



Construction Book Boyfriend (Book Boyfriend Dating Agency)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Jerricka Bishop is fine with the fictional men in books she reads, but her best friends think she should venture out into the real world. To help, they introduce her to the Book Boyfriend Dating Agency. There, she finds more than the fantasy she signed up for.

Thiago Dominguez is satisfied with doing whatever is necessary to be successful and make his parents proud—except find a nice girl and settle down. However, the option is taken out of his hands.

When the two meet, their chemistry is undeniable. They are swept up in a passionate whirlwind. Once he's had Jerricka in his arms, Thiago isn't willing to turn back. So, he happily accepts the gift of being Jerricka's real life Book Boyfriend, along with all the rights his new title entails.

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“Come on, Jay. Do it for me.”

Jerricka eyed one of her two best friends skeptically. “How is me signing up with a dating agency doing something for you? Couldn’t you do it for you and sign up for yourself?”

Nia’s face twisted into a pinched expression. “Ugh... You don’t have to be like that. Don’t you want to meet someone? Someone other than actors, producers, and directors with big egos and no self-control?”

Putting a pin in the bodice of the gown she was stitching, Jerricka walked over to the low bookshelf in her sewing room. When she turned back toward Nia, Jerricka held her electronic reader in one hand.

“I meet someone new at least once a week. Right in here.” Tapping the sticker laden protective cover, she placed the device back onto the charging pad. Then, she returned to the prom dress she was making for her niece.

“You know I love a good book boyfriend as well as the next smut reader, but I’m talking real life. You can meet a guy straight out of your favorite romance.

And the best part is, the agency vets them. So, you won’t get some pretender or wannabe. It’ll be the real deal.”

With her hand on a section of sequined material, Jerricka paused to look at her friend.

“Is he gonna stay on the phone talking to me all night while we watch my favorite old

T.V. show? Or will he ruin someone's business because they hurt my feelings? Or, how about this? Will he sell me back the business my ex-husband gambled away for a song?"

Laughter bubbled from Jerricka's throat at Nia's exasperated expression.

"For real, Jay? You know good and well you wouldn't tolerate a man who was actually as unhinged as the guys in the books you read." Holding her thumb and pointer finger less than an inch apart, Nia continued, "they can be a little cray, but not all the way."

Jerricka's bottom lip protruded as she put her attention back on assembling the dress on the form. The soft sided, headless mannequin didn't complain about the pin she jabbed into it to secure the zippered back panel to the bodice.

"Well, that's no fun. Besides, not all of my guys are unhinged."

"Name one who isn't." Nia propped her elbow on the arm of the tufted chair and placed her chin on her fist. "I'm waiting."

"I'm thinking!" Jerricka rolled through her mental Rolodex of book baes, dismissing one right after the other. She definitely couldn't count the ones prone to kidnapping and fucking heroines into submission once they had them.

"You can't do it, can you?" Laughter laced Nia's remark. "That's okay. You don't have to keep struggling. There's no shame in being a smut lover who likes her book boo less tethered to reality."

Jerricka wasn't comforted by Nia's reassurance because her phone was back in her hand—ringing. On the second ring, Shanice's voice came over the line.

“What’s good, Ni-Ni?”

“She’s trying not to do it.”

Jerricka’s jaw dropped. “I know you don’t call yourself telling on me because I don’t want to be set up with a strange man through a dating app.”

Shanice’s giggles nearly drowned out Nia’s huffs of protests.

“Niecy, you’re supposed to help me here.” As the youngest of their trio, Nia took on the role of the baby sister that neither of them had.

A little throat clearing from Shanice ended her entirely-too-amused laughter. “Okay. Okay. My bad. Hey, Jay. Quick question.”

Rolling her eyes, Jerricka looked at the phone Nia held out to her. Her friend’s pretty face stared back at her wearing a serious expression.

“Yes, Shanice.”

“Don’t pull your mama voice out on me. You ain’t nobody’s mama.”

With a wave of the hand, Jerricka gestured for Shanice to continue.

“Which one of your book boos is gonna blow your back out tonight? Or suck your soul out through your vajayjay? The Yakuza boss, the Russian billionaire, the celebrity chef?”

“He doesn’t like being called a celebrity chef.” Jerricka blurted automatically.

“He isn’t real.” Shanice immediately shot back.

Before Jerricka could respond, Nia piped up, holding her tablet in her other hand.

“But you know who is real?”

On the screen was a picture of a very big, very sexy man. A shirtless man... holding a sledgehammer and wearing a construction hard hat.

Wiggling the device closer to Jerricka, Nia practically sang. “He’s real. He’s single. He’s big the way you like them. And he’s local. You can tell by looking at him that he can lift heavy things.”

Adding to Nia’s sales pitch, Shanice chimed in. “You know how you like to say you’re something heavy for the gym rats to lift. Here’s your chance.”

Jerricka’s eyes rolled upward and her lids slid closed. They weren’t going to give up. They were seriously going to keep at it. And she couldn’t even pressure Shanice to join her, since her friend was happily married. But Nia... Looking at her other friend, a slow grin spread over Jerricka’s face.

“Jay? Why are you looking at me like that?” Watchful trepidation coated Nia’s words.

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Chapter One

Thiago shut down his computer and removed the laptop from the docking station, sliding it into his messenger bag. He hated briefcases. They appeared pretentious to him. Besides, he liked his hands free as much as possible.

As if she had radar, the display on his phone lit up with an incoming call. His mother's face smiled brightly at him before he swiped the screen to accept it.

“Hola, Mamá.”

“Hola, mijo.”

It didn't matter how old they were, their mother called Thiago and each of his three brothers, darling. Some people thought it was sweet. Those people didn't know Elena Dominguez. Those mijos were tossed around more frequently when she had something up her sleeve.

Inserting one wireless earbud into his left ear, Thiago adjusted his bag crossbody, preparing to leave his office at Ashford-Dominguez corporate headquarters.

“I wasn't expecting to hear from you today, Mamá. What's going on?”

Thiago walked through the office space, giving the occasional nod to an employee as he waited for his mother to answer his question. Instead of coming out with it directly, she began talking about her book club. One of the ladies from the salon she frequented invited her, and she'd been going for a few months.

While he was happy she'd expanded her group of friends and associates, Thiago wondered what her book club had to do with him. He enjoyed a good murder mystery, thriller, or even the occasional sci-fi read. But, he wasn't the group discussion type. He preferred doing his woodworking to wind down from his day.

By the time he'd made it to his truck, she still hadn't gotten around to actually answering his question. Climbing inside, dropped his bag into the backseat before he started the engine and switched the call over from his earbud. He didn't ask his mother to stop talking while he did so, because it wouldn't matter.

Only it did. When the call fully connected to the vehicle speakers, she was calling his name.

"Thiago? Thiago, are you listening, mijo?"

"Of course, I'm listening, Mamá."

"So, are you on your way over now? It sounds like you're in your truck."

Baring his teeth in a grimace, Thiago looked at the time right above where his mother's image was displayed on the vehicle information screen.

"Sure, Mamá. I'm on my way now."

Turning left instead of right out of the parking garage, Thiago went toward his parent's home instead of completing the errands he'd planned to do before going to his own house. There was a match-up between the Atlanta Fantasy and the Los Angeles Flash, and he didn't want to miss tip-off.

When he reached his parent's ranch style home at the edge of Logan City, he saw his father outside wearing a wide-brimmed hat and gardening gloves with a bandana tied

around his neck. He was the physical embodiment of what people assumed a ranch hand looked like. Stepping out of his pickup, Thiago lifted a hand in greeting.

“Hola, Papá.”

“Hola, hijo.” His father took off his gloves and stuffed them into his pocket as he stood from the planter in front of him. Pointing to the flowering bushes inside, he shook his head.

“I don’t know why your mother insists we keep trying to grow these gardenias. I end up being the one trying to keep them alive. One little bug and she’s running back into the house.”

Hooking his thumb over his shoulder, Thiago’s father tried to look annoyed at his wife’s persistence on having pretty things, but not wanting to maintain them. Looking at the white flowers, Thiago would admit the white blooms were attention getters.

“How long have you been married, Pop? You didn’t just learn your wife likes outside as long as she doesn’t have to encounter the things that live outside.”

Swatting at him with the gloves he ripped from his pocket, his father mumbled about Thiago being a mama’s boy and never taking his side, before turning toward the house. Following him, Thiago shook his head. His dad would complain. But next spring, he ‘d be right back in the planter trying to keep whatever difficult-to-grow flower alive for his mother.

The moment he set foot over the threshold, his mother was flying at him with the tails of her long crochet sweater vest trailing behind her.

“You’re here!”

Grabbing him in a hug, she pulled him to the kitchen, pushing him in front of the sink to wash his hands before steering him to the round, four-seater table. This wasn't where they ate when all of his brothers came over, but it was where his parents took most of their meals when home alone. There were already place settings in front of each seat.

“Sit. Sit, mijo. I'll get the food.”

Thiago was well and truly suspicious now. His mother was flitting around the kitchen plating steaming piles of grilled meat and vegetables, along with flour tortillas and beans. Serving the meal family style, she placed everything in the center of the table. By the time she was done, his father entered the room, drying his hands on a towel.

“Sit, Miguel. Thiago is ready to eat his dinner.”

Thiago actually hadn't said a word, but he didn't correct his mother, even if it meant catching a glare from his father.

“Thiago isn't the man of this house. I am. We don't eat on his stomach time.”

“Miguel!” His mother hissed, giving Thiago yet another clue. Whatever his mother wanted, his father was well aware of it.

