



# Craved By Lust (Sinful Seven #1)

**Author:** Rose Marie

**Category:** Dark Erotica

**Description:** A wolf in sheep's clothing? No, I'm something far more insidious. A spider weaving a web for its prey, and when she's finally caught and realizes what she's entangled herself with, her tears of disbelief will do nothing but fuel my desire. The cost? Her innocence? Her freedom? Her will? It doesn't matter.

Frank Metchie

I'm used to whispers and snide remarks. "Cross-dressing freak." Yeah, I'll be that. Their opinions mean nothing. They call me gay or bi... they have no idea I can call a different woman every day of the year at different hours, and I still wouldn't get through my roster. That's what eleven inches, a Prince Albert, and a bank account that could buy their pathetic lives get you, so let them talk.

But when I met Jessica Hurts, tall, sweet, disgustingly adorable, and the only girl on our college football team, I knew she was special... and from our first meeting, I wanted her by any means necessary. Usually, I'd take what I want, but with her, I have to move differently. Even if I have to play the sweet, unassuming, and innocent best friend to her because she has to put up with mockery herself and foolishly thought we were the same... Say no more.

**Total Pages (Source):** 41

## Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:47 am*

“Come here.” He leads me to the couch. Anime is still playing in the background, where he lays me and unceremoniously bends me over, pulls my thong to the side, and spreads my ass cheeks. He takes a long swipe of the crack of my ass, where his long, snake-like tongue swirls around my asshole, dipping inside.

“UGHHHH!! YESSSSSS FRANK!” I cry incoherently, body burning up, especially the pit of my stomach where I feel his cum surfing through my body like Beyonce on her surfboard.

“Oh yeah, that’s what the fuck I’m talking about. I knew this ass was going to taste divine,” he growls as he smacks my ass and I feel him shudder behind me. “It’s like a feast laid before me.” He licks my ass cheeks, and I feel something sharp graze across my ass, causing a sharp sting followed by a pleasurable feeling unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

I fist my hands in the blankets, trembling. Creaminess drips down my leg and Frank takes a long ass swipe from my hamstring to my pussy, swirling it like a propeller, eating me like lunch, and I suffocate from holding my breath.

“PLLLLLLEEEEEAAAAASSSSSEEEEEEE! OHHHHH FUCKKKK!”

“Come on, baby, give me some more! OUT WITH THAT PUSSY JUICE!” he grunts, slapping my ass.

“UGHHHHNNNN!” My pussy gushes in his face, causing me to go still and look back horrified when I see his beautiful face covered in a thick, milky fluid. His long white lashes blink as his mouth forms an O in awe before his devilish eyes flicker up

to me with intense greed.

“AGAIN!” his voice booms, rattling the panoramic windows as his freakishly long tongue swipes over his mouth and chin, licking before he attaches himself to my pussy. On God, it feels like he’s trying to suck my entire damn uterus out, but from how good it feels, he can have that son of a bitch. I’on even much need it!  
“FRRRRAAAAANNNNKKKKK!”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:47 am*

### Chapter 1

#### My Heart

#### JESSICA

“ J ESSICA! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE?! PAINTING YOUR NAILS?! CATCH UP! TOM! PICK THOSE LEGS UP! FOR FUCK’S SAKE, DID YOU PUT OIL ON YOUR HANDS BEFORE PRACTICE?! I SWEAR TO GOD IF YOU DROP THE BALL ONE MOR—” The coach’s frustrated voice is cut off when I feel a heavy impact against my body and go crashing down in a heap with the breath knocked out of me. Fucking son of a bitch, that hurts!

“Get the fuck off her!” I hear Tek’s voice from the distance before I feel the pressure and weight lifted off me bit by bit. When I see a hand reach out to help me up, I graciously take it. “You okay, Hurts?” he asks, and I yank my helmet off, panting, barely able to make out the letters on Tek’s uniform.

Using the back of my hand, I wipe the sweat from my blurry eyes and our black and orange uniforms come in clear as well as the letters on them.

“Yeah, I’m good,” I tell him, though I hear a slow, steady beep echoing in my ears from the impact.

“You don’t look good,” Tek tells me as he grabs my face, examining me, but the sound of laughter is heard next to us and I cut my eyes in its direction.

“WWWWHHHHHEEEWWWW! GO TIGERS, LET’S GO!” Duval’s groupies shout for him, making me curl my lip.

“Told you girls aren’t meant to be on the field,” one of the assholes from our team chuckles.

“Yeah, she ought to be a cheerleader. Then I really wouldn’t mind climbing on top of her,” the ringleader of the pack, and unfortunately our team’s quarterback, Duval Green, states, and Tek curls his lip as a few of the other guys on our team surround us like they’re ready for them two to fight, but I step in between them.

“Fuck you Duval. You’re lucky I’m on the field with you because that’s the only fucking way you’ll ever touch me,” I spit, and he curls his fist, mean-mugging me and stepping closer, but the coach blows the whistle on our little scrap.

“THAT’S E-FUCKING-NOUGH! brING IT IN, LADIES!” he shouts, and we all come to a stop. Shit... we screwed up .

“We’re fucked, aren’t we?” my teammate Tek groans quietly behind me and I snort.

“Big time,” I mutter.

“Hurts! Lower! Green! Two miles since you got time to run your fucking mouths during a skirmish after such a horrible play.” Damn... “And another fucking thing, if I ever see such patsy shit on my field again, you’ll be suspended for the next three games, Green!”

“COACH! I WAS ONLY RUNNING THE PLAY!” Duval shuts, holding out his arms in defense, and Coach snorts.

“No, you were too busy running your mouth and trying to prove you got a dick

between your legs when you should be proving you have a pair of balls as big as Hurts!” A few of the guys on the team and I chuckle at Coach’s words and dap as I smirk, pointing the middle finger at Duval, holding in the wince that wants to come out from how hard he tackled me.

But no matter how fucking hard he hits me, I’ll take it to the mother fucking chin because it’s always nice to see that asshole get told the fuck off. “Not to fucking mention you’re the quarterback. Pulling shit like that tells you don’t value your position, this team, or me . Now get to fucking running! As a matter of fact, make it three miles since I’m feeling generous today!” Coach blows his whistle. “The rest of you, bring it in!”

“Yes, sir, Coach!” I pick up my helmet and start my run, instantly regretting the words I said earlier when I feel like a bone is poking my lung. But when I glance back, I cringe when I see everyone on their knees as the coach goes the fuck off, so I slow down my pace because I’d rather be running than getting chewed out. I knew we ran a bad play. Coach is pissed since we’re getting ready to come up on the big game. I think we’re all feeling the jitters this season. After all, the team we’re going up against is a top ten school that kicked our ass so embarrassingly bad last year that they made us look like children.

Twenty-seven to three... and it was a home game at that. It was so fucking bad that people even posted YouTube video compilations of us turning the ball over so many times. It was so fucking embarrassing, so we’re a bit on edge even though we’re a better team this year because, despite my annoyances, we’re a solid team under Coach Smith. Our record stands at 6-0, and I want to keep our undefeated season. No matter what, I’m going to prove that I deserve to be a starter next season, and not a backup.

“Hey Jess, are you doing something later on?” Tek jogs up next to me, and I nod my head, holding back a smile as I think about tonight.

“Yeah, I have plans with Matt. Why?” I jog, trying not to breathe in through my mouth so my throat won’t hurt.

“Because some of the guys and I were heading over to this club. I heard they have some fye ass wings and they soda water ain’t nasty like that shit they serve in the cafe, you down?” he asks, and I’m never going to turn down wings and soda. Ever since I got to Boston, I’ve been complaining about how much I miss good soda that doesn’t taste watered down, and food that don’t taste white...

“Hmm,” raise a brow, frowning. “It sounds fun, but no,” I tell him, but that only makes him groan.

“Ughhh, c’mon, Jessss, damn. You always say no,” he mutters and I chuckle.

“Because I always don’t wanna go,” I throw back.

“But you need to get out a little more. Aren’t you sick and tired of being called Arctic Beauty?” he shoots my ways and I snort.

“Nope,” I shake my head. “Not at all,” I roll my eyes. They can say whatever the fuck they want to about me, it’s not like it’s going to change how I move.

“Damn, that’s cold,” he sighs. “Seriously Jess, all you do is go to class, watch anime, an—” I hold up my hand, stopping him. I’m dead ass tired of hearing about what I choose to do with my time. “Okay, I’ll stop complaining, but only if you give me some time tomorrow?” I think about declining, but Tek is one of the few people on this campus that I fuck with on a level beyond “hi and bye,” and he’s always looking out for me when it comes to Duval and his minions.

“Fine, but whatever we do, I won’t stay long,” I warn him and he perks up.

“Fuck yeah!” He makes a fist, punching the air as if he’s won so damn prize. “Then it’s a date,” he smiles handsomely and I hear laughing behind us again. This time, I don’t even fucking bother looking back because I know they’re talking shit. Their hazing has gone on since I got on the team, and while that shit used to bother me, now I don’t care. They’re only trying to make me sweat, but I got my foot on the gas and on they necks, so of course they would be acting out.

Instead of entertaining their incel behavior, I pick up my pace and run the play in my head, trying to figure out what I could have done better while also thinking about this damn paper I have to write for Kinesiology class after I come back from Matt’s place.

By the time I’m done with my laps, I’m sweating to fucking much it looks like I’ve run in the rain. Fuck this is uncomfortable. I grimace, going over to the coach, gritting my teeth as the wind hits my soaked uniform, making my shiver.

Hell, I’m so cold I can barely focus when Coach yells at me Tek, and Duval for a whole other hour after our laps. I just take my happy ass over to my locker so I can quickly shower and change.

“Yo, Jessica,” I hear behind me as I head to the shower and stop in my tracks to see Duval standing there, decked out in Gucci from head to toe.

“What the fuck you want, Duval? Shouldn’t you be gone?” I curl my lip.

“What are you talking about? I was waiting on you,” he laughs, stepping closer and looking me up and down. Even with my dirty football gear on, I feel my skin crawl.

“You don’t have to wait on me for shit,” I grunt as I grip my helmet, and he licks his lips.

“Come on. Stop tripping, and let me take you out tonight.” He tries to take my hand,



but I snatch it away from him, seeing anger flare in his eyes. “Oh, what, you’ll go out with Tek and them other broke fuckers, but you too good to slang some pussy my way?” he curls his lip, and I open my mouth to tell him off but close my eyes tired of him. This shit again?

“Kiss my ass, Duval,” I spin on my cleat and walk away from him.

“Gladly!” I hear him laugh behind me, making me think twice about going into the men’s locker while he’s there, so I sit down and wait for him to grow bored. He glares at me and finally stomps off, but I wait another twenty minutes before I enter the locker room, wishing they had a girls’ locker room here.

I always have to wait until the guys are done showering or go where the cheerleaders practice, and that’s so fucking far away that I might as well go home. It’s tedious as hell having to wait, but it’s better than the former.

After making sure the place is completely empty, I quickly turn on the water, not even bothering to wait until it turns hot. I just jump in the ice-cold water, wince as it hits my sore and bruised muscles, and quickly wash off the sweat and blood from today’s practice, unable to relax knowing that Duval ass waited around for me.

When the shower finally starts to warm up and caresses my body, I shudder from how good it feels, sighing, wishing I could stay here and let the bomb-ass water pressure beat down my aching body, but I can’t.

I know Tek and the guys are waiting on me, and I need to hurry home since on top of the plans with Matt, I have a paper in Kinesiology due tonight, and I’m only halfway done. Regrettably, I shut off the water and grab my towel, wrap it around my torso, and quickly change into my camouflage jeans and hunter-green shirt with a black belt. I take out my shoes and socks and sit on the bench, wrapping my long braid up in a ponytail, pausing when I hear my phone vibrate in my locker loud as hell.

When I swipe up I see that it's the girls from my Anime Club shooting a bunch of messages back and forth about some Hentai they're watching, I ignore it and go straight to my man's message.

Matt : You're still coming tonight, right?"

Jess: Of course.

Matt : Good. I can't wait to see you.

I bite my lip, a bit nervous excited with one shoe on and leap, throwing my head back, giggling. Tonight is the night!

After lacing up my shoes, I hop up and make my way out of the locker room.

"Are you ready?" Tek looks back at me with a smile on his face, but frowns when he sees how hard I'm grinning.

"Ugh, what asshole got our little sis grinning so hard?" Dontre flexes his muscles, being overprotective as usual.

"Right," Tek raises a brow.

"What the fuck? I can't smile?" I chuckle, and they shake their head.

"Hell nah!" they say in unison, making me roll my eyes still grinning because even they crazy asses is not about to ruin this for me. Not today, Satan!

"Whatever. Anyway, I'll be leaving now. I have a date with my man." I spin, heading to my car, feeling giddy.

“Jess, Matt can’t handle you,” Dontre snorts. “You need a real one like us,” he jokes, and I scoff, pointing the middle finger at him.

“Hell no, asshole. And if you ever say some shit like that to me again, I’ll show you just how much you CAN’T handle me,” I chuckle at him, and they both laugh.

“Fuck, lil’ sis, my bad. I was only joking. Still, I think you ought to leave a loser like him alone and fuck with a real one,” Dontre shrugs and Tek punches him

“Yeah yeah,” I open my back door, throw my gear into my car, and get in. “I’m a see y’all later,” I roll my window down and shout, driving off and heading home.

The moment I get home, I quickly grab my gear, throw a little tree in that son of a bitch and spray it to knock the sweaty scent of my clothes out and run up the stairs to my apartment, where I throw my jersey and shit in the washer and shower again. This time, I take extra care to shave my legs and underarms and pretty up the landing strip on my pussy since I plan to have Matt all up in it tonight.

Matt and I have been together for six months, and I think I’m finally ready to take things to the next level. We started off as friends, and it took me a while to warm up to him with his kind of pushy behavior, but slowly he cooled off and asked me to come over tonight, so I want to surprise him by doing something I never do.

I jump out of the shower, dry myself off, and skip to my room, where I see the nasty little number that my best friends from back home helped me pick out for tonight. An all black lingerie set that looks like black spiderwebs over my breast showing the nipples and pussy, both of which no one knows are pierced. These are my special little secrets that not even my best friends Faythe and Beatrice know about. But Matt will be privy to them today!

The nipple area is open so he’ll be able to see them in the flesh, and the bottom of the

web-like panties is crotchless, and the back goes into a thong, which will only be covered up by a sexy tiny trench coat that barely covers my thigh, and some heels.

For a second, I almost chicken out, but one thing about me is I might be a bit reserved, but ain't no bitch in my blood. When I set my mind to something, I'ma do it! Somebody about to be in this cat tonight!

I've been purposefully celibate since my junior year in high school when I broke up with my ex for cheating on me with a cheerleader. I chose to quit guys and focus on my schooling and football since relationships never seem to pan out for me, but Matt is different and I want to show him that.

Quickly, I change, throw on a dab of makeup to make my face appear softer, and hell, I even do my lashes and lipstick. I put my fresh braids in two pigtails with two tendrils out in the front and put on my lil' three-inch kitten heels because Matt and I are the same height, so I don't want to tower over him like I do most guys I know.

I want to feel sexy even if I can't feel small at five foot eleven. Even taller in these heels, but still. Tonight, I'm going for that extra lil' umph that will knock him off his feet and make him fall head over heels.

Hell, I already know he'll be shocked. Matt, along with every other person at school, has never seen my body. I'm more of a tomboy who dresses like my girl Billy Eilish, so even my man is unaware that I'm hiding dangerous curves under my clothes and football gear, but today his ass about to find out.

I throw on the trench coat and spritz my one and only girly perfume that I brought out just for tonight before I march my excited ass out the door and over to my car.

Checking the time, I purse my lips, wondering if I should wait until the time we said we'd meet, but I look too damn good for all of that. So, even though I'm a solid hour

early, I make my way over to my boyfriend's apartment, which thankfully isn't far away. But when I turn my signal on to make the right into his dorm, I notice his car out front, and my heart thumps when I see him hugged up with a girl I recognize from campus.

She's about the size of my thigh, and a lot of guys have been trying to get with her. She's known for being easy, but anytime Matt talked about her, he would talk shit about her being a hoe, so why is he hugged up and kissing on her right now?

Everything in me makes me want to pull the fuck over and drag him and that bitch, but I don't... I already got a warning from coach for dog walking bitches on campus spreading lies about me. He said if I got into another fight, he'd bench me and I refuse to let that happen. Football is my life.

Slowly, I drive by and look out the passenger window, where I catch him picking her up and swinging her around, kissing her. That dirty bastard! He was never able to do no shit like that with me. Pissed, I think about flinging my water bottle at their head, but I don't bother since Matt has driven my car and would know that it was me. Plus, if he's willing to cheat, he'd probably snitch too.

FUCK!

I grasp my steering wheel, emotions running high. Matt ain't even fine, but he did portray confidence, though I see now he must have been insecure, just like the other fuckers I dated... and like Duval. I shudder, not believing I even considered giving that bastard my time at one point.

But then again, he is more my type looks-wise than Matt, so it made sense why I considered dating Duval, who's a pretty boy with straight white teeth, smooth auburn hair, and sexy hazel green eyes that look like you're staring at emeralds. Ugh... he looks like he could be a Disney Prince Charming. Not gonna lie, if it was him and not

Matt, I more than likely would have dropped my panties for him a long time ago. If his personality wasn't so fucking shitty.

But I soon met Matt, and we became good friends. It started out with us watching anime together and then him asking me out. Even though he wasn't all that and more red-pilled than I would prefer, he was cool, and I kind of liked him the more I got to know him. I truly felt we were going somewhere, maybe not anywhere far, but at least to the fucking bedroom. I was sorely mistaken.

They say heartbreak is sad, but whoever said that it's worse when an ugly nigga cheat on you wasn't lying. I feel like punching the air and knocking out babies like in *Don't Be a Menace to South Central While Drinking Your Juice in the Hood*. I feel fucking played. The audacity of that no neck having, Benzino looking mother fucker! I knew I should have stepped on him!

I stop at a park he and I used to frequent and smash my fist against the steering wheel, needing to let out my bottled emotions. In this car I feel claustrophobic, so I yank the door open and jump out, slamming it shut, not even bothering to shut the son of a bitch off. I just walk, uncaring that I feel my coat loosening up since this is an abandoned park.

I'm so done... I don't give a damn about love. All men can go to fucking hell!

I want to shout it at the top of my lungs, but I don't want to get in trouble for being out here dressed like this or draw attention to myself, so I just walk, refusing to let tears fall because I know he's a fake ass bitch and isn't worth it. Hell, if anything, I'm more pissed off at how much of my time and effort I put into convincing myself that I liked him!

Yeah, I might as well just give up on love and men. Unlike most girls, I don't even like the super buff, gym rat type. I'm around that shit all the time and contrary to

popular belief, that shit is not sexy. It's annoying. I like my guys the same way I like my anime male leads: pretty in the face like Gojo Satoru, adorable and strong like Mashle.

Plus, he can fuck like no tomorrow, but it is reserved for me and only me! But not pushy... God! Where is he?! A dude so sweet but demanding of me and my time who loves me down bad to the point that he makes my pussy wet just thinking about him. Extra points if he's got the sexy demon bad boy look... add some horns and sexy cat eyes like Muzan ... but I know he doesn't ex ? —

I bump into a brick fucking wall that knocks the air out my damn lungs. As a girl who's used to getting tackled by big ass dudes in my career and getting back up like I took that shit on the chin, that shit shocked me. I glance up to see what the hell has me feeling like I've been run over by an eighteen-wheeler.

I swipe my braids from my face with a frown but my mouth drops open when I see a VERY pretty white girl with long flowing white hair down to her butt in a fluffy pink dress with flowers on it, lace gloves, an adorable pearl purse, and long beautiful thick ass eyelashes that hood her mesmerizing blue eyes. I'd say she's the perfect picture if not for the fat ass blunt hanging from between her lips. She looks like something out of a mystical fairy tale... just like a seductive Barbie doll.

She blinks in surprise, staring at me, saying nothing and not bothering to help me up. Instead, she takes a drag from blunt and faces me inquisitively with her head cocked to the side as if trying to figure something out. I feel her deep sea blue eyes rake over me like hot coal slowly and excruciatingly from the top of my head to my lips, my breast then my pussy. When her gaze lands there, I feel a little wetness seep from me as I clench tight when she pulls the blunt from her lips and licks them. It feels like that tongue glided over my body from how hard my nipples get... What the fuck?

I open my mouth to say something, but I hear footsteps over my shoulder, and the girl

quickly stubs out her loud ass blunt, takes the jacket hanging on her arm, and throws it over me, covering me up, and my first thought is damn, this feels nice. I can tell it didn't come from Bitch You Thought... I mean Wish. After that, I stupidly realize why she's staring.

All my damn goodies are out. Hard pierced nips, soaking wet pierced pussy, and scantily clad lingerie that hides nothing! And this gorgeous old school Victoria's Secret model looking-ass-girl that is more than likely from a rich and uppity family done seen it all! Oh my God!!!!

Quickly, I stand and cover myself with my coat and hers just as I see a guy stagger toward us.

"Whosh tdo wev gobt here!" I hear someone drunkenly slur, and the girl's pretty lips curl as she stomps over in the direction and whispers something to him. He stumbles back onto his ass.

"WHASH DA FOCK?! IT'SH A FOCKING DUDE!" he yells crazily and not soon after, a bunch of other men run over.

"LARRY, GETD UP! LET'S KICK DERE ASSESH!" One of the drunks holding a beer bottle swings at the girl, but she ducks and goes to lift her dress just as one of the guys tries to hit me. While I have hands for days, fighting in this get up would be reckless, so I duck as a bottle of MD 20/20 goes smashing into the fence, shattering next to me and making the girl look back at me with a mean mug.

Another guy then comes over and tries to grab me, but I dodge, though not too well since my heel gets caught in the pavement and the guy ends up snatching my belt, almost making my coat fly open. The girls coat also goes fluttering to the ground in tatters and my mouth flies open as I reach for it because ain't no way this bitch about to make me pay for shit. I felt the material, and compared to my TEMU coat, I can



tell it's worth an arm and a leg.

But as soon as I extend my arm, another drunk tries to punch me. I bench press his weight for breakfast, so brace for it. However, before his fist can connect, he doubles over, and I turn to see that the pretty girl kicked him hard in the nuts with her pointy six-inch heel. Ouch... and not only that, but she dealt with all of them! All of them are lying on the ground, looking fucked up. When the hell did that happen?

But I don't have time to think because she takes my calloused hand in her soft gloved one and picks me up, running with me like a fucking track star in her stilettos all the way to my car, where she opens the passenger door, makes sure I'm in my seat and buckled in, climbs in the driver's side, and speeds off just as more drunks come rushing towards us, looking like zombies and shit.

It's crazy that in this wild ass moment a bitch wants to ask what cologne she's wearing because even though she's a girl she smells like a what I can only envision a sexy, rich-ass mafia boss would smell like. I need some of that so I can spray it on my pill— No! That's not what's important.

“Oh my God! I'm sorry! I was out of it for a moment. Are you okay? They didn't hurt you, did they?!” I look her over as she calmly and casually leans like a whole ass nigga against the door of my car, fiddling angrily with her hand that's not on the steering wheel. She glances at me out of the corner of her eye before nodding once. “Damn! How are you so calm?! That jerk just pushed you! And those guys were about to pounce all at once. Are you bleeding?” I look her over and gasp when I see her pretty lace light pink dress is not only scuffed but has blood on it as I try to find where it came from.

“THOSE ASSHOLES!” I erupt, feeling the need to let out my steam on some jerks who'd raise their hands to a girl, especially one as little and cute as her! “TURN THE CAR AROUND! I'LL SHOW THEM! HOW DARE THEY HIT A GIRL?!”

UGGGGHHHHHHH, THIS IS WHY I FUCKING HATE MEN!!!! FUCK LOVE AND FUCK MENNNNN! I'LL SHOW THOSE SONS OF BITCHES!!!” I fume, pissed. Meanwhile, she’s just laid back, driving with one hand on the steering wheel, watching me from the corner of her eye, not saying a word with a cute smirk on her face.

She doesn’t turn around and instead, we pull into my apartment near my college, abruptly ending my rant. That makes me side-eye this bitch as she parks and shuts my Jeep off. I throw her a stank look, taking off my seatbelt when her pretty ass opens the driver’s door and smoothly slides out like she owns my shit. She struts around, opening the passenger door for me. Without a word, she beckons me out, and reluctantly, I slide out, glaring up at her. Damn I don’t know how I hadn’t noticed, but fuck she’s tall!

It’s rare to see girls taller than my five-foot eleven self at this school... but I can tell this pretty bitch, even once she takes off those six-inch heels she’s wearing, is well over six feet in height... I bet she’s at least six foot three...

The way she towers over me as she leans in makes me feel like a caged animal with a massive beast eyeing me. Her looks are foreign... maybe Scandinavian? There are a couple of girls here from there, and she looks just like them, but honestly, she eats them up in looks, and they are super pretty. I don’t know where she’s from exactly, but she looks like a model who just stepped off the covers of some stylish fashion magazine or some shit. She’s gorgeous, and hell, if I was into girls, I’d be all the fuck over her with how breathtakingly beautiful she is. Jessica, focus!

“How do you know where I live?” I glower, suddenly feeling weird. Wait a damn minute, they were at my favorite park, too... are they a stalker? I have had to deal with more than my fair share of assholes and super fans who find out where I live to harass me or ask for an autograph. Some have thrown eggs at me and even spray-painted my car. It’s been a while since it happened, but I wouldn’t put it past anyone

these days since I'm only gaining more attention and shitting on people's favorites on the field. Still, would they go this far and hurt themselves just to get to me ?

Even though it's a game and I'm doing what I was put on the field to do, I understand this is a precious male-dominated sport where some feel there is no room for a girl. Still, because of me, our D1 college football team has become a big deal, and our games are getting more international coverage, but that doesn't mean people will give me my flowers.

"Hey! I asked you a fucking q?—"

She reaches up, grabs her hair, and to my utter fucking shock, pulls it off. Wait... a wig? She runs her hands through her real hair, wipes her... or well, his lips, smudging his lipstick and smiling, not prettily but... Jesus... he's hot!

"First," he pauses and smiles so sexily with his smudged lipstick that he makes my heart quake. The one word and that deep ass voice sends shivers down my spine, throwing me the fuck off. I have never heard a white boy with such a deep voice except on Tiktok and YouTube video compilations... but this... this some next level shit right here. It's almost akin to how DDG sounds when he uses real voice... "Thank you for helping me out back there. You saved lives today," he jokes, a slight accent coming through, and I swallow, shook. Damn... yes sir... that's an "I'll make your pussy throb" kind of deadly voice.

He is indeed one of them fine-ass Scandinavian students I've seen around. There is supposedly a group of brothers here that has an entire fan club of girls losing their minds and fighting over them. He must be one of them... I see what the hype is about.

Whoever he is with or will end up with gon' have to knock bitches out like Mike Tyson. Is it me? Am I the bitches she'll be having to knock out?

“Second...” His voice reverberates around me as he uses his teeth to pull the glove off before he holds out his hand for me to shake.

“Yes... s-second?” Even though I’m on edge, I’m compelled to take it. It feels like I have no choice.

“I’m Frank, and I attend this campus, too.” Frank? Well that’s... a choice... good Lord! To look and sound this damn good but be named fucking Frank of all things... it’s a tragedy!

“I... I... uhm... J-Je—” Jesus, his voice just rattles the body.

“Jessica, yeah, I know.” He cocks his head to the side, and it might be cliché as fuck to say, but the way the moonlight bounces off his beautiful and unfairly pretty crystal pale blue eyes is simply gorgeous and leaves me breathless. It’s like staring down at the depths of the clearest waters in the Maldives. I can’t stand it... I have to look away. My heart feels like it will burst from my ribcage.

“H-how do y—?” He chuckles deeply, making my body vibrate.

“You think I wouldn’t know the other oddball in the school?” He waves a hand at himself, and I remember the dress... oh yeah...

“Fair,” I laugh awkwardly, but I can’t seem to calm down, especially once I catch his sexy eyes roaming over my body, making me, who’s always had confidence in myself, feel lacking. Feeling a bit self-conscious, I fold my hand over my body and swallow, wondering when his oddly thorough inspection of me will end.

In that moment, he places a hand on the door of the car and seductively leans into my space.

“Your n?—”

“Jess?” I hear over my shoulder. Frank’s smile disappears, and his eyes cut like sharp glass in the direction of the voice. His lip twitches in a sneer, marring his gorgeous face, but as much as I want to keep looking at this work of art before me, I’m stunned to see Tek standing there looking confused as he looks between Frank and me before his eyes widen seeing my tiny trench coat and Frank frowns.

“T-Tek, wha...” I clear my throat, still dazed from the voice and face... hell, everything. “What are you doing here?” I try to move and go over to him, but Frank slams his other hand in place hard, making the car shake and caging me in. The smell of his cologne I’d been trying to ignore in the car overtakes me, sucking the remaining air out of my lungs and making me feel dizzy. What the hell is the name of this cologne?!

“Is everything okay? I texted to make sure you made it home, but I didn’t get a response,” he tells me, puffing out his chest as if ready to defend me, but I stand tall, making Frank smirk and snort.

“I’m fine, I’m just... uhm, speaking with my new friend.”

“Oh... okay. I was just worried when you didn’t answer.” He looks over to Frank with a glare, seeming as if he wants to say something, but Frank raises a brow, and Tek falters. “Anyway, I was wondering if I could talk to you before going home?”

“Ok—” Frank shifts, stepping in my line of sight, breaking Tek and my connection, forcing my complete attention on him.

“Your number, Jessica. I want it,” he demands, accent growing a bit thicker as he reaches into my trench coat pocket and, with all the finesse, suaveness, and confidence in the world, pulls out my phone. If that wasn’t shocking enough, he hits

the power button and holds the phone up to my face, unlocking it. Without my consent, he presses the green phone button and punches in a number. What is h ? —

A second later, something vibrates in the purse that hangs loosely on his arm before he hangs up and presses a few buttons on my phone that I can't see, then slides it back into my pocket before reaching behind me and patting my ass.

“Get going,” Frank whispers.

“Jess, are you coming?” Tek speaks somewhere in the distance. Where am I again?

“Uhm...” I mutter, speechless as Frank looks down at me through long white lashes. He cocks his head to the side toward my house.

“You should go inside... alone .” He reaches up and slides my braid from over my shoulder, hand grazing my collarbone, making me shiver as he holds my house and car keys in my face, dangling them like a hypnotic charm trying to steal my free will. “It’s dangerous out here.” Dangerous... on campus? Really? But then again, we did just get into a brawl, and I do have this wild ass number on...

I want to tell him he’s being ridiculous. Tek is here and would never let anything happen to me, but instead, I nod, grab my keys, and lock my car door, feeling like a robot as I walk past Tek and see my friend’s eyes widen with shock, making me feel even more embarrassed.

“Th-thank you for coming by, Tek. I’ll ta?—”

“Inside Jessica!” he barks, deep and commanding. His voice feels laced with something that has my ass picking up the pace and waving at Tek like I’m on a bon voyage trek.

“Bye!” I squeak and sprint off all the way to my dorm, with goosebumps spreading over my body. When I get inside, I shower for the third damn time. I take my hair down and plop in bed, feeling tired and confused. My heart is racing, my mind feels clouded, and my knees are weak. What the hell was tonight?

When my phone vibrates in my coat pocket on the floor, I pull it out, thinking it’s Tek, but it’s a name I clearly didn’t put in my phone, but I chuckle as I read his message. This guy is bold.

Frankie : Never wear something like that again...

Frankie : Do you understand?

Honestly, the messages makes me snort. Like who the hell does this guy think he is? Still... I grin from ear to ear as I unconsciously and promptly text him back.

Jess: You can’t tell me what to do.

Frankie : Jessica...

Frankie : ...

For some reason I feel like even though he said nothing, he said everything...

Jess: I wasn’t planning on it anyway. It was for my ex but if you can’t tell it was a bust.

Frankie : I see...

Frankie : But he no longer matters right?

Jess: Right.

Frankie : Good then can I be honest?

Jess: Sure go ahead.

Frankie : I miss you already.

I snort out a chuckle... really, who the hell is this guy?

Jess: Oh? and pray tell how can you miss someone you just met?

Frankie : Easily like this

Jess: lol

Jess: Whatever

Jess: Anyway thanks for helping tonight.

Frankie : It was my pleasure...

Jess: Sure it was.

Jess: In any case I owe you one.

Frankie : instead of that just be my friend

Jess: and why would I do that?

Frankie : because I'm nice and I'm not like the other guys you know



Jess: Well that's true

Frankie : So?

Jess: So what?

Frankie : Will you be my friend?

I glance down at the message grinning, but a little skeptical. However, with a guy who dresses as a girl, he's got to have his hardships like me. Being different is hard...

Jess: Yeah... I think I'd like that.

Frankie : Yay

My phone vibrates, showing Tek's name, and guilt consumes me. Shit, I forgot about him...

Quickly, I shoot off a thank you text to him for checking on me, but I don't even wait to see if it's been delivered before I click back over to Frank's message, reading the new message he's sent me and I lay down chuckling. This guy is crazy.

Frankie : I really do miss you Jessica.

And he's sweet...

Jess: You're a smooth talker I see...

Frankie : No... why is it working?

Frankie : Are we best friends yet?

I laugh, typing back quickly.

Jess: Not even close

Frankie : Damn! Just break my heart why don't ya

Jess: Sorry, you cool and all but my best friends spots are filled

Frankie : I want one of those spots Jessica.

Frankie : I want it bad...

Jess: Well that's too damn bad

Frankie :

Frankie : I bet if you give me a chance by the end of the night I change your mind

Jeez... he's too much

Jess: Challenge accepted

Frankie : that's what I like to hear. A girl who isn't afraid of a stiff challenge.

Jess: Actually I thrive in high-stakes environments.

Frankie : Oooo talk dirty to me

I snort a laugh unable to keep myself from chuckling, but when I see a message from Matt I curl my lip, mood instantly taking a nosedive.

Matt : Where are you?

I don't respond because he doesn't deserve an explanation. I go to block him, but before I can, another message pops up.

Matt : Whatever. I knew you'd flake on me.

Matt : We're done.

Matt : I cheated anyway.

My blood boils and I desperately wish I'd pulled over and curb stomped him, but I press block and throw my head back, sighing. Men really are fucking trash.

When I feel my phone vibrate in my hand, I look up thinking I might not have blocked Matt correctly, but a smile spreads on my face.

Frankie : Did that scare you off?

Jess: No... just a lil tired tonight has been... interesting

Jess: Plus I'm working on this Kinesiology paper

Frankie : Yeah it has...

Frankie : But still I don't want to stop talking to you

Frankie : And you need to stay up to finish your paper so text me until you fall asleep...

Jess: About what?

Frankie : Anything

Frankie : Just talk to me

Jess: Okay

Jess: What's your favorite color?'

Frankie : It was baby blue...

Jess: Did it change?

Frankie : Yes...

Frankie : Just recently

Frankie : Today actually.

Jess: To what?

Frankie : ...

Frankie : Dark Brown

Oh he's smooth... I need to watch out for him...

Still, my heart does summersaults and I roll over onto my stomach, kicking my feet in the air before responding.

I guess today wasn't so bad after all.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:47 am*

### Chapter 2

#### Work-Relations

#### FRANK

Mindlessly, I scoop up the ice cream and eat it, barely tasting a thing. Jessica...

“Frank, my love, are you okay? You’re spilling your dessert, hunny.” I pause, scrolling through what Jessica has been doing all day, and glance up at the woman before me, holding in a sigh and putting my phone back into my pocket. God... I should have just canceled when she fucked up last night...

“I’m fine, Mommy,” I answer, switching my voice to be a bit sweeter, and sit up, tilting my head to the side when she smiles, blushing. Well... well.. looks like this one is rearing to go already. Maybe I can end this sooner than I thought.

“O-oh, that’s good,” she simpers, picking up her steak knife and going back to eating. I plop back in my chair, ready to put an end to this shit. I scoop up a bit of ice cream and tilt the spoon, causing some of it to fall onto my dress. She goes still, and her heart rate visibly quickens.

“Ooops!” I gasp, feigning innocence. “It seems I spilled something,” I pout, and she immediately drops her utensils, thrusts the chair back, and grabs a napkin.

“Oh dear! Let me help you, baby,” she scrambles to clean me up, but I pick up the knife and slam it down.

“Mommy, who told you to clean me with that?” I smile brightly, and she goes still.

“I... wh-what would you like me to clean you w-with, dear?” She blinks, ears growing red. I raise my foot, revealing my bejeweled heel and placing it on her stomach.

“I think Mommy should clean me with something else...” I spread my legs, and the heat finally creeps up her neck to her cheeks, and she falls to the floor on her knees, salivating.

“I... well... i-if th-that’s wh-what m-my dear Frank w-wants... then how can I refuse?” she swallows, but drool spills from the bitch’s mouth as she crawls to me, licking the melted cream from my dress, slurping at the fabric. “H-how’s th-that Frank?” she pants, chest rising and falling.

“Tsk, ts, ts, Mommy, you did such a terrible job.” I lean forward, long hair brushing against her shoulders. “Shouldn’t Mommy stop pretending to be a good Mommy and be the nasty bitch she really is and clean me all the way up?” I groan and literally hear her gulp.

“Yes!” she hungrily nods, shaking, and I can see the cum leak on the floor, smiling because I know the bitch isn’t wearing any panties. Oh, she really was eager, huh?

“Come on, Mommy. Don’t you want to see how dirty I am?” I lean back and she trembles, looking into my eyes with longing before glancing down at my dress, now tainted, before lifting it and showing my dick bulging against my stocking.

“O-oh my!” she uselessly fans herself. “I should clean th-that up,” she groans, leaning in and running her tongue on my stocking-clad dick, moaning at the first taste. When she cleans it up and pulls back my stockings, she wastes no time slurping my dick into her mouth, bobbing and sucking like a pro, throating and gagging on my dick so

hard that drool slides down my nuts. Yeah, this one is used to sucking dick.

“Uhhnnn,” she moans, gagging, eyes rolling to the back of her head while I sit there watching her with a smile.

“What a good Mommy,” I bite my lip, shoving her head down, making her cum. “Oh no! I take that back! Mommy made a mess without my permission.” I grasp her hair and stand, lifting my dress over her head and shove her down on my dick so hard she gushes, twitching before I snatch her up, bend her over the table, and slam her down, spilling the ice cream.

“Oh! Oh! Please, baby! Fuck Mommy! Fuck Mommy good!” she pants, and I lift my dress, biting the hem after ripping open the condom and sliding it on. Then I plunge so hard and deep into her she arches backward, squealing and immediately cumming. “YESSSSSSSSS!!!! YEEEESSSSSSSS BABBYYYY!!!!” I fuck her, smirking as I glance over to her dead husband lying face-planted on the table, foam bubbling from his blue lips, staring at us with bloodshot eyes.

Yeah... I tick all her boxes. Cute and adorable, with a pretty smile, dreamy eyes, doesn't mind wearing stockings, and more importantly, someone with, as she wrote on the commission, “A dick so big it'll knock her walls out.” When it comes to that, I'm the guy, but imagine my fucking surprise when her name also popped up on my family's commission board for a hit on her husband. Even though I don't take jobs anymore, this was easy money I couldn't pass up.

That's why I contacted her and told her to pick me up at the park since people aren't usually there, but those assholes approached me because the bitch was running late. So I had to deal with a hassle that could have been avoided. The last thing I want is another aggravated assault charge for beating the bloody breaks off some son of a bitch who assumes just because I'm a dude in a dress, I'm a pussy.

However, as pissed as I was and almost axed the bitch for making me wait, I let it slide. I chose to not only let her live, but to still meet with her tonight because I was able see something interesting due to her fuck up. I lick my lips at the sight, dick getting bigger just remembering it.

Jessica fucking Hurts... I'd seen her on campus a few times since she's hard to miss. Pretty as fuck, tall, big ass even though she tries unsuccessfully to hide it, cute smile with a sexy cupid's bow, and tits I wouldn't mind sucking. Yeah, she's my type when it comes to looks, but her boring and frigid reserved nature is a put off.

From the way she carries herself on campus, she seems to have a stick up her ass and wouldn't be a good time in the slightest. She has hard eyes that seem never to have known a day of fun or fucking in her life, even though there were a few rumors going around about her and the guys on the football team. But no matter how anyone sliced it, there was no fucking way that hard ass was going to give pussy to anyone, let alone getting fucked down by any man. I threw the rumors along with her pretty ass into the back of my mind.

She was clearly too much of a good girl for some salacious shit like that. I know a slut when I see one. They'd hop on my dick any chance they could, and Jessica fucking Hurts is no slut. More like an Arctic Beauty only showing a modicum of humanity when she's around the group of flies she always has swarming around. That's the only time I ever saw her seemingly unfriendly ass smile.

Even though she's only a Sophomore, I had seen her do nothing but go to class, play football, and go home. She never went to a single party, club or rave. She's the definition of dry and fucking boring. So, as much as I was attracted to her, I just wasn't in the mood pursue and school any killjoy on the art of fucking. Plus, she would probably be a clingy mother fucker who'd desperately beg for a relationship after a taste or act like the others and want to lock me down to be with one woman. Fuck that. It's best to leave girls like her the fuck alone.



But God made a mistake and put a tempting challenge right in front of me, dangling a USDA prime grade steak with perfect marbling right in front of my nose. And I'll be damned if I'm not going to eat.

Seeing her in that get up, clearly looking ready to be fucked was more than I could stand. If her wearing that skimpy fucking lingerie was cake, then seeing pierced nipples was the icing but even that was nothing compared to seeing the tiny glittering jewel that bedazzled her clit beckoning me to drop to my knees to suck it between my teeth... that was the cherry on fucking top. That told me Jessica, though seemingly quiet and innocent, has secrets that she only let a select few people know... and I happen to be one of them. If I'm honest, I want to make it so no one else finds out about that delectable piece of cherry cake.

That and seeing the usually reserved girl raise her voice and worry about shit outside of school and football, plus her adorable meekness... fuck! I wanted to swallow her up.

My phone vibrates on the table, and when I swipe it up, my heart pounds in my chest.

My Cherry Cake : Hey, sorry about the wait I was showering and fixing me something to eat.

My Cherry Cake : Are you busy?

Frankie : Jessica

Frankie : I thought you fell asleep on me! Yay

Frankie : No, I'm never too busy for you

My Cherry Cake : You're too much you know that

My Cherry Cake : lol so what are you doing up so late?

“Baby! Wha... what are you—” I slam her head onto the table, fucking her harder.

“If you got time to talk, then I’m not fucking you hard enough.” I ram into her, slamming into her pussy, making her scream and gush along my legs, cumming hard again.

“YESSSSSS!” she continues to scream, but I drown her out as she pulses on my dick.

Frankie : nothing much playing with somebody’s cat

Frankie : What are you doing?

My Cherry Cake : Awww! You like cats!

Frankie : Love em! They are adorable when they purr.

My Cherry Cake : OMG! Right! But my apartments won’t allow it so I had to leave mine back home.

Frankie : Am I allowed to stroke your cat too?

My Cherry Cake : Duh!

My Cherry Cake : Anytime

My Cherry Cake : Me cat su cat

Jesus... this girl is too fucking sweet I just want to eat her up...

Frankie : I like the sound of that...

Frankie : but only if you promise that only I can pet it whenever I want

My Cherry Cake : I promise in fact it's yours when you want it

Fuck ... my nuts tighten even though she's not aware of what the fuck she's saying to me. I thrust hard, heart racing.

I shiver, reading her message, about to nut thinking about her. When the lady cums once more, I stop myself, refusing to waste my precious nut. I pull out of her depths, making her whimper as I slide the condom off, not bothering to tie it since I didn't cum. I then use the bathroom I require to be prepared for me in advance for a session if they want me to come to their house and not a hotel, and use the toiletries to wash my nuts and dick. Finally, I throw the towel in the laundry and flush the condom. When I return, she's standing in a daze, looking like she wants more.

Frankie : Yay! That made my night

My Cherry Cake : Haha you're an easy man to please.

Frankie : Oh! I've never heard that before

My Cherry Cake : Really?

Frankie : Yup I'm known as a rather difficult person.

My Cherry Cake : Then why are you being so nice to me?

Frankie : Hmm...

Frankie : Because you're you.

My Cherry Cake : I guess I'm a lucky girl

"Can I book you again?" she pants, clutching her chest.

"Check my schedule online," I throw her way while typing.

Frankie : More like I'm a lucky guy

Frankie : I'm glad I met you.

My Cherry Cake : Frank you are too much

My Cherry Cake : Oh! Can I get a picture for your contact?

Frankie : Yeah but you have to send me one as well

My Cherry Cake : damn... I walked right into that huh?

Frankie : you did but I'm not going to complain when I'm going to have the hottest girl in the world, picture in my phone

My Cherry Cake : God, you do wonders for my confidence. All girls need a friend like you Frank

Friend... for fucks sake... I can't believe I've stooped this low for pussy... even if it's pierced. I sneer at my phone, mood souring, but the moment I look back down at the screen my nuts tighten and I have to wipe the drool from my mouth when her picture comes through. My baby in all black, braids in her hair, staring at the screen as if she's begging me to fuck her... Yup... I'll defiantly be beating my dick to this

later.

In return I scroll through my phone and searching the countless fucked up pictures I have of myself that I use for advertising. Some nude, in a motorcycle helmet, some in a Scream mask, a lot of women really love getting fucked while feeling like I'm going to murder them when it's the pussy I'm trying to kill but I digress.

My baby seems to have an aversion to guys right now. Smart girl. And she doesn't seem to be looking for anything sexual or romantic with a guy so sending her a picture of myself as a guy would put her off and might even potentially make her distance herself from me... Nope not willing to risk it.

I settle on a picture of me dressed sort of like I was when I first met her, a prissy little adorable thing who she would be quick to let her guard down with, sunshine and bubbles... this will make my life easier. I send it off and put my phone into my dress ready to leave.

"I'll pay double... no... triple! Name the price. I... I want you. I've never felt this way and had such a perfect scene." She tries to stand on wobbly legs, but she falls over, crawling to her seat, snatching up her custom Birkin bag, eagerly pulling out my fee of forty thousand dollars in four stacks of hundreds wrapped in ten thousand bands, handing it to me. "Please, I'll pay any price, just name it," she pleads as she whips out her wallet, flipping to her checkbook. "What do you want? Sixty? One hundred? I?—"

I cut my eyes to her and flip her expensive oakwood table with one hand, making her shut the fuck up and melt into a puddle on the floor at my feet, bowing on her hands and knees.

"P-please... I'm b-begging, I need it," she whimpers desperately and I check the time before stepping over her.

“Yeah, you and every other bitch on my roster. Like I said, check my schedule,” I mutter to her one last time before I walk out and shut the door to her multi-million dollar house she shared with her billionaire tech husband and family but now it’s all hers. I’ve no doubt she’ll call someone and collect that insurance money and become even more insufferable to me. Fuck...

When I get into my car, I reach for my meds and pop them without water, then go for my blunt on the dash but shit... Jessica texted me earlier that she hates smokers... fuck...

I look around my car and see that one of the idiots left a pack of cough drops here. Assholes... I told them to stop leaving shit in my... fuck it! I quickly reach behind, snatch it up, rip the pack open, unwrapping one and popping it into my mouth. Mmm!

I open our family register, type in my code, mark this job complete, and get a notification that five million has been wired to my account. Throwing the phone in the seat next to me, I press the start button and speed off away from the expensive, exclusive neighborhood where only billionaires and mega CEOs quietly live, knowing I’ll be back to fuck more than a few of their wives and married daughters.

But I don’t get too far before I get a call on my phone. I almost don’t answer, but I see it’s my assistant, Tony, who manages my roster over at Pleasure Palace.

“What’s up?” I mutter

“How did the session go, Boss?” Tony asks as I pull out another cough drop and pop into my mouth. Fuck, I need a smoke.

“How do you think?” I snort.

“Yeah, I don’t even know why I asked,” he sighs. “Actually, before I called, I just got

a bid for a slot in two days for a couple hundred grand. That must be the mommy kink lady you just left, right?”

“Yup. Decline her,” I grunt as I turn at the light, and he groans.

“Fine, if you say so, but why? It’s easy money, and you always hop on that, Boss. Did you not like her?”

“She’s too clingy already.” I crack my neck, not wanting to bother with that. I need to focus on my girl.

“They are always clingy, Boss.” He’s right, but I don’t want the hassle, especially since this one has dealings with my family. The look of pleasure in her eyes and how tight her pussy got as I fucked her next to her dead husband... yeah, if I keep up with that one, she’ll be a problem.

“More than that, what’s my schedule looking like?” I mindlessly ask, making the drive to my parent’s house.

