



Bullied by the Boss

Author: *Sam Crescent*

Category: Billionaire Romance

Description:

Total Pages (Source): 66

Page 1

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Chapter One

Nora Covington stared at her boss, Rex Donovan, and tried not to run to the nearest bathroom to cry. She hated Rex, absolutely hated him, which was new for her. All of her life she had never hated anyone, and yet, she hated him. Really did hate him, not even a smidge of a “like” about the man.

From the moment he had walked into his office to see her at this desk, he’d glared at her, and demanded why she was sitting in his PA’s seat. He’d ordered her into his office where he then tried to fire her.

She was damn good at what she did, and had been working in this office for the past seven years. At eighteen she got the job organizing the company’s mail, and had moved up from there. One day when a lawyer’s PA was sick, she’d stood in for the role, and proved herself as being reliable. From that day forward she had been a PA for whoever needed her.

Up until last week she had been Frank’s PA, and he was one of the partners in this firm. She adored Frank and his wife, Lidia. They had both helped her to feel welcome, and given her so much love and support that she would do anything for them. There was no way she would ever leave. Lidia was the kind of woman you just loved. She was a beautiful soul inside and out. Nora had lost count of the number of times she had been invited to their home for the weekend. She had spent the entire weekend with Lidia, where she taught her everything she knew in the kitchen. Anyway, besides Lidia, Frank’s world was his job, his firm. Nora knew why he’d given her to Rex.

Rex had a very bad reputation when it came to screwing his PAs. She had seen the women he hired, and half of them didn't have a clue what they were doing. There had been many times that she had been at the copy machine, and been given several orders. Not only had she done Frank's work, she'd started to do Rex's work.

Of course, Frank, her boss, had been pissed about that. He didn't like her being stretched too thin, and when he found out what she had been doing along with her regular work, he'd taken action.

Frank had to deal with all of the crap that Rex had brought to the company. If it wasn't for him being such a damn good lawyer, she imagined they would have fired him long ago.

She should be offended about being employed because she was totally the opposite of who Rex screwed. He liked thin, sexy, women. There was nothing he liked about her. She was chubby. She had brown hair, brown eyes, and a brain. He liked women that were blonde, slender, and dumb. Nora didn't think that blondes were necessarily dumb, but the ones that Rex had hired did the blonde myth justice.

Anyway, Rex couldn't fire her.

Frank had told him he couldn't.

"What the fuck is this?" he asked, staring at the letter.

"This is what you asked me to type."

"You're fucking useless. I would never ask you to type this up."

Holding up a hand, Nora rushed back to her desk, and brought back the piece of paper that he had scrawled the letter. It was hard to make any sense of it, but she'd done

what she could.

He snatched the paper from her hand, and she locked her fingers together, trying not to feel intimidated by his large size.

She noticed his jaw clenched, and she bit her lip, hoping she wasn't about to get more abuse. Frank, considering his reputation as being a hard ass, was so much nicer to work for.

"I'll deal with this. You're dismissed."

Turning on her heel, she was at his door when he started talking.

"Don't think I don't know about you sending me to Alaric's on a wild goose chase, and that I've not clocked onto your false appointments either."

Nora glanced back at him.

Was he angry?

That had been a big mistake. She hadn't meant to do it. Rex thought she was petty enough to send him on a false appointment, and technically she had. The problem was, he'd demanded she write down all of his books, and she had spilt coffee on that book, and some pages had stuck together, so some of the ink had blended together. She had screwed up.

When she told Rex this, he'd told her to stop fucking lying, that it was all backed up on the computer. The same computer that his women had been on, and somehow managed to wipe the entire system, and may have installed a virus. So, she'd had to get a new computer, and of course that came at the time of the coffee accident, and everything just turned out a mess that week. Frank understood, which was why she

wasn't fired. Rex didn't believe her, so she decided to stop fighting him, and let him believe whatever the hell he wanted to believe. She was a damn good PA, and even though Rex was a total asshole loser, she wouldn't risk damaging her own reputation.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Of course, it didn't help that his emergency appointment had been very vocal in his anger toward Rex, and called him incompetent. Once Rex had told her the extent of her failing, she had arranged for gift baskets to be sent to all parties who had been affected by her clumsiness. She had paid for them out of her own paycheck as well. The company didn't deserve to take the expense for her failings.

Now, of course, she wished it had always been part of her plan.

It hadn't.

"You're not going to pretend that it wasn't intentional?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Why would I do that?" Nora wanted to cheer as she closed his door very gently. She had tried to tell him the truth so many times. He wouldn't listen then, and he wasn't about to start listening now. He believed what he wanted to, and it was exhausting trying to prove him wrong.

Walking toward her desk, she glanced through the remaining pieces of work she needed to do today, and headed toward the copy machine to do what Rex had asked of her.

Once inside, she took several books that had relevant case information. Printing them out, she sat at the little table, and highlighted the points that he needed.

"You're here again?" Lorna asked.

Nora smiled at the woman who was old enough to be her mother. Lorna had taken

over from her with Frank.

“Yeah, it’s nicer here. The view is prettier.” The view was crappy seeing as there was no window and the doors overlooked the rest of the office.

“Frank feels really badly by the way. I know he’s not happy losing you, even if he was the one to send you there. I believe Lidia misses you as well.”

“He’s got you. I miss them both as well.” Life had been pretty hectic just recently, and she hadn’t been able to see Lidia for a few weeks.

“Yeah, but we all know that I’m good. You’re outstanding.”

Nora’s cheeks heated, and she licked her lips. “You’re just being nice to me.”

“Am not. You’re amazing, and everyone here knows it. Several people were pissed that you got matched with Rex. He’s a damn good lawyer, and you’re a damn good PA, and everyone here doesn’t think he deserves you.”

Nora took a deep breath, and glanced back at the sheet of paper. “It’s ... hard. I wish I’d been placed with someone else.”

“Wow, you’re actually going to complain?” Lorna asked, taking a seat.

“No, of course not. I wouldn’t dream of complaining.”

Lorna held her hand up. “Relax, sweetie. I come in peace. It was sarcasm. Everyone knows you don’t complain at all. Rex is an asshole. I’ve heard the way he talks to you, and to be honest, I don’t like him either.”

“It’s fine.”

“Really? Your trips to the bathroom that last twenty minutes and result in you looking miserable with red, puffy eyes, and you’re fine?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. He’s just a guy, you know.”

“Look, words hurt more than anything else. Rex, he’s an asshole but just so you know, everyone here likes you. They put up with Rex because of his ability to win cases, and to bring in the good ones. Remember that.” Lorna patted her shoulder. “Frank would listen to you. If he knew the kind of abuse that Rex was throwing your way, he’d handle it.”

“Rex is a hard nut to crack. He’ll like me one day.” When hell froze over. “I’m not the kind of person to go tattling to the boss when I don’t like something. I was put with Rex for a reason.” She saw the pity in Lorna’s gaze. “I know it’s because I’m fat and ugly, Lorna.”

“No, honey. You’re not fat, and you’re not ugly. Don’t even go thinking that. You’re simply not Rex’s type.” Lorna hugged her tight. “Don’t let him get to you. You’re better than that.”

She watched as Lorna left, and released a breath. It wasn’t normal for Rex to get to her. He’d not even said anything horrible to her today. Biting her lip, she glanced out across the floor, and wondered if she should consider moving on. This wasn’t the life she had wanted, not that she had a clue what kind of life she actually did want. All she knew was the fact that every single day she was getting more and more unhappy. Life was hard now, and when life was hard, she struggled. How could she stay positive about everything when the guy she worked for was constantly pushing her?

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Marking off the rest of the points, she gathered the books, and placed them back into the reference selection before heading toward her desk. She finished her presentation, putting the pages into a plastic folder to protect it.

When that was done, she made her way toward his office. She paused as she noticed the door was closed. Usually if it was closed it didn't mean anything good.

This was her job though, so she lifted her hand, and knocked. Seconds passed, and she heard some scuffling before Rex opened the door. His shirt wasn't on properly, and she heard the feminine moan in the background.

"What the fuck do you want?" he asked.

"Here, this is what you asked for." She pressed the folder against his chest. "I'm done for the day."

With that, she turned on her heel, grabbed her bag, and headed straight out of the office without a backward glance. How could a guy who was a complete and total bastard be one of the best lawyers in the world?

She heard Frank talking once about how he seemed to turn to gold everything that he touched. Rex was an uncouth asshole, and after what she had just seen, she knew it was time for her to start looking for another job. Leaving the office, she was halfway down the street when her cell phone started to ring.

Pulling out her cell phone, she saw Frank was calling her.

“Hello, Frank, what’s up?”

“Why are you not at your desk, and why is Rex’s door locked?”

Nora didn’t want to cause any trouble. “I don’t know, sir. You’re going to have to ask Rex. I’m not feeling so well.”

“I spoke to Lorna, and she believes that Rex is getting to you.”

It wasn’t a question. She made a note not to talk to Lorna when she was feeling really shitty.

“It’s nothing, Frank. I’m not feeling well, and after I’d done most of my work, I was allowed to go. Send my love to Lidia. I’m going to hang up now. Talk soon.” She hung up the phone, and turned it off. It was time for her to find a new job.

Rex watched as the blonde, Naomi he believed her name was, sucked his dick as if it was a fucking lollipop. He loved the way she worked him to the back of her throat, and she swallowed him down. There was no gag reflex for her, and it made him wonder if he could literally fuck her mouth.

“That’s it, baby. Make it so good.” He pumped in and out of her mouth, watching as his dick went slick with her saliva. Some of it dribbled from her mouth, covering those sexy ass tits of hers.

He closed his eyes, and tensed up as a brown-eyed vixen with a smart mouth suddenly flashed in his mind. Forcing Nora out of his thoughts, he basked in the feel of this woman’s mouth.

Opening his eyes, he saw the file that Nora had given to him five minutes ago, and he gritted his teeth, and shook his head.

As he was about to grab the woman's head, he paused as someone started to bang on his office door.

"Rex, open the fucking door, and I mean now," Frank, his partner, and to a point, his boss, said.

Crap. Nora was the person to usually ward off visitors, or at least put a call through to warn him.

Pulling out of the woman's mouth, he tried to cover up his body as quickly as possible, knowing Frank wasn't going to be fooled by this. When Naomi had her body covered, and was reapplying her lipstick, he made his way toward the door, and opened it up. "Hey, Frank, what's up?" he asked.

Frank entered the office, and pointed at the woman. "Out."

"I'm a client."

"Yeah, and right now, your tits are hanging out. We don't need your business if it's about sex. Get out."

Frank was as blunt as they came.

Naomi scoffed, but like everyone else, left his office. Rex would have to send her something to make her feel better.

"To what do I owe the pleasure? I didn't know we had a meeting planned."

“Nora.”

“Yeah, what about her?”

“She’s not at her desk.”

Rex moved toward his desk, and took a seat. “Yeah, she had an appointment. Something about girls and important stuff.”

“Is that right?” Frank asked, folding his arms.

It was the same look that Frank gave when he was about to win a case.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! What does he know?

Rex nodded. "I believe so. I was busy." Okay, for the first time in his life, he may actually be blushing, but it was no big deal. Nothing to worry about.

"I've just been on the phone to her, and she says she's not feeling very well. You're both lying to me, and you're going to tell me the truth now, or I swear you will live to regret it." Frank sat down in the chair that Naomi had been sitting on minutes before.

Rex didn't see a point in arguing. "She got me this file, saw what I was doing, and left." He needed a bit of stress relief.

Frank shook his head. "You're a cocky bastard, and that is going to catch up to you one of these days. Do you have any idea how good Nora is?"

"I doubt she would have appreciated me using her like that." He wasn't the kind of man to dip into the same woman more than a handful of times. The only reason Naomi had become a regular was because of her mouth.

"Get your head out of the gutter, Rex. If you took the time to get to know people around here, you would see that Nora means a hell of a lot more to people than just a quick fuck. There are women for that, I grant you, but not Nora. I had to deal with multiple complaints because I put her with you. She's one of the best fucking people we've got, and I decided to hand her to you, much to everyone's disappointment."

"She bakes cookies."

“She’s the best damn PA this company has got. I don’t see a lot of them staying behind to help work on a case, to get the necessary research in, or even to take the time to know the clients. She does all of that, and yet you’re willing to throw her away because of what? Because you can’t stand the fact you can’t screw her?”

“I can pick my own PA. I don’t need you to pick them for me, and besides, she sends me off to places with the excuse that I have an appointment. Guess, what? I don’t, and I missed my real appointment!” Rex had never been so embarrassed in all of his life. His skills as a lawyer were impeccable, and for his client to berate him in front of witnesses for his lack of ethics had been the final straw for him. Larry Peterson was a well-respected businessman who was being sued by an employee for stealing her idea. Of course, Larry had all the backup needed to prove she was lying. Rex wanted the case, and he’d wanted to land Larry Peterson for the firm, but it had nearly been the end of his career. Fortunately, after he had been sent away for a couple of days, Larry called him up, apologized for the misunderstanding, and offered him the case.

Of course he had seen Nora around the office, and he’d even been nice to her, especially as everyone told him to go to her. When his PAs were struggling, he told them to seek her out, and she would help.

Running fingers through his hair, he slumped back in his chair.

“I believe Nora and that it was a genuine mistake. All of those years of working here, and that one mistake, which she rectified. Didn’t you know she had sent a gift basket, and dealt with the apologies in person?” Frank asked.

Rex had been aware of it, but it was what was expected of her mistake. “Yes.”

“If I was to fire everyone for their first mistake, you would have been gone years ago, Rex. You know it, I know it. You want to pick your PAs fine, but everyone is getting bored with the drama that you’ve brought to the office, more than once. Not to

mention that half the time, they go to Nora. Give her a chance, and stop pushing her because I fear one day, she's going to quit. One mistake in all the years she has been here. Remember that."

Frank got to his feet, and Rex watched him leave the office.

Great, just great.

Now, he felt fucking guilty, and he didn't like it.

Sitting back in his chair, he spun around to look out over the city as he had done many times before. He liked Nora, when she was with someone else. He really did enjoy having a quick fuck in the office.

Picking up his phone, he dialed Alaric Patterson, his best friend.

"Hello," Alaric said.

"I've just had my ass handed to me."

"It's about time."

Rex rolled his eyes. "I don't know why I've even called you."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“Because you think I’m awesome. I thought Nora was supposed to be the bomb over there, and you’re complaining about having a really good worker.”

“I know, I know. I’m losing my fucking mind, and it’s not good. Look, I’ve got to go.”

“This has been a really messed up chat, Rex. You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” He had blue balls, and right now he didn’t have a fucking clue what he was doing and it pissed him off. “Drinks later?”

“Not later. I’ve got a date with Bella.”

“You’re still going to go through with that?”

“You’ve got it. I told you, I know what I’m doing.”

“And I don’t?” Rex asked. His best friend was making a big mistake. He was going to make Bella Reed, the daughter of his enemy, fall in love with him, and then he was going to break her heart. It was a hard-assed plan, and he didn’t know how his friend could go through with it.

How are you any better?

You’re mean to the woman that was forced to work with you.

“I’ve got to go,” he said, cutting off Alaric’s speech as to why he should continue to

do what he did.

Pulling up Nora's contact details, he dialed her number, and waited.

"Hello," she said, and he could tell that she was out walking the streets.

"You left," he said.

"I know, and don't worry, when Frank called me I just told him I was ill so no worries. Did he leave you alone?" she asked.

"No, he didn't. Will you come back in?" he asked.

There was a pause. "I can't right now, I've got an ... appointment. Everything you needed me to do is in that file I handed you. I've got to go, sorry, Rex, bye."

For the first time in his life, he was hung up on. He stared at the phone, and gritted his teeth.

Fuck!

Today was not his fucking day. Flicking through the file, he noticed certain points were highlighted with a yellow pen. There were a few notes, and he frowned, recalling the same kind of file in the past. He'd always found it a really good attention to detail, and he didn't have a clue as to why it had started to annoy him.

He didn't like being treated like a child, and being forced to take on a woman he didn't ask for, had pissed him off.

Getting to his feet, he made his way toward the reference section where he saw Carl, one of the lawyers who had a bit of bad luck losing several cases that dealt with

business law.

“Hey, Carl,” he said, slapping him on the back.

“Hey.” Carl pushed his glasses up his nose.

“How have you been?” He was trying to make conversation.

“Good. You?”

“Nora has been driving me crazy,” Rex said, being honest.

“If you want to pass her off to someone else, I’d take her in a heartbeat. I could use the good luck. It’s what we think of her, you know?”

“What?” Rex asked, completely confused.

“She’s our good luck charm. Every person who has her as a PA, they’re guaranteed to win.” The envious look on Carl’s face was not hard to miss.

“Well, I won’t be getting rid of her any time soon.” He slapped his back, and left the room.

Chapter Two

Calling in sick wasn’t normal for her, and Nora hated it. She hated the lies, and pretending that she had a cough when she really didn’t was draining on her. After four interviews, she was more than exhausted, but what was even more crazy, each company had phoned her back within an hour of her interview, and they wanted her to work for them.

The temptation was so strong, and she didn't know why she wasn't jumping up and down with joy at the prospect of moving on, and moving away from the likes of Rex.

She was tired, and wanted a change of pace. Never had she envisioned her life being inside a law office, highlighting important texts, typing up letters, faxing, and dealing with clients. The job was wonderful, and she did enjoy it. The problem was her. She didn't want to do it anymore.

“Stupid. A first grader could do this.”

“Did you shop in a thrift store? We have an image to project.”

“There's no chance of you having a date, right? I can count on you.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“Seriously, Nora, get a life. No one wants to eat the shit you’ve baked. You’re better off going to the bakery.”

All of those comments had been said to her in the past six months of working for Rex. She remembered how he handed her a bunch of notes and told her to go to the bakery. Instead of going to the bakery, she had put his money in a charity box, and given him a wrapped pastry that she made. He didn’t criticize and asked for her to stop by whatever bakery she went to every day.

She probably shouldn’t have done what she did, but she loved cooking, and besides, it was no hardship changing up his pretend order. She had felt guilty about it all day long, but he had loved her baking. He simply thought it was someone else’s. He thought the worst of her about everything else.

Sending him to the wrong appointments had been a screw-up. Even though he was a horrible person, she loved being the best at her job. It had taken her days to get a new computer, set everything up, and then calling all his clients to reset all of his appointments. He’d gone to a couple of wrong timed appointments, and he thought she did it on purpose!

Going to Frank, she had expected to be fired. When she explained what had happened, he had said that he wasn’t going to fire her. She had done whatever she could to get Rex to the places he needed to be on time.

Blasted notebooks.

Blasted computers.

They were a waste of time.

The following Monday, with her stomach turning, she made her way toward her desk, feeling even sicker. So far she hadn't encountered anyone, and she was happy about that. Her hands were clammy from lying. Firing up her computer, she glanced through the mail that had been left in her tray.

"Are you okay?" Lorna asked, making Nora gasp.

She spun around, and pressed a hand to her heart. "You startled me."

"Sorry, sweetie. We were all worried about you."

Her cheeks were heating. She could feel them start to bloom, and it drove her crazy. "It's nothing." Please leave. I don't like lying. How was she going to face Rex? She couldn't lie to him.

She had never been very good at it.

Lorna stared at her, and folded her arms. "Why do you look guilty?"

"No reason."

Damn! She was her own worst enemy. Lorna raised a brow, and she blew out a breath.

"Fine, fine, I may have done something that I'm not sure about."

"What?"

She looked left and right to make sure no one was around. "I may have, erm, sent out

a few applications.”

“Applications?”

“For work. I’m thinking of having a change of pace.”

“Really. You can’t do that. Is this about Rex? I can tell Frank and he’ll move you on.”

She held her hand out. “It’s nothing to do with Rex.” Liar. “I want to move on, you know? I didn’t expect to be here, and I’m twenty-six in a few months, and this is not what I wanted. Not that I’m not ungrateful.”

“Where are you going to go?” Lorna asked.

“I don’t know. I’ll figure it out, I’m sure I will. I won’t give up. You know me. I have to do my own thing.” She nodded, hoping that she could convince herself as much as she could Lorna.

“Excellent, Nora, you’re here, finally. I need you in my office,” Rex said, coming out of his, surprising her.

She hoped to hell that he hadn’t heard her. He’d probably phone the companies she had gone to, and give her a bad reference.

“We’ll do lunch,” Lorna said.

“Sure. I’ll see you there.”

Putting her bag by her chair, she grabbed her notebook, and rushed into his office. He was stood by his desk, and he looked deep in thought. “I trust that you are much

better now.”

“Much better?”

“You were ill?”

“Oh, yes, I’m much, much better.” She smiled and once again her cheeks were going red, and she hated it. “Let’s get down to work.”

She noticed a change in Rex’s behavior. It was so subtle. There were no jibes about her prime clothing, or about her hair, or even about the fact that she’d taken a few days off. She made notes about some of his clients, and references to other cases. Rex also handed her a folder that had all the necessary updates for her to get up to speed.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Flicking through the file, she saw that he'd been given Carl's latest clients.

"How come you have Carl's case?" she asked.

"Richmond is a friend of Frank's, and his current wife is trying to take him to the cleaners. Carl's having a string of bad luck, and Richmond doesn't want to lose any more of his fortune. His first ex-wife has a chunk of it. This is his third, and if Carl's not careful, it could see most of the fortune go," Rex said.

"How?"

"Richmond has a problem with keeping it in his pants. Whenever a new wife comes along, he makes a pre-nup to say how he's going to remain faithful, blah blah. He cheats, and then has to try and get out of the contract. So far, it has left a huge dent in his finances. It's our job to keep that from happening."

"Or he should keep it in his pants." She shrugged.

He smiled. "We've told him that, but the moment a pretty girl walks past, you know the drill."

She didn't but nodded because she had seen it more than one time. "I'll look through this stuff."

"If you can find anything on the wife as well, that would be great."

"Will do." She stood ready to leave.

“Wait,” he said, holding his hand up in front of her.

She wrapped her arms around the folder, keeping it close to her chest, and forced herself to look at Rex, waiting for whatever he was about to say. “What is it?” she asked.

“About last week, and about everything else. I’ve been a complete asshole to you.”

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not, and I’m sorry. I want you to know that, and I won’t continue to be an asshole.”

She nodded, not really believing him. This man turned lying into a fine art form. “Is that everything?”

He paused, and she tensed up as he kept on staring at her. “Yeah, I want to ask you a question, and I want you to be honest with me.”

“Okay.”

“Did you want to work for me?”

Nora stared at her boss, and she saw he was being serious. Rex never joked about anything, especially not with her.

“No, I didn’t. I was happy where I was. I just got put with you after the last woman threatened to sue you, and for quite a steep price. She had evidence as well. Really explicit evidence. Before I knew what had happened, I came into work, and Frank told me I was now your PA, and I had to keep you in line.” She licked her dry lips. “I’ve not been comfortable in this position for a long time.” She stood up, and took a

deep breath. There was no point in lying. She went to move past him, but Rex reached out and caught her arm. “What’s the matter?” she asked.

Rex looked at where he was touching her, and then up at her face. She didn’t know what he saw, but he pulled away. “I’m sorry. I just, thank you for coming in today.”

“It’s fine.” She wanted to get her work done so that she could think about her future. Rex always made her nervous. He didn’t release her for several seconds, and he even started to stroke her flesh with his thumb. “I’ve got to go.”

“Right, right.”

He let her go, and Nora was more than happy to rush back to her space.

Should she leave or should she stay? Frank was amazing. He was like a father to her, and she didn’t want to let him down. He didn’t have to hire her, and yet he had done so. Dropping her head into her hands, she sighed. She had to get to work now and think about everything else when she finally got home.

Rex stood in his doorway, watching as Nora dropped her head into her hands looking so tired. He had never seen her like that before, vulnerable. Every time he was angry, or he had said something awful, she took it, and never fought back, not once. He had to wonder if she even listened to him. Now he knew without a doubt that she did.

Stepping away from the door, he made his way toward his desk, and took a seat. This was the first time he had ever felt guilt. He had thought Nora wanted to work with him. Most women did, but finding out that she felt stuck with him, it was kind of a surprise. Frank had just given him a good assistant who he thought wouldn’t come back to complain about sexual harassment.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Turning to his computer, he fired up the employment records. He was really nice to Arleen in the PR, and she had given him the password. Whenever the password changed, she would come and alert him. He just loved being on the top of his game, and the only way to do that, was to know everything.

Bringing up Nora's work record, he began to read. There was nothing special about this at all. He had to wonder what the deal was about her. She didn't study at law school, and yet she was the most adept assistant to ever grace the office. Frank adored her as did Lidia, Frank's wife. None of his other assistants could handle the workload, and often went to her.

She was well known for baking anything, from cookies to cake, and had even done several people in the office a birthday cake. She was just nice. He didn't do nice. No one was nice unless they were getting something.

Frank wasn't screwing her. Rex would have known. No one was screwing her, and she was just nice.

Closing her file, he said another thank you to Arleen. Leaning back in his chair, he pressed his hands together, and tried to think about the woman sat at his desk. In all the months that she had been there, he'd never once thought about what she wanted, only what he wanted.

The assistants he had hired had never been qualified to be his assistant. They were dumb, but had made it clear they would make his life easier any way he needed. He liked to fuck, and while they came to him, he didn't have any work to do, not at all. Why should he? Most of them get down on their knees, grabbed his cock, and were

more than ready to go.

Running a hand down his face, he tried to clear the fog latching onto his brain, and instead focus on the file right in front of him. Frank needed him to win this divorce, or at least Frank's friend needed him to. Another woman bleeding a man dry. This was why he didn't marry any of the women he'd had the pleasure of fucking.

The blinds in his office were pulled up, and he watched as Nora walked across the room. She smiled at several people, and they did the same back to her. He'd never known anyone to be as welcomed in the office as she was. Even with her constant need for baking. He would never forget the number of times he'd seen several boxes of cupcakes waiting to be taken.

There were times he would get sick of listening to people moan as they ate them. It was just a damn cupcake. What she produced couldn't be the same as what professional bakers did. He preferred it when she made a special trip to his favorite bakery to get his sweet treat. Just recalling the pastry or the cupcake that she got for him made his mouth water. So chocolatey and delicious.

She moved toward the filing cabinets. For the case that she was helping him with, many of the old court documents were secured in filing cabinets for assistants like her to go and cross-reference. It helped the case when you can bring another reference or at least brush up on old cases that went in favor of the guy he was defending.

He couldn't take his eyes away from her. She was always so focused. He watched as one leg crossed behind her, drawing attention to her knee length skirt. So conservative compared to many of the women he hired. Most of them had their shirts unbuttoned to their cleavage, and wanted nothing more than attention. Watching Nora, she didn't draw attention to her, and in doing so, it seemed to draw the eye anyway.

The first day he had seen her at the office, he had watched her for several minutes. He had an old case file in his hands, and she had been delivering mail. He couldn't remember exactly what she did, but it wasn't all that important. Never had a woman made him stop. Her hair had been pulled back with some in a band, and some falling around her shoulders. She had looked plain, and yet she hadn't.

Her smile was what drew the eye as much as anything else. There was no way anyone could hide that twinkle, or the way she seemed to care about everyone even if people didn't give a shit about her.

That foot that was crossed around the back of her leg started to tap on the floor. She did that a lot when she was thinking. A tilt to the side, and then she dropped something. Without delay, she bent forward, and Rex had to grip the wall as he admired her rounded ass. It was plump, and damn if it didn't beg for him to touch. His cock started to thicken, and for a second all he wanted to do was drag her back into his office, bend her over the table, and fuck her so damn hard.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

No!

She was Nora fucking Covington.

She wasn't a woman he liked to fuck.

She was chubby, and he had to put up with her.

There was no way in hell he would ever want a soft, curvy woman, whose smile reminded him of an angel.

Anger consumed him as he watched Carl move toward her. The smile seemed to be a little brighter, and she closed the file in her hand, her body turning toward him. No, there was no way in hell that she was more interested in Carl. He wouldn't have that.

Moving toward the door, he barked out an order. "Nora, I don't pay you to gossip. I need that file, and I need it now. Move it along."