Thiago had no sooner taken the first bite of his fajita before his mother started up again about her book club.

“Beatrice asked about you last week at book club. We were discussing our book about this big guy, and she said he reminded her of you a little.”

That wasn't weird at all. Thiago again kept his thought to himself. Knowing what kind of books they typically read, he wasn't sure he wanted his de facto godmother

saying a man in one of their sexy time stories reminded her of him. Felt more than a little icky. Apparently what he didn't say aloud was written on his face.

Waving a hand at him, his mother's expression matched her scandalized rebuke.

“Thiago Martine Dominguez! You get that dirty thought out of your head. She wasn't talking about you...” His mother leaned in and lowered her voice, “sexually.”

“Mi amor, if you can read about it, why can't you say it out loud?”

Thiago's father earned himself a censoring glare for his contribution to the discussion. So, he returned to scooping meat and vegetables onto his tortilla. Thiago followed his father's lead and forked beans into his mouth.

Going back to their conversation as if his father hadn't said a word, his mother returned her gaze to Thiago.

“Anyway, as I was saying. Beatrice said the MMC—that's the main male character—reminded her of you. Not just because he was a big man, but he was so protective and willing to do whatever it took to make his lady feel safe. I was proud.”

Sitting up straighter in her seat, she brushed imaginary lint from the front of her crocheted vest.

“I raised good boys who became great men. The ladies were all abuzz when she brought you up. So, of course, we showed them pictures of you. And your brothers.”

Thiago closed his eyes. The perfectly seasoned beans took on the taste of cardboard in his mouth. Swallowing the bite was a struggle. He could almost recite verbatim the words that were coming next.

“It’s a shame that I have such good, handsome sons and not one of them has gotten married and given me grandchildren to spoil.” Shaking her head with regret, his mother added something unexpected to her normal, why am I not an abuela, routine.

“The ladies agreed with me that it was a shame. Then one of them showed me this.”

Pulling her phone from her pocket, his mother swiped her finger across the screen before holding it up for him to see.

“It’s a dating agency. Very exclusive.”

Her assurances of the exclusivity of the service did nothing to make Thiago feel good about where this was going.

“The ladies said it was the perfect place for a man to be chosen by a good, bookish woman. Because, the woman has to choose the man.”

Shaking his head, Thiago wiped his mouth before placing his hands flat on the table.

“I’m not signing up on a dating app, Mamá.”

The broad smile on his mother’s face filled Thiago’s stomach with dread.

“You don’t have to, mijo. I did it for you. Now we just have to wait for my perfect daughter-in-law to find you.”

Dropping his head, Thiago counted. Then he prayed. Then he counted some more. His mother’s soft hand tapped the back of his where it lay atop the floral tablecloth.

“Don’t worry, mijo. Everyone knows girls who like to read, make the best wives. Trust me. She’ll be perfect for you.”

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Chapter Two

Jerricka closed the door on the semi-organized, semi-chaotic room she used as her office on the set of *The Clarke Files*. The wardrobe area was bigger than most. It was a testament to the studio not having their head in their ass about at least some parts of the process when it came to the show. As she exited, she walked by the actor's trailers and was reminded of where someone in leadership was fucking up.

Dominique Truman was leaving with her assistant, who Jerricka knew was really a bodyguard, trailing behind her. Waving, the two fell into step together as they walked to the parking area.

She and Dom had worked together previously on other projects and a few times when they'd both been in New York on Broadway productions. Jerricka could feel from the way Dom was staring at her, she wanted to say something.

"What?" Cocking an eyebrow, Jerricka broke the silence.

"You're wearing make-up." Dom's gaze swept over her, making Jerricka want to adjust the blouse she wore over a fitted camisole.

"And you changed clothes." Dom continued her assessment as if she were unraveling a deep mystery.

"Yes... I am, and I did."

A bright smile stole across Dom's pretty face, putting her deep dimples on display.

“You have a date!”

Jerricka’s face scrunched at Dom’s excited whisper-scream. At least she hadn’t yelled it for the world to hear. Although shooting was done for the day, there were still plenty of people milling around.

Tapping the fingers Dom wrapped around her arm, Jerricka nodded. “Yes. I have a date.”

While her besties were the only people who knew she’d signed up with the Book Boyfriend Dating Agency, Jerricka didn’t mind if Dom was aware of her seeing someone. They weren’t super tight, but she was confident Dom wouldn’t spread it around the set.

Dominique Truman wasn’t that kind of person. Never had been as far as Jerricka knew. So, her being in the know wouldn’t hurt. Besides, Jerricka’s nerves were starting in on her, and she needed a quick ear. Shanice was on the west coast on business, so she wasn’t available to talk, and Nia was at the hospital. She had back-to-back surgeries. So, neither of her besties would be of any help to calm her.

“Are you excited?”

Dom bumped Jerricka’s shoulder. Usually, the actress towered over Jerricka’s five-foot-four-inch frame. But, with the cute little wedge heels, Jerricka was a few inches closer to Dom’s height—with only a couple of inches separating them.

“I guess...” Jerricka’s smile probably looked more like a grimace, because that’s how it felt.

“You guess?” Slowing her steps, Dom tugged on Jerricka’s arm.

Looking around, Jerricka leaned in. “It’s a blind date. I picked him from a dating app. But here’s the thing...” Jerricka looked around again. “I haven’t actually talked to him myself. My friend did it.”

The expression on Dom’s face projected her thoughts, and Jerricka felt as irrational as she was certain she sounded. Her shoulders drooped as she confessed more.

“We made a deal. If I signed up, she had to sign up. But, to make sure I didn’t purposely tank the date, she was the one talking directly to him in the messages. I only received screenshots of the conversations. So, I kinda have a feel for him, but not really.”

Worry coated Dom’s features. “Do you need back up? Me and Haley can come sit across the restaurant and make sure he’s not a creeper.”

Her concern brought a genuine smile to Jerricka’s face. “Thank you, but I don’t think it’s necessary. Besides, we aren’t going to a restaurant. We’re meeting at the arena for the Fantasy game. He has floor seats.”

“I can still go. Just let me call Den. He probably knows someone who can get us seats nearby.”

It was seriously nice of Dom to volunteer to be her backup. However, Jerricka’s anxiety had nothing to do with whether or not Thiago Dominguez was a creeper. Even as large as he was, to her, he didn’t give off the air of being a danger—unless he was fucked with. Even in the pictures she saw of him, his vibe was cool unless fucked with. Then all bets were off.

It took her the rest of their walk to the parking area before Jerricka convinced Dom she was fine on her own. She had to promise to send Dom proof of life pictures the same as Nia and Shanice, before the other woman got into the back seat of the SUV

and was driven away.

The days were longer, so the sun was sitting low in the sky, but there were still a few hours of daylight left as Jerricka navigated her vehicle from the studio lot and onto the highway. Her nerves reappeared the closer she got to the arena. She gave herself mental pep talks, repeating the green flags her friends said were present in the text conversations with Thiago.

One such flag was that he was a genuine fan of women's basketball. She'd seen the messages of him discussing his favorite teams and players, along with the reasons he liked them. Not once did it come off as him sexualizing the athletes. Although he said he'd only played basketball up through middle school, when he switched to football, he remained interested in the game. He was a purist, who thought there were far fewer fundamentally sound players on the men's teams.

Exhaling her pent-up breath, Jerricka showed the attendant her pass to the season ticket holder's section. The young woman pointed Jerricka in the direction of the numbered parking spot, which was in a well-lit area relatively close to the front of the lot. Having been to more than a few games on her own dime, she was aware this wasn't the door most people used to get inside.

She eased her vehicle into the space next to a large pickup truck, then shut off the engine. With a quick look in the mirror on the back of her visor, Jerricka checked her small, clear cross body purse for everything she needed. Afterwards, she sent a text to her friends and opened the door.

Despite the relatively safe feelings she had, Jerricka remained aware of her surroundings. Which was how she noticed Thiago casually leaning against the wall just to the right of the doorway people were using to enter the arena.

Pictures didn't do the man justice—that in itself was enough to make a chick swallow

her tongue. Because, in the pictures on his BBDA profile, he was beyond handsome. However, something about seeing him in person took his appeal up several notches.

Squelching the urge to smooth her clothing or pat her hair to ensure her braids were arranged just so over her shoulder, Jerricka infused confidence in her steps as she approached. It took a concerted effort for her not to stumble over her feet when he pushed away from the wall and started walking towards her.

When a smile stretched his lips, she had to force herself not to look away. The gesture took his stern face from ruggedly handsome to dangerously sexy. Shit. She was in trouble.

Chapter Three

Right up until the moment Thiago laid eyes on Jerricka, he was kicking himself for letting his mother drag him into her web. He'd successfully managed to side step every previous set up she'd crafted for him. Church. Her nail salon. She'd even tossed him at random women at the stores she had him take her to. He'd evaded them all.

However, when he saw the first picture of Jerricka, something inside him shifted. He didn't immediately let on to his mother. She'd made certain he installed the dating application on his phone before he left her house. But she kept it on her phone as well. Thiago knew it was to keep an eye on him, so he didn't accidentally delete it.

The first time the notification bubble appeared in the right corner of the app icon, he ignored it. By the fifth time, he was ready to delete the damn program and deal with the consequences. It was when he actually opened it and scrolled through the women who'd made contact that he changed his tune.

Jerricka wasn't the first or second woman to make contact. She wasn't even near the top. But once he saw her, the others ceased to exist. He didn't bother to respond to any of them. What he did do was send a message to the beautiful woman with the open face, and a spirit which jumped out at him from her photo alone.