“It’s booked up, as usual. Why, is something wrong?”

“Damn, I thought so,” I huff.

“But seriously, Boss, what the fuck kind of sauce are you giving these women to keep them coming back and doing bidding wars like this? The second she got declined, she just raised her offer, and now another one is going against her for the same slot,” he marvels in disbelief, and I shrug.

“Good dick will do that. Plus, there aren’t many guys who look like me who are solely dominant and are one hundred percent a top,” I remind him.

“Fuck, it’s at over a million. Damn, I know, but you’re racking them in. The mommy kink lady just outbid the pet fetish lady and the princess lesbian session lady. She must be loaded as fuck.”

She is, but she’s nothing special. Some other rich bitch will come along and outbid her soon enough.

“Holy shit! Someone just outbid her!” Yup. I stay busy, and my booked in-advance roster proves it. There are women in the world who would never in a million years bat an eye at a guy who cross-dresses like me. They would assume I’m gay or some unimaginative shit like that who likes dressing as a girl and getting plowed by dudes. But they couldn’t be more off the cuff. Just like there are women and men who’d assume so grossly wrong about me based on my appearance, there are plenty of women who’d sell their entire family fortunes just for a lick and a session with me.

I am some women’s nastiest dream and by far the biggest and wildest fuck they have ever had. Though it’s hard for the average guy or woman to understand that that’s just my daily life.

“Actually, on second thought, I want you to shut my roster down,” I tell him as I pull into my family’s driveway and shut off the car. He goes silent, making me glance at the screen to see if he’s still there... but of course he is. He’s not bold enough to hang up on me . And even if the call dropped, he’d rush to call back and quell any misunderstanding.

No, he’s just quiet, probably from shock. For a solid five minutes, neither one of us says anything.

“Sh-shut it down? Like how? For maintenance?”

“As in shut it down permanently.”



“P... permanently?”

“Do I need to repeat myself?” I growl.

“N-no, Boss! I... uhm... I’m just trying to understand! Li...like what happened?!”

“Nothing, I just have other shit to do. Put me in for a transfer of services. Maybe the bar or waiter?—”

“THE BAR?! WAITERING?! BOSS, YOU CAN’T BE SERIOUS!?!” he shouts, and I run my hands through my hair, shaking my leg from the lack of something to calm my nerves.

“But I am.”

“Boss! This is money, and you’re just throwing it away because of things to do? Not only that, but you love sessions and you love fucking even more!”

“Yeah, and?” I rebut.

He says nothing, and I find myself scrolling back over to my text thread with Jess. If I’m working, I won’t be able to spend time with her. Right now, we’re just friends who’ve been texting, but I want more. Since I’m not her type, I’ll have to wiggle in whatever opening she gives me, and time is the only thing Jess is giving.

I know she’s looking at me as more of a friend who’s different like her. Hell, I wouldn’t put it past her if she thinks I’m safe and like boys, but slowly... slowly, I’ll show her how wrong she is, and when she opens up, I’ll swoop in and make her mine.

“For fuck’s sake, you’re killing me,” he sighs. “At least tell me you’ll finish out the remainder of the week of your roster.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Jesus... a-alright. When you finish off the roster, I’ll request your job change, but I might have to go through the higher ups... seriously, are you sure about this? Are you sure you you’re not making a mistake?”

“Nah, I never make mistakes.” I step out of the car and go into my parent’s house.

“If you say so, Boss, but you’re going to make a lot of women cry!” he grumbles.

“I always make them cry. What’s a few more tears?” I chuckle. I’m only interested in one woman’s tears at the moment.

“Ugh, okay. I’ll keep you posted. Talk to you later.”

“Yeah,” I hang up, and I pop my head in, seeing my mom and dad watching TV.

“Frank!” my dad’s eyes flash, surprised. “What are you doing here?” he asks, and I shrug.

“I came to pick some things up from my room. Where are the others?” I ask, looking around for my older brothers even though it’s a fucking reprieve not to see them. I don’t usually come home that often since I have my own place, and being around the idiots is annoying.

“Th-they went out on a job,” my dad answers, glancing over to my mom then back to me. “But what could you need from up there? It’s just got your old gear. Are you planning on going hunting? I did see you did a bid today. That surprised me,” he smiles, excited.

“Yes and no. There is an innocent little lamb I’ve got my eye on that’s begging to be

eaten, but I'm letting her marinate a bit more. I just need to make sure I keep the flies at bay," I tell him, rocking on my heels.

"Oh! She must be wonderful to catch your attention... I don't think I've ever seen you this dedicated," my mom claps her hands over her cheeks, and my dad raises a brow.

"Yes, she is different, and I'm going to take pursuing her seriously. I'm even shutting down my roster."

"Wow. How... interesting." My mom blinks

"You? Shut down your roster?" my dad raises his brow, now fully invested.

"Yeah..."

"But you've never done that before. Are you sure that's okay?" he adds with a raised brow.

"Why wouldn't it be?" I ask him as we stare each other down until my dad looks away.

"So if you cut off your roster, what will you be doing for work? Maybe you should consider coming to help your brothers?" he suggests, and I shake my head.

"No, I've had enough of that. I'll just keep working at the club for now. I want to have more time to spend with my lamb," I tell them, and they stare at each other before turning back to me.

"O... okay honey, if you s-say so, but still, I'm surprised that you're going this far." Mom gives me a thin-lipped smile.

Despite how I look, I hate people. They're annoying. Women are only for fucking, and men? They can go to hell. Going back to the family wouldn't be a bad thing, but that's even more tedious than working at the club. My goal is to spend more time with Jessica and going back would have the opposite effect.

They'd ply me with so much work that I would never be able to see Jessica! And if they do that, how would I ever be able to sweetly swoop in and sweep her off her feet, lock the cuffs on her cute little wrists, and make it so she can never escape? Nope... not worth it.

"You don't have to worry about me," I assure them. "Anyway, I'll be spending more time at my place since I have business to handle. Tell them not to come by for the time being." I turn on my heel and leave, going up to my room, quickly shower, and throw out the dress.

Then I sit there for a while waiting for her text back, but nothing comes, and my body begins to burn. What is she doing? Why didn't she text back? Is she okay? Is she talking to that dead mother fucker from earlier? I'll kill him... I'll lock her aw— Fuck this! I can't stand it. I riffle through my things to pull out an empty diary I'd been saving for the perfect occasion and my gear before heading out in one of the older cars.

It takes no time to get to her place, where I park in a less surveilled area. I then make my way over to the side of the building where there's a broken streetlight and climb onto the balcony. From there I jump, grasping the next balcony, using my strength to lift myself up and do the same until I reach the third-floor balcony of her place, where I pull out my black card, popping the lock easily.

The moment I open the door, my dick slides down my leg, growing as I take in her delicious scent, salivating. Jesus... I swallow, stepping in, shaking from how good it smells in her home.

Even though it's dark, I can clearly see all her jerseys, awards, and football gear, along with her schoolbooks. I take my time looking over and through everything, memorizing even her playlist because no detail about her is too small.

I go through her kitchen, noting the food and brands she likes, down to the water and her favorite protein. I want to know everything. Pads or tampons? What brand of mouthwash? Is the toothbrush soft, medium, or hard bristles? Everything.

When I step into her room where her smell is the thickest, I cock my head to the side and clutch my chest, heart beating like I've run a marathon at full speed when I see her sprawled all over the queen-sized bed, snoring. My God... I stagger back as a thick glob of pre cum drips down my leg. How can one person be the personification of beauty and sin?

I swallow three... no four... five times, but the saliva continues to pool into my mouth. I just know the pussy tastes heavenly. On shaky legs that jiggle like jelly, I stalk over to her slowly, just taking her in. Simply looking at her makes my heart beat faster every minute. How is she so fucking perfect?

I reach for her phone, plucking it from her fingers, and use my device to unlock it, smiling when I see that the first thing that pops up is our text messages. This girl drives me fucking crazy... but I need to see what else she has going on. Who the fuck was that mother fucker outside?

I scroll through, reading her texts like a book, taking my time, landing on the asshole who lacks refined taste and made my job of getting closer to my baby harder. Sons of bitches like him need to die. How dare he break up with such a perfect woman?! But killing him might make her sad and remorseful to that bastard, and that's the last thing I want. I need all of her attention...

After copying her texts, pictures, and files in her phone, I install my undetectable

spyware before I plug it to the charger and set it on the bedside table before turning to my girl and immediately she takes my breath away. Sitting in the car with her was torture... leaving her to go to that bitch felt insidious. But this is why I stayed away from her.

It was like my brain instinctively told me to stay away from her, but now that's over. With bated breath, I reach out with a shaky hand and run a finger up her belly, feeling my body vibrate. I pant when I reach the top of her shirt, which just cups her round tits. Sweat drips down my brow as I go to lift it, but I only get a peek of her dark brown, dusky nipples before she moans, throwing her hand over her chest, making me quickly snatch my hand back, disappointed.

But just that little tease is enough to make me pull out my dick and run my hand over the sticky head. More... I reach out, hand hovering just over her pussy, and I double over in pain at the heat radiating from it. I pant, mind out of control, gently dipping a knee into her bed, stroking my dick, and slowly running my nose along her pussy where I see it glistening. Shit... my eyes roll to the back of my head as her freshly showered pussy washes over me. Oh, she's going to kill me... I fucking love it, but next time I want to smell it before it's washed.

While stroking my dick, I place gentle kisses all over her body, leaning over her and staring at her face, biting my lip as my nut builds up. Sweat drips down my body as I silently hyperventilate and my body seizes up while I cum in my hand, grunting, resisting the urge to smear it over her. However, when I look down, I'm surprised to see blood on her cheek, and I sit up over her and rub my face with my clean hand, realizing my nose is bleeding. What the fuck?

Slowly so as not to wake my baby, I climb from bed, grab a tissue from her bedside table, gently wipe her face, and smile at how pretty she is while I clean the cum from my hand and place it into my pocket so as not to leave evidence. But watching her, I can't resist the urge to pull out my phone and snap as many pictures of her as I can.

I don't know how long I stood there taking pictures, but regrettably, I have to stop when my phone flashes me a fucked up "Memory full" notification. Stupid fucking phone! How little is a terabyte of storage? I need to buy a personal hard drive... no, FIVE! Yeah, that'll do.

Damn, wish I could have taken her underwear, but she washed them already... tragic. But a clean pair is better than nothing. I sit beside her on the floor, pull the notebook from the backpack with my gear inside, and open it, where I place stickers and pull out my pen, writing.

I discovered an interesting secret today. She is perfect. She is beautiful... she is mine.

Shit... my nose starts bleeding again, dripping all over the page, when my dick gets hard, wanting more of her, but I just wipe it and smile, looking down at it.

Before the sun rises, I regrettably make my way to her living room and use my portable key maker to copy her key as I greatly resist the urge to think of a way to kidnap her and take her, but like a good and patient boy, I leave her apartment, heading down to my car. I have time... I don't need to rush things.

When I make it home, I order all of my baby's favorite things, and smirk eagerly as they are brought up to my door within the hour. I fill our home with them, ready for when she moves in so we can start to build our life together.

### Chapter 3

#### Misunderstood Oddball

#### JESSICA

“ T H A T F U C K I N G A S S H O L E ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ” Faythe yells on the phone at the top of her lungs, making me wrinkle my nose and sigh. “Don’t wrinkle your nose and sigh at me! How are we just now finding out about this?!” She glares through the camera, and I can tell she’s sitting in the girl’s bathroom of our old school. I chuckle, seeing her cute face frowning with her Hello Kitty long nails and pink and black puff balls, looking like Bubbles from the Powerpuff Girls.

“I agree. How dare he break up with you over a text?!” Beatrice snorts, just as pissed as Faythe but a lot more collected as per usual, as she lifts her glasses onto her nose, glancing up from her college textbook.

“It’s okay, guys,” I shrug. “Don’t even trip over a lame like that.” I wave my hand, already over the bastard.

“Jess, what do you mean you’re not worried about it?! You absolutely need to be! That is just so fucking disgusting. I thought you would be a bit more upset at this,” Faythe questions, and that’s true. I’m usually the type of person who’d be down bad after a breakup, but this is the quickest recovery I’ve ever had. I can’t help that my time is occupied.

“I really just don’t have the time. I’ve got a new friend who I ha—” But just as I say



that a text comes in and I grin from ear to ear, seeing Frank's name. Sliding out of our FaceTime call, I read his message and quickly respond.

Frankie : I'm sad...

Jess: What happened?

Frankie : Someone extremely beautiful, sweet, and adorable fell asleep on me last night...

I giggle, biting my lip and skipping clumsily along, texting him back.

Jess: Dang, I'm sorry after I showered and ate I fell asleep. I must have been tired from practice.

Frankie : It's okay.

Frankie : Did you sleep well?

Jess: Yes! Last night I had some of the best sleep of my life actually

Jess: It must have been because I met such a cool and sweet person.

I smile, feeling rejuvenated. Oh God, I haven't had a lick of rest since I moved to Boston. Maybe because of the stress I'm riddled with and my homesickness has been unreal. However, last night, even after what happened with Matt, I not only got some of the best sleep ever, but I even woke up refreshed.

Frankie : Aww you truly are adorable... I could literally just eat you up

Jess: Haha well I don't think I'm that tasty but instead how about I buy you lunch?

Frankie : Hmm... I seriously doubt that but if one is off the table, I'll take whatever you want to throw my way.

I throw my head back laughing, truly immersed in his silly antics, but I hear someone clear their throat on my phone and I curse. Fuck! I quickly switch back over and see Faythe and Beatrice side-eyeing me.

“Damn it, sorry guys. My new friend texted me,” I tell them, still grinning and feeling like I'm floating.

“Hold on... wait a second. What do you mean a new friend?” Beatrice frowns. “Don't tell me you're dating someone new already?!” She sets her book down as if ready to lecture me, but I shake my head.

“No, I'm not seeing anyone new. I literally mean just a new friend,” I roll my eyes, resisting the urge to click off and text him back, but I don't want to be rude to my girls.

“Well, you're sure as hell not smiling like this person is just a new friend,” Beatrice wiggles her brows, and I chuckle, because she not wrong, but I can't help it Frank is just the sweetest cutie pie ever.

“I hear ya but seriously, we're just friends. Hell, I only just met him yesterday night, but I think he's a cool guy, plus he's sweet, kind, and cute and?—”

“Uh huh... bitch, he sounds just like ya mother fucking type!!!!” Faythe cackles, making me laugh harder.

“Stop, Fay. It really isn't like that,” I try to sound serious, but even I know I'm doing a piss fucking poor job of it.

“Well, Faythe isn’t wrong. He really does sound like your type. Are you planning to shoot your shot later or something?” Beatrice asks, and I pause at her question, chewing my lip but ultimately shake my head no.

“I... I don’t think so, honestly. I like this... it’s nice having a friend to lean on, especially since you guys aren’t here. Honestly, I really am done with love for now. I just want to hang out with him and do fun things,” I finish, wondering if I should tell them that Frank cross-dresses or not. It’s not like they would judge him or anything, but... I’m just not sure.

“Done with love, huh?” Beatrice quirks a brow, sipping her iced coffee.

“Yup.” I nod, “Completely and utterly done, besides, not to come off ignorant, but I don’t even know if Frank is into girls...” I blurt out, and that makes them sit up.

“Oh?” Faythe leans in, even more interested. “Is he like super flamboyant or something but hot?” She clasps her hands together and I shake my head.

“No, worse. He’s... well, it’s better to show you rather than to tell you,” I pause, exiting our FaceTime, and sending them the picture of Frank he sent me last night. In the picture, he’s in a cute modest dress, looking as pretty as a lost lamb, smiling while holding a sunflower, blond hair fluttering prettily in the bright sun. God, how can he be more adorable than me?

“OH MY RAINBOWS!” Faythe gasps.

“Oh my!” Beatrice voices softly.

“S-so, what do you think?” I ask them, but they are too busy staring at the picture.

“Well... uhm... are you sure that’s a guy?” Faythe asks.

“I’m positive.”

“But Jessy, he’s so pretty! I want to dress him up and put him in my Hello Kitty doll house,” Faythe sighs, damn near with hearts in her eyes, and I chuckle.

“He really is pretty, huh?” I beam proud.

“That he is,” Beatrice finally speaks up, “Pretty, and mine and Fayfay’s stance is even more solidified. Homeboygirl is very your type. I think you should shoot your shot at this one,” she smirks devilishly, and I laugh, snorting like an idiot sipping my water.

“Yeah, even if they do like boys, you might be the perfect coochie cat to change his life! Go slide down the pole, give him that gawk gawk five thousand, and show his pretty ass you have no gag reflex. That’ll change his mind!” Faythe giggles, and I cover my mouth, laughing at her nasty ass shenanigans.

“Jesussss, stooooop!” I choke out as the water goes down the wrong pipe. “Why are y’all like this?” I groan. Still, the smile hasn’t faded from my face once.

“Like what? We’re just saying, he’s cute, and you never know, he really might be the one,” Beatrice shrugs, and Faythe nods.

“Yeah, the one to knock them walls into alignment. Um, a dude that fine and pretty gotta be slanging an eggplant. I vote you tie his pretty ass up and fu?—”

“FAYTHE!” I squeal, heart racing.

“Huh? What’s wrong?”

“Your vulgar ass personality is what’s wrong,” Beatrice chuckles, and I sigh.

“No,” I laugh, cheeks a bit flushed, but not because I’m embarrassed. More so because I did... kinda have a dream about Frank after he snatched off his wig doing some nasty shit to me... but I ain’t going to get into that with them. “I’m serious. I like him, but just as a friend. Like I said, I’m done dating, and need I repeat, we just met last ni?—”

“So?! Haven’t you heard of love at first sight?!” Faythe blurts out.

“Yup, I mean, any guy that’s got you smiling that damn hard is an A++ in my book!” Beatrice looks into the camera, and my heart flutters and I stamp it down. Nope, nope, nope, NOPE!

“No, you guys. Don’t get me wrong, he’s more my type than any guy I’ve ever dated, but on God, fuck all of that right now,” I roll my eyes. “I just want to play ball and focus on school,” I tell them, suddenly tired. “Not only that, but I like the vibe we have going. He’s just so sweet and it’s not like Matt, who was pushing a relationship down my throat. Talking to him feels right, and it’s fun. Honestly, even if I just met him, our conversation are effortless as if we’re already the best of friends. I feel so safe and seen talking to him,” I tell them, but Faythe grins.

“You say that, but you already look in love,” she giggles, and my heart skips a beat as I try to find the words to say otherwise, but I can’t find them. I mean, how could I not be this happy when I have a guy as cute, lovable, and adorable as him piling me with compliments and attention?

“I—”

“FAYTHE HOPKINS, IF YOU DON’T GET YOUR TAIL OUT THAT BATHROOM AND INTO CLASS RIGHT NO?—”

“Shit!” Faythe ducks. “I gotta go y’all! Good luck, Jess! Shoot ya shot, girl. I bet he

got a big dic?—”

“OUT NOW!”

“Dang, I’m coming, I’m coming!” she groans, hanging up, making me and Beatrice laugh because that girl is always getting into some trouble.

“I’m not going to hold you either since I see it’s almost time for class.” Beatrice keeps up with all of our school schedules and sends us texts, letting us know it’s time for class. She’s that much of a stickler. “You do what Fay said and shoot your shot. That boy could change your life,” she smiles, and I want to cry because of how much I miss them.

“I’ll think about it,” I promise her.

“You better. Have a good lecture and call us later, okay?”

“Okay!” I wave, hanging up, mind in a daze about what they just said. Damn... am I really smiling that hard because of him?

Completely out of it and tired already from the conversation with my friends, the late night texts with Frank, and because I hate math, especially calculus, I yawn, in desperate need of coffee and some downtime to think, when I open the door to the Department of Mathematics building and accidentally bump into someone.

“Ouch!” They wince, and I look down, shocked to see the girl that Matt was hugging and swinging around.

“Oh my bad,” I apologize and hold out my hand, trying to help her even though I don’t like her. In reality, she didn’t do shit to me, it was Matt, but she shoves my hand out of the way and snorts.

“Your bad? You did that on purpose, didn’t you?” she sneers as she stands, and I cock my head to the side in confusion.

“Why would I?” I scoff, holding onto my backpack, standing straight since she doesn’t need my help and I don’t too much care if she wants it or not. But she curls her lip disgusted as I smile and prepare myself.

“Because you’re jealous Matt wanted to be with me instead of a manly lo?—”

“Girl, cut it the fuck out,” I burst out laughing, making everyone look our way. I typically don’t like people staring at me so blatantly, but right now, I could give two shits.

“C-cut it out?”

“Yeah, cut it the fuck out like I said. Ain’t nobody worried about Matt. Have him,” I roll my eyes, about to walk past her, but she grabs onto my backpack, trying to pull me back, but there is no way in fucking hell I’m going to budge for a bitch who’s twenty percent body fat.

“Wait, I’m talking to you!”

“And?” I snatch my bag, and maybe it’s because she’s so little, but her body goes flying, and she jerks forward, falling again as everyone stops and stares for real this time.

“AHHHH YOU D-D-DID TH-THAT ON PURPOSE!” she shouts. I guess she thinks that’s supposed to move me.

“Oh fucking puh-lease girl. Get the fuck up. Anyone with a fucking pair of eyes saw I didn’t do shit to you. And in case you didn’t know, if I truly cared or wanted to, I’d

body rock your ass with my fist, but I'm not fighting over a nigga who cheated on me," I finish and throw her an "are you fucking crazy?" look.

"B... bu?—"

"But nothing. Like I said, have him and pray you don't lose him how you got him. Either way, I. Do. Not. Care," I grit and look her up and down, walking by her. I pass Matt, who's standing there watching me with wide, scared eyes. I want to tell him off, but I notice his thumbs are bandaged with splints as if they're broken. What the hell happened to him?

I'm tempted to ask, but when I think about the text and how my best friend Karma came up and showed the fuck out for me, all I can do is throw my head back, cackling as the group of students part for me like a sea as he rushes off with a red face. Oh today will be a good day.

Sighing happily, I continue my trek to class, ignoring all the looks I'm getting because they are always staring at me... only it's hardly in a positive light. The small-minded people at this college think up and spread all types of weird fucking rumors about me. Especially, since I'm the only girl on our football team and I hang around all the guys. The girls here abhor that. One minute I'm a hoe who's been ran through by the entire team, and the next I'm some dyke. Well, if I had a dick, they could suck it.

I don't give a damn about anything they say about me. For one, all the guys on my team, aside from a select few I wouldn't spit on if they were on fire, are like brothers to me. It's nothing more, nothing less, but what's the point in talking when they won't listen? They can say whatever that want.

"JESSICA!" I spin quickly, recognizing that deep voice from anywhere, but in the process, I get whiplash seeing my Frank barrel down the halls, looking cute and



adorable as usual but I'm stunned to see he's not in attire as cutesy as he had on the night we met, but more casual dress. It's still a flowy and sun flowery type dress that suits him perfectly. Hell, it seems everything suits him perfectly, but I wonder if he always cross-dresses and why? What if it was something tragic that happened to him?

"Frank?!" My eyes go wide, looking up at him. "Wh-what are you doing here?!" I ask, flabbergasted that he's here right now, but he beams from ear to ear, pulling me into his arms.

"I had to meet with one of my old professors, and just as I was leaving I saw you." He pulls back, looking at me, but I look out the corner of my eyes and see that people are staring at us. Ugh.

"Oh wow, how cool. It's so nice to see you by accident," I beam up at him, then step away, body tingling from his deep, intoxicating smell and hard body. I don't give a damn how this man dresses, he is all lean muscle. He feels better than Matt!

"Right? It made my day." He sips on a coffee from my favorite coffee shop, and my mouth waters.

"You like Roseli's grinds too?!" I exclaim.

"Who wouldn't?" he smirks, deep voice tumbling over me.

"I know, but I'm sad I didn't get a chance to pick up one since I didn't want to be late to class," I pout, and his eyes lock with mine.

"Then you can have mine." He takes another sip, licking the coffee cup where a bit of it spilled. He holds it out to me, making my mouth pop open, but I shake my head.

"N-no. I'm fine."

“I insist. How about you have a sip just to wake you up this morning?” he smiles, holding it out to me eagerly, and I want to say no since I don’t drink after no damn body... not even my parents.

“Bu—” He raises a brow and places the cup to my lips, cutting off my sentence.

“Swallow, Jessica.” His voice dips in the deepest octave possible, sending chills spreading like wildfire throughout my body. My mouth then pops open like a shaken soda can, and I stare at him, heart racing when he watches me with dilated eyes as I drink.

However, I’m so focused on him that I spill a bit on my chin.

“Oh, sorry, that was clumsy of me,” I try to wipe it off, but to my utter fucking shock, he grasps my hand tight, stopping it before it can get close to my face before he leans over, tongue sliding hungrily across my chin, growling like damn lion that has all the girls in the hall breaking they neck looking at us with lust and envy in their eyes. “Fr-Frank!” I exclaim, heart racing uncontrollably, making him go still as fuck.

“I... uhmm... s-sorry!” he steps back, blushing shyly, looking on the verge of tears. “Don’t hate me.” He blinks, tears rolling down his face and my tense shoulders go lax, and I smile, patting his head.

“I’m not mad, silly. Just shocked.” I chuckle, but in reality, my fucking heart is pounding harder than Cardi B bongos beat and pussy clenching tighter than a mother fucking coconut crab! Hell, he can crack these sons a bitches open a ? —

“No, that wasn’t right. I shouldn’t have done that,” he shakes and I chuckle, wrapping my arms around him tightly, rubbing his back to calm him down. Aww, he’s such a gentle soul. When he wraps his tight arms around me, I’m startled when I feel something along his leg under his dress.

“Frank I think something’s...” I frown, stepping back as he wipes tears.

“S-sorry... that’s my water bottle. I have pockets under my dress since I don’t like carrying my uhm... bag. Yes... my pocket,” he stammers, and as much as I want to ask why the hell he has a pocket under his dress, I guess when you think about it, it really doesn’t sound so bad. Hell, any kind of pockets on women’s clothes is a blessing. And he’s not a woman, he’s a guy, so I guess he likes weird things.

“It’s all good. I was just curious. A-anyway, I sh-should get going uhm... class is about to start,” I state lamely, but I really need to sit the fuck down or my legs will fold like a lawn chair under me.

“Okay... but uhm, Jessica!”

“Yes?” I turn, continuing my walk to class with Frank next to me, even more self-conscious when there are even more eyes on us than before.

“B-before you go... uhm, has anyone told you that you look beautiful today?” he smiles bashfully, and I go still as my heart skips a beat.

“N-no,” I shake my head. “No one but myself,” I chuckle, growing hot and embarrassed, but as a tall girl who’s used to not being called pretty, I make it a point to tell myself every morning in the mirror how beautiful I am. It’s part of my daily affirmations.

I’m shaken from my thoughts when he steps up and takes my hand, kissing it before standing tall and taking a deep breath and...

“JESSICA IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THIS ENTIRE WORLD!!!!!!” he shouts at the top of his deep ass lungs, making me lightheaded. What in the he—  
“JESSICA HURTS IS SO BEAUTIFUL S?—”

“F-Frank!” I grit out, embarrassed, cupping his mouth shut, but high key, my heart is all over the place right now. “WH-WHAT THE HELL?!?!?!?!?!?” OH MY GOOOODDDDD!!!!

“Yes, Jessica?” He moves my hand, smiling prettily, and my stomach does flips.

“What are you doing?” I panic whispering, heart beating so loud I wonder if the people around who are staring at us crazy can hear it. Just great! The football playing girl and cross-dressing boy in the campus halls!

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m telling the world about my most precious girl.” He grins, showing straight white teeth, not faltering at all, and I don’t know if I think he’s sexy for doing this or crazy. Boff! Boff’um!!!!

“Whyyyyyy?!?!?!?”

“Why?” he frowns, curling his lip and looking at me like I’m the crazy one here.

“Yes! Why?” I whine, but he beckons me closer as if he wants to tell me a secret, and I’m compelled to lean forward and hear what the hell he’s got to say, but instead of whispering in my ear, he kisses my cheek.

“How can you look at that face in the mirror every morning and not know the answer to that?” he adds. My throat closes, and my heart races as I try to swallow the emotion building up in me.

Has any man aside from my dad said that to me? I’m the most precious person in the world to him?

I’ve never thought myself to be unattractive, though I do have a slight complex about being taller than most of the guys I know, even most of my boyfriends, but one thing

I know is I'm pretty. But beautiful?

I stare into those pretty baby blues so full of earnestness, and my heart starts to take a turn I don't want, so I look away and stand straight, not able to say anything, trying to comprehend my feelings...

"Th-thank you so much, Frank," I choke out, holding back tears at how sweet he is.

"No, thank you, Jessica," he smirks.

"For what?"

"For existing."

How can a girl stand this? I'm done with love... I'm done with love! Fuck... am I done with love?

"Frank, I?—"

"Would you like to go somewhere after your lecture, Jessica?" he questions, and I bite my lip, feeling shy suddenly.

"I... I would love to." I glance away, trying not to seem too eager.

"Okay, then I'll wait for you." His eyes run over me as he takes my hand, kissing the back of it just as my professor walks up.

"Ms. Hurts are you planning to attend my lecture today or dilly dally in the hall with this young lady?" he asks haughtily, and I smirk. Even the teacher can't tell that Frank is a guy because of how pretty he is.

“I’m coming, sir.” I follow behind him and look back at Frank, still standing there holding the cup of coffee, watching me.

God! He’s so perfect.

### Chapter 4

#### Wolf in Sheep's Clothing?

FRANK

I watch her enter the class and speed to the nearest empty classroom, knocking every mother fucker out of my way. I lift my dress and pull my dick from the stocking and lick the rim of the top she drank, sliding my hand roughly up and down my “water bottle,” chuckling at the fact that my innocent and sweet little baby accepted such a bold ass fucking lie.

But that's what's so fucking perfect about her. How gullible and just ripe for the picking she is.

“God, she smelled so good. Her body was so s— Ugh!” I shiver, prenut dripping on the floor as I close my eyes, thinking about her.

I can't take this! I pull out my phone and text the first person I can think of. Not a minute later, my old mathematics professor runs in and uses the master key to lock the door and comes over to me.

“Thank you for letting me have some,” she purrs, trying to kiss me and I snort, backing away, curling my lip, dick going a little soft. I'm not a kisser. That shit is too intimate for what I like to do. Honestly, kissing has always turned me off... So why the fuck was I so turned on when I kissed Jessica?

“Shut the fuck up and suck this dick before I call some other bitch. I didn’t call you here for that.” I glare down at her, but that only excites her. This one likes pain... she likes degradation and never minded if I fucked her rough. That’s why I called her.

“Okay!” She takes no fucking time to tie her hair, slide to her knees, and start licking around the tip of my dick where the piercing is.

I don’t have time to cater to some other bitch when I just want to get this quick nut and wait for Jessica. But as she eagerly slides my entire dick down her throat, eating that son of a bitch like it’s her last meal, I shudder, grunting. I grasp her hair, pulling back and thrusting hard as fuck down her throat, smirking when she shudders and cums.

“That’s right,” I look down at her, swallowing hard as fuck. She looks like my baby... kinda... She’s shorter than her but still tall, she has dark skin, almond eyes, though her tits are smaller and instead of braids like Jessica’s, she wears her hair in a twist. That’s good e-fucking-nough for me to grasp her head place my leg up on the chair, sliding my dick all the way down her throat.

“Fuck, Jessica!” I groan, throwing my head back, thinking about my baby, bottoming out, even though she’s only got half my shit down. Still it’s the thought that counts. “Yeah, suck that dick, Jessica,” I grunt, drinking the coffee where her lips were, fucking her face and panting.

“Ugnnn,” I look down at her moaning on my dick, wondering what my baby would do when she finally gets a taste... but knowing my pretty little baby, that pussy tight and that throat has a sexy ass gag reflex... hell, I doubt even the tip will make it past her— FUCK!

Thinking about her was a bad idea. Just the thought of my dick sliding past Jessica’s wide pretty lips has the base of my nuts tightening, but I pull out and see her play



with her pussy on the floor. I ignore her as I close my eyes, and with my dick nice and wet, I think about my baby, trembling with excitement at the fact that I'll be next to her soon.

It's too much. I'm used to lasting a long mother fucking time, but baby has me cumming hard as fuck with just the thought of her.

"FUCKKKKK!" I groan, popping the top off the coffee, spilling so much nut inside it nearly makes the contents spill over.

When I see the professor reach for it and try to drink it, I snatch my shit up fast and dump it.

"Frank! Why did you throw it away?! It's such a waste!" she whines, but I shrug.

"Who gives a fuck? It's not yours in the first place. Only my baby gets to swallow what comes out of me from now on," I tell her and her eyes grow irate.

"What does that mean?! Are you saying you're not going to let us have it anymore?" she reels back, distraught.

"Yeah, this was an emergency, but I'm cutting it off here. I don't need anyone but Jessica," I let her know, pulling out a wipe from my clutch to wipe my nuts and my dick off, sighing that Jessica wasn't here to have this moment with me. I miss h ? —

"Jessica? The one who plays football here?" she curls her lip and I pause, staring at her.

"Yeah... and?"

"What does that bi—" I pull the gun strapped to my leg out and shove the barrel of it

between her lips and down her throat, cocking it and tilting my head to the side

“Should I make you swallow this for trying me?” I raise a brow, but when fear is replaced with a moan and she shudders and cums, I snort. I should have known . I push her back and she barely catches herself, panting, embarrassed and crying.

“F-Frank! How could you treat me like this?! It’s Black history month!”

“I don’t give a fuck that it’s Black history month or woman’s history month. Whoever talks shit about mine won’t be breathing the next morning.”

“You’ve never done this before,” she cries. “I’m so brokenhearted you would drop us. We love you,” she whines and I throw my head back in laughter.

“Love?” I cock my head to the side because she’s out of her fucking mind.

“Yes, I love you.” She tries to reach for me, but I step out of her way before she can touch me. This why I’m closing out my roster. I can’t be having shit like this popping up in front of Jessica.

“Get the fuck out of here with that bullshit.” I toss the wipe and leave her to gather herself. If it weren’t for the fact I could traumatize my baby, I would have offed her, but it’s not worth it. Damn, she really is making me act out of character. People are still alive because of her... she’s an angel! As I make my way through the halls, someone bumps into me and spits at my foot, but I quickly step back, dodging it.

“Watch it, you fucking faggot freak!” he spits, and I snort out a laugh, shoving out of the building. Let’s see you say that when your mother and sister are gagging on my dick later.

Guess I’ll do one more job... what my baby don’t know won’t hurt her.

After finding a nice oak tree not too far from the building, I call to have my car brought over while I sit back, pulling a blanket from my bag since I knew I would stake out all of Jessica's classes today. Once I take a seat, I ignore all the hateful eyes of the guys and chuckle, knowing I've at some point fucked someone close to them as I pull out the diary that I started this morning while watching her after I left, smiling, thinking about my baby.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Sighing, I sit under the shaded oak tree, reading over my precious diary entry from this morning while constantly checking the time, groaning. Jessica has about forty-five more minutes of class left. More than likely, she won't finish and leave earlier, but still... I'm miserable. I should have just told her to skip with me... but the thought of my baby feeling guilty because she missed class. Nope, I'll take being miserable just to make her feel better.

But what am I supposed to do during the time that I can't be with her? Should I have just had a camera installed in her classes?

My phone vibrates next to me, causing me to set my diary aside.

“What?”

“Boss, you have to help me!” Tony whines on the phone. “I'm absolutely drowning and getting beat down by phone calls from disgruntled women for you!”

“Oh? Did they see I shut my roster off?”

“Yes! How could you lie like that? You told me you'd finish your roster, but you shut it down without notice an?—”

“What can I say? My dick wouldn't get hard no matter how hard I tried,” I sigh, thinking about this morning after I left my wife's house and went to meet my client, who has a fetish for being fucked by chicks with dicks.

“You... wait, huh?” he snorts in disbelief, and I glance up at the trees, feeling empty

because Jessica is not next to me.

“Yup. My last client this morning. I had to finish her off with my fingers and paddles to the ass. I couldn’t fuck her. My dick just won’t get hard for anyone but her,” I finish. This time was different because she kind of looked a bit like my baby, so I was at least able to get it up.

“Wait! So you’re telling me the fucking ie had erectile dysfunction?”

“No, I’m telling you I have Jessica dysfunction,” I correct him.

“Really? So it’s this fucking Jessica person again? Who the fu?—”

“Tony?” I interrupt, saving his life.

“Yeah...”

“Don’t fuck with me about mine.”

“I’m sorry, Boss...”

“Tell that to her face when you meet her,” I growl.

“Yes sir.”

“Anyway, what do you want again? I’m busy. I was just starting to read a book about my wife.” I cock my head in annoyance, running my thumb over my baby’s name.

“Sir, I was just telling you that the calls have gotten out of hand. Please do something.”

“What can I do? I’m retired,” I answer, smiling when a minute passes because I’m a minute closer to seeing her.

“I did, and that only made them cry harder! Please just fuck some of them a?—”

“No.”

“But Boss... you can use the money to take your wi?—”

“I don’t give a fuck about the money. What I care about is having time for my baby. In fact, I’m going to start going to church! I want to be cleansed, and I’m claiming myself as a born-again virgin for Jessica.”

“A born again... wait, you can do that?” he asks, stupefied, and I nod.

“Yup, I looked it up. It said I can abstain from sexual activity after having previously engaged in it with the intention of marriage... starting tonight, I’ll be abstaining from sex, and I’m a virgin again,” I profess, but he says nothing.

“B-but Boss... with the amount of pussy you’ve dug in, I don’t think that’s possible,” he voices indecorously.

“I won’t fucking repeat myself!” I growl.

“Yes, sir. My apologies, sir.”

“Whatever. If you have nothing else to say, I’m hanging up.” I give him the courtesy because he’s been my assistant at the club for a while.

“A-actually Boss... th-the big bosses wanted to meet with you about your job change,” he stammers, and I raise a brow.

“Oh? What would they want to talk about? I don’t think me changing to a waiter is that big of a deal to warrant Dustin and Rafe wanting to see me.”

“Sir, with all due respect, if I could speak candidly...”

“Go on.”

“Well... it’s a major deal! You net the club millions of dollars monthly with that unfairly big dick of yours. The women you cater to aren’t the newbies trying to get broken in. You deal with the particularly nasty ones who have a penchant for the rough and kinky shit.

Not to mention your looks are top tier with your flawless ability to enact and switch up perfectly to the client’s needs. I’m not surprised the big bosses are stepping in. They are probably hoping to get you to change your mind,” he voices desperately.

“I won’t, though,” I rebut plainly, and he sighs, exasperated.

“I know, but still, I’m sure they will at least try,” he exclaims and I close my eyes as Jessica comes to mind and I drown him out, falling asleep since I didn’t get much rest because I watched her all night long. “Boss, are you listening?”

“No.”

“God,” he groans. “You’re killing me.”

“Whatever. I’ll call when I have time for the meeting,” I hang up and doze off.

When I sense a presence come up to me, I quickly sit up, ready to pull out my gun, but I pause when the wind blows, and ever so fucking slightly, I catch a whiff of my wife’s perfume... Hold it in... hold it in...

“, how are you even adorable when you sleep in the elements?” I hear her chuckle. “Oh, the notebook will rip,” she whispers, trying to take the diary, but I take her hand quickly, heart racing as my eyes spring open, startling her. “! I... uhm... I’m sorry I... I wasn’t tr-trying to p...”

“Jessica! I missed you,” I smile as I discreetly slide the diary under the blanket and pull her into my arms, holding her tight.

“I missed you too,” she relaxes, slinging her arm around my waist, putting me in sheer fucking heaven. “But more than that, did you seriously wait here this entire time?” she sweetly asks, looking up at me, and I grit my teeth try not to get hard staring down at the most beautiful being on this earth.

“Yes, I was just resting because I was tired,” I lie. I wanted to wait for you... I know my baby hates calculus and would leave class early. But I wanted to be there waiting. How could I be so reckless and make her look for me?

“Aww, how adorable. I...” she pauses, looking around at the sons of bitches watching us and pouts, and I fucking hate the mother fuckers who take away my baby’s smile. “W-why don’t we move? People are staring at us again,” she murmurs, trying to get up, but I pull her tighter to me and roll over, getting on top of her as my hair flutters on either side of her like a golden halo. Jesus! She’s a fucking angel! “Fr-!” Her eyes widen and her lips part as I lean in, lips grazing hers, looking into her eyes.

“Only focus on me,” I gently place a kiss on her nose, hearing a gasp. “Only you matter, so let them stare,” I shrug and she shakes her head.

“You... you always know how to surprise me,” she beams up at me, lifting her hand, placing my hair behind my ear. Lord have mercy. I’m but a humble servant. How could he lay such temptation before me and will me not to fucking EAT?! “OH!” her eyes go wide again. “Your water bottle is poking me again.” SHIT! Quickly I stand



and regrettably pull her up, begging my “water bottle” to stop acting fucking up!

“How about a drive?” I ask, quickly putting my things away, stuffing the diary as far into my bag as possible before I take her things. Or, well... I try to, but she resists giving the bag up, staring at me with worried eyes.

“The drive is okay, but my bag is heavy. I can carry it,” she warns me, looking down at my hand with a frown. “I don’t want you to break a nail.” She blinks and I beam at how damn adorable she is as I take her hand and snatch the bag from her. She panics, thinking I’ll drop it or some shit, but she doesn’t know I could pick her up without breaking a fucking sweat, nails or not. “Wait, your na?—”

“They are press ons Jessica. Leave it alone and come on.” I pull her alongside me to my Aston Martin which has her pausing, mouth open until I set our bags in the trunk and help her inside before going to the driver’s side and getting in. What’s the point of marveling over something that already belongs to you? Silly Jessica!

“Damn! This car is bad. I almost feel bad sitting in it,” she laughs as she runs her hand over the smooth seats.

“I’ll send you the title tonight,” I tell her as I push the start button and back out.

“, what the heck am I supposed to do about your jokes?” she chuckles, sitting back.

“I don’t know,” I shrug. “Marry me?” I smirk, dead fucking serious as she throws her head back laughing. Not gonna lie, it’s breaking my heart a little that her immediate answer isn’t, “Yes, , I’ll marry you, let you fuck all three holes, and have your babies... This is what the fuck I get for trying to play it fucking cool. But whatever. I watch as she turns on the radio and grows excited, lifting my mood.

“Oh, I like this song! Come on , sing with me!” she grins.

I glance at her as she sings off-key to Sucker by The Jonas Brothers, and I can't help but sing with her at the top of my lungs, meaning every word, even though she's only singing for entertainment. It's true... I'm a sucker for her and all the things no one knows about her.

It's so hard to take my eyes off her. This girl literally takes my breath away, and this song perfectly encapsulates how I feel about her...I want her, I NEED her...

I force my eyes off her to keep from crashing this mother fucking vehicle that I don't give a shit about, but my baby is precious cargo. I need to keep her safe, so despite wanting to watch her rock out to all the songs coming on, I do the responsible thing. Maybe I need to invest in a self-driving car so I can eat her pussy while on the road. Yeah... that's the perfect idea!

“, what's on your mind?” her sweet voice comes to me over the music.

“You,” I respond truthfully.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah, I'm always thinking about you.” I reach over, placing my hand on her thigh, gently squeezing it, and I see her glance over to me, chewing the precious lip I'll suck on later.

“, you are way too sweet,” she sighs and places her hand on mine, causing my heart to thump so fucking hard in my chest heart I clutch it wondering if I'm dying, but the stupid action causes the car to swerve, nearly smashing into another, but I jerk it in time. When she lets out a scream, I glance to the side to see a big ass Mac truck coming toward us, blowing its horn.

My brain isn't even working properly. All I know is I need to make sure she is okay.

Fuck me. My baby is in the car, and she's got a whole fucking career ahead of her, like fucking hell I'll be the reason that ends! I shift gears and gun the gas, looking back as I drive backward, avoiding all the cars blowing and honking at us while she screams at the top of her lungs.

"Fuck!" I place my hand out, protecting her even though I made sure her seatbelt was on tight, holding her in place while we swerve before shifting the car, making us come to a hard-ass and abrupt stop.

I see her hyperventilating and I can't even fucking think as I undo my seatbelt, come around, and yank the door open so hard I hear the metal crack as if it wants to come apart, but fuck all that. I need to get to my baby. I lean in and snatch her seatbelt off, scooping her into my arms, holding her tight as I rub her back to soothe.

"I'm so?—"

"LEARN HOW TO DRIVE, FUCKING IDOTS!" I hear on the side of the road before I see a drink flying at us, and Jessica gasps as it gets on her foot!

"REALLY?! CAN TODAY GET AN—" I cut her off with a kiss to those pretty lips. No tongue. Just a kiss regular and tender as fuck kiss, but it sets me on fucking fire.

When she finally calms down and left shaking and crying in my arms, I close my eyes, feeling like shit. I grit my teeth, pissed at myself. How could I make such a careless mistake?! My heart aches, but fuck this son of a bitch! I want to rip it out for making me scare my wife like that.

"I'm sorry, baby." I place a kiss on the top of her head and she finally looks at me.

"A... are y-you okay?" she asks sweetly.

I want to shout, “fuck me, I’m good!” But I’m not going to do that to my girl. My baby needs to be handled with care. She’s more delicate than she looks.

“I’m fine, but I’m worried about you,” I tell her, and my throat closes when I see her lip wobble. I fucking hate this... I want to spoil her and show her how much I desire her. I want to woo her and let her know that I absolutely want to break the walls out of her pussy while caring for her.

I never want my baby to feel like this.

“I... I’m o-okay, but you... uhm, don’t seem too well. I think we sh-should go ba?—”

“Jessica... please! No. I want to be with you,” I plead, making her eyes go wide before looking away shyly.

“O-okay,” she whispers, and my heart kicks into overdrive. I take her hand, kissing it before gently placing her back in her seat and latching her seatbelt on before getting into the car myself.

“Thank you, beautiful.”

“What are you thanking me for? You’re the one taking me out,” she chuckles as I grasp the steering wheel tight.

“For being here with me...” I tell her honestly. Her lips part, and I see her heart rate pick up through the soft flesh I’ve slit on others a countless number of times.

“, you are too much,” she groans, placing her head in her hands.

“On the contrary, Jessica. I don’t think I’m enough when I’m with you,” I tell her,

holding tight and never wanting to let it go, and she sighs prettily.

Wow, I'm the luckiest man on earth. I think to myself as I pull out my phone behind her back.

#7 : HJL897 get me everything

Idiot #3 : Give me 3 hours. I'll do it after my listening to my videos

#7 : your videos. You have fifteen, asshole.

Idiot #4 : What happened? You don't normally ask for stuff like this.

#7 : Some asshole disrespected my wife.

Idiot #1 :

Idiot #2 :

Idiot # 6 :

Idiot # 5 : I snuffed out his candle for you little bro!

Idiot #3 : this is bullying. Fine if I must .

#7 :

I might be the luckiest man, but someone is going to fucking pay.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

### Chapter 5

#### Whatever You Want

#### JESSICA

“Come on, Frank,” I take his hand, rushing over to the mall excitedly. It’s been a while since I went out with friends that’s not a gu... well, Frank is a guy, but he’s different from Tek and the guys on the football team. I’m so comfortable with him.

‘Truly, it’s a nice reprieve from all that testosterone I’m always around. Frank really is too perfect.

“Slow down, Jessica. You’ll hurt yourself running like that,” he panics when I nearly trip over the curb, steadying me, and I chuckle.

“My bad. I’m not usually this clumsy. I think my head is still rattled from that incident,” I tell him truthfully. That was so crazy, but I’m calming down. Frank seems to have such a cool, calm and collected aura about him, and I just adore that. I love that even though we just met, I feel so free around him.

“I’m sorry about that, baby.” He kisses the back of my hand, and my heart skips a beat, making me look away. Jeez, he really knows how to get a girl going, huh...

“Seriously, stop apologizing already. It’s over.” I turn and drag him... or well, I attempt to. As a girl who is known for squatting well over five hundred pounds and dragging big ass niggas across the field in a male dominant sport, it’s not many times

I can say I've never been able to move someone when I wanted.

I'm strong as hell, and my legs are my superpower, but why the hell isn't this boy moving? I try again, but shockingly to no avail. I can't even make him budge a millimeter. Whoa...

"Okay, I'll stop talking about it, but only if you let me go into this mall and buy you whatever I want," his cool, deep, and slightly accented voice comes over me.

"What?!" I reel back at his words.

"Why would I? I have my own money," I rebut.

"So?"

His one word response throws me the hell off... So?

"Uhm..." I shift on my feet, looking at him. "S-so what?"