Carl turned toward him, eyebrow raised. Rex didn't give a shit. Nora was his, and there was no way someone else was going to sweet talk her away.

Going to his desk, he quickly brought up a copy of Richmond's prenup and waited.

Seconds passed, and she came into his office.

"I want a coffee as well," he said as she placed the file she'd been reading onto his desk.

She didn't say anything, simply leaving his office to go to the coffee room. Again, she reappeared, and placed the coffee down on his desk.

When she made a move toward the door, he couldn't stop a growl.

"Did I say you could leave?" he asked.

Nora paused, and he watched as she took her time to turn toward him. "What would you like me to do?" Her hands were clasped together at the front of her body, and today it only seemed to draw his eye to her tits. They were pressed together, and he wanted her naked so bad. He wanted her open and ready to take his cock.

His dick began to harden as he watched her.

"I don't pay you to stand around and chat."

"You don't pay me at all. The office does, and I was still doing my work." She pointed at the file on his desk. "This has a similar case to Richmond's. Same prenup deal and such."

"Carl is a loser. Don't even for a second think you can win him over. It's not really winning."

She laughed. "Seriously, you think every man and woman who talk want to have something more than a chat?"

She didn't see the way that Carl was looking at her.

"Don't fuck any of my colleagues on my time. It looks bad on me."

"Yeah, because you're all about your image."

He paused. Never had she talked back to him. She took everything he said, and never fought back.

Staring at her, he waited for whatever smart ass comment was about to come out of her mouth. Instead, she stared at him.

“Don’t push me, Nora. You won’t like it.”

She rolled her eyes. “Is that all?”

He nodded when he had nothing to add. Fuck! Watching her walk away did not help his rock-hard cock. He’d never felt this way before, and certainly not for his much younger PA.

Chapter Three

Nora nibbled her lip as she looked down at her email. She had been asked to go to an interview tomorrow at lunch for a rival firm. Fear and excitement gripped her. This was really happening. She was going to go out on her own, and she was going to move on from this job. There was no way she wanted to stay working for Rex. He was a horrible man, a terrible boss, and she knew she could be happier somewhere else. She knew without a doubt that Frank was going to be so upset with her.

The last thing she wanted to do was appear ungrateful for the chance that he had given her. What she found even harder was the thought of letting him down. This had been her home for so long. Well, not really her home but it had given her a sense of purpose.

And Rex had shot that out of the window every single chance he got. He doesn’t want you there.

“What’s that you’re looking at?” Rex asked, startling her.

She dropped her cell phone, and let out a gasp. “You scared me.” Reaching down to the floor, she grabbed her phone and immediately shut it off. “Sorry, I was just checking emails.”

“Don’t you have a computer for that?” he asked, sitting on her desk. Nora stared at his ass perched on her desk, and wondered not for the first time today, what the hell he was doing.

“Erm, sorry, they were personal emails. I know you don’t like me answering my private emails, but I didn’t take any break today so I didn’t think you would mind.” And now she was rambling.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Wow, her mind was all over the place, and she felt a little guilty. Arranging interviews for a new job behind his back felt a little wrong, but then, he was the asshole boss, and she was just looking for a break. A nice break, with a nice boss who wouldn't treat her like shit.

"Don't worry about it. I just wondered how you were getting on?"

She paused with her fingers over the keyboard, and glanced his way. "Excuse me?"

He frowned. "What's wrong?"

"I was about to ask you that question. What is wrong? Have I done something wrong?" She started to get tense. Maybe he knew that she had been looking for jobs elsewhere.

Rex held his hands up. "The work you got me, it was good. It will help a lot."

"Oh ... okay ... I'm glad." She stared at her screen, and again he still lingered. In all the time she had been his PA never had he perched on her desk, nor had he asked how she was getting on. Something didn't feel right. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure. Fire away."

"Erm, if I was to decide to leave, would you give me a good reference?"

She watched him tense.

“Why do you ask?”

“It’s just a general question. Nothing about it at all.” Her hands were starting to sweat, and she felt nervous, so damn nervous. Licking her dry lips, she chanced a look at him. He didn’t believe her about the missed appointments that were a mistake. With him not believing the truth, she knew it wasn’t exactly good on a reference. No one would hire her if they thought she was incompetent, or worse, that she did it on purpose.

Why didn’t you make him believe you?

She had tried, but he just wouldn’t listen, thinking the worst of her.

“I hope you’re not thinking of leaving, and if someone here is making your life a misery then I expect you to come to me, and I will sort it.” He stood up, and she watched as he smoothed out the creases on his jacket. “I’m going to a friend’s. Alaric Patterson. You know him.”

Yes, she did. She told him there was an urgent appointment with Alaric, and had sent him halfway across town. There had been an emergency appointment. Only it wasn’t with Alaric Patterson. It had been with Larry Peterson. The two names had blended together, and she couldn’t get hold of either man to confirm which was when. She was so embarrassed by that mishap. Rex had been horrible to her, calling her all kinds of names that she really didn’t want to start repeating.

When she got home, she had sobbed herself to sleep. Never had she had a day go so wrong. After that, she had stayed over, and worked through all of her lunch breaks to make sure it didn’t happen again, and it hadn’t. He didn’t seem to care about that though. No, he was more than happy dwelling on her mistake.

“Is there anything you need?” she asked.

“No. You can leave when you’ve done your work.”

She watched him disappear on the elevator, and without waiting for another miracle to happen, she got finished with her work around four-thirty. No longer wanting to wait, she decided to head up to Frank’s office. She saw Lorna on the main desk outside, and she ushered her inside without a word.

Entering Frank’s office, she saw that he was sitting at his desk, reading through another file. Frank was very old school. He didn’t like using computers, and preferred everything to be well documented. She had loved going through his stacks of previous cases. He kept everything meticulously organized. Frank’s obsession was the law.

“Hello, Nora, lovely to see you’re well again.”

“Hey, Frank.” She took a seat opposite him, and waited for him to finish what he was reading.

While she waited, the guilt started to build once again inside her until it began to overwhelm her. Biting her lip, she stared at the man who had given her a chance, and she just couldn’t take it anymore.

“I’ve got several interviews with companies over the next couple of weeks. One is a rival firm, and they want me to go in tomorrow.” She tensed in the chair waiting for him to say something. Frank looked up.

Nothing changed.

His face remained the same, contemplative. He removed his glasses, and sighed. “It’s Rex, isn’t it?”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“It’s ... many things, sir. I, erm, I think it’s time I moved on. You know, we did say this was only going to be a trial run, and it’s not working. It’s really not working for me, and Rex is a great lawyer.”

“But he’s a lousy guy, and a shit boss,” Frank said, sighing.

She was tired of going home at night and before sleeping, crying. It wasn’t how life was supposed to be. “I love this company, Frank, really I do. I loved working for you, and I love the law, but I’ve got to move on, and I don’t want you to think that I’m ungrateful. I’m not. I really am.”

“If you were still working for me, would you have considered leaving?”

Nora paused and stared at him. Tears filled her eyes as she felt a wave of disappointment wash over her. “I don’t feel comfortable here.”

“I’ve got my answer, honey. This is something that you really need to do?” he asked.

She nodded. “Yeah, it is.”

“Then you’ve got to do it. I’m not going to hold you back. Please know that I will do anything to keep you here. All I ask is that on your interview, you keep our practice strictly confidential.”

“I wouldn’t tell them anything, sir. I promise.”

“I know you won’t.” He sighed again, and stood. “I hope you don’t leave, I really do.

Take the interview tomorrow. I can see it's what you really want to do, and then we'll talk afterward okay?"

"That would be great. Thank you."

He moved from behind his desk, and walked toward her. Within seconds he had embraced her in a hug. "I hope you don't think this is inappropriate. Lidia wants to know when you're coming for dinner." Lidia and Frank hadn't been able to have kids, and his work had taken all of his spare time. She knew the two considered her more of a daughter than a friend. They were wonderful people, and she loved them both.

She chuckled. "It's fine. You're the one that found me and gave me this chance. I don't know if I'll ever leave unless you fire me, but it's just something I need to do."

"I know. Right, what are you doing now?" he asked.

"I'm heading home. Rex said I could finish my work, and head out, so I'm going to do that."

"Come in tomorrow. Don't mention anything to Rex. I'll deal with him. Wear your hair down, and stay calm. You know everything that you need to know about everything. You're a hard worker, and what you don't know, you can learn on the job."

"I will do. Erm, there's a problem. If I do decide to go, Rex wasn't exactly forthcoming on if he'd give me a good reference. You know, he thinks I sent him to the wrong places on purpose, which I didn't."

Frank held his hand up, silencing her.

“Honey, you’ll get a fantastic one off me. You’ve put up with Rex, and for that, you’ve earned your right to a damn good one. Besides, you showed me what had gone wrong while having a complete meltdown, remember? Not only that, you went to Larry Peterson in person, and pleaded Rex’s case, and gave him every possible reason why he should take Rex as the lead for his case. You made a mistake, but you fixed it.”

“Thank you, Frank. I really mean it. You’ve been amazing.” She hugged him back. Her feelings for Frank were that of a mentor, and in the back of her mind, kind of like a grandfather. She would love to have had him as her grandfather. He was wise beyond his years, kind, and yet lethal when he needed to be.

She pulled away and left his office. Her heart was aching as this was really her home for so long. The people here, they appreciated her, even if her own direct boss didn’t.

On the way out of the building, Carl cornered her and asked for her assistance. He had been having such a hard streak lately that she refused to ignore his cry for help. Leaving early was not an option, especially when she could support someone. Entering his office, she sat down, and began to work with him.

Rex finished his phone call, and looked at the sandwich on his desk. Nora had placed it there five minutes ago, and he had asked her to join him. What the fuck was up with that? What made it even more worse, she had told him she had other plans. Plans that didn’t include staying in the office, and now he was pissed. He was making himself look like a fucking idiot, and once again, he didn’t know why. Nora was not the most beautiful girl in the world.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Last night you couldn't stop thinking about her, and you went home beating off in your own hand thinking about all the dirty things you want to do to her.

The sandwich was his usual, spicy chicken with cream cheese on a bed of lettuce. He had always loved this sandwich, and the only other one he loved was peanut butter, one of his childish loves that he has never gotten over.

There was a knock on the door, and he looked up to see Frank standing there.

"Hi," he said. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah, of course. Have a seat. I'd get Nora to get you a coffee, but she's not here. She's gone out to lunch." I don't know where, or who with, and it pisses me off. She's supposed to be single.

Rex didn't like his sudden need to know everything about her.

"I know where Nora is. The question is, do you?" Frank closed the door, and took a seat opposite him.

"She said she had a lunch date that she couldn't cancel."

"Has she asked you about a reference lately?"

Rex tensed up recalling her question yesterday. "Yes, and I told her she didn't need to worry. She loves working here."

“Actually, she loved working here. Past tense. I had a very interesting conversation with sweet little Nora yesterday. I can tell you for a fact that she is currently sitting down at an interview with a rival firm. Now if it was anyone else, I would be worried, but I know Nora is as loyal as she is hardworking. She would never spill anything about us, and I trust her. Also, I told her that she would never need to worry about a reference, but I want to know from you why one of our fucking team wants to leave when she was so happy.”

Rex was in shock. He had reached out to her yesterday, and he'd not said anything bad. “How can you offer her a reference? She sent me to the wrong places on purpose!”

“If you got your head out of your ass, and stop believing the worst in people, she made a mistake, and like I said before, she made sure that nothing came of her mistake. You landed Peterson. Now answer me. Why does she want to leave when she was happy?”

Rex recalled Nora's attempt to excuse her behavior. She had held up that damn notebook diary he had made her use. Not to mention the fact there was a new computer delivered to her, and everyone had told him that she had called to double check all other appointments. He hadn't wanted to hear any of it. Still, he could have been wrong. Maybe. He didn't know. “I don't know what the problem is. I really don't. She was fine yesterday.”

“One day of being nice to her against all of those others, and you think for a second that she wouldn't want to leave? You've been treating her like shit, punishing her when you're really pissed at me.”

Rex didn't say anything. When Frank was on a roll, everyone tended to shut the hell up, and listen to what he had to say. Rex had seen him in court, and once he got going, it really wasn't pretty.

“You wanted to continue to fuck around with stupid women who were no better than whores. They were here to fuck, not to work. Now Nora, she’s not the kind of woman you’re used to, huh?” Frank didn’t even raise his voice as he spoke. “Nora is the kind of woman that you’re loyal to. She’s the kind of woman that you feel guilty if you ever fuck another woman when she is yours.”

Rex had already figured that out. Nora was the kind of woman you settled down with. She was the woman that you thought about a future, kids, and everything in between. To Rex, she had always represented a life that he had turned his back on, settling instead for meaningless fucks.

“She’s leaving?” he asked. He didn’t like the spark of pain that shot through him.

“I don’t know. I guess that is entirely up to you, isn’t it?” Frank stood. “You know, I’ve always liked you. You’re a mean little shit, and you’ve made me a lot of money. I never thought I would be sorry to see Nora go either. My biggest mistake was handing her over to you.”

Rex watched as Frank left his office.

Placing his hands on the desk, he didn’t know what to do or what to think. Nothing made any sense anymore, and yet it made perfect sense. Of course Nora would leave. He had been the meanest bastard in the world.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Something had to be done. He didn't want her to leave, not now, not ever.

I don't want her to go.

I like looking at her.

Crap. Rubbing his eyes, he focused on the task at hand. He finished his sandwich, and tried not to watch the clock. It was next to impossible to though. He kept waiting for Nora to come in, and he didn't know what he was going to do or say.

Finally, a little after one, she entered the office and fired up her computer. Gritting his teeth, he wondered what he would say or do.

She didn't enter his office, and Rex wasn't interested in talking to her right then. Time passed, and she went back to her desk, and then wandered around toward the research section.

Several colleagues passed, and he waited, wondering when she would finally enter his office. She did nothing, and he chanced a glance at her desk, to find a small lamp that she was reading from. Only when Frank left did she seem to realize the time.

Rex stayed at his desk, waiting. He couldn't hear what Frank was saying, and he wasn't interested. Finally, they were all alone on the floor, and seconds later, Nora came in.

"Hey, I didn't realize the time. I'm going to head out," she said.

“Why didn’t you tell me you had an interview today?” He closed the file on the Richmond case, and looked up at her. Her hair was down, cascading all around, tempting him. The moment she had entered the office that morning, he had noticed her hair. Never had she worn it down. Looking at her now, he saw that she was dressed to impress. The skirt she wore molded to every single curve that she possessed, the white blouse highlighting her full tits and slender neck.

“You know. Frank told you.”

He got up from behind his desk. “Yeah, but I want to know why you told Frank, and you didn’t tell me.”

She licked her lips. “You wouldn’t even answer my question, and you would have probably made it next to impossible for me to go to an interview.”

“You want to leave?”

There was a pause, a slight hesitation.

“Yes.”

“You’re lying.” He stepped closer to her.

“I don’t want to work for you anymore, and I don’t want to work in this office.”

“What have I done that is so damn terrible?”

“What have you done? You don’t even see what an asshole you are?”

“Oh, so now I’m the asshole because I expect a level of respect—”

“Respect! You treat me like a damn dog, and you have no respect for anyone but yourself. You’re the worst person I have ever worked for.”

Raising his voice, he closed that final distance. “You know what, fine, go elsewhere. I’m sorry I wasn’t the kind of boss to kiss your fucking ass.”

“I don’t need you to kiss my ass! You could have just been nice to me without all that crap. You’re mean. You’re a bully, and I want out.” She was yelling just like him.

“Is that what you want? You want me to tell you how wonderful you are, how nice you are.”

“No, I don’t want you to tell me anything because you know what, I’m not sticking around. You’re a horrible human being, and I’m glad that I know what it’s like to work for a scumbag. I’ve finally seen one.”

It was just too much. Rex didn’t know what happened next. One moment they were yelling, and the next moment he had her pressed up against his bookcase. Her hands locked above her head as he slammed his lips down on hers. She was so soft, so curvy, and he pressed his body against hers, needing her softness.

Claiming her lips, he plunged his tongue into her mouth, and she whimpered. She didn’t push him away, nor did she fight him. Her fingers locked around his, and held him close. The kiss was unlike anything he had ever felt before in his life. She didn’t attack him, or try to make it sloppy. She took his tongue, meeting him, and sliding against him.

His heart was pumping rapidly, and his cock grew hard, harder than it ever had before.

Finally, he pulled away, and they were both panting.

She licked her lips, and stared into his eyes. From the look in her eyes, she was as shocked as he was about what had happened. His lips fucking tingled from the touch of hers, and he wanted to taste her again.

Chapter Four

“I knew you’d taste good,” Rex said.

Nora didn’t know what the hell was happening. Her hands were trapped either side of her head, and she wasn’t fighting his hold. Her pussy was slick, and for the first time in her life, she wanted him, and yet she couldn’t stand him. “You’re a bully.”

“Then tell me to stop, Nora. Tell me to fuck off, and slap a sexual harassment suit on my ass. I wouldn’t fight it.” He pressed his cock against her stomach making her moan. “You know I want you, and if your pussy isn’t wet, then go ahead. If it is however soaking and wanting my dick, then don’t fight me. You know we both want it.”

Before she could speak, he took her lips once again, and the fluttering inside her got even worse. There had never been this spark.

“But ... I ... hate you ...” She stopped on a long moan as he sucked on her neck.

“Hate, love, lust, it’s all the same thing.” He kissed down her neck, and he released her hands. She didn’t move as he began to unbutton her shirt.

Glancing over at his office, she thought about the women she had walked in on, and everything crashed over her. This man was an asshole. He was a bully, and she was leaving the company because of him, and yet he was seconds away from having one of her tits in his mouth.

With a force that surprised her, she broke away from him.

“What the fuck!”

With shaking hands that had nothing to do with fear and everything to do with arousal, she rebuttoned her shirt, and turned back toward him.

“You don’t want this?” he asked.

“It’s not about what I want. This is not happening. I’m not some easy target for you to fuck.”

“So you do want this. I bet your pussy is dripping for me. When was the last time you had a good hard fucking?”

She stared at him, and glared. “You’re vulgar, and you’re cruel, and this is never happening. No matter what.” She moved toward the door, and he was suddenly there, his arm around her waist, stopping her.

He placed a hand flat on her stomach, and she couldn’t move, nor did she want to. “Tell me, Nora. Tell me you don’t want to be fucked by your boss.”

“I don’t.” Even to her own ears she sounded fake. Damn it. “I hate you.”

“Yeah, well there’s a fine line between those two emotions.”

“I want to leave, Rex. I don’t want to work for you.”

“What does Frank say?”

“He’s willing to give me a reference if I want to go.” She didn’t want to go. Apart

from Rex, she really did like it here, and she was so upset that it had gotten this bad. Never had she been pushed away because of bullies.

Rex stared at her, and he was panting. This was the first time they had ever had cross words. Her heart was pounding. What she didn't like was how aroused she was. This wasn't something she was used to not at all.

“What will it take to make you stay?” he said.

“What?”

“I don't want you to go.”

She frowned. “You've done everything you can to make me leave.” She paused as he kissed her neck.

“I know, and now I don't want you to go. What will it take to get you to stay?”

He was fogging her brain. “I've got to go.”

The hand on her stomach moved to grip her hip. “Just tell me what you want. I'll give it to you.”

There was nothing, and she didn't know what he could do. She didn't want anything from him, or from the company.

Pulling out of his hold, she turned toward him. “Nothing.” She stepped back, and when she was at a safe distance, she grabbed her bag and coat.

“I didn't want you to be my PA,” he said.

She snorted. Her lips still tingled from their kiss. “I know.”

“I’m not used to women like you.”

“What woman is that? The kind that don’t get naked for you.” With her coat fastened, she turned toward him, waiting.

“Someone who cares. You care about your job and about what you do. You take pride in it.”

“What are you trying to do?” she asked. “I don’t get it. All the time I’ve been here you’ve treated me like shit, and all of a sudden it’s like you do actually care.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“I do care.” He stopped, running a hand through his hair. “I’m not used to this, okay? I’m used to getting what I want without fucking trying.”

“Then you’ve grown sloppy. There is no price on keeping me, Rex. I just ... I can’t work here, and especially not now.”

“Why not?”

“That kiss—”

He took a step toward her, silencing her. She stepped back, needing to put some distance between them.

Nora didn’t like what her body was doing to her.

“You feel it, too, don’t you?”

He kept moving forward, and she kept moving backward trying to put as much distance between them as possible. It didn’t work though. He trapped her against the wall once again. “This isn’t over, and you’re a fool to think it would be.” His hand moved beside her head. “Your nipples are rock hard, Nora. I bet your pussy is wet. I will have you, and you won’t be going anywhere. I’ll make damn sure of it.”

With that, he pulled away, and she didn’t stick around.

She walked to the elevator, proud of herself that she didn’t run from him.

Staring at her reflection, she saw that her lips were swollen from his kisses. Reaching up, she touched her lips, and shook her head. No, she wasn't going to go there, not now, not ever.

It was time for her to move on.

Now more than ever. There was no way that her boss was going to get to her that way.

She hated Rex.

Opposites attract.

No, there was opposites, and then completely different. She was different.

It wouldn't happen.

Not ever.

Even as she thought it, she couldn't help but remember how good his body felt against hers. She wouldn't be weak, or at least, she hoped she wouldn't.

Returning to his office, Rex growled as he swiped the contents of his desk onto the floor. He was so fucking pissed off, and angry, and horny. She had turned him down! She wasn't any better than he was, and there was no way on this earth that a woman turned him down. Now he had made a mess, and he would have to clean it all up.

She's not just any woman. She's a keeper.

Fuck! His cock was so damn hard right now that it was a struggle to focus. She had been perfect pressed up against him. There had been no mistaking those curves, or that luscious body that he had once mocked.

Running fingers through his hair, he gritted his teeth as revulsion at his past actions consumed him.

No. He couldn't allow himself to think that way, or to even care. It wasn't about that now. She was leaving, and he couldn't allow that to happen. He didn't want it to happen.

Spinning around in his office, the only thing that had survived on his desk was his computer.

Moving toward it, he fired it back up, and brought up her employment file. He had to know where she lived. There was no way he was taking no for an answer.

This office wasn't the place to do to her what he wanted, and boy, did he want to create some fantastic dirty memories.

Finding her address, he scrawled it down and left the office. Heading toward his car, he had a mission on his mind, and he wasn't about to be stopped. Entering her address into his GPS, he didn't wait around, and because it was late, traffic wasn't that bad.

Within the hour he was pulling up to her apartment building. It was nice, nothing too fancy though. On the salary they paid her she could have her own place. Maybe he should talk to Frank about giving her a raise.

Parking his car, he climbed out, and ran up the steps. As he found her name on the building, it had to have been his lucky day because a couple had just left. He smiled

at the couple, and entered the building as they opened the door. Nothing was said, and it must have been because he looked well kept.

The security in this place wasn't very good, and he didn't like that. It didn't matter where the apartment was. As far as he was concerned, every single place was at risk of being broken into. He'd read the statistics on break-ins. Anyone could be affected by that. The thought of Nora all alone while someone was ransacking her place didn't sit well with him.

Rushing upstairs, he went to her floor, and found her door. Without waiting, he knocked.

She had gotten a good ten minutes on him, maybe a little longer.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

Tapping his foot, his impatience was starting to get the better of him.

The door opened, and she stood on the other side.

Without waiting for her to invite him in, he pushed his way inside.

Classy, Rex. Real fucking classy.

“What the hell are you doing here?” she asked.

She was in a robe, and her hair was still falling around her in waves.

“We’ve got unfinished business.”

Nora glared at him, and then at her door. “How do you know where I live?”

“Simple, I have my ways.”

She shook her head. “PR, right? You’ve got someone there to give you the access codes to the secure files. I know Frank doesn’t allow everyone to access them. Only he can, along with people in PR.”

Okay, so maybe he didn’t have many secrets, but he did have some. There were many people who worked in PR.

Nora pursed her lips, and rather than looking stern, to him she just looked cute.

“Arleen.”

The smile on his face disappeared.

“Yep, she’s the only one who would think you’re a charming man.” She folded her arms.

He didn’t like that robe. It was too big and too bulky.

“What do you want?” she asked.

Her back was now to the door, so he stepped toward her. Still, she stepped back, and he’d been counting on it.

When her back finally hit the door, he slammed his hands either side of her face.

“You don’t want to fuck in the office that is fine with me.” He leaned in close, and there was no denying the look of longing on her face. “But this is happening.”

“No, it’s not.”

She didn’t even sound convincing to herself, he saw it.

“Yeah, it is. If it wasn’t going to happen, you wouldn’t have responded. Tell me right now your pussy isn’t wet.” Her thighs were squeezed so tightly together, and she didn’t say a fucking word. Rex smiled. “I get it. I’ve fucked a great deal of sluts in that office, but you are not a slut, are you? No, you’re Nora Covington, the office princess, and I don’t mind that at all. In fact, when we’re together, you’re going to be a princess to me.”

She shook her head, but again she didn’t say anything.

He took a strand of her hair, and teased it between his fingers. It was soft as silk, and like this, falling all around her, she was beautiful. He wanted this hair fanned out on his pillow as he drove inside her again, and again. It was like every single fantasy was bombarding him over and over again, driving him crazy with need.

“Nora is the kind of woman that you’re loyal to. She’s the kind of woman that you feel guilty if you ever fuck another woman when she is yours.”

Frank’s words came back to him, and staring into her brown eyes, Rex saw the truth, and he understood it now more than ever.

This was why he hadn’t wanted Nora near him. She was the complete opposite of all the women he went for, so different that he had seen the temptation. He had pushed her away, called her names, belittled her as much as possible, and right now, he knew without a doubt that he couldn’t lose her.

Rex had been wanting her a long time, long before she became his PA, or even Frank’s. He had seen her when she had first started working delivering mail. She had been so young then, and he’d watched her.

The years had done wonders for her. When she first arrived, she had been so nervous, and he’d seen it when he looked at her.

The young woman held a large stack of envelopes, and she smiled at everyone.

“Who’s that?” he asked Carl.

“You don’t know the cutie that started delivering mail?”

“All of my mail goes to my PA.”

“Yeah, and she’s so fucking dumb she probably tosses it all in the trash thinking it isn’t important.”

He couldn’t argue there.

“Why does she smile a lot?” Rex asked.

“Because she’s happy. She loves working here and has been here for about three weeks. I wonder who will ask her out first.”

When Frank came toward her, and placed his arm around her, Rex didn’t know what happened, but he just pulled himself back.

It wasn’t because Frank had laid claim to her. No, it was because his boss respected her, and he wasn’t about to mess with that. He’d also seen the way Lidia had fussed over her. Everyone knew that Lidia and Frank didn’t have any children. He had seen all of Lidia’s maternal instincts come out when she was around Nora.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“I’m not a princess, Rex. You shouldn’t be here, and if Frank ever finds out what Arleen did, he is going to be pissed.”

“You’re not going to say anything.”

“You’re in my place right now—”

He cut her off. “Tell me to leave. Tell me to get the fuck out of your apartment.”

Before she could even speak a word, he slid his hand under her robe, touching her bare pussy.

She gasped, and as he slipped a finger through her slit, she cried out.

“Well, well, well, you’ve been keeping secrets from me, Nora. We both know you want me, and guess what? I want you, and I’m going to have you.”

Her glares were turning him on. Moving his other hand from her head, he tugged on the belt of the robe, but she stopped him, holding his hands.

Didn’t she feel that electricity? That pulse that bounced between them! He felt it, and had been ever since he met her.

She drew his gaze no matter where she went. The women over the years, they were merely distractions. He had tried to forget about the pull of Nora, the need that constantly filled him when he looked her way. Nothing worked, and now, he was finally going to have her.

“I don’t like you,” she said through gritted teeth.

“But you want to fuck me. Admit it, you want to have my nice big cock, and you want to ride that frustration out on me.”

Moving his hand from the belt, he gripped the back of her neck, and slammed his lips down on hers.

It was like he was drowning, being consumed by everything. The moment his lips touched hers, everything started to fade, and all that remained was the two of them.

“That’s what I want, and you never know, you could find working for me fun.”