Now, as he stood with the wall against his back waiting for her to join him at the arena, Thiago had to put his hands behind him to keep them steady. He hadn't been this nervous for a first date since he went on his actual first date ever. At least this time, he didn't have to borrow his dad's truck and he could afford to buy her more

than a meal at the local sizzler.

When the woman from the photos came into view, Thiago had to remind himself he needed oxygen to survive. He had to consciously tell his lungs to function, because the automatic response had stopped. It was a very good thing the wall was there for support, because it took him a solid minute to get himself together before he pushed away from it and his feet took him toward temptation on two legs.

Thiago had always had a weakness for generously curved women. Jerricka turned his weakness into a full-fledged addiction without putting one, cute manicured finger on him. The heels she wore made her legs look longer to accompany the thickness leading up to rounded hips, which he had no doubt supported an ass designed to make him weep.

Her waist nipped in slightly below bountiful breasts. The long, braided hairstyle framed her face, making her appear much younger than the thirty-eight years listed in her profile. Since he didn't know any woman over the age of thirty who'd lie about being older than they were, he dismissed the fleeting thought of the information being incorrect.

The smile tugging his lips across his face was as involuntary as the increase in his gait as he approached her. Their paths converged well before the entrance to the arena. So, they didn't block anyone trying to get inside when they came to a stop. Realizing he was staring at her while saying nothing, Thiago cleared his throat. Extending a hand into the space separating them, he breached the silence.

“Hello, Jerricka. It's great to finally meet you in person.”

Internally cringing at how stiff he sounded, Thiago was only able to cut himself a break when she returned the gesture. A gentle smile curved her lips and lifted her cheeks. Her skin was silky smooth in his hand and he was loath to let it go. There was

no doubt it was going to be a battle to not get ahead of himself and start treating her as if she was to him in reality what his thoughts had conjured. His. All his and never to be touched by anyone else.

“It’s nice to meet you in person as well, Thiago.”

His eyelids lowered at the way she said his name. Her pronunciation was perfect, without one hint of hesitation or the appearance of struggling in any way. Offering her his arm, he lifted the other toward the arena doors.

“Are you ready to enjoy some basketball?”

“I was born ready, sir.”

Her breath hitched when the last word left her lips, and his heartbeat picked up before moving south. Thiago wasn’t a Dom or a part of the lifestyle, but having Jerricka call him ‘sir’ stirred feelings he wasn’t aware were inside him. Knowing the timing was nowhere near right for him to pick up the vibe she unintentionally put down, he forced his legs to move.

The most important interview of his life was off to a spectacular start when Jerricka’s eyes widened at his courtside seats. When they were communicating via chat, he’d mentioned having season tickets, but he didn’t say they were center court. He didn’t have to guess as to if she was impressed by the potential cost of such seats or of their proximity to the action, because she let him know.

“Oh, wow. These are great seats! I’ll be able to eavesdrop on every word out of Queen Sano’s mouth when she’s talking to the players.”

Thiago grinned and nodded as he gestured toward Kari Sano, standing next to the head coach for the Atlanta Fantasy.

“She doesn’t talk much—other than to Coach Miller. But, when one of the guards is really messing up, you can hear her getting in their shit about it from here.”

Jerricka’s smile was filled with joyful anticipation. It didn’t dim for a second as the waiter came by to take their orders. After tip-off, Thiago was torn between watching the action on the court and watching her. Eventually, he settled into watching the game. The competition between the two teams was fierce.

During time outs and television breaks, he and Jerricka effortlessly slipped into conversation. It was actually easier to talk to her in person than when they’d communicated via inbox messages inside the dating app. They hadn’t exchanged actual phone numbers yet, but Thiago had it on his list. There was no doubt he wanted to see Jerricka again. Truth be told, he didn’t want this night to end.

Although he wasn’t completely awkward with women, smooth wasn’t something Thiago would ever call himself when it came to dealing with the opposite sex. He tended to be blunt to a fault and what some considered rough. However, he pulled from a well he didn’t know he had when his fingers grazed Jerricka’s exposed forearm, getting her attention as they were leaving the arena.

“This has been so great; I don’t want it to end.” Gliding his digits down her arm to her hand, he tangled his with hers. “Have a late dinner with me. You didn’t eat much during the game.”

“Who could eat with a nail biter like that going on in front of them?” Jerricka smiled while reminding him of the exceptionally competitive basketball game they’d just witnessed.

Still holding her hand, he stepped into her path—stopping her in her tracks.

“So... Is that a yes to dinner?”

Jerricka's bottom lip disappeared between her teeth for a moment. Her lashes partially shielded her dark eyes as she stared up at him. What he wouldn't give to suck that lip instead of allowing her to torture it with her teeth. When she finally released it, he couldn't stop himself from tracking the motion with his eyes.

"Sure. I'd like that."

Her slightly husky voice skimmed over his skin, heightening his awareness of her overall feminine appeal.

"Excellent."

Tightening his grip on her fingers, he tugged her toward his truck. He might have to thank his mama for meddling in his business after all.

Chapter Four

Jerricka's heart decided not to thump its way out of her chest. Instead, it settled between the apex of her thighs when Thiago entwined his long, thick fingers with hers. Everything about the man was larger than life. He wasn't ostentatious, but his presence was enormous. From the way he carried himself, he either had no idea, or he didn't care.

Confidence added to his appeal, but his obliviousness to the rest gave her the biggest clue as to what he deemed important. The pads of his fingers and parts of his palm bore the evidence of him working with his hands. His dating profile stated he was in the construction business.

He'd confirmed it during their conversation, but said he wasn't as involved on the work sites anymore. The light callouses indicated he didn't spend all of his time handling the business end of things. Those roughened patches had her imagination running wild with ideas of how they'd feel on other parts of her body.

"Since you drove, we have a couple of options. We can drop your car off, or you can follow me to the restaurant, and I'll trail you home after."

Lifting an eyebrow, Jerricka stared up at him. "Why would you need to follow me home?"

"To make sure you get there safely." Thiago returned her raised eyebrow with one of his own. "I wasn't making assumptions about how the night would end. I want to be certain you get home safely. Not being able to drive you myself, following is the next

best option.”

Jerricka had been absolutely right with her assessment when she'd first seen his handsome face in person. She was in trouble.

“Oh. Okay. Well, for now, why don't I just follow you to the restaurant? You can send me the address so that I can plug it into my navigation system as well.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Jerricka felt mildly bereft when he released her hand to retrieve his phone to send her the information. Only the panty-wetting smile he shot her appeased her somewhat. In a ridiculously short amount of time, she'd grown accustomed to his touch to the point she craved it.

Once he was done supplying the information, he clasped her hand in his again, and they resumed the trek to their vehicles. When he came to a stop in front of her SUV, she glanced up at him.

“How did you know this was mine?”

“The parking spaces are assigned. I have two. The only time this space is occupied is when I allow someone else to park here.”

His hand transitioned to her lower back and Jerricka's knees nearly buckled. It was a good thing she only had to put her hand on the handle to unlock the doors, because there's no way she would've remembered where to find her key. Thiago was apparently a full-service torture date. His hand on her back only moved to assist her into the vehicle.

There was a moment of hesitation before he closed the door as he stood there

regarding her with an expression she couldn't quite read. After a few seconds, he instructed her to buckle her seat belt. The gruff timbre increased the thudding of the heartbeat in her pussy, causing Jerricka to press her thighs together.

Only after the click of completion filled the cabin did Thiago close the door. Tapping the roof of the car twice, he rounded the front of his large pickup and climbed inside. His vehicle roared to life almost immediately, prompting Jerricka to press her ignition button as well.

As she trailed Thiago to the restaurant, her fingers itched to call someone to talk her out of what her body was campaigning for her to do. BBDA wasn't a hook up service. While it was true that people signed up for an experience, it wasn't the place for itch scratching. Reminding herself of those facts did absolutely nothing to stop her imagination from running wild with the possibilities of what Thiago could do with those muscles of his.

When Nia first brought up BBDA and having the book boyfriend experience, Jerricka didn't have high hopes. She loved reading about over-the-top heroes doing whatever for their women, but those men didn't exist in real life. Besides, she gravitated toward men who were rougher around the edges. Not uncouth, but men who had a low threshold for bullshit.

She dealt with posturing and pretending enough. Also, just like she'd joked to her friends—she liked men who could lift heavy things. Namely, her. Thiago was checking all of her boxes. And while that should probably scare her shitless, all it did was make her want to climb into his lap and ride him into oblivion.

“Can I ask you a question?” Thiago leaned his forearm on the thick, varnished wood of the rough-cut tabletop. The nearly bare appetizer platter they'd shared was shoved to the side along with their equally empty plates. The only thing they hadn't finished was their beverages.

Matching his posture, Jerricka nodded. "Shoot."

"What made you sign up? I know it's probably something I shouldn't ask, but I need to know who I have to thank for the gift of getting to spend time with you."

The way he probed her with his gaze made her skin heat. The thudding at her center became more of a throb as her neglected lady bits campaigned for her to let Thiago end their drought. Her body's desire was in direct contrast to the embarrassing truth of how she'd come to the service.

Dipping her head, she tried to avoid the question. "You don't really want to know about that."

Warmth with a hint of roughness met her skin, drawing her stare to his hand covering hers.

"I absolutely do want to know. I make a habit of only asking questions I want the answer to." Rubbing his thumb across the back of her hand, he waited for her to yield to his request.

Simply the way he stated it, so plainly and without guile, did something to Jerricka. Her embarrassment didn't stand a chance against Thiago watching her, waiting for her response. Biting her lip, her gaze flit away from his before returning.

