mother hadn't abandoned him, she loved him and fought hard so that he didn't end up in this fucked up household.

Karen and his father had stolen him. Stolen him from the woman who loved him.

Tasha would have been the first woman to tell him about his worth and would have made him feel whole.

His breath came fast, his heart pounded so loudly in his ears, he could barely hear over it. The final piece of the cold armor that he struggled to wear shattered. He turned and stormed toward the door with Sr. chasing behind him.

“Archer, please?—”

Archer didn't stop, nor look back. He had someone waiting for him, someone who needed the real him just like he needed the real her. Destiny was someone that he could finally be free for.

“Tasha.” He said his mom's name lowly with tears traveling down his face at a rapid pace.

“I wish none of this ever happened.”

THIRTEEN

Destiny

The air inside of Archer's car felt heavy when he climbed back in. Destiny could feel it before she saw it. Pain radiated off him like heat, it thickened in the air and pressed against her chest until her own heart hurt. Archer didn't look at her or say a word.

He just stared through the windshield, his breath ragged, jaw tight like he was trying to swallow down all of his pain and bury it.

"Baby," Destiny said softly.

Her voice cracked as she reached over and placed her warm hand on his forearm.

The moment her skin touched his, she felt him tremble until his body quaked.

A single tear fell, landing on his shirt, followed by many more.

He pressed his lips together and shook his head like he was trying his hardest to hold it all in.

He felt like letting it all out would destroy him. It angered him that he couldn't check his emotions.

Destiny's heart twisted so hard for him; she couldn't stop her own tears from falling just as fast as Archer's.

She shifted in her seat and ignored the stiff ache in her knees.

She leaned in closer so she could slip her hand to the back of his neck, her thumb stroked there, trying to calm him the best she could.

“I’m right here, you can let it all out. You can’t try to bury pain. When you let it out, it makes it easier to forgive and move past it all so you can live.” She stated softly.

That was something her father told her after she got shot.

Destiny was so wrapped up in hate from the betrayal of her so-called best friend at the time, that she couldn’t heal properly.

Her father told her over and over to let out all of her sadness and pain so she could move on from it and not be buried in it.

Archer’s head dropped; his chin touched his chest. His shoulders shook once then twice before a broken breath tore out of him.

“They lied to me...” He whispered, voice hoarse, thick with grief and rage.

“My father lied... he fucking lied. My mother...she—” His breath caught, and he swallowed hard like the words were shards in his throat.

“She died last year, Destiny... She died, probably thinking I didn’t want her or need her. They took me from her, robbed her of being a fucking mother to me.”

A sob broke loose, his chest rose and fell like he couldn’t find enough air.

Destiny’s tears kept falling silently down her cheeks as she moved closer. She pressed her forehead to the side of his, wanting her warmth to comfort him.

“I’m so sorry.” She whispered over and over.

She wished she could pull the hurt out of him, take it into herself and bury it somewhere so he’d never have to feel it again. She wished she could be the one to go back in time and give that little boy, torn from his mother’s arms, the love he should have had, all the warmth he deserved.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, nor did you deserve this shit.” She said, letting her lips brush against the side of his face.

His breathing shuddered; tears wetted the hand she pressed to his cheek. She pulled back just enough so he could see her, she wanted him to see the fire in her eyes through the tears. Destiny was ready to roll them all over inside of that house for hurting him.

“Put me in my wheelchair.” She said suddenly.

“Right now.” She frowned, ready to protect her man.

Archer blinked back his tears in confusion.

“What?” He asked.

“I said put me in my chair.” She repeated, her lips stretched into a mischievous smile.

“I’m about to roll my ass in there and cuss every single one of them the fuck out for what they did to you! They got you fucked the hell up!” Her quirky proper voice sounded off.

A small laugh broke out of Archer, his tears continued to stream down his face as a crooked pained grin pulled at the corner of his mouth. Destiny’s chest lifted, her own

laughter bubbled out through her anger for what Archer had gone through.

“I’m smiling but I’m so serious.” She wiped at her chubby cheeks with the back of her hand.

“I don’t give a damn if it’s the mayor, your father, Karen with her dry brittle-head ass, or your stuck-up ass siblings! I’m about to light every single one of them up and roll bounce on their asses!” Her voice elevated.

Archer was no good after what she said. He let out a full broken laugh this time. His hurt eased just enough for him to breathe. He turned toward her fully, his eyes red with glistening tears. He cupped the back of her neck and pulled her forehead to his.

“You just as crazy as me...” He whispered; his breath was warm against her lips.

“When my father first admitted that shit...I was ready to fuck him up — and his precious ass house. He tried to say he was divorcing Karen, and I saw the guilt riding him hard, but it felt like that wasn’t enough.