Her hands had moved from her belt to his jacket, gripping his shoulders. She looked torn, wanting to push him away but at the same time wanting to draw him closer.

Finally, with her distracted enough, he tore the robe open, and pushed it off her body. She wore nothing, completely naked, and fuck if it didn’t turn him on even more.

He didn’t step away. Releasing his jacket, he dropped it to the floor. Next he unbuttoned his shirt, and finally, he shoved his pants down until he was naked. They hadn’t moved away from the doorway, and he didn’t mind that. She was trapped against him and the door.

Her nipples were hard, and her chest flushed. The scent of sex was heavy in the air. His own arousal was evident as his cock stood out from his body, rock hard.

Taking her hands within his, he started to walk back.

“This cannot go to the office,” she said.

“It won’t.”

“I’m still leaving.”

“I’m sure you are.”

“I’m not some kind of toy.”

He smiled. “I know you’re not. While we play though, you belong to me. You’ll be mine.”

“What about you? Are you going to fuck everything that walks?” she asked.

“Nope. I will come to you whenever I need it, and believe me, babe, you’re going to give it to me, and you’re going to want to give it to me often.” He kicked open a door, and found her bed. He noticed her space was all light colors, bringing a homey and spacious feeling to her apartment.

He spun her around, and dropped her to the bed. Pressing his lips against hers, he moved her up the bed, urging her to go higher. Grabbing her ankles, he spread her thighs, and heard her gasp. Her pussy was so wet, and what surprised him even more was that she was bare. Not a dusting of hair in sight.

“Now that is pretty.” As he ran his fingers over her pussy, she moaned, and he slid a finger over her clit.

He couldn’t resist a taste. Leaning forward, he held open the lips of her sex, and swiped his tongue down the center. So tasty, so perfect, and all his.

Chapter Five

I hate him.

He's a horrible human being.

He's mean.

He's a bully.

Holy shit, his mouth feels so good.

Nora cried out as he sucked her clit into his mouth, flicking his tongue over the bud. She had to tell him the truth, and right now, she didn't want to. Would he stop if he knew?

He sucked her clit into his mouth, using his teeth to create a bite of pain that had her sitting up on the bed.

"I could taste you all fucking night long. Come for me, baby," he said, stroking her clit with his tongue.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

The only pleasure she had ever known was by her own hand, and this ... it was out of this world. There was no way she could fight the pleasure building inside her, or deny how amazing it was.

Gripping the sheets beneath her body, she screamed his name as she came. He didn't stop, continuing to lick and suck her pussy. Suddenly, he stopped, easing between her legs.

"I'll be thinking about how sweet you taste while I'm trying to focus on a case."

You've got to stop this.

He doesn't know.

Biting her lip, she couldn't bring herself to say the words that would end this between them.

You want it even if you hate him.

He slammed his lips down on hers, and she forgot about everything. She forgot how much of an asshole he was, and how he made her so angry. She no longer thought about hating him, and instead, she just allowed the moment to take her away, to finally make her feel.

Running her hands down his back, she released a gasp as he pressed the tip of his cock to her entrance.

“I’ve been wanting to do this for so fucking long. You’re too young for me, but I’ve got to have you.”

He slid his cock to the hilt inside her, and she cried out as he tore through her virginity, claiming her.

They both froze, and Rex stared down at her. She tried to contain the tears, but it was hard to do. It hurt.

She hadn’t for a second thought it would be painful.

“Fuck! You’re a virgin?”

Nora nodded her head. She didn’t know what else to do. He seemed really angry.

“Fuck!” He repeated the word, and she stayed beneath him.

Rex didn’t try to move, and he stayed still inside her.

“Talk,” he said. “Say something.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

He held himself up with one hand by her head, and the other he rubbed his eyes. “No one has ever tried to claim you? No sex, no messing around.”

She shook her head. “Nothing.”

“I don’t know how this is possible.”

“You’ve said so yourself, I’m chubby, and I’m not exactly pretty.” The hand rubbing

his eyes dropped. She was used to being overlooked. It no longer bothered her. Hateful words brushed off her like water running down her body. They kept on coming, and still, she brushed them all off. She was happy with the way she was. “I don’t sleep with random men.”

“I’m an asshole.”

I’m not going to argue with you there.

His cock is inside you.

You’ve become the cliché of fucking your boss.

She closed her eyes, and placed her hands over her face, groaning. “This was a mistake.”

“It wasn’t.” Rex grabbed her hands, pushing them out of the way. “This isn’t a mistake.”

“I’m planning on leaving the company because of you, and you don’t think this is a mistake. You’re mean to me.”

“That shit is going to change.”

“Why? You hate me.”

He laughed, and she couldn’t help it, she slapped his chest.

“Don’t you dare laugh at me. It’s not fair, and it’s not funny.”

“It is a little funny, especially because we both have different feelings right now.”

“I don’t know what the hell you mean. Could you get off me, and leave so I can finish my humiliation alone.”

He stroked her cheek. He didn’t move, and he kept staring into her eyes.

“Frank was right about you.”

“Huh?”

“You’re not the kind of woman you fuck and forget. You’re the settling down kind.”

“Rex, please.”

“I’m not finished, babe. You think I can just walk away after this? I’ve just claimed something that I’ve never had the pleasure of claiming in all of my forty-eight years.”

“My cherry?” she asked.

“That as well.”

She didn’t like the way he was staring.

“One day, you’ll figure it out.”

“Another bunch of research again?” she asked.

“You do have a mouth on you when we’re not in the office. I have to say, I kind of like it.”

Again, she covered her face, growing more and more aware of the pulse between her thighs.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“This is not happening. This isn’t fair at all.”

“What’s not fair?” he asked.

“This. It can’t happen.”

He grabbed her hip, and began to move, pulling out of her. “I’d say you’re going to have to rethink that last part. It’s happening whether you like it or not, and I’m not stopping.”

There was no pain as he pulled out, and she couldn’t resist looking between her thighs at where they were joined. His cock had a noticeable smear of blood.

He ran his fingers over his length, which still had the tip inside her. “You see this. This changes everything.” He rubbed the virgin blood between his fingers. “This means you belong to me.”

Staring into his eyes, she knew he spoke the truth. There was no denying it. It was right there for her to see. She now belonged to him, and there was no backing out of it.

He gripped her hips, and slammed in deep so she cried out.

“And I’m going to take you over and over again. One taste of you, Nora, is not going to be enough.” He leaned down, and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth. He bit down, and she moaned even more.

She couldn't seem to shut up as he began to thrust inside her, each pulse of his cock sending a shockwave of pleasure rushing through her entire body to the point that she didn't know where he ended and she began.

He kissed up to her lips, and slid his tongue into her mouth. She tasted herself on his tongue, and the heat from the kiss had her melting for more.

“You taste so fucking good, baby. You feel so good. Your pussy is so fucking tight, and it's begging to be fucked, to be ridden hard. Damn, I've wanted this so much, so fucking much, and now I can have you.”

He grabbed her hands, locking them above her head as his thrusts increased. She wrapped her legs around his waist, needing him to go deeper, to fuck her harder.

She was a virgin, but she had been a virgin who wanted this so damn much. There had never been a man she trusted enough with her secret, no one that she wanted to share this with, and now she finally did.

Rex ravished her body, and even though she didn't think it was possible, he took her into another climax, shocking her to the core as she yelled his name once again as she came.

With Nora resting against his chest, Rex couldn't help but smile. She had been a virgin, untouched by any other man, completely innocent. The dirty thoughts he had about her for the past few years were totally justified.

She's mine now, and I'm not letting her go.

Not ever.

He reached for the soap on the edge of her bathtub, and began to soak the sponge. The moment he had come deep inside her cunt, without a rubber, he knew he needed to distract her. Never had he gone bareback with a woman, and now, he didn't want anything between them.

There is a risk of little babies.

The thought of Nora swollen with his kid had his dick thickening. He wanted it. He wanted her. There was no way he thought Nora was a toy that he could play with when he wanted. She was so much more than that, and he wasn't about to put her back on a shelf.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Fine."

"You're not sore?"

"I'm a little sore. Kind of strange really."

"So tell me, Nora. How does one get to what, twenty-five, and still be a virgin?" he asked.

She shrugged, and she still hadn't looked at him.

"Never been anyone I wanted to share this with. No one I wanted to go this far with."

"And you've decided to do that with me?" he asked.

"I didn't decide anything, Rex. This just happened." Her hands rested on his knees.

"It shouldn't have happened."

“Don’t say that. It’s not going to stop happening either.”

“This can’t go on. I don’t want to be one of those women that sleep with their boss, and then get fired when you move on.”

He placed the soap back on the side of the bath, and began to soap her body.

“I want to leave,” she said.

“Frank’s disappointed that you want to go.”

“You could just tell him that I’m exactly like your other PAs, and he’d stop, and be more disappointed with me.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

“You’re not like those other women, so stop trying to pretend you are. Frank knows the real you, and I do, too.”

“Who is pretending? Let’s be real here for a moment.” She finally turned to look at him. “You don’t like me, and I don’t like you. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life working for someone who would rather claw his own eyes out than look at me.”

He pressed a finger to her lips. “I’m going to stop you there. My dick doesn’t get hard for people I don’t like. I like you a lot.”

“Then why have you been so horrible to me all this time?”

This time he shrugged. “I couldn’t have you.”

“What?”

“You were Frank’s princess. Everyone in the office saw how much he cared about you, and at first I thought you were screwing him. Then I realized that it’s because you’re a dedicated worker. You never went to college, and from what I know, you never got the chance. I actually think if given that chance, you would make one hell of a lawyer. He knows that as well. Actually no. The thing is, even though you have the academics to be amazing, you’re too nice. You need to be a hard ass, and be able to fight in a court of law. I don’t think you’ve got what it takes in that sense.”

“It’s good then that I don’t want to be a lawyer. I don’t want to be working for people like Richmond who can’t keep it in his pants but refuse to pay up for his mistake.”

“Which is what Frank sees as well. I also think you would be taken advantage of as well. You’re too nice, and in this world, nice doesn’t cut it.”

“I know. I’ve seen what has happened to Carl.” She sighed, and moved away from him, putting distance between them. She was sitting at the opposite end of the bath.

“I want to make one thing clear here. I want to fuck you,” he said. When she went to speak, he held his hand up. “I’m not done. This thing between us. I don’t know what it is, but it’s been simmering beneath the surface for months.”

She laughed. “No, it hasn’t.”

“Only because you’ve not known the signs. This is happening, though, and we both know it. We can either fight it, or we can embrace it.”

“Let me guess, you’re going to embrace it.”

“I’m prepared to offer you a deal.”

“I don’t have my lawyer present,” she said, withdrawing from him. He wasn’t about to have that. He reached out, grabbing her, and pulling her onto his lap so that she straddled his hips. Finding her core, he slowly filled her with his cock until she was sitting on him. They both moaned as her pussy clenched around his cock.

“You have a very good lawyer present. I will not screw you out of a deal. I’m hard but fair. You can say I’m many things, but when it comes to my job, I am the best.”

“I know.”

“So, my sweet little ex-virgin. I’m thinking, how about we have a test run?”

“A test run of what?”

“Of us of course.”

“If Frank finds out I’ll be out of a job and my reputation and integrity ruined. I’m not made of money. I need this job.”

“No one will ever know. During office hours, I will stop being the asshole that I’ve been.” Mainly because now I’m getting what I want. He had found working with her hard, being near her even harder. When they had both been in the office, and he only had to see her, he’d been fine with it. The moment Frank placed her with him, it was torture. He had to use the women to stop himself from getting close to her, from not crossing that line with Frank. He’d been meaning to try to protect the both of them. Never had he wanted a woman to belong to him. Nora, she inspired all of those feelings, and there was no way in hell he could fight them off. “We’ll work together like we have been doing. At night, you belong to me. The instant we leave the office, whatever I say goes.”

“What about my interviews?” she asked.

“You can keep on going to them, and if you find a place you want to go to, we’ll talk. Do you really want to go and work for a rival firm?”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

She shook her head. “No. I hated being there today. It made me sick to my stomach. I felt like I was betraying Frank and the company.”

He’d known that was how she would feel.

Loyalty meant everything to her.

“There will be no other men. You will not flirt with anyone and that means Carl.”

“I’ve never flirted with Carl.”

“The guy has a crush. Nip it in the bud.”

“First thing, no he doesn’t. There’s no way he has a crush on me. Secondly, if I can’t have anyone else, then neither can you. No more women coming to the office, and I won’t share either.”

“Wow, you’re playing hard ball now? No other woman at all?” He was only teasing her, but he liked to see how far he could push her. “What if I need something?”

“Then you come to me.”

Rex smiled. “That is more than fine with me, but I expect everything, Nora. I’m not a very nice guy.”

“I know that.”

“I promise to rock your world, and in return for me being ... exclusive, I demand that you explore everything with me.”

“Like what?” she asked, suddenly pausing.

He ran his hands down her back, cupping her full ass. He loved her ass, especially how it looked when she bent over, presenting it to him like a present for him to unwrap.

“Well, whenever I want your pussy, you’re going to have to give it to me.”

“Out of the offi—”

“No. You see, I’m a highly-sexed man, Nora. I like to fuck, and I like to fuck a lot.” And I’ve been waiting for you for a long fucking time. “I want you to trust me that I will do everything to keep you safe. Frank and the rest of our colleagues will not know what is going on. I will be discreet, but if I want you to rest against my side of my desk and spread your legs so I can touch you, that is what you will do. If I want you to close the door, slide under the desk, and suck my cock, that is what you will do. Your pussy, your mouth, and your ass, it all belongs to me.”

“My ass?”

“Yes. I can’t wait to fuck it, to spread your cheeks wide, and slide my dick deep inside your ass, claiming you. I will give you everything, Nora, I just asked for no limits when it comes to me.”

“No girl on girl action?”

“Nope.”

“Or another man.”

“Wow, you do read some kinky stuff.”

“I was a virgin. I wasn’t completely oblivious to what I was missing out on.”

“Then you have yourself a deal, providing you’re willing as well.”

She paused, and he saw the wheels in her head turning. Seconds passed, maybe even minutes, and she finally nodded. “Yes, I agree.”

“You’re not going to regret this, Nora Covington.”

He certainly wasn’t.

Chapter Six

“You’re not leaving us?” Frank asked.

Nora ran her sweaty palms down her dress and shook her head. “I don’t know what I was thinking yesterday. I wouldn’t have been comfortable there, and it was only a matter of time before they would try to get the inside scoop of this place.”

Frank smiled. “I’m glad. I didn’t want you going for that interview, but I do know that you have to follow your heart.” He moved from behind his desk, and she hoped that he wasn’t going to touch her, or try to shake her hand. She was so nervous.

Could he see that she had sex with Rex twice last night, and then once this very morning? She was so sore, but it was sore in a good way. Every time she moved it was like she felt his cock sliding inside her.

“I-I’m still looking. It’s just, I don’t know, I love it here, and it’s hard for me to want to leave.”

“I was thinking about that. Maybe I should put Lorna back with Rex, and bring you back to me.”

She was tempted to agree with him. It would make her life easier, but then, they had a deal. As much as she hated Rex, she couldn’t deny the attraction between them. What he was offering her, it was something that she wanted to experience, and even though she didn’t like him, she didn’t have to for sex.

“I thought you liked Lorna?”

“I do. I don’t want to lose you, honey. Lidia keeps asking about you. I know I shouldn’t say that, but I’m so proud of you, and everything that you have accomplished in the past years. I had hoped that you would consider signing a fifty-year contract to keep you employed here.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:57 am

She burst out laughing. “You’re a really nice boss. I love working here, but fifty-year contracts, I don’t know if they can even work.”

“Well, Lidia wanted me to do the fifty-year contract. I would be more than willing to invest in you going to law school if you wanted.”

She thought about what Rex had said last night. “We both know that being a lawyer is not for me. I’m happy being the assistant. I’d be a horrible lawyer.”

“The offer is still there. Let me know if you change your mind.”

“I will.”

She stood, and hated that she was lying to him. I’ve slept with Rex, and I loved every second of it.

“I’m going to head back.”

“If Rex bothers you, you’ll come to me. I will handle him.”

“I will, sir.”

Leaving his office, she saw Lorna making her way toward the door.

“Morning,” Nora said.

“Hey you.” Lorna stopped and looked at her.

“What is it?”

“There’s something different about you?”

“I’ve probably put on more weight.” She bit her lip, staring down at her clothes. Her weight had been the same for the past few years.

“No, and you’re beautiful. There’s ... a glow. You just look a little different.”

“Well, nothing has changed.” I’ve fucked my boss. I’m no longer a virgin! “I better be getting back.”

She tucked some of her hair behind her ear and made her way back down toward Rex’s floor. No one else stopped her, and for that she was grateful. She wore a deep blue dress with a white shirt beneath it. He had asked her to wear a pair of black heels that he had found in her closet, and she wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Rex had simply dressed her this morning, and he had even brushed her hair. His attention had been a little strange.

She was at her desk when she saw a little note from Rex telling her he wanted her inside his office.

Her heart started to pound, and she bit her lip. Even as she was nervous, her body began to burn, wanting his touch.

It could be something completely unrelated to sex.

You want it.

Shut up.

One day of having sex, not even a full day, and already her mind was on sex. This was why she'd avoided it.

No, you avoided it because no one had ever gotten you hot enough.

Rex is not hot.

Yes, he is.

He's older.

And more experienced.

Moving toward his office, she glanced in to find him on the phone. He ushered her inside, and he didn't ask for her to close the door.

Taking a seat, she waited.

"Okay, thanks for that, Richmond," he said, and put the phone down.

"Was any of the research I gave helpful?" she asked.

"It was actually. Also, the bank trail you did, locating accounts, I've been able to nail that Mrs. Richmond is not as squeaky clean as she would like to make out."

"How do you mean?"

"The accounts with all of the hotel rooms, and certain escort services is the card he gave to her. He had nothing to do with that card. So, I need Mrs. Richmond in here so that I can talk to her, if that is okay."

“Yeah, I can do that. I have a contact for her.” She went to stand up.

“How are you?” Rex asked.

“I’m fine.” She moved toward the door.

“Close the door, and sit down.”

Following his instruction, she closed the door, and moved back to her seat.

“Are you sore?”

Her cheeks heated. “Yes.”

“How was your appointment with Frank?”

“How did you know about that?”

“I know everything, Nora.”

“Arleen?”

“You got it. She likes me, and I like her. This is a mutual friendship.”

Nora sighed. “He’s happy that I’m not leaving, and he knows that I still am looking for a job elsewhere.”

“But he is happy you’re staying here.”

She nodded. “Yes. I’m not going anywhere yet.” She chuckled. “He wanted to extend my contract for fifty years.”

“Do you have a contract?”

Nora shook her head. “I did for the first five years, and now I just have a standard salary, with the right to leave at any time.”

Page 23

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“I must do something about you wanting to stay.”

“Was there anything else?” she asked, not wanting to admit to the temptation he presented.

“Yeah, there was. Come here.”

She stood and moved toward the desk. He leaned back in his chair. Both of his hands were resting on the arms of the chair.

“Rest your ass on the desk, and open your legs.”

“Rex?”

“Anytime. Anywhere.”

She was already wet, and she hated how easily she succumbed to the heat of his body.

Her cheeks were on fire, and yet she wanted this even though there was a risk anyone could step in.

“Lift your dress.”

“Rex?”

“I wouldn’t do anything to ruin your reputation. You’ve got to learn to trust me.”

“You’ve not actually given me much reason to trust you.”

“Then let me earn it.”

She took a deep breath. There was no point denying what she wanted. She wanted his touch as much as he did.

Gripping the edge of her dress, she lifted it up, showing her bare pussy without any panties either.

Opening her thighs, she watched him and waited.

“I’ve been thinking about this sweet pussy all morning.” He moved so that he was close to the desk, and his other hand brushed across the top of her thigh. She closed her eyes, loving the touch of his skin against hers.

Up he went, the tips of his fingers creating a wave of heat that was out of this world, and made her melt for more.

The moment he touched her pussy, it took every ounce of control she possessed not to voice her need.

“Baby, you want this as much as I do.”

She whimpered as he moved a finger from her clit to thrust into her pussy.

“Tonight, I want you to ride my cock. You’ll be coming home with me.”

“Rex,” she said, gasping his name.

“Don’t argue with me. We both know it’s what we want, and I’m going to fuck you

all night long, and I may even play with that pretty ass of yours.”

Two fingers thrust inside her pussy and his thumb teased her clit. She held onto her dress, and then dropped it, realizing she would crease it if she wasn't careful.

“Read this,” he said, handing her a piece of paper.

What the hell?

She froze as his office door opened.

“Hey, Rex, you got a minute?” Carl asked.

“I will but I'm just sorting through some things here with Nora.” He didn't once stop his teasing as he spoke to Carl, and she was struggling to focus on anything. She was so close to coming, and the way he was teasing her it was so amazing.

The door closed, and Rex removed his hand.

She was in shock as he licked his fingers, and moaned. “You taste so good.”

“You stopped.”

“Yeah, I want you to think about what is going to happen next, and it will only occur if you come to my place tonight.” He stood up. “I'll go and see what Carl wants.”

Her heart was racing, and she was so damn aroused that it wasn't even funny.

“Don't play with your pussy either. That is my job.” He left his office, and she glanced down at the piece of paper on her hands.

Carl's coming, and you're not going to be. Blame him, I'd have gladly licked your pussy at my desk for lunch. Your pussy is far tastier than a turkey on rye.

She couldn't help but smile.

He was a strange man.

A good strange.

Glancing at the clock, she saw it was getting close to lunchtime. They still had a long time to go. The afternoon was going to be torture.

The moment he touched Nora, he had every intention of bringing her to orgasm. Rex didn't like Carl, had never liked the fucker. In fact, when Carl joined the practice and had a winning streak he had been a very bad winner, constantly rubbing his victories in everyone's face. Rex had hated him from the get go. Helping him now was his way of helping out karma.

"Did you help Carl?" Nora asked.

She sat in his car, looking all around the parking lot in case anyone spotted them.

"You can stop freaking out. No one is going to say anything."

"You don't know that. I'm in your car."

"Just tell them yours broke down, and I'm driving you home. No big deal." He tapped the steering wheel smiling as Carl noticed them. Rex couldn't resist giving him a wave. "If Frank had any sense, he would fire him."

“He’s just having a bad streak.”

“You know he wanted to do a competition right?”

“A competition?”

“Yeah, he was at the company for like ten months and he’d lost no cases. He’d gotten nothing but wins, and he wanted to implement a chart of losers and winners.”

“How crass.”

“Yep, and believe me, I wasn’t up to it.”

“Why not?”

“This is not about being winners and losers, Nora. I know when I decided to be a lawyer, I would win some and lose some.”

“That didn’t bother you?”

“Of course it did. I wanted to win every single case I was involved in. The thing is, some cases I should have won, I lost, and other cases I won, I should have lost. I’m an asshole. I know that, but I’m dealing with people’s lives here. Even Richmond. He shouldn’t be getting away scot free, I get that. He couldn’t keep his dick in his pants, and now his wife is after every last cent. Now, his first wife, she got a good chunk of his money, but if you ask me, she deserved it. For years she dealt with his cheating and all of his shit. Gave him a couple of kids, a loving home, and he screwed her over

time and time again. The current Mrs. Richmond is a money-grabbing whore. I've met her a couple of times, and I would bet neither of them have been faithful."

"I couldn't imagine that."

"What?"

"Marrying someone for money, or not loving them enough to make it work."

"You believe in love?" he asked.

She sighed, and he chanced a look toward her. "I don't know what I believe to be honest. I know what I've seen, and what I know to be out there. It's just hard, you know? I want things to be like they are in books. You meet someone, and you hit it off. There's love, and friendship, and this blissful peace, and scalding attraction. You never have to worry if he or she is looking the other way."

"It's an ideal world, right."

"Yeah, ideal but not the reality." She leaned up against the window. "So what is your story then?"

"My story?"

"Yeah. I don't really know what your deal is. You work hard, and I know you played harder. Women were always visiting the office, and you had a different woman every chance you got. Is there a Mrs. Donovan in your past?"

"Nope. Never been married. Don't want to be either. There was one woman. I thought she was the one. It turned out she wasn't much in for monogamy either."

“Do you think if you had found someone who wanted to settle down, you would have?” she asked.

“You’re asking a lot of questions.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

Rex kept his gaze on the road as he navigated through it. “Yes, I would have.”

“You’d have settled down.”

“I’d have settled down. No mistresses, no whores. I’d have had the picket fence, the ten bedrooms filled with childish laughter. I would have had a family. Instead I never got that, so I will have to settle at being good at my job, and deflowering my very own PA.”

“I’m not the first PA you’ve deflowered.”

“You’re the first virgin I’ve ever had. My very first deflowering.”

He lived in a penthouse suite, and he parked in the underground parking.

“Do you ever wish it could be different?” she asked.

Rex thought about Nora. He thought about her pregnant with his kid, and coming home to her.

It was then that he realized if he had Nora to come home to, a family and her baking and cooking, he would love going home.

“Yeah, I wish it was different. I wish for a lot of different things.”

He climbed out of the car, heading to the trunk to take out his briefcase and her bag. Together, they walked toward the elevator.

“What about you?” he asked. “Family, love, relationships?”

“I would love to be married. I know, every woman wants to be married. For as long as I could remember I wanted to be a mother and a wife. I love cooking and baking. Speaking of, seeing as we have this arrangement and all, I thought I should tell you that all the times you made me go to the bakery down the road. I really didn’t.”

“You didn’t?”

“No. I waited thirty minutes, and brought you one of the things I’d made on the day.”

“You little minx,” he said.

“I wasn’t going to go to a place I didn’t know and get you something that may not be as nice. You have to admit, it was good, wasn’t it?” she asked.

“Yes, it was. So you want to have the fairytale.”

“Yeah, I did.”

“Did?”

“I know it’s not possible anymore. That it is all that, a made-up fairy tale. The world is not full of princes waiting to claim their princesses. In fact, a lot of princes like many different princesses, and some of them younger, some older.” She shrugged. “I’ve come to realize that as we all grow up it’s not so much that the magic dies, reality sets in. The cold harsh truth that we have been lied to for years.”

Rex paused, seeing her reflection. “Wow, that is really depressing.”

“Seeing the number of divorces coming through our office. I thought you would agree with me.”

“I do. I’ve seen it all firsthand, and dealt with a lot of it, but you have to admit, there

are romances in the world. They are just not the kind that people read about.”

The elevator opened up, and he took her hand, leading her down to his room.

“So you do believe in romance?” she asked.

Rex thought about it. Glancing at Nora, he knew it did. “Yeah, I do. I think anything is possible if you’re willing to give it a shot.”

He closed the door behind her, and flicked on the light. “Welcome to my place.” He loved his penthouse apartment. No one could get to him up here, and he was able to spend hours overlooking the city.

“Wow, this is really high up.” She moved toward the floor to ceiling mirrors. “I’m not really big on heights, so I am stepping away now.”

He chuckled, and moved up behind her. “It’s fine. I wouldn’t let you fall.”

“I don’t think you’d be able to stop it if I did.”

Pressing a kiss to her neck, he stared at their reflections in the window. Moving her hair out of the way, he nibbled her neck at the same time as he pulled up her dress, showing off her shaved and bare pussy.

“Rex?”

“It’s fine. No one will see us up here.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do, and besides, I want to touch you. This is all mine, remember.”

He slid his fingers through her slit, finding her wet for him.

“Do you want me to stop?” he asked.

“No. Please don’t stop.”

“Did you struggle this afternoon? Did you want my cock?”

“Yes, I wanted your cock. I wanted you so much.”

Rex pulled away from her, and spun her around. “On your knees.”

She hesitated a second, and then sank to her knees.

Opening the belt of his pants, he stared into her eyes, knowing what he wanted. Pushing his pants down, he pulled his cock from his boxer briefs, running his hand up and down the length. The tip leaked pre-cum, and he smeared it all over his shaft. “Stick your tongue out.”

She pushed her tongue out of her mouth, and moved closer. Running the tip over her tongue, he watched as she opened her mouth, and he slid inside until he hit the back of her throat.