"Exactly my point. So what if you have your own money? I'm here to spend my money on you. Why are you bringing up what you have?" He stares at me, and I'm a bit flustered having him gaze so seriously at me, especially when he looks damn good. All the people who are walking around us keep staring at me, probably thinking he's some pretty female model.

"B-because...?"

"Because what?" he tilts his head to the side, long hair falling beautifully over his face.

"I... I guess it d-doesn't matter," I falter and he smiles, making my stomach clench.

“Good girl,” he winks, and I turn abruptly, feeling strange as I continue leading the way. When we get to the door, I go to open it, but a swat on my butt shocks me.

“Wh—” I turn to see Frank staring at me pointedly with something laced in the way his lip slightly curls in distaste. I quickly jerk my hand back for some reason as he places his arm around my waist and kisses my cheek while throwing me a glare that says, “Don’t you fucking dare touch that door.”

“You are too adorable,” he growls in my ear, making me gasp, but he doesn’t let me think on it as he just drags my dazed ass along, stopping at a store I’ve never even heard of and for sure would never shop at.

I’m not low on cash at all, but this place is way too steep for my pockets. When a clerk spots us, she doesn’t even bat an eye at me in my tomboy gear, but when she spots Frank in his get up, one can see the dollar signs flash across that albino roach’s eyes as she scuttles along the floor over to us.

“How may I he—” He cuts her off pulling something out of his purse and flashing it to her. Great googly moogly! Is that a black card?! “Oh! I’ll show you to the back.” She tries to take the card, but he snatches his hand away and hands it to the woman behind her.

“You,” his deep voice booms with an unspoken warning, rattling the windows as he averts his attention to the other woman, but she nods even though he says nothing beyond that while shakily taking the card.

“R-right this way, ma’am...” her voice wobbles as she bows to me and tries to take my hand to guide me, but Frank glares as if daring her to touch me, and she steps out of the way. Frank then takes my hand, and we both walk past the other woman, who still seems to be shocked. Damn...



I don't know whether to be shocked, sorry for the girl who probably lost a huge commission, or turned on. When she takes us to a sitting room, I look around impressed with the space, having never been in one of these fancy back rooms before. I almost feel out of place.

"Uhm Frank, I don't need something like th—" He cuts me off, setting me down and pulling me into his lap.

"You need and will take everything I give you, Jessica. Understood?"

The way he so effortlessly commands the room and sways me needs to be studied... because honey, I am the fuck SAT!

"I hear you." I roll my eyes, throwing an attitude, and he goes still before his hand cups my chin, and he forces me to look back at him.

"I know you heard me, Jessica. I saw those adorably tiny ears I'll be putting diamonds in perk up, but that is not what I asked," he voices harder. He sits up and spins me around so that I'm straddling him, and his eyes graze over me as he runs a finger from my lips to my neck to my chest. "I asked, Jessica. If. You. Un-der-stand."

"Frank," I breathe out in a moan, trembling.

"Answer."

"I... I understand," I pant, body growing hot, and he smiles, shocking me when his lips gently graze my neck.

"You're such a good girl, Jessica," he groans, hands holding me tight, rendering me speechless and leaving my pussy weeping like a bitch singing Keisha Cole's Love after getting drunk.

“F-Frank, you?—”

“We’ve brought your th— Oh! My apologies for interrupt?—”

“If you know you’re interrupting, then leave al-fucking-ready,” he growls, shaking me from whatever stupor he had me in.

“N-no, you can come in.” I stand from his lap, but he takes my hand, lacing our fingers.

“Jessica,” he pouts and I smile, leaning down and kissing his cheek.

“It’s your turn to be good, okay?” I smirk, and his eyes glaze over with something I don’t want to put a finger on, or I fear something I won’t recover from will happen.

“Fine.” He sets me back into his lap and wraps his arms around me, kissing my neck. “Only for now,” he groans, placing his head on my shoulder and I chuckle, patting it.

“Jessica are you sure this is enough?” he quirks his lip, shaking his head at the twenty bags he’s holding, and I cut my eyes to him, tired.

“It’s more than enough. Actually, it’s too much , but you just kept buying.” I point an accusatory finger at him, but he snorts.

“What kind of man would I be letting my girl walk around with one bag? My brother Gannon would lose his shit if he knew I bought so little,” he scoffs, and my mouth falls open.

“L-little?!” I exclaim, “For God’s sake, you spent more than I earn in a year for NIL! I’m afraid to even put it on my body!” I frown at the clothes and shoes he’s holding, uncomfortable since he made me walk out of the store with an outfit on, even though

the soda the man threw on me was already dry.

“None of that matters, Jessica. Remember, you’ll take what I give you, and I’ll give you everything you want,” he warns, and I sigh.

“Fine, mister. You’ll give me whatever I want. So can you at least give me food? I think I’ll pass out fr—” He stops in his tracks, takes my hands, and briskly walks with me over to a comfortable bench. When we get there, we see a group of guys hanging around, but the moment Frank steps close, they all scatter, running away scared. How the hell does he do that?

“What the hell was that about?” I question, but Frank looks up at me, shrugging.

“It’s not important.” He pulls out a handkerchief and Lysol from his bag to spray the bench before thoroughly wiping it down. “I hate flies,” he mutters, wrinkling his nose, carrying the beautiful handkerchief to the garbage pinched between two fingers, and dropping it inside with a scowl. “Begone vermin,” he murmurs, disgusted, and I look around confused. When the hell did he see a fly?

After sanitizing his hands, he takes mine again and sets me down before he turns to leave but quickly spins, leveling me with a commanding look.

“Stay,” his voice booms, causing everyone to look at us and my heart to race as I nod, letting him know I’m not going anywhere. But he glares at me suspiciously, seeming unsure if he can trust me to stay put before he shakes his head. “On second thought, why don’t you just co?—”

“Geez, Frank,” I laughed. “I’ll stay put, I promise.”

“But…”

“I’m serious. I’ll stay put,” I reassure him, taking the bags so he doesn’t have to carry them, but thankful I get to sit down. How the hell can he have so much energy and not care about the stares we’re getting?

“And you promise not to talk to any flies?” he pouts, and I frown but chuckle.

“Sure. If any flies dare talk to me, I’ll not only ignore them, but I’ll also make sure to slap them away,” I laugh and he places both his hands over his mouth, eyes widening, forming tears.

“Jessica! You’d do that for me?” his voice wavers, and I didn’t know what to say, so I just nod vigorously. A strange look comes over him, but before I can analyze it, he spins on his heel and briskly walks off as if he’s got a lot on his mind. While I sit there and wait, my mind reels, trying to rein in my feelings for today.

Okay... so he kisses me, buys me things, calls me his girl... but he’s my friend, dresses like a girl... hmm...

“Excuse me. You’re Jessica Hurts, right?” I hear on the side of me and turn to see an older white woman standing there next to a man I assume is her husband as well as an attractive guy who looks about my age that might be her son.

“I am,” I smile, and her eyes light up.

“Oh my! Honey, I told you!” she giddily claps, dancing. “We are big fans! We just love you!” she gushes and my heart melts.

“Aww, thank you so much,” I blush, embarrassed by the praise when her husband steps forward.

“Young lady, you are a wonder and an inspiration to all little girls! The way you run

the ball on the field, just wow!” He holds out his hand, and my heart races loudly in my chest for some reason as I find myself slowly... hesitantly standing to take his hand, shaking it.

“Th-thank you,” I smile, though the way my heart is beating right now, I feel as if I should be scared.

“Ms. Hurts, let me introduce you to my son, Vance. He also plays college football, and he’s a huge fan, as well.” His mother pushes him toward me, and he blushes, smirking handsomely. He’s definitely handsome, but he’s no Frank or hell, even Duval. He’s more like the typical football jock that most girls would go crazy for, but not me.

“What’s up? It’s nice to meet you, Jessica,” he says as he holds out his hand. “May I get an autograph?” he asks. I swallow and stare down at it, feeling like I need to bat it away, but I don’t want to seem rude. Lord knows what they would think of me, so I take his hand, and the moment I do, something like a jolt makes me snatch my hand away, wincing, and he does the same. “Whoa... what was that?” he exclaims, but I can’t answer. Something makes me look over to the far end of the mall, where I see Frank with a sinister look on his face and food spilled around him. Fuck...

“Are you okay?” Vance’s mom asks, motherly concern written on her face, and I nod to reassure her.

“Y-yes, uhm... must be the static in the air,” I chuckle, and we all laugh it off while from the corner of my eye I see Frank speaking to the janitor. Wait, why the hell am I acting like this? I did nothing wrong.

While they speak about football and my play, I do my best to listen, but my mind remains on Frank, who’d just finished talking and was marching over here with a look in his eye that made a bitch pussy wet and stomach drop in fear.

Quickly, I take a picture with them and sign my autograph, and I vaguely recall the guy handing me something with writing on it as they left, but by then, Frank is up on me, fuming.

“H-hey.” I place my hands behind my back for some reason, hiding the thing the guy handed to me. What was his name again?

“Jessica,” he calls out, voice dipped in sin and rage.

“Y-yeah?” I choke out.

“Hand it here, beautiful,” he beckons and I don’t know how, but I can tell what he’s asking for. My intuition makes me hand him the note the guy gave me and look down for some reason, ashamed. However, he forces me to look up and takes my hand, placing a blue suede rectangle box in my hand.

“For you.”

“Wh-what’s this?” I ask, but he only smiles, though it doesn’t reach his eyes.

“Open it and see.” He crumbles the piece of paper, throwing it in the trash, standing next to me. He pulls me down onto his lap in public, garnering stares, but oddly, I don’t care. I just open the box, and my heart, which had been racing, melts.

“Frank! It’s beautiful!” I gasp, stunned at the gorgeous, delicately spun gold necklace with a Spider on it, and even though I feel it’s too much, I don’t say it. Instead, I turn in his lap and wrap my arms around his neck, kissing him gently on the lips, making his eyes go wide and dilate. “Thank you.”

“Jessica... Jesus for helvede Kristus.” (Jesus fucking Christ) ” he groans and I shiver hearing him speak in his native language. “You have to stop cheating like this.”

“Ch-cheating?” I ask, and he places his lips next to my ear, barely grazing it.

“Yes,” he whispers. “You always make me so mad, but your smile is sinfully beautiful and quells my anger. It’s not fair,” he growls so loud it feels like an animal is next to me, making my ass try to shoot up from his lap, but he wraps his arm around my waist, thrusting me back down onto him. I feel something hard, but it’s too long to be what I think it is. It’s that damn water bottle again!

“Fr—”

“Jessica.”

“Yeah?”

“Do that shit again, and even that pretty smile won’t save ’em,” he growls, and I want to ask what he means by that, but all too quickly, he takes the box from my hand and pulls the necklace out. “Let me put this on you.”

I don’t say anything. I just lift my down to the booty braids, and his arms come around my neck, but as the pendant of the necklace lands on my chest, I flinch from how heavy and hot it is. I swallow as the delicate chain falls around my throat, and I have to clear it and take a deep breath, for some reason feeling like I’m being choked.

Even though I can’t see behind me, I know the moment he clasps and secures the necklace because it’s like I can hear bars clinking loudly together in my head and a key locking them in place. I sway a bit, chest rising up and down, suddenly uncomfortably hot.

“H-how d-does it look?” I stammer.

“Let me see.” He spins me around, and I breathe heavily as he runs his hand over it,

eyes flashing. “Mi?—”

“OH MY GOD!” I leap, snatching up one of the new shirts he brought me from the bag and placing it against his nose that’s bleeding profusely. “Jesus!” I stammer, panicking because he’s almost soaked the shirt. “We need to take you to a hospital!”

“No, I’m fine.” He shakes his head, looking dazed and out of focus.

“No, you’re not fine! You soaked the shirt!” I shout, but he turns dull eyes to me, removing the shirt and smiling, but it feels wrong and makes me shudder.

“I’m fine. See? No more bleeding,” he voices dryly, and I frown.

“I don’t care if you’re not bleeding anymore, Frank. The amount of blood you just lost isn’t normal!” I argue.

“We should go. You need rest!” I can tell he wants to protest, but he clutches his head and nods, looking up at me with a pained expression.

“Fine... but,” he pauses and clutches his head. “I can’t drive right now. Not with you... it’s too dangerous.”

“That’s totally understandable. We’re not that far from school. I can call myself an Uber and y?—”

“No,” he winces, shaking his head before he pulls out his phone and says something before looking up at me. “I got it. Just wait.”

“For what?” I frown, but he doesn’t answer. He just pulls me back down, props up on the bench, and lays his head on my lap, holding me.



“I need to lie down. My head feels like it’s going to explode,” he whispers and I groan, feeling bad for him, rubbing his back.

“Sure. Rest as long as you like.” I prop my head against the window, looking down at him, worried.

About ten minutes later, a tap on my shoulder makes me look up to see two guys that look way too fucking good, but regardless of how good they look, I can’t help but want to shy away from them. I frown, trying to control the urge to curl my lip, but my guard goes all the way up. The only thing that has me feeling somewhat not put off is the fact that they look familiar.

“Jessica?” One of them smiles kindly at me.

“Yeah?” I narrow my eyes at them, going still, now fully on guard as I watch the other run his eyes over the bags, frowning, not saying anything. “Do I know you?” I grumble, holding Frank’s head protecting him in case they on some funny shit.

“Genesis, and this here is Gannon. We’re this fucker’s older brothers. He called and said he’s not feeling well and needed us to come pick him up.” My mouth forms an O as I take his offered hand, shaking it while the other hardens his jaw, disappointed. Oh... does he not like me alre ? —

“Is this all he bought you?” he curls his lip, leaving me to blink.

“Well... uhm... it’s all I let him buy me,” I correct him, and he raises a brow, cocking his head, handsome head to the side, looking at me confused.

“Why?” Gannon asks, and I can’t help but chuckle. They are definitely brothers.

“Stop questioning her,” I hear from my lap, and Frank groans, sitting up. I have to

cover my mouth from laughing at the print line of my jeans on the side of his face from lying on me, but the laugh dies on my lips when he snatches the wig off and ruffles his hair out. Goodness gracious, this man is fine.

Now I see why these two look familiar. Frank is the spitting image of them but dare I say even prettier. My heart stops, and my throat closes, forcing me to look away. He is way too fucking fine!

“Anyway, here,” Frank speaks and hands Genesis his car keys before turning to me. “Jessica, this idiot will take you back home. I need to go home for a bit, but I swear I—” I place my finger over his lips, quieting him and kissing his cheek.

“Thank you for today. I hope you feel better.” From the corner of my eye I see both his brothers’ eyes widen in shock, but Frank has my full attention.

“You’re so unfair.” He kisses my finger, and I stand as his brother Gannon snorts and picks up the apparently meager bags he spent thousands of dollars on today.

“Bye, I’ll text you, okay?” I wave and he sits there frowning. He nods as his brother says something to him in his native tongue and hands him a bottle of what looks like meds. Is he sick?

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

### Chapter 6

#### Vindication

FRANK

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Genesis cocks his head to the side, frowning.

“Fuck if I know,” I clutch my head, pissed I had to end my date with Jessica early, but with the way I’m feeling... there’s no way I could have stuck next to her. My head is so jumbled right now. All I could think about was her.

How good she smelled. How sexy her hips looked as she walked. How cute her laugh was when she made a corny joke. How pretty her smile was when she saw something that piqued her interest. Just how fucking adorable my wife is in general.

The entire time, I just wanted to pull her in my arms and kiss her all over, but when I saw her touching that flea, my body was set on fire and I couldn’t calm it down.

Even her smile broke my heart. I wanted to punish her for lying to me... she made a promise and broke it, and I couldn’t figure out if I wanted to fuck the shit out of her, have her apologize and beg for mercy for what she put me through, get on my knees and beg her never to touch another maggot again, or pluck the eyes out of every son of a bitch in this mall that dared to look at her with lecherous eyes.

“Well, you look like shit,” Genesis calls out and I hold up the middle finger, popping the medicine cap.

“Fuck you,” I snarl, shaking four pills into my hand, downing them and massaging my temples. It took everything in me to let her leave my side, but I had to. Whenever she’s near me, I lose my mind, and my thoughts turn to mush.

“Come on. I’ll take you home. Mom’s worried sick about you,” he asks as he holds a hand out to me and I take it, instantly feeling lighter. As much as I hate being around my idiot brothers, when we are next to one another, our emotions are much less out of wack.

“Fuck that. Did that asshole give you what I asked for?” I clutch my head, dragging my wig and throwing it in the back seat before getting in the car.

“Here.” He smacks a manila folder into my chest, and I quickly open it, reading its contents with a smile. “I take it you’re going hunting?”

“Yeah. Why? You want to come?” I flip through the file and he pauses, thinking.

“Sure, why not? It’ll be the first gift I give my baby sister-in-law. She’s adorable, by the way.”

“Right?!” My eyes light up, turning to him, forgetting about the files. “She’s smart too! And did you know my baby is the first girl to start on the football team in school history?!”

“Damn, my little sis is that girl, huh? We should start attending her games.”

“Yeah, I have to study the rules. It’s fucking tedious, but for her, it’s worth it.” I turn back to the files, “But first, I want to deal with this fucker.”

“You’re acting uncharacteristically. Do you like her that much?” Genesis raises a brow, and I lean my head back, thinking about her.

“Like? Hell, I don’t know what the fuck this feeling is, but I just know I want her. No, I need her. Maybe once I’ve locked her away for only me to enjoy, then my heart will stop being on the verge of exploding every time I think about her,” I grunt, and he smiles.

“Seems fun. I want it.” His eyes light up with excitement, and I snort unsurprised. Greedy bastard.

After I commit everything to memory, I put the files back into the manila folder, chuck it into the back seat, and close my eyes, thinking about my Jessica and how soft her lips are. It’s only been a day... but I can tell this is the right way to go about it. Just based on the tiny kisses she’s letting me sneak in, she’s completely let her guard down around me.

Hell, I can tell I’m doing the right thing because I immediately felt her go stiff when my brothers walked up. She was on edge. I noticed how she curled her lip if a guy even looked at her wrong.

Yeah, Jessica is on guard against all men, and she has her emotions in check. I can even feel her drawing the line between us. Those light kisses I gave her would have sent other women crumbling at my feet, but I feel like she’s in control while I’m losing my fucking mind here.

I must have dozed off because I’m woken up to gravel being crushed under the wheels of the car, making me sit up and rub my face, headache still buzzing hard as fuck, if not worse.

“How do you feel?” Genesis pulls the car to a stop, and I look at the night sky.

“I feel like Saint beat me in anything in life,” I mumble, and he throws his head back, laughing hard as fuck.

“Damn, that bad, huh?” he asks as he pops the driver’s side door open.

“Maybe even worse,” I wince, feeling dizzy.

“Well, maybe a little fun will help cure that,” he shrugs as we saunter over to the lone shed in the woods with no windows. He undoes the thick rusted chain on the heavy doors and slides inside without opening it all the way.

It’s dark as fuck, but the lack of light helps my head, so I’m not complaining. When Genesis flicks the switch in the room, I groan, closing one eye, but make no other indication of how shitty I feel right now.

I only shove the table in the middle of the floor out of the way and lift the heavy wooden latch, wrinkling my nose at the dust. It’s been a while since I’ve been here. I stopped hunting a while ago since I hate the smell and sight of blood, but for some reason, I’ve had the urge to hunt more.

Even though there’s a step ladder leading down, my brother and I jump down, hitting the concrete with a soft thud. We don’t bother turning on any lights because the movement from us being there has the motion-sensing lights flickering on in the bunker full of guns of every brand one can think of: knives so sharp they can slice through skin like butter, bats, hammers, axes, you name it. If it can be used to kill, it’s here.

I bypass that and walk to the shower, wash off, then go over to the drawers on the far wall and pull one open taking out one of the all-black t-shirt, dickie jeans, combat boots, and a belt and change before I grab my Scream mask as Genesis packs up the things we need.

“You wanted a knife, right? Because I packed you one.”

“I don’t give fuck what I use. I just need to delete this asshole from being able to breathe the same crisp air that my wife breathes.”

“Fair.” We walk through the tunnel to the old unsuspecting cars with fake plates and he hops in an old Kia, since there are about a billion of those sons of bitches on the road. If some shit does go wrong, not that it would, we’d easily get drowned out in commotion and traffic.

I hop in behind him, sliding on the hoodie to cover my hair as he starts the car and drives off down the long tunnel, making about twenty turns through the underground passageway. Soon we come out of it, press the button that opens the passage from the mountain, and drive from the unlit bridge until we acclimate into traffic.

I glance at the time and pull out my phone to text my baby, and my heart thumps because just as I click on her name, a text shows up.

My Cherry Cake : Hey I don’t know if you’re up but when you get this text me back okay...

My Cherry Cake : I’m worried about you.

Damn... she really is perfect.

Frankie : I’m up. I’m just laying down resting. My head is a bit better, now that you texted me.

My Cherry Cake : Oh! That’s great! I was worried sick

Frankie : Well I don’t want that! But thank you for worrying about me

My Cherry Cake : Of course, though I am sad. I was going to invite you over to my

place to watch a movie but maybe next time.

“FUCKKKK!” I shout, slamming my hand into the door, cracking the window, making Genesis look over at me with a frown.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“My wife was going to invite me over... but this fucking ... whatever the fuck it is ruined it,” I grit out, and he sighs.

“Shit man, tough break. Is she willing to let you come over tomorrow?”

“Fuck tomorrow! I want to be with her now!” I cock my head to the side, looking at him like he’s crazy for asking me such a stupid question.

“Yeah... my bad that was stupid.”

“No shit,” I mutter, going back to texting her.

“Well, it’s not like you weren’t going to sneak in to see her anyway,” he rebuts and I throw my head back against the headrest.

“It’s not the same.”

Frankie : I’ll force myself to feel better then I’m headed your way.

My Cherry Cake : No you will not. You will rest!

Frankie : No I’m coming over to spend time with you.

My Cherry Cake : Guh! You’re so hardheaded!



Frankie : yup, I'll come over and let you punish me for being so.

My Cherry Cake : Whatever you get some rest. I'll text you tomorrow

For fuck's sake, this girl is playing with my fucking emotions... a laughing face emoji? She might as well rip my fucking heart out, but it's okay... slow and steady, she's falling and entangling herself willingly. I can tell because she kissed me herself. I don't think I'll have to wait too long for her to let me in.

I reach back into the bag on the passenger seat, grab my mask and slide it on. As he pulls up, Genesis sends a text to Saint, telling him to cut the streetlights where we're parking before we climb out of the car.

I slide on my gloves, take my hunting knife, and stuff it inside of my backpack, fix my hood, and walk up to the Halloween party going on.

"AYYYEEEE!" some drunk fucker calls out, immediately drawing attention to us. "Badass masks dudes!" He nods, and I point the middle finger at him, making him burst out laughing. "HEY YEAH, WAY TO STAY IN CHARACTER!" he laughs before doubling over and vomiting on the lawn. Gross son of a bitch.

We push our way through the crowded frat party. Shit, this is about to be the easiest hunt of my fucking life.

As we're making our way through the party, some girl with two big puff balls grabs Genesis, pulls up his mask, and locks lips with him. I expect him to push her off, but to my surprise, I see him go still before he grabs a handful of her ass fist a hand full of her curls before he picks her up, dipping his tongue into her mouth. Well, I guess I'm alone on this.

I shrug, making my way up the stairs and looking through the rooms until I get to one

that won't open. Bingo.

Taking out my knife, I shove that bitch in the crevice of the door jam and yank it, popping the lock and thankful the music is so loud no one can hear it. Plus, since the lights are off in the room, it's way too easy to slink inside and shut the door behind me.

Once inside, my headache eases. Actually, it was already better once we got to the party, but being in the room has slowly made my headache fade. When I hear a headboard banging against a wall and grunts, I turn to see a train taking place.

The woman has a dick in every hole, but she's clearly passed out and on something as I see assholes pass out drugs as they're also sucking and fucking each other while they wait in the wings for their turn.

"Give her more of this before the bitch wakes up and ruins our fun!" Fucking scumbags...

I'm not someone who gives a fuck about shit that doesn't pertain to me, but this is why I hate men. They are disgusting. I pull out the knife in my back holster as hate boils in my blood before I lock eyes on the son of bitch whom I only briefly caught a glimpse of as the fucking fountain drink came flying out of his hand.

He's sitting in the wings, jerking his dick, but as if he knew it's his time to go, he stumbles over to the door in which I see a bathroom, and that's perfect. Just as the door shuts, I go over to each of the mother fuckers, taking them by the hair, baring their throats. I slit them all so fast that none of them have the opportunity to react because they are all dead in seconds as blood pools all over the room. The girl...

I narrow my eyes at her as she lay limp and drugged out and immediately text my brother Saint to come pick her up since I'm not sure how long Genesis will be. I don't

know who the hell she is, but waking up in a pool full of dead fucks who raped her would be traumatic for anyone. Plus, the police would probably question her and try to pin this shit on her when these pigs were at fault.

Yeah, killing these fucking pigs was the only way. Even if I don't like the pungent scent of blood, these assholes deserved a more brutal death than this. This is why I fucking hate men... they are pieces of shits that can't control their dicks and can't think cognitively.

Once the bathroom door starts rattling, I smirk, going over and wrenching the door open causing the man to frown as he sways on his feet.

“Whosh the fok ar you?!” he slurs, and I step back, watching him come out and turn to the now silent room. I gleefully watch his eyes go wide and his mouth pop open to scream. Can't have that... “AHHH—Ackkk!” He clutches his throat when I use the back of the knife handle, smashing his vocal cords before he drops to the floor in a loud thud, gurgling, trying to scream to no avail. I walk over to him, thinking about stabbing him when I notice stacks of beer, soda, and snacks for the party from the corner of my eye. Hmm.

I stab my knife through his hand on onto the floor, keeping him immobilized while I go over and grab a case. I pull out the knife and drag him as he fights, forcing him to lie flat, where I flip his shirt over his face, pressing my knee against his chest. A smile forms when I hear a few ribs crack and pop the top of the soda, pouring it over his face.

He tries to yell, but the soda goes into his nose and mouth, kicking as I pop another and another and a-fucking-nother, watching until he goes completely limp and his chest caves in from my knee. I sit there watching him, taking a deep breath with a clear head, able to breathe, feeling vindicated as blood spills from his lips and nose.

I feel better... MUCH better actually...

My Cherry Cake : okay... I lied if you really do feel better come over tomorrow for a movie...

Jesus... she's just too fucking adorable.

Frankie : I'll be there

Standing, I sigh, cracking my neck, feeling like a brand new person. My massive headache is gone, my chest is lighter, and it's even easier to breathe.

I grab his hair, dragging him over to the bathroom, thankful that this fucker isn't at our school because the last thing I want is for my baby to be worried about some asshole like this. I slang him with a thud and text Genesis.

#7 :

Idiot #5 : ...

Oh, he and that girl must have hooked up...

#7 :

After seeing him tell me he'll clean up when he's done eating, I leave the room, making sure to lock and jam it behind me. I take the car, since he'll more than likely call one of the other idiots to pick him up.

I frown, thinking about how stirred the fuck up I was by seeing Jessica shaken. It hurt me to see her hurt... what could that mean? I don't understand why I'm so pissed about something like that when I have never given a fuck about a woman's emotional

state, but Jessica is different. I think to myself as I tighten my hand around the steering wheel.

This girl really has me out of my element, but I like it...

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

### Chapter 7

#### Movie Night

#### JESSICA

Lying in bed, I toss the football around in the air, sighing, trying to figure out what in the hell I'm supposed to do with all the shit Frank ass bought me. I mulled over it in class and at practice today, but nothing...

Shoes, clothes, accessories, and phone cases to match. He's out of his mind, but he wouldn't let me tell him no. In fact, when I told him no, he would just pick up more stuff and buy it. Still, I find myself smiling when I look down at the bags.

"That boy is crazy," I chuckle, catching the football and setting it next to me. If any other guy had done some shit like this, I would have hated it, thinking they were trying to flex or be braggadocious about the amount of money they have, but with Frank... I didn't feel like that at all.

It felt less about him wielding money and more so about him wanting to do something nice for me. I run my hand over the nice fleece jumpsuit he bought me with a smile. He really is something else.

When my phone vibrates next to me, I swipe it up, thinking it's him, but when I see it's Tek, I deflate but text my friend back.

Tek: Hey Jess, wyd?

Jess: Nothing much, what's up?

Tek: Nothing I was just thinking about you

Jess: LOL thinking about me? Why? Is everything okay?

Tek: Yeah I was just wondering if you still want me to pick you up tomorrow

Jess: Yeah I would love that. I'm always down to save money on gas.

Tek: Awesome... also I was wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight?

Jess: where do you have in mind?

Tek: Lets go to that bar I told you about the other day.

Jess: Yass the one with the bomb ass wings?!

Tek: Fuck yeah! I'll get dressed and I'll be there in about an hour.

Just as I'm about to text back, a knock sounds at the door. Who could that be?

I check my ring cam, and my eyes go wide as I stand so fucking quick, slipping my phone into my pocket, and run into the bathroom. I fix my braids, making sure a bitch ain't got no crust in her face and then slowly and coolly make my way over to the door, opening it, feigning surprise.

"Frank! What are you doing here?!" I gasp, and he smiles, holding up bags.

"Jessica!" he beams prettily, eyes flashing as he takes me in with my rather plain clothes in comparison to him, who's still cross-dressed, but he changed his style

again. Now he's decked out in a more casual but stylish look. Rocking our school, Bay State Uni, hoodie and grey sweatpants, a black chain link necklace, and black studded earrings. The craziest part is how effortlessly he makes casual wear look GQ. "I missed you. That's why I'm here," he smiles, and my heart skips. I just saw him yesterday, but I'm this giddy to see him again?

I'm not usually this excitable when it comes to hanging out with anyone other than Faythe and Beatrice. Even when I hung out with Matt, I usually had to force myself to be happy, but with Frank, it's effortless.

"I... I missed you, too. Oh... uhm... come in," I tell him as I step aside, letting him into my apartment. He goes straight over to the kitchen as if he owns the place, sets some grocery bags down, and immediately starts looking through my cabinets. He pulls out a vase I've never used before that was given to me by my mom and takes out a beautiful arrangement of flowers, setting them inside. Ummm . "Th-those are nice."

"Right?! They reminded me of you, so I picked them up and brought them," he says as he sets them in the middle of the island.

"Fl... flowers for me?" I cock my head to the side, blinking, and he smiles prettily.

"For who else but my girl?"

"Oh wow! Thank you!" My lips form an O, stunned because I don't think I've ever received flowers from a guy before, and not because I don't like them. I just think guys assume I don't consider them my style, considering the sport I play, so having Frank hand them to me makes my heart flutter a bit.

"Anything for you, Jessica," he smiles, stepping directly in front of me, invading my space and making me a bit self-conscious.



“Uhm... thank you, but are you sure you’re feeling well?” I question. “I mean... yesterday at the mall, you made y-your brother drop me off at home, and even though you texted last night that you were better... that was a lot of blood,” I explain and he narrows his eyes at me.

“He didn’t do anything weird, right?”

That makes me cock my head to the side with a chuckle.

“I mean... if you consider muttering about you being a cheap bastard, then yeah. But aside from that, he was perfectly respectable. He even told me to make sure to text you that I made it home and waited for me to get into my apartment,” I tell him.

“Good. I wouldn’t want to kill my own brother,” he smiles and I chuckle at his ridiculous joke.

“Me either,” I snort at his antics. “Oh, I was looking for you on campus. Do you not be in my area?” I ask, going over to stand next to him and see what he brought.

“Oh me? I don’t be on campus much. I usually take my classes online and attend one class in person,” he says as pulls out all types of shit, from meat, to potatoes, veggies, etcetera, and I poke out a lip. What the fuck? Did he go grocery shopping?

“That explains why I’ve never seen you on campus before... what do you major in? I major in Sports Media. Once I’m drafted to go pro and I finish out by setting my name in stone and paving the way for more young girls, then I’ll break the mold and pave the way again and commentate on the sport, and show the guys that girls know and can play football too,” I admit and he smiles at my goal. It’s the first time a guys has genuinely listened to me and not made fun of it.

“And you can do it too, Jessica.” He takes my hand and kisses it. “I have degrees in

Sexual Education, Business, and something else... I can't remember, but right now I'm studying Fashion Design. The class that I attend online is Professor Aspen Fergus'," he tells me nonchalantly and I pick up my jaw from this man calling me stupid in multiple degrees... he can't remember what the degree was?! How?! But we love a smart man... okurrt!

"O-oh wow! I heard her class is hard to get into because it's always so packed."

"It is. I was allowed in on a special recommendation when she saw the dress I wore to school. She also teaches interior design as well."

"That's so cool!" I listen to him speak, genuinely excited about his class and teacher for a while until he starts prepping some food.

"This is a lot..." I raise a brow at all the food he's taking out.

"Of course it is. I was promised a movie date," he smirks and glances at me out of the corner of his eye. Oh shit, I forgot.

"Sir, all you need to watch a show is popcorn. You look like you're preparing a feast," I chuckle and he shrugs.

"I am," he winks, and my stomach dips. Being around him is like being around my best friend Faythe in a taller male form. It's chaotic, fun, and a whirlwind. It's kind of hard to believe we only met Monday, a whole two days ago. It already feels like a lifetime.

"Uh huh..." I pick up the Oreos. "So is there anything I can do to help?" I ask, and he plucks them from my hands.

"Yup." He sets the Oreos down, places his hands on my arms, and guides me out of

my own kitchen to my living room. He gently pushes me down on the sofa, grasps the remote, and places it in my hand. He then takes my feet and plucks off my house shoes. I hide my feet in embarrassment, but he doesn't seem to give a damn about my ashy-ass toes. No, he just lifts them while simultaneously moving the ottoman, propping them up. Uhm...

I thought he was done when he walked off, but nope. To my surprise, he comes back over with a fluffy blanket, which he rips the tag off of and pops off as if shaking the dust off, placing it over my body and handing me an icy beverage. Wait... when the hell did he have time to make this?

"This... this is what you can do to help. Sit there and be barefoot and preg... pretty!" he smiles and I chuckle.

"But this is my place. It's rude to have a guest come in and I'm just sitting around like this," I argue.

"Guest? But I'm your hus... friend."

"Husfriend? Is that the new term the girls are calling their guy best friends?" I chuckle, and he nods.

"Yup."

"Fine, you can be my husfriend, but it doesn't alleviate me feeling bad. I should help," I try again, but he shakes his head.

"Let me serve you," he states, taking me aback. Then again, Frank is always taking me aback.

"I don't... I don't understand," I shake my head.

“What I mean is I don’t care if this is your apartment, mine, a family member’s, or a friend’s. When you’re around me, you will not lift a finger in service to me or anyone in my presence. Now do you understand?” he states so confidently that my heart skips and beat and I have to check myself. Wait a damn minute... why is my heart skipping so many damn beats like this?!

“Frank, come on, don’t be silly. I?—”

“Jessica...” He speaks, cutting me off, leaning in and running his thumb over my lips.

“Y-yeah...?”

“I’ve never been fond of repeating myself. Be a good girl and say you understand.”

“I understand.”

“Good girl,” he smiles and places a kiss on my lips, sauntering back over to my kitchen where he expertly busies himself as if he’s been here before. Meanwhile, I sit my ass here, stuck trying to figure out what the fuck is happening because I’m missing a few pieces to this puzzle.

“You must like to host,” I tell him, clicking on my Apple TV and surfing for a something to watch, high key wanting to put on some One Piece. But I on think he ready for the GOAT yet. That’s boyfriend type stuff... that’s dedication, that’s love! I mean, you would have to love someone to sit through over one thousand episodes of pure genius and peak storytelling by Oda-sensei. I’m not willing to hand that type of responsibility over to just anyone. So, watching him from my peripheral, I choose something more palatable.

“Hmm... it’s a hobby I’ve just developed,” he answers, not pausing in his preparations.

“Oh, that’s so cool. So you like to cook and stuff too?”

“I never really had to, but I think nutrition and balanced diets are important, so I cook regularly.”

“That’s true. I wish I could get into the kitchen more to prepare my meals, but between practice, games, going to the gym, studying, and school, I don’t have much time to cook, so most my meals are either packaged or just noodles,” I laugh, looking up when he comes over holding a tray I didn’t even know I had. Didn’t Faythe send me something like that as a housewarming gift?

When he sets the wooden tray down on the table and I see plain as day that there’s a big ass black Hello Kitty in the middle, I have to snort to keep from bursting out laughing. Yes, Faythe ass definitely sent that.

“Nice tray. I hope you don’t mind me unwrapping it and using it,” he asks, and I chuckle, shaking my head.

“Nope. I’m glad it’s getting some shine. When it’s my day to host the guys for football Sunday, I don’t even think to use it,” I laugh and he goes stiff.

“S-so you have the guys from your team up here... often?” He picks up a plate, piling it with all the goodies that I like, handing it to me with a napkin he’s folded like a swan. When the hell did he do this?

“Yes, they come over regularly. Sometimes they even spend the ni—” The plate in his hands stumbles, but he instantly catches it and turns to me with a huge smile on his face, although it looks laced with something devious.

“Come again? Spend the night? As in, they sleep here... in your home... while you’re also here?” he frowns and I cringe, wondering if he heard the rumors going

around about me, saying that I was having sex with the whole football team after a few of their girlfriends found out that they would come over.

The guys were sweethearts about it. They had my back and deaded that rumor immediately, but every now and again, some jealous bitch will start it again. Even though I would rather avoid it, I've had to body rock more than a few of their asses for trying me.

I nibble on the delicious sandwiches, suddenly feeling like shit as he disappears again, this time going to the bathroom.

"I... see...." He calls out and I hear water running.

"But it's nothing, and all the guys are super nice. You could come by for the next time I host in a few weeks," I quickly spout.

"You know what? I will," he speaks out.

"Good! I'll let you know the time," I smile, happy that he's not like the other guys judging me and shit. He's the coolest guy I know. My heart fills with excitement, and I flick on the goat of all movies, The Longshots! The movie that made me believe that little Black girls can play football too. I wait for him to finish doing whatever he's doing in the bathroom, but he shocks the hell out of me when he comes out carrying a whole ass foot spa and a bag from Sephora and Lush on his arm. What in the hell is happening?

I don't get to ask the question because he plops the foot bath near my feet and plugs it up, making bubbles pop up. He then adds Epsom salts to the water and takes out all types of shit.

"Uhm... what are you doing?"

“What does it look like, silly?” he laughs as he takes out two large towels, grabs my propped up feet, lifts my joggers over my calves, and places my feet in the water. I want to protest, but damn... it feels so good that any objections are forgotten. The second he opens the foot scrub, picks up my right foot, and applies it, massaging it in, I moan a little.

“Ugnnn!” I bite my lip, making him go still.

“A... are you okay?” he stammers and I glance away, embarrassed.

“I... sorry yes, I just... I’m on my feet all the time. I guess I never realized h-how much they hurt until now,” I chuckle, trying to laugh it off as he looks down at them.

“If you’re hurting, baby, just tell me. I’ll make sure to take the pain away.” He massages my feet, and I chew my lip, holding in another moan.

“Th-thank you,” I shudder a bit. “B-but this is m-more than e-enough.”

“Nonsense. What are husbands for if not for stroking away their wives’ pain?” His hand gradually work my sore calves and I swallow, barely listening. To distract myself, I press play and his eyes light up.

“Oooo I love this one!” he exclaims, shocking me.

“What?! Really?!”

“Yes! It’s got to be the best movie ever!” he adds as he messages my feet, and I feel my heart race.

“Right?!” I pop a piece of popcorn into my mouth. “People don’t understand gold when they see it!” I laugh happily, a bit shy as I excitedly face the television while he

massages my feet, feeling the calmest I've felt with a guy in my life.

A man after my own heart! Why can't all guys be like Frank?



## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

I want to eat her pussy... I want to bend her over, spread her open from the back, lick her asshole and blow on her clit while watching her pussy cream seep out...

I hold in a groan while I paint her pretty toenails, wishing I could suck them, but I can't... this is pure fucking torture .

Peeking up, I see her smile as she stares giddily at the screen, and my heart aches. I want her to be laid up naked just like this, titties out and leaking milk... I want to feed her and breed her and ? —

“...nk? !”

“H-huh?!” I jump, startled, shaking my head looking at her to see she’s got an unsure smile on her face. What happened to my baby’s smile?

“A-are you okay? Are you not feeling well again? You look like you’re zoned out.”

“O-oh, yeah. I’m fine I was just distracted,” I smile and take the towel, cleaning up the mess.

“Oh, were you getting bored?” she asks looking from me to the sports flick I could give two fucks about, but did research on it after looking through her phone and seeing she bought the movie and watches it at least once a week.

I watched it on fast forward and looked up YouTube videos on it before coming because I’m never going to miss the opportunity to strike up a conversation with my baby, even if there’s no romance or fucking, which is more up my alley, my baby’s

needs will always come first.

“Are you kidding me? Oh no it’s great, but like I said, I was too distracted by the girl in front of me to care about a girl on a screen,” I tell her, putting the polish up since I already washed the foot spa during the movie.

“Oh? And let me guess, you’re curious as to how I got into football?” she rolls her eyes, chuckling. I already know...

“How did you know?!” I ask, turning to her, relieved to see her smiling again. For fucks sake, she’s going to kill me.

“Really?” she laughs and my heart skips a beat. Fuck I adore her. “Are you really curious about that? Most guys just assume something stupid like I’ve got daddy issues or some shit.”

“Who gives a fuck what they think? Those fuckers where never interested in you in the first place,” I respond honestly after washing my hands and plopping down next to her, scooping her into my arms, repressing a shiver when she doesn’t protest.

“Oh, and you are?” she looks back at me, beaming. Jesus! My heart!

“Interested?” I pick her up, turning her over to straddle me. “No, Jessica, I’m completely and utterly fucking obsessed,” I growl, and her eyes go wide as those sexy plump brown lips that I want to slide my tongue between pop open.

“Geez ,” she shrinks within herself, biting her lip, face flushing. “You always know how to make me embarrassed, huh?” she chuckles, looking away shyly. This is the part of her that captivates me... I’m the only one who probably knows she’s got this sexy and adorable side to her.

“I’m just saying what I mean,” I tell her as I place kisses on her shoulder. “Tell me though, I want to know more about you.” I kiss her neck.

“I... uhn w-well... I got into football because of my dad. I would see him throwing passes and running routes with the neighborhood boys. He would look so happy and honestly, I wanted to be a part of his smile,” she sighs and leans into me.

“That’s cute.” I cup her ass, sitting back, listening to her story.

“It was,” she smiles as she lays her head on my chest. “As the only kid and a girl, I’m sure my dad thought his dream of throwing his son the ball in the front yard would never come to pass. Especially since my mom was so adamant about not having any more kids. For me, while I couldn’t turn into a boy nor did I want to, I could at least learn to catch the ball. So I took the leap and asked him to teach me and it went from there. Seeing my dad smile was everything to me, so I picked it up and stuck with it.

It was fun, and I loved bonding with him. But man, the smile on his face when I got accepted on the team here was...” she trails off, blinking tears welling in her eyes, and my heart constricts from how pretty she is when she cries. “It was the best! My mom and dad don’t miss any of my games. But I love the sport too. It’s fun, and the adrenaline rush I get when I step on the field is wild,” she finishes, tears tumbling from her eyes.

“That’s awesome,” I smile, reaching over to wipe them away, happy to have more excuses to touch her.

“Thank you, a-and what about you? When or rather why did you uhm... start cross-dressing?”

“Me? Well, I don’t have such a grand story as you do,” I chuckle, placing my hand on her thigh and rubbing it.

“Well, are you going to elaborate?” She sits up and cocks her head to the side adorably, and I raise a brow, but shake my head.

“Why, when I have better things I could be doing with my lips than telling a boring story?” I grab her waist, pulling her to me and taking her bottom lip into my mouth.

“, you have a way of making girls feel special. You know that?” she moans breathlessly.

“No, I have a way of talking to you because you are special,” I let her know because I could give a shit about other girls... there’s something about this girl in front of me that just does it for me. It’s like she’s made for me.

“Then if you feel that way, tell me why you cross dress.” She looks into my eyes and I swear it’s as if my heart will burst any minute now. What the fuck is this feeling?

“There really isn’t a special reason, I just...” I pause to recall the reason, and honestly there isn’t one in particular aside from... “I just don’t like dudes,” I shrug and her pretty mouth pops open.

“What? No way... that can’t be why?” she giggles beautifully, sending a jolt of electricity straight to my dick.

“But it is,” I smirk, devouring her every reaction. Seriously, how can someone so fucking pretty exist?

“That’s... honestly not what I was expecting, but I can rock with it,” she chuckles.

“And what exactly were you expecting? Or was it some dark tale like that Manbat guy? Something like my mother tragically passed away and I was the closed thing that looked like her, so I put on her wig and wore her clothes,” I deepen my voice and

she smacks my face with a pillow, laughing.

“Ew, no!... but maybe yes?! Ugh, that’s horrible of me, isn’t it?!” She buries her face into the pillow she just hit me with and I chuckle at her damn adorableness.

“You’re not horrible, little baby,” I smirk, pushing her braid out of her face. “If anything, I’m sad I don’t have a more interesting story to tell.” I slide my hand that’s on her thigh further up.

“So do you j-just cross dress more often because you like it?” she asks and I shrug, kissing her hand.

“I don’t really think about it. I just do what makes me comfortable in the moment, and right now, that’s what this is.” To be honest, I’ve only been cross dressing more because Jessica seems to like it and I can tell it makes her more comfortable. Jessica is known for being standoffish with people, but guys in particular are always getting thrown a “fuck you” face.

The fact is she got in the car with me that night and wasn’t scared because I cross-dressed, so I’ll keep at it until it no longer serves me. It’s not like it makes me uncomfortable. I’m used to it, but I’m used to having a more balanced approach to how I dress.

“, wh-whoever you date must feel on t— Ugn... of the world,” she grunts before she sits up, eyes wide. “Oh my God! I didn’t ask! Are you dating someone?!” I’ve never been so blatantly yet kindly dismissed in my life.

Jesus... Jessica pisses me off and turns me on all at the same fucking time. I frown at her words and grasp her, flipping her the fuck over onto her back, taking her lips into a deep kiss before pulling back.

Fuck, I want her... I always get what I want, and all the girls who I'm interested in are all too willing to cave and ride this ride. If not for curiosity at first, then certainly after just a little nudging. And they for fuck sure are willing to stay on it after they see ain't shit fun-size about me, but Jessica... oh my sweet, innocent, and na?ve baby.

No matter how much I poke, prod, and try to wiggle my way into her personal space, Jessica always finds a way to set my ass right back outside that mother fucker. Little does she know that shit just turns me the fuck on. This little cat and mouse chase she has no idea she's a part of will leave her bent over somebody's surface getting her ass ate and laying up in my bed with a belly fully of my babies if she don't cut it out.

"Do you think I'd be here with you if I did?" I raise a brow.

"Coming from a girl that's been cheated on in every relationship she's been in... I don't know." She rolls her eyes, and my heart fucking aches. "Then again, we're not in a relationship. We're only friends, so..." She just keep driving the knife in the mother fucker... damn.

"To answer your question, no, I have no one, but I do what to correct you on something."

"Oh?"

"Yes, we're not just friends. We're friends that kiss...and..." I run my tongue over her lips and see her pupils dilate, making my dick hard as fuck for her.

"And what?" she smiles, and my heart damn near stops in my chest.

"And this," I slide my hand down her stomach and between her clothes running my hands up her body, shuddering at how soft her skin is.

“Ugn! Fr-!”

“Say it again baby...” I grunt dipping my head into her neck sucking the tender flesh dying to eat her pussy... “Jessica let me eat your pu—” A knock sounds at the door and I ignore that son of a bitch. Ain’t no way I’m letting a mother fucking thing stop this, but baby places her hands on my chest, panting. “Wait, I should uhm... get that...” she pants. Wait... wait!

“No,” I tell her, taking her lips into a kiss as she moans, melting into my arms, but the knock comes again, this time followed by a voice I loathe.

“Jessica? You in there?” Oh, this mother fucker has a death wish.

She pushes me off, fixes her clothes, and wipes her lips. I squeeze my fist so fucking hard to keep from snatching her sexy ass back over to me when I feel wetness and glance down to see blood dripping. Shit...

“I... I’m g-going to answer that.” She steps over to the door and fist my hands as I walk over to the bathroom, slamming it closed when I hear her open the door and talk to that bastard.

“Tek, I’m s...” I drown her sweet voice out, trying to calm my heart rate. I glance at my reflection in the mirror, grimacing in disgust, washing the blood away, and taking a deep breath.

My collar looks so fucking good on her, but I still haven’t claimed her. I lean against the sink and breathe in. I want her so fucking bad I’m losing my mind. I stand there, taking deep breaths so as not to go in there and slam my dick so far into her all she’ll know are the words Metchie.