I was ready to go to jail, Destiny.... but then...

I thought about you out in this car. I thought about ruining my life because of my anger and having to be away from you when we just started.

I love you...I’m in love with you. I also know that we got each other.

I finally feel real love, like somebody wants me and not under rare conditions.

I don’t need you going in there showing out for me.

You being in this car is enough, crazy girl. ” He smiled genuinely.

“I’m crazy about you, Archer...I’m in love with you, too...I just thought it was too soon to say it.” She admitted.

“Nothing is ever too soon, time is just time. There’s no time frame on when a person can feel something as raw as what we share together.” He whispered.

For a moment, the world outside didn’t exist. It was just them and the weight of what they both survived from the past and present. There was an unspoken promise that they would both face whatever came next together.

Archer pulled back, taking a deep, grounding breath. Turning the key, the engine to his Charger rumbled as it came to life.

“I promised to show you my place, so that’s where we headed.” He smiled, feeling a little better.

“Okay, let’s go home.” Destiny squeezed his fingers.

As they pulled away from the estate, Destiny looked over at Archer.

She was determined to make sure that he didn’t have to go through this pain alone.

She also would wait until he felt ready to talk about what all his father said about his mom.

Destiny thought about the family his real mom left behind.

When the time was right, Destiny wanted to support him in meeting his real family.

FOURTEEN

Destiny

One Month Later...

A month had passed since Archer's tears had moved them both in ways that made them grow closer. Since he had shown her his place two hours away from campus, she spent any time she had there with him. It was the first time ever that Destiny felt safe with someone other than her parents.

Destiny had one run in with Latosha at school, and she finally got to roll bounce across Latosha's toes.

The whole school witnessed it and knew not to fuck with Destiny.

She now had a couple of associates that she wasn't quite ready to call her friends just yet.

She loved the idea of having new contacts in her phone and hanging out, and going to football and basketball games with Archer.

Deciding to go to Blake U was one of the best decisions she made.

But life didn't stop. School rolled on with assignments and tests.

Her knees locked after long classes; her body ached in the cold morning air.

Sometimes, teachers would have the air conditioning too high, worsening her pain in her limbs.

Today, she was tired— tired in a way that settled deep in her bones, making even her smile feel heavy. It was Friday, and all she wanted to do was go to Archer's house to shower, rest, and watch movies for the weekend.

“Can we stop by my place; I just need a couple of things.” She asked Archer softly as he pulled off from campus.

“I got you, babe; your legs look a little swollen. I can put you in the tub when we get to my house.” He eyed her thick thighs.

Her thighs were a light shade of red, above her knees is where he could see the swollenness.

When they pulled up to her apartment building, Destiny couldn't find the strength to even want to go inside.

Archer could feel it, too, so he asked her what all she needed.

She wanted a couple of textbooks and her favorite soap and lotion, along with her cotton night gowns.

He told her he would be quick and hopped out of the car.

Destiny closed her eyes and rubbed over her knees to relieve some of the pain that she felt. She slowed down on taking so many pain meds after Archer told her that pain meds relieved pain but created other problems inside the body.

Minutes later, Archer called her name, his voice was low. She opened her eyes and

immediately saw his angered expression.

“What’s wrong?”

“Your parents are upstairs.” He said, the muscle in his jaw ticked.

“They’re upset and want me to put you in your chair and put you on the elevator to bring you up to talk.” He uttered, annoyed.

He didn’t want to make Destiny get out the car for all of that. He knew that she had a long ass week at school and needed to elevate her legs and eat dinner so she could prepare to take her night time medicine.

Destiny’s heart dropped, her shoulders slumped as she thought about the disappointment that her father, Henry, had from her keeping Archer and her relationship a big secret.

She told her parents that she had a close friend that was a man but didn’t go into detail about their relationship and how she was having plenty of sex with Archer.

They spent every single day together. Destiny felt like she was on top of her studies and was excelling in school.

So, her personal relationship shouldn’t have been a problem.

She was going to tell her parents when she was ready. She knew her mother would understand, but her father would be every bit of dramatic about it.

“I’m sorry.” She whispered, looking down at her hands.

“Don’t be.” Archer said firmly.

“There’s nothing to be sorry about, they love you and they’re worried. It’s okay.” He reassured her.

Instead of him getting her chair, he helped Destiny out of the car and carried her to the elevator.

Inside of her small apartment, the air felt thick with tension.

The entire elevator ride up, Destiny recited things to say to her parents to convince them that Archer was a good man.

She loved her parents and didn’t want to feel like she was going against them.

She wanted them to like her man, but even if they didn’t, nothing would stop her from being with Archer.

Henry paced the living room, his boots thudding against the carpet.

Her mother sat at the edge of Destiny’s recliner couch with her hands folded in her lap.