“Do you like that?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you want some more?”

She nodded, opening her mouth for more of him. He slid his cock inside her mouth watching as she took more of him.

Holding his hand out for hers, he wrapped her fingers around the length of his cock, and showed her exactly what he liked, how fast he wanted to go, how tight.

When she finally grasped it, he removed his hands, and gave her free rein to do whatever she wanted with his body.

He wrapped his fingers around her hair, and guided her. She gagged when he hit the back of her throat, but she didn't stop, working over his length until her saliva coated his dick.

Rex had thought about this so many times, and wanted her lips on his dick so often. He had even fucked his hand many nights thinking of this moment.

This was by far better than anything his imagination could produce.

“Oh, fuck, babe, I'm going to come.” He stared down into her eyes as she kept on sucking his dick. “If you don't want me to blow in your mouth you're going to have to stop.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

She didn't stop, and he groaned as his orgasm rushed through him, spilling his cum into her mouth, and she swallowed every single drop.

Chapter Seven

"What are you doing for Christmas?" Rex asked.

Nora pushed some of her hair out of the way, and turned toward him. "Christmas?"

"Yeah. It's only a couple of weeks away. I know Alaric has a lot of plans."

She smiled thinking about Alaric. She had only met him once or twice, but he seemed to be as big of an asshole as Rex. "I hadn't really thought that far ahead. I'll probably stay home and watch Christmas films, eat too much, and then go to bed. Lidia may invite me over, but I think Frank is taking her away for a few days."

"Do you like Christmas?"

"Yeah, I do. Do you?"

"Sometimes."

"You don't hate it all the time?" she asked.

"No, not all the time. Just some of the time. I don't know."

"Do you have any family?"

“No.”

Silence fell between them.

“Are you not going to ask me if I have any?” she asked, sitting up, and placing a hand on his chest. She wrapped the blanket around her body, covering herself up.

“I know you have family. Why aren’t you spending Christmas with them?”

“They’re going on a cruise, and we’re not close.”

“Were they not good parents?”

“They were. I just didn’t want to stay at home. I wanted to move around, and I’ve not been back in a long time. We talk still, and they constantly send me presents for my birthday and Christmas. Lidia and Frank have been more involved in my life. I adore them both.”

“They’re good people.” He reached up, stroking a finger down her cheek. “I’ve wasted so much time.”

She frowned. “What do you mean?”

“It’s nothing. Just ignore me. Why don’t we spend Christmas together?”

“You want to spend Christmas with me?”

“Yeah. I’d love to actually. We can have presents, and a tree. You can decorate this place.”

“You mean we?” she asked.

“We?”

“I’m not decorating your place on my own. If we’re going to have Christmas together then we’re going to do it together.”

The hand on her face moved down, taking hold of the blanket, and tearing it from her grip. She didn’t put up much of a fight, giggling as he pulled her to him.

Within seconds she was on her knees and he was sliding deep inside her. The laughter changed to moans as he filled her pussy.

“I could stay inside your pussy all night fucking long. It’s like heaven, only better.”

He gripped her hips, holding her tight as he began to drive his cock inside her.

She gasped, holding onto the sheet beneath her. He pulled all of the way out of her so that only the tip remained.

“We’ll do it together,” he said.

“Yes.” She smiled, and glanced behind her. His gaze was focused on her, and there was something in his gaze. She didn’t know what it was, but the penetration felt soul deep.

Shoving her hair out of the way, she couldn’t look away.

Slowly, inch by inch, he sank his cock inside her. There was no way to close her eyes, even as he reached beneath her, and began to stroke her clit.

“You belong to me, Nora. There is no one in this world who could make you feel the way I do. This is all me. No one else.”

She cried out as he pinched her clit then stroked over the pain.

His thrust increased. The sound of their slapping bodies echoed around the room. His heavy balls hit her pussy with each harsh thrust of his hips.

“Come for me, Nora. Come all over my cock, and scream my name as you do it.”

He caressed her clit, and the feel of his cock was all too much.

“Rex!” His name burst from her lips without much effort as he thrust her body into a soul searing climax that startled her.

Her orgasm set off his, and they both came together, panting each other’s name.

“Fucking perfect,” he said, moving in behind her as she settled down on the bed, his cock still deep inside her as he kissed her neck.

Their time together shocked her to the core. Rex was like a totally different man, charming and sweet. The moment they entered the bedroom, he changed. He became dirty, rough, and everything out of a fantasy.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

He nibbled her pulse, and she sighed, sinking against him.

“This is nice,” she said.

His hand moved down her body, stroking her body. “I can’t get enough of you.”

“I bet you say that to all of the women.”

“Not at all. I’m not interested in them one bit, and I certainly don’t explore their bodies. You on the other hand...” He gripped her ass giving it a little squeeze and then pulling it open. “I just can’t resist.” He pulled out of her, and she felt his fingers between her thighs, fingering her pussy. Slowly, he pulled them out, drawing them up toward her anus.

She tensed up, unsure.

“I won’t hurt you, baby. You’re going to love this.”

“I’ve never—”

“I know. You’re a virgin. I don’t think you’d have gone so far as to have anal sex.”
He bit down on her neck.

“You need to stop doing that. Someone will see.”

“Let them. I don’t give a shit.” To emphasis his point, he bit down even harder, sucking as well. There was going to be a mark on her body.

“Rex?”

“It’s okay, baby. I like seeing my marks on you.”

She had them on her hips, and on her breasts. Every chance he got, he nibbled, sucked, or licked her.

He pressed a finger against her ass, and she cried out, tensing up.

Suddenly, he sat up, and straddled one of her legs, resting the other across his chest so that it was stuck up in the air.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m going to play, and you can tell me to stop at any time.” He kissed her foot.
“Trust me.”

He plunged a finger into her pussy.

“Stop!” She tried to be serious, and broke out into a fit of giggles. Suddenly he stopped tickling her foot, and now she moaned at the pleasure of his fingers inside her pussy. He didn’t stay there for long, pulling out of her pussy, and trailing them down and coating her ass with the juices from her pussy.

She couldn’t help but tense, and Rex did it anyway. He pressed a finger against her asshole, and Nora stared into his eyes as he slowly penetrated her. With one whole finger inside, the pain and pleasure combined and mingled together, making it next to impossible for her to know if she liked it or not.

“You’re not trying to get away from me. That’s a good thing.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Do you like it?” he asked.

“I don’t know.”

“It’s okay, baby. It’ll take time.” With his other hand that hadn’t touched her ass, he began to stroke her clit. The pleasure and pain suddenly split and she was getting more pleasure. He rubbed his thumb against her clit as he finger-fucked her ass. The dual sensation was the most bizarre thing. She wanted to push him away and yet grab and hold onto him for more. She didn’t know what made any sense anymore, the pleasure or the pain or both.

Gritting her teeth, she closed her eyes, trying to focus.

“You love it, baby. It feels amazing, doesn’t it?”

His wicked voice was tempting her in ways she had never thought possible.

Rex was a man she had hated for so long, and she still hated him. Nothing had changed in that department. Only now, whenever he pissed her off, she thought about teasing him, of making him wait.

What she didn’t get was why he was so different here between them and such an asshole in the office. Okay, since they had fucked, he’d not been an asshole, but still. She knew he was capable of it, and it would only be a matter of time before his assholiness knew no bounds.

“I want you to come for me, Nora. Come over my fingers and know that one day soon I’m going to fuck this ass, and you’re going to love every second of it, begging me to fuck you.”

What scared her the most was she truly believed he was right.

Two weeks later

Rex was humming. He was fucking humming, and he didn't give a shit about what Alaric had told him at lunch. From the moment he heard of his friend's dramatic plan, he thought it would be a big mistake. There was no way Alaric would get away with that kind of shit, and it was going to start to bite him in the ass. His good friend had finally fallen in love, and with that love he'd been lying.

Page 28

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

At least he didn't have to worry about his own predicament with Nora. He hadn't lied to her once.

You also hadn't worn a rubber.

Yeah, that was a tiny little detail he hadn't thought much about until she had woken up that very morning, vomiting.

Women who were pregnant vomited in the morning, right?

Now he had his own problems. He didn't know how to tell her that there might be a risk that she was pregnant. A quick search of her apartment this morning while she had gone back to sleep hadn't shown any pill, or any form of contraception.

From the first moment he claimed her he'd not wanted there to be anything between them.

Running fingers through his hair, the searches he'd done online were not much help either. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Someone cleared their throat and he looked up to see Frank in his doorway.

"Hey, Frank," he said.

The past two weeks had been easy for him in the office. He'd stopped upsetting Nora, and had actually began to make a real go of it, and he knew Frank was happy. He really cared about Nora a lot.

“Hey, I heard Nora had phoned in sick.”

“Yeah. She couldn’t stop vomiting this morning.” He shut down the pregnancy site and realized what he’d said. “At least that was what she told me this morning when she called me.” Not when I was there rubbing her stomach and she was convinced it was something she ate. I’m not. I think I’ve knocked up your golden girl.

“That’s strange. She should call PR.”

“Well, I had to rearrange some of my meetings because she needed to be here, including the Richmond case. She knew how important it was to you, and I want her to be here as a female presence. I don’t know how vicious Mrs. Richmond is.”

Frank nodded, moving in to take a seat. “I’ve not had any call back from any other agency wanting a reference. Do you know if she has gone to some interviews?”

“She’s gone, but she hasn’t said if she likes them or not.” She had been to three that he was aware of. Each time she had gone, he had watched the clock waiting for her return. He hated it. Hated not knowing if she would be leaving, and he didn’t want to leave. It was the last thing he wanted her to do.

“I appreciate everything you’re doing. I’ve been told that you don’t yell at her anymore, that you help her with research. I appreciate that.”

“I’ve been an asshole, and I guess I just didn’t like being told what to do or who to hire. I made a mistake, and with Nora looking for a new job, yeah, I don’t want her to leave.”

“Neither do I. I think we would all go into sugar withdrawal without her here.”

Again it was another thing he loved to watch about her. The past couple of Sundays

without fail she made a huge batch of cupcakes. They were never the same flavor, and during the week, he had also seen her making other baked goods as well. She never baked at his place, and she would argue with him to go back home.

He loved watching her in the kitchen. She seemed so happy there, and the scents were amazing. Also, he got to taste something of everything she baked. Just another element that he had been asshole about when it came to her.

“I hope I don’t give her cause to leave.”

“I hope so as well.” Frank stood. “I’ll leave you to get along with it.

Frank as at the door before Rex fired off his question. “Why do you care about her so much?” Rex had been curious about this for so long. He’d never asked because it seemed inappropriate. It still didn’t feel right, but he needed to know.

“I’ve often wondered this myself. This line of business, we’re full of cutthroats and we’re not exactly the nicest bunch of people. I mean, look at Carl. Losing has had to give him some humility, but I don’t buy it. I truly believe he’d still be an asshole the moment he got on a winning streak again.” Frank put his hands in his pockets. “Nora’s nice. That’s as good as I can say. She was different, and I knew I wanted to protect her, and for her to stay here. She’s hardworking, but she’s everything that reminds me of my wife when we were younger.”

“Do you love her?” Rex asked.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“As I’d love a daughter, Rex. I couldn’t give Lidia the life she wanted. We were always working, and then it was just too late. We weren’t graced with a child. From the moment I saw my wife talking with Nora, there was just this spark. I don’t know. I think life sends us hurdles to help us become better people. Nora makes me want to be better, and seeing my wife with her, it reminds me of everything she has sacrificed for me. That is real love. When you’re willing to give up on your own dream to help the other. I love my wife more than anything in the world. I know I shouldn’t care about Nora, but she’s like the daughter I never had.”

Frank left, and Rex sat back in his chair. It would explain why he was so protective of her. Frank had given everything to this firm. Deep in his core he was a family man, and had been unable to have children with Lidia. It would seem that Rex’s thoughts about Nora were true. Like Rex had thought, she was like the daughter Frank never had.

“Hey,” Nora said, standing in his doorway.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Oh, I tried calling you. I felt so much better. No more sick feeling at all, and I don’t like sitting around all day. I know I can be useful around here. I’ve already rescheduled Mrs. Richmond. I know you want to get her out of the way.

He didn’t know what to say or do. Guilt consumed him. “You don’t think it’s a little odd that you were sick in the morning but are fine now?”

She shrugged. “Don’t know, don’t really care right now. We’ve got work to do, and I

know Frank is anxious to get this case out of the way.”

“You just missed Frank,” he said, getting up, and moving in front of his desk, leaning up against it.

“Crap, I did. What did he want?”

“Wanted to know how you were finding work, and if you’d found somewhere new to move on.”

She sighed.

“You’re still looking, aren’t you?”

“You said that I could still look. That our deal doesn’t affect what I want to do.”

“You still want to leave?”

Nora blew out a breath. “I don’t know what I want anymore. How is that for crazy?”

“It’s hard trying to decide what you want to do for the rest of your life.” He reached out, taking hold of her hand. He didn’t care who could see. He had to hold her, touch her.

“Did you always want to be a lawyer?”

“More or less. As a kid I wanted to be an astronaut.”

“Ah, shooting up to the moon, exploring.”

“Yeah, then I realized I like keeping my feet firmly on the ground.”

“Floating around in space can be really overrated.” She stepped closer to him. “I got you a couple of presents at home.”

“When have you found the time?” he asked. His heart was pounding, and as he stared into her beautiful eyes, he just knew that she was the one for him.

Crap.

He had known a hell of a long time.

I’m just like Alaric.

His best friend was digging his romance with a woman named Bella into an early grave.

“I have my ways, and with us spending Christmas together, I think it’s only fair that I get you a little something.”

Rex couldn’t remember the last time he had celebrated Christmas, or even enjoying putting up the tree. Now his home had a tree that they had put up together, and there were twinkling lights around his fireplace, along with many other decorations.

He hadn’t gotten her a present yet, and guilt swamped him.

“What’s wrong? You seem sad?” she asked.

“It’s nothing. I’ve got some finer details to work through.”

“Okay.” She headed toward the door.

“What are your thoughts on kids?” Rex asked.

She paused, frowning. “They’re cute. Why?”

“You want some?”

“Someday. Not any time soon, I don’t think. They’re a lot of work, and besides, I’ve got to fall in love first.”

“Still trying for the fairytale?”

She shook her head. “No. Just hoping that there is at least part of a fairytale waiting out there for me.”

Nora left his office, and Rex went and dropped down into his seat. It was all too fucking much. Firing up the pregnancy website, he saw there were tests, and blood tests in order to determine if she was pregnant.

Page 30

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

There was no option available to keep the testing secret. Unless he drugged her, got a doctor to take her blood, and then got the results without alerting her.

Never going to happen.

He was screwed. There was no way about it. He was royally screwed, and he'd not even given Nora the warning that he'd not been using rubbers. He'd always made her crazy wanting him so that she never asked.

You're the monster here.

You fucked her on purpose.

You wanted her.

Now, like Alaric was going to soon, he was about to face the music. He loved her, and she didn't love him. This was his torture. His burden to bear.

Chapter Eight

Nora lay in bed, and waited for the wave of sickness to pass. She had already rushed to the toilet, and spewed up everything she ate the night before. She wondered if there were any available spots to see her doctor. This close to Christmas, she didn't know how lucky she would be. The sickness was horrible, and she hated waking up feeling like shit first thing in the morning. The rest of the day she was more than fine.

Glancing over at Rex, she saw that he was awake, and staring at the ceiling.

Rex had been acting strangely the past couple of days, and when they went to bed at night, she had noticed he had started to stroke her stomach. He was always in deep thought, and he wasn't happy anymore either.

On Wednesday morning she couldn't take it anymore, so she rolled over, and looked at him. "Are you going to tell me what is wrong?" she asked.

He turned so that his head was resting on his hand, and his other was on her stomach.

"You won the Richmond case, and I couldn't believe what an evil bitch his wife was." Nora had sat during the meeting, hearing all the vile things the woman had spewed in Rex's direction. It was hard for her not to rush to his defense. It amazed her how fast her thoughts about him had changed. There was a time she'd have gladly rushed to his opponent's side to help.

Rex was a good man, a kind man. He just fought it, and wouldn't let anyone close enough to see it. "She's not the first woman who is threatening me, believe me. She won't be the last either."

Silence fell between them, and it reminded her a little of when they were first working together.

"Is everything okay?" she asked. "You seem distant."

"I'm fine."

She bit her lip waiting for him to say or do something.

"Do you want us to end?" she asked.

His gaze turned to her, and she saw the frown. "What?"

“You don’t seem all that interested. If you don’t want to carry on with our relationship, that’s fine. I can go to Frank, get transferred or I can take a job offer.” She had three of them, and as yet, she hadn’t made up her mind. Staying or going was one of the hardest decisions she had ever made.

“I don’t want you to go.”

“Then what is it?” she asked. “Come on, Rex, you’re freaking me out. You’re not even telling me how awful I am or anything. I don’t know where I stand right now.”

The hand on her stomach glided up, touching her face. “It’s fine,” he said. “It’s all fine.”

He leaned in, brushing his lips against hers. She was really pleased that she had brushed her teeth, otherwise she would have been in for a very embarrassing time of it. He ran his tongue along her bottom lip, and moved between her thighs. The blanket was pushed out of the way, and she couldn’t resist a moan as his cock rested between the lips of her sex.

“You’re always so wet for me.”

Her cheeks heated. She was. Even at work when he wanted to play with her, she was ready. Nothing ever stopped her. Her body was always on fire for him.

It was hard for her to deny him anything. Her body was the lock, and he was the key. Rex kissed down her neck, sucking on her pulse before taking her nipple into his mouth. She cried out from the pleasure that went straight to her clit.

He pulled back, and had her spread open. “Touch yourself.”

Reaching between her thighs, she stared into his eyes as she teased her clit. His

tongue peeked out, licking his lips as he watched her. She loved his eyes on her, the way he pulled her in.

Page 31

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

The more time she spent with him, the harder it was for her to hate him. She had heard many times people say there was a fine line between love and hate. She had hated him, and now more than ever she was sure that she loved him.

Was it possible to fall in love with someone you hated?

She didn't think it was until she stared into Rex's eyes, and then she was sure. There was just no denying her feelings for him. Every single day they grew a little more.

Stroking over her clit, she thrust up, wanting his touch. Rex captured her hips, and held her up, leaning down to take her clit into his mouth. He slid his tongue down, going to her entrance, and plunging inside.

She cried out his name, teasing herself as he tongued her at the same time.

"Look at me, Nora," he said.

Opening her eyes, which she had closed, she watched his tongue flick across her clit. It didn't take much, and she came, thrusting up against his face, smearing her juices on his lips. He didn't give her a chance to wait though. He released her hips, and she dropped to the bed.

He grabbed his cock, and placed the tip at her entrance. Slowly, inch by inch, he began to sink inside her.

Each thrust stretched her, making her ache for more.

Rex grabbed her hands, holding her down as he slammed the last couple of inches inside her, making her cry out once again. He didn't like silence when he fucked her. There had to be noise, and if she wasn't making any, he wasn't doing it right. At least that was what he said to her.

She believed him. There was no way for her to contain her arousal, or what she wanted him to do to her. She loved it when he got all dirty, and took her along with him. There was something highly erotic about going down the path together, rushing toward ecstasy while at the same time, holding each other through it.

"I will never get bored of you, Nora," he said, kissing her neck. "This fire is not burning out. It's getting stronger."

She didn't need him to explain it. She knew exactly what he meant. The feelings she was developing for Rex were only getting stronger, and it wasn't just about the sex. The sex was fun. What she loved as well was the times in between. When they shared a meal or watched television, or even when they were at the office late at night researching. Sex didn't have to be part of it, and they had never had sex in the office.

They teased each other but never crossed that line. She never wanted to. The office didn't need to be a ground for their relationship, if what they had was a relationship. She hated how nervous she got, or didn't know what to think of the two of them together. They didn't label themselves even though they were exclusive to each other.

She lifted up, taking him deeper inside her pussy, holding him inside her. They both gasped together.

"You're so tight." He nibbled her neck, sucking on her pulse. "No one is ever going to know how fucking amazing you feel, or how awesome you are. You belong to me, Nora."

His possessive words thrilled her to the core. Never had she belonged to anyone, and the passion in his voice aroused her even more.

The age gap between them meant nothing. She loved being with him, and as much as she once hated him, she knew she was falling in love with him. The man he had shown her the past few weeks was the kind of man she wanted.

“Oh fuck, Nora, this is not going to last.” He rode her hard, going as deep as he could, and she held onto him, never wanting this moment to end.

When he found release, she followed him into a second orgasm. Afterward, he laid over her, kissing her neck.

Something was different. She didn’t know what it was. Something was off.

“We need to get dressed,” he said.

She didn’t argue with him, and watched as he pulled away. Sitting up in bed, she frowned as he made his way toward the bathroom.

“Rex?”

He paused, and turned toward her. “What, babe?”

“You’d tell me, wouldn’t you?”

“Tell you what?”

“What was bothering you. If it was me or I don’t know, something silly or crazy?” She ran her fingers through her hair, and watched him. “Something is going on. I can sense it. You can trust me.”

“I know I can trust you. I just ... I need more time.”

“More time for what?” she asked.

“I need more time.” He moved toward her, cupping her face, and kissing her lips. The passion was still there, and she felt it right in her core. “Between us there is nothing wrong, I promise you.”

She smiled, but it didn’t help that something was wrong.

He’d tell her. Until then she was going to try to not worry about what the hell was going on inside his head.

Rex stared out of his office at the celebrations that were going on. Carl had finally won a case, and this was the Christmas party. Frank didn’t like to leave it until the last minute, so it was happening tonight. Nora had already been by, bringing him a drink, and he’d promised to join soon.

She hadn’t taken a drink yet. He couldn’t stop watching her, and wondering what the hell he was going to say or do.

His life had turned into a nightmare.

All of his cases had been put to one side for the evening, and he needed to go out and join the gang.

Getting to his feet, he took a sip of the scotch, and left the comfort of his office.

“I can’t believe it, I finally won one,” Carl said, coming toward him and slapping him on the back.

“Did you win it, or did you have help?” Rex asked.

Carl paused. Rex was aware of the extra time that Nora had put in, handing some research to Carl over a week ago. He didn’t mind, but Carl’s success wasn’t based on his own merit. Nora helped, yet Nora wasn’t getting any of the credit and it pissed him off.

“You see, Carl, people who take all the credit for combined work, tend to be forgotten about. They have one thing in common, when they don’t share the credit, the person who made them shine, leaves. This is the last time Nora helps you.” He forced a smile, and slapped Carl on the chest, trying to show he was being friendly. He wasn’t.

“What was all that about?” Nora asked, coming toward him.

“You won’t be helping him anymore.”

The smile on her lips dropped. “Why not?”

“When you help someone, you should get at least some of the credit.”

“I help you all the time, and I don’t get credit. An assistant’s job is to assist, not to take the credit. His success helps the firm. It helps all of us, including you.”

“I don’t like it, and I give you credit where credit is due. Earn it, and you’ll get it.”

She frowned at him. “What is wrong with you? Why are you being an asshole?”

He took a sip of his scotch, and stared into her eyes. “Does that have alcohol?”

She looked at her cup and nodded. “Yeah, it’s wine why?”

“Then put it down. You can’t have it.”

Nora laughed. “Rex, you’re older than me, I get that, but you’re not my dad. I could do without the lecture.”

She went to take a sip, and he took the cup from her, spilling some of it, making her gasp. The liquid spilled onto his hand, and it was icy cold.

“Rex, what the hell?”

He grabbed her arm and in front of their colleagues, he tugged her into his office, closing the door.

“Okay, you have got some serious explaining to do. I don’t get what is wrong?”

“You’re drinking alcohol, and you could be pregnant. That is what is wrong. Of all the stupid, childish things you could have done that is the one that really tops the cake.” He placed his hands on his hips, and stared at her.

Her face had gone pale.

“You do realize there was a risk, right? Fucking without a condom. You do know that you’re likely pregnant.”

She put a hand on her stomach, and stared at him. “I didn’t think. Wow, I didn’t even ... consider it. Oh no.”

“So you don’t know, and you’re just out there drinking like there’s not a care in the world.” He stepped toward her. His heart was racing. “Grow up, Nora.”

She slapped him across the face. “How dare you?” She pulled away from him. “You knew, didn’t you? You knew there was a risk.”

“You didn’t even figure it out? I’ve been coming inside you from the first moment. I probably knocked you up then, and still you’ve not said anything.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

She stepped away from him, and gripped the back of the chair. “I didn’t know. I didn’t even think. I was in the moment, and I didn’t put it all together. The last thing I thought about was a condom!”

“Well, now you need to think because you’ve been sick a whole lot in the mornings, and I expected you to come and tell me.”

The anger on her face was clear to see. Rex couldn’t seem to stop his words. He was angry at Carl for taking all the credit, and he was angry at himself. All of his anger was being fired at the wrong person, and he couldn’t stop it.

“Well I guess I’m just like all of those other women, aren’t I, Rex? Too damn stupid to know any better.”

He went to his desk, and pulled out a pregnancy test. “Go, take it.”

The door to the office opened, and they both turned to see Frank looking at them. “Is everything okay in here?”

Nora took the test from his hands, and left the office without a word. The anger that he had seconds ago began to fade as he looked at Frank. What the fuck had he just done? He had been angry at himself, and he’d taken it out on Nora, and that wasn’t right, nor was it fair.

Shit, this wasn’t what he wanted to do tonight, or how he wanted to do it. He actually had a romantic meal planned, and intended to talk to her, tell her the truth.

You called her childish, stupid.

You fucked up big time.

“Do you want to tell me why Nora is taking a pregnancy test?” Frank asked, folding his arms.

Rex stared at the man he had a lot of respect for. “I’ve been sleeping with Nora, and now I think she might be pregnant.”

“Does this have anything to do with her wanting to leave?”

He shook his head. “No, this happened after that.”

Frank just stood there, staring at him. “I should have seen it coming,” Frank said.

“Seen what coming?”

“You and Nora. I saw the way you looked at her. No one did of course, and you had all those sluts working for you, I doubt you even saw it.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t try to pretend, Rex. You were always following her, always looking for her. Whenever I was close, you would always find some reason to talk to me, and your gaze would seek out Nora. Why do you think I put Nora with you?”

“To punish me.”

“It looked good on paper, didn’t it? Punishing you. Making the whole office think I had given you a woman that you wouldn’t fuck or try to ruin. I knew you would have

to face the fact that you wanted her, and hoped that in time, you would both find each other.”

“You’re playing matchmaker now.”

“Look at me, son. I’ve spent my entire life devoted to this office. When my wife couldn’t have kids, I was focused on one thing, and that was winning. I have a reputation that is set to be in law books, cases that I won that defied all odds. More money than I could spend in a lifetime. My memories are filled with the courtroom, with victories, with meetings, and constantly surrounded by people who want to beat me, who want to bring me down. The moment I saw you, I saw myself, Rex. I saw where you could end up, and I was watching you. Then it was like a switch went off, and I saw a different you. In this world, you will rarely see someone wanting to make a difference in your life. In fact, they want to screw it every chance they get. I wanted you to have another chance. To have a life that I never had. I’ve seen the way you look at kids. You have that yearning that you’ve tried to deny. If Nora comes back here and says that it’s a false alarm, will you be happy?”

Sadness consumed him at the thought of her not being pregnant.

“The only think you know how to do is win, and to win you have to fight ugly, Rex. I get it. Nora isn’t the kind of girl that you win by being dirty. She’s the kind you have to try a different way.”

Rex collapsed against his desk, rubbing his eyes. “I love her,” he said. He couldn’t look up as he said that.

“Then you’re going to have to make sure she knows it.”

The door to his office opened, and he looked up to find her there. Her hand was shaking where she held the test. She moved toward the desk, and placed the stick on

top.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“I quit. Effective immediately.” She turned to Frank. “I’m done.”

With that, she left the office, and Rex looked at the test. He had memorized the box. Two lines. She was pregnant.

Rushing out of his office, he ran toward the elevator. There was no sign of her on it, or of it going down. Opening the doors, he heard her rushing downstairs, and he heard her tears.