When I calm down, I dry my hands and leave the bathroom to see she’s standing at

the door smiling. Like fucking hell... Without thinking, I go over and stand behind her, looking down at her.

“You’re busy. Tell your company to go.”

“But I was—” I wrap my arms around her waist, cupping her face and lifting it, bringing her lips against mine and coaxing them open, eliciting a moan. “Fr-, wai—Ugn!” Her eyes go wide, and she tries to look at the fucker in the doorway, but I snatch her attention back to me.

Everything of hers is mine. Her smile, her lips, her secrets, her body, her mind, her life... her fear, her wants, her desires... hell, even her moans... it all belongs to me. Yet this mother fucker has the audacity to covet what’s mine.

I glare at him out of the corner of my eye, smirking when I see the sheer anger radiating off the fucker who thought he could have what’s already mine. This is his last and final fucking warning. I slurp her tongue into my mouth, sucking it while cupping her pussy **BACK. THE. FUCK. OFF!**

I pick her up and slam the door in his face, and she wraps her arms around me.

“!” she pants. “You can’t do that!” she frowns but I can only smile, kissing her glossy lips.

“Okay,” I suck her lips, wanting more. “Let me stay over,” I whisper, running my hands over her back.

“N-no you can’t I... I have to be up in the m-morning. We have an away game,” she moans as I kiss on her neck.

“Fine, then let me pick you up and drop you off,” I ask, desperate for anything she’ll



give me. She pulls back, opening her mouth to say something, but her phone vibrates. She looks at it with a frown and lets out a sigh.

“Sure. Thanks, I could use the ride.” I glance at her phone and smirk, holding in a snort. If this much is enough to make him run scared, he didn’t want her bad enough anyway. Fucking pussy.

“Also, when you get back, come over to my place,” I demand and she melts in my arms.

“O-okay.”

“Good girl. I’ll pick you up at the bus stop, and we’ll go to my place from there.”

“Okay.”

“Don’t forget Jessica.”

“I— Ugn,” she whines and throws her head back against the door. “I won’t.”

I’ll make sure I let Jessica and any other asshole that tries to intrude on my territory know. I will make her mine by any fucking means necessary.

Chapter 8

Husfriend

FRANK

Meal prep

Alkaline water

Iron and vitamin D supplements

Protein powder

First aid-kit

Panty liners

I rummage through the care package for Jessica, double and triple checking to make sure everything I prepared for her is there and I didn't forget anything before setting the duffel in the back seat and hitting the light, heading over to her place.

I tap my thumb against the steering wheel and grit my teeth, frowning, a bit upset at the direction that things have taken with us. I really have been fucking friend zoned. It's almost embarrassing to say, but Jessica, my sweet, beautiful, kind, witty, sexy, and delicious Jessica, really is out here slinging no's my way.

No matter how much I try to hint at how interested in her I am, she seems to skirt past the inference, seeming keen to keep my ass as nothing but a friend who kisses... what the fuck is that? I mutter to myself in frustration.

Damn... I turn into her apartment and go to shut off my car because I want to go up and get her, but I she's already standing there waiting on me, looking fine as hell in her baggy shirt and over-sized pants that hide most of the curves on her body.

When she sees me, she runs over and I get out of the car, going to the passenger side and pulling her into a hug.

"Hey! Thank you for picking me up," she beams.

"Of course. Anything for you." I pull her chin up to look at me, but I can tell immediately something is wrong. However, it's too cold to stand outside talking, so I open the door for her and buckle her in before going around and getting in, slowly heading to the bus for her away game.

"So, what's wrong?" I ask, taking her big duffle and gear and setting it in the trunk, not wanting to beat around the bush since we don't have much time together on the short drive.

"Nothing... I'm always a bit on edge before a game... it's hard ya know? Being the only girl on the field full of guys and most of them hate you," she chuckles, chewing her lip. "I love the game but I have to prepare for the jeers and hateful comments. It's frustrating..." she trails off.

"Do you want me to kill them for you?" I glance at her out of the corner of my eye, and for the first time, I get a genuine smile from her.

"Guh! No, but I promise to let you know if I'm in need of your services," she winks,

setting me on fire. God, she's hot.

"Well, I can't be out on the field with you," though maybe I ought to learn how to play... "But I prepared this for you. The drive up to New York is what, about six hours, right?"

"Yeah?" she frowns as I come to a stop and reach back, grabbing the duffel bag and placing it in the front, making her eyes go wide. "What's this?!" her sweet voice rings out.

"Open it and see." The zipper is loud and crisp, and her gasp is beautiful.

"What the heck?!" she chuckles. "Did you really do all of this for me?" She points to herself excitedly, and I nod like a happy puppy. "Aww Frank, thank you! This is amazing!" she beams, going through the goodie bag like she's a kid in a candy store. "I can't believe it! You thought of everything!" she laughs, pulling out the sports panty liners, and I wiggle my brows.

"I did research." I puff out my chest, pulling into the lot with regret as she leans over, surprising me with a chaste kiss.

"Well, thank you. This is quite literally one of the sweetest things anyone has ever done for me," she simpers, and I fucking hate that she has to leave for a damn game when I just want to lay up under her and smell her.

"Hell, I'll make sure to do more."

"Haha, well, you don't have to do all that, but I still appreciate the gesture," she smiles beautifully at me, and I force myself to step out into the cold weather to cool the fuck off before opening her door and helping her out of her seatbelt and the car. While I grab her bags and take them over to the bus, I notice a pair of eyes on me. I

look back and smirk, noticing the son of bitch from yesterday glaring on the bus. I just turn to Jessica, grabbing her ass and kissing her lips.

“Frank!” her eyes go wide, and she looks around, sighing when she believes no one is looking. I can tell that us two and the other fucker are the first people to show up. “Not here...” she grits through her teeth and I nod, happy she’s letting me kiss her in public.

“Sorry,” I apologize and step back, and she smiles lightly.

“I’m going to get on the bus. Thank you for bringing me. You get home and out of this frigid air. I heard that cold air can make nose bleeds worse.” Aww, she did research for me too.

“I will. I’ll text and call, so make sure you pick up,” I warn and tug her braid gently. She laughs, leaving me waving... Fuck, I need to learn how to play football.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Husfriend : How is the bus ride?

The One : Meh, I'd much rather be on somebody's private jet

Husfriend : It's me... I'm that somebody and I can make that happen whenever.

The One : You're doing too much again.

Husfriend : And?

Husfriend : You act like you don't like it.

The One : Hmm.

Husfriend : I miss you already.

The One : You always say that

Husfriend : That's because I always miss you...

Husfriend : So does my wife miss me too?

The One : Wife? When did that happen?

Husfriend : Hmm...

Husfriend : You know...

The One : Call me Jon Snow cause I know nothing.

The One : Last I checked I'm single, not ready to mingle...

The One : Oh and my left finger is bare of any ring

Husfriend : Damn...

Husfriend : I'm working on it... I got the ring at the very least. Does that count for something?

I snort a laugh, sending him the Shannon Sharp shaking his head GIF.

The One : Not at all.

Husfriend : You won't be saying that when I have my ring on your finger and I have you barefoot and pregnant

I swear to God this boy is insane... but I must be even more crazy because I kinda like it...

The One : You thought you ate huh?

Husfriend : No

Husfriend : But I want to

The One : Someone's about to get blocked.

Husfriend : Damn, you're so hot when you're mean.

I groan, squeezing my legs tight, pussy throbbing, forcing me to shift uncomfortably on the bus. Thank God I chose a seat by myself... or should I say that Tek chose to sit away from me. I glance over his way and catch his eyes, which I've felt on me the entire damn time since Frank and I pulled up.

Now I'm sitting on the bus by myself with Tek avoiding me, and for good reason. I listen to the idle chatter on the bus, damn near zoning out.

"Did you hear about the poor sap whose mother and sister were caught fighting over the same guy after they found videos of each of them topping off the same guy?" I hear one of the players laugh.

"What? Damn, that's cold? Where the video leaked? Where can I watch them?"

"No they weren't leaked, but the guy was so fucked up about it that he took off from school since word spread through the entire school."

"Damn that's cold."

"Right? If that happ..." I tune out of their nonsense and my mind drifts back to Tek when he saw Frank and I kiss. This is the shit I was worried about. News spreads so fast and I have not worked this hard to build a solid foundation here and demand my respect from the guys on the team to potentially turn into that girl and her mom ... I have come too far and worked too hard to have everything crumble for dick!

Ugh! I cannot believe I let such a rookie mistake like that happen! I let Frank ass not only grope me in front of Tek, but I came to pieces like a dick feen! I know he's thinking all kinds of shit about me.

I've always prided myself on keeping my professional and private lives separate. I want the guys on the team to respect me and not look at me sexually, so I hide



myself. I wear baggy clothes and never let Matt ass so much as show a scrap of PDA in front of them.

It's not even that I gave a damn about the sex or that I hate dick... no, that couldn't be further from the truth. But in an industry full of men, I have to carry myself in a different way. No matter how much I love sex and having my man take me there, I wanted my peers to respect me and look at me as a part of the team.

I'm not here to show my ass and entertain them. I'm here to play ball, so I maintained my reserved nature, but how the hell could I let it come crumbling down like a ton of bricks so carelessly? I still have no idea how Frank and I even ended up like that.

Frank ass has truly come into my life and fucked things up in the best and worst way possible. I feel like he has completely taken over everything and I don't know how to fix it... or hell, more than that, I don't even know if I want to fix it. But what I do know is that I want to straighten things out with Tek.

"Awww, looks like the love birds are fighting," I hear from behind me and roll my eyes at Duval's annoying ass voice. "What's wrong, Tek?" Why you sitting over there crying?" he laughs, and I stand, ready to defend Tek but he stands up and stomps over to Duval, shocking me.

"Shut the fuck up, Duval. I'm in no mood today," Tek's voice rings out, and my eyes go wide.

"Tek, chill. It's not even worth it," I go over to him but Duval stands, getting in his face.

"Oh, you wanna go?" Duval smirks and Tek curls his lip.

"I'm fucking serious, Duval. You're fucking with the wrong one right now," he

growls.

“Oh, you mad because rumor has it that ’s getting her back blown out by some twink? And now you crying like a pu—” The smack from Tek is loud as fuck. But the punch from Duval is just as fucking loud and fast. I want to stand stunned, but I grab Tek and haul his ass back. All of Duval’s shots still land on Tek, while Duval’s friends and Dontre grab and hold Duval back, but Tek’s swinging is wild and erratic. One of his fists lands right against my cheek, making the entire bus go still.

“Shit, ... I?—”

“YOU LITERAL PIECE OF FUCKING SHIT!” Duval’s eyes flash as he shakes Dontre, who’s big ass fuck, off him and lunges across the seats and starts wilding on Tek.

Tek shakes me off and they fight so fucking hard the bus starts shaking, but there’s no way to make it stop. Their fist are flying so crazily that I’m dead ass too fucking stunned to speak. It isn’t until the bus grinds to a halt and we hear the coach’s loud ass voice boom that everything comes to a pause.

“EVERYBODY OFF THE DAMN BUS!” Without hesitation, we file off the bus in the cold ass twenty-six-degree weather with snow swirling around us. I repress a shiver, not wanting to show any weakness, but I’m cold as fuck. As a girl who grew up in Texas, I hated it when my family moved to New York.

Hell, I hated it even more that the coach I wanted to work with no matter what was is fucking Boston of all fucking places, leaving me no choice but to attend a college in a cold ass place like this. I love warm weather. I’m the type of bitch that ain’t afraid of the sun. I was always called burnt crispy black since I was in the sun year-round growing up because my tomboy ass was always outside.

But like I said, I was willing to forgo my precious year-round scorching hot weather to work with this coach no matter what...

The same coach that has his hands crossed over his chest, frowning and blowing smoke in the air as if he's going to slaughter us. Damn, this isn't good.

“ON YOUR FUCKING KNEES WITH YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!” he shouts and we all drop down in the cold ass snow. Immediately I regret going down so hard because a rock digs into my kneecap. Instead of crying out, I scooch over and like all the other guys I kneel still and steady while the coach paces in front of us. “DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHY THE FUCK YOU MOTHER FUCKERS ARE OUT HERE?!”

“YES COACH!” we shout in unison.

“Tell me why you're here then, Hurts,” he singles me out... of fucking course.

“Fighting on the b?—”

“WRONG, HURTS!” he shouts in my face like a drill sergeant. I did hear rumors that coach was in the military for a while... I guess the mother fucker wasn't that far off the cuff... hell, it would explain a lot. “YOU LITTLE BITCHES ARE OUT HERE BECAUSE YOU ALL SEEM LIKE YOU NEED TO FUCKING CALM THE FUCK DOWN!” He goes to stand in front of Tek and Duval. “WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU BOTH THINKING?!” he shouts, and I don't hear their answer, too busy trying not to fucking freeze.

The cold agitates the fuck out of my nipple and clit piercings, but there is no way in hell I can tell the coach that, so I just sit there counting, trying to resist the urge not to lick my lips because I'm sure these sons of bitches will fall off.

I shouldn't, but I peek over to see Duval, who's staring at me with a clenched jaw and pissed eyes. Ugh, is he pissed that I got him into trouble?! The asshole should have just n ? —

“WHERE THE FUCK IS YOUR MIND AT RIGHT NOW, HURTS?!” Coach stomps over to me.

“N-NOTHING, COACH!” my voice cracks a bit, but I swallow, refusing to show them weakness. Hell I'm already a girl and I'm Black on this mostly white team. I think the fuck not. They already look at me like the weakest link. I have to try ten... no, one hundred times harder to hack it. This shit is nothing.

“WELL THEY WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU STARING OFF INTO THE FUCKING DISTANCE?!”

“I WAS JUST COUNTING THE SNOWFLAKES, SIR! IT'S COLD AS HELL AND I NEEDED A DISTRACTION!” I tell him honestly, and the guys laugh, agreeing, making me feel good that I'm not the only one freezing my ass off.

“YOU CAN'T AFFORD A DISTRACTION, HURTS! YOU'RE ALREADY FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE ON THE FUCKING FIELD, AND NOW YOU HAVE MY PLAYERS FIGHTING EACH OTHER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU THREE HAVE GOING ON, BUT FIX IT BEFORE THE GAME, OR I'LL BENCH THE LOT OF YOU! NOW, ON THE FUCKING BUS!” He goes to turn, and I stand.

“Wait, Coach. Why do I need to fix anything? I had noth?—”

“Two of my star players who were best friends before you came are fighting, and you're at the fucking center, Hurts. Yeah, you had everything to do with it. Fix it, or you're out. This isn't a dating game, this is football, and if none of you can keep your

shit together because of a fucking woman, I don't want you here," Coach says to everyone, but looks at me, making my chest tighten. Tears well in my eyes, but I look away.

Cry? In front of him? In front of my team? Yeah the fuck right... I won't. Not now, not ever, so I just bottle that shit up like I always do and nod.

"Yes, Coach," I stomp past him and Tek tries to talk to me, but I breeze past him. Fuck... I throw myself into my seat, cover my face, and close my eyes, ignoring the phone vibrating in my pocket. But when it keeps going off, I reach in and see it's Frank, but I'm in no mood... focus, ...

When we make it to the hotel, I go straight to my room, shower, and lay the fuck down to go to sleep, but I jump when I hear a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I call out, thinking it's one of my teammates or Tek, but no one says anything. I narrow my eyes and slowly make my way over to the door, peeking out of the peephole, but there's no one there.

I'm not worried about anyone pulling any fuck shit because Coach wouldn't allow it. Still, I open the door and peek out to see who could have knocked, but there's no one really there. However, when I look at the handle, I notice a bag from the local drug store hanging on it.

Frowning, I take it and peek inside, where I see ointment and all types of first aid stuff and a card. I open the card and cock my head to the side, smiling when I see a sad puppy on the front. When I open the letter, it reads in bold letters:

I'm sorry. I hope your knee is okay...

Whoa... he even noticed that my knee was scraped? I really have been a shitty friend

to him lately...

I step out, looking for Tek, but he's gone, so I take the card and the bag in the room and apply the ointment, grimacing at the sight of my cheek and the gash on my knee before I lay back in bed, tired. My phone goes off again, and I peek to see it's Frank.

I don't answer... not because I don't want to talk to him, but because I need to get my head in the game. Tomorrow is game day. Coach has his eye on me, so I can't afford to divide my attention. I close my eyes, and Frank's face flashes across my mind... him kissing me... but I bat it away. I have no time for that. I need to focus.

### Chapter 9

#### Pleasure Palace

FRANK

“ N umber Seven, crouch down and hold out your tongue. Mikail, face this way and place your hands in your pockets. Oh, but can we take off the eye wrap?” the photographer asks the assistant to help the fucker next to me take off his eye wrap while he poses with a cig in his mouth because he refuses to put it out, but I want to snatch it from him and stomp it because Jessica doesn’t like smoking.

Plus, it’ll get on me, but since she’s out of town, I guess I’ll let it go. I do as instructed and we pose in the maid outfits for the new ads going out for the reverse maid café that’s opening at the club.

I really didn’t want to do it, but they offered to pay me the model rate, so why the fuck not?

Once the shoot is over, I pull out my phone, texting baby.

Husfriend : Is everything okay?

Husfriend : For fucks sake Jessica why are you making me worry?

I’m not really worried. I have people on her trail, so I know about how that piece of shit coach yelled at her and made her kneel in the snow. Honestly, I’m tempted to put

an end to the mother fucker, but again... Jessica would fucking hate that.

I put a tracker in her bag, so I heard the commotion on the bus. It seems like the asshole and some other asshole got into an altercation, resulting in my baby getting yelled at. All of them are already considered dead in my eyes, but the only reason I'm restraining is because I want her to be able to focus. However, this shit is getting out of hand. Why the fuck isn't she picking up?

It seems Jessica is avoiding me... I fucking hate it. What went wrong? Was it the necklace? No, it can't be, she was definitely happy when I gave it to her, so what could it have been? Am I moving too fast? Maybe... but how can I help it when she's?—

“What the fuck are you grinding your teeth so loud for? It's annoying.” I hear on the side of me and I curl my lip. I've only been behind the bar for a day, and I want to trip this blind fucker, but even when I try he never seems to fall for it. Ignoring him, I go back to writing about my wife.

I don't know what I did wrong, but I won't fucking let this continue. I'm sick and fucking tired of this... Maybe I need to just kidnap her and fu?—

“Number Seven, the big bosses are calling for you,” the secretary for the owners of Pleasure Palace calls out, and I sigh because it seems like these mother fuckers won't let me finish my journal entry today. I snap it closed and stand, following the guy to the back of the club, where he stands at attention and bows while I saunter inside.

Upon entering, I see the big bosses of the club. Dustin, who sits behind the desk, and Rafe, who stands with his arms crossed, watching me.

Etiquette is the standard, one is to wait for them to allow you to be seated, but I'm nobody's bitch or submissive, so I go up to one of the chairs in front of the desk, pull



it out, and take a seat, waiting for them to say what the fuck they have to say so I can get back to finishing my journal entry.

“You sure took your time coming to see us,” Dustin finally speaks up, and I cock my head to the side.

“I didn’t see the need in regards to a decision that was already set in stone. I’m not taking any more clients. Why do I need to speak to you about who I choose to stick my dick into?” I snort, raising my brow, and Rafe smirks, glancing over to Dustin, who looks none too amused. But like I said, I wouldn’t give a fuck if it was the Irish Don himself. I fear nothing but losing Jessica.

“You’re as bold as they say, but that’s rich coming from a guy in a dress,” Dustin sneers and I throw my head back, laughing.

“Yet I’m here to address the problem of massive amounts of pussy being thrown my way,” I smirk.

“Touche,” he nods, smirking as if I passed a test before he sits back, relaxing. “Anyway, it seems you are aware of the issue at hand, but it seems you have no plans to do anything about it,” Dustin says and I shrug.

“I heard about it from my old assistant Tony, who was running my roster before I switched over to the bar. But I’ll tell you the same thing I told him... ain’t shit I can do about it. I’m done. It’s not my fault they can’t take no for an answer.”

“On the contrary, it is your fault,” Rafe finally speaks up, grabbing the file on the desk, flipping through the papers. “You didn’t complete your roster, and you didn’t give the women a heads up. You simply canceled without even a recommendation.” Rafe drops the files, staring at me as if he expects me to explain, but I have nothing to say.

I already told them everything I needed to fucking say, so we all just sit there silently, neither one of us willing to cave until Rafe goes over to the wall where I see a grey cord laying on the floor. He picks it up and plugs it into the socket, and the phone immediately begins to ring and Dustin places it on speaker.

“FRANK! BABY! CAN YOU HEAR ME?! I LOVE YOU! I MISS YOU, PLEASE JUST TALK TO ME! I LOVE YOU! I NEED IT! I NEED IT! I NEED IT! I NEED IT! I NEED IT! I NEED IT! FRANK, PLEASE BABY!!!” a woman screams frantically on the phone, and I sit up, placing my elbows on my knees as Dustin clicks and ends the call, but another comes through, and he answers.

“Frank, my love, how could you do this to me?” A woman weeps over the phone, slurring her speech as if she were drunk. “Please Frank, my love. I will ne—” Rafe presses the button to end the call, but again, another comes in.

“YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME!” another call with a different irate woman comes in. “I WILL NEVER LET YOU END THIS! YOU AND YOUR DICK BELONG TO M—” Dustin ends the call, and multiple calls continue to come through until Rafe goes over and snatches the cord out the damn socket, ripping the thing from the wall.

Damn this good dick! I knew one day it would cause me too much trouble.

“So, you’re ready to talk now?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say. This dick is just too good. If I was them, I’d cry too,” I shrug. “I see how this can be a problem, but what do you want me to do about it? There has to have been like ten women. Do you have any idea how many women I’ve fucked in my roster?”

“Yeah, you’re the number one pick on the board every month without fail, so I can imagine, but this cannot go on,” Dustin grunts as he runs his hands through his hair.

“I agree, so we’re in the process of vetting your entire roster. We want you to go through it and see if you can identify any of these voices. Also, how about not working at the bar? Instead, you can manag?—”

“No.”

“Hear me ou?—”

“No. My woman is the only one getting this dick from no?—”

“For fuck’s sake, just listen!” Dustin growls.

“...from now on, and there ain’t shit even you two can do about it,” I finish

“You’re annoying, you know that?” Rafe snorts out a laugh, and I shrug.

“So I’ve been told, but I said what the fuck I said.” I level them with a look and Dustin rubs his temples.

“As I was fucking saying, the playroom is not one for sex. It’s more like a lounge slash meet and greet bar. We just opened it to test it out, and we want you to manage it. It’s called Illicit.”

“Illicit?”

“Yes,” Rafe nods.

“And this place has nothing to do with sex?” I snort at the name, and they nod.

“Correct. Our new partner Romeo is against sex trade, but he wants the illusion of it. He wants to sell the allure of men and women that can arouse the customer with

something as simple as their look, singing, acting, dancing, but not completely stripping. His motto is, ‘too much of a good thing will make his customers overdose,’” Dustin finishes. Hmmm...

“The bar is unique and meant for only the upper echelon of our clientele. Even the membership fees will be astronomical. All those working there will be called by some form of drug, alcohol, or illicit substance name,” Rafe follows behind him and I nod, interest piqued.

“And you want me to manage this bar? Why?” I ask, sitting back, and they glance at each other.

“Multiple reasons. For one, your looks fit the bill. I’ve heard from a few subs that you’d help with difficult customers,” Dustin voices, and I snort.

“So? Oh let me guess, you need someone who’s unassuming, but is able to make it so the customers don’t get to handsy with the product,” I raise a brow.

“Bingo. And honestly, I’m sick and fucking tired of your customers coming by. If you take this job it’s getting your customers out of my hair and you get to do what you want.” Dustin sits back, and I cock a brow.

“First, I’m not helping because I give a shit about them. I just hate trash people, and two, aren’t you supposed to deal with customers who step out of line?”

“We are, but in your case, you’ve fucked half the clientele... it’s too many.”

“Fair...”

“Also, you said you don’t like trash people, so would that include yourself?” Rafe throws my way and I snort.

“Especially me. In fact, I’m the trashiest of ’em all,” I shrug, and Rafe burst out laughing.

“I like this guy, Dustin. It has to be him.”

“Well, are you down?”

“No,” I shake my head and stand.

“May we ask why?” Dustin grunts, frustrated.

“Because I don’t want shit to do with them bitches. All my time goes to my girl,” I answer completely honestly.

“It won’t take up much more of your time compared to the bar, since you’ll be working part time. The guy you’re working with right now was also recruited, so you can split the shift. It’s not a bad deal. It’s better than working at the bar and the women having access to you. On top of that, you’ll make more money than when you had a roster,” Rafe states and I pause in my thinking. Fuck...

In hindsight, I really don’t even have to do this shit. It’s not worth making my baby mad, but if I’m not even working at the club and I’m not dealing with the women on my old roster, then it really isn’t a bad deal like he said.

“When does the place open?” I sigh, resigned.

“In two weeks.” Two weeks... is that enough time to devote solely to Jessica? No, but still ...

“Fine... I’ll think about it,” I nod and Rafe stands, pulling a file from the desk before coming over and holding it out to me.

“Here. When you have time, read it over and tell us your thoughts.” Looking down at the black envelope with blood-red letters that boldly spell

## ILLCIT

I get the strange feeling that this bar will be much different than what the guys are letting on, but I take the file anyway.

“Yeah,” I sigh, walking out, not waiting for whatever the fuck they have to say as I make my way over to my Rolls Royce. I make the quick fifteen-minute drive to my condo, where I change to go see my baby. Just as I slide my skirt on, I hear my front door open and a gang of footsteps before I hear laughter and my television turns on. Jesus...

I walk out shirtless and wig-less to see the six idiots my parents gave birth to prior to me ruining me and my precious baby’s home, and I can’t have that. I pull out the gun strapped to my thigh and point it at them. It’s my oldest brother, Pierce, who spots me first, eyes going wide.

“Whoa, what are you doing here? Don’t you normally go to your other house?” he frowns, cocking a brow.

“The fuck you mean what am I doing here? It’s my place,” I curl my lip.

“Still, you’re never here,” Gannon, the fifth mother fucker born, stuffs his face, munching on a bag of hot fries, taking Pierce’s side.

“I don’t give a fuck. Get the hell out. I plan to bring my baby here this weekend.”

“Oh? Is that the infamous woman that’s got our baby brother all twisted and acting so strange?” Echo, my second oldest brother, smiles mischievously.

“Yup. Gannon and I met her. She’s pretty,” Genesis, the fourth of my brothers says as he texts on his phone.

“Stop talking about my woman. Anyway, get the fuck out,” I growl, and the sixth of the super idiots, Wilder snatches off his gaming headphones, looking pissed as usual.

“Fucking son of a bitch! They beat me again! I don’t know who this asshole is, but I’ll fucking make their life a living hell! Saint, find them for me!” he snarls but pauses when he sees me flinching. “Wh-what are you doing here?”

“Why do you assholes keep asking me that?! Get the fuck out! This is now my love nest!”

“But all my gaming gear is here!” Wilder frowns like I’m supposed to give a fuck. I don’t

“Move it or I’ll trash it,” I curl my lip.

“You devil! You evil, evil being,” Gannon snatches up some salt, throwing it at me.

“Quit it, you fucking son of a b—” I pause when I see that Jessica is almost to her destination by bus and curse. Shit I don’t have time to fuck around with these bastards! “Take it out and replace it with gym equipment. My baby needs a home gym when she moves in this weekend,” I frown, wondering how long it’ll take to get to her. I should have just left this morning with her... maybe I should have stowed away on her bus...

“Can you at least put the gun down? We’re your brothers,” Saint yawns, taking off his headphones, and I see he’s watching those stupid ASMR videos again.

“No,” I cock the gun and he chuckles. “You’re adorable, Le?—”

“Stop it, Saint. You’ll just piss him off even more,” Pierce groans, pushing back his hair and taking off his glasses that he doesn’t even fucking need.

“Yeah, shut up. You want to get shot again? I’m fucking sick of fishing bullets out of my ass!” Wilder grumbles. “Plus, mom always takes his side when we tell.”

“Fine. We’ll leave and fix up the room for our precious little sister. In return, you have to let the rest of us meet her soon.” Echo drums his fingers together, and I throw him a warning, daring him to try some shit, but he holds up his hands. “I promise to behave.” Yeah the fuck right...

“I’ll make sure it’s done by the time you get back,” Pierce sighs. “And you’ll all help. It’s for our sister-in-law,” he warns them and they groan but nod.

“Good, also it needs to be top of the line and state of the art. Nothing is too good for her.”

“Oh, this is going to be fun,” Genesis smiles, and Gannon nods.

“I’ll make sure it’s something our little sister will be proud of,” Pierce stands, cracking his knuckles as if ready to go to work while Saint groans. I leave that shit to those idiots since my jet is being fueled now. I need to see my baby. From the moment I met her, there hasn’t been a day I’ve slept away from her, and I don’t plan on starting that just because she’s out of state... I miss her.

I want to hug her, and I want to see what the fuck is keeping her from answering my calls.

The flight is only about an hour and twenty minutes. By then, I was able to buy tickets to her game and Saint had sent me her hotel and room number. I go from the jet to her hotel, and the drive takes no time at all. I make sure to dress



inconspicuously and make my way casually up to her room, then I make my way to the room closest to her. I open the veranda and easily hop up onto her small balcony, then pop the lock. Thank God she got the only room with a balcony... it would have been difficult getting into her room from the front since her coach is monitoring the cams on their floor.

It's one o'clock in the morning, and I don't need to guess if she's asleep. Jessica is the type to be out like a light once her head hits the pillow. That's how she's been unable to detect me coming into her apartment every day to sleep next to her.

I creep over to her, smiling at her wild sleeping form, cover half-thrown off the bed, and lightly snoring. I take up the cover and go to place it over her, but I pause when I notice her cheek is swollen. What the fuck?!

My heart quickens, and my mind goes blank. My throat feels raw, and my vision fades. What. In. The. Fuck. Happened?! I go over, crouching beside her, gently running my hand over her flesh, willing it to go down. Who hurt you?

My eyes roam over her person, checking for any other inconsistencies, and anger flares over my being when I notice a gash on her knee. I have to pat my heart to keep it under control as I place a kiss on the gash and go to look in my bag to apply something when I spot a bag of medicine on the floor with a card lying inside.

I'm sorry. I hope your knee is okay...

This is a man's handwriting... but it's not that son of a bitch's who was at her house. I looked over his schoolwork and analyzed his writing. He doesn't write like this... it seems my baby has more cockroaches around her than I thought. I see I'm not being as proactive about protecting what's mine as I need to be.

I throw the bag and the card in the trash and pull out my phone.

#7 : Get more eyes on my girl

Idiot #4 : How many?

#7 : Is that that even a real fucking question?

Idiot #4 : You're right. Done and dispatched.

#7 : Also take the key sitting in the bowl in my room and make sure to put cameras up in baby's place and in the classes she attends.

Idiot # 3 : I'll do it. The others are out getting equipment, but which key is it? There is like 20 of them!

#7 : Oh they are all the same. I made extras in case I lost one.

Idiot # 3 : For fucks sake this is overkill.

#7 : No such thing

I go over to her and put the good shit on her knee and cheek, then sit next to her, just breathing her in, wanting to pull her into my arms. I should have known some stupid shit like respecting her privacy wasn't going to work. Now I have no idea what the fuck was happening in the time I was gone, but it's a mistake I'll remedy. I will never let anything happen to you again.

I place a kiss on her fingertips next to my face and watch her breathe peacefully.

How can I miss her even though she's right here? Damn.

### Chapter 10

#### Post Game Sorrows

#### JESSICA

I look over to see Duval throw a Hail Mary to Tek, but before I see it leave his hand, some mother fucker steamrolls me, knocking me flat on my ass and sending the wind flying from me. FUCK!

From the distance, I hear the crowd shout but fuck that. What matters is the loud and grating sound of the whistle in my ear, making me grit my teeth and shove the big mother fucker off. He just smiles cockily and runs backward to his team.

I snatch off my helmet, glancing up at the score, heartbroken. We lost...

Panting in disbelief, I fist my hands in anguish because this game should have been in the bag. I just stand there, throat dry, staring as the crowds filter off the stands and my team glide somberly by me. I place my hands on my knees, looking up, and out of the corner of my eye, I see pale blondish white hair, and my heart sinks further. Wait! Frank?!

I do a double take, eyes roaming over the stands, but it must have been a figment of my imagination. Of course, Frank wouldn't be here... but what isn't my imagination is my mom's shocked face and my dad holding his head, looking grief-stricken. Shit... I'm not going to hear the end of this tonight...

I look at the turf, sweating, feeling like at any moment, I'll break. I take a step forward, but my right calf is on fucking fire right now... I must have strained it when that big mother fucker steamrolled me. I feel a pat on my back and look up to see Tek standing there with his bandana on, breathing hard.

"Come on, Jess." He gently takes my arm and places it over his shoulder, helping me limp towards the lockers as I see we are now the only players standing in the middle of the field.

When we enter, the entire team is sitting with their heads down, and no one says a word. Hell, even Duval has his head back with a damp towel on his face. Tek and I take a seat just as the coach walks in and sighs.

"Good job, you guys," he leads. "You all played a good game." He claps, and him saying that makes the loss hurt more. "I know there were a few individual mistakes on the field, but I don't want you guys to think about that right now. What I want you to focus on is this loss. This loss represents lack of unity, lack of spirit, and lack of respect for your teammates," he voices passionately, and I hold in the tear, ignoring the pang in my chest. "You guys let this loss burn in you. Let's not let this happen again, got it?"

"Got it, Coach," we shout half-heartedly.

"No, I asked if you fucking got it!" He puts a bit more bass in his voice and we sit up straight.

"GOT IT, COACH!" we shout, this time with feeling.

"Good. Now wash up," he tells us and we all stand, and Tek and I go to file out side by side.

“You know I’m sorry for yesterday,” he speaks and I bump his shoulder.

“Of course. You don’t have to keep saying it,” I chuckle, and he frowns but doesn’t say anything.

“How are you feeling? I hit you pretty hard trying to get to that bastard,” he grumbles and I shrug.

“I’m good. All better, see?” I smile bright and his eyes go wide, blinking before he stops.

“Jessica, I want to ask... that girl... or I mean guy... or whatever the hell they are... what are they to you?” he frowns, asking about Frank, and I cock my head to the side, wondering how to answer him.

“Frank is my friend.” I mean... he is...

“I’m your friend, and you don’t do any of that stuff with me,” he raises a brow, shocking me, and I laugh awkwardly, shaking my head.

“What are you talking about, Tek? You’re not my friend. You’re like family to me, my best teammate...”

“But I want to be your bo?—”

“JEEEESSSSIIIIICCCCCAAAAAAA!!!!!!” I hear on the side of me and turn to see a tiny fluffball of bright ass pink barreling towards me before it leaps into my arms.

“Faythe, what the heck are you doing here?!” I hug my best friend before setting her tiny five-foot-one self down. I gape at her in awe as she stands there, decked all out in

her alternate Hello Kitty attire, looking like an overzealous darkskin Black barbie doll. Damn, she and Frank would get along good as hell.

“I know you didn’t think I would miss your game and a chance to see you!” She places a small hand on her hip, cheesing hard.

“I honestly didn’t even think about it. You’re getting ready to move, so I thought you would be too busy to attend,” I let her know. “But I’m so damn happy you came,” I smile, though I wish she would have gotten to witness me winning.

“Me too, it was so fun! You did amazing out there,” I snort, and Tek clears his throat. Oh shoot.

“Oh Faythe, this is my friend Tek. He’s always looking out for me at school. Tek, this is my best friend from high school, Faythe. She might dress like this, but she packs a real punch,” I joke.

“Hey! Well, you’re not wrong,” she chuckles, holding her hand out to Tek, and he shakes it.

“Nice to meet you.”

“Likewise,” Faythe beams before turning her attention back to me. “Well, I wish I could stay, but my dad told me I have to finish packing.” She rolls her eyes, and I frown.”

“Damn, how are you feeling?” I ask, and she pauses and shrugs.

“I’m not the happiest to be moving in the final few months of my senior year, but what can I say? I want my dad to be happy, and it’s not like you and Bebe are there anymore, so it’s all good,” she smiles, and I can tell she means it.

“Okay, I get it. I’m not going to hold you up, but thanks for coming and call me when you can so we can talk,” I hug her again but not too much since I still need a shower. However, Faythe doesn’t give a damn about none of that and pulls me into a big hug, squeezing tight.

“It was so good to see you, Jess,” she pauses and pulls back. “Oh, and I’m proud of you.” She kisses my cheek beaming, and I choke up, watching her wave and leave.

“Whoa... she’s got a lot of energy,” Tek sighs on the side of me and I chuckle.

“Oh, you don’t know half of it. She’s a real mother duck. She loves caring for and giving to the people she loves. Faythe is the sweetest, but she can be a bit much at times,” I chuckle.

“I somehow do not find that hard to believe,” he laughs and we continue on until we get to the showers. I go to walk off, but he holds me back. “Jess, tonight... do you have any plans?” I think on it and nod.

“I’m going to visit my parents while here. Why?” He searches my face then lets me go.

“Then... when we get home, no... after the big game... uhm.. if we win... how about you come over to my place? I want to tell you something important,” he stammers and I raise a brow but smile.

“And if we don’t win then, what? You’re not going to tell me?”

“Exactly,” he smirks and I chuckle.

“Okay, bet.” I hold out my hand to him and he takes it, shaking it. I walk off to my separate shower, which I’m thankful my coach fought for, and peel off my uniform

and wash the weight of the loss off me... or well, at least I try to.

I make sure to clean my piercings that I changed out for smaller, more malleable replacements so they don't affect my athletic capabilities and sigh. I want to go home... no if I'm honest, I want to see Frank. I miss him...

Hell, I miss him so much that I thought I smelled his familiar scent of expensive cologne and cough drops when I woke up this morning. I have never had a friend like him, but there's no telling if he's even going to want to continue to be my friend after I get back, considering I've been ignoring his calls and texts.

I turn off the shower, dry off, and quickly change. I unzip the duffle he gave me, smiling as I take out the meal replacement shake and chug it down. I should text him when I get back to the hotel. Damn... why did I choose to leave my phone?

Whatever. I'm sure Frank will understand. He's always there for me. We are like two peas in a pod. Oddballs for life type shit. This won't be the thing that makes him stop talking to me.

After I put on my shoes, I leave the locker room and make my way outside, where I see my mom and dad waiting.

"Mom! Dad!" I limp over and give them a hug. Though they look anything but happy, I'm grateful they are pretending, even if only for a little bit.

"There's my girl," my dad chuckles, swinging me around, and my mom hugs me tight.

"I miss you guys," I tell them, meaning every word.

"We missed you too," my mom takes my hand and helps me over to the car like I'm



handicapped or some shit, but I don't say anything. Nothing I say will change the fearful I'm about to get. In the backseat, I answer their questions as they drive us to a spot close to the hotel so we can have dinner.

Since we already had reservations, it takes no time to be seated, but it feels awkward because the criticism is coming. In three... two... one....

"So, how are you, Jess?" my dad asks and I repress a sigh. Yup, right on time. I shrug, bracing myself.

"I fine, Dad. Why?"

"Well," he pauses and takes out his napkin, looking me over with a frown. "I was just wondering... you looked a little sloppy out there today," he voices and my heart skips.

"Yeah, I know. The team was?—"

"Jess, I'm not talking about the team. I'm talking about you," he huffs, and I sit back, closing my eyes.

"Dad," I groan, not in the mood for this.

"No, Jess, don't dad me. You're my daughter, and I love that you want to play football, but... seeing my little girl get tackled like that is hard. I think it's time you hang it up an?—"

"It was one bad game, and you know better than anyone getting tackled is just a part of the game. I?—"

"Yeah, it's part of the game, but I know targeting when I see it Jess, and they were

targeting the weakest link,” he grumbles.

“No, they were targeting what they thought was the weakest link. I played well, I jus?—”

“I don’t care, Jess! I don’t want to see it anymore,” he seethes, and I sit back, deflating just as the server awkwardly places the food in front of us.

“Dad, would you be saying this to me if I were a boy?” I grit through my teeth.

“No, I would be patting you on the back and telling you good game, but you are not a boy, you are my daughter. My little girl... my sweetheart, and your old man is tired,” he tells me honestly and I swallow, but my throat is closed up.

I told Frank a lie... I told him that my dad supported me, but he doesn’t... at least not fully.

“Dad, I love football. I?—”

“Then what about flag football?” he interrupts me as he pulls out brochures to numerous colleges that scouted me to play on their women’s football teams and spreads them out in front of me. “There are plenty of teams where girls are doing amazing things! Not only that, but according to the records, it’s the fastest-growing sport in the country. Plus, look at this! They are called the Powderpuffs. How adorable!”

“Dad, I don’t want to be a Powerpuff. I want to play football with the gu?—”

“Think about it!” he cuts me off, banging his hand against the table, making my mom jump. I sit still because I won’t let anyone, not even my dad, see me stumble. Still, as he slides the brochures closer to my hand on the table, I peek at them, seeing all the

beautiful women smiling and holding up footballs and pictures of them running. It's not bad, but...

"Fine." I take them and place them in the duffle Frank packed me. "I'll look them over, Dad," I smile, and the mood in the table lightens as my mom, who seemed to be holding in a breath, places her hand on her chest, smiling bright as if she's heard the best news in the world.

"Why, this is wonderful news!" She claps excitedly. "Come now, let's set this aside and eat." She holds out her hands and my dad and I take one each, as she says grace. Still, I feel no peace... not even a bit.

Waving goodbye to my parents, I amble up to my room after saying hi to a few of my teammates hanging in the lounge and fall onto the bed, thinking about today. How could it have gone so shitty? I really do just want to go back home and— Frank!

Leaping up from the bed, I go over to my phone on the nightstand and pick it up, expecting to see a million and one texts and calls from him. However, I reel back, eyes opening when I see none after his good morning text, which I didn't respond to. What?

I click on the message and make sure I didn't accidentally block him or that my phone isn't off, but it can't be because Faythe texted me soon after I saw her.

Frowning, I click on our thread and quickly type out a message.

The One : Hey, sorry for not messaging you back. My head was in the game.

The One : Are you busy?

I wait for a second because Frank usually responds to me in no time, but I have to sit

down when five minutes pass and nothing.

I stare at the phone again, checking the battery, but the service and everything is fine.

The One : Okay I guess you're busy just text or hit me up when you have time.

I type out, send, and set the phone on the nightstand with the intention of setting it and forgetting it, but I scoop it right back on up, and my heart thuds in my ears. Why isn't he messaging me back?

Feeling a bit off, I slide out of our text thread and pull up his Insta.

We'd exchanged social media handles on the first night we met, but I never bothered looking at his because I'm not really a social media type. I might post a picture of my jersey or food or something, but not much else beyond that. However, I see that Frank is different... vastly different.

His social media is popping! He's got all types of girls on his pages, cute ones of all different shapes, sizes, races, ethnicities and demographics. All of them comment on his pictures even though he doesn't post much outside of how he dresses. He usually dresses as a girl... a hot girl, but a girl nonetheless. Whoa... I find a few of him dressed as a guy, but it's one where he's dressed as a girl holding his finger to his lip with the caption "Call me Daddy," but he looks sleeker and more refined, and my stomach dips and pussy clenches. Damn...

In his pictures, he's not even showing his full face, but just the bit you can see, he's fine as hell, and based on the comments on all his pictures, I'm not the only one who thinks so.

User 67935: Damn, you're so fucking fine!

Bigtittykitty: Come here I'm tryna see something

Naurtoswife: Yassss! You make me question my sexuality. I love it here!

Blasiandoll97: I don't care if you want me to call you big mama or big papa just let me call you something

I click away from the comments, feeling sick because there are thousands of them and I do mean THOUSANDS under each damn picture. But there's a bit of consolation in the fact that the only person he follows is me... even though I don't have much on my page. The fact that he's so popular still makes my stomach dip. He's got over three million followers. What the fuck? How the hell do this many people know him?

I throw the phone down, somehow feeling sick, and my chest tightens. I close my eyes tight, trying to rid myself of this frustratingly depressing emotion, but it remains. My lip wobbles, but I bite it to keep from erupting. Nope, we like Elsa in this mother fucker. I crawl into bed, not even bothering to change, and close my eyes, willing myself to sleep. Conceal don't feel... let that shit go.

### Chapter 11

#### Let it Out

#### JESSICA

“A re you sure you’re okay?” Tek asks, sitting next to me.

“Yeah, I’m good,” I nod and smile, discreetly pulling out my phone and looking at my texts.

The One : Good morning!

The One : I’m heading back today. We should hang out tonight.

I read the text I sent Frank this morning over and over, but click out, rolling my eyes and looking out the window as we turn into the school stadium. He never texted me back... but I saw that he was online yesterday night when I couldn’t sleep. Is he not talking to me anymore?

When the bus comes to a halt, I barely have the energy to get up. The guys file off the bus and Tek and I are the only ones left as I tiredly stand and follow behind him since he offered to take me home. However, just as I’m about to exit, the coach places his hand in front of me.

“You stay back, Hurts,” he voices, mouth firm, and I immediately go on edge. What in the hell? Tek seems to want to stay back with me, but I shake my head, letting him

know I'll be okay. He files out, and I turn to Coach.

"What's up, Coach?" I ask, trying to conceal my anxiety and feeling my leg tremble on edge.

"Sit down, Jessica," he sighs, and I bite my lips, sitting hard with a thud.

"Coach, am I in trouble?" I croak out, throat feeling like it's on fire.

"In trouble? Why? Did you do something to get in trouble?" My mouth pops open, but I have no words, so I try to find them.

"I fumbled the b—" He holds his hand up and my lips snap shut but my heart pounds hard as fuck. I would much rather him yell at me, but his quietness has me almost blinking back tears. He took a chance on me by letting me on this team, so I worked hard as fuck to prove my worth.

"Jessica, first let me ask... are you okay?" he asks as he looks at my cheek. "I heard this morning from Tek he accidentally hit you. I also heard that you scraped your knee in the snow." I blink, confused until I remember that I was indeed punched in the face and my knee was on fire, but when I woke up the morning of the game, it was surprisingly better.

"I'm good, Coach," I shrug, putting on a hard exterior. I can't and won't show weakness. I know he wouldn't fault me if I did, but I've dealt with biased ass coaches before in my freshman year. To them, I was just a bitch who didn't know her place, and they did everything in their power to make me aware that I wasn't wanted on their team.

To them, I didn't deserve to play because I don't have a dick swinging between my legs. They would blame me for causing disarray on the team. I always had to run

extra laps and was basically a ballboy on top of having to deal with sexual harassment. I suppress a shudder, thinking about when the coach grabbed my ass and felt up my shirt, telling me he'd give me more time on the field time if I sucked his dick.

I was kicked from the team the next day after I told him yeah and bit that mother fucker. After that incident, no one wanted to accept me, but I was adamant I was gon' be on SOMEBODY'S football field even if I had to bulldoze my way in that mother fucker.

That was also when my dad started acting weird about my playing football with guys and tried to sell me on the Powderpuffs. I respect the girls for making a lane for us, but I want to play football not girl's football, absolutely no shade to them.

So since my dad was acting funny, I took matters in my own hands and I did my own damn research. When Faythe and Bebe asked why I was so focused and I told them, they helped me too, and we found Coach Smith.

He's a stand-up guy and respected in his field. He played defensive lineman in the NFL and he's an active advocate for Black women. I can only respect a Black man like that, so I transferred schools to play for Coach Smith. He's definitely rough around the edges, but he's been good to me and allowed me a fair chance at playing.

"Jessica," he pauses and stares at me seriously. "Why do you think I put you on the team?" he questions. I swallow, looking down and fiddling with my hands.

"I don't know...to give me a chance?" He stares at me and my heart beats so loud I wonder if he hears it. He sighs, narrowing his eyes at me before shaking his head.

"Fuck no. I don't give chances, Hurts. I put you on my team because you're a good player." His words shock me, and my mouth falls open.



“I... uhm... w-well th-thank you, Coach.”

“Don’t thank me. Just do what you’ve been doing. Keep your head in the game and don’t let one loss become two. I didn’t put you on my field for show. I put you there because you belong out there. Don’t prove me wrong.” He stands and exits the bus. I smile, shaking my leg, feeling the best I have felt since the loss. The coach believes in me... that’s all I need.

I don’t need much else. I stand, pulling out my phone to see if Frank texted, but nothing. I simply wipe away the pain. I’m used to it.

I file off the bus and immediately notice how empty it is outside. I frown, but when I look up, my heart fumbles right out of my damn chest when I see Frank standing in a cheerleading outfit that has my number and name on it and our team’s colors.

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

He's holding a sign with a shit ton of white and red roses in a heart around him.