Hunching her shoulders, with one eye closed, she watched him through a slit in the other.

"I made a deal with my best friend."

When he was silent in response, she peeked at him from under half lowered lids. The slow smile spreading across his face was disarming and comforting at the same time.

“Seriously?”

“Yep.”

Jerricka hoped he didn't want to discuss it further. She wasn't ready to admit she hadn't actually been trusted to speak to him directly until tonight. What she didn't expect was chuckles of amusement from him. Her question was written in the arch of her eyebrow. His laughter tapered off.

Patting her hand, he finally let her in on the joke. “We make quite a pair. Your best friend strong armed you, and my mother signed me up first, then told me about it later.”

The mirth laced in his admission sent her into a fit of giggles. They really were a pair.

“Oh goodness...” Jerricka's laughter shifted to soft chuckles. She was so relaxed with him, she forgot to filter her words before speaking.

“My besties were trying to get me laid, what's your mama hoping for?” The second the question left her lips, she slapped her hand over her mouth. She couldn't believe she'd let her guard slip enough to say that aloud.

“Grandkids.” Thiago's answer was prompt and accompanied by him moving closer to her, lowering his voice. “We can give them both what they want. I'm game if you are.”

Lowering her hand from her mouth, Jerricka blinked. Then she blinked again. Nope. He hadn't disappeared, confirming she was dreaming. The big sexy man was still leaning close to her face wearing a serious as sin expression.

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Chapter Five

Thiago observed the play of thoughts and emotions as they crossed Jerricka's beautiful face. He wondered if she knew she'd scrunched her rounded nose, or that her lips were pursed when she gave him a slow blink. His comment was forward as hell, but she'd opened the door. So, he had no problem sticking his size fourteen firmly inside to keep it open.

“Umm...”

Evidently, he'd robbed his beautiful date of her ability to form coherent sentences. It hadn't happened exactly the way he would've liked, but it was a start. From the moment he'd seen her, it had been a battle between his two heads as to which one should enter first. His brain won out... Until she inadvertently gave his other head an opening.

Tracing the back of her hand with the tip of his finger, he watched as her silky-smooth skin developed goose pimples from the contact. He gave her a few more seconds before he searched her face again.

“What was that, Dulzura?”

The nickname came out smoothly, but he liked it for her. He'd bet good money she was even sweeter than she looked. Closing the remainder of the distance between them, he fingered the braids next to her ear, then placed his face beside hers, allowing her to feel the scrape of his low beard along her jaw. Speaking directly into her ear, he continued his campaign.

“We don’t have to go directly to satisfying mi madre’s wishes. We can stick to the first part and get to the next later.”

He was certain her shiver wasn’t voluntary. Nor was it born of fear. No. She wanted him. Possibly as much as he wanted her. She just didn’t know how to get out of her own way. So, he’d have to help her.

“What is it you want, Dulzura? It’s okay. You can tell me.” Thiago spoke just above a whisper, directly into Jerricka’s ear.

The hitch of her inhale caused her cheek to lightly bump his. He didn’t attempt to stop her when she pulled back far enough to look into his face. The hand lying beneath his turned and her slender digits tangled with his. A surge of hopefulness welled inside him. There was no doubt he wanted her, but Thiago wasn’t in the habit of forcing himself on anyone. The choice was always hers. So, he waited.

“Thiago?”

If his eyes weren’t locked onto her face, he would have missed his name on her lips. His eyebrows lifted as he waited for her to continue.

The dark eyes which met his were clear and direct. “You asked me what I wanted. I answered.”

Until she said it, he’d thought she’d spoken his name as a question. He hadn’t considered that she was actually telling him what she wanted. Thiago didn’t ever remember smiling as much as he had with Jerricka. A lazy smirk lifted the corner of his lips.

With her gaze firmly on his, Jerricka squeezed his fingers. “Are we doing this or not?”

“Fuck yeah.”

His reply was immediately followed by him signaling the waiter, dropping a few large bills into the young man’s hand and escorting his woman from the restaurant. He didn’t care how much he’d overpaid. It was worth it to be able to leave the restaurant quickly. Waiting at the valet stand was an exercise in torture, but it did give them an opportunity to figure out where they’d spend the remainder of their night.

A hotel was out of the question. He wouldn’t treat Jerricka like a one off, but he wanted her to be comfortable. So, he followed her to her home. Thankfully, the drive wasn’t enough to cool their ardor. The second he put his truck in park, he hopped out and was standing beside the driver’s side of her SUV before she could lower the garage door.

The moment she stepped one foot out of the vehicle, Thiago tugged her into his arms. Leaning down, he captured her lips in the kiss he’d been wanting to give her from the instant he’d seen her. His plan was to remove every trace of the mauve colored lipstick she wore.

Jerricka’s body felt so good against him, but he wanted more. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to stoop down, grab the backs of her thick thighs and lift her up. Her legs wound around his waist as if they’d performed the move millions of times. Cradling her lush ass in his hands, he braced her against the closed door of her vehicle.

He released her mouth only long enough to rain kisses down her jaw and into the crook of her neck. When the tip of his nose skimmed the area behind her ear, her legs tightened and a melodic sigh escaped from her mouth.

“Tee-ah-go...” Jerricka’s tortured moan penetrated Thiago’s haze long enough for

him to realize he was on the verge of stripping her naked in her garage. When the automatic lights went off, he was urged into moving.

Thankfully, the secondary lights in her garage were the motion detection style. So, when he stepped back from the car, they popped on. Still holding her in his arms, he stalked toward the door leading into her home.

Was it wrong that he whispered a prayer of thanks she didn't need keys to open it? Thiago wasn't sure, but he sent one up anyway when Jerricka placed her finger on the scanner, and the lock clicked to allow them entry. Any other time, he would've been impressed with the security measure, but he had other matters to attend to.

Once they were inside the mudroom, he didn't want to put her down for them to remove their shoes. So, he didn't. Instead, he toed off his shoes, then swiped a finger into the strap holding her wedges onto her dainty feet, flicking them off onto the floor with his.

“Which way?”

They were the only two words he'd spoken since they'd arrived, but they were the most important. Pointing over her shoulder, Jerricka gave directions.

“Through the kitchen, then to the left.”

With a nod, purposeful strides cut the journey from the little room to her bedroom to less than a minute. He didn't take time to look at the décor. His vision was filled with the woman in his arms. Thiago didn't know how he'd gotten so lucky, but he wasn't going to let the opportunity pass him by.

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Chapter Six

Propriety was the furthest thing from Jerricka's mind as she reveled in being carried through her home, anticipating the big man transporting her, to do magical things to her body. His gaze was unwavering. The intensity with which he stared at her made her insides flip, and her core clench with the desire to be filled.

Once they cleared the threshold into her bedroom, Thiago's lips were on hers again. His tongue delved into her mouth stroking hers, dominating in the most pleasurable way. Her grip on his shoulders tightened as she rocked her center against his hard body trying to assuage the ache his kisses and touch elicited.

"Mmm... We're wearing too many clothes, Dulzura." Thiago's gruff voice scraped her eardrums sending a shiver down her spine.

Crying out in objection when he set her away from him, Jerricka's pout was immediately kissed away.

"No pouting."

Jerricka didn't normally like being ordered around, but the authority in Thiago's voice offered no room for her to do anything other than comply. He made it worth her while, by tempering his words with kisses.

In defiance of their size, Thiago's fingers were nimble as he quickly relieved her of her clothing. It was some of the best special effects work she'd ever seen outside of movie magic. He even made the mundane task of them sharing their status a sexy

endeavor.

That might have been due to him methodically stripping away his garments the entire time. For each section of golden tan skin he revealed, Jerricka's arousal climbed a little higher. Lying with the cool sheets at her back, she observed his masculine beauty like the apt pupil she'd always been.

When his long girth made its first appearance, her honey pot grabbed onto the air while simultaneously slickening in preparation for entertaining. The plum shaped tip of his length glistened with a drop of precum, causing her mouth to vie for attention. It watered with the desire to taste the pearlescent drop.

The moment Thiago placed one knee on the bed, bringing her prize within arm's reach, Jerricka stretched out a hand. Swiping her thumb over the place she wanted to put her lips, she brought the evidence of his desire to her mouth, licking it off.

“Mmm... Tangy.”

“Uh-uh. Can't do that yet.” Both of her hands were captured in one of his.

Pressing her backward into the mattress, he kept them pinned above her head. Any ideas she had about indulging in more of her new treat were thwarted when Thiago's lips came down on hers again, stealing her thoughts. The heady feeling of his hardness against her softness was its own form of torture. That is until Thiago released her lips, kissing his way down her body before he latched onto her other set of lips.

First contact made her buck against his questing tongue. When he sucked her clit into his mouth, her hips became the captain of her ship—lifting into the sensation in an attempt to feed him her entire pussy. Thiago didn't seem to mind. In fact, he wrapped his arms around her thighs, gripping them in his hands and holding them open for his

devouring.

The noises he made as he dined on her were only eclipsed by her keening moans. The pleasure was so intense, the next flick of his tongue against her little bean sent Jerricka flying into oblivion. She felt the warm gush of her release, quickly followed by Thiago lapping up every drop of her appreciation.

She was one big nerve ending, and he showed her no mercy. Her tremors seemed to be his fuel. He didn't stop his oral campaign until he was good and ready. Even then, he appeared loath to break away from her pulsing core. Rising up onto his knees between her spread legs, he draped her thighs over his.