“Nora!” He yelled her name, rushing downstairs trying to catch her. She didn’t stop for him, and kept on going. He had hurt her with his words.

He didn’t stop though. It didn’t take him long to catch up with her. He was faster than she was. He caught her at the bottom just as she was about to leave.

“Please don’t leave,” he said.

“This was wrong. This was a big mistake. I never should have gotten involved with you, and I should have walked away when I had the chance.”

“No, don’t say that.”

“What do you want me to say?” she asked. “You’re a horrible person. I thought you had changed, and you’re just the same man.”

“We’re about to have a baby, Nora.”

She shook her head. Tears swimming in her eyes. “No, I’m about to have a baby. You stay the hell away from me. I’m done being bullied by you when you can’t handle your own crap.”

With that, she pulled away, taking his heart along with her.

He had seriously fucked up, and what was worse, he didn’t know if he would ever win her back.

Chapter Nine

Nora didn’t stay in her apartment. She couldn’t. If she stayed there he’d want to talk, and she didn’t want to talk. She wanted nothing to do with him, so she went home. After calling her parents, she let them know she would be staying in their house over the holidays. They warned her she would need to go shopping, which she didn’t mind.

There was money in her savings account, so she could afford to feed herself. She’d take one of the job offers in the next couple of days. Frank would be a great reference. She wouldn’t take any maternity leave either. No, she would work all the way up until the baby dropped out of her.

Working in a new office she was going to have start all over again, and she hated that. The following morning, she picked up her cell phone to see that it was bombarded with texts, missed calls, and phone messages.

Rex: I am so sorry, baby. Please, call me. I need to hear your voice.

Rex: I need to know you’re safe.

Rex: You’re not answering at your apartment. Where are you? It’s not safe for a

woman out there all alone.

Rex: I'm an asshole. I admit it. Frank looks like he wants to kill me.

Rex: I didn't want to do this over text. I love you. I've always loved you.

Rex: I know I'm an asshole, but I'm not always. I was so angry at Carl, and myself. Please call me.

There were a lot of texts. Most of them calling himself an asshole. She didn't need to see it in texts to know he was one. He had been so angry last night, and his words had hurt. It had made her realize that no matter what happened, he was no different than the man she had worked for.

The sex they had, that was all it was.

"You're hating me right now, and I get it. I handled this so wrong. I didn't tell you I never used a condom, and I didn't want to. I want us to be happy. Please let me know you're safe, baby."

"Okay you're not answering anything and I get that. Just let me know you're all right. I don't know if you've read my texts, but I'm going to tell you here, I love you, Nora. I love you, and I want us to be a family. You, me, and the baby."

Tears fell down her cheeks. She wanted to believe it. More than anything did she want to believe that he was capable of love.

"Frank's going to kill me, and this is already killing me. From the first moment I met you, Nora, I wanted you. I don't deserve you, I know that. The past couple of weeks, they have been heaven for me. Being near you, inside you, loving you. It's what I want, and I'm not going anywhere. I will fight for you."

Nora deleted the last of his messages, not wanting to answer anymore. Making her way downstairs, she started to make herself a lemon tea. It was the only thing that she had found settled her stomach. Tea and toast. She had already been sick.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“You know pregnancy is not what I thought it would be, little thing. I don’t know if you’re a boy or a girl, or maybe both. You could be a boy and girl twins, or boy twins, or girl twins, and even though I’m all alone I’m now rambling at my stomach. You’re going to get bored of me.” She sighed, and poured her tea before lightly buttering her toast. “I always wanted to have kids. Growing up I wanted a big family. I don’t have any brothers or sisters, and I’ve not been close to my family. This is the first time I’ve been back home, and no one is here, and I am talking to myself. I don’t even think you’ve grown out of being a little ball of cells. I wasn’t great at biology, and I didn’t really tune in. As your father said, I guess I’m stupid. Wow, Rex is your dad. That is ... surreal.” She drank her lemon tea, and ate her toast before cleaning away the dishes. “I’m pregnant, and I’m all alone.” She burst out laughing. “I got knocked up by a guy I hate, and yet I fell in love with him. What the hell does that say about me?”

She walked through the house, talking to her stomach, trying to reason in her own head that she was going to have a baby. It was really happening. She was pregnant, and there was going to be a baby.

After an hour of walking around, she sat down in her father’s favorite rocking chair, her hands on her stomach. Her thoughts drifted toward Rex.

He would have a part in their baby’s upbringing. There was no doubt about it. She wouldn’t be able to do this all alone. She wondered what it would be like to have to share a child with him, if he even let her raise him. Rex had the money, the power, and the resources to take her child away from her.

You’re thinking the worst.

She had seen him in action. Rex was lethal.

You still fell for him.

She didn't fall in love with the bully. She'd fallen in love with the man. The man that had rocked her world, and left her pregnant.

Her cell phone rang, and she picked it up when she saw it was Frank.

"Hey," she said.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay. I'm tired. I'm really sorry to have been a disappointment to you. I know you wanted me to stop Rex for making mistakes. I can't believe I became one of them." Tears started to fall, but she didn't let him hear her sobs. She did her best to hide them.

"I'm not disappointed, Nora. I'm worried. You ran out of here so fast. You're pregnant, and no matter what, you have a job here. I know you're probably thinking that you can go to any of those other companies, and you can. They'd snatch you up in a heartbeat, but you've got to think long term. They may not want a woman who is pregnant. Your job, if you still want it, will be here."

"I can't work for him."

"Have you talked to him?" he asked.

She shook her head, covering her eyes. "No."

"He's beside himself. He can't find you. Where are you?"

“Promise not to tell him?”

“I promise.”

“I’m at my parents’ house.”

“You’re all alone?” he asked.

“It’s what I want. I need time to think.”

“You’ll always be accepted here, Nora. You’re an asset to the company, and everyone likes you. You can have proper maternity leave, and we’ll help find a daycare for your child. We will take care of you.”

She knew it was true. Other companies would still employ her, but she would be in that early stage, which meant they could fire her. She didn’t know how her pregnancy was going to go. She could end up being ill with it. Some women ended up bed bound during their pregnancy, and she couldn’t do that. She’d have to come home, and she didn’t want that.

“Please know that it is an option for you.”

“Thank you, Frank, you’ve always been so good to me.”

“I’ll continue to be so. Call me if you need anything.” He ended the call, and she dropped her cell phone as tears began to fall.

Stupid hormones.

Stupid pregnancy.

Stupid men.

Stupid fucking asshole bosses.

“How is she? Is she okay?” Rex tried not to sound impatient as he listened to Frank talk to Nora. She wasn’t answering any of his calls or texts. He didn’t even know if she was listening to his messages. He had poured his heart out in those calls, and it hurt to know that she may not care at all.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

You did this, you fucking loser.

It didn't matter what he called himself. There was nothing left to do but wait. Wait and hope that Nora would forgive him. When he went to see Alaric, he'd not told his best friend that he was going to be a dad. He'd kept it a secret.

"She's fine."

"I heard you say all alone. How can she be fine if she's alone?"

Frank turned toward him and saw the disappointment in his eyes. "She's a good woman."

"I know that, which is why I need to tell you me where she is. I've got to fix this. I love her, Frank. I promise. I'm not going to hurt her."

"Your words and your actions hurt her, Rex. Why don't you get Arleen to give you the new password so you can check out the employment file to give you an idea? A clever man like you can figure it out."

Rex stopped. "You knew about that?"

"Do you really think I got to the top of my game without knowing what the hell my staff was doing? I feel somewhat insulted. I might not be as techno as you guys are, but believe me, in this place you reference more books than anywhere else."

"If you knew, why didn't you stop me?"

“Why would I do that? I was curious as to why you wanted it. You were always doing strange things, so I didn’t see the harm. I’m an old man, I have to get my entertainment somewhere.”

Frank made his way toward the office door.

“Is she coming back?” Rex asked.

“I don’t know. She knows that it’s going to be difficult for her.”

“I’ll pay her salary. It won’t come at any cost to the firm.”

“I know, Rex. Nora, she earned her keep ten times over.”

“How?” Rex asked.

“We win cases with her. She’s one of the best researchers I’ve ever known, and because of her, we’ve had plenty of new clients come here. They adore her, and when they enter those doors, they want to know that they’re being taken care of. We’re not a completely bad firm. We have our moments. Nora, she’s one of our moments.” Frank left Rex’s office.

Rex didn’t wait around, and called Arleen for the new password. Entering Nora’s employment file, he couldn’t see anything that would give him a clue as to where she was. He’d called the local hotels and motels. He’d even gone to a couple, paid them cash for information. Going to the police was out of the question.

Staring at her picture, he flicked his pen between his fingers. “Where are you, babe?” He stared at her parents’ names and address. Her parents were away on a cruise. Their home would be empty. She would have privacy and time for her to get her head around being pregnant.

Writing down the address, he canceled all of his appointments, and headed toward his car. He needed to fix this problem and fast. Alaric had his own problems, and Rex couldn't help his friend either.

Climbing behind the wheel, he headed out onto the road. He didn't admire the view. Instead he thought about Nora, about her pregnancy, about the two of them being together.

He didn't see a future without her.

He also didn't know how he was going to fix this. Was there any way to fix his asshole behavior toward her? No matter what he said, it was no excuse for what he'd said, and how he'd spoken to her. He was ... mean, and he had promised her he wouldn't be.

"Asshole." He growled the word as he hit his steering wheel.

I'm going to be a dad.

Holy crap. I made a kid.

There is going to be another human being around like me.

He wanted to be a parent. He wanted to have children. He wanted Nora.

There was so much that he wanted, and now he was afraid he wouldn't have it because of his fuck-up.

The journey toward her parents' house was filled with doubts, and he hated that. He was an optimistic person, and didn't like filling his mind with doubts.

Parking outside of the house on the address, he knew it was the one as he saw Nora putting some trash bags out in the trash cans.

She turned toward him, and they both just stopped, looking at each other.

Nora moved first, heading in his direction. Her arms were folded, and she was just staring at him with a blank expression.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“Did Frank tell you where I was?” she asked.

“No. He didn’t. He told me that I had to figure that out on my own. I did.” He smiled, and she still stared at him.

“You can leave now.”

“Nora, we’ve got to talk.”

“Why talk to someone who is a stupid child, Rex? We’ve got nothing to say to each other.”

“You’re carrying my baby. We have a lot we have to say to each other.”

She was on the steps leading up to the house. She spun around, and folded her arms once again.

“I’m an asshole, but I don’t want you to go through this alone. We are in this together. What I said last night—I was an ass. Didn’t you get my messages?”

“I got them.”

“Did you listen to them?”

She shook her head. “Not all of them. They said the same thing.”

“You don’t believe me.”

“I’m pregnant, and you’re suddenly telling me that you love me that you always loved me. Rex, you hated me. Most of the time I’ve worked for you, you’ve been an overbearing prick.”

It was the first time he had heard her call him a name.

“I know. I’m every single horrible name you can think of and some more. I’ve earned that. Nothing I say can forgive what I said last night.”

“I didn’t want to be pregnant. I didn’t want to be tied to you in anyway.” Tears filled her eyes, and her words were like a kick in the gut. He didn’t know if she really felt that way or if she was just saying it to hurt him. He didn’t mind either way. There was no chance in hell that he was going to give her up.

“Regardless of what you want anymore, babe, you’re pregnant, and I know you wouldn’t get rid of it. Even if you hate me right now. You don’t hate me all the time.”

She sucked in her top lip, and nodded. “You can come in if you want.” She didn’t wait around for him, and entered her family home.

His heart was breaking, and it was all his fault. Walking up the steps, he entered her home, and followed the noise into the kitchen.

“I know you were talking to Frank. I won’t do or say anything. You can work with whoever you want.”

“Providing I get credit, right?” she asked.

“Again, I don’t like Carl. He’s a prick.”

“Kind of like you.” She shrugged a shoulder. “Yeah, that seems to be my deal. That’s

the kind of men I help.”

“I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry for exactly? Are you sorry for being mean to me? Are you sorry for being an asshole? Are you sorry for sleeping with me? Are you sorry for getting me pregnant? What exactly are you sorry for?”

“I’m sorry for being mean and an asshole. I could never be sorry for sleeping with you, or knocking you up. I consider that an achievement.”

“Your ego knows no bounds.”

“I wasn’t lying on the phone. I’m in love with you, Nora. Have been for a long time.”

“But you still slept with other women.”

“I’m not a monk. I’m not a virgin. I didn’t think for a second that I would ever know how amazing you were in my arms. You never looked twice at me.”

“Yet I gave you my virginity, and I was totally lost in the moment. I didn’t think about it. I just ... I was caught in the moment. I loved how being with you felt. I was happy. Condoms, protection, it was the last thing on my mind. This is my mistake. I shouldn’t blame you. This is my body. I’m an idiot.”

The scent of lemon filled the air, and coffee.

“How did you not know?” he asked. “I came inside you all the time.”

She placed the coffee jar on the counter with a hard slap. Her cheeks were bright red.

“I thought it was me.” She laughed. “I thought I was that turned on. I’ve spent so

much time with my head in a book, or in a cookbook, I didn't even give it a thought, and I never saw you put one on, and during it, it was the last thing on my mind. Condoms. I guess I just figured you were taking care of it. You hate women who get pregnant and use kids in divorces, so I didn't expect you to be so careless. Especially with me. Again, this isn't your fault. This is mine. I should have gotten my head out of the clouds, and stopped daydreaming."

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“I love you, Nora, and I will show it to you. You’ll be so sick of love by the time I’m through.” He moved toward her, gripping her arms. “Please, give me this chance. Come back home.”

She was breaking. He saw it. She was going to cave.

“I’ll come home. I will, but I’m not going to work for you. I’ll take up Frank’s offer, but I’ll be working with him, or whoever he puts me with.”

He didn’t like that, but he knew he had to do something to keep her in his life.

Chapter Ten

Christmas didn’t go exactly how Nora had hoped. She didn’t stay at Rex’s place, and other than swapping gifts, she didn’t see him. He wanted to, but she just couldn’t bring herself to be with him.

She didn’t know what to think about what had happened over the past week. Fortunately, the firm had given them all a two weeks’ vacation for Christmas and the New Year. She didn’t have to face going back to the office or deal with questions. The day after Christmas, Rex decided to pay a visit.

He held a bunch of red roses and held his hands up in surrender. “I’m not here to fight. Please, I just want to talk, to spend time with you.”

Nora stared at his jeans and plain black shirt. It seemed strange to her to see him out of a suit.

Opening the door, she stepped back, and gave him room to enter. He closed the door behind him, and stared at her.

“You look beautiful,” he said.

She burst out laughing. “No, I don’t. I look like crap.” She wore baggy pajama pants, and a shirt that looked like she had spilt her lemon tea on.

“I never wanted to hurt you,” he said. “I want to be there for you, and for the baby.”

Licking her lips, she turned toward her apartment. “I’ve hated you for so long. I didn’t think it was even possible to like you. Then something changed, you changed, and I started to wonder. Is it even possible to love you? Does it make me weak because of how I feel about you?”

“I wasn’t the best guy for you to work for. I can’t make excuses for my behavior.”

“I deleted a lot of the messages you sent. I didn’t want to read them all or listen to them all. What did you say?” she asked.

“Pretty much the same stuff only said in different ways. I said how much I love you.” She laughed. “I know you don’t believe that, and I get it. I was too late in telling you how much I feel about you. That this is love for me.”

“What do you want, Rex? I mean seriously? Me being pregnant. Are you even happy about that? Was it just one big mistake?”

“No.” He took a step toward her, and she couldn’t help but take a step back. When she was around him it was near impossible for her to think. Right now, she needed her wits about her, and not to be thinking about what they could have had. “I want you to trust me.”

“Trust is earned, Rex. The way you spoke to me, the way you made me feel, you hurt me.”

“I didn’t want to hurt you. With Carl—”

She held her hand up. “I get it. I do. You were angry at him, and you took it out on me. Believe me, I get it. Just tell me what you want?”

He stared at her for a long time. She saw the pain in his gaze, and it hurt her so much to see that she was causing it. It would be so much easier if she could just run into his arms and all was forgiven. The world didn’t work that way, and neither did she.

Part of her wanted to make him pay for being so mean to her. She hadn’t been mean to him, and she was tired of him hurting her, even if he didn’t mean to. Another part of her was just tired, and didn’t want to give in to him. He had hurt her, and said stuff that really didn’t need to be said. Why should he be allowed to have everything his heart desired, hurting her in the process?

“I want us, Nora. I want us to be together. I want to raise our family together.” He didn’t move forward, but he held his hand out toward her stomach. “I don’t regret being with you. What I regret is waiting so long to claim you. You’ve always been mine. From the moment I first saw you, I knew, and yet you were so young, and compared to you I’m so fucking old. I shouldn’t have had the dirty thoughts that I do about you, or even wanted to start a life with you, but I do. I want it so badly. Every single day, I want it. Being with you, it was like you gave me a taster of what I could have. I want it all the time. I want to come home with you, eat dinner, watch television, talk, make love, fuck. I want to grow old, and have a family with you, kids, the entire works. That is what I want with you. I’m laying all my cards on the table.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

She wrapped her arms around herself, knowing that if he'd said this before that damn Christmas party, she would have caved. She wouldn't have gone to her parents', nor would she be spending most of her nights crying.

"You hurt me."

"I know, and I'm so sorry. I will do everything I can to make it up to you." He took a step toward her, and this time she didn't move back.

Instead, she took a step toward him. Gripping his black shirt, she rested her head against his chest. "I'm so scared."

"You don't need to be scared. I'm going to be here every step of the way." His hands surrounded her, providing her the comfort she needed.

Closing her eyes, she allowed the warmth of his embrace to enfold her. She wanted to give in, she really did. They had such a good thing going, but she was afraid to. What if they were not meant to be?

"I'm going to prove it to you." He cupped her face, making her look at him. "I want this. Let me prove it to you, please."

She felt even worse that he was going to try to change, and be something he wasn't. "You don't have to—"

"Don't do that, Nora. Don't give me an out. I didn't have any right to talk to you that way, or to treat you like shit. There is no right or wrong way I should have been. That

is my bad, and I'm going to make it up to you." He pressed his lips against hers. "It's what I've got to do."

Nora saw that it meant a lot of him, and she didn't get it. Not really. He wanted them to be together, and even though he had hurt her, it wasn't all that bad. It wasn't like he cheated on her, or made her do something she hated.

She had loved being with him, spending time, and getting to know the real him.

"Can I ask you a question?" she asked.

"Yes. You can ask me anything." His thumb stroked across her cheek, and it was messing with her head right now.

"Which was real? The guy you've been for the past couple of weeks, or the guy that's an asshole? I don't know who is real, and who is not."

"I'm real. The guy I've been with you. That's real to me, okay? You and me, laughing, talking, just being together. I've never had that with anyone else before, and I don't want to not have it with you. I will fight us for it. I won't screw this up again."

She believed him.

"You kept the dog?" Rex asked.

"Of course I kept the dog. Besides the fact you told me to, I wasn't going to give him away," Alaric said.

They were sitting in a coffee shop enjoying a freshly brewed coffee and Rex had ordered a scone. He wanted to see if they were nicer than the ones that Nora had made yesterday at the office.

“Where is the dog?” Rex asked, wrinkling his nose at the dry, stale scone. Nope, Nora had ruined his appetite for anything sweet that wasn’t made by her. He didn’t mind, it was just another thing to love about her.

“He’s at home right now.”

“So what exactly happened?” Rex asked. His best friend, Alaric, was intent on getting revenge on a rival businessman. The revenge was for Alaric to sleep with the guy’s daughter, and get her to fall in love with him. Not only did all of those things happen, but Alaric fell in love with her as well, screwing with all of his carefully ordered plans. Anyway, before Alaric could come clean and admit to it, Bella found out the truth, and in fact it was Rex that had taken her to see Alaric in his office. Good times ... not. While Alaric had his drama, Rex had his own.

“So, you see that is what happened, and she’s giving me a chance. Or at least, her father is helping me to not screw up. What about you and your chubby little PA?”

“Nora’s not chubby.”

“So you do have feelings for her?” Alaric asked, taking a sip of his coffee. “I always knew you did. You were always complaining about her, but I don’t know, something didn’t seem right.”

“I love her, Alaric, and she’s pregnant with my kid.”

Alaric choked on his coffee, and started to cough. “Wait, what?”

“That’s right. I knocked up my PA at the same time you were trying to win over Bella. We both fucked up.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“Wait, I fucked up because I lied about who I was. How did you? She knew who you were? What did you have to hide?”

“I had nothing to hide. In fact everything between the two of us was going great,” Rex said.

“What was the problem?”

“I said some things to her. I was mean, and I was angry. I was also terrified, but I didn’t realize that until much later. I said some things that I shouldn’t have.” He didn’t mention anything about her being a virgin, or that she hadn’t thought about protection. They had both made mistakes, and what surprised him was that Nora had owned up to her own. He couldn’t have her being the only adult in their relationship. He had his faults as well. He was over twenty years her senior. He should have known. The problem he had was that he finally got to claim her as his own. Nora was his weakness, and he saw that now more than ever.

That moment when he first saw her, he’d wanted her. He’d curbed that desire, and fucked out his frustration in other women. When she finally was close every single day, he hadn’t been able to handle it, lashing out at her as if it was her fault. She didn’t have a clue that he’d wanted her, or Frank’s protection of her.

“You’re going to be a dad?”

“I’m going to be a father. Kind of weird, huh? So long I’ve been alone.”

“What’s going on now between you and Nora?” Alaric asked.

“I’m making up my horrible behavior toward her. I want to prove to her that not only will I be a good husband, I will be an amazing father.”

“Husband?”

“I’m going to ask her to marry me, on Valentine’s Day.”

“Really?”

Rex nodded. “Super romantic, right?”

“Also very clichéd.”

“I want to do the whole cliché thing. I want to give Nora everything she has ever wanted. Romance, love, you name it, it’s hers.”

“Does she even love you? Has she said it?”

Rex sighed. “No. She hasn’t said it.”

“What if everything you’re doing and she doesn’t love you?” Alaric asked.

“Either way, I love her, and I’m going to prove it to her, and show her. I don’t care what she feels for me. I know what I feel for her.” And deep down, he knew she felt something for him. “I’m going to make her fall in love with me.”

“Do you even think it’s possible?” Alaric asked.

“What?”

“Getting a woman to fall in love with you.”

“It happens every single day. People fall in and out of love all the time. I’m going to make Nora fall in love with me, and stay in love with me.”

“You’re pretty determined.”

Rex glared at his friend. “What’s to say your girl doesn’t hate you?”

“Oh, she does, believe me. She loves me even more. It’s the only reason I’ve hurt her so much. She wants to hate me because she loves me so much.”

“That is twisted, messed up logic.”

“Look at us. We’re two old men sitting around talking about our much younger women and how we’re going to get us to fall in love with us. Now that is messed up. We’ve got twenty years on those two women, and yet we can’t even figure out how to win them back.”

Rex hummed as he sat back. “Well, my friend, we are in for some rocky roads that’s for sure.”

“I think you’ve got the worse deal,” Alaric said, finishing off his coffee.

“How do you figure?”

“A marriage proposal by Valentine’s Day. That’s really not going to cut it. You’ve got some serious work to do, my friend.”

Rex ignored him, finished his coffee, and wished Alaric his own good luck. “At the end of the day, I didn’t lie and pretend to be someone different.”

On the way back to the office, he stopped into the toilet to make sure he looked okay.

Alaric had made him nervous. Valentine's Day was not so long away. Buttoning up his jacket, he made his way toward his office, stopping when he saw Nora in their research section. She was standing looking through a book, and he just had to stop to admire her. Frank had decided to put her with Carl, as much as Rex fucking hated it. Carl was a loser, a waste of time, and if he so much as upset Nora, the bastard would answer to him.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

Moving toward her, he placed a hand on her hip. “How are you doing today?” he asked.

“Rex?”

“What? I’m not going to pretend that we’re not a couple.”

“I’m just like all of those other women,” she said.

He rested his chin on her shoulder and shook his head. “No, you’re not. First, those women were so fucking dumb and dull that they were gone after their purpose was filled. Second, you’re still working here. And third, I’m in love with you. Actually, that should have been my first point.”

She chuckled, and turned toward him. “You keep saying that.”

“I believe it. You, Nora, are the love of my life.” He rubbed her stomach. “How is the baby?”

“We’re doing okay. I go to see the doctor next week. He will confirm and then we’ll arrange everything.” She took a deep breath. “Do you want to come?”

“I’d love to.” Even if she hadn’t invited him, he was going to invite himself. Nothing was keeping him away from Nora and his kid. He was just happy that she had invited him along. That way he doesn’t get to piss her off when he showed up.

“I’ve got to get back to work.”

“Please have dinner with me tonight?” he asked.

“Rex?”

“You’ve got to give me a chance here. You, me, and our soon to be kid, enjoying a delicious Italian meal. It will be amazing.”

She rolled her eyes, but the smile on her face was worth everything. “Fine. Dinner tonight.”

“You will not regret it.”

Rex kissed her neck and made it to his office. Sitting behind his desk, he opened up the drawer and pulled out the blue velvet box. He had so many plans for the future, and not one of them included work. They included a family, loving Nora, and bringing their beautiful kids into the world. He had wasted enough time. He wasn’t going to waste anymore.

Chapter Eleven

Over the next couple of weeks, Nora saw the Rex she had come to love. Every time he took her out on a date, which was every single night, he was charming, loving, and attentive. She got to know every single thing about him, his home life, where he grew up. The foster homes he had to deal with. That was a shock. She had placed him as the kind of guy who had the whole world at his fingertips. He wasn’t. Everything he had achieved, he had earned himself.

It was harder for her to hold him back. Frank told her that Rex had to earn back her trust. Nora was finding it harder to figure out why. Yes, he had spoken to her like crap, and yes, he had hurt her by the way he behaved, but they all had irrational moments. She certainly did.

Out of everything he had done, the thing that had scared her more was her pregnancy. She had been so stupid to think he was using condoms. The moment he had touched her all logical thought fled her. She had wanted his hands, his lips, and his cock.

“Nora, focus, I’m trying to talk to you,” Carl said, drawing her out of her own thoughts.

“Sorry, what did you say?”

“Maybe you should go home, or better yet, go back to Rex. You worked fine then, but I guess you were getting his dick so maybe that’s how you work. Got to give you something to get something!”

Nora was shocked by his words. They were crude, vulgar, and horrible. Rex had been right about Carl. He was only humble when he was on a losing streak.

Snapping the book closed, she threw it at Carl. Her anger was so strong. This asshole had only won that stupid case because she had given him the damn means to, and Rex was right. Carl hadn’t give her the credit at all. “You know what, Carl? You’re right. I should be with Rex, and you know why? He deserves me. You, on the other hand, deserve to lose. You deserve to fail because you don’t know how to be a decent man.”

She turned on her heel and stopped when she saw Rex there. He started clapping his hands.

Her cheeks heated in delight at his approval.

“You talk to her like that again, Carl, and I’ll have your career. Just try it.”

Nora left Carl’s office, and followed Rex into his, not that she had a choice. He led

her by the hand into his office.

“You okay?” he asked, closing the door behind her.

“You were right about Carl. I can’t believe I fell for his good boy act.”

“That’s all it has ever been, an act.”

She shook her head. “It just sucks that’s all. I helped him thinking he needed a break, and I was the one that ended up the loser.” She placed a hand on her head, feeling a dull ache begin to start. “I don’t suppose you’re looking for another assistant?”

“Yep. I’ve not even arranged for a temporary one.”

“You’ve been doing all of this by yourself?” she asked, amazed that he even knew how.

“Of course. It helped that I had a pretty awesome PA that I love more than anything. She was amazing, and made sure that I wouldn’t be alone.”

Nora smiled at him. It warmed her from the inside out whenever he told her that he loved her.

You’ve not said anything to him.

Staring down at the floor, her heart was pounding. Finally, she glanced up. “I want you to know that ... I do love you. I know I’ve not really said it, and all. I’ve been kind of scared of giving in. I guess I’ve been really nervous.” Tears filled her eyes. Damn hormones. “I didn’t want you to not know that I do have feelings for you, and I’m not as cold and as unfeeling as I sometimes come across.”