Jessica's #1 Fan

I nearly trip down the steps as I stand in awe. My heart races, my hands tremble, and as my legs carry me over to him unconsciously at a pace even greater than what I run on the field, I leap into his arms and let him pull me into a kiss. There's no point in holding it in... I am without a doubt falling completely and helplessly in love with this man.

"Damn..." I hear behind me and spin to see Dontre and the rest of the team staring at us. Oh my God, I thought we were alone! I hop down or well, I try to hop down, but Frank holds me tighter. "Damn, Jess, I didn't know you bat for the same team! That explains it all," he mutters and I groan.

"Yeah, she fine," one of the other team members states and I cringe, this time gently pushing out of Frank's arms. Thankfully he lets me go, but he keeps his arm securely wrapped around me.

"You're barking up the wrong tree. That's," I see one of the guys lean in and whisper in a teammate's ear and they look over to Frank.

"Oooooo shit is that that guy that be b—" The other guy elbows him, growling.

"Dude, shut up."

Guhhh so embarrassing!

“You guys, this is my friend, and his name is Frank and?—”

“Wait his... as in a he?” Dontre’s eyes go wide, and I nod.

“Yes, Frank is a guy,” I nod looking back at him, but he says nothing, completely ignoring them.

“Whoa... not gonna lie, that’s still kinda hot.” Hot!? “But wait, Jess, how do you know him?”

“Jessica,” Frank whispers in my ear. His voice is like cold gelato sliding down my throat on a hot summer day. It shakes me to my core and makes me vibrate, causing goosebumps to flare up over my neck.

“Yes sir, I mean... huh?”

“Let’s go,” he states as he runs his thumb over my lips and I shudder, pussy quivering.

“Okay,” I respond, and he smiles so sexily that all the air in my lungs evaporates.

“You had it right the first time,” he smirks and taps my lips, picking me up and placing me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, carrying me over to the car. I scream, embarrassed, thinking the guys and coaches will judge me, but to my surprise, they are all laughing and throwing funny remarks at me, whistling as Frank brings me to the car and sets me in.

“Whoa, it really is a dude... I ain’t ever seen a dude that fine, though,” one of the guys from the team chuckles.

“If he kept his mouth closed, I’d smash,” someone else speaks up, and the murderous

look Frank throws them has them scattering. Oh my God! This is soooooooooo embarrassingggggg!

Still, as they wave and call out, I shyly wave back to everyone except Tek, who's standing there stone-faced and Duval who looks kind of heart broken.

"Jessica," Frank calls my name, snatching my attention.

"Yeah?"

"Who is that to you?"

"Who's who to me?"

"The piece of sh... I mean the fl... I mean the mother fu... the male who always seem to be buzzing around you," he growls, clenching the steering wheel, and my insides tremble excitedly at how upset he is on my behalf.

"Oh? Are you talking about Tek? He's my friend," I answer.

"Your friend?" he hums and thumps his hand against the steering wheel before starting the car and driving off.

"Y-yeah...? Uhm... i-is that a problem?"

"It is." He pulls to a stop at a red light, staring at me. I squeeze my legs tight and shift in my seat.

"Why?" I breathe out shyly, and he snorts.

"Stop fucking playing with me, Jessica."

“I... I’m not trying to,” I tell him and he stops at a light and stares at me the entire time until the light turns green and he drives off, clenching his jaw and missing the turn toward my apartment.

“Oh... you missed the turn.”

“I didn’t miss it. We’re going to my place.”

“Y-yours? B-but I... uhm don’t want to inconvenience you.”

“Who said you’re an inconvenience? I’m not taking you because you asked. I’m doing it because I want to.”

“But...”

“But what?” he growls, looking at me out of his peripheral.

“But nothing. I... I’ll go,” I tell him, and he smirks.

“Good girl. I guess I’ll take away one of the strikes off your list.”

“Strikes? What are those?”

“It’s the number of times I’ll spank that ass for pissing me off over this weekend,” he voices calmly, but I can tell he’s anything but calm.

“Oh? A-and how many are on that list?” I question, intrigued.

“Enough to make that sexy ass hard to sit on,” he grunts and I jump, sitting forward with nothing more to say. At least for now... maybe me not saying anything will add to that list...

### Chapter 12

#### My Best Friend

#### JESSICA

The entire ride, I fiddle with my fingers, wanting to ask him why he didn't return my text, but I know I have no right. It's not like he and I are dating and I also didn't return his text but... I still want to know.

I don't know how or when, but Frank has warmed his way into my heart.

Is it the cool way he goes about life or the sexy way he cuts his clear baby blues at me? Or is it his swag? Hell, maybe all of it, but I'm hooked and I don't think I'll be getting rid of these feelings in the slightest.

I glance at him out of the corner of my eye, enthralled. Even though he dresses as a woman, his mannerisms are all fucking male, and I don't know why that's sexier. I feel so damn weird just looking at him and my mind goes to all these crazy places and leaves me wondering if I have always been this way or did he make me this way? I think I've always been this way... but Frank definitely catapulted it.

Now that I think about it, all the guys I've ever been attracted to are what anyone would consider pretty boys. I can't help it. I have a type, and I like the K-pop looking anime guys. Frank is legit my dream man. Kind, sweet, lovable, pretty, handsome, sexy, swaggered out, and boy, does he know how to control the room. He's so fucking perfect and I ju?—

“Jessica, if you keep staring at me like that, you’ll regret it.” He rubs his chin as if frustrated and I look ahead, though I want to ask him exactly how he thinks I might regret it, but I chicken out.

“S-sorry I’m a bit on edge, I th-think I need to let off some steam,” I groan truthfully. I’m so out of wack with Frank now that I realize my feelings.

“You can do that once me get to my place. I have a home gym.”

“Oh that’s cool!” I trail off, looking at him out of the corner of my eye again.

“What is it Jessica?” he smirks and I sigh, giving up on holding the question in.

“I... I was only curious as to why you’re taking me to your place.”

“Why? You don’t remember?” I go to open my mouth to say no, but for some reason, I feel like that will only piss him off, so I say nothing. “Jessica, baby girl...” He runs his hands down his face, groaning so loud I feel that shit deep in my guts, making me shudder. “For fuck’s sake, do you think about anything other than sports?” he questions as he turns his signal on.

“Of course I do.” I turn to see where we are, and my mouth drops open when he pulls into a bad ass highrise building. “Whoa...!” I marvel when he pulls into the garage and parks in a reserved parking spot next to six other empty reserved spots. Wait... does he really live here?

“Then why don’t you remember any of our dates?” He shuts off his car and I turn to him, blinking, still trying to wrap my head around the fact that he lives here... but my mouth forms an O when I realize I completely and utterly forgot we had plans! Shit! Hell, if it’s not school and football dates, I’m always forgetting shit. That’s why Bebe always sends me my schedule. I’m a klutz when it comes to dates.

“Haha, of course I remember! I... uhm... was joking,” I chuckle awkwardly, and he just sits there staring at me as if he wants to reach over here and... wait, reach over here and what, exactly?

“You really know how to try me, huh?” He raises a brow and I smile bright at him, heart thumping, swallowing nervously.

“I-is that a bad thing?” I ask as the corner of his mouth ticks and he fists his hands.

“In this scenario... maybe...” he trails off.

“And in other scenarios?”

“Try it and see,” he licks his lips, opening the car door before coming to help me out of the car as always. He then grabs my bag and leads me to a sleek, lush bronze elevator in a stunning wooden archway with art that looks like it deserves its own display in a museum. Damn....

But a bitch eyes really go wide as hell when I see him scan his face and use a key fob that looks like a BWM LCD key fob. I’d recognize those things from anywhere because Faye ass is rich as fuck and always switching luxury cars like she switches Hello Kitty panties. When the elevator come to life and glide us upwards smooth as butter, I feel strangely uncomfortable. It opens up to a hall that has only two doors.

“Whoa! Do you only have one neighbor?” I marvel, and he shakes his head.

“I have none,” he answers as he pulls me over to the door at the end of the vast hall.

“Th-then what’s that lead to?” I ask, and he smiles.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” he smirks, glancing back at me, and I look back at the



room. I would! I really would like to know! Normally, I keep quiet when Frank acts all secretive, but this time I can't. I want to know everything about him.

"I would." I squeeze his hand, setting my heels into the ground. "I want to know, so show me," I demand and he raises a brow, looking me over.

"Jessica, you talk a big game, but you don't mean shit you're saying," he grunts and turns his back on me. "Come on, let's go," he grits out as he walks forward and I slump my shoulders, dejected as he lets me into his home. However, even in my sadness I'm blown away by how fucking stunning the place is.

"Jesus... just how rich are you?" I ask, gaping at the floor-to-ceiling nearly panoramic window and sexy, luxurious, modern, and sleek two-story apartment that doesn't look like Frank at all! The blacks, off whites, minimalistic simplicity of the home gives sophisticated, style, poise and more than anything, old money.

"Rich?" he scoffs. "I do well, but lately the money's slowed down." He sets my bag on the massive granite earthy-tone island in the open floorplan kitchen, looking out at a skyline to die for. Simply stunning!

"Oh no! Are you out of work? Were you dismissed?" I turn to him, concerned.

"N—"

"If you need help, just tell me. Ever since the laws changed about college football, I've been making money off my likeness so I'm doing well. I can help if you need it," I tell him seriously and he closes his eyes, taking several deep breaths. "Is something the matter?"

"Nothing," he sighs. "But thanks for the offer. However, I'm all covered," he smirks.

“O-oh, that’s good... and you’re welcome. What are friends for?” I smile though it doesn’t reach my eyes for some reason. I shouldn’t be acting like this. The last thing I want is another Matt situation.

“Friends, huh?” He watches me with those intense eyes of his.

“Yes, Frank. You’re my best friend,” I tell him truthfully, ignoring the pang in my chest.

“Oh, I see I’ve been upgraded,” he laughs and I glance up to see him watching me with an unreadable expression so I turn away.

“S-so, will I g-get a tour of this place or what?” I clear my throat.

“Yeah, but not right now. You mentioned in the car you wanted to work out, right?”

“I did, I didn’t get to finish my reps for the day, and as silly as it sounds, but I really can’t go without completing my regime.”

“No problem. I understand. Here, I’ll show you to the gym.” He grabs my bag and walks past me, and I follow him down the hall off to my right. I’m floored by all of the beautiful art that looks like he’s spent more money than I’ve earned in my college football career, and it just leaves me questioning everything about him even more.

When we enter the room at the far end, and he flips on the light, my eyes widen in shock when I see a gym that would rival any state-of-the-art facility I’ve trained in.

“Do you like it?”

“Huh? ‘Like’ isn’t the right word! This place is amazing!” I stand in the middle of the room, marveling. “Do you work out? Is that why you have such a place?” I ask,

glancing over at him, regretting the question.

“I dabble,” he answers, snatching something off the machine, and though I want to ask what it was, I’m too busy thinking about the amazing workout I’m going to have.

“Cool. Oh, wait, I need the clothes from my bag to shower!” I point to the other open door where I see a shower inside and he shakes his head. He didn’t take me home to get clothes but that’s cool since I can just wear some of the clothes I packed for the game. It’s not like I needed it anyway since I lounged around in bed depressed after the game anyway.

“You don’t need to worry about that. Just check the closet after you’re done.” he smiles. I don’t? I go to see what he’s talking about, but I’m interrupted. “Oh, before I go, will you be wanting dinner tonight?” he questions as he peeks back in.

“No. I don’t like to eat too much after working out. I’ll probably just Uber me a protein shake or something.”

“Okay, then have a good workout!” He kisses my lips, sending my heart racing and I turn my attention to the bathroom, curious as to what it looks like. The entire place looks nice, so I just know the bathroom has got to be fye too. However, when I enter, I’m taken aback, and my throat constricts.

Why does he keep doing this?! I’m so tired of how much my heart aches when he does stuff like this for me. The bathroom full of all types of toiletries, and even towels and robes in my favorite colors that have my jersey number and last name HURTS embroidered on them professionally.

Fuck... has anyone ever gone this far for me?

I’d always heard stories about women falling in love with their best friends, but who

in the hell would have thought I'd see myself as one of them? I grit my teeth and stomp out of the bathroom to the weights, needing an outlet to release this pressure in my heart and in between my legs. Today I need to burn the fuck out and crash out because if I don't, I'll do something I'll not only regret, but that could jeopardize my friendship over this weekend.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Hearing the weights slam against each other in the back room, I grit my teeth and crouch, gasping for breath, yanking the wig from my head, heart racing so hard I fucking feel like I've taken GHB. Fuck a GHB more like a J.E.S.S. Fuck, that girl has no damn clue what she does to me, and it ought to be a mother fucking crime!

This is fucking torture! She has no fucking clue how much I'm holding myself back for her sake, and she goes and calls me a friend when I'm dreaming about beating her pussy up so good she has to walk with a limp and is perpetually pregnant with my babies every single night?!

Whew... I adjust my dick in my dress, happy she walked off when she did because I came a little from the shock.

I stand, walking over the alarm system and set it on using Jessica's college ID number along with her jersey number.

I listen to her going hard in the gym, and from following her as much as I do, I know she'll be at least another hour and then some. So instead of making dinner as planned, since she's not hungry, I head off to our room barefoot. I love the marble beneath my feet cooling my hot body down, but there's no point when I'm going to be like this all fucking weekend long.

At this rate, she seems intent on putting me in the hospital. But what a hell of a way to go, am I right? I can imagine those thick thighs that deadlift five hundred pounds wrapping around my neck while my tongue glides across that pussy... I tremble with excitement at the thought.

I make my way up the stairs to my dressing room, where I pull my dress off and place it on the hanger so my mom can come pick it up and take it to the dry cleaners for me when she comes by.

Excited that my baby is finally home, I sit down at my vanity, staring at my makeup, pleased that it held up nicely, but I swipe up some makeup remover wipes and take it all off along with my mascara and lashes before I head to my shower, grimacing down at my dick that's hard enough to poke a hole in the marble.

She always does that, but today, in particular, she really has me on fire. It was pure fucking torture last night not texting her back, but fucking Pierce said it was the best thing to do to make her think about and miss me.

My heart broke a little more with every unanswered text, and last night, in her sleep, I kissed her lips for every character she sent me as an apology for ignoring her.

It was particularly hard to leave her last night, but I had business to settle with the mother fucker who tackled her particularly hard at her game... I hope he didn't plan to make football his career because it's over. He made my baby strain her right leg, so I broke his right leg. It's only fair.

After that, I returned home on the jet to make sure the house was together for the two of us. I also double checked that I had all the food and ingredients I need to care for and nurture her back to health.

I also had to sew the cheerleading outfit together for her and find all the roses for her because my baby looked so sad last night. I want her to do nothing but smile this weekend.

After showering, I make sure to use all the smell good stuff! I dry off, moisturize, I'm not going to have Jessica dealing with an ashy white man... I spritz the cologne that I

notice Jessica reacts to more, and throw on a pair of black boxers and some plain grey sweats before checking the time and bounding down the stairs to start my baby's shake.

After measuring out the perfect amount of ice to oat milk ratio, Jessica's lactose intolerant, I pour in her sponsored brand of protein powder. I bought a storage full of them since she earns a commission. Then I measure out her BCAAs, peanut butter, and cacao power, an avocado for some extra fats, and a banana. That's Jessica's favorite fruit. I blend it, making sure there are still a few ice chunks. Jessica likes to crunch on them while drinking .

Last but not least, I pour it into a brand new thermal that I bought, which is said to keep the desired temperature for hours. I then place it in the thermal sleeve with her college football team's logo on it and happily make my way to the gym.

"JEEEEESSSSIIICCCCAAAAAA!" I call out, ready to feed my baby, but the second I walk into the gym, she's deadlifting well over five hundred pounds, thighs, calves, and ass taut, ready for my tongue to slide over it. God damn! I spin on the ball of my feet to calm the fuck down.

"?" she pants behind me, and I turn to see her standing there, sweat dripping down her titties and abs. For fanden, hun pr?ver at dr?be mig. (For fucks sake, she's trying to kill me) Thank you God for taking your time making this one... I think I'll start going to church. "FRANK!"

"Oh... uh... huh?" I shake my head, but there ain't a damn mother fucking thing I can do to get this girl out of my fucking head. She's stuck, and ain't shit I can do about it.

"What's that you're holding?" She points at the tumbler and I blink, stupidly having forgot why I came in here and interrupted my baby in the first place.

“Oh, it’s your protein shake!” I smile and hand it to her, but she shakes her head.

“I’m not done yet. I still want to do a few more sets.”

I frown, looking her over, spotting her trembling muscles that clearly show signs of fatigue and strain. I can’t have that.

“No, you’re done,” I tell her and she frowns, looking pissed, anger marring her precious face adorably.

“I’m not. I?—”

“I said. You. Are. Done,” I repeat slowly, but ire sparks in my baby’s face.

“Who are you to tell me what to do!” she yells and I shudder, licking my lips. Now that’s what the fuck I’m talking about! Do it aga— No! Stop thinking with your dick and focus!

“Jessica, if you don’t take your pretty ass in that bathroom so I can massage your muscles while you drink this shake, we’ll have a problem,” I let her know as sweetly as possible.

“But I need to shower right now. I smell, and I need a bag for my dirty clothes.” She covers herself shyly, and I hate it, but there isn’t anything that’s going to stop my plans.

“Get the massage first and then shower. The oil I’ll be using has special sleep qualities. Also, don’t worry about the clothes. I’ll get my housekeeper to wash them.” I hear my voice tremble slightly, practically salivating at the thought of touching her sweaty body. I’m willing to use any means to touch her while her body is drenched in sweat and her pussy still has that heavy scent. For fuck’s sake, I want it!



“No, I can’t have you do that. And special sleep qualities?” she shakes her head with an attitude. “What the hell even is that?”

“Why not? And it’s exactly as I said. It’ll help you sleep. I’ll even put some in your bath so it can calm you down and get you nice and open... I mean relaxed...” I tell her but she frowns at that and my heart pounds in my chest, thinking she’ll refuse. Knowing Jessica she’ll fucking refuse!!!

“Bu—”

“We’re friends, right?” I smirk devilishly, using her words against her. “What are you so afraid of?” I lick my lips. Give it up, beautiful. That body is mine and I’ll be damned if I don’t get my hands on it.

“I’m not a-afraid of anything,” she defends and I know in that moment I got her.

“Then get the massage and stop worrying so much,” I tease. She purses her lips, clearly weighing her options. Oh baby, there are no options. She can think all she wants, but I don’t give a fuck. Like hell am I going to miss out on this precious opportunity. “There’s a robe in the bathroom for you.”

“Fine,” she grumbles. “I could use a good night’s rest after that loss anyway,” she sighs, resigned as she goes to change and I grab the massage table. I knew it was a good idea to tell my idiot brothers to dismantle the guest room and add this gym while I was out. It was so worth it.

But I’ll have to shoot one of them because they left the price tag and receipt of purchase on one of the Smith machines. Thankfully, I snatched it off in time because if my baby had seen it, my parents would have been a few sons short for the holidays.

When she comes out, she’s uncomfortably shifting on her feet, pouting.

“C-can’t I just get a bag?” She tightly holds onto the robe, and it takes everything for me not to rip that son of a bitch off her.

“Just hand it here.” I hold out my hands, and she groans, thrusting the cherished ball of sweat-soaked treasure in my hands.

“Here!” She turns, not even looking at me, and goes to lie down on the table, muttering incoherently as I chuckle, walking out of the room and playing it cool all the way to the laundry room. However, when I open the door and step inside, unwrapping the clothes that she tightly wound, the strong pungent smell of pussy wafts over me. But not just any pussy, but Jessica’s pussy. Her scent assaults me, causing me to stagger back, clutching my chest with heart palpitations as my dick leaks cum down my leg.

Øh, det er det gode lort, jeg ikke fik den første nat, jeg gik til hendes hus. (Oh, this is that good shit I didn’t get the first night I went to her house.)

It’s so fucking good I can’t even work my fucking motor functions, and saliva pools and slides down the corner of my mouth. Tears spring into my eyes and I close them, holding up the holy grail, wanting to fall to my knees! My precious!

How can something smell so fucking delicious? Why must God put such temptations on this earth? I’m but a man, how can I not be this fucked up in the head when she got pussy that smells like this and on top of that she’s funny, beautiful, smart, and kind? She offered me money for God’s sake. I know what she has, and it’s not a lot after tuition, room, and board!

I run my hand over the wet clothes, and it lands on something sticky and thick. I flip the clothes and look down to see something white and creamy attached to a pair of black panties, and my dick throbs painfully as I lift my hand, eyes darting between the stickiness on my hand and creaminess on the panties. Which one?! Which fucking

one do I lick first?!?!?!?

And I can't let another second pass before I place my hand in my mouth, slurping the cream off, feeling woozy from my first ever taste of addiction.

“Oh, that's mother fucking go?—”

“?” I hear her voice call from the room, scaring the fuck out of me, making me jump and bang my head against the shelf above me.

“Son of a bitch!” I shout, rubbing my head, as I hear her coming close. “Don't come closer!”

“What? Why? No, forget that. Are you okay?” she asks and I feel the gash on my head, but fuck all that. I gather the treasure against my chest and kiss it before placing it in an empty storage container, making sure to clamp the top down tightly to preserve the smell, wetness, and hell, everything. I have to let the seasoning marinate. It'll just add to the flavor.

“I... I'm fine!” I push the tub out of the way, step out, and close the door quickly, rushing back to the room excitedly. “I'm cumming!” I shout and I will because tonight ... tonight I feast!

### Chapter 13

#### Massage Therapy

#### JESSICA

My heart is beating loud as fuck. Frank as a girl is hot, but Frank as a man... my lord almighty Jesus Christ! It's just not fair!

When I saw him holding that protein shake, looking like God's gift to women, I now see why he has so many followers on IG. Hell, I'm his follower! The man is not fine, but FOINE. Like Popeye's chicken finger fucking licking good foine.

How can he look even better as a man then when he cross-dresses? His looks are unfucking matched. The man possesses an arresting beauty. His hair, a shock of pure, unadulterated white, falls in soft waves, along his face, making me want to run my hands through it. It's luminous and seems to catch and reflect the light at every fucking angle.

His eyes, a startling and sexy ass bottomless blue ocean that a bitch just wants to dive into, vivid and captivating. If I wasn't so flustered I wouldn't have been able to take my eyes off him.

His face was unblemished, with not even a freckle or pimple in sight, leaving one to gape at his striking features. His jawline was skrong then a mother fucka, defined for the gods! But his lips... God, his lips held a subtle, almost perpetual curve, as if begging me to suck them into my mouth.

Frank always carried himself like he owned everything but, in that moment... he looked like he owned me. As he handed me the shake, his confidence felt like a natural tease of what would happen if I didn't do as he demanded.

The man is a work of art! I could write an entire dissertation on him and still have more to say. He looks that damn good!

I chug down my protein shake, trying to cool my feverish body down, but the shit doesn't do anything but give me brain freeze. But honestly, I'd rather that than be on fire like this. I stand there fidgeting, heart racing harder than a bitch, pussy pulsing and leaking, making me extra self-conscious. Jesus, I really shouldn't let this happen.

I never expected Frank to have tribal tattoos all over his body... I wanna lick 'em! I want to lick each and every one of them hoers in a line and see where they connect, too! But we ain't gon' do it, friend! We are respectable around here... we are chaste! We are chaste, Goddamn it!

"Jessica," his voice sends tremors down my body.

When I hear him in the hall, I turn from the door, not wanting to see him...

"Y-yeah?" You ever get wet from hearing a nigga voice? Uhm uhmm uhmmmm...

"You're still wearing that robe and not lying on the table," he states. I swallow loud as hell at his words, chewing on my nail. "You called out for me like you were ready, but..." His eyes rake over me, sending shivers all over my body. Damn... it's not fair for him to be that damn fine.

"Y-you know o-on second though, mayb—" I feel him come up behind me, chest against my back, and my vision blurs.

“Take it off, Jessica,” he grunts. I stagger at his voice and lord, I don’t understand how I have the willpower to do so, but I shake my head, though it’s not like Frank ass gives a damn.

“N-no, I really shou—” He doesn’t let me finish my sentence before his arms go around my waist, and he jerks the robe’s belt. Like a waterfall, it tumbles from my body to my feet, causing a squeak to escape my lips.

“Damn,” I hear him whisper behind me, and my heart sputters in my chest. “God really took his time with you, huh.” What?! Chills coat my body as I feel his cool breath on my feverish back.

“I-I’m not s-supposed t-to be naked,” I stammer.

“Why not?” He runs a hand down my back, making me shudder. “We’re friends , this should be nothing,” he murmurs into my ear, and I bite my lip hard to keep my knees locked. W-well he’s not wrong.. I mean... Fay and Bebe and I have seen each other naked plenty of times... so he’s n-not wrong, but fuck that... I have never felt like this around them.

“R-right...” I chew my lip slowly, heading over to the massage table, feeling the weight of my sore muscles. What’s even more embarrassing is as I go to lay on the table, I have to prop my leg up, and I can see Frank out of the corner of my eye watching me with glowing intense eyes as he leans against the door frame. Jesus, I must be losing my mind!

I chew my lip and my place my hand on the table, suppressing a groan when my titties hang like water balloons, swinging like goddamn pendulums. If that’s not bad enough, when I go to lay flat on the table, they squish, causing air to come from between them and create a loud ass whoopie cushion noise that resounds around the room. Oh my fucking God! My face grows hot, and my palms sweat profusely as I try

to get up, shaking my head. I don't think I've ever been in a more embarrassing situation in my life!

"F-Frank, o-on s-second though, I?—"

"Lay. The. Fuck DOWN. Jessica," he growls.

"Okay," I squeak, plopping back down, fart noises be damned, heart hammering wildly in my chest.

"Good girl," he grumbles, and I take a breath, lungs feeling like they will collapse at any moment.

Jesus!... is it getting hotter in here or is it me?

"Fr-Frank... did you turn up the h-heat o-or something?" I shift my wet body onto the table.

"Hell, I was going to ask you the same thing," he mutters, placing a hand on my back, and I wince from how hot he is.

"Maybe the thermostat is broken," I frown, placing my head into the hole as I hear him walk up on me.

"I doubt it."

"In this damn heat, a bitch saw your eyes glow. I must be losing my damn mind," I chuckle.

"Me too. My head is fucked up right now," he pants behind me, and I sit up and look back, eyes going wide when I see Frank with a blank stare with his bright blue eyes

flashing, nose ring moving slightly.

“H-hold on, Frank. If you’re sick, you need to sit down,” I tell him and he cuts his eyes toward me. I quickly turn back around, throat closed, and I rub my eyes, blinking hard because I know I didn’t see this nigga eyes literally beam. I need this massage to hurry up and end. I need a fucking nap.

“Don’t worry about me. Just focus on you,” he huffs as his excruciatingly hot palm spreads onto my back, holding me in place.

“But I’m fi— Ugnn!” I shiver when he grabs my calf that’s been bothering me since that big ass mother fucker steamrolled me. I fall flat on the table as he uses some kind of oil and my God, it feels so fucking good I think I cum a little. “Hhhhoooooolllyyyyy fuuuuuccckkkk!” I cry out, going completely limp while this man with God-like hands respectfully works his magic on me, sending a bitch into o-fucking-blivion.

“You like that, baby?” he growls and I nod.

“Yesssssss!” I whine, toes cracking, throwing up sets. A bitch don’t know if she a blood, a crip, or what.

“That’s good, baby. Relax and let your hus friend take care of you. You’re safe baby,” he murmurs, panting behind me before I feel him move up and massage my hamstrings right under the cup of my ass, making my inside quiver and my throat work for words. However, when his thumbs part my ass cheeks and pussy, I shudder on the table, eyes rolling to the back of my head, gritting my teeth while holding in the body rocking moan that wants to come out.



*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Who knew heaven and hell could exist in one place? Massaging her, I watch her trembling muscles take the beating I'm giving them, but the shit is sexy as hell. My baby moans, egging me the fuck on and making me hard as a brick. But fuck that shit. My baby enjoying my hands on her body is setting me the fuck off.

“Fr-, r-right there,” she whines as my hands work her upper hamstring right under the cuff of her tight ass. Damn, I want her to say that while riding my dick, though the second she does, I'd truly lose my shit and lock her away for good.

“Where? Right here?” I murmur through my teeth as I gently press my thumbs up and down her adductor muscle.

“Yeeessss!” she shudders. She's fucking killing me. I need more...

Using both hands, I massage her sore muscles, but I also make sure I spread her pussy and asshole, committing every mother fucking crease and crevice to memory. I don't know If I should be praying Dear God or Dear Glory but someone is getting called on while I worship this ass. Dear Jessica. I close my eyes and put my hands together at the scene that plays before me.

Our savior, who art in heaven, Jessica by thy na ? —

A sharp pang hits my chest, sending me staggering. FUCK!

“I... is everything okay?” she asks, and I take a deep breath, pounding my chest and clearing my throat.

“Yes,” I lie and continue working her hamstring before sliding the palm of my hand down the middle of her hamstrings because if I go and spread her ass again... No, I shouldn’t because if I see it again... I’m a eat. I will shove my face so far up her pussy she wouldn’t know where she starts and I end.

Instead, I switch up and fist my hands to knead her gluteus muscle, right where her sexy ass dimples are. I knead the fuck out hamstrings and calves, sweat dripping down my nose, straining as I listen to her sexy ass groans and moans before her body goes stiff, and the heady scent that already has me foaming at the mouth grows so strong it permeates the entirety of the room, making me swallow.

“?” her sweet voice snaps me out of my hazy thoughts and I breathe low.

“Yeah?”

“I... I’m done now,” she whispers as she goes to get up, but I try to stop her. No! She can’t be! I want to touch her! I want mo— I try to grasp her arm, but she’s a pro athlete and my senses and motor functions seem to be all out of fucking whack, so of fucking course she easily avoids my hands.

“What do you mean done? I... I still need to do the front!” I shout indecorously. My precious nipple rings!!!

“N.... no!” She firmly shakes her head, letting me know if I cross the line right now, everything I did will go crumbling, and ain’t shit worth that risk. “Can you hand me a towel and a robe?” She tries to hide her front... fuck...

“Okay,” I back off, going over to the closet and pulling out a robe with “Hurts” embroidered on it, and regrettably hand it to her. Damn fucking respect! Fuck having fucking morals and being nice and a fucking friend! I fucking hate it all!

“Thanks,” she murmurs and goes to get off the massage table, but her eyes go wide before she looks away in embarrassment. “U-uhm... can you turn away?”

“But Jessica I’ve see?—”

“Turn around, ! Or I’m going home!”

“Yes ma’am,” I salute and spin so damn quick I get whiplash. I hear her groan and jump off the table before I hear her wipe something.

“Shit,” she mutters to herself.

“Is everything okay? Do you need my help?” I try to turn, but she shouts, stopping me in my tracks.

“You had better not move one goddamn muscle, !” Oooo, I love it when she talks dirty to me.

“I wasn’t going to move in the first place,” I lie and she snorts.

“Sure you weren’t... anyway, I n-need a shower,” she stammers.

“Okay, at least let me prepare that. Just wait here and I’ll run you a bath,” I tell her, and she grabs my arm. I look back her to see her frowning. First, my eyes go to the towel and where it’s resting and balled up as a slow smile slinks on my face. We’ve hit the jackpot! More treasure! I tell my nuts and dick. Jessica really is the gift that keeps on fucking giving.

“I can do it myself.”

“So?”

“So what?” Her adorable brows knit together... I want to lick that crease, too.

“So what? I know you can run yourself a bath. I said I’ll do it,” I repeat.

“Bu—” I cut my eyes to her, and she snaps her lips shut. “I’ll wait.” I nod, kissing the top of her head, still reeling in my disappointment from wanting to touch her more, but I have time for that. It’s not like I’m letting her leave this apartment from now on, aside from going to school.

Quickly, I prepare her a bath using all the salts, flower petals, and candles that will help her relax. I want her to feel at home and never desire to leave my side.

Once I’m done, I call her inside, and once she rounds the corner into the bathroom, her mouth pops open, shocked.

“Huh? Wha? Oh, !” she voices, clearly shaken. “Wh-what is all of this?”

“Something your husfriend put together for you,” I smile and pick her up, carrying her to the tub as she tries her best to hide her naked form.

“Whoa! A-all of this f-for me?” she frowns, looking everything over before locking eyes with me.

“Yes. This is for you.”

“But why?” Her question both pisses me off and turns me on. I don’t know a girl who I’ve fucked that would ask such a trivial question. They’d just step in and pull me in right along with them and slide this dick right inside them, but not Jessica. Nope, my baby is always on edge.

“Just get in the tub, Jessica. And for fuck’s sake, would it hurt to just say thank you

sometimes?” I sigh, spitting it out a bit harsher than I want, but a nagging pang in my chest and head is pissing me off. Fuck, my head hurts. I rub my temples, getting a headache. No... I had a headache from the moment she took off the damn towel. I don’t know how the fuck I’m holding myself back right now.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers, and another pang in my chest has my eyes trailing her way, only to see her looking down sadly. Fuck... I didn’t mean it like that.

“No, don’t apologize. J-just relax and enjoy.” I walk past her, digging my nails into my palms to keep from pulling her to me.

“W-what about the equipment? I need to clean u—” I pause and glare at her, and she shrinks.

“I-I’ll let you handle it and enjoy the bath,” she sighs, letting the robe cascade down her body, and I swallow, eyes roaming over her as she submerges in the water. “Oh!” She stops me at the door. “Thank you, ... for everything. I’ve never had a friend like you.” Good fucking God...

“No problem,” I croak, turning on my bare feet like a fucking stick figure with no moving joints. She really is trying to kill me.

### Chapter 14

#### More Than Friends

##### JESSICA

I 'm losing my mind! I'm losing my mind! I'm losing my goddamn mothering fucking mind!!!

I came twice... no, three times from a massage! Me! Jessica fucking Hurts! Who's known for having control over herself came from a massage... Oh my God! And from my friend, no less! I'm ashamed!

Crossing my hands over my legs, I lay my head on my knees, uncaring that my braids are sliding in the water. I am way too fucking out of it right now. Honestly, while I'm upset with myself for cumming on the damn massage table and leaving a huge ass puddle which made me make his ass turn around, what was the point in doing that when Frank seemed so cool, calm, and collected?

Is that normal? Maybe he's gay? No... he's definitely not. Frank doesn't even seem to like men, even as friends. So... the likely thing is he's just not attracted to me. Wow... I run my hands over the water, creating ripples, watching the rose petals float across the water, feeling like utter shit at the sudden realization.

If it was Matt or my ex from high school in this situation, they would have already jumped on me and humped me like the stupid dogs they are. But Frank's control is almost scary. I wonder if he's just not into my body or my personality. I am a bit

more muscular than most girls... and I am not the upbeat and fun cheerleader type. Shit... I smack the water, upset.

“Is everything okay in there?” Frank’s deep voice reverberates around the bathroom, making me shudder.

“I-I’m good,” I call out, placing my legs down and sighing. Everything is just fucking peachy.

“Okay, call me if you need me. I’ll wash your back if you need me to,” he shouts and I have never wanted to uppercut a nigga so bad in my life

“I’ll wash your back if you need me to!” I curl my lip, whispering, mimicking him like the SpongeBob meme. Ugh!

What the hell?! Am I that damn undesirable that a man can massage my ass and kiss me and shit, but he’s really treating me like nothing but a friend. I don’t think I’ve ever been so disappointed or offended in my life.

Shouldn’t he be trying to bust it open or something? I mean, aren’t most guys like that? At least, most of the guys I know are. Hell, I’ve been around more than I’d like to admit so I know, but Frank has to be the chilliest dude I’ve ever come across. He’s got to have the lowest libido I’ve ever seen. Wait?

Why do I even care if Frank has a low libido? He and I are only friends, and outside of a little kissing, and well, sometimes he calls me wife and baby, but friends call each other that. Hell, Faythe calls me and Bebe her wifey all the time.

So does him acting like this towards me mean he treats all the girls he knows like this? Maybe I’m nothing special? I shake the thought from my head because I have never seen Frank treat anyone like this. He must like me in some deeper way, but he’s

not fully letting on. I mean, he has to... right?

But if Frank likes me, he'd have shown me that he wanted more. He's never even given me an indication of wanting something more than kisses and friendship. It sounds stupid, but niggas talk out they ass all the mother fucking time without meaning shit, so I don't think I'm being weird questioning all of this shit he's going out of his way to do for me.

Any girl would feel the same way I do about a sweetheart of a guy who treats them better than any man in their entire life and makes them feel like a princess. They would fall head over heels for the guy probably harder than I have. Even though I have only known Frank for what, like six damn days?!

I groan, realizing that it hasn't even been a full week and I'm over here acting like it's been years and this man ought to be dropping on his knees proposing! I need to get a grip.

This might just be residual sexual frustration from psyching myself up when I was going to give Matt some coochie. Yeah, that's got to be it!

I stand, stepping out of the tub that's directly in the shower, letting my mind wander as I turn on the water, letting it beat over my completely relaxed muscles. My brain hurts, and I hate to say it but so does my heart. I clutch my chest as I let the water run over me, but I take a second and marvel at how soft my skin is. Damn, what kind of oil did he use?

And what's more, the soaps smell divine, and they're not drying at all. My skin has never felt so rejuvenated and the scent makes calms and relaxes me.

Maybe it's the shower, but I don't want to think anymore. I just want to sleep. Today has already been a long day.



I step out on the stone-like mat that soaks the water under my feet like it's not even there and dry myself on a towel that has to be better than even the best luxury towel I've used when going to a hotel for an away game. Damn... I'on give a fuck what nobody say, you can always tell people who got money money and people who just grand stepping and high capping based on how they towels feel! And this confirms it. Frank ass has money money!

I wrap my braids in a towel to dry them and go to grab for my clothes, but stop when I realize I never brought any in. Shit.

“Uhm... Frank...” I call out to see if he's still in the room, but he's not based on the fact that I haven't heard him move around for a while. Damn, do I have to walk out of here with the sweaty robe I walked in here?

But then I think about the closet he had taken the robe from in the first place, and it seemed to have a bunch of clothes in there. I take the towel and wrap it around my body and peek out into the gym, shocked first and foremost because not only did he really clean everything up to a fucking T, but it smells so good in here too.

I take a deep breath, closing my eyes, loving the lemon and leather combo of the room.

“Damn it, focus! We're on operation clothes!” I mutter to myself and check my surroundings before tiptoeing like Tom ass when he was trying to get Jerry all the way over to the closet, which feels far as fuck. When I get to it, I wrench it open and my eyes go wide when I see a shit ton of clothes, but not just any clothes. Clothes that suit me. I glance around, raking in everything an athlete would dream of wanting, from the shoes to the athleisure wear, hoodies, copper infused compression sleeves, thermals and more. Hell, even the shoes are my size, nine and a half wide. What the hell?

I run my hands over the clothes that are oddly familiar and then I grasp a pair of leggings that I remember seeing in the fancy store but practically had to beg Frank not to buy since they had me fucked up charging three hundred and fifty dollars for a regular shmegular pair of black tights that a bitch can get for seven dollars at Rainbows. Wait... I go through all of the clothes and my mind reels when I notice every piece of clothing I stopped and stared at with curiosity when we were at the mall.

“Don’t tell me he bought all this just because I simply looked at them? What the hell is wrong with him?!” I smirk, biting my lip, giddily snatching up the tights and a crop top, smiling harder when I see the one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar price tag and along with the limited edition UGGs house shoes I wanted.

But upon sliding it onto my body, I nearly have to keep myself from moaning because the quality is unreal. Damn, I see the difference. Shit, the underwear is so soft and feels so amazing that I feel like a brand new woman.

Sighing, I hug myself and make my way out of the weight room and into the living room space where I find Frank moving about the kitchen, looking like a sexy-ass Gojo snack.

“Hey, how was the bath?” he smiles so blindingly bright at me I have to look away, where I spot something that has me frowning with curiosity.

“It was... good, thank you. But uhm, what’s this?” I rock on the back of my shoes before going over to the counter and picking up a big ass blunt. This one is just like the one I saw him smoking the day I met him.

“O-oh, that! That’s... that’s nothing,” he stammers and tries to snatch it from me, but I dodge him.

“This doesn’t look like nothing,” I tease and hold it up, waving it in his face. “It looks like a fat ass blunt to me,” I smirk, raising a brow.

“I... I meant to throw it away! I gave up smoking,” he panics, making me frown.

“Oh? Hmm... so you wouldn’t mind if I tried it?” I ask him and he reels back at my words.

“B-but don’t you hate smokers and weed?” He looks between me and the blunt and I cock my head to the side before shaking it.

“Not particularly. I just never hung around people who smoked because the NCAA was testing for it and I never wanted to be associated with it. Now that they don’t and the school doesn’t either, I’m curious as to what it’s like.” I hold it up to my nose, wrinkling it.

“Curious?”

“Yeah, my friend Faythe tried it once and she said she had hallucinations about being eaten alive by bullet ants,” I chuckle. “She also said it makes her super hungry... I want to try it.” She said it makes her super horny too... I wonder if me and Frank were to try it... I look at it with sparkling eyes, smirking. Alright, weedilicia, it’s time to work your magic, girl!

He snorts, taking the lighter from the counter and coming over, plucking the joint from my hands before he picks me up, carrying me like a baby on his hip... never in all my days! He then effortlessly swings me to the front of him and plops back on the couch, leaning back. But damn... how can someone who doesn’t look like he has much muscle be this damn hard?

“So being hungry and getting eaten alive by ants makes you want to smoke weed?”

he laughs cutely, showing dimples. “Honestly, I’d much prefer you be thirsty and wanting to be eaten period, but beggars can’t be choosers.” He flicks and lighter and I’m mesmerized by how the light dances across his eyes. He’s so fucking sexy. Honestly, I don’t think even that’s doing him justice.

Placing the joint between his pretty pink lips, I watch him fascinated as he takes a few puffs. I expect him to cough like most people do when they smoke, but honestly, I have to suppress shivers from watching his eyes roll to the back of his head at the first puff, groaning as if he missed it. Damn, he’s so fucking fine!

“Bring your pretty ass here.” He smacks my ass and grabs my face, opening my lips and gently blowing the smoke into my mouth. “Suck it up, baby,” he smirks and my heart skips and goosebumps pepper my skin as I nod and do what he tells me to do, breaking out in a fit of coughs. Shit! My lungs! “Good girl,” he chuckles, taking another puff, but this time he grabs the back of my head and his lips connect with mine.

I lay flat against his chest. He doesn’t have to tell me what to do because I’ve caught on and I slurp it all up, humming. Figuratively and literally, I want all the smoke and tonight I’m determined to get to the bottom of what this feeling toward Frank is.

I lay on his chest in a daze, mind reeling and wandering, unable to focus. Shit... I was barely able to take a few puffs before my body started growing hot. Frank runs his hands over my braids, massaging my scalp while we watch Demon Slayer, my current favorite anime because of all the hot guys. I turn my head just as Michael Jackson... I mean Muzan fine ass comes on screen cross-dressing as a Geisha, doing that badass walk that broke the internet.

And then I peek up at Frank, who’s puffing on this third fucking blunt, and on God, my head hurts from the loud ass smell. I feel like I’ve smoked enough weed for a lifetime and I’m at my limit.

Groaning, I sit up woozy, and my mind flutters to my thoughts from the tub. I want to ask him about the clothes and all the custom embroidered stuff, but I think even if I asked him, I wouldn't have the mental capacity to listen to him right now. I know it sounds stupid, but I don't want to be one of those girls that assumes a guy is interested in her just because he's being nice. But even my dense ass knows this is too nice.

Then again, most rich people have no real sense of what's common and not. Maybe I just think so since I've spent way too much time on over-the-top rich people TikTok videos about girls who fill their house according to the friend or family member they have staying over.

"You seem out of it baby. Are you hungry yet?" he smirks and I groan, grabbing my head, shaking it, but it feels like it's rattling and I'm moving in slow motion.

"I'm tired," I mutter and he laughs, setting his blunt down, taking my lips in a kiss, lighting my Black ass on fire.

"Damn. I was hoping for the former." He stands and I lay my head on his shoulder and wrap my arms around his neck, not feeling well, though I still smile, seeming so small in his arms. Most guys can't even pick me up because of how heavy I am, let alone being intimidated by my height, but Frank is able to not only do it, but does it easily.

Then again, if I recall correctly, he also ran with my big ass in six-inch heels not even tripping once on some fucking gravel. In my dazed head, I just run my mouth, wanting to be difficult because I know it'll make him mad. I don't even know why I want to piss him off, but I do. He's a cutie when he throws those pretty blues my way. It just does it for me.

"Frank, I can walk m?—"

“Jessica, will you ever learn to close that pretty mouth of yours sometimes?” He raises a brow at me and I smile, pussy clenching.

“No.”

“You keep talking like that and I’ll stuff it with something so big you won’t be able to run your lips.”

“Sounds tempting,” I tease, biting my lip.

“For fuck’s sake I’m trying to be good,” he groans as he climbs up the stairs two steps at a time, not missing one beat, and carries me into gorgeous room overlooking the mountains before setting me on a massive king-size bed. He nearly climbs on top of me, as I lay there flat on my back, eyes blurred.

“I never asked for that.”

“Asked for what, Jessica?”

“I never asked for you to be good,” I huff, feeling way too fucking out of it. I don’t even know what I’m saying.

“Then what are you asking for?” he voices, still over me, but I close my eyes and groan, grabbing my head.

“That’s a good ass question,” I mutter, unable to think.

“Well if you want my advice, I’ll tell you to take this friendship I’m offering you. As long as you keep me at arm’s length I can somewhat stay in my place... but the moment you let me in, I’m talking really fucking let me in, it’s game over, Jessica. I’m a fool for you and I’ve never had a girlfriend... meaning you would be my first

and only one.

There would be no one else. Just that alone would have me smother you with dick and affection. I'd ruin you and your fucking life, so stop playing," he grunts as he leans in, running his tongue over my lips sweetly, though his sinister words are anything but. I don't know if it's the weed or the fucked up mentality girls have, but... yassss king! Ruin the fuck out of me!

"Ruin me?" I finally look up at him shyly like only of those girls in the romance novels. "Now that's what the fuck I'm talking about," I smile and he runs his hands over my lips while his eye twitches as if he's in pain.

"Jessica, it's clear as fucking day you don't have a spidey sense," he chuckles.

"But I do though!" I yawn. "I'm just willing to throw all caution aside for you." I blink, feeling him go completely still.

"Jessica, you're treading dangerous waters," he growls eerily and I glance up to see him looking me over slowly with dilated pupils before he closes his eyes.

"Dangerous? You said that the first time we met. But the thing is, I don't find you dangerous at all, Frank," I tease and it's like the air has been sucked out of the room. "I trust myself with you completely. My ex Ma?—"

"You're bold as fuck," his voice booms and rumbles louder than usual, shaking me. "You're really fucking bold, Jessica, but I guess that's what makes you interesting," he voices, words dripping with venom. "No other woman would dare utter another man's name while beneath me."

"Not you trying to call me out while mentioning your exes," I frown.

“Fair, but more than that... are you saying you’re okay with me doing what I want with you?”

“I a—” I look up at him and see he’s staring at me, and a bitch has to rub her eyes because he looks... devilish. Instead of the soft bright blue eyes, they look blue with golden specks and the once round pupil seems elongated sideways like a goat’s eyes. His white hair seems longer, his eyebrows thicker, and his lips fuller. Damn... what the fuck kind of weed was that?

“Is everything okay, Jessica?” He voices, and I have to tilt my head because he doesn’t sound like he’s using real words. It sounds melodic, but deep and uncanny. My throat closes and my heart pounds in my chest. Looking into his weird ass red eyes has me feeling some type of way... I stare at him drawn like a moth to a flame and my breathing slows almost scarily. “Jessica?” he growls in that weird sexy way, and I shiver. “...ica. FOR FUCK’S SAKE, JESSICA! CAN YOU HEAR ME?! YOU WHAT?! IS THAT YES? IS THAT CONSENT?” I jump when he shakes me, mind in a fog.

“H-huh?” I blink, dizzy. Fuck I’m never smoking again .

“Shit, you scared me. But seriously...” I feel him drop down next to me. “Were you saying I can do what I want?” I don’t know what the fuck he’s saying. His voice sounds jumbled and it makes my head hurt.

“I need to sleep...” I groan.

“Aswrgdnser mmfuge firsjstyst ...” I wince at his words, body buzzing and hot like lava, but strangely I can sense his eyes on me even with mine closed.

“Yeah,” I murmur, consciousness fading.



“Haha you fucked up now.” He kisses my lips and I feel hands clasp around my neck.  
“Sleep tight, and whatever you do... don’t wake up.”

### Chapter 15

#### At My Limit

FRANK

I place kisses all over my baby, running my hands over her pussy, breasts, and stomach.