The sight of his dick jutting from his pelvis was like a shot of adrenaline to Jerricka's system. It stood out like a pole in need of a flag to hang from the mast. She didn't have a piece of cloth, but she had something else she'd happily put on it.

“You're still looking at my dick like you want to give it a taste test.”

This time, he actually let her get her fingers wrapped around his thickness before he pulled her away.

“Nope. Inside your sweet pussy. Not your mouth.”

Jerricka didn't have the chance to protest. Within the space of her next two breaths, Thiago shifted her bottom half forward and buried himself inside her. The precious oxygen she needed was caught in her throat. He stretched her so completely...and he was still moving. Continuing to feed more of his length into her hungry pussy.

How was there still more?

Jerricka's internal question was soon pushed to the back of her mind as pleasure

consumed her every thought. Her feminine juices coated his length easing his entry, which amplified her enjoyment of the experience.

Once his pelvis was flush with hers, Thiago tilted his hips stimulating that special place inside her.

“Ahh!”

The cry tore from Jerricka’s throat and her eyes slammed shut. Reflexively, she mimicked his hip tilt. Her fingers wrapped around his forearms as he held on to her waist pulling her into his thrusts.

“Where do you think you’re going, Dulzura? You aren’t tapping out already are you?”

If she’d been able to spare the oxygen, Jerricka would’ve popped off at his cocky question. However, since she needed every sip she could get just to hold on, she did the only thing left available to her. Contracting and releasing her Kegel muscles she undulated her walls, massaging his questing thickness.

“Fuck!” Fire leapt into Thiago’s eyes. Releasing her waist, he leaned forward, caging her in between his muscular arms.

“What do you think you’re doing, Dulzura? Hm?”

Jerricka didn’t think he wanted an actual answer, which was good because the way he started working her honey pot didn’t allow for coherent thought—let alone words. Once he pressed her knees into her arm pits and fed her the entirety of his length, she lost touch with reality altogether.

Moans, groans, sighs and grunts mingled as they both crested into an explosive

orgasm. Her channel pulsed against his shaft as it jerked inside her, releasing his seed.

Neither of them marked time as they breathed deeply, coming down from their orgasmic high. When Thiago rolled away to relieve her of his weight, she instinctively followed, curving into his side. As if they'd done it every night for years, his large hand cupped her ass rubbing in gentle circles as they lay silently in their afterglow.

Chapter Seven

The offensive sunshine spearing through a gap in the curtains wasn't enough to put a damper on Thiago's mood. After their first round of lovemaking, he and Jerricka had come together twice more before dropping into slumber. The last time was in the shower they were supposed to be using to wash away the remnants of their previous rounds.

It was barely four hours ago, but he and his cock were awake and ready for more of his Dulzura's velvet sweetness. Being inside her was his new addiction—one from which he never wanted to be cured. There was never a question of whether he would stay over when they were done. They both slipped into bed and drifted off to sleep with her soft body cuddled close, and her head on his chest.

Lying on her side, facing away from him, the curve of her shoulder was exposed. But the bed coverings hid the rest of her voluptuous frame from him. That wouldn't do. Her even breathing shifted letting Thiago know luck remained on his side. She was waking up.

One arm slipped beneath the covers to curl around her waist as he scooted in closer to her naked form. Another pleasant surprise he'd learned about his Dulzura after their shower session—she typically slept nude. It suited him just fine, since it was easier access.

Access he planned to take advantage of at that very moment. Holding one of her breasts in his hand, he lightly squeezed the generous globe before taking her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, giving it a pinching twist. Not hard, but with

enough force to have the desired effect.

Thiago was rewarded when Jerricka's plump bottom wiggled against his erection, drawing a groan from him. He rocked into the movement enjoying the feeling of her plushness against his hardness.

Trailing kisses from her shoulder, making his way up her neck, he stopped at her earlobe, catching it between his teeth for a second before releasing it.

"Morning, Dulzura." Thiago heard the extra roughness added to his voice from sleep, making it even deeper than normal.

"Mmm...Morning. It feels like we aren't the only ones awake."

When she reached between them and her soft hand made contact with his hardened length, Thiago was ashamed of how close he came to blowing his load from the simple touch. It was almost as if he'd been transported to his youth when the only person who touched his dick for pleasure was him.

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Dominguez?"

Pumping his hips to glide his dick against her fingers, Thiago nuzzled her neck.

"You."

Putting words to action, Thiago pulled himself from her enticing digits, lifted her thick thigh, holding it up as he reversed direction unerringly guiding his stiffness into her heated core. The feel of her velvet walls encasing his length made him grit his teeth in an effort to hold himself together. Even with her slickness coating his shaft, he knew slamming his entire cock into her wasn't an option.

Pleasure was his goal. Forcing her to take all of his thickness before she was completely ready wouldn't help him in said goal.

“Ohh... Thiago...”

Hearing Jerricka breathily moaning his name was essentially the green light—especially when she did it while rolling her hips and arching her back to allow her to take more of his tunneling length. And, since she asked for it, Thiago was more than willing to give it to her.

His thrusts were measured, tempered by her responses to each one. He allowed her vocal reactions to lead him to their highest pleasure. Seizing a pillow, he rolled her onto her stomach with the padding tucked beneath her hips. Never missing a stroke, he straddled her legs, continuing to work her pussy like the most important job of his life.

Watching his length disappear and reappear beneath the rounded globes of her plush ass turned his dick from hard to granite. Grabbing two hands full of the jiggling tribute, he angled his hips to give her every possible millimeter of his throbbing length. Her lusty moans escalated to a crescendo, and her channel clamped tightly around him as she reached her peak.

Her walls rippling around his cock was his undoing. Grunting, he fell forward, plastering his chest to her back while his hips jerked to a rhythm he couldn't control. They didn't stop until he'd emptied every drop of his cum inside her heated core. Breathing heavily, he dropped a kiss on her cheek before he captured her lips in a lazy smooch.

After a few moments, he pulled his flaccid length from her warmth and rolled to his side. The bedcovers had been tossed away, so he wrapped her in his cocoon of arms and legs to ward off the chill. It didn't hurt for the by-product to be her body pressed

against his.

Jerricka didn't complain. Instead, she snuggled into his chest, placing a kiss on his pectoral. Thiago was content to stay just as they were for however long she desired. But, the world wouldn't allow it. Buzzing preceded the voice of a well-known drag queen singing, *You Better Work* .

Groaning, Jerricka attempted to burrow farther into his embrace. Her words were muffled against his chest, but he heard them.

“No... I don't want to.”

The singing continued for a few moments then stopped—only to start again less than thirty seconds later. Grumbling, Jerricka sat up next to him. A pout scrunched her pretty face while she stared at the offending device face down on her nightstand. Finally, she picked it up. However, she didn't answer the call. Instead, she waited for the singing to stop again before swiping the screen to unlock the phone, then tapped out a text message.

Almost immediately there was a ding indicating a reply to her message. A cross between a grunt and a giggle issued from her.

“Is everything okay?”

Thiago didn't need to know who was calling at the butt crack of dawn. Okay. That was a lie. He did need to know. But considering the less than twenty-four-hour length of their relationship he knew asking wouldn't win him any points. So, he went another route.

Jerricka placed the phone back on the night stand. Again, face down, before she replied.

“Yes, it’s fine. I broke the bestie rules. I was supposed to call or message last night and I forgot. If she hadn’t fallen asleep herself, the call probably would’ve come in much sooner.”

“Would that be the bestie who got you to sign up for BBDA? You should’ve answered. I owe her a thank you.”

Jerricka’s eyes widened at the suggestion. “No, I shouldn’t have, and you don’t owe her a thank you.”

Tugging her back to his side, Thiago tucked her beneath his arm.

“Of course, I owe her a thank you. If she hadn’t convinced you to sign up. We never would’ve met.”

Her cheek grazed his chest when she shifted to look up at him. He worked not to get distracted by how good it felt to have her soft curves pressed against him with no barriers between them.

“You don’t know that. We’re both fans of women’s basketball. I don’t have floor seats, but last night wasn’t the first game I attended. There was always the chance we could’ve met there. Or around the city. You never know.”

Hugging her tighter to him, he let one hand roam free over her curves landing on her hip with his fingers lightly gripping her ass.

“That sounds good in theory. But in this reality, your friends and my mama put us on the path much sooner than either of those possibilities. I’ve been going to games for years, and I’ve lived in Logan City since my parents relocated from Texas when I was ten.

That's a lot of years where I didn't know we shared an area code. So, I'm okay with giving credit where it's due."

Jerricka walked her fingers over his chest, and Thiago caught them before she could tweak his nipple. She learned of his sensitivity to touch there the previous night and seemed to get great joy out of exploiting it.

"If you're talking to my besties to say thank you, does that mean I need to call your mother to tell her she did good when she signed you up? What if your next date is better than this one? I can't be the only woman who double tapped on your profile."

Thiago stiffened. "Let's get something out of the way."

Lifting her to lay completely on top of him, he tilted her face upward to his. His fingers gripped the back of her neck while his thumb rested on her pulse—feeling the thuds of her heartbeat.

"There aren't any other dates. It doesn't matter who double tapped on my profile. I only responded to you . I only chatted with you . And I only wanted to meet you face-to-face. So, again. No. Other. Dates."

Chapter Eight

Where his thumb lay on her neck, Jerricka's pulse raced. To her, it felt like the organ was trying to gallop out of her chest. Just seconds before, the beating had been even. Methodical. She knew the increase conveyed a story to Thiago. In their short time together, she'd also learned he wouldn't accept silence as an answer.

Her eyes searched his for the words behind what he'd said. Possessive men weren't her bag. In theory. Apparently, in reality, it was a completely different story. When the man displaying the trait was Thiago Dominguez, that is.