Rex closed the distance between them, cupped her face, tilted her head back, and slammed his lips down on hers. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him in close.

He released her face to grab her hips.

Melting against him, Nora felt like the past few weeks had faded into nothing. The only man she ever wanted was Rex. Even with his asshole ways and domineering behavior, he belonged to her, and she got that now.

Pulling away from the kiss, she rested her head against his. “I can only ask you one thing, Rex.”

“What is it?” he asked. “Tell me what you want and I will do everything I can to give it to you.” His breath fanned her face, making her smile.

“Don’t hurt me.”

“I never would, baby.”

“Don’t break my heart.”

“It won’t happen. I’m going to take care of you for the rest of our lives.” He gripped her chin, tilting her head back. “I mean every single word I say. I love you, Nora. I’ve loved you for a long time, and I didn’t even know it. I hope you can forgive me for being such a horrible asshole.”

She chuckled. “I’m used to your asshole behavior.”

“Just one second,” he said, moving toward his desk. Seconds later he was back in front of her. He held a velvet box in his hands, and the sight made her heart start to

pound.

“What is this?”

“A future I was hoping you’d want to be part of.”

“What do you mean?”

“I love you, Nora. I want to be a husband to you, and I want to be the perfect father. I can’t promise I won’t be an asshole. I’m forty-eight years old. It’s next to impossible for me not to be an asshole. I’m kind of set in my ways, but with you, I want to change.”

The tears that had filled her eyes started to tumble down her face.

“Marry me, Nora.”

“Yes.” There was no hesitation. Throwing her arms around his neck, she pressed her lips against his, chuckling. “I hope you’re ready for this,” she said, breaking from the kiss that he had landed on her lips.

“What do you mean?”

“I want a big family, Rex. A huge one. Lots of kids, pets, you name it.”

“Where have you been all my life? That’s exactly what I want.”

She giggled, and he held her hand, sliding the ring on her finger. Nora knew deep in her heart that this was going to work. She didn’t know why she knew or even how, only that she believed so much in the two of them.

One month later

Rex had sat through exams of all kinds but never had he been so nervous as waiting beside Nora as the doctor pressed that scanner thing to her stomach. The moment he heard his baby's heartbeat, he fell in love. There was nothing to describe how damn protective he became.

Nora held onto his hands, squeezing to the point of pain.

"There you go. I can tell you hear that. Your baby has a very healthy heartbeat," the doctor said.

“Do you hear that?” Nora asked.

“I hear it.” He was never going to forget that sound. Tears sprang to his eyes.

“Is our baby healthy? Does everything look and sound good?” Nora asked.

The doctor was silent for several moments. “Looks to me like you’re going to have a healthy baby. We’ll keep a check on things as you progress, and obviously you’re struggling with the morning sickness.”

“It’s bad, but I don’t mind.” Nora pushed some of her hair off her face.

“If the dry toast doesn’t work, and you find it getting worse, please call me.”

“Is that a bad thing?” Rex asked, suddenly wondering if her sickness had been worse or better.

“Now, we just like to make sure Mom and baby are comfortable. If you’re vomiting every chance, then it’s not going to be good for either of you.” The doctor moved the little device thingy around. “Would you like to know the sex?”

He looked at Nora and watched as she bit her lip. “Would you like to know?” she asked.

“Yeah, I would. I think I’d like to be prepared for whatever our little baby can throw at us.” He squeezed Nora’s hand as the doctor chuckled.

“It’s nice to see a couple ready to do this together. I have so many patients who come in here, and it’s either one or the other determined to make this work. Rarely is it both.”

There was no way in hell that Rex was going to let his woman go. No chance of it. He loved her more than anything, and right now his second chance was happening. He was going to grasp it, hold onto it, and keep it.

“Right ... let’s see. Some babies really don’t like to give away their secrets,” the doctor said. “Ah, there we are, you’re going to be having a boy. A beautiful baby son.”

“A boy, Rex. We’re going to have a boy.”

“I hope he’s nothing like me,” he said, laughing. Tears fell down his cheeks as he leaned in against Nora, but he didn’t care. They were tears of joy, and right now he was so damn happy.

“I hope he’s everything like you,” Nora said, whispering the words. “If so, he’s going to grow up to be a wonderful man.”

Pressing his lips against hers, Rex couldn’t believe his luck. How he had found the woman meant for him, he didn’t know. There was no way he was going to let her go.

“I love you, Nora. More than anything.”

She smiled with her own tears. “I love you, too.”

Epilogue

Ten years later

“Can you believe our kids are friends?” Alaric asked.

“Yeah, well I’m about to be a son down in a minute.” Rex rushed across his yard toward the large oak tree. Nora had loved this house from the moment they stepped foot in it. The biggest problem with the house was they had several large trees, and a son that loved to climb. His little monkey boy was driving him crazy. “Will, I told you to stop climbing trees!” William Donovan, ten years old, and getting cockier by the day, gave a little chuckle.

“Come on, Dad, this is so cool. You can see everything here.”

“Your mother is going to have a heart attack, and I don’t want that.”

“Ew, you’ll do that kissing thing you always do. I hate girls. I love Mommy though. She bakes the nicest cookies.”

Rex rolled his eyes, and felt Nora right behind him, wrapping her arms around him.

“Hey,” she said. “I’m not going to have a heart attack.”

“I keep trying to get him out of the tree.”

“Watch this.” She rested her chin on his shoulder. “William, darling, you know that chocolate fudge cake you love so much?”

“Yeah.”

“I just wanted to say all of your friends are already eating it.” Before she had even finished that sentence, William climbed down and was rushing toward the kitchen.

Nora laughed.

“Food. All this time, good food is what brings him down,” Rex said, wrapping his arm around her shoulders, and kissing her head.

He turned toward his friend, Alaric, to see him with Bella in his arms.

“It’s good food,” Alaric said.

Ignoring his friend, Rex stared at his wife. Ten years of marriage, and he still loved her even more. Placing a hand on her slightly swollen stomach, he couldn’t believe the gift she was giving him.

Page 44

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“I love you,” he said. “More than anything. You’ve given me the entire world, Nora.”

Her cheeks heated. “You take the words right out of my mouth.” She pressed another kiss to his lips, and he couldn’t wait until the party was over. He wanted to be alone with his wife to show her just how much he loved her. Not that she needed it. He just loved to hear her cry his name when he was balls deep inside her. When he was, Rex knew there was no place better.

The End

****BONUS STORY****

YOU BELONG TO ME

Sam Crescent

Chapter One

Quinn Powell stared down at the picture his sister, Dorothy, had sent him. It was of her birthday party, which he’d not been able to attend, and beside her stood Kaley Woods, her best friend. His sister had celebrated her twenty-first birthday three years ago, and this picture had been taken then. Dorothy had always been a force to reckon with. The moment she’d met Kaley in nursery school they’d been best friends. No one could separate the two even if they wanted to. Their parents were overjoyed by their strong friendship as neither would do anything to risk the other. Kaley wouldn’t go out to any wild parties, which meant Dorothy found other ways to occupy her time. Dorothy wouldn’t sit in the library all day reading books, so Kaley found ways

to be with her friend. They were like chalk and cheese, yet the best of friends. Watching them grow up had been fun. Quinn was a good ten years older than the girls and had been expected to get them out of trouble, even though they were rarely in it. Kaley rarely spoke more than a few words at a time to him, and he'd done anything to try to.

Over the years, he'd noticed that about Kaley. She was a shy girl, almost withdrawn, apart from when she was with Dorothy. His sister brought Kaley out of her shell and forced her to live in the real world rather than her world of books.

He ran his thumb over Kaley's picture, falling for her smile like he'd fallen for every single part of her over the last few years. She was a beautiful woman yet hid behind large clothing and glasses she didn't need. He adored her curves, even though she had tried to diet over the years. Staring at the picture, he could make out her full tits, rounded hips and stomach, and juicy, thick thighs. He wanted her badly. Her curvy body wasn't all he wanted either. Smiling, he found it so cute that she had her glasses on as well. He'd seen her slide them up into her hair several times as she moved around the house. Whenever he entered a room, the glasses would conveniently fall down onto her face, hiding her away. He didn't know what she was hiding away, only that it would no longer work. He wanted her and had left her to live her life for the past six years without any interference from him. When she'd turned eighteen, Quinn had had every intention of getting to know her better, to seduce her. Dorothy asked him to let Kaley live her life, to go to college without the fear of an older, scarier boyfriend. His sister cared about him, but she also cared about her friend. Quinn respected Dorothy enough to stay well clear. Dorothy only asked for him to give Kaley a chance to live her life through college. She'd not said anything about the future. He'd given his sister Kaley's college years, and the last time he spoke to Dorothy, he'd made his intentions known. He was coming back home to make Kaley his. His sister no longer demanded he stay away and had in fact started to send him pictures.

He was a Navy Seal and had the pleasure of working with a fine group of men who all worked for special top-secret operations that risked his life on a daily basis. He'd just signed the papers for his final mission. He was getting out, and, at the age of thirty-five, he was going to finally marry his woman.

Handing everything over, he grabbed his bag and looked toward his friend, Dale.

“Are you sure about this? There's nothing more exciting out there.”

Quinn shook Dale's hand. “I don't need excitement anymore. I've got everything I wanted out of this life. It's time for me to move on.”

“The guys are all going to miss you.”

“I may be out, but that doesn’t mean you can’t come and visit me. I’ll be expecting you.” He withdrew his hand, offering a smile. “Come visit me and I’ll buy you all a beer.”

“Will do. The men are going to want to see the woman that has you leaving our asses.” Dale tucked the form under his arm. “How are you getting home?”

“Plane, taxi, Dorothy has refused to come and get me. She’s at the apartment where I’ll be staying.” His sister was known for being a pain in the ass, but he adored her.

“Okay. Your sister is waiting to give you a long talk, right?”

“You know her well. She’ll be ready to have my ass if I in any way ruin her friendship with Kaley. She’s not going to have anything to worry about. I’m perfect for Kaley.”

“Ah, the mystery woman has a name.”

Shaking his head, Quinn turned and headed out into the sunshine. He loved the summer a hell of a lot more than he did the winter. Everything always looked brighter to him. Climbing in the back of the guys’ car, he laughed as they talked nonstop about his leaving. They were all good men, and he’d miss them.

Quinn stood in the airport, and he took out the picture his sister had sent last. It had been taken four months ago, at Kaley’s twenty-fourth birthday. His sister knew about

his feelings for her friend and had expressed her concern, but she hadn't stopped sending pictures of Kaley.

His woman smiled back at the camera. In front of her was a large, chocolate-frosted cake. For the first time in a picture the glasses were not present and he was able to see her dark brown eyes. She smiled, and it lit up the whole of her face, making his chest tighten and his cock harden unbearably. Her hair was unbound and curled around her shoulders. The dress she wore showed a great deal of cleavage, more daring than anything he'd seen her in, as the hem ended before her knee. Kaley was pressing the knife into the cake. She practically sparkled with joy.

Quinn had already set the wheels in motion for him to be out of the Seals. This picture had only confirmed what he would do. It would only be a matter of time before another man saw what he did and fought past her boundaries to get to the woman within. He saw the sensuality within her. The need in her eyes to be taken, to be loved, shone brightly back at him. There was so much need inside her he was surprised Dorothy hadn't pushed one of her male friends onto Kaley. His sister hadn't, and so, Quinn was finally ready to make Kaley his. Even if his sister was nervous because he didn't have the best track record, she knew he wouldn't hurt Kaley, and that his feelings for her were real. He'd be the one to unlock the passion inside her. He alone would reap the rewards, and when it was all over, he'd be the one she fell in love with.

All he needed to do was persevere. It wasn't hard. He'd been a Navy Seal; seducing a woman would be a walk in the park.

"I'm going to head to the library," Kaley said, putting all of her notes into her bag. She'd taken an extra class at the college to pass her time, and now she was in graduate school.

“Okay.” Dorothy appeared out of the kitchen holding a wooden spoon. “You’re going to be gone until this evening, right?”

Kaley frowned at the hopeful look on her friend’s face. “Huh? What’s going on?”

“Nothing. Nothing is going on.” Dorothy rubbed the end of the wooden spoon against her head. Thick chocolate batter coated it, looking way too tempting.

Her suspicions rose as she looked at Dorothy. “You’re acting strangely.”

“It’s the summer. The heat is getting to me.”

Shrugging, Kaley put her satchel over her shoulder. She worked at the library five days a week and spent most of her evenings there while she studied. When she wasn’t working or studying, she wrote. Kaley loved to write stories, explicit stories filled with adventure and intrigue.

“Do you want me to pick something up for dinner?”

“Nah, I’m going to cook.”

Again, her suspicions rose. Between the pair of them, Dorothy rarely cooked while Kaley loved to cook. “I’m a little confused right now. Who’s coming to dinner?”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“No one. I’ve got the need to cook.”

With her hands on her hips, Kaley stared back at her friend. Dorothy’s face became devoid of any emotion.

“You can keep looking at me all you want, Kaley Woods. I’m not doing anything wrong. I need to cook, and it’s not your day in the kitchen, it’s mine.”

Shaking her head, Kaley walked to the door, guilty for her suspicions against her friend. “I’ll see you later.”

“Take care.”

“I will.”

She closed their apartment door, making her way downstairs toward the entrance. Kaley walked the several blocks toward the city library. It was a busy Friday morning, and she dodged as many people as possible on her way. The only problem with living in the city was the constant business of the people. They were always on the go, refusing to stop or apologize for banging into you.

Dropping her glasses onto her face, she tucked her head down, crossing her arms over her breasts as she walked up the entrance steps.

On the way inside, she stopped at the business section, gathering six books she’d need for studying.

Martha, a librarian in her forties, nodded toward her. “You’re back here again.” Martha had given her the job, showing her the ropes. Kaley liked the woman and considered her a friend.

“Yeah, studying.”

“Honey, you’re twenty-four years old. Surely there’s a man out there waiting for you.”

For some reason, Quinn, Dorothy’s brother, came to mind. Rubbing at her temples, she tried to force memories of him away. “No, no one.”

“You’re a beautiful young woman, Kaley. You need to stop hiding behind those glasses and those books.” Martha shook her head.

Not knowing what to say, she took the books toward the study area. She removed her satchel, pulled out her notebooks, and started to work. Every now and then she’d rub at her temple to try to clear the thoughts of Quinn.

He was the one man who always invaded her thoughts whenever anyone talked about a man. He made her so nervous that she made every excuse she could not to be in the same room alone with him. Since he became a Seal something had changed. He stared at her all the time. Each time he held her gaze, she was sure he saw a hell of a lot more than she would have liked. No matter how she tried to hide the desires running through her body, Quinn seemed to know.

You’re losing your mind again.

There’s no way Quinn could know. Her desires were locked up tight on her laptop where her stories were. Even Dorothy didn’t know about her more explicit stories. Kaley liked to write about alpha males who knew what they wanted and did

everything in their power to show the woman how they felt. They were dominant, protective, and so damn sexy they made her wet just writing them.

Opening the first book, she pressed her thighs together to try to stem the arousal working its way up her body.

She took notes on the values and needs of business, only to stop as Quinn's handsome image came to mind again. Pausing, she pulled her cell phone out of her jeans pocket to bring up his picture. This was one of the pictures Dorothy had sent her. It was taken by Dorothy as she held the phone up to take one of Kaley with Quinn. Quinn's thick arms drew her gaze first. Growing up, he'd been tall but not filled out. Since joining the Seals, Quinn had filled out. His arms were huge, well defined by muscle. They showed his hard work. In fact, the whole of his body showed it. Quinn's body was a piece of art.

Shutting off the phone, she forced all memory of Quinn out of her mind. No, she wouldn't be thinking about Quinn. He was off limits.

He wasn't just Dorothy's brother, he was scary as hell. She rarely spoke to him and wouldn't be alone with him anytime soon.

What if he's got a girlfriend?

Licking her suddenly dry lips, Kaley stared straight ahead of her at the lines of books. Books never scared her or made her want something she couldn't have.

Running fingers through her messy brown hair, she finally pushed Quinn aside. He was invading her study time. When she was done, she'd make a quick stop at the store for some chocolate ice cream and a movie. Ice cream and a movie would make her feel better. Well, the ice cream would make her feel better. Dorothy wouldn't ask too many questions if she appeared with ice cream, providing a romance movie came

with it.

Chapter Two

Quinn grunted as Dorothy threw herself into his arms. “You made it.”

“I would have been here sooner if my sister picked me up.”

She blew a raspberry. “I’m already letting you crash here. Besides, don’t you feel like a loser staying with your much-younger sister?”

Closing the door, he dropped his bag. “You’ve not told Kaley I’m coming, have you?”

He knew his sister well.

“You’re in love with my friend. I know Kaley better than anyone, Quinn. If she knew you were coming here to stay, she’d be going back home. I don’t know why she’s so skittish around you.” Dorothy shrugged. “Anyway, she’s at the library and will be for the next—” she stopped to look down at her watch, “—three hours. You’re safe to unpack.”

They lived in a three-bedroom apartment. Both of their families had chipped in to make sure the girls weren’t in any danger. The apartment building was a good one and located in a decent part of the city. Quinn wouldn’t have Kaley living anywhere else, and neither would he let Dorothy.

Folding his arms over his chest, he stared at Dorothy. “What’s to say she won’t run away?”

“I won’t let her. I’ve already got a date lined up. My plan is to sit and eat, then remember I’ve got a date, leaving the two of you together. If I don’t, she’ll come up with a reason to be out of the apartment. It’ll work.”

“How do you feel about me dating Kaley?”

“You’re not interrogating me, Quinn. I’m happy for you both.” She cut off to start laughing. “Actually, it’ll be fun to see you working hard for something you want in life.” She snorted. “Kaley’s not so easily taken with muscles and your Seal past.”

“You’re already a pain in my ass.”

“I’m the enjoyable pain, brother. I’ll leave you to get settled. I’m making Kaley’s favorite. Chicken parmesan. I’m going to need for her to forgive me, as otherwise I’ll kick your ass.”

Picking his bag up, Quinn crossed the apartment to the spare bedroom. Before he opened the door, he couldn’t help but take a peek in the other room. Kaley’s room.

Opening the door, he stepped inside then closed it quickly so Dorothy wouldn’t interrupt him.

The room was feminine. The walls were plain white, and the bedding was a light peach color, as were the curtains. The desk held several creams pushed to one side. What dominated the desk was her closed laptop. Beside her laptop was a notebook. He picked up the notebook, flipping through the pages to see lots of notes.

Quinn closed the book, not wanting to take his invasion into her privacy any further. His years as a Seal had taught him to play dirty as well as nice. Standing near the edge of the bed, he closed his eyes, inhaling her floral scent. He moved over to her single bookshelf that was full to bursting with books. He ran his fingers over each

well-worn spine. Kaley had always been a reader, a lover of all books. He used to like watching her read with the way her tongue stuck out as she did.

He quickly looked through her collection of books, seeing some more erotic titles amongst the educational ones. He'd not expected her to have any sexy titles, and he liked this side of Kaley. His woman liked to read sexy stories. Quinn could work with that. Did she wish she were the heroine in some of the books? He'd gladly play out all of her fantasies. He would remember the titles so that he could look for them.

Seconds later he left her bedroom and entered his own. The walls were white, and Dorothy had put some blue sheets on the bed. He went to the window to look out over the city. Their parents all lived in a small town in the country where fields as far as the eye could see surrounded them. The city never appealed to him, but he knew how important it was to start up a business within the city. Security was a good business to use all of the skills he'd built up in the Seals.

Once his company was established and Kaley finished her Master's, he'd be finding them a place back home. Quinn had a business plan that he intended to stick to. He had the money and the contacts, so all he needed to do was see his dream come true. In the last couple of years, he'd dabbled in the stock market, investing in products and companies, which had showed a great return.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

He unpacked quickly, then answered the texts sent by his parents before making his way out toward his sister. She was bent over putting a dish into the oven.

“Shut up, don’t speak.” She closed the oven, rubbing at her brow. “You better make sure Kaley loves you. I hate cooking and only ever make sandwiches when it’s my night.”

“You’re making it up to her for not telling her about me?”

“Yeah. You asked to stay here. If you weren’t my brother I’d leave everything up to you.”

“I appreciate you helping me.” He leaned against the doorframe, staring at his frazzled sister. For the most part Dorothy always came across as easygoing. Nothing stressed her, yet this did. “I’m not going to hurt her. Kaley will be safe with me.”

“I know. Don’t go into her bedroom again. She likes her space to be private.”

“I saw the notebook and laptop. What’s that all about?”

“Kaley likes to write. I’ve not been allowed to see any of her stories, but I’ve heard her typing away late at night. It’s what she likes to do.”

He’d be looking at those stories. They were important to her. He could sense it.

“I’m trying to get to know as much of her as possible.” He moved toward the kettle. “She’ll be fine. Stop worrying.” He made himself a coffee, while making his sister

tea. She didn't need anything else to make her skittish.

"I hope you're right." She started to move around in circles the watch that rested on her wrist. "Dinner is done. I'm going to get my outfit ready so I can leave quickly."

"No. I can figure everything out."

"Good. Quinn, I like the thought of you two being together. Go easy on her. I think she's, erm, she's still a virgin. She didn't pay any attention to the guys in school or in college. I've not seen her with anyone. I just want you to be careful with her."

"I'm not going to hurt her, Dorothy."

No, he wasn't going to hurt her. The last thing he ever wanted to do was hurt Kaley. He was going to spend some time with the woman he'd come to love. Kaley deserved to be loved and cherished, and he was going to be the man to give her everything her heart desired.

Walking up the steps, carrying the ice cream and a movie, Kaley was exhausted from the long day. She'd gotten plenty of studying in, yet it wasn't enough to push the thought of Quinn from her mind. Maybe it was because of Dorothy's strange behavior that morning.

She inserted her key into the door, entering the apartment. The scent of chicken parmesan filled her senses, making her mouth water. Removing her satchel, she set it on the floor.

"Hey, I'm home. I bought some ice cream and that movie you've been talking about for the last couple of weeks." She stopped when she saw three place settings at the

small table. “Do we have company?”

She walked into the kitchen and froze when she saw Quinn standing beside Dorothy. He held a bottle of beer. Both siblings turned toward her.

“Hey,” Dorothy said. “Awesome.” She took the tub of ice cream from her along with the movie. “I can’t wait to watch this.

“Hey, Kaley,” Quinn said. His voice was deep, masculine, and he had the power to make her melt.

“Hey.” What else should she say? “Erm, I thought you were, erm, working.” Where were her words?

“I was. I’ve got some time off.”

“Dorothy didn’t mention you coming here.” She looked toward her friend, who conveniently busied herself.

“It was a split-second decision. I’m not ready to go home. The folks know I’m staying here.” He tipped the beer bottle to his lips, and took a sip.

Get yourself together, Kaley.

“Great. Is that chicken parmesan I smell?”

“Yep. I’m pulling it out of the oven.”

“I’ll go and sit. It’s my favorite,” Quinn said, passing her.

Did he have to get so close to her when he passed?

“This is why you were baking this morning, wasn’t it?” Kaley asked, facing her friend.

“What? I knew he was coming, but I also knew you’d find some reason not to come home. I’m not kicking you out of our apartment while he’s here. What’s wrong with Quinn?”

“Nothing.”

“Good. He’s staying here a few weeks. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you, Kaley, but you wouldn’t have been here tonight. Please, we’re all friends.”

Dorothy was using the guilt card. Whenever Dorothy begged, Kaley never failed to feel bad for putting her friend in this predicament. Quinn was a nice guy. In all the years she’d known him, he’d never once made her feel unaccepted or uncomfortable. All of her problems when it came to this man were her own.

“Fine. Is there anything you need me to carry?”

“You can take the pasta. Love you.” Dorothy kissed her cheek, exiting the room.

Sucker.

Picking up the bowl of pasta, she walked to the table, placed the pasta down before taking her seat. Quinn had taken the head of the table while she and Dorothy sat either side of him. She could do this. She could get through one dinner without talking.

The two siblings usually talked a great deal while she listened in.

“How’s life, Kaley?” Quinn asked.

“Fine.” She looked toward her friend. Dorothy stared at her expectantly.

You need to get through this dinner.

“It’s going great.”

“You’re working at the library.”

“She spends all of her time at the library,” Dorothy said, shooting her a glare.

“I work, and I study. I need the library to do both.” The only other element of her life was her writing, which she wouldn’t be sharing. “What are you doing now that you’re home?” she asked, hoping to stop all of their attention on her.

“I’m going to relax. Get to annoy my sister, maybe find a hobby or two.”

Kaley watched him eat, his sensual lips closing around the fork.

“Oh, I forgot. I’ve got a hot date tonight with Scott.” Dorothy got to her feet, taking a quick sip of her water.

“I got that movie for you.” Kaley didn’t want to be alone with Quinn. Not once had she ever been alone with Quinn.

“I know. I’m sorry. I wish you had said you were bringing it home. I wouldn’t have made other plans.” She walked across their apartment toward her bedroom. “You two can get along without me.”

Kaley opened her lips only to close them. What could she say to keep her friend home? She drew a blank.

Coating a piece of pasta in sauce, she lifted it to her lips. The nerves around Quinn came back, and she chanced a quick glance toward him. He stared right back.

“It’ll only be us tonight.”

Squeezing her thighs together, Kaley nodded. “Yes.”

She listened to her friend moving around in her room.

I hate you, Dorothy.

The moment she thought the words, she felt bad. She shouldn’t hate her friend. There was nothing wrong with Quinn.

Minutes later, Dorothy came out of the room, dressed to impress in a tight red dress.

“Do I need to warn this guy?” Quinn asked. The big brother in him was showing through.

“Nope. He’s a good guy.” Dorothy hugged her tight before going to Quinn. “Have fun, kids, and don’t do anything naughty.”

Heat filled Kaley’s cheeks at her friend’s words. Nothing naughty would ever go on between them.

“Have fun,” Kaley said, getting to her feet. The door to the apartment was already closed. She picked her plate up, all of her appetite gone. “If you want to go out, I’ll understand.”

“Don’t you want some company with that movie?”

She stared back at him. “You’ll watch a romance?”

“Sure. I’ve not seen you in so long. It’ll be fun.” He stood, picking up his sister’s

plate.

Together they walked into the kitchen. This was the first time they'd been alone together. She put the dishes in the sink, filling the bowl with soap and water. Kaley washed the dishes, hoping he'd leave the kitchen. There was no such luck. He picked up the towel and started to help.

With his size, he made the kitchen feel so small. Licking her lips, she did her best to ignore him, which was so hard to do with him so close. How was she going to survive with him staying with them? She didn't know how she was going to last the next couple of hours, let alone weeks.

Chapter Three

It took every ounce of willpower to keep his distance from Kaley. Quinn saw she was close to running away. He didn't like it, yet there was nothing he could really do.

Take your time.

He was a patient man, and he refused to rush her. The moment he rushed her, he'd lose. He dried the dishes, loving the closeness to her. When his cell phone chimed, he took it out to see a message from Dorothy.

If I didn't leave when I did, she'd find a reason. Be nice to her. x

"I'm always nice," he muttered.

"Sorry?" Kaley glanced at him.

"Nothing. I'm just talking to myself."

"Ah, okay."

They finished the dishes then made their way to the sitting room.

"I'm going to get showered. I'll meet you back out here and we'll watch that movie."

She nodded, closing her bedroom door.

You can run, but you can't hide, baby.

He wasn't put off by her lack of enthusiasm. Quinn didn't linger in the shower or in his room. Within ten minutes he was out in the sitting room. He closed the curtains, turning the light off and only allowing two lamps to cast a low glow over the room. When the room looked perfect, he walked into the kitchen, taking out the chocolate ice cream from the freezer. He grabbed bowls, spoons, and some other candies for them to munch on.

Returning to the sitting room, he saw Kaley coming out of her room. She wore a set of shorts and a shirt with a teddy bear on the front. There was nothing sexy about her attire. He imagined her in sexy silk lingerie, and his cock began to thicken.

Patience.

Quinn placed his prizes on the table, taking a seat on the sofa. With the way he'd moved the television, she'd have no choice but to sit with him.