“Fuck,” I grunt, thrusting my hips, lifting her legs while grasping her ass. I stare down hungrily, taking in her sleeping face, panting as I run my tongue across her neck and slide my dick along her slick, panty-covered pussy. “Jessica,” I huff. “Jessica. Fucking son of a bitch, you feel good, baby!” I groan, sliding my dick and gripping her ass, wanting so fucking desperately to shove it inside and take what the fuck I need. But I don’t want to hurt her. This is the type of dick that a pussy needs to be prepped for.

I need her so fucking bad, but... fuck!

Goosebumps spread over my body as I pull back and shudder, cumming on her, watching rope after fucking rope shoot from my dick onto her belly and titties. I run my thumb along her nipple rings covered in my cum, shuddering again before leaning down and slurping it into my mouth, eyes rolling to the back of my head at the taste, smiling when my baby moans as I feel her stomach convulse.

I pull her panties to the side, licking my lips when I see the thick trail of her creaminess that’s dying for my tongue to glide across it, but my baby seems to always

want to make my life difficult! She turns over, closing those powerful and strong legs tight as fuck.

I know I can force them open and eat that pussy good as fuck, but I want my baby to get some sleep. Last night, she seemed so sad about the game that she tossed and turned all night instead of knocking out like she always does.

“Fuck...” I pant, my body heats up, and I start sweating. “I fucking feel like I’ll die if I don’t get to taste her right now...” Fuck... Fuck... Fuck!!!! “What do I d—” I sit up straight as I hop out of the bed and sprint down the hall, but my heart is thumping so fucking hard that I can’t even bare to climb down the stairs. I jump down, bypassing them son of bitches altogether, not even thinking about the fact that I could have broken my fucking neck.

I forgot about my secret treasure! Like a fucking racehorse, I speed to the kitchen and twist the doorknob to yank the door open, frowning when the knob is crushed under my hand... huh?

I stagger back, cocking my head to the side and blinking at it, but fuck that. I just throw it down and stalk into the laundry room taking a long, deep, hearty whiff of the intoxicating rich scent of my baby. My eyes roll to the back of my head and saliva pools in my mouth.

Quickly, I snatch up the tub and open the box. Immediately, my dick leaks when her scent hits me and I stagger, falling to my knees, grunting and grasping my head which feels like a jack fucking hammer is pounding at it.

Instinctively, I swipe up her clothes and place them up to my nose, inhaling them like they’re a fucking oxygen mask, breathing her in like my life depends on it. Yeah that’s it! That’s fucking good. Real fucking good.

I groan, standing and staggering over to the sectional, falling back and quickly pulling out my dick, stroking it. Shit, she smells good. I groan, unraveling the treasure, getting to her panties with a grin at the wetness that still hasn't dried out.

Breathing heavy, I wrap the crotch of her leggings around my dick and beat this son of a bitch like it owes me money while running my tongue over her still creamy panties, sucking the cloth like I would her clit, huffing and puffing, even fucking shivering.

Just as I feel like my dick is going to explode, I hear a gasp and turn to see the most beautiful figment of my imagination standing before me.

“Baby?” I shiver, dick dribbling cum before I smile wide as fuck. Baby... yes... my baby... my Jessica. Tonight I'll have her.

## Page 23

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

I smack my tongue which is dry as hell as my stomach grumbles. I grab my head, groaning, feeling like my fucking head is going to explode as my body burns up. Damn. I try to look around the room, but my eyes swim. I run my hand down my body, frowning when I feel something gooey on my stomach and breast, and even more so when I see that my crop top is down and the same gooey shit is on my titties. What the fuck?

I sway after sniffing it, panting, resisting the dangerous urge to lick it and rub it all over me. I squeeze my legs tight, pussy quivering. I narrow my eyes dizzily when I see my leggings are on the floor and my panties are pushed to the side. Hold the fuck on...

Something isn't right. Did Frank do this? Why? I take a deep breath, but it's like the air refuses to reach my lungs. No matter how much I beg for breath, it falls short. Groaning, I shuffle my foot out of bed but that son of a bitch feels like lead when it falls to the floor with a thud. Damn ... I try to stand but I fall down, feeling high as fuck. Damn... is the weed that strong?

I wince as I stand, urging my heavy ass feet and wall to help guide me out of the room, down the hall and to the stairs where I look down and my heart escalates. Frank is down there... I... I don't know why... b-but I just know it! I n-need t-to get to him!

One step at a time, I make my way down the stairs, heart pounding in tune with my pussy.

"S... something's n-not r-right," I moan, throat sore and mouth dry, heaving as my

body convulses for something... no not something ... I'm convulsing for him!

When I reach the last step, I'm trembling, and my body is vibrating, but I go where my mind and body urge me to. The living room... one step, two steps, three... the sounds of heavy animalistic grunts wrack my ears, making me double over with desire.

Straightening, I huff and continue my way over to where I'm instinctively drawn, but I don't think anything could have prepared my fuzzy-brained ass for what I see.

"Fr-Frank!" I gasp, eyes wide in disbelief at the thing he's got his hands around. "Wh-what the fuck is that?!" I choke, mouth dropping to the fucking floor when I see the fabled Captain Hook Megan thee Stallion rapped about... but fuck all that. That ain't no damn hook. This nigga dick built like a fucking parabola just right for uppercutting a g-spot. IS THAT A FUCKING DICK PIERCING! It's thick like a damn water bottle and longer than necessary WITH A PIERCING?!

WHEW...

I'm a bitch who prides herself in knowing her measurements, so I know a fucking foot when I see it!

"Baby?!" he smiles wide. The corner of his lips curl like the Grinch, baring sharp teeth, goat-like eyes speckled with gold flakes, but as fucking scary as this hallucination is, it makes my damn toes curl and pussy leak.

"Wh... what are you?" I stupidly ask even though I don't give a damn because I'm a fool for the fucked up supernatural-looking guys in anime. I eat them down and, hallucination or not, Frank looks too damn good and the way my body is burning... his fine ass can get it.

“I told you not to wake up.” He sways on his feet, pinning me against the wall, holding something in his hand that makes my eyes go wide.

“Wait... are those my clothes? My... my panties? What the fu?—”

“I asked you a question, little baby. What the hell is your pretty ass doing up?” he growls in that inhuman voice. Yeah... I have to be dreaming or hallucinating. I look away, unable to bear his weird appearance because it just does it for me, but he uses his wet, cum-soaked fingers to force me to look at him. Not that he has to be looking like that! His sexy ass, wild face would make a bitch spread her legs and unapologetically beg him to fuck me.

“I... I’m hungry and thirsty,” I stammer, shaking, panting while licking my lips, but my tongue is so dry I wince when my lips crack a bit.

“Thirsty?” he growls, eyes roaming over me. Jesus... this is the best hallucination ever. Yassssss!! Fuck being thirsty, I’m hungry! This is my dream, and in my dreams, I can have what I want. Yes, God!

“Y-yeah,” I swallow, trembling.

“But how can my baby be so thirsty when she’s this wet?” he growls, dropping my panties and swiping his hand over my pussy, swirling it around before bringing it to my lips and I part them instinctively, running my tongue over his fingers. “Quenched?” he asks and I blink watching him pant out smoke. How the fuck is he doing that?

“Not in the slightest,” I whimper and he raises his brow, placing his hand on my head and with little to no force, he pushes me down onto my knees right the fuck in front of his dick, smirking while placing his thumb into my mouth opening it. In turn, he then removes it, rubbing his dribbling nut on my lips. Mmm...

“Drink up, . I can’t have my baby dying of thirst when I have plenty to feed her.”

“I—” He gently smacks... or well. tries to gently smack, but I don’t think anything can be done gently with a dick that fat and big, but I appreciate the sentiment.

“Shh, shh, shhh, little baby,” he hushes me and places the tip of his dick in my mouth, and the cold contrast of the metal on his dick compared to the scorching heat of his dick is interesting... it leaves me wanting to run my tongue over it and tease the coolness, eliciting a growl from him. “Eat up.”

The moment his pre-nut touches my tongue, my stomach squeezes tight and my pussy clenches. Like a damn kitten licking up milk, I lap at it, moaning. “Tsk, ts, ts, I know that’s not all you can take, right baby?” He slips the tip into my mouth, throwing his head back, groaning so loud and ghostly my body seizes and my eyes roll to the back of my head. “Fuuuuccckkkkkk!” he breathes out, cradling my head with strained arms. “Fuck, you suck dick so good, baby.” Hehe... I do?

“Guhhh— Ugn!” I moan, slurping on the head, focusing on that ring obsessed with it because on God I can’t fit another damn inch into my mouth and it feels like he’s stuffing it right into my pussy. It’s so hot, and his dick and cum taste so good that I suck with everything in me, looking up at him, heart beating so fucking hard my brain rattles.

“Damn baby,” he chokes out. “Keep sucking just like that,” he huffs. “Fuck yeah, keep it up, baby. Don’t stop! Suck that dick like a good girl.” Okay! He thrusts into my mouth, tip of his dick touching the back of throat, but there are so many more fucking inches left outside. “Fuck, you’re going to fucking make me cum so fast,” he growls, staring at me with those eyes.

“Uggn!” I pant, sucking his dick like the good girl he wants me to be. I don’t give up. Fuck if I can’t fit it into my mouth, I’m a fit what the fuck I can, and enthusiastically



too. It's my hallucination and I'm going to take advantage of it to the fullest because it damn well beats getting eaten alive by ants.

"Your husband has something nice and thick that'll sate that thirst. It's made special just for you, baby. Here, open up," he grunts. Made special just for me?!

I open my mouth and hold out my tongue, mind gone like a mother fucker, but the moment that first rope of sweet and delicious, scolding hot cum shoots into my mouth, it's like a cool fire being poured down my throat. My eyes open to wonders I had not yet known. I have never been a dick sucking bitch since dicks be dirty and taste like skin, but today! Yes, God! Today I have been made a believer!

His nut has me feening for more, making me grasp his dick with two hands, working that mother fucker like a bitch playing Bop It while guzzling nut, getting mad when it drizzles down my chin.

"FFFFFUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!" he seethes, growls wracking my body as if a vibrator is deep within me, making me cum. "Suck that dick, baby. Suck that mother fucker just like that." He grabs the back of my neck, thrusting into my mouth, making me quake while his nut slides in thick globs down my throat.

My eyes roll back as he dips further down my throat, and I don't know how, but I down it so good that juices spill from me. When he pulls me off his dick, I cough, spitting up nut, but I don't have time to get myself together because he picks me up sliding, his tongue into my mouth. He slurps my tongue in while he grabs my ass and slams me against the wall, spreading me open and sliding his dick between our bodies. Ugnnn! Fuck!

I roll my tongue against his, grinding my pussy along his dick, feening for it. I want to tell him, but I can't because he's devouring my mouth so fucking much I can't breathe... the lack of oxygen has my clit throbbing and my brain malfunctioning. I

can't breathe! And I'm okay with that... don't you dare stop!

"Breathe through your nose, baby," he chuckles, massaging my ass while sucking on my tongue, making me whimper and convulse, but that doesn't stop him from hunching me against the wall like he's stone cold fucking me, grunts sounding like a wild bear and shit.

Goosebumps spread over my body from how sexy it sounds as he dips his hand into my pussy, swirling it around, making my legs quiver.

"Uugggnnn."

"Damn, you moan so sexy, baby. Moan for me some more." He kisses all over my neck, licking and sucking, leaving me lost. "But you know what? This isn't fair. I'm thirsty, too." He brings his long fingers to his lips, licking the thick creamy coating, eyes flashing. "You know, I've been just plain fucking dying to eat this pussy from the moment I saw you spread it open so brazenly that infamous day that changed my life."

His unusually long tongue slides into my mouth, damn near going down my throat, and my pussy practically starts crying for this nigga to get in her. "When I saw that pretty little pierced clit playing peek a boo with me I was gone. But the thing I really want to eat is this," he swats my ass running his hand up the crack.

"Fuuuuu-uuuugnnnnn-ck!" I moan, holding onto him, wondering why he taste so fucking good.

"Come here." He leads me to the couch, anime is still playing the background, where he lays me and unceremoniously bends me over, pulls my thong to the side, and spreads my ass cheeks. He takes a long swipe of the crack of my ass, where his long, snake-like tongue swirls around my asshole, dipping inside.

“UGHHHH!! YESSSSSS FRANK!” I cry incoherently, body burning up, especially the pit of my stomach where I feel his cum surfing through my body like Beyonce on her surfboard.

“Oh yeah, that’s what the fuck I’m talking about. I knew this ass was going to taste divine,” he growls as he smacks my ass and shudders behind me. “It’s like a feast laid before me.” He licks my ass cheeks and I feel something sharp graze across my ass, causing a sharp sting followed by a pleasurable sensation unlike anything I’ve ever experienced.

I fist my hands in the blankets, trembling. Creaminess drips down my leg and Frank takes a long ass swipe from my hamstring to my pussy, swirling it like a propeller, eating me like lunch, and I suffocate from holding my breath.

“PLLLLLLEEEEEAAAAASSSSSEEEEEEE! OHHHHH FUCKKKK!”

“Come on, baby, give me some more! OUT WITH THAT PUSSY JUICE!” he grunts, slapping my ass.

“UGHHHHNNNN!” My pussy gushes in his face, causing me to go still and look back horrified when I see his beautiful face covered in a thick, milky fluid. His long white lashes blink as his mouth forms an O in awe before his devilish eyes flicker up to me with intense greed. “AGAIN!” his voice booms, rattling the panoramic window as his freakishly long tongue swipes over his mouth and chin, licking before he attaches himself to my pussy. On God, it’s like he’s trying to suck my entire damn uterus out, but from how good it feels, he can have that son of a bitch. I’on even much need it! “FRRRRAAAAANNNNNKKKKK!”

“Fuck yeah, that’s what the hell I’m talking about. Give me everything. I want it all.” He reaches around playing with my pussy ring before his tongue slithers inside my walls, making me clamp down on it as he wiggles it inside, using his tongue to

massage the inside of my pussy as I bounce on it. “Fuuuuck, thassss shhho hoooot,” he drools, slurping on my pussy before sliding not one, not two... not even fucking three, but four fingers inside me and bending them sons of bitches down toward my stomach while still fucking me with his long thick tongue, sending me diving off Mt. Everest. WEEEEEEEE!!!

“Guuuughhhhhh!! FRRRAANNKK!!!” I wither, falling on the couch, feeling as if everything has been sucked dry from me. I’m tired, but my goodness, that felt amazing.

It takes me a few minutes to get myself together before I feel him swing my leg over his shoulder, leaving me to spin, looking at him incredulously.

“Wh-what are you doing?” I stammer, and he looks up at me with those irritatingly sexy cosplay eyes and smiles.

“Oh, did you think that was it?” he cocks his head to the side as I pull my legs from him, trying to get away.

“I... I... w-well.. I?—”

“...” He places his long, claw-like hand around my leg and drags me down back to him. “Baby, we’re just getting started.” Just what?! “Besides,” he grunts, picking that big ass elephant trunk from wherever the fuck it was resting, and plopping that bitch right onto my belly with a loud smack, making me blink, bewildered when it hits my ribcage. “I have to prepare you for this,” he grins and I swear I see my life flash before my eyes.

Damn that weed! I’m never smoking again!

### Chapter 16

#### Unchained

FRANK

“ P LLLLLLEEEEEAAAAASSSSSSEEEEE!  
PPPLLLLLLLEEEAAAAASSSSSSEEE! STOP! I CAN'T NO MORE!!!!” she begs,  
and I chuckle at her joke.

“Oh Jessica, you're so funny. I didn't know you were trying to be a comedian.” I lean in, kissing her lips, hungrily devouring them as I work my four fingers in and out of her pussy, fascinated by it.

“FRANK, I'M SERIOUS! I CAN'T?—”

“Jessica, did you know that no matter how much I try to stretch this pussy out, it snaps right the fuck back.” I move my four fingers around, massaging her insides, eliciting an earth-shattering moan from her.

“Please, I can take it! I'm ready, so no more! Please!” she cries and I smile at how adorable my baby is. She can take it? I chuckle.

Her pussy is so tight my tongue was going to snap the fuck off inside of her, but she can take this dick? Mine?

“I love your enthusiasm.” I scoop her into my arms, licking her tears, and I using my

shirt to wipe the snot bubble from her cute widdle nose. She's so damn cute , and she's mine. How could I get so lucky?

"A-are we done?" she cries and I can't help kissing all over her face. She's too precious. It seems I've been handed the most adorable person created, and I've decided to give her all of me. All of me...

"Not even close. Baby. You're yet to eat what's yours," I pout, blinking at her, kissing those pretty brown lips.

"Wh-what's mine?" Her bottom lip wobbles and my heart wobbles with it.

"Uh-huh, all yours. I need you to eat it up first and then I promise to let you sleep." I run my hand over her face, noticing something is strange going on with my body and mind. I'm not usually one to hallucinate when I smoke, but this time is different... actually, I'm pretty fucking sure I'm dying based on how my body feels like it's constantly being ripped apart. Maybe it was because of all the weed I smoked after not being able to hit for so long, but eh... I'll deal with that later. I'm not going to worry about something as silly as dying when Jessica is before me, handing herself on a platter.

"I... if its m-mine, c-can't I j-just put it in the microwave or r-refrigerator for l-later?" she cries and I snort out a laugh. My baby is high as a fucking kite.

"But this dick is better eaten fresh, baby," I tell her as I pick it up and place in on her stomach, and her eyes go wide.

"Wait Frank, I can't take all th-this!" she tries to run but I grasp her waist, keeping her still.

"Tsk, ts, ts, you can't quit before even trying baby. I mean, you're Jessica Hurts.

You can handle anything I,” I pause and smack it against her again. “Throw at you,” I tease, watching her mouth fall in despair as I spread her legs a bit wider.

I scoop up my some of my cum and place it on her pussy for lubricant, smearing it everywhere. I checked and my baby has an IUD to keep her from getting pregnant since she’s so dedicated to her football career, which is lucky for me because that means I can freefall in all in this pussy as much as I want to.

“Frank I... I think I need some time to—” I line my dick up to her center and part her pussy lips, biting my lip with excitement when I see my dick is four times the circumference of her tiny pussy hole, and I shudder with excitement.

“Little baby, open up for me,” I ease in, growling while picking up her legs, grinning down at my baby who withers in pleasure and pain as I stretch her the fuck out.

“UGHNNNN! FUCK! I-IT’S TOO BIG!!!” she cries beautifully, and I lick my lips, shivering.

“No such thing, little baby. This pussy was made just for me. I just need to pry it open a bit more,” I grin devilishly at her, inching in a bit more, shaking when I can finally sense her heartbeat through her pussy. “Damn baby, I can feel your heart beating hard for me. That makes me so fucking happy to know I’m pleasing you,” I lean in, kissing her tears away.

“P-pleasing? Nigga, I’m dying! Remove this Pringles can from me this instant!” she cries and I raise a brow.

“Oh? You got time to joke?” My eye twitches, and I pick her leg up, throwing it over my shoulder and slamming into her shit with another few inches, shutting this sexy little mouth of hers by making her gush on this dick.

“AHHHHH! UGGGHHHHHHHHH!”

“Just from that?” My eyes widen and I bite my lip hard, swiping up the little bit of cum that was able to escape and tasting it, eyes rolling to the back of my head when I taste a little bit of blood mixed in. “You see that, baby? I’m stretching this little pussy to its limits.” I pull out and rock into her shit further, grunting.

“FRANKKK, IT HURTSSS!” she cries, egging me the fuck on and tightening her pussy around me. I feel my spine start to tingle before burning.

“That’s it, baby. Say my name,” I growl, pulling out and rocking into her again, knocking the air from her lungs. I breathe it in, shivering as I watch her intently, committing every damn expression to memory because I’ll need it later to beat my dick too. However, for now, I’m inside her, and I’m going to be inside her for a very fucking long time.



*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Mom! Dad! I love you, but I'm moving on to the upper room...

"I can't... I can't take this! I can't fucking take this! Please! Please!" I cry out, nipples hardening when his long tongue slides on them, playing with my ring.

"What are you talking about, baby? You're taking this dick better than ever." He grasps my breast, sucking my nipples hungrily. "This pussy is being so patient for me. You're giving high functioning a whole new meaning," he growls in that uncanny voice, placing his hand on my belly where I glance down, shivering when I see a bulb in the middle of my stomach where his dick is poking me. "Yeah, right the fuck here. You feel me, little baby?" he laughs manically, baring fang-like teeth, and I feel like I really have died.

This has got to be the strongest weed known to fucking man! This feels so fucking real! His big ass dick, the fangs, the eyes, his long hair... it all feels too real, and I can't fucking take it.

"T-TAKE I-IT OOOOUUUTTTTT!" I cry but instinctively wrap my legs around him, locking him in place, needing more! Desiring more! Thirsting for more!

"Look at you begging so sweetly for this big ass dick." His eyes go wide, grinding inside me. "But you have a long way to go, pretty baby," he snatches up my hand, placing it between us, and my heart sputters in my chest when I feel I still have about five more inches to go.

"NO! UGHHHHNNNNNN F-FUCK NO! HELL THE FUCK NO!" I try to push him off me, but he seems to be hell-bent on making my life, body, and pussy his.

“Damn, you really know how to stir me the fuck up.” He leans in, scooping me into his arms and flipping us over so that he’s on his back and I’m lying on top of him.

“WH-WHAT ARE Y-YOU?—”

“I adore that this little pussy wants to take its time taking me in, but I’m at my limit. I need to get inside. So hold on, beautiful.” He grabs my ass, hoisting out of me, and I stare down, hyperventilating, deliriously intoxicated by him, bracing myself for impact. “This is going to hurt like a mother fucker,” he smirks, slamming into me so fucking hard his dick pierces my heart.

“HHOOOOOLLLLLYYYYYY FFFFFUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK!!!!”  
I scream, feeling like this nigga done hit another dimension inside my body.

“FUCK YEAH! SCREAM FOR ME BABY! THAT’S WHAT THE FUCK I’M TALKING ABOUT!” he snarls demonically, and I throw my head back, gasping for breath as he pounds into my pussy relentlessly, seemingly chasing something he so desperately needs while something in me feels like it’ll break at any second.

I pant, fisting my hands into his hair and pulling it, expecting it to fall off like his other wigs do, but it’s glued the fuck on. If I wasn’t in so much ecstasy, I would have asked him where he gets his lace front from, but I’ll save that for later.

“, you feel so fucking good, baby!” he grunts, gritting those sharp fang like teeth and stars dot my eyes. “Fuck, this pussy it the best. It’s so wet, creamy, and delicious. Thank you for giving it to me,” he whispers sweet words, but the way they come out is in snarls sound like threats. But I must be stupid because that does it for me, sending shockwaves up my spine.

“More! Right there, baby! Righ— Ugggnnnn!” I rock with his cum spattering between us, but I can’t stop. This nigga so deep I feel like he’ll knock out my IUD.

“Shit, you’re going to make me cum,” he pants and his body trembles violently as he fucks me so hard I feel like I’ll lose my fucking mind.

“OOOHHHH, PLEEASSSEE!” I choke out, feeling my stomach squeeze. I sway on top of him, pussy clenched so fucking tight I wonder how the hell he’s able to move inside me. The death grip he has on my ass while pounding into me is insane. I never knew sex... no, fucking could be this raw and hungry.

My mind, body, and soul only know him... I only feel him. If the world were to end now with Frank inside me, I’d be oblivious. All I know is this man owns me. The moment I think of those words, the necklace he gave me tighten around my neck, burning me.

“Cum for me one more time, baby!” He pulls me down into a kiss and the moment our lips connect and his tongue slides into my mouth, I can’t hold on any longer. I tremble, cumming so much I pass out on top of him. “, baby, wake up. I’m not done,” he whimpers hungrily in a voice so deep it shakes me to my core, kissing me all over. “Give me more. I need more of you, only you,” he voices, sounding almost crazed. Who the fuck am I kidding? This nigga sounds off his fucking rocker crazy... but who am I kidding? I eat this shit for breakfast, lunch, and dinner in books, anime and manga...

I’ll be damned if I fuck up my chance in real life. And I don’t know why, but with what little strength I have left, I part my lips and say the words I’ve known from the moment he looked at me.

“Take what you want... I’m yours.” Suddenly, I feel myself flipped over onto the couch on my back so fast I should have gotten whiplash. But his freakishly large hand cradles my head precious before his hard body burns hot in me.

“Oh baby, you really fucking drive me wild,” he snarls in my ear. “But a good

fucking girl, baby. Now just sleep tight, and this time I mean it. Don't wake up," he growls, slamming into me so hard my body rocks, damn near bouncing off the couch, knocking the air out of me. I try to open my eyes but the moment I do, my soul literally leaps from my damn body when I see he truly and fully looks like some demon incarnate.

The whites of his eyes are black, the blue irises are black with red pupils. Strange symbols decorate his body and face along with two large, curved horns coming out of his head. And I am about go brain dead when I see red wings, a tail, and fangs.

"FRAN—" He covers my eyes, kissing me.

"I said don't fucking wake up," he growls, slamming that big ass dick into me so hard I can only choke out a scream.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" My scream only eggs him on, causing him to let out an animalistic growl in return.

"JESSICA! JESSICA! JESSICA! MINE! MINE! MINE! GIVE ME MORE! MORE! MORE!" With every thrust, I lose rationality and feel like my body will break. My pussy trembles with furious need as he fucks me with reckless abandon, wailing my name, making me shudder violently, gushing and squirting all over him, but that doesn't stop him.

He fucks me hard, fast, and roughly continuously, even though I pass out and wake up three times. "JESSICA! JESSICA! JESSICA! I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! YOU'RE MINE NOW, FUCKING FINALLY!" he growls, cumming so much into my pussy that it pours out of me as I twitch, body burning, feeling as if I am set ablaze. "I, my ... you done fucked up now. I really will set this fucking earth on fire if you leave me."

Yup, I'll never touch that Devils Lettuce again.

### Chapter 17

Fuck Friends... Friends Fuck

JESSICA

“N o, stop! My pussy gon’ fall off!” I shout, eyes popping open as I breathe heavily, panting, but I blink, looking around the calm creamy grey walls and beautiful panoramic windows with snowy mountain tops greeting me. What the fuck was that dream?

I try to get up, but I can’t move. Something heavy is holding me in place, forcing me to look down and my eyes go wide when I see Frank sleeping peacefully on top of me. Huh?

“F-Frank?” I blink, surprised, and I try to move, but I go still when my pussy clenches around something thick and hard, and... wait the fuck a minute! Is that...? I peek under the sheets, do a few kegels, and scream internally. This man is still fucking inside meeeeeee!

“Jesshica, haha you feel sho go...” he trails off and snores, smiling in his sleep, slightly moving his head and my eyes go wide when he slurps my nipple into his mouth in his sleep, sucking hard as hell. “Uggn!” He sucks so hard I clench around him from the stimulation of him sucking my nipple and I hold back a moan. Shit! I... it feels so good!

“F-Frank b-baby, wake up!” I shake him but that only makes him wrap his arms

around me tighter and suck harder, grunting.

“Fuck yeah, Jessica. I’m going to breed the fuck out of this little pussy,” he moans in his sleep. “How do my babies taste?” he chuckles manically, grinning in his sleep like a hero in an anime. If ya know ya know.

“J-Jesus,” I groan as he thrusts harder, fucking me with abandon. I stop fighting it at this point because it feels so damn good. “Yes,” I sigh out, holding onto him as he rocks inside me slowly but roughly, stealing my breath away. No matter how softly he drives into me, I always feel like he’s rearranging my guts because of his big ass python.

“Right fucking there, Jessica,” he whimpers, beautiful face contorting. “Squeeze and milk this dick for everything. Don’t leave a fucking drop, baby,” he groans and my heart leaps when he bites down on my titty, shivering, brows knitted as his lip curls. “Fuck, take this dick.” He picks up his pace and I swallow, watching him unconsciously enjoying me. To put it simply, it’s so fucking sexy it’s almost as good as his big ass dick when it’s stretching me thin.

Frank is so fucking fine and I’ve never been a thirsty hoe, but I am a BTS and Stray Kids fan, and while Frank ain’t Korean, I always said if I found a man as fine as them, I’d bust it open like bitch in gymnastics. Frank is THAT damn fine. Not only that, but if he’s planning on treating me as good as he is now and we’re only friends then call me Humpty Dumpty because I’m a fall and refuse to get put back together.

“I... I’m going to cum!” I whimper, and his eyes pop open. For a second, I have to blink because his eyes look strange, but when I open them back up, he’s back to normal again.

“JESSICA?!” He stares at me, pausing as if shocked to see me, but the shock followed by awe quickly flies out of the window and that Grinch-like smile forms on

his face again before his lips crash against mine. “Fuck, of course it’s Jessica,” he grunts, lifting my legs, slow stroking me, and honestly, I’d much rather him fuck me hard because him fucking me like he loves me is excruciating.

“Ughhhhhnnnn! Frank right there!” I arch my back, and he grinds slowly right where I want him, making me shudder and my toes curl. “Fuckkkk, go faster!” I whine, begging him, but he strokes slower, placing his finger next to my ass, making me tense up.

“So I wasn’t dreaming... I’m with my Jessica. Yes, yes, my Jessica.” He slowly grinds into me, making me shiver and shake, picking up the pace. “Fuck yes, baby.” He plows into me, sucking my neck.

“I-I’m c-cumming!” I wrap my hands around his neck, quivering, pulling him into a kiss that has him cumming and shivering inside me.

“JESSICA!” he grunts nastily in my ear, falling onto me. “S-so it wasn’t a dream,” he mutters and I smile, holding him tight.

“I guess it wasn’t,” I chuckle. Damn... I guess that weed did a number on the both of us.

“I was so afraid you wouldn’t be next to me.” He places his chin on my chest, looking up at me and making me giggle like some lovesick schoolgirl, and that ain’t me. I’m the not so hood but real down ass girl who not with all that giggling and girly shit, but Frank just brings it out of me.

“Why would you be afraid of that?” I move his hair out of his face and he frowns with tears in his eyes that make me want to hug him tighter. How can someone be this adorable?



“I don’t know... I just... I just thought I was dreaming last night. I never thought Jessica would bless me like that.” Bless him?! Good lord! Goosebumps run over my body, hardening my nipples, and when he sees it, he opens his mouth and slurps it in.

“Om! Mm! Dericious!” he smiles, sucking gently, and I chuckle. He’s the cutest!

“I—” The loudest damn grumble sounds in the room, making me jump until I notice that the damn noise came from me! Mortification on another damn level hits me. I glance down at Frank who’s still happily sucking my nipple and staring at me. When the sound comes again, I can’t even look him in the face, so I grasp the pillow and throw it over my face.

Frank pops my nipple out of his mouth and I peek from under the pillow, but when I feel him try to slide from my depths, I shudder and moan, locking my legs, instinctively wanting to keep him inside.

“Haha Jessica, my little baby, I can’t make you something to eat if you don’t let go.” He removes the pillow from my head, giggling, placing kisses all over my face.

“But... it f-feels so damn good,” I moan, pouting, and he grasps my face, slipping his tongue into my mouth, grinding my guts.

“You’re right, baby. You feel so fucking good,” he grunts, pulling me into his arms and fucking me gently. “However...” he hoists me up and out of the bed, dick still inside of me, yawning. “I have to feed my baby not just dick, but food to erase the rumbles in your tummy.” He kisses me, holding me easily with one hand on my ass, holding me up while he uses the other to scratch his head casually.

“Fr-Frank, w-wait, I’m going to f— Ugnnnnn, fall!” I hold onto him tight, but he chuckles, rubbing my ass and thrusting softly, making me whimper.

“Don’t worry, baby. I’d never drop you. You’re as light as a feather.” He stuffs his face into my neck, breathing me in.

“B-But...”

“No, buts. Just hold on and take as much of this dick as you want while your husband fixes you something to eat,” he demands as he pats my ass, casually walking with me into the kitchen as if his dick isn’t shoved so deep in my coochie it’s touching my lungs.

“Frank p-p-ugnnn! Put me d-down!” I cry, but it’s all cap. I’m hunching all on this nigga dick and whimpering as he grinds my insides to dust.

“Shhh, good girl. Take everything and all of me,” he grunts, pulling an apron over us and tying it around us while he moves about the kitchen like a pro, quickly whipping together something before he goes over to the couch and plops down, making me bounce on his dick as I shudder and gush on him.

“Fuuuucckkk!” I open my mouth, shivering, but the cool spoon of creamy yogurt and fruits hits my tongue and I go still and sit up, chewing. “Mmmmm, are those fresh strawberries?” I lick my lips.

“Yup, organic strawberries, blackberries, and mandarin oranges with a few special chocolate shavings that I ordered especially for you! Do you like it, baby?”

“Mhmm, I love it,” I nod, trying to climb off his dick, but he uses his free hand to slam me back down on his dick hard, making some of his cum drip on the floor.

“Sit.”

“But...”

“Stay, Jessica,” he looks at me pointedly and I sigh, rolling my eyes.

“How do you expect me to eat while a dick the size of a Pringles can is lodged into my throat?!” I glare and he chuckles.

“Easy...” He scoops another spoonful and holds it up to my mouth. “Open up for me, little baby,” he smiles prettily and my mouth pops open for him.

“Mmm,” I lick my lips chewing, consciously trying to keep from moaning and squeezing my pussy, but that goes out of the window each time he feeds me a bite of food. Hell, by the time I’m done, I feel out of it from cumming twice, but Frank ass hasn’t even cum once. He was too busy feeding me. “I... I’m done!” I shake, and he sets the bowl down and sits up, swiping his tongue over the side of my mouth before wiping the wetness away with a napkin. “Frrrrannnnkkkk! I’m done! Let me oooooffffff!” I whine and he places a kiss on my shoulders.

“Okay, little Jessica. I’ll stop teasing you,” he smirks, kissing the tip of my nose, and I smack his chest.

“Teasing? You son of a bitch, this is not teasing! A dick this big can never be called teasing! This is pussy abuse!” I glare and he throws his head back, laughing.

“Pussy abuse, huh? Well I’m flattered, baby, but well... then what can I say when this pussy has been eating me alive?” he groans and flicks my clit ring gently, making me shudder.

“Stttooooooppp!” I moan and he nibbles my lip.

“Never, beautiful.” He smacks my ass hard. “Now get to work like a good girl. Daddy will never cum with you moving like that.” He places his hands on my hips, and I’m taken aback.

“D-Daddy?” My eyes go wide and my pussy, that a bitch thought was out of fucking commission, springs back to fucking life, betraying me! What the hell coochie?! I thought we were one!

Coochie: Speak for yourself girl. He said Daddy... I like that nasty shit.

Me: Well I'll be damned... it be your on pussy!

“Oh, did my little baby like that?” Frank smirks nastily and my entire body betrays me for his sexy ass!

“U-uhm... a-a little I think,” I chew my lip. What the hell, Jessica?! Show some damn backbone!

“Then say it for me.”

“Say what?”

“Say, ‘fuck this pussy good, Daddy,’” he taunts and my mouth falls open before closing. Oh, he think he got me in the bag! I'll show him!

“Excuse me, but you got it all wrong and me fucked up.” I raise a brow and he cocks his head to the side, curious.

“Oh?”

“Yes! You should be the one begging and saying that to me !” I purse my lips and he bites his as if to keep from smiling devilishly. Oh, he really playing with me!

“Okay, then.”

“Okay then? What does that mean?” I question

“It means challenge accepted, Jessica.” He leans back, placing his hands behind his head, looking up at me. For a second, I want to smack the hell out of him because the smug look on his face has me fucked up! I’ll show you!

“Fine, I’ll show you! I’ll make you beg!”

“Oh I look forward to it, baby. Show me your worst. I’ll beg all fucking night if you want, Jessica.”

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

“That’s it baby, ride my dick,” I grunt, biting my lip and gritting my teeth, watching my baby’s titties bounce and jiggle as she rides the fuck out of my dick, making good on her promise. “I’m sorry for daring to make such a bold claim saying I can handle you. I’m sorry, Jessica, please stop!” I voice.

“See I... I ...ughnnnn... I t-told you! I ughn w-ugh-would ma-ah-make you beg!” she moans, bouncing harder, glaring at me smugly.

“Ohhhh noooo! I am so sorry!” Fuck yeah! Ride the fuck out of this dick! Jesus fucking Christ her pussy feels so damn good! As soon as she’s done, I’ll suck the nut right out of her and lick her insides clean.

“Hahahaha! Yeah b-ugn-beg so-ah-s-some more!” She rolls her hips.

“Jessica, spare me! I’ll never say such a thing again!” I cry, making her cackle and ride me harder and lean down, sucking on my neck. I throw my head back, hiding the smile on my face, biting my lip to keep from pounding into her tightness with the ferociousness I desire.

“NEVER! G-ugn-gaze upon th-the great Jessica Hurts and m-my ugn pr-prime pussy power! Bask in m-my greatness!” She bites my neck hard, sucking and I feel her pussy quiver and my toes curl from her prime pussy power.

“Yeah, I worship thee! I’m a fucking believer, baby! I wor-ship thee!” I gasp, nuts tingling, eyes rolling to the back of my head, feeling something well up from deep within my belly. I smack my lips, feeling my canines poke it, puncturing it and drawing blood. “I-I’m going to cum, baby! Keep riding that dick like a good girl. I

need it,” I growl, looking up at her but frowning when I see her through a weird lens.

Her skin glistens like gold. Her movements seem to slow down, and her moans sound like bells. My breathing slows and I smack my lips, wanting more.

“YES BABY, I’M GOING TO CUM!”

“Fuck yeah, Jessica. Take as much as you want. Take what you want.” I grab her ass, picking her up and sliding her down, sucking her titty into my mouth, loving the taste of her. I’ve been wanting to suck these pretty brown pierced buds from the moment I saw them that night.

“FRANK!” she groans, pussy tightening on me, and I wince in utter fucking pleasure from how fucking good she feels.

“That’s it, my pretty baby,” I curl my lip, watching my baby in awe. “Give it to all to Daddy,” I grit my teeth so fucking hard I taste blood. Fuck, I want to slam into her pussy so fucking hard and pummel the fuck out of it.

“CUMMING!” she whines, pussy clamping down on me, and I have to resist the urge to bite down on her and fuck her senseless.

“Shit,” I grunt. “Good God, you feel good,” I pant, unable to take it and slam her down hard, nutting so deep into her I feel my heart thundering. I want more! My dick grows hard again, but when I feel a light tap on my chest, I look up to see Jessica frowning, fist balled tight.

“Yeah, I hit you! And I’ll do it again if you don’t pull out right the fuck now!” Oh...

“Ouch!” I fall back, holding my shoulder reluctantly and pulling from her precious pussy. Farewell, pussy! I shall see you again soon!

“Oh my God! I did hit you hard, but I didn’t mean to hit you that hard!” She bends over me, inspecting the spot she punched, and I will tears in my eyes and make my lip wobble.

“I... I’m sorry baby, I didn’t mean make you do s-something you didn’t like.” I place my hand over my mouth, forcing more tears out.

“You didn’t , I... I felt good,” she shyly voices, turning me the fuck on and daring to sit before me with her pussy leaking and braids flying all over the place, titties hanging and dying for me to suck them! Fuck the fake tears, I’m in pain from being driven insane!

“I-I’m glad,” I wipe my tears, pulling her into my arms and kissing her all over, making her giggle. God, I just want to touch her. How can someone be so damn cute? I just want to eat her up.

“Ughhh, stop,” she laughs, lying on top of me. “I stink and need a b— Ahhh!” She holds on tight as I pack her up the stairs to our bathroom, where I press the button for the shower to turn on and set the temperature. “Whoa, what kind of new-fangled shit is this!” Her mouth drops open and I smile.

“It’s nothing special. My brother Echo likes tinkering with things and he built this for me. Actually, he developed this entire building,” I tell her casually, not really wanting to talk about those idiots. I want her to focus on me.

“Damn, that’s what’s up. I guess he’ll be the one who’ll build our house when we get married since you’re always calling me your wife and stuff,” she bursts out laughing.

“One thousand percent,” I tell her seriously, and she goes quiet.

“H-huh? Wait... , I was only kidding. You know I was joking, right?” I walk with her



into the shower, sitting on the wooden bench, taking up the small towel to wet her body. My baby doesn't like luffas since she thinks they are full of germs because they can't be washed. “, I know you hear me talking to you.

“I do, baby. I'm paying attention.”

“Then answer when I ask you something,” she pouts. “I don't like being ignored.”

“I wasn't trying to ignore you, Jessica.” I was... I was hoping she'd not bother with that, but since she asked.

“Okay, then you know I was joking, huh? We're friends an?—”

“The fuck we are,” I sneer and her eyes go wide.

“What?!”

“You heard me,” I voice casually, and she blinks incredulously at me.

“But... like... then what are we?”

“What do you think we are?” I ask.

“I don't know... something like fuck bu?—”

“If you let the rest of those syllables fall from those sexy ass lips there will be problems,” I warn and she snaps her lips closed.

“I was just not trying to reach, . People assume just because they fucking they have something, but that doesn't always be the case.” For fuck's sake, why is the only person I want not to think that shit, thinking that shit?

“True, but Jessica I want you to reach for the fucking stars with me. No... beyond that. This right here from now on is forever.” I place a finger under her chin, forcing her to look up at me when she looks away.

Her cute dark brown eyes stare up at me full of emotion, and I could stab myself in the heart for ever believing this girl was an Arctic Beauty. I swear to God I could stare at her forever and never grow tired. She’s it for me.

“I... I’m n-not opposed to that.” She bites her lip and I place a thumb on them and she opens her mouth, sliding her tongue over it, and I have to swallow down the desire when I see her eyes get wide at my erection. “I... I can’t t-take anymore!” she tries to push away, but I hold her in place and stamp it down, continuing washing her.

“I wasn’t going to do anything. I was just happy,” I admit and kiss the top of her head.

“I’m happy too... you know... that we made things official, like we’re dating huh? Boyfriend and girlfriend?” she fishes adorably for my confirmation and I chuckle internally.

“No, beautiful. You’ve got it wrong. We’re husband and wife,” I correct her and she simpers.

“Uh-uh, we are boyfriend and girlfriend. I want to go through all the motions of a relationship.” Yeah, I should have known. My baby is a romantic at heart. Yeah, I’ll let her believe what she wants, but ain’t shit about this as minuscule as boyfriend and girlfriend. Still, she’s cute for thinking so.

“Okay little baby. If that’s what you want.” I take her hand, kissing it. “Jessica, will you please be my girlfriend?” I ask and she lays her head on my shoulder.

“Yup,” she smiles and wraps her arms around my neck, and I have to calm my heart rate as the cool metal of her nipple rings presses against my chest. “I’m all yours, D-Daddy.”

Fuck my life, this girl is bound to kill me.

### Chapter 18

#### Falling Hard

#### JESSICA

I've gone and done it now. How my ass done jumped in a whole ass relationship and it's only been a week since Matt and I broke up?! I massage my temples, groaning at the audacity. I said I was done with men, and here I am busting it wide open for Frank ass like no tomorrow.

"Jessica!" he calls from the kitchen downstairs, and I cover my legs because I don't know what kind of pussy maniac I done hooked up with, but enough is enough. He's about to get broken up with for slanging too much dick.

"Yeah," I croak out, clutching my throat, trying to clear it. Damn, he really did a number on me.

"Here." He appears in the doorway, holding a tray with a single cup of tea or something that looks and smells delicious. "I made this for your throat." He sets it down, looking back to normal in his wig and dress.

"Thank you. I needed this big time," I groan, sounding like Candice Flynn when she had parsnip allergies.

"I should have listened when you said you had enough. I'm sorry, baby." Tears well up into his eyes and my heart goes out to him.

“Seriously, stop that. I said I was okay,” I tell him as I take his hand and drink my tea.

“Jessica, there is no one in the world more important to me than you, do you know that?” he sweetly smiles at me, making my heart skip a beat.

“Oh yeah? What about your brothers and your parents?” I chuckle and he looks at me, cocking his head.

“What about them?”

“Aren’t they important to you?”

“Hmm... define important.” He looks up, tapping his chin, and I laugh, finding his jokes over the top, though it’s adorable that he’s willing to say this for me.

“Okay I’ll give you scenario... if your mom and I were?—”

“You!” he smiles, making me nearly spill my tea.

“Frank! I didn’t even finish!” I laugh, but he frowns.

“Do you even need to?”

“Yes! Let me finish!”

“Fine,” he says as he grabs my foot from under the cover, massaging it, and I have to hold in a moan because knowing this boy I’ll be on my back in a second, and I just don’t have it in me! I have practice in the morning.

“Okay, if your mother and I needed a ride and you have to pick us both up, who

would get the front seat?" I ask and he curls his lip like I just asked him the stupidest shit ever.

"Really, Jessica?"

"Yes, just answer," I chuckle.

"You would," he sighs.

"But what about your mom?" I ask him, and he scrunches up his face more.

"What about her?"

"You would make your mother sit in the back seat?"

"I wouldn't make her do anything. If she doesn't like it, she has a husband and six other sons to pick her up. Not to mention her own damn car, so why do I need to kick my woman to the back seat?" he sneers.

"Frank, you don't understand the question!"

"My comprehension skills are elite, Jessica," he tells me seriously as he tips the cup, making me drink some more, and I watch him over the cup.

"But we've barely known each other a week," I try to reason with him. "And your mother raised you!"

"Jessica, you give me prime pussy power... that deserves recognition in itself. My mother did indeed give birth to me, so of course she raised me. What the fuck else was she supposed to do?" My mouth drops open and he leans over, hugging me tight. "Did I do a good job answering?" He lays his head down on my breast, rubbing them,

sighing happily. Was he always like this?

“I mean... you certainly answered in a way I wasn’t expecting,” I chuckle at his crazy self.

“Any other answer is inefficient to my chances of doing this, so there was no other conclusion,” he shrugs.

“But that’s your mother!” I rebut.

“Yup, I’m aware, and she’ll still be my mother while sitting in the back,” he utters, sitting up, pinching my nipples and kissing them.

“Yeah, but I might not always be your girlfriend.”

“You are right. You’re my wife,” he sends my way.

“Frank, stop. I’m just saying we might not always be to—” His eyes flash and snap up to me, making me shut my lips so fast I nearly bite my tongue to stop from talking.

“Stop fucking around, Jessica. People get hurt talking like that,” he tells me, smile fading. “It’s you and me forever, little baby. You can bet on that.” He raises a brow and I feel like Hugo the Abominable Snowman when he wanted to keep Daffy Duck as a pet. I just wanna kiss him, love him, and squeeze him, and instead of calling him George, I want to call him mine.

No... I get to call him mine. Being with him makes me feel like not all men are trash.

“How are you so damn adorable?” I ask as I place kisses all over him.

“I’m not the adorable one,” he slinks up in between my legs, grabbing them and

lining his dick up to them. Or at least he attempts to. Sneaky little bastard! I smack him the hell away with my pillow and he rolls across the bed.

“Not ta-day Satan!” I glare while he holds his head, wig crooked, sliding off his head. He must not be using that glue from the other day because that shit didn’t move no matter how much I pulled his hair.

“Jessica!”

“Nah, Jessica, my ass!”

“I would love to!” he lights up, trying to pounce on me, and I smack him once more and point to the door.

“Get out!”

“But baby, I?—”

“Oh? Can you lay beside me without trying to fuck me?” I cross my arms over my chest and he pauses and grits his teeth.

“S-s-sure I c-can,” he trembles and I dip my fingertips in my tea and flick it on him.

“You’re a mess, you know that?!” I chuckle at his antics.

“Only for you, baby.” He comes over, kissing my head before going over to the door. “I’ll be back with food, so sit that pretty ass there.”

“Thanks, Daddy,” I bite my lips and his eyes flash.

“Jessica, you’re treading dangerous waters,” he growls.



“Okay, okay,” I chuckle. “I’ll be good.”

“Damn don’t do that,” he groans and I snort, throwing a pillow at him, but he dodges it and opens the door.

“I’ll be back, beautiful. If you need something, text me.”

“Kay,” I smile and snatch up my phone, waving at him as he leaves. As soon as the door shuts, I get to texting my homegirls... they are going to lose their shit!

Jessi : Soooo... I have tea

Fayfay : Bitch not tea

Bebe : I’m all ’s

Jessi : Y’alllllll I just go the best dick of a bitch lifeeee!!!

Fayfay : Gaggggggeddddd

Bebe : Girl from who!!!!

Bebe : I hope not Matt ass

Jessi : Hell No!

Bebe : Whew

Fayfay : Who the hell got you breaking your celibacy that damn quick?!

I chew my lip, kicking my feet excitedly, but I wince, clutching my stomach and

coochie because it's still so damn sore from being fucked so hard.

Jessi : Welllllll do you guys remember that guy I told you about?