Would it be so horrible for her to agree to date him exclusively? To cancel her membership with BBDA, or let it expire? Not really, since she hadn't wanted to sign up in the first place. No sacrifice required on her part. She actually had a tasty consolation prize.

"Dulzura? Are we clear?" Thiago's deep voice rumbled, vibrating into her chest since she was still lying on top of him.

"As mud." Jerricka delivered her response with a smirk, which morphed into a full smile when he smacked her ass with one deliciously calloused hand.

"Mud isn't clear. So, I guess you need more convincing."

Using his hold on her neck, he pulled her forward until their lips connected. Displaying his impressive strength, he used his other hand to adjust her hips until she was angled perfectly to receive his big dick in her already leaking channel.

Glad she'd put her phone on silent after shooting Nia a message, Jerricka rocked her hips, accepting Thiago's delectable invasion. The way he stretched her, in her current position astride his big body, she was guaranteed not to last long. But, since he'd proven he could quickly stoke the flame of her passion, she wasn't worried. There were at least three more orgasms in her near future.

Jerricka turned the light off in her new office. Shooting for *The Clarke Files* was done for the season. There had also been a big shakeup at the studio. She wasn't privy to all the behind-the-scenes movements, but at the end of it all, Jerricka was offered an unprecedented and coveted position with the studio itself instead of working contract to contract having an agent always shopping her portfolio.

The best part was, she didn't have to sign an exclusivity contract. If she was approached to work on an outside project, they wouldn't block her. She couldn't be happier with the turn of events. The only person who was likely happier than her, was probably Thiago.

They'd been seeing one another exclusively since their first date. It had been so amazing. It actually felt like she'd been dropped into her own personal romance story—BDE book boyfriend included. As she was walking to the parking area, she saw Dominique. But instead of looking as if she was leaving for the day, Dom looked a bit frazzled. Approaching her, Jerricka offered her a tentative smile.

“Hey, Dom. What's up? Everything okay?”

“Hey, Jay. Yeah...No, everything's not okay. But, I'll get it worked out.”

“Wanna talk about it?” Dom had offered many times to be a listening ear. Jerricka felt the least she could do was return the favor.

“Only if you have a place we can use for a few scenes that looks like a real

construction site, but with a crew that could build some break away stuff like we need for a big fight scene. Oh, they also have to be able to work within the safety parameters, and be able to get started tomorrow.”

Tilting her head, Jerricka held up a finger. “Give me a second.”

“Don’t play with me, Jay.” Dominique’s face was an amalgamation of hope, anxiety, and frustration.

“I wouldn’t play at time like this, Dom.”

Taking out her phone, Jerricka tapped the screen. On the second ring, Thiago’s deep voice came over the line.

“Dulzura, is something wrong?”

Jerricka understood him immediately assuming there was a problem. They had just spoken before she left her office. She’d told him she was coming to his place straight from the studio. Her calling again so soon, put him on guard.

“Nothing’s wrong. At least not with me.”

She quickly gave him a synopsis of what Dom explained to her. When Thiago had additional questions, Jerricka put him on speaker so Dom could fill in the blanks. By the end of the call, Thiago had secured a suitable location and the necessary manpower to get it done.

The moment Jerricka ended the call with Thiago, Dom swept her into a bone-crushing hug.

“Oh my gosh! Thank you so much!”

“It’s no problem. I’m happy I could help. Although, I’m sure you would’ve eventually been able to work it out. It’s nice to know people who can help my friends.”

“You did more than help. You saved me.”

Shrugging, Dom looked over her shoulder. They were as alone as they were going to get with her security detail a few feet away. Still, she leaned in and lowered her voice.

“I know I could’ve just called Den, but I really wanted to handle this on my own. With my own connections.”

“And you did.”

Rubbing her arm, Jerricka reassured her. They chatted a few more minutes before parting ways. Since Dom assured Jerricka she would have someone take care of getting the trailers to the new site, there was nothing else Jerricka needed to do. So, she continued with her plan to go to Thiago’s. They spent a quiet evening in, with him increasing his boyfriend stock by keeping the promise he’d made that morning to cook dinner and pamper her.

The next day began much earlier than usual with the two of them actually driving to work together, instead of separating in the driveway with a kiss goodbye. To make certain things went off without a hitch, Thiago intended to spend the next two days on the set he’d arranged for them. It was amazing what could be arranged when dealing with people who had means.

A contract was drawn up for the use of the property with terms worked out at an extremely reasonable rate before the end of the night. Between the time she’d left the studio and when she’d made it to his place, Thiago ensured that any person he

provided to work on or around the set was acceptable to be cleared by security.

The property he was allowing the studio to use was safeguarded behind a tall fence with security working the gated entry. After entering, they drove for another five minutes before reaching the actual location. So, there wasn't a chance of a Lookie-Lou walking by getting a sneak peek at the action. Paparazzi with telescoping camera lenses were another matter.

When Thiago parked his pickup in a space near the front of the parking lot and shut the engine, the place was already buzzing with activity. He came around and helped her from the vehicle. As they walked the set in search of the person in charge, Jerricka experienced a different kind of pride.

Thiago was as attentive as always, with his hand at the small of her back, taking care that she was safe even in an environment primarily filled with people she worked with regularly. Heads turned from the familiar and unfamiliar people they passed.

They located the foreman along with the set manager, Calhoun, in the same place.

“Good morning, Jerricka. And you must be Mr. Dominguez.” Calhoun extended a hand toward Thiago. After a brief shake the two were prepared to get down to business.

“Excuse me, gentlemen, before you get too involved, I have a question. Calhoun, can you point me in the direction of where they parked the makeup and wardrobe trailers?”

Calhoun pointed behind Jerricka and to the left. “Right over there.”

“Great thank you. I'll catch up with y'all later.”

With a pat to Thiago's side, she went to step away. The hand at her back became a vice around her wrist tugging her back. When she looked up at him, he wore the same expression he gave her when she tried to walk past him without giving him a kiss. Knowing her options were limited, Jerricka went up on her tip toes to accept the quick peck he planted on her lips.

"I'll see you later." She whispered with a rubbing tap to his chest.

"I'll be around." Smiling around his reply, he released her other hand.

Avoiding eye contact, with her sole focus on getting to the trailers and her team, Jerricka pretended nothing irregular had occurred. After a few minutes, she actually believed it.

Chapter Nine

Movie magic wasn't actually magic. It was hard ass work. Thiago saw it first hand as the teams built, tore down, and rebuilt sections of the construction set for the scheduled scenes. He'd met quite a few people who let him know they'd worked with Jerricka on numerous projects. They had nothing but good things to say about her.

One such person was Dominique Truman. He'd known, with Jerricka being in the movie and entertainment industry, she knew of and ran in circles with well-known people. As the owner of a major construction company, the same could be said of him. However, he didn't do as much schmoozing and spotlight activities as his Dulzura.

"Mr. Dominquez, thank you again for coming through for us on such short notice."

They were between takes, and Dominique had walked over to where he was standing off to the side. He was keeping an eye on the crew while the foreman was in another area of the set checking on the other guys.

"You're welcome. I'm happy I was able to help. And, please call me Thiago."

The two chatted amicably until Thiago noticed one of the men with a pained expression. Excusing himself from the actress, he went closer to investigate.

"José, qué ocurre? Estas enfermo?"

Thiago slipped into Spanish to ask the young man if he was sick, because it was the

most efficient way to communicate with José. He spoke English, but as most people did, when under stress or in pain, they reverted to their native tongue.

The sweat pouring off José's face wouldn't have been a problem due to the heat of the day, but upon closer inspection, there was a pallor to his skin. It was in direct contrast to the temperature outside.

"No. I'm fine." José's response was immediate, but Thiago wasn't buying it.

Pulling out his phone, he called Beau. The foreman was at his side in less than five minutes. It didn't take much for him to see what Thiago saw. José was done for the day. The guy didn't want to go, but he wasn't given much of an option. Having met him on multiple occasions while visiting job sites, Thiago was familiar with José and his work ethic. But he couldn't allow the man to stay around to potentially harm himself or someone else.

It wasn't until after they'd packed José into a vehicle to be taken to a clinic that Thiago was made aware of why the man was so intent on staying around. Jerricka approached with a purposeful stride and a frown creasing her brow.

"There's someone named José on your crew, right? Have you seen him? I need to get him outfitted."

Giving a regretful shake of his head, Thiago delivered the bad news. "I'm sorry, Dulzura. I had to send him to get checked out. He was ill."

"Shit. Okay. Well, I need to check with Calhoun and casting to see what they want me to do next."

She turned away and immediately whipped back around. "Did you happen to mention it to Calhoun?"

“No. I wasn’t aware José was needed for anything beyond the set building I requested him for.”

Tugging her back by the wrist, when she took a step away, Thiago pulled her to him.

“I’m putting two and two together, but it would be easier if you would tell me what you need.”

“All I know is that one of the extras was supposed to be in an upcoming scene, and the guy flaked. Apparently your guy, José, fit the basic requirements and he agreed to be in the scene.

I was supposed to dress him to fit in with the rest of the extras, but he didn’t show up to the trailer. My assistant is working on something else. So, I came to look for him myself.”

By the time she finished, the two people she was about to walk off to locate approached—Calhoun and a woman Jerricka introduced as Kathy. The three of them put their heads together. Thiago listened and watched quietly as they discussed options. He assumed Kathy was from casting, since she was flipping through images on an electronic tablet while they studied the people they had available.