"Cute PJs."

She didn't say anything.

Glancing over, he saw her cheeks were bright red. He could do better than that.

Kaley took hold of the DVD, putting it into the machine. She clearly didn't have a fucking clue that the shorts rode up showing her ass off to perfection. He wanted to be those shorts. They were so tight, nuzzled against her pussy.

She handed him the remote, taking a seat on the other end of the sofa. He watched her put her feet up underneath her, keeping as much space between them as possible. In control of the remote, he allowed the trailers to run. They both laughed at several

comedies coming out in the fall.

“I can’t wait to watch that one,” Kaley said.

“I’ll take you to it. It’ll be a date.”

He made sure he didn’t make any sign that it was more than two friends getting to know one another. Quinn really wished he knew why she was so shy and nervous around him. It wouldn’t matter soon. He wasn’t going to give her a choice about being with him. For over six years he’d denied himself the pleasure of being around her.

The movie started playing. Ten minutes in, he leaned forward, moving a little closer to her as he did. He scooped ice cream into their bowls, sprinkling more candy. Moving a little closer, he handed her a bowl.

She took it. Their fingers brushed across each other, and he wanted there to be more. Sitting back in his new position, he ate his ice cream, watching the movie.

She sat next to him, and by the end of the movie, he had his arm across the back of the sofa and they were almost touching.

“Are you ready for bed? What did you think of the movie?” It was only a little after nine. Dorothy had sent him a text asking how it was going. He ignored the text and concentrated on the woman beside him.

“No. It was a good movie, boring in places,” she said.

He chuckled. There was no real action. Quinn flipped through the channels.

The only movie he found was a scary one. He liked scary movies, so he left it on that

channel. His cunning plan worked as within minutes she was clinging to his arm. Quinn moved her up the sofa so she was leaning against him with nowhere else to go.

“No, you stupid woman, don’t go outside alone,” Kaley said.

Quinn chuckled, staring down at her. She wasn’t wearing her glasses, nor was she wearing a bra. Her breasts were pressed against his arm, making him very aware how free she actually was.

Grabbing the pillow next to him, he placed it over his rock-hard cock. The sweatpants he wore didn’t do well for hiding an erection.

Page 51

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

He lay his hand down to rest on her thigh. Quinn wanted her to get used to him. Her skin was silky smooth to the touch. Gritting his teeth, Quinn counted in his head, using all the techniques he remembered as a Seal to gain control over his emotions.

She buried her head against his shoulder. "I hate this."

The movie had started out fun with her rubbing against him, but now it was pure torture. Kaley was so close to him, yet he couldn't do anything to relieve the ache building inside him.

When the movie ended, Dorothy walked through the door looking a little flushed. He glanced toward her.

"Hey. What's going on?" Dorothy flopped down on the chair. "Who moved the television?"

"We were watching a horror film." Kaley released him, getting up from the sofa. He closed his eyes as she bent over to grab the empty ice cream tub and bowls. The shorts rode up, revealing the bottom of her curvy ass.

She left the room, leaving him to his sister.

"She doesn't have a clue about the shorts, does she?"

"Kaley's not very aware of herself, no. Have fun?"

"Until the horror movie, yes." He ran a hand down his face. How was he going to

make it to his bedroom without embarrassing himself?

“Why? I thought guys liked to watch horror movies. Oh, that’s right, they don’t. It’s just a lame ass attempt to get us women close to them. Shame on you, brother.”

He saw Dorothy was laughing at him.

“I’m going to head to bed,” Kaley said, coming back into the room. She stretched out, thrusting her tits into the air.

Torture, pure torture.

“Night.”

His patience wasn’t going to last long if she behaved like that.

For the rest of the week, Kaley was surprised by how much fun she had with Quinn. Dorothy always had a good excuse to be out of the apartment. They spent a great deal of time cooking or watching movies. When she’d brought him the ingredients to make a stir-fry, a dish she’d never tried before, Quinn took the lead, creating a delicious meal that was fit for a restaurant. The movies varied from romance to horror. Her favorite were action movies with lots of guns. She noticed many of the romance and horror movies had a lot of sex. The moment the lights went down and the clothes came off, she got more nervous as she became more aware of Quinn.

He never moved, and she always wondered what he was thinking about.

She looked down at the books on the trolley that had been returned that day at the library. Martha was training someone new back at the front counter. Kaley liked

working at the library. It was usually quiet. They rarely had rowdy children or problems.

Walking through the history section, she placed the books about the Second World War onto a shelf. She tucked some hair behind her ear as she looked down to see what was next on her trolley.

“So this is where you work,” Quinn said.

Kaley looked up to find him leaning against the door toward the main reception. He was looking at her while she stared down.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“You work here.”

His gaze wandered down her body. She wore a pair of jeans and a pink shirt. Martha didn’t demand formal attire. Her boss preferred her staff to be comfortable in whatever clothes they desired. Jeans always made her feel comfortable, no matter the time of year.

“It’s lunchtime. Dorothy’s working. I was bored and wanted to come and see you.”

It would be the only explanation she got.

“Also, Martha said it was time for a real man to be calling for you.”

“You spoke to Martha?”

“She let me know where to find you.” He didn’t move from his space by the door. “I like her.”

“You want to have lunch?”

“Yep. When was the last time you ate?”

“Breakfast.”

“Good. I’ll wait for you while you do this trolley, and then we’ll head out. My treat.”

He stood watching her as she made her way around the library putting all the books back in their proper places. When she got back to the reception desk, Martha was smiling at her.

“He’s a handsome man, Kaley. Where have you been keeping him locked up?”

“I’ve not. He’s Dorothy’s brother.”

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

“I’m telling you, that man wants more.” Martha was staring over Kaley’s shoulder.

She looked behind her to see Quinn still gazing back at her, not moving.

“He hasn’t taken his eyes off you since he walked in. You’re the only one he’s interested in.”

“Quinn’s not interested in me like that.” He was too good-looking to go for someone like her.

“Whatever you say, honey. He’s interested.”

She picked up her purse, trying to ignore Martha’s words. “I’ll be back in an hour.”

A customer came in, stopping Martha from saying anything more.

“I saw a great burger place outside of the park.” Quinn held the door open for her. She walked beside him, folding her arms underneath her breasts.

She refused to believe Martha’s words. There was no way Quinn wanted her. He could have any woman, probably had already had any woman.

“Are you dating anyone?” she asked, blurting the question out.

“No.”

“Why not? You’ve been working a hell of a lot. Surely you’re looking for female

company.”

Her gut tightened at the thought of another woman getting close to him. She didn’t want him to find any pleasure in another woman. The only person she wanted him to get to know was her.

Whoa, hold on. You don’t want to get close to him.

She was confused by her own thoughts. None of them were making sense.

“I’ve got all the company I need.”

“I’m Dorothy’s best friend.”

“I know.”

Biting her lip, she looked at him to see he was staring straight ahead. Before she could ask further questions, they entered the park where the burger place was. They stood in a long line, waiting for their food. Quinn ordered for both of them. She was shocked that he knew exactly what she liked. The more she thought about it, the more she became aware of his attention.

At night, Quinn moved closer to her on the sofa so she didn’t have a choice but to hug against him when the movies scared her. He kept them supplied in ice cream, cooked her favorite meals. When she woke up in the morning, he was the first person she saw.

No, she couldn’t believe what Martha was trying to say. There was no way he was looking at her with anything other than friendship.

They took a seat at one of the smaller tables away from the crowd. Quinn placed her

burger and fries in front of her. Taking a fry, she took a bite, moaning at the salty taste.

“Delicious.”

“I’m not going to lie to you, Kaley. I’ve got all the company I need.”

She picked up her burger, taking a large bite. “You’re hanging out with your sister and her friend. Aren’t we cramping your style?”

“No.”

Kaley wanted to ask more, but she was afraid to find out the answer. His gaze was on her intently.

“When you open your eyes, you’ll see exactly why I’m here.”

She dropped her glasses down to cover her eyes. Most of the time she didn’t need them, but they helped her to think clearly when they were on.

“Eat your burger,” he said. She would have argued, but he pointed at his watch. Kaley saw they’d been waiting a good twenty minutes to be served. She’d talk to Dorothy.

There was no way Quinn had come for her. He’d never shown any interest in her before. What could have changed?

Chapter Four

Quinn entered the empty apartment after dropping Kaley back at the library. He’d be there to pick her up in the afternoon. The last week he’d not made any headway in

getting to know her. She kept him at arm's length, apart from when she was too afraid of the movies they were watching. Dorothy wasn't helping either. His sister was using every opportunity to be out of the house.

Without thinking about what he was doing, he entered Kaley's bedroom, closing the door behind him. He opened her laptop, waiting for it to load. When it asked for a password he sat back, thinking about her. He tried typing in her birthday, Dorothy's birthday, password, their names, but then he wrote his name and birthday. The computer opened up to him.

He was thrilled that she used his name and birthday to lock her computer. Quinn saw three files open. Opening the first document, he saw it was labeled "Story One". Frowning, he scrolled to the top of the fifty-page document and began reading.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:58 am

This computer was the access to the woman he wanted. He hated doing this, and had promised himself he wouldn't, but he needed a clue to Kaley's wants and desires. The story was about a shy, quiet woman—like Kaley. She was alone in the world and looking for that one man to awaken her. Quinn read through the story, seeing the signs that Kaley was begging for. She didn't need to wait for him to make his intentions known. Kaley needed a man who took charge. He'd been playing this all wrong.

When he read the next three stories, he closed the computer, making sure she wouldn't know he'd invaded her privacy. He wanted Kaley to trust him even though he'd invaded her room.

Opening her notebook, he saw more notes scrawled across the lines. Kaley hid from the world as her own desires scared her.

Leaving the bedroom, he paused as Dorothy walked out of the kitchen. "I told you to stop going into her bedroom."

"I needed to."

"She texted me to ask about you and why you're here."

"Shouldn't she have asked that already?" He took a seat at the table as Dorothy handed him a cup of coffee.

"You'd think so. Kaley isn't much of a talker. She won't question why you're here until you make her aware there's something she's missing." Dorothy took a sip of her

coffee. “Do you know why you’re here?”

“You know why I’m here, and I’m not backing down. I need you to leave for a few weeks.”

“You’re kicking me out of my own apartment?”

“Kaley’s going to be mine. The only way to make her mine is to get rid of you. You’re like an added layer of protection she can hide behind. I don’t want her hiding or running to you.”

“She’ll be pissed at me, Quinn. Can’t you think of something else?”

He sat back, running a finger over his lip. “No. You’ve got to go. Make an excuse.”

“Well, Scott turned out to be gay. I could use being heartbroken as an excuse.” Dorothy drank her coffee, frowning. “I hope you know what you’re doing. If Kaley starts to hate me, I won’t speak to you ever again.”

Kaley wasn’t going to hate him. He was going to make sure she didn’t get a chance to think about anything but him.

“It’ll be fine.”

For the rest of the afternoon, he helped his sister pack, and saw her off. She was going to visit their parents. Quinn promised to take care of Kaley. He asked her to wait until it was time for Kaley to get off work before she sent a text. Entering the apartment, Quinn was more in control. There was no doubt in his mind that he was going to get what he wanted. He never gave up.

Entering the kitchen, he made a quick casserole so he and Kaley would enter the

apartment to wonderful smells. He phoned his mother to talk him through Kaley's favorite foods.

"You're being sneaky, like your father," his mother said. Her voice filled the kitchen, where he had her on speaker phone.

"I know what I want."

"Kaley's a dear girl. We're happy for you to get together."

"Mom, this is not some test I'm cramming for, or some hobby I want to master. She's the woman I've been in love with for a long time. I did exactly what you, Dad, and Dorothy asked me to do. I left to give her time to spread her wings. I'm done waiting for her. I want to be with her more than anything else."

His parents were the only two people he could be completely honest with. They saw a hell of a lot more than he thought was possible for two people to see. Both his mother and father had seen what was happening to him with Kaley. Dorothy had been a surprise child as they'd been trying for over ten years to have more children. He didn't know the complete medical history, but it was hard for his parents to have lots of children, even though they both wanted them.

The eleven-year age gap had never bothered him with Dorothy. He enjoyed helping his folks look after her. Being a big brother meant something to him. He warned all the prospective boys away, kept her safe, and Kaley, too. Then one day he came home from college to see Dorothy dancing around the living room. She was shouting over the music, encouraging Kaley to dance with her. He'd been silent as he watched the two girls. When he'd seen Kaley, it had been like he'd been hit in the gut. The feelings she inspired inside him had been powerful, consuming. He'd not seen a mousy, shy girl. Quinn had seen the beautiful woman she was going to turn into. She loved reading, and he loved watching her read. From that moment, he'd been hooked.

Every chance he could, he'd come home just to see her. Those initial feelings had developed, strengthening with every passing year. Now, she was going to be his. They'd give his parents grandchildren. He wanted a big family, but first he needed Kaley.

The library was half an hour from being shut for the night. Martha was helping a family become acquainted with the books and sections. Kaley stood behind the reception desk, serving anyone who came forward. When she first started working at the library, she'd been terrified about dealing with customers.

She'd always been shy. Kaley didn't know why she was shy. It was just something she'd developed.

When her cell phone chimed, she reached into her pocket to see a message from Dorothy.

Sorry to do this to you, Kaley. Scott broke up with me. The bastard was gay. I'm not going to be around for a few days. Love you. See you soon.

Groaning, she pocketed her cell, wishing Dorothy had called her sooner. If she was broken-hearted she was going back home to her parents. There was no way Kaley would get the time off work. The last half hour went by so fast, and she didn't have any spare time to come up with a good reason to get out of going home.

Outside of the large window she saw Quinn waiting for her. It was still light. In a few months, it would be totally dark at this time of night.

"See you tomorrow," Martha said.

It was her day off tomorrow, but she always studied on her days off.

“See you.”

“If I don’t see you, I’ll understand why.” Martha looked toward Quinn.

There was no way anything was going on there.

“I’ll be here.” She made her way out toward Quinn. “You didn’t need to wait for me,” she said, folding her arms underneath her breasts.

“That’s not a nice way to greet me.” Quinn reached out to stroke her cheek. The action took her completely by surprise, and she simply stared back at him, shocked.

He ran his thumb along her bottom lip before he circled one hand around her waist, tugging her close.

“I missed you.”

She didn’t get time to speak as his head lowered closer to her. In the next breath, he was kissing her.

The kiss wasn’t sweet or gentle. Quinn’s kiss was demanding. His tongue ran across her bottom lip, seeking entrance. She gripped his arms, aware of the thickness of them underneath her hands. He was so strong and confident. This was what she wanted for herself yet couldn’t have.

Quinn didn’t ask for a kiss. He took it, and the experience along with his presence made for a heady combination. She opened her lips, giving him everything he wanted. Moaning, Kaley pressed her body against his. The hand at her waist moved down to her ass.

“Now, that’s exactly the way I want to be greeted from now on.” He dropped another

soft kiss to her lips before taking hold of her hand.

What the hell had just happened?

She used her free hand to touch her lips. They were swollen from the passion of his kiss.

“Dorothy’s gone to spend some time with our parents. Scott really broke her heart.”

“I got the text.”

He didn’t release her hand, keeping her locked tight next to him. She didn’t want to let him go as they made their way to the apartment.

The apartment that no longer had Dorothy, his sister.

She was alone with Quinn.

Her heart started to race. The kiss played over in her mind.

“I made your favorite casserole.” Quinn took out his key as they stood outside of the door.

Once inside, Quinn took her bag from her, helping her into the apartment. The door closed and was locked, keeping the outside world out. The scent of the chicken casserole made her stomach growl. Quinn chuckled. “Come on, it should be ready.”

She followed behind him silent as he took control. Who was this man? In the last week, he’d talked to her at every opportunity, asking her advice and accommodating her every want. The man before her wasn’t asking; he was doing.

Taking a seat at the table, she watched him carry the casserole to the table. He served them both a large portion of the food.

This is what you've wanted. This is what you write about.

Suspicious, she looked toward her door to see it was still closed. There was no way he'd invade her privacy or read those stories. They were her stories. He wouldn't even know that she wrote in her spare time. It wasn't something she advertised. She began eating, conscious of his gaze on her throughout the meal. Kaley liked his eyes on her. This was the first time in her life a man had taken an interest in her.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

Scooping up more of the food, she stared right back at him.

“I’m sorry about Dorothy.”

“Why?” he asked.

“She’s your sister.”

“She dated a guy who turned out to be gay. Dorothy will get over it.”

“You’re not a little worried about others exploiting her?”

Quinn throw his head back and laughed. “Baby, I’m more worried about the men than my sister. She’s a massive manipulator.”

Kaley licked her lips, thinking back to Quinn staying in their apartment. Her heart pounded as she took another bite of the casserole.

“Dorothy did it on purpose, didn’t she?” Kaley asked.

“What?”

“She knew you were going to be here that day. Not once did she tell me about you or even give any hint of what was going on. Both of you planned for that day.”

He didn’t look away from her, confirming her suspicions.

“Why didn’t either of you tell me?”

Quinn took a drink of soda before he started talking.

“All the time I’ve known you, not once have you been in my company for long. You always scamper away from me or find a reason not to be alone with me. Dorothy knows my feelings when it comes to you. I asked her if I could stay here so you’d get used to what I want.”

Kaley stood, taking her plate into the kitchen. His words were not what she expected. She put the plate in the sink then turned around, freezing. He stood right behind her.

“What do you want?”

He leaned around her, trapping her against the sink. She licked her suddenly dry lips once again. His closeness had her gut clenching and her pussy melting under his intense gaze.

“I’ll show you.”

Quinn cupped her cheek, tilting her head back.

She couldn’t speak. Words formed on her tongue yet didn’t come out. What should she say or do?

Then his lips were on hers, and all other thoughts left her mind.

Chapter Five

Quinn’s cock pressed against the front of his jeans, threatening to burst through. He’d imagined Kaley in his arms, yet nothing had prepared him for this instant attraction.

Her skin was soft, her body full and round. The need to take her was strong. He wouldn't back down. Those stories she kept locked away in a computer sealed with his name meant he wasn't going to let her go.

She'd lost all chance of getting away from him.

With his other hand, he slid it around her waist, drawing her closer.

He slid his tongue deep into her mouth, moaning as he did. She opened up to him like a delicate flower. Within seconds her hands were on his shoulders, gripping tightly.

Breaking from the kiss, Quinn stroked her cheek. "Now you know."

"You came here for me?"

"I quit being a Seal for you. I did my time, paid my folks' price. I wanted you the moment you graduated school. I know I'm fucking crazy for wanting someone so young, but you're different, Kaley. You've always been different to me." He caressed her back, never wanting her to go. Her eyes were bright as she looked up at him.

"I don't know what to say."

"You don't need to say anything. I want you, and I'm not going to let you go."

"You didn't need to stop being a Navy Seal. I'd never stop you," she said, touching his face. Both of her hands were shaking with tremors from the way she held onto him.

"It was a distraction. Now I've got you. You're all the distraction I need."

"Wait, the only reason you became a Navy Seal was because of me?" He nodded.

“You could have gotten yourself killed.”

“Baby, I needed to give you time to be alone. You were young. I respected my mom’s advice in giving you space.”

“She knows why you’re here.”

“The only person who doesn’t know why I’m here is you.” He fingered the edge of her shirt. Sliding his fingers underneath the shirt, he touched the smooth flesh of her stomach. He wanted to touch her without any clothes between them. Without asking her permission, he began opening her shirt, revealing her beautiful body to his gaze.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Kaley didn’t fight him as he removed her shirt. She wore a sexy red lace bra that showed off her nipples. His cock ached with the amount of blood pounding through his veins.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

“I want you, Kaley. No more hiding.” He claimed a kiss, stopping any kind of protest she may have. Slipping his tongue between her lips, he tasted her.

She moaned. The sound vibrated around his body, drawing him closer to her. He lifted her up in his arms, carrying her across the rooms. Quinn didn’t go for his room.

“What are you doing? You can’t carry me,” she said, wrapping arms around his neck.

“I want you in my arms, baby.” He opened the door, kicking it closed before he placed her on the bed. Quinn tugged the shirt over his head, letting her see him naked.

Kaley had opened her lips to protest only to stop when he got partially naked. Her gaze landed on his chest, covered in the ink he’d gotten over the years. On his arm was the Navy Seal insignia of his unit. The ink around his heart was her name in fancy writing. He’d gotten drunk when he visited home only to find she’d left to spend Thanksgiving with her family. It was one of the trips where he didn’t get to see her. He hated it but refused to go back to work without some memory or token of her. The tattoo was a constant reminder to him of what he was working for.

She stood up, staring into his eyes.

Quinn wondered what she was going to do when her hands lay on his chest.

“You really want me?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve always wanted you.”

She stroked his chest, going up and down his abs. Her touch alone turned him on. He reached around her back, unsnapping her bra.

“This is moving too fast.”

“I’ve tried slow. You always found a way to be away from me.” He pulled the bra from her body, leaving her naked like him. Quinn didn’t touch her breasts. Wrapping his arms around her back, he drew her closer so they were chest to chest. The tips of her breasts touched his chest, and it was perfect to him. He closed his eyes for a split second, relishing the feel of her being close to him. Quinn didn’t want to let her go.

Dropping a quick kiss to her neck, he licked the pulse.

“If you don’t want me to continue, I won’t. The moment you tell me no, I’ll stop. I’m going to hold you, and I’m not leaving. We’re together now, Kaley.”

She released a shaky sigh.

He pushed hair off her neck, groaning as her hands moved across his skin.

“I’ve never done this before,” she said.

“You’ve never had a man between these pale thighs?”

She shook her head, clearly unable to answer.

“I can handle that. I’ll take it slow. Now, tell me, Kaley. Do you want me?” He needed to hear her tell him the truth. Quinn wasn’t a rapist, nor did he relish taking something from her she wasn’t willing to give. He wasn’t a monster.

“Yes, I want you.”

Cupping her face, he slammed his lips down on hers, no longer holding back. His desire was over six years in the making. This woman had been the bane and pleasure of his existence.

Her hands on his jeans pulled him back.

Quinn watched as she began to work his jeans open. He didn't give her long before he took over. “Take your jeans off. I want you naked.” He dealt with his own jeans, sliding them off.

The boxer briefs that he wore did little to hide the evidence of his arousal. When he was around Kaley he was always fucking hard.

He noticed her hands were shaking as she removed her own jeans. Her body was so full and curvy. The size of her tits was a dream to him. She was a big woman. Quinn liked that a hell of a lot. She was the kind of woman who could take his hard fucking. The first time he'd have to be careful, the second time not so much. Once he'd taken her several times, he wouldn't need to hold back.

Patience was his virtue, and he had a lot left inside him.

She'd wake up from her dream in a moment. There was no way this was happening. Kaley stared at the outline of Quinn's cock. It was huge. She'd seen plenty of images of men's penises. None of them looked like that. And she'd not even seen his cock properly, as he was covered by the boxer briefs he wore.

This was completely crazy, insane.

Kaley wriggled out of her jeans, leaving her panties on like Quinn had left his briefs on. She folded her arms over her breasts, trying to hide from him. Unlike a lot of women, she loved her food and hated exercise. Her figure had never been a problem to her. Standing in front of Quinn, she couldn't help but doubt her body. He was a handsome man, and she doubted he lived like a monk. There was no way he was a virgin like her.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

“Don’t hide from me. Put your arms down. I want to see all of you.”

She dropped her arms to her side, wishing for some sense to come to her. Nothing happened. Quinn stepped closer without removing his boxer briefs. Did she even want to see his naked cock springing, out waiting for her touch?

All thought left her mind as Quinn picked her up, lowering her to the center of the bed. He joined her, lying beside her.

“You’ve never been with a man?”

“No.”

This was embarrassing.

“I’ve not got a problem with you being all mine, Kaley. I just want to know why. You’re a beautiful woman. How have you remained a virgin this long?”

Dorothy had lost her virginity on prom night. Kaley hadn’t been able to relax with any boy long enough. She’d kissed boys, nothing else.

“I’ve never wanted anyone else.”

“You want me?”

She nodded unable to voice her thoughts.

“You’re going to have to actually say it, baby.”

“Yes, I want you. I’ve never wanted anyone else the way I want you.” She stopped to lick her lips. “There were guys I dated. None of them made me comfortable enough to go farther.”

“Kaley, you don’t have to justify yourself to me. You’re mine. I’m going to take good care of you.” One of his hands landed on her thigh, sliding up. He traced a path around her panties, not rushing or going any farther. Her heart raced at his touch. “I’m not some schoolboy. When you’ve had enough, tell me and I’ll stop. I’ll never force you to go farther than you want.” He moved on the bed, going between her thighs.

Quinn spread her legs open. She truly thought she’d have stopped him by now. But her pussy was soaking wet, and she didn’t want to stop. Both of his hands caressed up and down the outside of her thighs. Slowly, he drew his hands toward the inside of her thighs, taking his time to stroke her.

His touch was driving her insane. It was too much and yet not enough. She needed more than his hands, which were driving her crazy. He moved to the waistband of her panties. There was no turning back for her when he got her panties off.

This is what you wanted.

She licked her dry lips once again, watching him. Kaley wished she knew what to do to make him feel this way. Every part of her was on fire, begging for his touch.

With one tug, Quinn tore the panties from her body. “I’ll buy you a new pair.”

Kaley didn’t care so long as he found some way to relieve the ache building inside her.

“There’s my pretty pussy,” he said. She glanced down as he ran his fingers over the lips of her sex. His fingers spread open her pussy lips, revealing her slit. “You’re so wet and juicy.” He moved down the bed until his head lay above her mound.

“What are you doing?” she asked. She’d watched enough videos, read plenty of books to know what he was going to do, yet she was worried. Men really licked a woman’s vagina? God, she sounded so immature. Even her thoughts were immature.

“I’m going to taste this pussy, and then I’m going to fuck you.”

Before she said another word, his lips were on her, sucking on her clit. She cried out from the instant shot of pleasure his touch created. Quinn didn’t stop. He held her thighs open as he teased her clit, sucking and nibbling down on the nub. Kaley held onto the sheet beneath her, unable to find any focus as he tilted her world upside down. He slid his tongue down to circle her entrance, licking around her hole before going back up to her clit.

“I’m going to take your virginity with my dick. I’m going to own every inch of you.”

She sobbed as he wreaked havoc on her body, which was no longer her own.

“My sweet little virgin is going to come all over my tongue.”

“Quinn.” She screamed his name, not knowing what else to say. Not once had she ever been through this. Nothing would ever be the same. Quinn had seen to that. They were both crossing a line she never thought possible.

This came straight out of one of her romance books, the man who took what he wanted without asking for permission. Her fantasies were coming true, and it was all because of Quinn.

She'd fallen in love with Quinn growing up. He'd been her best friend's big brother. Every time she'd been around him, she'd become worried he'd see her crush. How many women fell for an older man? Quinn had been the man in her dreams, the man she wrote about. This was completely strange to her to have Quinn licking out her pussy. At any moment, she truly believed she'd wake up.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

The sound of Quinn's teasing tongue let her know that wasn't going to happen any time soon.

Chapter Six

Flicking Kaley's clit, Quinn held her in place as he thrust her over the edge into ecstasy. She thrashed on the bed, and he did everything he could to keep her steady as he made sure she got everything from the orgasm.

"Please, Quinn."

Pulling away, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, licking the excess cream off his fingers. He left the bed, removing his boxer briefs. His cock sprang forward, and he groaned at finally being released. In the back pocket of his jeans, he held a condom.

"You're huge!"

He turned to the bed to see Kaley sitting up with her arms wrapped around her knees, which she'd drawn up to her chest.

"I'll fit, baby."

Her gaze stayed on his cock.

Quinn tore into the condom wrapper, sliding the latex over his shaft. Once he was covered with the condom he approached the bed. With each step he took, she shuffled

up the bed more.

“Come here, Kaley.” He stood at the end of the bed, gripping his cock. She slowly worked her way down to the bed where he stood. Quinn saw her nerves. “Give me your hand.”

She held her hand up for him to take.

He wrapped her fingers around his cock. “Feel me. I’m not going to hurt you. When I’m inside you, I’m going to take my time.”