She shook her head at her husband’s antics.

Deep down, Kourtney knew that her daughter was dating someone, she just hoped that he was good enough for her.

“Henry, please sit down. She just got inside and you haven’t spoken to either one of them.” She scolded him as she smiled and waved at Destiny and Archer.

“Don’t tell me to sit down,” He snapped.

“My baby, just rolling up in here with a man holding her like—like...” He couldn’t get his wording together, he was so upset.

Destiny’s eyes welled as Archer closed the door behind them.

Destiny was still in his arms. Kourtney looked over at both of them, she gasped lowly as something hit her.

Destiny was in love and was searching for their approval.

She could tell from the protective look on Archer’s face that the feeling was mutual.

“She’s grown, Henry...and she’s very responsible.” Kourtney waved Henry off.

“I’m okay, dad.” Destiny said softly.

Her voice was calm, although her heart pounded in her chest. Archer’s pale blue eyes scanned the small living room.

He made his way to the couch and carefully lowered Destiny.

As if her parents weren’t in the room, he gently brushed a stray curl from her forehead and pecked her on the nose before stepping back.

He took a deep breath before he faced her parents.

When he first went up there by himself, Henry cursed him clean the hell out. Now, all he wanted to do was lessen the tension in the room, since he could feel Destiny’s stress radiating off of her.

Archer cleared his throat then clasped his hands in front of him.

“I’m Archer. I’ve been dating Destiny for about four months now, sir.” He said, loud enough for them both to hear him clearly.

Henry’s thick brows shot up, his lips parted but he said nothing. Archer looked back at Destiny who had wide eyes before turning back to Henry to continue.

“I met your daughter in the cafeteria on campus. She fell at the vending machine...” He stopped talking when he saw the shocked worried looks on both Henry and Kourtney’s face.

“I picked her up off the floor...long story short, she asked me to show her around. I ended up taking her to my cigar lounge where we ate and got to know one another. After that, I couldn’t help but want to know more and more about her.” Archer gave them the clean version with a smile on his face.

A small laugh escaped Kourtney’s mouth; her hand lifted to cover her mouth as tears welled in her eyes. Archer met Henry’s unsure stare with a calm certainty as he continued to talk.

“Your daughter is the strongest person I’ve ever met. She’s brilliant, funny as heck. She’s soft and kind but don’t take shit from anybody. She’s...” Archer felt himself get emotional. He swallowed down the lump that formed in the center of his throat then continued.

“She changed my life, sir. I came here to help her grab a few things, to get her settled for the weekend at my house. She’s had a long week and I just want her to prop her legs up and rest for the weekend.

Since the both of you are here, I wanted to properly introduce myself and tell you guys that I have her best interest at heart.

I'm in love with her. I respect your daughter, and don't want to do anything to hurt her.

"Archer finished his statement by taking in a big deep breath then releasing it.

Henry's jaw moved; his eyes darted to Destiny. Her eyes were glued to Archer's back with love and admiration. Silence filled the room, the weight of unspoken fears and hopes hanging between Destiny's parents and Archer.

"You have no idea how long I've prayed for my baby girl to have someone who would see the real beauty inside of her." Kourtney whispered out through her tears.

Henry swallowed hard; his eyes glistened as he blinked them quickly. He looked at Destiny, who smiled softly back at him then back at Archer.

"Long as you're good to her, that's all I care about. You and I need to have dinner together as well. I want to get to know you." Henry stated.

He wanted to drill Archer with question after question but could tell that Destiny needed time to relax. He was proud of his daughter; she was doing good in school but this whole boyfriend thing was new to him. He didn't really know how to let his baby girl go.

"We can set a date; I think you will love my cigar lounge." Archer smiled.

Destiny felt the tension leave her chest. She was happy that Archer took control over the situation. She also knew that later, she would have to tell her parents that she lost her virginity, but for now this was a very good start.

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Destiny closed her eyes and let the breeze sweep over her.

She couldn't believe that she was in California on vacation with her man.

Visiting Cali was something she had dreamed of since she was young.

She scrolled through her phone and saved photos to her highlight on Instagram of the sunset on Venice Beach.

Archer sat quietly beside her, his hand rested protectively on the back of her wheelchair as their bodies moved along the weathered wood planks of the pier that led to an open-air restaurant.

The ocean stretched endlessly beside them.

She looked up at Archer and noted the subtle tension in his jaw.

His pale blue eyes flickered with something deep and restless.

Although he appeared relaxed and calm, Destiny knew that Tasha Reed was still on his mind. Hours earlier, they visited his mother's grave at a small tucked away cemetery on a green hillside that overlooked the mountains. Archer kneeled before her headstone and poured out years of pain to her.