“What about him?” Calhoun finally asked. It took Thiago a second to realize he wasn’t pointing to an image on the device display. The man was pointing at him.

Even with his new knowledge, Thiago still looked left and right, then over his shoulder.

“I’m not an actor.” The list of things he wouldn’t do for Jerricka was infinitesimally tiny. But, he had no idea accepting a bit role in a TV series was one of the items he’d have to consider.

“No real acting is required.” Kathy’s quick interjection was followed by a rundown of the expectations for the non-speaking role.

Thiago was set to say hell no. The thought was encouraged when Jerricka spoke up.

“Kathy, I’m sure he would be perfect for the scene, but I don’t have a thing in my trailers that would fit him. Since I didn’t bring supplies to whip up a costume, we might have to see who in the pool could work.”

She was saying the right things, but something felt off. So, Thiago asked the others to excuse them and pulled her to the side.

“What is it you’re not saying, Dulzura?”

“It’s nothing, Thiago. We’ll make it work. Seriously. You’ve already done so much for us to try to stay on schedule. These things happen. We’ll work it out.”

He didn’t like the dejected note he heard in her voice. So, he pressed.

“Tell me what you need.”

Her face scrunched before she opened and closed her mouth, without actually answering.

“Dulzura, tell me what you need.”

At his second prompting, she told him what she had planned. Once she was done, he folded her hand into his and led her to his truck. Lifting one side of the toolbox in the truck bed, he started pulling out work clothes, and boots.

“Which one’s fit into your scheme?”

Jerricka looked from Thiago to the items he'd draped onto the back of the vehicle.

"Are you serious?"

"I'm always serious when it comes to you." Thiago pointed to the clothes, prompting her to make a choice.

"If these don't work, I can call my brother. His place is just a few miles down the road. He can bring something he has there."

When Jerricka's brow furrowed again, Thiago filled in the blanks.

"This is my family's land. If you throw a rock in any direction for a few miles and you'll hit a Dominguez."

"Oh. Okay." She turned to focus on the options, then consulted her own electronic tablet.

"Do you have anything else in there?"

Looking over into the chest, Thiago pulled out the remainder of the garments along with the sledgehammer attached to the wall.

Once everything was laid out on the truck bed cover, Jerricka mixed and matched the items. Thiago could only guess her selection was based on whatever she had in her notes. When she was done, she'd selected a pair of bibbed coveralls, boots, a hard hat and a handkerchief.

"Dulzura?" Thiago didn't want to question her choices, but nowhere in her collection of items was one of the shirts he'd pulled out. The one he was wearing wasn't suitable. So, he wouldn't think she wanted him to keep it on.

When she looked up at him, her eyes were a little glazed. He could tell she'd slipped into her creative zone.

“Hm?”

“You didn't pick a shirt.”

“Oh. I know. No shirt for this.”

“Dulzura...Baby that doesn't make sense. People don't walk around construction sites shirtless.”

Tapping his chest, then cupping his cheek, Jerricka simply smiled at him.

“This is a television show. Not real life. Trust me. Shirtless is the way to go for this one.”

Chapter Ten

Jerricka wasn't sure if she was a genius or a lunatic. What she did know was that if the women who weren't needed on the set didn't get somewhere and stop staring at her man, she was going to hurt some feelings. They acted like they had nothing better to do than stand around watching Thiago swing a sledgehammer at a piece of drywall.

Granted, he looked insanely sexy doing it. And... Technically she wasn't strictly needed to fix anyone's wardrobe issues. So, she should've been somewhere else at the time. But he was her man. She could ogle him all she wanted.

When the director instructed Thiago to glare at the bad guy, then cross his arms over his chest, Jerricka had to cross her legs and look away. The way it ratcheted his sexy up ten notches was ridiculous—especially considering the level he was already working with.

“Who the hell is that guy and why is he half naked?”

Thank goodness the director had just yelled cut. Jerricka looked to her right to see a scowling Denzel Reyes standing there. Only because she knew what was going on, and that the woman in question was madly in love with someone else, did it not bother Jerricka for Dom to be standing so close to Thiago wearing one of her dimpled smiles.

He hadn't asked anyone in particular, so Jerricka provided the answer.

“Thiago Dominguez. He’s with me.”

Denzel glanced at her before returning his gaze to Dom and Thiago. “If he’s with you, why is he over there?”

She couldn’t blame him for his bout of jealousy. Not when she was prepared to tell some folks about themselves for standing around looking at Thiago. They hadn’t even come within ten feet of him and she was ready for action.

“He’s doing us a favor, filling in for someone who couldn’t be here. He’s not wearing a shirt because I made him take it off.”

Once she confessed to being the reason there was a shirtless man within fifteen feet of Dom, Denzel turned his full attention onto Jerricka.

“Jerricka Bishop, correct?”

“That’s me.”

His expression softened as he extended a hand. “Nice to finally meet you. Dominique has mentioned you many times. You’re very talented.”

Against her will, a blush crept into Jerricka’s cheeks at his praise.

“Thank you, Mr. Reyes. It’s nice to meet you as well.”

“Are you enjoying your more permanent position with the studio?”

A wide smile was added to the blush as Jerricka prepared to reply. However, her response was interrupted.

“Dulzura?”

Thiago’s use of the pet name in a questioning voice drew both of their attention. He stood a few feet away with the sledge hammer dangling from one hand and his gaze bouncing between her and Denzel.

Seeking to break the thick veil of testosterone clogging the area, Jerricka stepped closer to him, taking his free hand. She tangled her fingers with his then squeezed his bicep.

“Baby, come let me introduce you to Denzel Reyes.”

Despite the two of them spending unnecessary time sizing one another up, they eventually fell into cordial conversation. Denzel warmed up more when he learned Thiago was allowing them to use his property, and he’d signed a contract with the studio for future work as well.

Once there wasn’t enough natural light and they didn’t have enough light stands to simulate the sun, the director called it quits for the day. It wasn’t a moment too soon for Jerricka. If she had to watch Thiago swing that big hammer one more time, she was going to combust.

She’d always found men who worked with their hands sexy. Seeing her man not only knocking shit down, but building it back up had her squirming. He didn’t make things better by shooting her knowing grins whenever he caught her staring. Jerricka no longer cared about the other women gawking. Her sole focus was on the big man making promises with his eyes.

After the director called the day, she went back to the wardrobe trailer to perform her normal end of the day tasks. She’d just finished separating the items requiring laundering from the one’s that would need to be worn again, when the door opened.

She looked up to see Thiago climbing the last step.

He was drying his hands on a towel as he entered. So, she figured he stopped by the shower area to clean up. Except he was still wearing the bibbed coveralls from earlier.

“Oh, hey. I’m almost done.”

Dropping the bag near the door, she walked back to the racks. She’d just stretched out her arm to straighten an item when Thiago grasped her around the waist, pulling her body back into his.

“Thiago!” Jerricka whisper-screamed as she looked up over her shoulder at him.
“What are you doing?”

“Did you think you could get away with eye-fucking me for hours and not suffer the consequences?”

Her answer died in her throat because Thiago followed his question with decisive action. Latching on to the sensitive spot below her ear, his fingers deftly flicked the button of her pants open, and he slid one hand inside. It took him less than a minute to discover her already primed status, drawing a groan as he dipped his fingers into her channel.

“You’re so wet, Dulzura. Were you thinking about what you wanted to do to me while you watched me working in the hot sun?” Hm?”

Why the man thought she could form coherent sentences was a mystery. But, since he didn’t give her time to answer, it didn’t matter.

“While you were planning what you wanted to do to me, did you consider that I

might want to do something to you? Like strip you naked and fuck you where you stand?”

“Thiago...” Jerricka wasn’t sure if she was begging him to stop or keep going.

His response said he thought it was the former. With one hand still in her pants torturing her bud, he used the other to guide hers to his hardened shaft.

“No, Dulzura. You did this. You have to take your punishment like a good girl.”

Despite the rough fabric separating her from his stiffness, Jerricka instinctively wrapped her fingers around his shaft as much as the material allowed. When he moved his hips, taking the thickness out of her reach, her pout was immediate, but short-lived.

She quickly found her upper half leaned on top of the drafting style table, with her pants yanked down and her core being filled with the length she’d wanted so badly to touch. She was getting all the touching she could handle, and then some.

“Ah! Thiago!”

Whether someone could hear them through the thin trailer walls wasn’t a thought in Jerricka’s mind. She was too busy holding onto her sanity by a thread while Thiago plundered her pussy like a pirate who stumbled upon a cache of treasure. He knocked every filthy thought she’d had earlier from her mind until they came tumbling from her lips. She only stopped when he tipped her head back capturing her mouth in an upside-down kiss.

Plunging into her relentlessly, he didn’t slow until her walls clamped down on his thickness while she was in the throes of an orgasm. Even with him covering her mouth with his, her scream was audible. His groan soon followed as his cock jerked

inside her, releasing his seed.

Afterwards, once they'd cleaned up enough for Jerricka not to feel self-conscious, they left the trailer. She was relieved to see there was no one standing nearby. Thinking they'd managed to not be overheard, Jerricka's shoulders relaxed.

“Good night you two. I'll see you in the morning.”

Jerricka nearly gave herself whiplash from turning her head so quickly. Standing on the opposite side of the trailer were Dominique and Denzel. While Dominique gave Jerricka a knowing smirk, Jerricka couldn't bring herself to even look at Denzel.

Thiago simply slipped his arm around her shoulders, giving her a squeeze. Leaning over, he spoke low enough to keep their conversation private.

“Don't go getting shy on me now, Dulzura. That was just the opening act. The show really starts when we get home.”