“It’s going to hurt.”

“Your first time will always hurt.” He’d heard that a lot of women experienced pain the first time. Quinn intended to make sure her first time was memorable. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes.” She didn’t hesitate in her answer.

“Then trust me with this. I promise you, I’ll make it good.”

She licked her lips again. He noticed she tended to do that when she was nervous.

“I’m going to take good care of you.”

Kaley didn’t release his cock. He glanced down at her hand where she held the base of his dick.

Slowly, she drew her hand up then down. Her touch was light so that she didn’t move the condom off his shaft. Seconds later, she let him go, moving up the bed.

“I trust you, and I’m ready.”

He followed her up the bed. Gripping her ankle, he spread her thighs so that she was open for him. Quinn slid over her body, running his hand up her sides, touching her.

He took possession of her lips, moaning as she licked his lips. Opening his mouth, he deepened the kiss, sliding his own tongue inside her mouth. They both moaned together, the sound echoing off the walls.

When she relaxed beneath him, he reached between them to grip his cock. He caressed through her wet slit, getting his covered cock nice and slick with her cream. Only when he was sure she was turned on enough did he proceed. Quinn moved the tip of his cock down to her entrance and pulled away from the kiss to look into her eyes. He was going to stare into her eyes when he penetrated her virgin pussy.

Slowly, he pressed inside her. Her eyes went wide as with one thrust he went to the hilt inside her, taking her virginity with him. Something primal came over him at the look of pain in her eyes. It wasn’t because he caused her pain. No, it was because he owned her completely. This woman who owned his heart and soul, he now owned her. There was no other man in this woman’s life. He would bring her nothing but pleasure. Show her how good it could be between the two of them.

He slammed his lips down on hers, claiming a kiss. She melted against him. Quinn didn’t move, taking his time for her to grow accustomed to the width and length of his cock. He made love to her mouth instead, waiting for her to start moving.

“Please.” She broke away from his lips to start begging him. Cupping her hips, he reared back to stare down at her.

Quinn took his time sliding out of her tight cunt, watching his latex-covered cock appear. He saw her cum on the latex, turning him on even more. Mixed in with her

cum were small dots of red from her virginity. Kaley was his woman now, and he'd never let her go.

“We’re together now, baby. I’m never letting you go.”

Sliding back inside her, he groaned at the way her pussy tightened around him. He was finally taking his woman. Soon he'd be taking her without the condom between them. Quinn made love to her, taking his time to get her used to the feel of him inside her. He didn't intend to give her a chance to forget him. This was what had kept him going all those years of being a Seal, when danger faced him at every turn. Not once did he turn away from it, no matter how much he was scared never to see her again. His biggest nightmare was being unable to see her smiling face, to know what real love means.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

The only thing to keep him going were the letters his parents and Dorothy sent, along with the pictures of the love of his life.

Kissing her lips, he made love to her, bringing her to multiple orgasms before he reached his own. Quinn thrust inside her one final time, staring deep into her eyes as he came, filling the condom.

He made a vow in his mind. Quinn was going to make sure to always make Kaley happy, to give her everything her heart desired, and to make sure she never was left alone again.

Taking her lips, he moaned as she responded to him once again. He stayed inside her tight warmth, never wanting to go. Locking their hands together, he made sure they were close like they would be in the future. Nothing was ever going to tear them apart. He thought about his invasion of her privacy in reading her books. Maybe he should tell her, but he decided against it. What Kaley didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

Kaley moved around the kitchen while Quinn made her favorite stir-fry. She loved the smell of garlic, ginger, and chicken together. She was aware of the ache between her thighs as she set the table. They'd spent all of last night and this morning making love. For the first time in her life she didn't go to the library on her day off. She spent the whole day with Quinn. Her books were still in her bag waiting for her to read.

"You can study tomorrow at work," Quinn said.

She eyed her bag but couldn't find the excitement to actually study. Being around Quinn was a lot of fun. Neither of them had spoken words of love to each other, yet she felt it. She'd been in love with Quinn a long time, longer than she liked to remember. Over the years she had compared all of the men who asked her on a date with this man. All of them failed to compete.

"Okay." She sat at the table watching him work. Quinn only wore a pair of sweatpants and stood at the stove flicking the wok. His muscles were defined with his work. She pressed her thighs together as she recalled the feel of his lips on her tender flesh. Each memory was burned into her brain. She didn't want to forget a moment of their time together. "What are we going to tell Dorothy?"

"My sister knows how I feel about you. She helped to arrange for me to be here so you wouldn't scamper away."

Kaley had figured as much. Her friend had cooked her favorite meal as an apology. It made sense seeing as Dorothy rarely cooked. "Are you sure our parents will be okay with all of this?"

"I've already spoken to them, Kaley. They think it's good news we're getting together." He served up their food, moving toward her. She took the bowl and fork. Chopsticks were always a challenge for her to use.

Taking her first bite, she thought about their parents. "You told everyone about me but me."

"I couldn't even get you to stay in the same room as me, baby. I figured I'd take my time getting to know you before making my move."

She frowned. Quinn had been in their apartment a week before he made his move. "How did you know I'd respond? I mean, I've never showed any sign of wanting

you.” Her cheeks were getting warmer by the second. His intense gaze wasn’t helping any.

“Do you not want me?”

“You know I do.”

“Then nothing else matters. I wanted you, and I was going to make sure you wanted me.”

“A seduction?”

“Of sorts.” He took a large mouthful, and she couldn’t help but remember those lips on more delicate parts of her body. She was losing her mind.

“Are you remembering the feel of my lips on your body?”

She jerked toward him, surprised at how easily he could read her. He reached out to slide his hand along the inside of her thighs. Kaley shook at the feel of his hands on the inside of her thighs. Quinn moved up until he stroked the naked lips of her pussy. She only wore the shirt he’d given her, nothing else all day.

“Your pussy is really nice and wet for me, baby.”

“Quinn?”

He put his bowl down, and she copied him. He pushed his chair back then removed his sweatpants. She couldn’t look away as he quickly placed a condom, which he’d taken out of the pocket of his sweatpants, over his thick cock. Were all men in a constant state of arousal? She didn’t know the answer. Looking at Quinn, she believed so.

“Come here.”

There was no use in denying him. She wanted him as much as he wanted her.

“Straddle me.”

She stood with her thighs either side of his legs.

“Now lower yourself over my cock.”

Putting her hands onto his shoulders she lowered her body over his until the tip of his cock pressed to her entrance.

“Now, take me inside that pretty little pussy.”

Kaley couldn't look away from where they were about to be joined. Quinn gathered his shirt out of the way so she could see him disappearing inside her. Not only did she get to see them joined but she also got to feel him deep inside her. She sat on his lap, crying out as he went deep from the angle.

“Your pussy is so fucking tight. You're squeezing me, baby. You love having my cock inside you?”

“Yes.”

She gasped as he jerked his hips, making his cock go a little deeper.

Quinn pulled his shirt off as she sat on his cock in the kitchen. There was no way she'd ever be able to look Dorothy in the face knowing what they'd done at this table. His hands went to her hips.

"You're going to stop worrying about everything." He lifted her off his cock. His superior strength startled her. She'd never had a man who was able to lift her. Admittedly, she'd also never fucked a man on a chair.

He started up a pace that was fast and wild.

"Yes, baby. Let your tits bounce. Love it. Love my cock inside your beautiful tight pussy. Give me everything."

She gripped his shoulders tightly. After several seconds, she suddenly realized his hands were no longer on her waist but cupping her breasts. She had been fucking him, hard.

"Don't stop, Kaley. I'm going to come."

He licked her nipples, cupping her breasts together, stroking over the buds. Quinn didn't stop touching her. He caressed his hands down to cup her ass. She didn't lose her pace, loving his touch more than anything. He drove her to take him harder. Kaley wanted him as badly as he wanted her.

There was nowhere for either of them to go.

"Fuck, yeah, baby. Take my whole cock. Ride me. Show me you want me."

Kaley fucked him harder, sinking her nails into his flesh.

His hands moved once again, this time going to her pussy. Quinn stroked her flesh,

teasing her clit. All it took was a few strokes before she came apart. Screaming, crying, and whimpering, she rode her orgasm out on his cock, taking him with her.

When it was over, he held her tightly.

“I love you, Kaley.”

She froze. The words she’d been thinking were spoken aloud, only it came from Quinn.

Looking up at him, she saw the love reflected in his eyes.

“Do you mean that?”

“You’ve got no idea how much I love you. The only time I could cope with the shit I was doing was thinking about you.” He let out a breath. “This is a dream come true to me.”

He shook as he touched her.

“I love you, too, Quinn.” She cupped his face, smiling at him. For the first time in her life she wasn’t afraid to be herself. Maybe in time she’d be able to share everything with him, her own desires and passion.

Quinn pressed a kiss to her lips.

“Do we have to move out of the apartment?” she asked.

“No. I hope my sister can handle me being around a hell of a lot longer.”

She smiled. “Dorothy won’t have a problem. I’ll talk to her.” Kaley wrapped her

arms around his waist, breathing out a sigh. Being honest with him about her feelings had lifted a weight off her shoulders she hadn't known she'd been holding.

Chapter Seven

“When are you going to ask her?” Dorothy asked, taking a carrot stick from the bowl on the counter.

“Will you stop pinching food?”

“Why? It's only for your loser friends. Oh right, your loser Navy Seal friends.”

“It's Dale, John, and Bill. You better be nice. The other guys couldn't make it.”

“Be nice? Quinn, brother, you're in my apartment and about to overrun it with testosterone. Believe me when I say that I'm being nice. Have you even told Kaley?”

It had been a month since he'd admitted his feelings for her. He worked from his laptop at their apartment. The investments he'd made in the financial markets had given him plenty of money to work with. He'd started setting up his own security firm.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

Several men he knew from his time in service were already on his payroll. He'd been looking at an office, and once he had an office he would then look into employing extra staff and contracts. Kaley helped him set up his website. She was a genius at the advertisement element of his work. When he finally set everything up she'd be a valuable asset to his company.

"I've told her. She knows I've got a few friends coming." Kaley was the one who advised him to put the word out about his business setup. She was wasted in the library. He understood why she liked it even though he wished she spent a hell of a lot more time with him.

"She has really come out of her shell since you've been around."

"Then how do you think she'll handle this?" He passed Dorothy the diamond ring he bought for her.

"Holy shit. You're going to propose to her?"

"In front of both of our friends. You're going to be here to witness it. I've also invited our folks. They should be arriving very soon."

"How the hell are you going to handle this?" Dorothy asked, handing back the ring. "You can't just let her walk in and find everyone here."

"I'm not. I'm going to pick her up after work. We're going to walk and talk for a while, and then I'm bringing her back here." He had planned everything out to the last detail. The only problem he saw was her answer. Kaley loved him, told him

daily, yet she'd never talked about what she wanted out of the future.

"It's a beautiful ring," Dorothy said.

"I hope so. Kaley has never been the most talkative person I know. She doesn't tell me what she's thinking." He pocketed the ring. "So how are things with you and Dale?"

Dorothy gasped. "You know?"

"That you're seeing one of my buddies? Of course I knew."

"It's going great," she said with a smile. "Dale makes me happy."

"Good."

"Now, enough about me, and focus. Do you know what you're going to say?"

He nodded. He didn't need to tell his little sister about his worries. His heart pounded at the thought of what Kaley would say to his proposal. This was the first time in his life he was unsure of himself.

The rest of the afternoon he spent cooking and baking for his friends. Dale was the first friend to arrive. His parents were next, and then Kaley's parents arrived. He kept his eye on the clock for when he needed to go and get her.

John and Bill arrived as he was leaving.

"Everything's inside waiting for you. I'll be back with my girl."

He took his time to get to the library. Quinn had walked all the way and stood outside

the building, watching her through the glass. Her long brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail. The glasses she loved so much were on, and she wore a long-sleeved pastel-pink shirt. He'd watched her dress that morning in a long denim skirt. She never showed a lot of flesh.

Martha pointed at something on the screen, and Kaley leaned forward. The shirt gaped a little, showing off her ample cleavage. He hadn't been able to keep his hands off her. She was so fucking hot. Morning and night he was desperate for her.

Every morning without fail he woke up hard. He'd take her hard and fast, loving the sounds she made when he hit her high and deep. Her pussy was sheer heaven. Kaley didn't hide anything from him. She gave as good as she got. His cock thickened, remembering one morning when she woke up before him, sucking on his cock.

Fuck, he was rock hard.

The dream he'd been having was of Kaley sucking him off. When he woke and found her sucking on his dick, it had taken every ounce of control not to shoot his load into her waiting mouth. She drove him crazy all the time. He'd been unable to resist one night when his sister was out. Quinn had Kaley bent over the coffee table taking his cock. He'd taken her without the condom, and when it was over, he watched his cum spill from the lips of her sex. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed.

He pulled out of his thoughts to watch his woman working.

Minutes passed as the last customer left the building. It was time for her to come home. He watched the lights go down and the staff start to make their way out of the building. Martha and Kaley were the last two to leave.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

The moment she saw him, she danced toward him with a beaming smile on her face. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him close.

“I missed you today.”

He held her tight. “I missed you as well.”

“What’s the matter? You look worried.”

Kaley was also the first woman to sense his mood change.

“Nothing. Can we go for a walk before we head back to the apartment?” There were a few things he wanted to talk to Kaley about before he asked her to marry him.

“Okay. You’re kind of scaring me, Quinn. You’re not having second thoughts about being with me, are you?”

He took her hand, tugging her close. Sinking his fingers into her hair, he covered her mouth with his, taking the kiss he’d been thinking about all day.

“No. I’ve got no doubts when it comes to you.”

“I’ll see you two lovebirds soon,” Martha said.

Quinn waved toward the other woman, taking Kaley toward the park. She loved walking through the park no matter the season. Fall would soon be upon them, and it would be too dark to enjoy the view of the lake.

“How was work?”

“Fine. I couldn’t stop thinking about you or what you did to me this morning.”

He chuckled. That very morning he showed her how hot sex in the shower could be. He’d trapped her between the corner of the wall and his body, driving into her hard, again without the use of a condom. It had been a couple of weeks since he last used a condom. She wasn’t on the pill. The risk of pregnancy increased each time he fucked her.

“There’s something I’ve got to tell you.”

“Tell me, Quinn. You’re scaring me a little.”

He stopped beside one of the oak trees in the park. “I lied to you.”

“Huh?”

“The week I came to live with you and Dorothy, I intended to get you used to my company. You weren’t helping me, so I broke into your computer.” He could have gone the rest of his life without her knowing. Quinn didn’t want to start the next stage of their life on lies.

“You read my stories?” she asked.

Quinn nodded. Not only had he read her stories, he’d have known she used his name and birthday as a security code in her laptop. Her heart raced, and she was hurt. Was the last few weeks a lie?

“Why are you telling me this?”

“I don’t know.”

“The man you’ve been. Is that real?” Had he changed for her? What was she to think or feel? The man in front of her still looked like the man she loved, yet he was telling her he lied. None of it made any sense to her. What should she do with this information?

“I’m real. I was trying to be a different man for you before I read those stories. You were always so skittish around me. I wanted to stop that, and I went looking for something that would let me know what you wanted in a man.”

“You invaded my life to be part of my life?”

“Yes. Fuck, Kaley. I’ve wanted you for long, and I no longer wanted to want. I needed to have you. I’ve been in love with you for so long.” He took hold of her hand. She didn’t let him go. This couldn’t be happening.

Quinn wouldn’t hurt her. He’d not hurt her now.

He read my stories.

Frowning, she stared at him. Quinn had read her stories, and yet he’d not run from her. Why? Her stories were not for the faint of heart. The men were dominant, not necessarily into whips and chains, but they took what they wanted. The women always wanted them yet found some way to fight them.

“You’re not repulsed by what I write?”

“No. I thought you were very talented. You need to learn to share that talent with the

world.” He got down on one knee before her, producing a velvet box.

“What are you doing?”

No, he couldn’t be proposing, could he?

“Baby, I know I fucked up. I shouldn’t have read those stories, but it told me so much about you. The moment I read them I knew I was perfect for you. I’ve got no doubt in my mind that we’re supposed to be together. Will you forgive me and marry me?”

Kaley stared at their joined hands. She wanted to stay mad at him. Those stories were hers alone, yet could she really hate it?

Page 63

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

Was it really a big deal about him reading her stories? She'd never been this happy in all the years she'd been alone. Her love for Quinn went far beyond those stories.

The only man she loved was Quinn. She licked her lips, then looked into his hazel eyes.

"I wish you hadn't read my books, but I love you, Quinn."

"Is that a yes?"

She nodded. Tears filled her eyes at the joy. He laughed, tugging her into his arms. "I love you, Kaley, so fucking much." Quinn pulled away long enough to slide the diamond ring on her finger. "I promise I'll make you the happiest woman in the world."

"You've got to tell my father. He might not give you his blessings."

"That's another thing. My friends and our parents are at the apartment waiting for us. I was going to propose to you in front of them."

"I'm so pleased you didn't." The thought of being the center of attention terrified her. "Let's go and face them."

"You're not mad about your books?"

"A little but I'm not going to be unreasonable. I know why you did it even if I don't agree. I can't hate what happened as it has made me the happiest woman in the

world.” She rested her head on his shoulder, lifting up the ring he’d bought especially for her. “Let’s go back to our apartment.”

Once they were home her parents pulled her in for a hug. They all saw the ring and threw angry glares at Quinn for proposing without them. She calmed them all down, telling them all he did the right thing. Kaley would never be the kind of woman who needed an audience.

“You’re going to be my sister for real,” Dorothy said, pulling her in for a hug.

Kaley smiled. Quinn wouldn’t let her get far as he introduced her to his friends. They were all large and scary. The whole gathering was fun even if everyone kept talking about their past. There were not many memories of Quinn and her together, but there were enough to have her red in the face.

By nine all of their parents and friends were gone. Dorothy had also left with her parents to give them privacy.

“Are you happy?” he asked.

“Yes.”

She snuggled up close to him on the sofa, breathing him in. “I’m going to get married.”

“Yep, we’re going to get married, have lots of kids, grow old together.”

“How is your company coming?”

“Great. Dale and Bill are looking forward to joining when they’ve done their latest mission.” He stroked her hair as they talked. The television was off, and she saw their

reflections staring back at her.

“What’s going on in that head of yours?” he asked.

“Nothing. I just can’t believe this is happening.”

“Believe it, baby. I’m never going to let you go.”

“Did you really go into the service to give me time?”

“Yes. My mom believed you were too young. I love my mom and trust her judgment. You were too young for what I wanted.”

She tilted her head back to look at him. “What do you believe now?”

“I believe I waited long enough for heaven. I’m not going to wait a moment longer.”
He took her hand leading her through to her bedroom.

“We’re going to have to find another place to stay. It’s getting harder to face Dorothy in the morning.”

Quinn always made sure to have her screaming in orgasm. Most of the time Kaley didn’t know how Dorothy could talk to her. She was very vocal during sex. No matter how many times she tried to use the pillow to muffle the sound, it didn’t work. He laughed.

“I’ve got a place that I’m looking into. I was going to buy a place near where our folks lived.”

He closed the bedroom door.

“What changed?”

“My company and I know you love working for Martha. I figured we can settle in a condo for a few years before we find a place of our own.”

She smiled. “I like that.”

“Good, take your clothes off. I want to see what’s mine.”

A few weeks ago she’d been too nervous to show herself to him. Quinn had given her the confidence to reveal herself to him.

Chapter Eight

Kaley took her time in removing the pink shirt. She wore a white lace bra underneath that showcased her red nipples. Quinn sat on the edge of the bed, watching her reveal her body to his gaze. She was so fucking beautiful. In the last few weeks of them being together her confidence had grown.

Just looking at her filled him with such pride at knowing he was the one responsible for giving it to her.

She wiggled out of the skirt, standing before him in only the sexy lingerie she loved so much.

She's going to be all mine.

The very thought had his cock hardening even more. Standing up, he unbuckled his belt, taking off his jeans and shirt. She took a step toward him. He reached out, sinking his fingers into the fullness of her hair, drawing her close to him.

Smashing his lips against hers, Quinn didn't hold anything back as he showed her with actions the passion she inspired in him. They both moaned together. The sound echoed around the room.

He unsnapped her bra, tugging the fabric down her body. Leaning forward, he claimed one of her nipples, sucking the hard bud into his mouth.

She moaned, and her head fell back as she gave herself up to him. He licked from one

breast to the other, giving both tits equal attention. At the same time he sucked her tits, he teased under the band of her underwear, pulling them away from her body.

“You’re always tearing my underwear.”

“You’ll stop buying them soon.”

“I need them.”

“You’re perfect without wearing them.” He glided his finger through her creamy slit, moaning at the wetness that coated his fingers. “You’re always so wet and willing.”

Quinn turned her to the bed, pushing her until she fell on top. He didn’t give her a chance to get away from him. Opening her thighs, he attacked her clit, licking and sucking the nub into his mouth.

She thrust her pelvis up to him. He pressed a hand to her stomach, keeping her in place as he teased her pussy. Moving down, he finger-fucked her cunt, relishing the tightness that would soon be around his cock.

“I ache for you, Kaley. Come for me, baby. Come so I can fuck you.”

“I love you, Quinn.”

“Love you, too, baby.” He’d never invade her privacy again. Quinn would wait for her to come to him. He had done what he needed to do without giving much thought to her.

He flicked his tongue over her clit, glancing up to see her thrashing, fighting her pending orgasm.

“Give it to me, Kaley. Don’t make me take it.”

Quinn pressed two fingers inside her heat, groaning at the tightness of her. She splintered apart on his finger and tongue. He drank down her cum, greedy for more.

Stepping back from the bed, he slid his boxer briefs down. Kaley took him by surprise by going to her knees before him.

“My turn.”

When they were inside their bedroom his woman had turned into a seductress. He loved the passion in her eyes. She was a beautiful woman, a giving woman.

She gripped his cock, working from the base up to the tip. Kaley licked the tip that was leaking his pre-cum. Wrapping her brown hair around his wrist, he held onto her head, directing the depth as she took the tip into her mouth.

“Fucking hell!” He shouted the curse words as the heat of her mouth sent shockwaves of pleasure shooting throughout the whole of his body. This was unlike anything he’d ever experienced. Kaley was amazing, and watching her cheeks suck in as she took more of him only turned him on even more.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Kaley. You’re my woman. My little virgin woman.”

“I’m not a virgin anymore.” She released his cock long enough to say to him.

“No, you’re not. I took your virginity. It still makes you my little virgin woman.” She sucked him back inside her tight mouth.

He pumped his hips, going as deep as he could, groaning.

Closing his eyes, he counted to ten to stop himself from coming in her mouth. Tonight wouldn't end here. When he found his orgasm he intended to be inside her.

When he couldn't stand the pleasure any longer, he pulled all the way out. "Go to the bed, on your knees."

She started to pout yet did as he asked.

Quinn didn't grab a condom. He watched her get to her knees on the bed presenting her curvy ass to his view. She was perfect. He saw how slick her cunt was, dripping with her cream.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

Gripping the base of his cock, he ran the tip through her creaminess, bumping her clit as he did.

“Beautiful.”

She shuddered when he kept stroking over her nub. He’d already given her an orgasm making her sensitive to all touch.

“What’s the matter, baby?” Quinn asked.

“Please, fuck me.”

He held her hips as he moved his cock to her entrance. Quinn tightened his grip, slamming in deep. Kaley screamed at the depth of the penetration. He ran his hands up and down her back, soothing her.

“I’m going to fuck you so damn hard you’re not going to be able to walk straight without thinking about me.”

“I always think about you, Quinn.”

He smiled. He liked that a hell of a lot. All he ever thought about was Kaley.

Pulling out of her tight cunt, he slammed back inside. Quinn didn’t let up, fucking her harder with each thrust. He truly couldn’t believe this woman was his to keep.

Kaley pushed back against him, groaning at the depth of his cock. She didn't need for him to leave a mark on her body. Quinn had left a mark on her heart and soul. There was no other man for her.

She could forgive him anything, even him reading her stories.

He fucked her hard, harder than ever before, and she loved every second of it. She found herself looking at the ring on her finger, evidence of their coming union . They were going to be married for all to see. No other woman would ever have a hold of him.

She intended to be the only woman he ever needed.

The movies she watched for her research had also given her ideas of her own. She pushed back against him, taking more of him.

“So fucking tight.”

Quinn pulled out of her, flipping her onto her back, and sliding back inside her. She giggled at the determination on his face.

This man was going to be all hers.

He grabbed her hands locking them above her head, keeping her still as he drove into her over and over again.

“I love you, Kaley. I'm going to spend the rest of my life giving you everything you've ever wanted.”

She believed every word he said. Quinn never broke a promise. He kept his word. The men he'd introduced her to tonight, she'd seen the loyalty among all three men.

They had been through so much together. She knew if given the choice, they would die for each other. Their loyalty was that strong.

“I love you.” She tightened her hand around his, feeling his cock drive harder inside her. Kaley thrust up to meet him. Her orgasm began to work up inside her, getting closer to the surface.

She arched up as he swiveled his hips, touching her clit in the process.

“That’s it, baby. Come all over my cock. Let me feel you explode.”

Screaming his name, Kaley found her climax and the stars. He sucked on the pulse beside her neck as he found his own release.

She felt every jerk and pulse as he filled her with his cum.

“If you don’t use a condom, I’m going to end up pregnant.”

“Would that be a bad thing?” he asked. Quinn collapsed over her. She took the whole of his weight, smiling.

“I don’t think it would be a bad thing unless I ended up pregnant for my wedding. Everyone back home would start talking.”

“They’d think I trapped you into marriage.” Quinn pushed some of her hair out of the way.

“No, they would think I trapped you into marriage. Not the other way around.”

“What can I say, I’m quite a catch.”

She hit his shoulder, not liking his teasing. “You’re not playing fair.”

“I always play fair.” He dropped a kiss to her lips.

Quinn moved most of his weight off her but stayed inside. His cock, which was flaccid, still made its presence known within her body.

“You don’t play fair. I better remember you’re a dirty player for when we do get married and have kids.” She smiled up at him. The very thought of having children with him filled her with happiness.

“Now this is the look I thought a lot about while I was away.” He stroked a finger down her cheek.

“Did you think about me a lot?”

“All the time. Dorothy would send me pictures of you.”

“Huh?”

He pulled out of her and moved toward the wardrobe where he’d put all of his stuff. She sat up, tugging the blanket to cover her nakedness. Quinn came back with a shoebox. “This is what kept me going.” He handed her the box.

Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:59 am

Tucking hair behind her ear, she took the box from him. Removing the lid, she saw the abundance of letters and photographs.

“Wow,” she said, shocked by the amount of stuff people had sent him. “I always wanted to write to you. I didn’t have the first clue what to say.” She looked up at him. “I’d start a letter then feel stupid. I didn’t think you’d want to hear from me.”

Dorothy had told her to simply write. Kaley never had, being too much of a coward.

“I didn’t mind. Dorothy told me you struggled on what to write. I knew then I’d make sure there was never this distance between us.”

She picked up a photo taken on Dorothy’s twenty-first birthday. Dorothy looked so happy, and Kaley did as well. “You didn’t make it for her birthday.”

“I sent you chocolates and roses.”

“I remember. They were the roses I kept until they started to smell really bad.”

He chuckled. Just looking through the stuff he’d kept let her know this had been a long time in coming.

“You’re going to make me the happiest man in the world.”

“I sure hope so.”

Quinn cupped her cheek. Putting all of the pictures back in the box, she placed the

memories on the floor. “We don’t need those,” she said. “We’re going to make new ones.”

Climbing out of the bed, she straddled his lap, cupping his face and kissing him. She made a vow to never hide from him. Quinn would be the one and only man she ever gave herself to. She’d be open and honest with him from the start. For the next fifty years, they were going to be the happiest couple in the world. They would have children together, make love, enjoy each other, making every second count.

Staring into his hazel eyes, she saw the whole of their world mapped out before them. She wasn’t scared but excited. There was nothing she wanted more than to be Quinn’s woman and to give him a wonderful life.

And she did, with four children of their own.

The End