Destiny consoled him, warmed his soul and made him feel whole. Archer was learning to release and not hold back like Destiny had told him. That alone made him feel better.

Now, as they sat at the beachside restaurant under the shade of white umbrellas, Destiny's heart was full and light in a way she hadn't felt in a long time.

She had finished her first semester at Blake University strong, despite the pain in her joints.

All the late nights of studying till her eyes burned had paid off.

She was proud of herself, and so were her professors and her parents.

Archer told her almost every day how proud he was of her as well.

Not only was Archer proud, but he was also grateful for Destiny's family. Henry, her father, talked with Archer a lot. Archer confided in him and Henry openly welcomed him as family.

Archer's hand slipped into hers, rough and warm as he looked down at her with an emotionless stare.

"You okay?" she asked softly, studying his handsome face.

"Yeah, I feel better now. I'm kind of excited to meet my aunt, from the pictures she sent me of her and my mom, they look just alike." He smiled.

They were waiting for his aunt, she was coming to meet them for lunch.

Destiny could tell it was tearing Archer up inside, the way he kept glancing toward the entrance.

His foot tapped beneath the table impatiently, and his thumb kept running rapid circles over her hand.

Archer's anxiety was through the roof and he didn't know how to calm himself.

Minutes later, a tall dark skin woman wearing large bamboo hoop earrings and a white sundress that swayed in the breeze stepped through the entrance.

Her hair was in thick black curls that framed her diamond-shaped face.

She walked in with a careful, nervous grace, holding her breath as she spotted Archer.

Archer stood up so quickly, the chair almost tipped over. They stared at each other. Destiny watched as something passed between them. Recognition, grief, and love that had been denied for too long.

"Archer." His aunt whispered as she stepped close.

"Auntie." Archer choked out.

They both moved at the same time, closing the space between them as Archer wrapped his arms around her.

He buried his face in her shoulder as she rocked him from side to side, she cradled the back of his head like a mother would.

They both cried together as Destiny's eyes blurred from watching them.

She smiled through her own tears because in that moment, Archer wasn't just a man with heavy secrets or a boy who had been stolen from his mother.

He had a piece of her right in front of him and felt complete. Archer turned toward Destiny and without being told, she rolled forward and joined them, already knowing that this was only the beginning. They were writing a new story now, together.

For so long, Destiny had believed her destiny was meant to be lonely. That the weight of her reality, her wheelchair, and the days when her legs refused to cooperate, the nights when her pain meds barely dulled the sharp ache in her joints, would keep love at arm's length from her.

She had accepted the idea that the world might not see her as a woman worthy of being chosen, of being loved and held fully by a man that accepted her for her. Archer had shattered that lie with every moment he stood beside her. With every way he looked at her, touched her, and loved her.

Now, she felt hope, it all made her want to cry, laugh, and smile at the same time. Because her life wasn't just with her parents anymore. Her life was now hers, and she was excited to build it piece by piece, moment by moment, with a man who had become her safe place.

She was going back to Blake University after break, ready to keep going, keep fighting for her future. She was going to go back pushing her wheelchair across campus with her head held high. Destiny now knew that love was real, and that she was loved.

"Baby." Archer's voice cut through her thoughts.

Destiny blinked, and looked up as Archer and his aunt took their seats.

"This is my Aunt Vanessa." Archer said as he placed his hand on Destiny's shoulder, needing to touch her like always.

"Auntie, this is Destiny." He stated proudly.

Vanessa's eyes took Destiny in as she reached out to shake her hand.

"Archer told me so much about you on the phone. You're so beautiful." Vanessa

smiled warmly at Destiny.

Destiny couldn't stop being emotional to save her life. Her bottom lip trembled as she smiled.

"Thank you, you are, too." She complimented her back.

Archer's hand squeezed her shoulder, and Destiny turned to look at him.

"I plan on marrying you, and when you graduate from Blake U—" his thumb brushed the tear that fell down her cheek.

"When you graduate and start your career, that I know you working so damn hard for...I'm going to build a family with you.

I'm happy that I have you, and your family.

I'm also grateful that I have family from my mom's side as well.

I haven't felt this good in a very long time.

" He couldn't stop smiling at Destiny after his heartfelt words.

"I can't believe this is my reality now...

we talk a lot about how we used to feel and what made us question ourselves...

now we know we have a bright future together.

I trust you, you trust me...whenever you make me mad, I'll just roll bounce on you...

hopefully, in a couple of years, I'll be able to walk and—" Destiny stopped when she

noticed Archer's face growing red.

She let silence pass between them for a couple seconds before she laughed and said that she was just playing. In front of his aunt, Archer leaned in and pressed his forehead to hers.

"I love you, crazy ass Des." He said between them.

"I love you, too." She kissed his lips.

The End!!!