Fayfay : The pretty crossdresser?

Bebe : The Girlboy!

Jessi : haha yup! Him!

Bebe : Bitch I'm shooketh!

Fayfay : Was his dick big?

Fayfay : C'mon don't keep me waiting lay it on me

Jessi : His dick so big he might as well had been fucking my lungs

Bebe : Good Lord

Bebe : The lungs! Yes God!

Fayfay : Praise him!

Fayfay : My coochie hurt just thinking about it! But I'm happy for you!!!

Bebe : Me too Jessi! You deserves all the good dick and I bet he treat you good too!

Jessi : Y'all I have never felt more like a slutty princess in my life!

Jessi : I feel so cared for and desired

Fayfay : I love him already! Anyone who treats you the way you deserve to be treated is top tier in my book

Bebe : Jesssss my God!!!!!! You are HEEEERRRRR!

Jessi : AND IS!

Fayfay : PEEERRRRRIIIIOOOOOODDDDD!!!!

Bebe : Sooo are y'all official?

Jessi : AND IS!

Fayfay : THAT'S WTF I'M TALKING BOUT!! LOCK HIM TF UP AND IN!

Bebe : AND DO!

Jessi : Girl lock no key Period!

Fayfay : Now I need to know more! Call I wanna know the details!

Bebe : Yassss! Call! I need to know!

Jessi : I'll call in bit. I'm still with my man, my man, my man

Fayfay : Yasss mkay call us when you have time

Bebe : Yeah we'll be up. Don't forget

Jessi : I won't! Talk to you soon babes!

I set my phone down, grinning from ear to ear. I think I really found my dream guy!

### Chapter 19

#### Who It Belongs To

#### JESSICA

Kisses... sweet kisses... needy kisses... nasty kisses. They all rain down on me, making me smile and even before I open my eyes, I feel like I'm on top of the world.

"Baby." He kisses down my neck, but I don't open my eyes.

"Huh?"

"How did you sleep?"

"How do you think I slept, Frank?" I peek an eye open and see Frank's sexy ass place my legs on his shoulders. Man... what a beautiful sight.

His white hair is tousled like he'd just been thoroughly fucked... and did! His slim but strong shoulders hold my big thighs next to his face, making me cream at the contrast of our tones and how his tongue ring grazes over my clit.

"Hmm, if it's anything like me, I'd say pussy perfect," he grins devilishly and I groan, but it quickly turns to a moan as he swipes his long thick tongue over my sore pussy making the metal from his tongue rings glide across it. Ugnnn fuck! I grasp the sheets, shivering and arching my back.

“Frank baby, stop. I’m wore out!” I groan, genuinely tired. This man is ravenous! I have always considered myself fine and desirable, but this man makes me feel like I’m the baddest bitch walking the universe.

The way he took my body so hungrily, grunting in my ear and begging me for more had my heart racing. I’ve never had someone desire me like this... but on the other hand, I’ve never liked someone like this either. Frank and I are like perfect puzzle pieces and I’m falling hard as hell.

“You don’t mean that. This pussy way too wet.”

“I’m serious,” I push him off half-heartedly, knowing I should put more effort into it. I really really reeeaaaallllyyyy should, but...

“My gut tells me I should go with what these lips are telling me and not those,” he smirks, shoving his tongue slowly inside of me, swirling it around before sliding it all the way down to my asshole, forcing me to clench.

“Frrrrannnk!” I shiver and he chuckles.

“Jessica, you can lie all you want, but this pussy speaks volumes,” he groans, humming loudly as fuck, dipping his tongue inside of me before coming back up. I pout, embarrassed when I see a trail of cum from my pussy to his chin. “Damn, now this what the fuck I’m talking about!”

He inserts four fingers inside of me, crooking them up and massaging my spot, leaving me brainless. I don’t know if it’s because I haven’t gotten up to pee, but I feel even more sensitive than usual.

“Damn baby, your pussy sounds exactly like it taste, delicious as fuck,” he grunts, eyes locked in on me. “Just listen,” he pauses and sloshes his fingers inside of me,

eliciting a moan.

“Stop, baby. I can’t!” I shake and he chuckles,

“No such fucking thing, little baby.” He removes his hand, sucking his fingers. “Fuck, you fed me such an amazing breakfast this morning. I was unsure if I wanted to feed you dick down this throat,” he pauses and reaches up, placing his hand on my neck. “But this pussy always finds a way to sway me,” he licks his lips, sliding his dick between my pussy lips, grunting. “Shit, I could never get tired of this, baby,” he grunts as he throws his head back, thrusting his hips, causing the friction of his dick to rub against my clit.

“Ugnnn!” I tremble. “Baby, stop! I...h-have class!” I try to push him off of me, but he leans in, taking my lips in a kiss.

“Please, baby,” he groans, sucking my tongue into his mouth. “Just a little,” he moans, sending shivers all over my body and I feel myself weakening.

“Frank, baby we can’t! I have practice today.”

“Okay baby,” he says and I let out a sigh of re?—

“FRANK!” I arch my back as he lines his big ass tip up with my pussy, making my toes curl. “Frank, you p-promised!” I whine.

“I didn’t promise shit, Jess-i-ca. I just let my pretty baby run that sexy mouth of hers.”

“I’m going t-to get mad!”

“Okay, pretty baby, get mad. Take that anger out on me,” he taunts as he kisses up

my shoulder, licking my neck. “Bite me, punch me, scratch me and draw blood. Do whatever the fuck you want, just don’t leave home.” He slides an inch more into me and I shudder out a breath, panting, already feeling it.

“Fuck, I’ve been in the pussy all night and you’re still this tight?” He looks me in the eyes smirking, but I glare as my pussy tightens around him, making him grunt. “Open up for me, little baby,” he grunts, trying to dip further inside of me and my legs tremble uncountably.

“I... I c-ca-can’t open up no more.” I shake trying to push him off, but it feel so good and hurts at the same time.

“Wanna bet?” he smirks and slams into me, bottoming out in a bitch throat, and I cum all over the bed.

“UGGGGNNNNNNN AHHHH, NOOOOOOOO!” I cry, running my nails down his back, drawing blood.

“Fuck yeah! That’s what the fuck I’m talking about! Show daddy how much he’s pissed you off!” He grabs my hips, fucking me so hard my lungs feel like they will give out. “That’s my girl,” he grunts, driving into me.

“Baby, I can’t take it, stooopppp!” I whine, tears falling from my eyes.

“Fuck, you even cry pretty.” He runs his tongue over my tears, eyes flashing. “Cry some more for me, baby,” He pounds into me relentlessly, shaking the bedframe, and this mother fucker welded into the floor!

My heart beats wildly as I try to brace myself for the onslaught that’s coming, but when he sits up, his rippling god-like abs make my pussy tighten around him when he throws me the nastiest smile.



“Look how good you’re taking this dick, mama,” he teases and tugs on my clit ring.

“Ugn!” I let out the only sound that I can and it’s as if my body melts.

“Fuck, you look so good I want to put a baby in you. Take this nut,” he growls and I can’t! I just fucking can’t hold it anymore. My body implodes as he keeps fucking me, his piercings making me even more sensitive as he shoves so deep inside of me, cumming hard, grunting in my ear. “Fuck yeah, good girl. Take this nut so far into you it’ll be leaking out your pussy for a week,” he demands, coming down and scooping me into his arms as my pussy spasms continuously and it’s like it’s drinking him down, following his every command.

“Shit,” I pant after what feels like an eternity and my body calms down.

“Jessica,” he sighs, laying on top of me, dick still lodged inside as if he has no plans of moving.

“What, Frank?”

“Are you mad at me?”

“What do you think?” I roll my eyes, though I’m still high from cumming.

“No?”

“Get. Off!”

“But it’s so warm, snuggly, and tight in here, and now that I’ve cum, my dick is cold. Let me stay home for a little while longer. Please, baby?” he whines and I deflate, looking up at the clock on his nightstand sighing. I pull the sheets back over us and he looks up happily, kissing me before laying back down, sucking my titty into his

mouth while humming.

Not even two minutes later, he's snoring, sucking on my titty like a baby, dick still lodged in my guts.

I should probably tell him to get off, but I don't have my next class for a while, and I don't think Frank has any classes on Monday. Actually, I have never seen him go to class but one day.

Wait a damn minute... what the hell do I know about him? I frown at the thought, looking up at the ceiling, holding in a moan when Frank thrusts inside me. Damn, he can go.

My mind starts to wander again, but downstairs I hear the door open, making my heart skip a beat. What the hell was that? Did someone just come in here? Frank, who's laying on my chest, jumps up, looking at me.

"What's wrong, baby? What's got you so scared?" he growls, looking like an animal ready to strike and kill.

"Wait, how did... never mind. I heard someone come in. They are mo?—"

"Lord Metchie. I have co—" Frank moves so fucking fast I wasn't prepared as he shields my naked body, and he cuts his eyes to whoever had come in and they skirt, slamming the door.

"Shit."

"Uhm... is everything okay?" I reach up, running my hands through his hair, and his dick hardens inside me.

“Yes,” he smiles and kisses the palm of my hand. To my surprise, he sits up, pulling out and eliciting a whimper and a mini orgasm from me.

“Damn!” He throws his head back and his aura completely shifts. “I was going to eat my children out of you, but?—”

“You had better not say —”

“Fine... at least you know my heart,” he smiles and I have to close my eyes to stop from looking at him because I would be the one dragging him back inside of me. But there’s no way I’ll tell him that, or I’ll really miss class.

“Whatever. Get up, perv,” I try to push him back, but Frank is strong as hell even if his slender-bodied, pretty boy self doesn’t show it.

“Why are you trying to push me away, little baby?” he pouts and I throw him a glare.

“Because I need to shower!” I curl my lip, smelling myself, feeling self-conscious, but he snorts and bends down, taking a long.... loooooonnnnggg whiff of my pussy.

“It smells like breakfast, lunch, dinner, and dessert to me. What are you talking about, Jessica?” he frowns seriously, and I have to laugh to keep from crying because this man is insane! But I kinda like it.

“You’re so gross,” I chuckle, finally succeeding in pushing him away, but only because he gives me some leeway. “Anyway, who was that?” I throw his way, snatching up one of his pink scrunchies he’s got lying in a bowl to wrap my braids at the top of my head.

“Our housekeepers. But don’t worry about them,” he throws flippantly over his shoulder as if he doesn’t want to talk about them because he’s too upset I’ve gotten

out of bed.

“Oh okay, but are you sure? Shouldn’t I like, introduce myself to them?” I turn his way and he eyes me all over, groaning.

“Fuck, you look too good,” he nibbles my ear and I giggle, smacking his arm.

“Focus!”

“How the fuck can I when my baby looking this good?” He kisses me all over, crouching down, rubbing on my belly, and a bitch would be remiss not to mention his dick touching the floor like a water hose. Good God! How the hell does that thing fit inside of me?

“Quit it,” I groan laughing, thumping the middle of his head and wince. “Ouch!” I draw back, seeing blood. “What the hell? Hard ass head!” I pout, looking at the dot of blood on my middle finger.

“Fuck, I’m sorry baby!” He snatches my hand up, frowning. “I don’t know how that happened,” he completely panics as if he’s just done the unthinkable. “How could I... and to my baby?” He places my finger into his mouth, sucking before looking up at me, bottom lip poked out, blue eyes sparking like diamonds. Whew.

I sling my leg over his shoulder and his eyes widen in excitement.

“Then make it up to me.”

“Yes, ma’am!” He picks me up, eating my pussy. Shit! This is getting addicting.

Ugnnn fuck!

“F-Frank,” I groan, placing my hands on his shoulder, “B-baby, stop.” I try to push him off me, but of course he resists.

“Why?”

“B-because pe-people are staring at us,” I moan as he slurps my tongue into his mouth.

“Let them look, baby. I need the world to know who you belong to.” He picks me up, shocking me as I feel my entire body heat up as more eyes stop to watch us.

“Baby, please, if my coach finds out about this, he’ll be pis—” He pulls away with a scowl, looking fine as hell crossdressing like a punk emo rocker girl with an adorable clip in his hair. One would think I couldn’t take him seriously, but that look sends chills down my spine, and not in a good way.

“Jessica, you have one more time to mention, cry, or talk about another guy in my presence and I’ll lose my shit,” he warns. “Do you understand, beautiful?” I nod because it seems like the only correct course of action. “Use your words when I’m talking to you, baby.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good girl. Now give me a kiss,” he demands and I lean in, pecking him on the lips, heart thumping when he smiles and kisses my shoulder before letting me down.

I know I just got in trouble and the whole campus is talking, but my stomach clenches and I feel like I’m floating. I want to skip and frolic in sunflowers. I don’t know when it happened, but somewhere along the way, I’ve grown to love hearing him praise me.

“You are too much, you know that?” I beam and he runs his thumb over my lips.

“I’ve already told you several times, for you I’ll never be enough.” The moment he says it, the song Boo’d Up by Ella Mai comes to mind. I’m so fucking gone for him.

“You...” I pause, heart all over the place.

“I what?” He hugs me, uncaring who sees him pulling me so tight there’s nothing that can come between us.

“You just... I’m happy,” I tell him honestly. This time I feel his heart beat hard, knocking against mine, and he hides his face in my neck, breathing me in.

“Fuck, my heart,” he shakes, tightening his grip on me. “You drive me crazy, Jessica.”

“Ditto,” I chuckle.

“I have something do today, so I won’t be on campus today, but,” he pauses and pulls away, looking me in the eyes. “I’ll have a driver come pick you up after practice and take you back to our place.”

“Okay,” I nod.

“Don’t forget. I’ll be waiting on you.”

“I won’t.”

“That’s my girl.” He swats my ass, going to kiss me once more when a white hand comes into my view as it taps his shoulder. He goes still, frowns, and cuts his eyes over to a pretty white girl whose mean mugging the hell out of me.

He doesn’t acknowledge her. He only kisses me, dipping his tongue into my mouth,

kissing me so deep and hard he grunts, gripping my ass. It feels like he's staking his claim on me and showing the world I'm only his and more importantly, he's only mine.

I wrap my arms around him, pulling him close, not liking the fact that whoever this heffa is thinks she's got some right to step in the middle of me and my man.

"Baby..." I pull back, grasping his face and raising a brow.

"Yes."

"Don't let no shit like that happen again," I narrow my eyes at him and he smirks.

"Yes ma'am," he kisses me, and I pull away, not bothering to give the girl another glance as I enter class and settle down in my seat, pulling out my things to take notes, when my phone vibrates in my pocket. I wasn't going to get it, but it vibrates again, prompting me to pull it out.

My Headache : I was wondering if later tonight I could potentially take out another PPP Loan...

My Headache : I would greatly appreciate it.

Locked in : PPP Loan?

My Headache : Prime Pussy Power...

And he follows that with the Oliver Twist meme of him asking for some more. The guffaw I let out has the entire fucking class look at me, making me clamp my hand over my lips.

Locked in : I'm bout sicka you!

My Headache : So that's a no?

Locked in :Bye!

My Headache : Have a good class baby

I place my phone into my bag, still grinning like a Cheshire cat. Ugh... this man!



I slide my phone into my pocket already missing her.

“Fr—”

“Shut the fuck up and follow me,” I growl pissed at his bitch’s audacity.

“Yes sir,” she bows her head, following behind me and as the other bitches I’ve fucked watch in tandem, head bowed and looking away. Fuck! I should have known one of them would step out of line, but to think they would be so fucking bold about it.

I enter my brother Pierce’s office and the moment he sees me and the whore behind me, he sighs, stands, and leaves, not bothering to say a word as he locks the door behind him.

Without hesitation, I turn to the cunt before me, unbutton, and unzip my jeans, pulling out my flaccid dick crusted with my baby’s dried cum. I didn’t wash it this morning because I was going to put water on it to re-cream it and use it to beat my dick while Jessica is in class and practice. But this works too.

“Come here,” I beckon her, and her eyes light up. However, when she gets close enough, I grab the bitch by her ponytail and yank her to her knees with a scream. “Smell it,” I growl as her face goes red with desire and she places her nose near my dick, sniffing. “Do you smell the pussy that’s marinating on this dick?” I ask her and she nods as I slap the fuck out of her, making her whimper and shake. “Don’t make me repeat myself,” I warn.

“Y-yes sir.”

“Now proceed to reciting whomst this dick fully belongs to.” I raise a brow, tightening my grip and she whines.

“J-Jessica Hurts,” she sniffles, tears spilling from her eyes.

“Again, but this time in full sentences, bitch. You’re an English Major, be clever,” I snort remembering her. Even if I wanted to forget all the faces I fucked, I couldn’t because my memory is top fucking tier. I don’t forget shit.

“Th-the dick before me, now w-w-wetted with Jessica Hu?—”

“Don’t you mean the beautiful Jessica Hurts?” I snap her head back and she cries.

“Y-yes! Th-the dick before me now w-w-wetted with the prepossessing Jessica Hurts’ cum now and w-will forever belong t-to her,” she finishes and I nod.

“Prepossessing... yeah, I like that.” I fling her across the room, and she scampers off as I place my dick back into my jeans, frowning when a bit of the cum falls off. I ought to go kill that bitch.

When my brother walks back in, he looks over the room with wide eyes.

“Whoa... it’s still clean and doesn’t smell like sex.” He nods impressed, and I snort.

“That’s because I didn’t fuck her.”

“You expect me to believe that?” He cocks his head, going to sit behind his desk.

“You can believe whatever you want. It doesn’t change the fact that I didn’t fuck

her,” I tell him and lean against the desk.

“That’s new, but Saint, Genesis, and Gannon did tell us that you’ve got a woman you’re serious about,” he smirks, sitting back.

“Yep, she’s turned me into a new man,” I tell him seriously.

“Uh huh, so when will the rest of us get to meet this purple cow? I’m rather intrigued.”

“I don’t know, but soon,” I shrug.

“Good. I look forward to it.”

“Whatever,” I ignore him and make my way to the exit.

“You’re sure being overprotective of her,” he frowns.

“Yeah, my baby is my everything,” I state the obvious as I pull out my phone, scheduling her a ride to our place after practice just as I see Dustin sent me the link to the place we’re supposed to meet up to discuss me possibly working at their new club. “Anyway, if you make contact with her before I give the okay, I’ll kill you,” I growl and he holds his hands up.

“Testy, testy, little bro. I won’t. Scout’s honor,” he smiles, though I don’t believe a damn thing he’s saying.

“Whatever. You’ve been warned,” I glare, leaving the office and heading to this meeting, body feeling suddenly sluggish. Shit... I miss Jessica.

Parking, I step out of the car and take off my shades, raising a brow. What the fuck

kind of location is this?

I survey the secluded area full of trees, debris, and secluded as fuck... this is supposed to be a luxury playhouse? .

It looks like a hideout, but I wouldn't say this is a place meant for business... especially not customers who are loaded with money, even if it might look nice in the inside.

Snorting unimpressed, I walk over to the entrance where instead of there being two big bouncers like at the club, there's a tiny white girl who looks no older than eighteen wearing overalls, pigtails, and tall platform shoes lounging about bored as she chews gum, scrolling on her phone with a small whimsically written sign with a smiley face at the end and in front of her along with a line drawn in the ground.

Walk past this line you'll lose a leg

"Hey," I call out, trying to get her attention, but she continues chewing her gum, blowing a bubble.

"Yeah?"

"I have a meeting today. You letting me in or what?" I ask bored, not really trying to push it because I personally don't care if she lets me in or not. If I get turned around, I can just say I couldn't get in. I don't give a fuck about being here anyway.

"Name?" she mutters uncaring, not even pulling out a list, and I smirk at this brazen bitch.

," I tell her and the bubble pops as she curls her lip in disgust.

“Who the hell has a name like in today’s world?” she sneers, finally looking up at me and her eyes go wide as fuck, nearly bulging out of her skull as she falls back on the crate she’s sitting on, phone shattering as she scrambles, bowing before me.

“M-My Lord... I... it’s an honor to b-bask in your glorious presence!” she trembles and I frown. Who the fuck is the bitch again?

I know I haven’t fucked her. I’d remember that fucked up attitude, but I can’t recall... yet as she bows and cowers before me, I can’t help but feel as if we’ve met somewhere.

“What’s all the commotion ab—” A man taller than me by a few inches comes out. He has sleek black hair, a stoney face with one brown eye and the other white with a scar over it.

He looks like he wants to say something, but someone steps up next to me and I turn to see the blind asshole I was hoping to avoid. I look back to see he drove, but he’s got bandages over his eyes. How the fuck?

“Hey asshole! How the fuck did you drive when you can’t see?” I ask, curiosity getting the best of me, but he smirks, placing his hands in his pockets, not answering.

This asshole unnerves me. From the moment I met him, I didn’t like him. It’s the same with this bitch before me and the mother fucker at the door who’s looking from me to the girl cowering on the ground who just peeked up and let out another squeal after seeing the blind bastard.

“Interesting...” I don’t like him... “Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Venom, owner of ILLICIT. I know the contract stated you both would have a probationary period when the club opens, but my instincts tell me that won’t be necessary. Thus, if it’s not too much to ask, I’d like to hire you both on the spot with

a lucrative advance, of course,” he states and I raise a brow.

“I don?—”

“I’ll do it,” the blind bastard states, mouth set in a fine line, and the mouth of the snake bastard at the door ticks up in a smile. “Good, good. And you?” He turns to me and I raise brow.

“I need to see if it’s something my wife will divorce me over...” I shrug and he the blind bastard turns his head, cocking it, and I can feel him looking at me. How the fuck...?

“You’re married?” he frowns and I smile, rocking on my heels.

“Yup. To the most beautiful woman in the stratosphere,” I brag and he huffs.

“To think a pervert would get married before me... the world really must be coming to an end,” he mutters and I narrow my eyes, ready to throat punch him when Venom throws his head back in laughter.

“Damn, who would have thought something this interesting would happen in history? This will be the most talked about time yet,” he steps aside, opening the door wide, and my brows knit together, intuitively knowing something’s not right here, though it’s not harmful.

My throat starts to itch and my head gets a slow throb...

The door to the shed, which is the size of a small church is wide the fuck open. However, even though it’s bright as fuck and I should be able to see inside... I see nothing. Not a board, not a speck of dust, not an ant.

The blind bastard goes still next to me as well with a sour look on his face, as if he can also sense something isn't right.

“So?” Venom cocks his head to the side, goading the both of us. I sigh, tired of standing out here anyway, so I step forward at the same time as the blind bastard and we enter together.

### Chapter 20

#### Benched

#### JESSICA

“Benched! I’ve been fucking benched! Are you kidding me?!” I plop down and Tek pats my shoulder, trying to comfort me.

“You’re not benched. Coach just wants you to take it easy. You were a bit off on the field today,” he tells me, but his words make me feel worse.

“Uggghhh, this is so fucked up!” I throw the helmet, fuming, but he’s right. It’s no one fault but my own! I’ve let my personal life affect my sport, and this is the price I have to fucking pay. Damn that good ass dick!

“Relax. It’s going to be okay.” I look up to see Tek holding out a water bottle and I take it, downing the contents, feeling heartbroken.

“It’s not, Tek. I need to play in that game,” I explain as I grasp my braids, legs shaking, losing my mind. I can’t afford to get on the coach’s shit list. This Friday we have the biggest game of the year against one of the top D1 colleges in the game.

“And you will. You just need to take it easy and get your head back in the game,” Tek frowns and I sigh.

“My head was and is in the game!” I defend.



“Yeah, but you seem out of it. I noticed you’re running a bit slower... are you okay? Did you injure your leg?” He peeks down and my heart shoots right into my throat as I look away, embarrassed because it’s not my leg that’s the problem. It’s my pussy! The shit feels like it’s going to fall the fuck off.

“N-no... I’m just a bit tired. I haven’t been sleeping at night,” I tell him truthfully cause I haven’t. Frank is like the Energizer Bunny. He just keeps going and fucking going and fucking good lord, he goes!

Going eight rounds all hours of the fucking night is all fun and games until you’re running a thirty yard play and your pussy starts leaking cum down your leg while your back and legs ache from being flipped, pulled, dragged across the bed, and impaled by an eleven inch dick with the girth of a damn Dasani water bottle!

I can’t take this anymore!

“Well, maybe you need to try... uhm... sleeping alone,” he clears his throat and my eyes go wide at his implication. I have no words. Everyone knows Frank and I are a thing now. He practically sucked my face off in front of the entire damn school.

“I... yeah, maybe,” I mutter and he pats my shoulder pads again.

“Take it easy, Jess. You got this,” he smiles handsomely and runs off when Dontre calls out to him.

Damn... is it that obvious?

After showering, I leave the locker room, searching for my car keys while walking to the parking lot where I usually park. However, instead of finding my car, I see an older gentleman waiting there with a sign reading “Mrs. Metchie.”

I throw my head back, laughing at this man's shenanigans. Really? Mrs. Metchie? I smile even though I feel like crap... he always knows how to make me smile.

"Hurts!" I go to walk over to him, but I turn when I hear Coach's voice behind me.

"Yes, Coach?" I quickly walk over to him to see he's holding something.

"You know Hurts, I had planned for you to start on Friday," he tells me and my heart skips a beat. "I like your tenacity and your drive. You let nothing distract you, but today, just like last game, you were sloppy. But it's nothing a little recalibration won't fix. I want you to know if you're still playing like this by Thursday's walkthrough, you won't be starting."

"I understand, Coach. You don't have to worry about anything. I will be starting in Friday's game," I tell him and he smirks.

"Good. I see they don't call you Arctic Beauty for nothing. Let's show them you're not just a pretty face, but you can play some damn good football."

"Yes sir," I nod and he walks off, leaving me standing there.

Okay... I need to put my foot down.

I turn to the older man and walk up to him.

"Can you take me to my apartment instead?" I ask and his eyes go wide with fear. "I'll take the blame, so don't worry," I smile, reassuring him. He looks unsure, but he nods after a bit of coaxing.

My house isn't too far. When he drops me off and I trudge up the stairs, I feel weird. It feels like it's been ages since I've been here.

Once inside, I throw my keys on the island and look around frowning. How is it so different? I haven't been here since Thursday when I left for our last game. This place used to be my sanctuary... my home that used to feel so comfortable is cold and lonely. I already miss him...

I know he's going to be pissed and worried when I don't show up at his place, but— My phone vibrates, cutting my train of thought. I glance down and my heart skips a beat when I see Frank's name and picture on the screen. Damn, how did he know so quick?

"Fuck," I groan before picking up. "H-hello?"

"Baby, where are you? Why aren't you home?" he asks and I chew my lip nervously.

"W-well, I'm home," I tell him, expecting him to say something, but he laughs.

"Jessica, I've been waiting at the door for you all day. I'm pretty sure you didn't come home."

"N-no. I... I mean my home as in my apartment," I tell him and the phone goes silent.

"Oh okay... then I'll be right over. Did you need clothes? Shoes? Gear? I can buy th?—"

"No, Frank. I'm here because this is my home and I live here," I remind him.

"Jessica..."

"Yeah?"

"Don't fuck with me," he growls and my pussy, that had the pleasure of feeling him

in places I didn't know existed in the human body, even after acing all my lectures on the human body, clenches so tight I double over. All the hair on my body stands on end while my pussy juice shamefully seeps and soaks my tights.

"Baby, I'm not playing. I... I think it's b?—"

"Jessica."

"Yes, Daddy?" I instinctually call him.

"I'm going to either come and drag your sexy ass back here kicking and screaming, no matter who fucking sees, and then I'll spank that ass, or you'll willingly come and I'll spank that ass. Pick one," he breathes out and I feel lightheaded as my throat cinches closed, but I open my mouth because if I don't say something, I know he'll make good on his words.

"But I?—"

"Pick. One. Or. I. Will. Pick," he grits out.

"I... I'll come willingly," I mutter, holding in a groan.

"Good choice," he purrs and I hang up and grab my things, hurrying out the door, knowing that if I don't come in time, Frank will make it his mission to hunt me down.

I make it to his place in thirteen minutes flat. By the time I'm running down the hall, the door is opening and all too soon, I'm snatched up, my tights are snatched the fuck down, and I'm bent over his knee.

"Fran—" I can't even finish the sentence before I feel a hard smack across my ass, making me wince. "WHA?—"

“Count,” he growls.

“But I—” He smacks my ass harder, and the sting causes my toes to curl and tears to sting my eyes.

“Start over from one. Don’t fucking make me repeat myself!” he demands and I swallow.

“O-one, sir.”

“That’s it, baby.” He smacks my ass again, but this time, he doesn’t just let it go. He grips my ass and jiggles it.

“T-two, sir,” I cry out and he smacks it again and again and again to the point I’m panting and my pussy juices soak his knees. By the time he’s done, I’m staggering as he slides my tights up and sets me down on his lap, straddling him as he hugs me tight.

“Fuck... don’t do that again. I nearly had a heart attack.” He places his head in my neck, breathing me in.

“I’m sorry,” I tell him as I hug him back, happy to be home.

“Baby, why’d you leave me?” he pouts adorably, blinking at me cutely.

“Today wasn’t the best day,” I admit and sag against his chiseled chest, thinking about my blunder at practice.

“What happened?” he pouts, placing kisses all over my body.

“Coached benched me,” I tell him and he goes still, cutting his eyes to me.

“Do you want me to kill him?” He leans back, blinking seriously, taking me aback.

“I... wh?—”

“For you I’d do it. Even if I hate the scent of blood,” he smiles and I can practically see the rabbit ears peeking invisibly from his head.

“That’s not nice. Don’t hit people, okay?” I warn him and he grins, hugging me even tighter, head on my chest.

“Okay. But what do I do to help then? He made you sad!” he huffs and I chuckle.

“Well, there’s only one thing you can do.” I run my hands through his hair, kissing the top of his head.

“Tell me. I’ll do anything.”

“We have to stop having sex,” I tell him and he goes still before he cuts his eyes at me, smile completely wiped from his face.

“Run that by me one more time.”

“Frank, you heard me, baby,” I sigh at his dramatics.

“You’re right. I did hear you, but I was hoping that I was having a daytime nightmare or something.”

“Can you cut it out? I’m serious, we can’t have sex!”

“And why the fuck not?” He sets me aside and stands, pacing.

“Because I was benched! I can’t keep letting you stick that massive bottle-size dick in me and think I’m going to be able to run efficiently! I need time to recover Frank. So no sex at least for now.”

“Hold on... I need a minute. There’s no way I can process this without some alcohol,” he excuses himself and I watch him as he goes over to the fridge. He opens it up and swipes a juice box and a bottle of liquor. He downs a few swigs before banging it on the island and sucking down the apple juice. “Okay... okay I think I think I understand now... basically you’re saying no penetration, right?”

“Yes.”

“Th-then what about eating you out?”

“No,” I answer and his face shows utter shock and horror.

“O-okay... th-then... w-what about fingering you?”

“No,” I shake my head. “I need all of my energy for the game.”

“Good lord, Jessica! You’re trying to kill me!”

“Frank, you’re being dramatic!”

“To hell with being dramatic! I’m being honest!” he shouts.

“It’s only for a little while,” I tell him and throw my hands up. “See, this is why I went to my apartment. I knew this would happen.”

“Jessica, it’s you who doesn’t understand me! C... can I at least smell it? Kiss it... glide my tongue over it a little? Please baby?! I can’t go without at least that much.

Please,” he pleads and claps both of his hands together, getting on his knees before pouting with his lip poked out and tears in his eyes.

“No! I need to focus on the game!”

“Jessica, your man is standing here on life support and you’re talking about a game in which you play excellent already! No, it’s that coach’s fault for bullying you! Ha! Does that damned coach think he can take one of the best joys of my life away from me?! Eating your pussy is like an art I want to master. A cuisine I’ll never tire of! A?—”

“I GET IT! STOP TALKING!” I grab the pillow and throw it over my head. “But that changes nothing. I need a break, Frank. It’s too much,” I tell him and soon feel kisses along my thigh, letting out a moan when I feel him suckle on the inner part right below my pussy.

“Jes-si-ca...”

“Yes?”

“I’ll be a good boy, okay? But I can’t not have you. I’ll die,” he sighs as he lays his head between my legs, inhaling and sucking the crotch of my tights that are soaked through. “Baby, I just can’t. Throw this rabbit a carrot and at least feed me daily,” he pleads in a whisper, making me whimper. “All you have to do is put it in my face and I’ll do the rest. I swear I’ll be a good boy, baby,” he begs and I glance from underneath the pillow to see his face and nose buried in my pussy as he’s beating his dick hard as fuck just sitting there smelling me. “God Jessica baby, say something,” he chokes out and I poke my hand from the pillow and grasp his hair tight, pulling him to me.

“Shhhiiiiittt.” I arch my back and whine, but I don’t get to say much because Frank



strong ass pulls me off the sofa and flips onto his back, head on the couch, rubbing his nose all in my pussy.

“Just like that, baby?” he chokes out, beating his dick harder.

“Frank!” I gasp but he rocks my hips. I pant, creaming all over his face and dripping in his hair. “Baby yes!” I whine, riding his face as he grasps my ass, kissing my pussy lips, keeping his promise to not lick.

“Just like that, Jessica. Put that pussy all up in my fucking face. Drown a mother fucker in it.” He vibrates, jerking harder, hyperventilating, but I can’t take it. I gush all over his face and body, making his black tattoos look milky as he jerks, grunting. I peek to see cum spilling from his dick in hot, sticky spurts.

Worried, I move from over him to see his face literally drenched in my cum, his white hair slicked to the side of his face and his long eyebrows and lashes clumped together. He stares up at the ceiling in a daze before he staggers to his feet, looking at me with tears in his eyes like a lost puppy.

“Frank, baby ar?—”

“Thank you for the meal, Jessica. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to take care of a few things.” He saunters off limping, dick hard and swinging, flapping against his thigh. When I hear the door to the gym close, I follow him and place my ear to the door, worried.

I hear sniffing... is he crying? He’s beating his dick harder than he did the day I caught him looking at my picture and sniffing my panties. I feel bad for him.

“Baby,” I knock on the door. “A.. are you okay?”

“I... I... ughn, am.. f-fine. D-d-un... don’t w-worry a-about m-m-ghnnn me,” he grits and I hear him fapping harder.

“Do you need hea?—”

“JESSICA, FOR GOD FUCKING SAKES! IF YOU DON’T GET YOU MOTHER FUCKING SEXY ASS AWAY FROM THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW, I’LL DRAG YOU IN HERE AND FUCK YOU SO HARD YOU’LL BE BEDRIDDEN FOR A WEEK!”

“Yes sir!” I run away upstairs to our bedroom where I shower and wait hours for him, but he never comes.

When my phone vibrates, I groan, knowing this will be a rough week.

My Headache : Sleep without me...

My Headache : If I see you right now I’ll break my promise.

Tired, I read the message again and spread my legs, cup my breast and snap a picture, sending it to him.

“FOR FUCK’S SAKE, JESSICA!” he growls from behind the doors of the downstairs bed and I chuckle then roll over in bed, yawning, happy to be getting my first full night of sleep in days!

### Chapter 21

#### Late Night Ice Cream Date

#### JESSICA

I toss and turn in bed all night, trying to get comfortable, but I can't. I know it sound silly, but I've gotten used to sleeping next to Frank and he's adamant about sleeping downstairs since I banned him from sex.

Don't get me wrong, I appreciate the sentiment, but I want my man! Frustrated, I kick my legs and throw the cover off me, grab a pillow, and make my happy ass way downstairs where I see Frank lying on the couch, eating popcorn and watching TV.

When he notices me, he frowns and sits up.

"Baby... is something wrong?" I don't say shit. I just throw my pillow next to his, lift the covers, and climb in next to him, wrapping my arms around him. I snuggle close and breathe him in deeply, finally feeling all is right in the world.

I expect him to ask me what I'm doing or even to kick me out since I know Frank is down bad crazy about me, but to my surprise, he pulls me into his arms and holds me tight.

"I missed you too, little baby." He kisses the top of my head and my heart might as well be named Simone Biles the way this nigga be having her doing back flips and shit.

“Who said I missed you?” I tease, still breathing him in and his deep voice rumbles out a chuckle in response.

“Sorry for assuming, little baby. I’ll just say I hope you missed me as much as I missed you. ” He runs his hands over my scalp, massaging it. My braids are a week and some change old, but they still hurt.

I got them done when I was trying surprise Matt ass. I wanted to look fresh for him, but my braiding lady was out, and I made the mistake of going to one of them Instagram braiders. Baby, when I say a bitch edges and scalp was fighting for they life!

I had to take them out and get them redone by my usual braiding lady the Monday Frank and I met. But the killing part was my scalp was already sore from getting it done by the IG braider days prior, so my scalp has been ridiculously tender. His gentle caresses are very much so welcome.

“I missed you...more,” I admit and hug him tight.

“Impossible, little baby.” He pulls me closer and forces me to look up at him. I can just feel myself falling more for him day after day.

“Are you really planning on sleeping down here by yourself?” I ask and he peppers my face with kisses.

“Yeah. I run the risk of fucking you up if I don’t. You have game on Friday, right? I don’t want to make it so you’re running like a newborn calf on the field because of me.” Ugh... he’s not lying, but the worst part is I want to be like that girl in White Chicks who was rolling around in a wheelchair, but...

“I know, but please baby. I don’t want to sleep alone,” I tell him and he sighs, kissing

my head.

“Okay little baby. What you want you get.”

“If that’s the case... then can I have ice cream?” I beam and he clutches his chest and pretends to die. “What the hell is wrong with you?” I laugh and he pouts.

“It’s all your fault, little baby. You do me bad when you smile like that,” he groans, kissing me.

“Th-then, I’ll stop.”

“Hell no. I can’t get enough, so don’t you dare.” He scoops me up like I’m nothing.

“Then give me my ice cream and I’ll give you all the smiles you want.” I wrap my arms around his neck and he nuzzles my nose.

“I’ll do you one better,” he smirks.

“And what’s that? You want to eat ice cream off my pussy?” I raise a brow and again, I think he’s going to jump right on the opportunity to eat me out, but instead, he shakes his head.

“I’m going to take you out for ice cream,” he beams proudly and I frown, raising my brow.

“Out? But why when there are four tubs of my favorite ice cream in the fridge over there? Why do we have to go out? Plus,” I pause to look at the clock on the wall. “It’s like ten o’clock at night.”

“So?” he questions as he packs me upstairs.

“So... why do we have to go out?”

“Because I want to be seen out with my baby,” he cuts his eyes at me, shutting me off, making me blush. Well hell, I’m not going to complain about my man wanting to show me off.

“F-fine,” I look away, hiding the big ass grin on my face as he packs me to our his and her’s closet, but it’s a crying shame that he’s got prettier clothes than I do, considering that all my clothes are jerseys, big tees, loose jeans, and sweats.

But I’m genuinely surprised when I see a new section on my side, stacked full of dressy clothes. He snatches off my baggy t-shirt and places a nice plush wool turtleneck sweater on me before taking off my sweats.

He places me on the blush pink ottoman, forcing me to lift each of my feet while he places some nice jeans that fit good as hell as well as some cozy socks and cute black boots that have a nice little kitten heel on them.

“Turn around, little baby,” he tells me, and I do as he tells me. He does my hair up in a cute little low ponytail that doesn’t cause added tension to my tender scalp.

“Are you going to put me on any makeup?” I ask, looking at all the supplies he’s got, and he shakes his head.

“I ordered your shades, but they aren’t here yet, so it’ll just be casual, besides,” he pauses and snatches off his pajama bottoms. I bite my lip and look away because I’m way too tempted to do what I said we couldn’t. I watch him type something out on his phone before he throws on a plain black tee, a gold necklace, some black ripped jeans, and black Tim’s before he ruffles his hair. “I’m not wearing any either.”

What?!

I don't know why I'm so damn shocked. I've never seen Frank leave the house in anything other than in his cross-dressed self, so it's almost surreal to see him take my hand and leave as his male self.

Not going to lie... as weird as it is, it feels so nice to be walking next to him like this. The way he has my hand in a firm grip so as not to let me slip away, and the way I feel so small, dainty, and cute by his side... it's something I rarely get to experience as a tall girl.

When we get to his car, he, as per usual, helps me into my seat latches seatbelt, and I can't help but be curious. However, as he drives out of the building, I get lost in the night lights of the city. It's a part of the city I've never seen since I'm always holed up at home, but honestly... this is so beautiful.

Seeing the all the glittering lights makes me smile and think about Christmas. Even though Halloween just passed, I noticed most mother fuckers don't give a damn about Thanksgiving and go straight to Christmas.

When I snap out of it, we pull up to a well-lit and colorful place that has a big ass ice cream cone on the top with a sign that read GG's Delicious Deserts.

"Whoa... I've heard about this place on TikTok and Instagram!"

"Oh yeah?" He raises a brow with a smirk, getting out, coming around, and helping me out of the car before immediately taking my hand.

"Yeah! It's got like three thousand five star rave reviews and," I pause, groaning. "The line is always out the door..." I pout. "I guess we won't be able to go then."

"Hush, little baby," he tells me as he takes my hand, walking to the door right past the long ass line on both sides, getting us a shit ton of looks from everyone. Ohhhhh,

shit! He's going to get us kicked out before we get in!

"Uhm baby, maybe sh?—"

"Did she just call him baby?" I hear a girl whisper near me, throwing me a stank look.

"Yeah..." the other girl whispers, but I don't pay any attention to them and hold my man tighter because who the fuck are they? Just old somebodies that turned to jealous ass nobodies because of me. And they gon' stay exactly where the fuck they are with my man not throwing not a nan glance.

"Lord Metchie, I wasn't expecting you," a tall and beautiful Asian man who looks like Jimin from BTS smiles at us before speaking covertly into a pin on his beautifully tailored suit. How is he surrounded by so many hot guys? And Lord Metchie? Damn, what kind of money do you have to have to be called that?

"I wasn't expecting to come out, but my wife said she wanted ice cream and you know what they say, right?" He never gets tired of calling me that, huh? Hahaha, call me that some more! I try to keep the smile on my face from turning into a cartoon Grinch one, but it's hard as hell when my man is boasting about me this much.

Most guys I'd date were always low key about us and always hard pressed about solidifying our relationships. That's why they never lasted and I never gave them ass. Matt was the only person who was different and quickly let me know what he wanted from me, but we never went out, partially because I'm such a homebody, but he also never seem pressed to get me out the house.

Now that I think about it, he was probably cheating the whole time and just wanted an easy fuck. To think I almost gave in to him is a crying fucking shame. But you know what they say, don't let your boyfriend keep you from your husband, sis.



“Happy wife, happy life,” the man smiles and Frank curls his lip with a frown.

“Who give a fuck about being happy? Happy wife happy sex life,” he corrects and the man, who bursts out laughing.

“You are indeed correct. Though I must say, it’s simply astonishing to see our youngest lord so enamored. You have never brought a young lady out before,” the guy states, shocking me. What? He’s never brought a girl out?

“Well that’s because I’ve never had a girlfriend before,” he beams behind me and my heart plays patty cake with my lungs. Ahhhh! I’m his first girlfriend? Seriously, when he said that, I thought he was lying, but to boldly proclaim that while holding me so securely makes me feel like twirling my hand around my braid while giggling.

“I see. Well, it is an honor to meet you, my dear,” the man bows politely.

“Y-you too,” I wave shyly, but Frank covers my eyes,

“She not your anything. I’m selfish when it comes to Jessica.” He pulls my face to look at him, kissing my lips, and I hear an audible gasp.

“He kissed her... has he ever kissed you?!”

“No! Never!”

The voices in the background grow loud, but Frank ass acts like he don’t hear a mother fucking thing and that’s my type of nigga. Spare these hoes not one look. Invisible ass bitches.

“My apologize, Lord Metchie. I overstepped. Regardless, it’s nice to see you’ve settled down. Please, I will not keep you waiting, so please enter. I have already

informed the owner of your arrival,” he says as he steps aside, letting us in.

“Baby, this is an ice cream parlor, right?” I frown and he nods.

“Yup.”

“So why is there a bouncer at the door?” I grimace.

“That’s because if there’s no one guarding the door, people will fight and bombard the counter,” he lets me know over his shoulder and I don’t know if I should be impressed or scared.

“Damn, is that guy going to be able to handle it if them people riot because we skipped the line?” I ask, genuinely worried.

“He’ll be able to do his job, so stop worrying about another man and focus on me.” He pulls me close as we go to a table on a deck that says “reserved.”

He never fails to amaze me with how much he goes out of his way to make me feel special. The deck is heated, yet not overly warm where the ice cream could melt quickly. The lone table in the middle of the floor overlooks a stunning pond with large shimmery koi fish and is decorated with a note that reads:

We at GG’s Welcome Jessica Hurts Number One Footballer

“It’s perfect... but how?” I turn to him and he smiles, cupping my chin, bringing my lips to his in a sweet kiss that I didn’t think Frank’s horny ass was capable of.

“I’m capable of anything when it comes to you, baby.”

He places his hand on my lower back and leads me to the table where he pulls out the

chair for me and I can't believe just how well-mannered he's being. I'm in awe of him right now... he never ceases to amaze.

"Hello," I hear and turn to see one of the guys who came to the mall to pick us up the day Frank fell sick.

"Oh! Aren't you Gannon?! You're Franks brother, huh!?" I smile.

"You'd be correct, little sis. It's nice to meet you again," he winks and I flush, happy that he remembered me and called me his little sis. That means Frank's been talking about me, huh?

"That will be enough. Leave," Frank growls, and I feel like clapping happily. Yassss God! We love a jealous king.

"I was going to, I was going to," he repeats as he waves Frank away. "I only wanted to bring you something on the house," he snaps his fingers and a woman comes forward in a nice uniform, holding a tray with a massive bowl of ice cream. When she sets it down between us, I damn near salivate.

"Thank you. Now goodbye," Frank grits out.

"Fine, fine, I'm going, I'm going. But on another note little sis, I made this custom based on my brother's painfully detailed instructions regarding what your liking is. I hope you enjoy," Gannon waves as he leaves, and I turn to Frank with sparkling eyes.

"OH EM GEEE! Baby! All of this for me?!" I beam happily and he sighs and looks away, tapping his chest.

"Du er ikke god for mit hjerte, lille baby. (You are not good for my heart, little baby.)"

“What did you say?” I tilt my head, wanting to ask him to speak like that again, but maybe not now. Next week I have an off week so I want him to go crazy then! I’ll invite him to my game and I’ll watch him cheer for me in the stands then sneak him into my room, and after that... whew... we will have a time. I just need to find the time to ask him

“I said you are not good for my heart, little baby.”

“Same, baby. You are the best.”

“I’m whatever you need and want me to be.”

“Stop teasing,” I roll my eyes, happily chuckling. “But on another note, I can’t believe your freaking brother owns this place!” I gasp excitedly, feeling like a kid in a candy store... well, I am in a candy store, but no guy has taken me to get ice cream before on a date. Usually they take me to like, a gaming arcade or we go play basketball. One dude even took me fucking hiking. I like athletic activities, but not on a fucking first date!

I know I’m a tomboy, but damn, can a bitch get out of her element for once? But no, they didn’t even want to try to figure out what I really wanted to do. They just assumed that I was a nice cheap date. To be fair, I was. I didn’t mind the lack of money, but the lack of care? Nah.

But an ice cream parlor... I know it’s stupid as fuck, but I’m melting right now. He not only went above and beyond, but he didn’t assume that I wouldn’t like something this girly. Frank is the only guy that has treated me like the not only a real girlfriend but a princess . No... like HIS PRINCESS.

Damn, he’s the one not good for my heart.

“It didn’t matter who owned this place. I was going to get us in and give you what you want.”

“Thank you, baby,” I chew my lip, completely overcome with want, desire, and need for him.

“No thanks needed, little baby. I’m just glad you liked it.”

“I do baby... I like it... no, I love it so much,” I admit and feel my heart thump. Love...

“You deserve this and more Jessica,” he smirks, taking up a spoon and scooping some ice cream, holding it up to my mouth and I lick it up, humming.

“Mmm!!!! The banana pudding ice cream is perfect! It’s the best I’ve ever had in my life! Damn, no wonder people are beating the door down I can only imagine this shit being better than crack!” Crack? Is that you?!

Frank scoops some more, holding it out to me, and I gobble it like Homer Simpson eating his damn donuts. But when I sink my teeth into the crumbled Bischoff cookies mixed in, a bitch about cums from the taste. Now I see what them mother fuckers on Food Wars were on about !

“Oh ughnnn my God b-ba-ugnn baby...” I pant, eyes rolling to the back of my head. “I think your b-brother is a damn genius!” I moan, shivering, getting wet and he chuckles.

Imagine a scoop of ice cream that tastes like getting your pussy ate in a yacht paid for by him. The banana pudding and vanilla are a symphony of textures and tastes! It’s creamy, yet subtly sweet and perfectly smooth. Swirled throughout are ribbons of sweet, ripe banana puree, and crunchy cookies that make ya pussy throb, adding a

burst of fruity sweetness with each bite.