Chapter Eleven

Thiago knew he didn't have to physically be there each of the days Jerricka's studio was using his property. It would've been easy to designate someone to be there to guard his interests. But there was something about them going to sleep in the same bed every night, waking the next morning and driving in to work. Together.

For some, that might be a little too much face-to-face time, but Thiago loved it. Nearly as much as he loved Jerricka Bishop. Once the three-day shoot was completed, it was the weekend. So, at least he had two days to gear himself up to returning to their previous routine of playing musical houses.

Only, Thiago didn't want to do that. Making changes required pushing his Dulzura a little farther out of her comfort zone. He knew she was brave enough to take the leap. She would simply need the appropriate incentive to do so.

Their last day of shooting wrapped early, and they decided to come back to his place. He left Jerricka in her nest of pillows on the couch with her laptop and snacks. As he did regularly when he needed to think, Thiago walked out to his workshop to let his hands shape something while his thoughts came together.

Lost in the flow of things, he didn't track the time. Flipping the off switch on the circular saw, he secured the piece of mahogany in a set of clamps and picked up the nearby sand paper. Picking a sharp corner on the wood, he began the process of smoothing it.

“Don't they have automatic sanders?”

Thiago looked up to see Jerricka standing just inside the doorway, leaning against it like she'd been there for a while.

“They do. Sometimes, I like to do things the old-fashioned way.”

“This explains how a guy who sits behind a desk most days has callouses on his hands.”

Jerricka came to a stop next to him, allowing her alluring scent to tickle his nose. Making a show of pulling off the leather apron, then his gloves, Thiago observed her.

“So, are you saying my protective gear does a shitty job of protecting me?”

Taking one of his hands in hers. She ghosted her fingertips over the roughened areas on his palm.

“No, but you obviously aren't loyal to using them.” Putting his hand to her face, she rubbed her cheek against it. “I'm not complaining though. I like them.”

“Oh yeah?” Thiago immediately began searching for the cleanest spot in the space. Once he found it, he snatched her up in using his favorite way to carry her—with his hands cupping her ass and her legs wrapped around his waist.

“Oh!”

Jerricka's yelp of surprise was captured by his kiss. Shoving the loose papers to the side, he lowered her to the table. Only then did he release her lips. Latching on to what she said about liking the rough parts of his hands, he used it to his advantage. He lifted the lower edge of her top and slid his hands along her bare skin.

“Mmm...” Moaning her appreciation, his Dulzura began her own exploration,

mirroring his actions.

Trailing kisses down the side of her neck, he lingered near the sweet spot below her ear. Passion laced her words when she spoke.

“If I’d known this was the kind of reception I’d get for intruding on your woodworking, I would’ve done it a lot sooner.”

Cupping her breasts, Thiago dipped his fingers beneath her bra to tweak her nipples.

“Is that so? Well, since you’ve interrupted, I have some wood you can help me work.”

Chuckling at his own corny joke, Thiago recaptured her lips, delving his tongue into her mouth. His cock strained against the zipper of his jeans, begging to be released. Grudgingly, he released her breast to free his hands to get them as naked as they needed to be for what was next.

That was when Jerricka’s stomach emitted a growl loud enough to penetrate their lust filled fog. Pulling back, Thiago peered down into her face.

“Now I remember why I came out here in the first place. I wanted to know if you were ready for dinner.”

Easing her breasts back into the cups of her bra, he pecked her lips.

“Sure, Dulzura. Let’s get you fed. You’ll need the fuel.”

Stopping him before he could lift her from the table, Jerricka held his face in her hands. Her thumbs stroked the thin line of hair along his jaw.

“You always take such good care of me. Thank you.”

Leaning until his forehead rested on hers, Thiago maintained their stare.

“That’s what I’m supposed to do, isn’t it? A man doesn’t let his woman starve when he can do something about it.”

Sliding her fingers around to the back of his head, Jerricka threaded them through the shorter hair, gently scratching his scalp.

“This is true. And you are the best kind of man.”

“Oh yeah? What kind is that?”

“Mine.”

Stealing another kiss, Thiago lifted her from the table and began walking toward the door.

“Yours? Okay. I can get with that. Better than your book boyfriends?”

Nuzzling the side of his neck, she gave him a nip before pulling back to stare into his eyes.

“You can’t be better than my book boyfriends.”

Thiago’s steps halted. He stood midway between his workshop and the back door to his house, searching Jerricka’s face for any trace of humor. Still an avid reader, he didn’t mind when she immersed herself into what she called her spicy reads. It usually meant she was already partially primed for a night of trying the different positions she’d just read about.

Seeing no humor in her expression, he finally responded to her statement.

“Why can’t I be better than your book boyfriends?”

“Because, silly.” Jerricka stroked the back of his head. “That means you would have to be better than yourself. You are my real-life book boyfriend. My construction book boyfriend.”

Her words had Thiago eating up the remaining distance with long strides. Giggling, Jerricka snuggled deeper into his arms.

“What’s the rush?”

As if she didn’t know. Thiago shot her a glance, but didn’t continue eye contact. It was dangerous at the moment.

“We need to go inside so I can get you fed, then fuck you to sleep like a good book boyfriend is supposed to do.”

Opening the backdoor, he strode inside. “Now, please be quiet before I change the order and fuck you first.”

Cuddling into his chest, Jerricka released a sighing giggle. “Whatever you say, Mr. Dominguez.”

Thiago groaned. He was gonna fuck that pretty mouth. Then feed her food before he fulfilled the rest of his promises.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:19 am

One year later

Jerricka tapped the button on the handheld electric fan. The manufactured breeze wafted across her sweaty neck cooling her instantly. If she weren't already a married woman, she'd propose to whoever invented the little electronic wonder.

“How are you doing, mija? Maybe you should go inside to the air conditioning.”

Looking over to the woman seated in the lawn chair next to her, Jerricka shook her head.

“I'm fine, Mama Dee.”

There was no way Jerricka was going to miss a second of her husband swinging a hammer and any other activity which caused him to sweat. She'd even shamelessly watched him work out in his home gym. She was technically supposed to be working out too. However, she set the pace on the treadmill to a moderate walk, grabbed onto the sides to keep from falling off, and watched him as he slung hundreds of pounds of weights around like feathered pillows.

“I just don't want you to be uncomfortable. You have to take care of yourself and my little neita.”

As she said the word, grandchild, her mother-in-law couldn't resist reaching over to touch Jerricka's rounded belly. She was seven months along in her first pregnancy and the only person happier than Thiago had to be his mother.

Of course, she didn't miss an opportunity to tell her son he owed her for introducing the two of them. It was her go-to whenever she needed another voice on her side of any family debate.

"I promise, if I get too hot, I'll go inside."

"Okay, mija. At least drink some more water." Pointing toward the steel tumbler in the cupholder on Jerricka's right, Mama Dee wiggled her fingers expectantly.

Dutifully, Jerricka sipped the cooling liquid through the metal straw. As she did, her gaze traveled back to where her husband and his brothers were team lifting a truss onto the sides of the structure to form the roof.

Apparently, Thiago had come by his love of carpentry and construction from his father. They were building a workshop to replace the one damaged by a storm in the spring. While Thiago could've easily sent out a crew to have it replaced, he and his brothers along with their father and a few cousins did the work themselves.

The only thing they hired outside help for was the demolition of the old building once the salvageable items had been removed and stored. After they had the last truss in place and secured, Mama Dee sounded an actual horn getting their attention.

Speaking in rapid Spanish, she called them to the tables set up beneath the trees to rest and eat something. Between her and her sisters, Jerricka was shooed back into her seat anytime she attempted to help.

Resigning herself to princess treatment, Jerricka folded her arms, resting them atop her rounded abdomen. Her vision was suddenly filled with Thiago. He'd started letting his hair grow out, but it was slicked away from his forehead, wet from him pouring water over himself to cool off.

"How are my babies?" Kissing her lips, then the tip of her nose, he pulled back to

stare into her eyes.

“We’re just fine.” Unable to resist, Jerricka slid her fingers into his hair tugging at the strands.

Placing one large hand on her stomach, Thiago kissed her lips again. “I love you, Dulzura.”

“I love you too.” Stroking his jaw, Jerricka accepted another kiss before Thiago bent down to perform the same routine with her rounded belly.

“See, hijo. I told you girls who read make the best wives. Look at you. You’ve never been happier.”

Thiago didn’t argue, he simply accepted the plate she put in his hands, turning to feed a portion to Jerricka before taking a bite himself.

As always, Mama Dee’s statement sparked conversation. She was only too happy to tell her sisters again how she had to intervene in order to get grandchildren. While she regaled them, Jerricka motioned Thiago closer.

“Do your brothers realize that she’s only going to ride off her success in getting you married for so long? They aren’t safe just because she’s getting a grandchild from us.”

Nuzzling the side of her neck, Thiago hid his chuckle. “No. And don’t you warn them. It’s their turn to be harassed now.”

Feigning hurt, Jerricka stared at him. “Hey, you consider being set up with me harassment?”

Wrapping his long, thick fingers around the back of her head, Thiago eliminated the

space between them.

“The best kind ever and I wouldn’t change a second of it.”

“Matías! See how happy your brother is? Don’t you want a pretty lady like Jerricka to give me more grandbabies?”

Right on cue, Mama Dee started lining up her next victim. Smothering their laughter with a kiss. Jerricka and Thiago conceded that Matías would have to find out on his own that it was easier if he didn’t fight it. After all, when Jerricka gave in to her friends’ suggestion, she ended up with her own personal book boyfriend.

The End