And to top it off like you top him off, there is a generous drizzle of sweet, creamy vanilla sauce, mimicking the luscious custard layer in a traditional banana pudding.

“Oh yeah?”

“Mhmmm! Ughhhh my God! This is Heaven!” I moan, nodding as he scoops another mouthful and I lick it up hungrily.

“Everyone who eats that idiot’s food falls head over heels like this... I guess you’re not immune. Should I make him our personal chef?”

“Would he really do that?! He seems so busy?!” I take up a macaron, munching happily.

“He’ll do what I tell him to do or...”

“Don’t be mean to your brothers,” I raise a brow, still munching and he frowns before a slow smirk forms on his lips.

“I hate it, Jessica.” He drops the spoon and my eyes go to the ice cream, but he grasps my face, forcing me to look at him.

“Y-you hate what?”

“You thinking about others that aren’t not me,” he spits seriously, but with an innocent smile that makes me shudder.

“E-eve your bro—” He reaches over, taking my lips in a scolding hot kiss that literally has the ice cream melting next to us, before he pulls back, grasping my

throat.

“Man, woman, or child... animal, bug, amphibian, poriferan, a fucking bacteria... if it’s up here...” he taps my head. “I hate it.”

“F-football?” I pout, looking down, and he kisses me again.

“I abhor it... but for you, I do my best.” That is not romantic! It’s toxic... it’s trash it’s ick... so why do I want to spread my legs and tell him to take me? Call me Jeezy cause I love it!

“Th-thank you, baby. It’s so sweet that you care about me that much,” I tell him as I lean over the table, pecking his lips, making him blush.... whhhhaattt! Frank is blushing?!

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

She thanked me... I just let my deepest secret out, and she thanked me...

How in fuck did it get here? How did she come to mean this much to me? How is it that on a date where she's clearly ready to take whatever I want to give her, I want to just lay next to her and listen to her heartbeat?

What the fuck is this feeling?

I want to dig my nails into my chest, ready to rip my fucking heart out so I can hand the son of a bitch over to her because it's useless being with me since she owns it.

This feeling... I don't know what it is. It's more addicting than sex. I've never been this high... and it's all because of her. My Jessica... the one I crave more than air.

This feeling... whatever it is... it's torturous, it's draining... it's like her... beautiful.



### Chapter 22

Horny

FRANK

I s this what dying feels like?

I try to breathe in air, but my lungs sound like one of the old junk cars my brother is usually working on. This has to be death... what kind of sick fucking joke is being played on me right now? I know I said I craved that feeling more than air and I meant it... hell, I'm even willing to die for Jessica... but for fuck's sake, did it have to be so fucking soon?

Because I can't be sick... I've never been sick a day in my life, but today I feel like a grape left out in the sun for a few days.

After I leave class, I sluggishly shuffle over to my brother's office to see him shuffling papers behind his desk. When he looks up, his eyes goes wide and he cringes.

"What the fuck happened to you?" he frowns and I plop down on the hard ass seat, throw my head back, and sling my arm over my face, depressed.

"I think I'm getting sick," I groan.

"Well no fucking shit."

“Shhhh,” I groan, head banging. “You’re too loud,” I mutter shivering.

“Dude, what the hell is going on with you?” Pierce stands, going to the windows, drawing the curtains, and it help my throbbing migraine.

“I don’t know, but when I woke up, I felt like shit,” I murmur.

“What exactly are you feeling?” I hear him shuffle.

“My fucking skull feels like it’s going to split open. My fucking shoulders hurt and my ass bone feels like I’ve fallen and busted my ass several times over. No, fuck that, my entire body feels like it’s being ripped to fucking shreds. It’s torturous. Plus, I have a fever! Me?! A fucking fever!” I utter with disgust, trying to find comfort, but no matter how I sit in this chair, my back and shoulders ache as if burning and my fucking tail bone sends needling pain up my spine.

“I think that’s what some might call the flu, maybe? It’s hard to tell since neither of us have been sick a day in our lives. But some of the symptoms you exhibit seem out of the ordinary. Maybe you should go home for the day. You’re already done with your one class anyway,” he states and I shake my head.

“I’m thinking about it, but I need to make sure baby is good first.”

“She’s a big girl and can handle herself. You don’t need to coddle her,” he snorts and I raise my hand, throwing him a glare.

“Coddling? What the fuck are you even talking about? That’s my fucking baby, man. I’m going to coddle the fuck out of that one,” I cock my head at him and he sighs.

“You’re going to spoil her.”

“Yeah... and?” I shake my head, not understanding where he’s going with this bullshit conversation.

“For God’s sake isn’t she in her twenties? You shouldn’t be treating her like a child,” he frowns and I smile, always happy to talk about Jessica.

“She’ll be twenty soon.”

“I stand corrected, she is a baby,” he scoffs and I glower at him, annoyed.

“It’s not like I’m that much older than her,” I mutter. “I’ve barely turned twenty-three and well... you are rather old,” I chuckle. “I can understand your reservation,” I goad, and his lip curls in distaste, but fuck him and his distaste. He shouldn’t have spoken on my baby in the first place.

“Regardless, you go home. The rest of us will look out for her,” he reassures me, but I shake my head, hating the idea of others taking care of her. I want to be the only one who looks after her.

“She’s my girl. I need to be the one who takes care of her,” I grit my teeth and he sits back, raising a brow.

“Whoa... you’re really into this girl, huh?” He crosses his arms and I narrow my eyes at my brother, who looks like me but with longer hair and a larger build.

“Into is an understatement. She’s my fucking world. We’re locked in for eternity,” I tell him without hesitation.

“This is a change. To think you, of all people, would be ready to settle down before the rest of us,” he cocks a brow and I can tell by simply peeking from under my arm he hates it.

“It’s a shock to me as well, but Jessica is worth a billion of the bitches who are willing to suck and fuck my dick. No... more than that. She is priceless, so there’s no way in hell I’m letting her go just to play around with hoes worth a fraction of a penny.”

“That’s mature of you,” Pierce smirks, and I shrug.

“Fuck being mature. I’m being honest. I’d set the entire world on fire with my family in it for her,” I let him know, pulling my arms from my eyes and he throws his head back in laughter.

“How unfitting of a Metchie. Have you no pride?” he growls and I stand, shrugging.

“Fuck pride when it comes to her. It might as well not even exist,” I throw at him and go to walk off, but I trip over my feet, nearly falling flat on my face but I bump into something.

“Crap!” Even though I know it’s a woman, an immediate revulsion... well, not revulsion but something makes me want to leap back, but I don’t get the chance because I feel Pierce place his hand on my shoulder and squeeze hard as fuck.

I want to wince, though that’s not normal. Even though my brother is strong, it’s nothing I can’t handle. We Metchies fight all the fucking time. I’m talking hard punches to the face, guns blazing, bats, knives, and axes swinging. Nothing is off limits to us. We were known as the little devils in our neighborhood. That’s how much of a menace we are to each other and others around us. A hand being slammed down on the fucking shoulder should be nothing to me, but today, he might as well have stabbed me in the fucking back from the pain that shoots through me.

I shrug him off, holding back the groan as I stand, and I’ve never seen my brother move so quickly to help someone.

“I’m sorry, Dr. Metchie. I didn’t know you h-had company.” The girl looks between us and I look away bored, not acknowledging her, but my brother’s reaction has me rather curious.

“What did you need? I told you to stop coming by.” He shoves his hands into his pockets, curling his lip, but I know my brothers better than anyone. Pierce might be curling his lip, but the hungry look in his eyes as he looks over the admittedly pretty Black girl with short hair as if she’s a piece of steak is telling, to me at least. To the girl he must look like a rabid wolf who hates the world.

“I uhm... I wanted to talk to you about my grade. I really can’t accept this score!” She thrusts the papers against his chest, and I watch my brother gaze down at her with the same eyes I give my baby before he slowly pulls his hands from his pocket hesitantly as if trying to gauge if it’s safe to do so. He looks as if he’d pull her and bend her over the desk.

I nearly chuckle when he stuffs them back inside and turns away.

“Leave. You should be happy with the grade I gave considering you cheated. You ought to be thanking me for even giving you that ,” he grumbles and I finally turn to the girl, interested since she’s got Pierce sweating bullets.

“I told you I only did that once. Please reconsider! I need this scholarship! I’ll do anything. Anything at all. I’m begging,” she pleads and I grin like a devil, feeling better when I can quite literally feel the lust radiating from my brother as his hairs stand on end. He spoke so much about pride, but look at him... ready to risk it all for a mere student...

“I have to get back to my woman. You seem preoccupied, brother,” I chuckle.

“Fuck. You,” he mouths and I snort, skirting past her, a bit lighter. I guess I’ll sleep in

my car until Jessica is done with class. I just need some peace and fucking quiet.

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

I slam out of the building, frustrated, bumping into a girl who curls her lip at me and flounces off without so much as an excuse me, making me grit my teeth.

What the fuck is going on?!

I know most of the people at this school hate me, but this is becoming too fucking much. I don't think I've ever ran into so many girls in my life. Yeah, I might be tall and my line of sight is off, but shit, I can damn well see where the fuck I'm going!

The most frustrating part is it almost feels like these bitches are throwing themselves at me from the sneak glares they're giving me, and it's pissing me off. Honestly, if it weren't for the fact that I am already on the coach's shit list and he'd damn well suspend me, I'd have slang all of them to the ground, but I need to keep my composure. I have to not only play in that game Friday. I need to start .

"?" I turn to see Frank standing there and all frustration dissipates as I run into his arms, uncaring who is watching. I missed him. Even though we woke up in the same house and we rode together to campus, I still missed him. However, I frown, noticing his temperature is boiling so much I have to step back.

"You're burning up!" I step back and he waves it away.

"Yeah, but I'll be fine, I..." he winces and my stomach drops. "I'll be alright."

"No you will not," I take his arm and drag him over to where he parked. I try to put him in the passenger seat, but he flips me before I can touch the door handle, and places a kiss on my collar bone.

“Little baby, I don’t give a fuck how bad I’m feeling. I open the door for you. I cater, chauffeur, and service you . It will never be the other way around,” he growls adamantly and I frown, rolling my eyes.

“Frank you sound ri-damn-diculous, boy!” I muff his head, making him get out my way when he tries to kiss me again. “Get in the damn car,” I huff and he chuckles, wrapping his arms around me, pulling some sneaky shit by opening the door, picking me up, and setting me inside. “He—” He slams the door and goes around, getting into the driver’s side with a sigh.

“Baby, at least when we get home, put on something more comfortable,” I tell him even though I’m going to be sad to not see him looking so pretty. I’m not going to complain because he’s way too fine just dressed regular.

“Yeah, I will,” he says as he leans against the window, rolling it down after he starts the car. “It’s fucking hot though,” he grumbles, making me chuckle before he goes still as if he forgot that I was next to him. “I didn’t mea?—”

“Nah don’t switch up now, Mr. potty mouth,” I smirk and he quirks a brow.

“Mr. Potty mouth? Does that mean I get to eat your ass, ? Because if so, I’ll gladly be that.” My mouth drops open shook because who the fuck says shit like that but Frank ass?!

“Sir, you need to get better before you try to do anything with me. And don’t forget you are banned from penetration this week, so don’t start no shit,” I glare in warning at him and he kisses his teeth, grumbling, going back to looking at the road and I chuckle at his ridiculous ass.

I know dudes like sex, but is it normal for them to like it as much as Frank? I’d think this man is a high-key sex addict if it weren’t for him being on his somewhat best



behavior while we were friends.

When we get to the house, he grabs my bag. I wait for him to open the door for me because Lord knows he'll have a conniption if I so much as touch a door handle.

I go to grab my bookbag from him but he, as always, swats my hand then kisses it. He really be doing too much but I digress.

As we make our way quietly to the house, I can't help but notice he looks a bit out of it. Sluggish even.

"Baby, are you sure you're okay? Yo?—"

"I'm fine, little baby. Don't worry. You go upstairs and shower. I'll shower downstairs..." he grumbles at the last part, making me feel bad. Damn... he really is broken up about this no sex shit, huh? Well, to be fair, it's not like I'm not upset about it, but I guess because of my celibacy I have a bit more control over my emotions.

Even though I want to jump him... I know I can't. Plus, knowing Frank, if I give him an inch, his ass will damn well take a mile!

"Okay, I'll do that, but I want to make you something good to help you feel better," I tell him as we get to the door and he smirks.

"Pussy, ... there is no greater meal you can serve me than this," he says as he pulls me into his arms, cupping my coochie, gently moving his hands so expertly I nearly shudder and cum.

"B-behave!" I pull out of his arms, letting out a deep breath because I'm already wet from just that.

“Fine, but don’t worry about making me something,” he tells me as he follows me upstairs, setting my bag in the primary room. “I’ll order us dinner. Do you have something in mind that you might like?” He cracks his neck, rolling his shoulder as if in pain.

“No, I’m not picky but... uhm... is your back hurting too?” I frown, and he cracks it once more, smiling.

“No, I’m fine.” He kisses me, going over to the door. “You go on and shower. I’ll order our dinner, and I’ll be back up after my shower.”

“O-okay, if you say so,” I watch him leave, wondering if I should call him back, but with Frank, it’s no use. He’s not going to let me lift a finger to help him. I guess I’ll have to force it then.

I square my shoulders and nod, determined to make his busy ass sit down somewhere and let me care for him, especially since I’ll be gone from tomorrow night to Saturday morning. Usually we leave out on Thursdays, but since we’re going all the way to California and we’re playing one of the top schools, I want to give him all I can today.

I sigh, taking off my shirt, a bit preoccupied because I want to invite him to my game. I know my parents won’t be there and there’s a slim chance that Fay will be, since she’s finally moved down, but I don’t know for sure. All I know is it would make my day to see Frank in the stands. But I know he’s sick. I don’t want to force him into doing something when he’s unwell.

I know Frank. If I ask, he’ll go hard, fighting tooth and nail to make it possible so... I just need to make it possible! If he’s better, I won’t feel guilty asking. Yeah! That’s what I’ll do! What can I do to make him better quicker?.. Well he already told me... but damn... I can’t. He’s way too big!

Ugghhhh, why is this damn task already so damn daunting?

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

I shut the door and sprint downstairs, tripping over my feet and nearly falling down half the steps. For fuck's sake! Why the fuck does this keep happening?!

What the fuck is wrong with me?! I keep tripping and falling and breaking things! Not only that, but my vision keep going in and out.

I trudge over to the table, plopping down and groaning, already missing Jessica's presence, but in truth, I needed to get away from her. When I'm around her, the symptoms get worse. It's like my body is on fire and my heart pounds with excitement from her smell. Fuck, she smells so damn good!

I snatch off my wig and throw the son of a bitch, scratching my head and gritting my teeth, but I wince and taste iron. What the fuck?! I place my hand on my gums, frowning when I pull back and see red on my hands. Blood?

Standing I run or at least I try to run to the bathroom, but I trip out of no-fucking-where, falling flat on my face.

"? Baby, is everything okay?!"

"Y-yes!" I shout, muttering as I stand, but I get vertigo and fall flat on my ass, feeling like I'm going to throw up. I grit my teeth as pain wracks my body and I feel like I'm going to burst from the inside out, but I stamp that shit down. Seriously, what the fuck is wrong with me?!

I pant, wiping the sweat away from my brow, standing, or rather crawling to the bathroom. When I reach the sink, I lift my hand up, grasping it, but the son of bitch

chips! The entire fucking bowl cracks and comes off in my hand, and water spouts fucking everywhere! What the actual fuck?!

Heart racing, I fight against the water and hear my baby come to the door and call out.

“Are you sure everything is okay?! Do you need help with so?—”

“NO!” I shout. “I... I’m fine! Stay up there! I uhm... I saw a roach!” I start banging around like I’m smacking it. “There you are you roach! How dare you infiltrate my home and embarrass me when my baby is here?!” I cackle, “S-see? All taken care of, so just stay put!” I tell her and wait a beat for her response.

“O-okay, if you say so, but uhm... I think you should call your brother and tell him his building got roaches! That’s bad business for somewhere so nice,” she calls.

“I... uhm... I will!”

“Okay, call me if you need me.” I hear the door shut behind her and breathe out a sigh of relief, and this time for real, I stand and go to look in the mirror to check how the fuck I cut my gums. What the fuck is that?!

I leap back, pulling a gun with a silencer out of the strap under my dress and aiming it, but I pause when it’s reflected at me. Frowning when the thing... no... not a thing, a being of some sort, looks at me with weird ass, goat-like eyes, black eyeballs and red pupils, with extra-long and white eyelashes and hair that looks like it goes well below the thing’s knees.

“What the f— Huh...” I pause, getting close to the mirror, blinking and cocking my head to the side. I show my teeth and the mirror reflects the same thing as I cross my arms with a multitude of scenarios running across my head. Damn... good news and

bad news... good news is I'm going to get a shit ton of pussy from baby looking like this. I know her type from all the anime she makes me watch, and this look is definitely her style! The bad news is I might die before that happens! I'ma die before I get to fully savor Jessica to the bone!

The thought makes me crumble to my knees, fisting my hands. No! I refuse! My baby and I just tied the knot. I won't go down like this.

I fish my phone out of my pocket and text my family's line.

#7 : Something's wrong with me.

Idiot #1 : I'll call my lecture off. I'll be right over

Idiot #2 : Was working on a car be over in a sec

Idiot #3 : Give me ten

Idiot #4 : I'm coming

Idiot #6 : Fuck! I'm at a tournament damn! I'll just quit

Idiot #5 : I have this catering event but I'll cancel and be over

#7 : No don't come over my baby is here

Idiot #4 : But something's wrong

Idiot #1 : Yeah is it life threatening?

I look at my weird ass reflection in the mirror, grimacing...

#7 : Hm... I'm pretty sure it is.

Idiot #6 : Then what the fuck bastard of course we're heading over!

#7 : Hell no! Then my wife will find out and worry!

Idiot #5 : So fucking what asshole you're sick she should know!

#7 : Then she won't give me pussy!

Idiot #1 : Fair... but... NVM I get it

Idiot #2 : You make a good point

Idiot #3 : So tomorrow then?

Idiot #4 : Yeah just come to moms after you take SIL to lecture

Idiot #6 : You better live until then bastard

Idiot #5 : Eat pussy it's my secret cure all

#7 : If I die know it was with a smile on my face and between her legs

I slide out of the text thread and peek at my reflection again, frowning when I see only half my face is fucked up and the other half looks normal. Fuck! How the fuck am I supposed to keep Jessica here looking like this? Maybe I can say it's a cosplay. But what if I change in the middle of fucking her or I nut too quick and can't satisfy her because I've become too clumsy? Fuck...

I need to get this under control right now. I will my legs to walk to the kitchen where

my meds are since I haven't taken them in a while and pop those, surprised when I feel an immediate effect. It's like they sizzle in my stomach and a calm takes over me, dulling my senses and correcting my suddenly overly sharp vision.

The only thing that remains is the headache, but for some reason I feel like Gannon was onto something when he said eat pussy... but will my baby let me have some? I wore her out and she banned me from the sweetness for now, but I have a feeling I need to get it no matter what.

I close my eyes and pray to whatever the fuck I have to. Change back to normal and will this shit away. I can't be dying when I just got Jessica!

"?" My heart stops and I go still when I hear Jessica behind me. Shit... she can't see me like this! "Is everything okay?" She comes up on me, surprising the hell out of me when she doesn't say anything.

"Everything is fine... why?" I try to not look at her in case my eyes look strong but I can see out of the corner of my peripheral she's just showered and looks none too happy with me.

"Sir, did I not tell you to take all that off so you can relax? Why did you go and put on cosplay?" She frowns, tapping her foot and I chuckle.

"I... uh... I just wanted to try it because you like it so much," I lie.

"Really? I do like it, but not to the point that I want you to be doing this when you're sick! Take it off and rest!" she growls but looks me over with excited eyes.

"I will..." As soon as I learn how to do so.

"Good... but damn, how did you make it look so real?" she marvels, looking me



over, getting closer and my heart beats out of control as her smell envelops me.

“I don’t know... I just did,” I swallow, mouth pooling with saliva. I want to eat her up.

“This has got to be the realest looking cosplay ever. Can I touch it? Or will it ruin the makeup?” She purses her lips, staring at the top of my head. How does she always smell so fucking good?!

“You can touch any part of me you desire,” I whisper. My body heats up and she stares at me as she reaches her hand out and touches it. Good fucking God!

My knees go weak, but I lock them sons of bitches in place and my dick gets hard as fuck as she runs her hands over whatever the fuck it is sticking from the top of my damn skull. It feels so fucking good that I shiver all over, world darkening the more she touches.

“That’s so cool.” She tries to pull back but I grasp her hands, making her gasp. “Y-you’re burning up even more!” she frowns, placing her cool hand on my head, making me groan.

“You feel so good, baby.” I kiss her hand, wanting more, and she smiles beautifully at me.

“You’re trying to sweet talk me, but no matter how hard you try, I’m out of commission and so are you. You’re sick, for God’s sake,” she groans. But I need her!

“Then can I just have a little?” I beg, “I’ll be good... I’ll go slow. And... I’m pretty sure it’ll knock this cold right out of me,” I plead, feeling out of it.

“I don’t know....” she chews her lips in thought, but fuck all that. I can’t have her

think another second. I see her will to resist fading, and I don't give a fuck how fucked up it is. I'm going to take advantage of this wiggle room. I pick her up and carry her to the room, shutting the door behind us. “, I think you should re—” I set her down and get on my knees, hands clasped, putting on my best sad face. I need to pull out the big guns for this one.

“Please, baby. Just a little.” Her eyes go wide, and I have to keep the grin from spreading on my face because the moment she sees it, I can kiss my taste of her sweetness goodbye. I would have just left us in the living room, but I'm sure she'll be nice and relaxed in the room and in an enclosed space. My baby just needs a little security to let loose.

“I... well...”

“Just a little. I'll only insert the tip.”

“But the tip is big too! Not to mention that's a whole ass lie!” she whines, frowning. Damn, she got me, but I really would go slow. I know how important her game is.

“F-fine... uhm...” I wrack my brain, thinking. I could ask her for a blowjob, but from the little cut on the corner of her mouth from when she deliciously sucked me off last time and how sore her throat was... I probably shouldn't. Knowing me, I'll ram my dick down her esophagus just from how good her mouth feels. I don't want to hurt her to the point she's unable to perform her best in her game!

I catch my reflection in the full length mirror, seeing I still have these stupid ass horn things coming out of my head. I look like some of the fucked up creature things she reads about. Ugh! I grimace, hating how her eyes always shine when those weird looking mother fuckers come on screen.

Wait a damn minute...

“?”

Hold on little baby, let me cook... if one plus one equals two, then why the fuck am I trying to make the shit come out to ten?! Right now, even if I am dying, I'm my baby's biggest fantasy.

Not only that, but they say when you're dying, your life flashes before your eyes... and that's true because Jessica sitting on my face flashes before my eyes several times a day!

On top of that, when she touched this protruding dick on the top of my head... well... honestly it felt better than when she sucked my dick... I can work with this. God... is that you trying to tell me something?

“! Seriously, is something wrong? Why the hell are you grinning like that? I don't like it! Stop!” She smacks a pillow against my face, snapping me out of my thoughts, but I don't give a damn about none of that. I cut my eyes to her, making her frown, but there's no fucking way I'm not going to reap everything I've sowed.

“What do you think about a little role play?”

“L-like the uhm... Daddy thing you did the other day?” she stammers and I smile, loving the fact that my baby might be willing to explore some of that kinky shit but I shake my head.

“We can save that for some other time. What I'm speaking about is like the anime shows you watch. I can be one of those blue eyed silver demon things you love so much and you know... you can be the Power Ranger that has to save humanity,” I smile nodding and she bursts out laughing.

“Blue eyes silver demon? First off, that's Blue Eyes White Dragon. And Power

Rangers? While I respect them, I'm more of a Hashira or Soul Reaper myself," she brags. How cute. My little football anime nerd. "But anyway... how am I supposed to save humanity?" she places her hand on her hip questioning. Bing-fucking-o was his name-fucking-o!!!

"How else?" I reach out and touch her heat through my shirt since that's all she's wearing.

"Oh, you lowly bastard! Not you trying to sneak coochie by playing on my weakness," she glares and I smirk.

"So? Does that mean you're going to let a little fever keep you from taking advantage of it?" I goad her and she curls her lip.

"Fine, Mr. Demon God," she surprises me by placing her foot on my chest, knocking me back against the bed and I shudder, damn near about to cum. Oh hell yeah! I like this nasty shit.

"Please... uhmm... I'm sorry, I didn't get your name?"

"Mistress Hurts," she grins excitedly. "Because if you try me, I'll make you feel a world of pain!" she cackles evilly, making my dick jump. It's corny as fuck, but she's never looked sexier. Seeing her laughing and giggling like this makes me feel special. No other man knows this playful and quirky side of her but me... I want to see so much more of her. To them she's an Arctic Beauty, but to me, she's the most adorable and sexiest being in the world.

"P-please, Mistress Hurts. I'll do anything you say. Just free me from this prison. I promise not to destroy the human world!" I plead, eyes gazing over her thighs.

"I don't believe you!" She presses her foot further down on my chest and I my heart

rate picks up. Fuck, this is good. “You said you would destroy the world, so how could I believe such an evil being?!” She stands tall and proud, looking deliriously good, flashing me just a bit of her pussy and the way her pussy perfume wafts over me leaves me hot.

“Then how about an exchange?! You give me something and I’ll in turn leave the humans alone.”

“Like what?” She narrows her eyes, clearly into this shit. That’s it... just a little more...

“Like you,” I grin evilly, grasping her foot and kissing it, making her gasp.

“Fr-! Your teeth!” her eyes go wide, and I wave her away.

“It’s fake...” I quickly come up with off the top of my head, praying that they go away and somehow, I feel them snap up and out and her eyes practically sparkle, looking even more beautiful.

“Wow! I’ve seen people have that same thing on TikTok! I always wondered how they did it! Let me see!” She tries to come close, but I hold up my hand, frowning.

“I believe you and I were in the process of a deal, Ms. Hurts,” I cock my head to the side and her mouth forms an O, getting back into character.

“O-oh yeah... so you want me, huh? Well, I’m expensive, Demon Lord Metchie, but for the human race,” she pauses and removes her foot from my grasp, and I dead ass want to grit my teeth. That’s my foot! “I’m more than willing to make that sacrifice.” She sits on my lap and I can tell she wants to kiss me, but I can’t let that happen. She cannot afford to be sick when she has a game coming up, so instead, I just grind my dick against her pussy.

“F-fuck! Stop, I’m in charge of this deal an—” she moans sweetly, but there’s no way in fucking hell I’ll stop. I want her.

“Make me, human!” I snarl, causing her to pause, but she latches right onto the thing I’ve been dying for her to touch, my horns. Honestly, it feels so fucking good I nearly embarrass myself. She might as well had shoved her hands into my skull and turned on every fucking light in that mother fucker because I gasp for air as my entire body weaken, yet I’m hard as a fucking steel pipe.

“You were talking all that good shit, but now look at you!” she cackles, tightening her grip on them and my stomach ripples as a glob of pre-nut comes out. Holy fucking shit! This is dangerous!

“J-Jessica... b-baby I th-think we need to st— FUCK!” I roar, snarling when her tongue slides across the tip.

“We need to what, big bad Demon Lord?” she moans, getting into the role a bit too much. “I’ve always wondered if demons have sensitive horns, and from what I see, they are very very VERY sensitive.” Her mouth clamps over the tip, sucking one while her hand massages the other as if it were my dick, and my eyes roll to the back of my head.

“J-Jessica... no, Mistress H-Hurts, I’ll tell you now. Let the fuck go or I’ll fuck you so hard you’ll feel my dick imprint in that tight little pussy of yours for months to come. Don’t fu-UGGGHHH!” I convulse and groan, higher than any blunt could make me as she slurps harder. What the fuck is happening?

“Come on, big bad Demon Lord. Show me your worst.” She slurps my horn like she’s sucking on my dick and I can’t fucking move, leaving me without sound mind and body.

“R-right there, baby,” I grind my dick against her thigh as she sucks a bit harder, making me pant. “Fuck yeah, suck it, lick it, bite it. Just don’t fucking stop,” I grunt, squeezing her tight, sneaking my hand between her legs, just lightly touching her pussy.

“More!” She spreads her legs, allowing my fingers to dip inside that creamy little pussy that feels like it’ll snap my hand off. If I’m honest, I want to run this damn horn over and over inside of her— The thought alone has me shaking and goosebumps covering my flesh.

But I know my baby... she might be playing along now, but would she really let me shove a horn up her pussy? I grin at the thought, playing with and massaging her insides, getting her nice and dripping wet for me because soaking isn’t enough.

I want her pussy juice to rain down on my fucking head like I’m being baptized in that shit. I want it to rain on me like I’m a monk training under a waterfall. I want to bathe, brush my teeth in, and swim, doing back strokes in this pussy. I want it all... but knowing Jessica, I’ll have to stomp on my pride and cry a little bit. Ha, good thing I don’t have pride when it comes to Jessica.

“Mistress Hurts,” I growl, sitting up, making her pop my horn out of her mouth.

“Yes, great Demon Lord?”

“I have a proposition that will help you save all of humanity.”

“Oh? Do tell!” she moans as I kiss down her body and I will my horns smaller, less pointy and to merge into one in the top of my head.

“Let me fuck you a?—”

“No!” She tries to clasp her legs closed, but I pry them strong sons of bitches right back the fuck open! Not today, little baby. I’m getting in here by any means necessary.

“I won’t do it traditionally but... you know we demons have a thing...” I make up. “Y-you know... our horns are very sensitive and we only let our person touch them.”

“Yeah... so?” she glares.

“And if you let me fuck you with my horn and become my person, all humanity will be saved because you will be able to control me,” I tap her pussy hole and her eyes go wide and to my horn as her mouth drops open.

“Wait a damn minute! Didn’t you have tw?—”

“Shhh, little baby. It’s a magic trick,” I smile but she narrows her eyes at me. “What? Are you scared?” When her narrowed gaze turns into a sneer, I have to keep the glee from showing on my face. My little baby is always up for a challenge and fucking God, I love that about her.

“I’m not scared of shit! I’m just a little nervous is all. I already don’t know why I put my lips on that thing, but in my coochie is another...” That THING?! I don’t know why, but I feel offended like a mother fucker.

“It’s clean, Jessica,” I grit through my teeth, and she purses her lips.

“Uh huh... well, I can at least believe that part. It did taste good... sweet, almost like a popsicle.” I’ll give you a fucking popsicle...

“But... I don’t know.”



“Come on, baby. I’ll let you guide the way. You can go as far down and as fast as you want,” I goad and she blinks curiously.

“I...”

I snatch off her panties, putting them in my pocket for later, sit on the floor, and throw my head back.

“Don’t think about it. Just go on, baby. Bounce that pussy on it a little bit and make me yours,” I grunt in anticipation, feeling my dick tremble.

“O-okay... but only a little,” she stammers and I watch her get on her hands and knees through the mirror and turn that ass to me. I can see her brown asshole spread wide for me as she places her tight pussy right near my horn.

I’m not the type of guy who gets lost in excitement for sex. I’ve fucked so many women that I lost count. A proud bona fide hoe before my baby came along. If I wanted pussy, I could easily get it. It came a dime a dozen. But the pussy before me, as it gets ready to slide along my horn, is making me weak just from the heat. I don’t think I’ve ever felt so fucking ravenous.

“O-okay... I’m going to do it,” she calls out unsure, and my heart beats so fucking hard in my chest my body shakes. I don’t know why, but this feels like a big fucking deal.

“Come on, baby,” I plead as I squeeze my dribbling dick. “Put that pussy on me and don’t keep me waiting,” I swallow.

“O-okay,” she pants. As I’m about to fucking die, her pussy grazes the tip of my horn, opening up the heavens for me. I feel as if I’ve been transported to another universe... no another dimension as her tight, hot cunt clasps tightly around me,

leaking. “UGNNNNNN!” she throws her head back, cumming already.

“H-holy shit,” I gasp out, clutching my chest and my dick as if electricity has run throughout my body. My body seizes as baby slides that pussy a little further onto me, gasping prettily and arching her back.

“I... fuck baby... w-why does it f-feel s-so fucking g-good?!” she moans and I grow woozy from the pleasure.

“SHIT! YES! Don’t think about it baby. Just take what you want.”

“Oh, God!”

“That’s fucking right, baby. Get that shit nice and fucking wet,” I pant as something feverish wells up inside me.

“YES! YES! YESSSSS!” She rocks on me just as delirious as I am.

I don’t believe I’ve ever felt something so damn good in my life. I don’t know what the fuck this mass is on the top of my head, but bless it! I desperately yank out my dick, stroking it, but nothing compares to whatever the fuck is going on up top.

Honestly, I could fucking weep from how good this shit feels. And she just keeps rocking on me, sending me fucking reeling.

“That’s it baby. Don’t you dare fucking stop,” I growl beating my dick along with the rhythm of her pussy slamming against me.

I’m already losing my mind, but when pussy juice starts trickling down my face, I feel my heart stop. I’m dying... I don’t think it ever starts back up, but who gives a flying fuck? I just rub her cream all the fuck over me.

“Now this that nasty shit I’m talking about, Jessica. Give me some more!” I snarl like a fiend in a voice that doesn’t sound like mine.

“I... I can’t,” she whimpers, slowing down, and I reach back, smacking that ass.

“I swear to fucking G—” Instantly, the words die on my lips, but that doesn’t stop my baby from getting the message because she picks up the pace and smashes that pussy on me, uncaring that her ass cheeks are slapping me in the face as they jiggle, fucking out of it as she whimpers.

“FRANK!” My eyes cut to the mirror where I see her pussy convulse and gush uncontrollably all over me. Pussy juice is trickling all down my hair and face, and somehow I slide my long ass tongue all over my fucking face, catching every fucking drop while grasping my dick, ready to explode.

“Just a bit more baby, don’t be shy. Put your pussy all on that mother fucker,” I pant and feel her bottom out.

“SSSHHHHHIIIIITTTTTTT!!!!” she cries as a waterfall of cum trickles down on me from the heavens and I explode, gushing so many ropes of cum that I shake uncontrollably. “F-! M-make it stop!” she cries and I look up through blurred vision to see my horn pulsing red inside of her pussy, but I can’t do shit about it. My entire body seizes up and I pulse like I’m being pumped full of gas. I stare for so long it makes me sleepy rather than giving me energy. “S-STOPPPPP!” she trembles, cumming again and filling me up. It’s as if my body had been running on E and I feel full, sated, and satisfied.

I want to pull her in my arms, tell her thank you for blessing me, promise her the world. That’s what I want to do but I, fucking Metchie, for the first time in my life, have been done in by the pussy. Jessica you fucking beautiful being, on God, I’ll marry you when I wake up.

I smile at the thought before I pass the fuck out.

## Page 37

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

What the fuck was that?!

I pant, ass all in the air not, giving a fuck. I try to sit up but I can't, still feeling whatever the fuck that thing was inside of me.

I look back and see Frank passed out with a smile on his face, and hell, if he felt as good as I did and do, then I see why he is smiling. I crawl with limited strength and shaky hands, reaching down to see his fever has come down and he looks a million times better than earlier, which makes me feel better but...

"Fuuuuccckkkk!" I moan, arms feeling weak and wobbly as I prop myself up. My braids hang loose in front of me and I'm sweating worse than when I run drills.

Again, what the fuck was that?!?!?!?

I'm way too tempted to smack his ass to wake him up and interrogate him, but I'm even more tempted to slide the fuck back on it and take that mother fucker for another spin. But I'm scared... that thing isn't normal.

I turn around and poke it, thinking it'll move, but it does nothing. I stare at it and at his dick that's still hard in his sleep, frowning. How the fuck is he still hard after all that?

Sitting back on my heels, I swallow, looking at the damn thing, heart racing. I groan cause a bitch gon' get her Black card revoked for being this thirsty over a damn horn, but dead ass, how that shit had me feeling, I'm willing to incur that cost.

It's different from fucking Frank's big ass dick that leaves no room for error. This thing is like a six-and-a-half- inch vibrator that slurps your cooch from the inside. Who the hell wouldn't be addicted to that? Especially since I don't feel so worn out and sore.

I can work with this... but can I take it off and use it? No, it looks glued on with some type of special adhesive. So the only way to use it again would be now, even though Frank ass doesn't look like he's going to wake up any time soon.

Well... he is feeling better... before I can talk myself out of it, I turn around and line the tip of it with my center, sliding it in slightly. Immediately, it's like that damn thing comes alive and vibrates gently in my pussy, eliciting soft moan from me.

"Yes!" I grip the sheets, going down further on it, rocking softly and something... somehow starts slurping up all my juices inside me as I start playing with my clit, bouncing a bit harder but not enough to disturb Frank's sleep. "Fuck yes, eat this pussy from the inside," I whimper, imagining Frank when I was hallucinating and I thought he stuffed his long ass tongue inside of me.

"Oooo!" I cry, grinding down on it, pussy soaking fucking wet. "Frank!" I gently slam down on it. "Frank," I pant, heart beating so hard my eyes cross as I slam down on it once more, pinching the nipple Frank always sucks the most, and desperately running my hand over my clit.

"Yesss uuugggnnnnn!" I cry out, gushing and trembling as it pulses inside of me like a heartbeat, slurping up my juices.

It takes all the will I have to dislodge from the addicting thing, but I need to care for my man. I can't keep being a hornball, though I have a feeling Frank would be upset that I didn't continue. I chuckle at the thought while I wipe his body and cum coated hair down as best as I can and take off his clothes.

After I get him squared away, I throw on one of his shirts on and go downstairs to make him a homemade chicken noodle soup for him to eat when he wakes up. I'll ask him about coming to my game after that.

It's funny because I never ask anyone for anything. I don't like the thought of being disappointed, but for some reason, I feel like I can ask Frank. He's so reliable and... my heart thumps and I touch my chest, biting my lip.

I feel giddy.

I sit in the stillness of this home... the one Frank always tells me is ours and smile, feeling like a queen in a... no, not A, but MY castle. Damn... this man really got me falling in love.

### Chapter 23

#### The Anime Club

#### JESSICA

I make my way through the campus halls, feeling like I've lost my mind. What the fuck was that yesterday?

Was the weed I smoked that strong to have residual effects making me hallucinate thinking the horn moved and drank my cum, or like... did that damn thing really move? I chew my lip and frown, ignoring all the eyes on me when usually it would bother me. I don't have the mental capacity to care. No... that thing definitely moved, but how?

After I was able to climb off it, I could have sworn I not only saw that thing glow, but shrink too. I tried asking Frank ass what the hell was going on, but he never woke up.

I would have thought he'd died if not for his light snoring, and smiling evilly while muttering my name or pussy occasionally. The only good thing was since he was knocked the hell out, I could investigate my claims after my second ride on the damn thing, but no matter how much I poked it the damn thing never budged. I wanted to snatch it off but I was scared that it would hurt Frank if he used some special glue... But that thing moved and pulsed inside me... and it felt like something was licking the inner walls of my pussy. Maybe it was some new sex toy?

I close my eyes, blowing out a slow sigh because just thinking about it has me



squeezing my legs tight and my pussy wet. I'm both ashamed and intrigued. I didn't know pleasure like that could exist... it's not like I'm well versed in sex, but I'm not a prude either. I know about sex toys and shit. I have a few at home, but I've never heard about no kinky shit like a pulsing horn that can lick your insides! I mean, who even came up with some fucked up shit like that and how can I thank them?!

Sighing, I stop in front of the door where my anime club is and pull out my phone, checking to see if Frank messaged me since I texted him this morning.

Locked in : Hey baby, are you still sleeping?

Locked in : When you wake up text me I have something to ask you

Locked in : It's EXTREMELY important!

But there's still no text from Frank. I thought I would have to skip out on school since I saw that the alarm was set on the door, and no matter what I did, Frank wouldn't wake up. Thankfully, the maid came and was able to let me out.

I told her that Frank was sleeping, but she ain't say shit to me. She just looked spooked as hell when she saw me, and she was even more shocked when I said that Frank was sleeping. I hope he's okay... maybe I should have stayed? No... I can't miss class, or my scholarship will be revoked. Coach checks to make sure we're attending class... not to mention, we ride out tonight and if I miss class, he would for sure bench me.

Shit... maybe I should have called the ambulance? And tell them what? My boyfriend fell into eternal slumber because I fucked his fake horn?! Ughhhhh God, this is fucked up!!! He has been sleep for sixteen hours... that's not normal and knowing Frank he'd text me as soon as he wakes up.

Damn, maybe he was feeling worse than I thought. I guess he can't come to the game... No what the hell am I thinking? Him getting better is way more important than a game.

Locked in : Just so you know ima get on ya ass about falling asleep on me

I groan as I open the doors, putting my phone back into my pocket, and step into the room and smile when I see Lawanda sucking on a blow pop, typing on a computer as per usual, though I'm surprised when I don't see Skylar, who's always here first.

"Hey girl," Lawanda looks up from her keyboard, waving her blow pop in the air, and though I have never found women sexually attractive, Lawanda would definitely be one anyone would think is sexy.

With a coke bottle body that won't quit, an ass so fat that it'll put Meagan thee Stallion to shame, and a face with dimples that draw the eye. She's the true definition of a bad bitch, and she the fuck knows it.

The way she prances around the school with her booty cut shorts and crop tops that barely cover the underbrush of her titties has all the guys hounding for a taste. She might be ghetto as fuck, but she's friends with everyone in school, unlike me. Even the preppy kids love her since she's smart as a whip and would tolerate no one talking shit about her.

One would think a girl like her would be dating a footballer on my team, or most definitely a Black guy, but color me fucking surprised when her boyfriend turned out to be a nerdy shy boy who will barely look someone in the eye. He's the preppy kinda nerd who would be harmless. Anyone would look at the two and think they don't fit, but she loves him to bits and pieces and he seems to worship the ground her feet walk upon.

“Hey,” I greet her and set my bag down. “Is Skylar not here?”

“Nope. I texted her and she said she’ll be late,” Lawanda shakes her head and I raise a brow at that, but suddenly she waltzes past us in an unusual ball of tears and collapses onto the desk crying.

“SKYLAR! WHO DID IT?!” Lawanda stands up ready to fight, and I go over with the same energy.

“That demon is out to get me, y’all!” she cries, and Lawanda and my eyes widen and before going back to our friend.

“What? Who? What happened?” I frown, rubbing her back, trying to keep her from crying, but she just wails harder.

“I can’t stand this! Just because I accidentally one-shot him in a game, he’s been ruining my life! No matter how much I try to reason with him, he keeps poking and prodding!” She throws her head back.

“Hold on... you’re saying some guy is cyberbullying you?” I sneer, disgusted.

“Yes! And I can’t take it anymore!” she sniffles, trying to wipe her red puffy eyes, but her round glasses are in the way.

“So why don’t you play another game?” Lawanda voices reasonably but that just makes Skylar’s lip wobble.

“You don’t think I’ve tried?! I’ve done everything! VR, Call of Duty, Minecraft, Roblox, My Singing Monsters! Hell, even Snake! But that bastard... no, that devil always finds a way to infiltrate my system and either crash my game or nerf me! He gave my monsters on My Singing Monsters laryngitis and now they can’t even sing!

That's not even possible!" she whines and I hug her trying to soothe her, but the tears keep coming.

"Damn, how petty is this guy? Or wait, is it a girl?" I ask and she hiccups.

"N-no, it's a guy who is known for holding a grudge and being petty to those he hates, but he supposedly hates everyone equally, until he targeted me. I've become the talk of the gaming world! Th-they say that Mang0 even changed his name to Mang0\_Unchained! He's coming for me!" she cries and I pat her back.

"First off, who the hell names themselves Mango?" Lawanda points her blow pop at Skylar with her hand on her hip and Skylar shrugs.

"I don't know, I've never even met the guy. Apparently he's famous and has a lot of fans because he's hot. But what's the point in being hot when you have a shitty personality?" she huffs, wiping her tears.

"I hear ya," I mutter, thinking about Duval ass.

"Anyway, thank you guys for listening. I know you didn't come here for that. Not to mention," she pauses and looks at the time. "We only have about fifteen minutes and that's not much time to talk, which is a bummer. I really wanted to talk about the latest episode of One Piece," she shakes her head.

"It's a shame, but honestly," I chew my lip, not knowing how to say this. "I... I didn't watch it," I tell them and they gasp, looking up at me.

"What?" Skylar frowns and Lawanda smirks, raising a brow.

"Hmm, I was wondering why ya fast ass came in here limping like you'd been piped down real good," she laughs, and I groan, embarrassed, but she's not lying. "So Matt

can lay pipe... who'd have thought?" she snorts and I look up between my hands.

"Matt and I broke up. I... I was with my n-new boyfriend, uhm... Frank," I tell them and their mouths drop open.

"Wait, Frank?" Skylar tilts her head. "That name sounds familiar."

"Yeah, I think I've heard it too," Lawanda frowns and I duck, sighing.

"Well, I guess a dude who cross-dresses would be widely known around campus," I shrug. "He's probably bullied a lot be?—"

"WAIT, THAT FRANK?!" they both shout at me, standing up, eyes wide and mouths on the floor.

"Uhm... y-yes. Why? What's wrong? Did he get beat up or something?" I frown and they look at each other before Lawanda pops her blow pop in her mouth, cringing as Skylar rubs the back of her head. "What is it? Why are you acting like that? You're scaring me," I tell them. "Is he really being bullied that bad for cross-dressing?"

"Girl, the cross-dressing should be the last damn thang on your mind! Your apparent new boyfriend is a hoe!" she voices clearly and I reel back.

"Wait, huh? Frank? No way," I chuckle, looking over to Skylar but she nods, avoiding my eyes.

"Yes way," Skylar nods.

"I might tell a joke, but I'll neva tell a lie, friend. Ya man is known around campus as the Dick God! Dead ass, the whole damn campus knows about him and the roster of women who are at his beck and call, but it's not surprising you don't since all you be

thinking about is school, anime, and football,” she reveals. D-dick God... well they most certainly are not wrong, but I don’t know how I feel about others calling him that.

“Sh-she’s right, Jess. That guy has a reputation of bringing women to their knees with desire and his uhm... thing,” Skylar mutters as she fiddles with her hands.

“Not gonna lie, I thought about volunteering as tribute at one point before I met Ender,” Lawanda admits. “I’m so glad I didn’t,” she shakes her head and I blink, shook as Skylar raises her hand.

“I... I was too,” she whispers shyly and I stand, baffled.

“Hold the hell on. So you’re telling me that Frank ass is so widely known that even y’all wanted to try him out?” I frown and they nod seriously, making me rub my temples.

“But he never let on to any of that. I thought he was being bullied and hated.”

“Yeah, probably by niggas whose girlfriends was getting they back blown the fuck out by him on the regular,” Lawanda snorts. “They like to call him gay and bi and shit, but I ain’t ever seen him associate with dudes, not even his own brothers. He’s always around girls...” she trails off.

“No, don’t you mean girls are always around him?” Skylar corrects Lawanda.

“Yup, you sho’ right, because from what I hear, he ain’t eva had a girlfriend!” They look at me then down at my coochie, and I cover it.

“What?!”

“Nothing, just tryna figure out what kinda super coochie you got that got the biggest hoe on the entire campus claiming you,” she wiggles her brows.

“I’m more so interested in how you guys met,” Skylar smiles. “You are so quiet and to yourself. This is the only time you’ve talked to us about your personal matters, and we’ve been having this club for a few months now. I didn’t even think you thought of us as friends,” Skylar cocks her head to the side, and she’s not wrong.

I don’t talk about myself and I didn’t consider them friends. My only friends are Faythe and Beatrice, but it wasn’t because I hated them or anything. It’s just I’m a bit standoffish when it comes to people. Frank is the only one who’s ever wiggled his way inside my world.

“We just met coincidentally Monday after practice,” I don’t bother telling them the shameful details on how, but I do tell them about Matt ugly ass cheating on me and we have a good keekee about his thumbs.

“How crazy is that? The Frank I’ve heard about isn’t known for that at all. He must really like you,” Lawanda beams, happy for me.

Hearing them talk about a side of Frank that I don’t know makes me feel... hell, I don’t know how it makes me feel, but I don’t like it. I’m not the type of girl to give a damn about someone’s past, but for some reason I care about Frank’s.

“Yeah, we just made things official yesterday. He even called me his wife,” I tell them, and they gush excitedly.

“Damn girl! You got that nigga sprung like that?”

“Yeah... come to think of it, I heard the girls talking about how he hasn’t been answering their calls and that he’s been unreachable.” Skyler taps her chin and I

swallow, shocked that it's that serious... to think when I first met him, I thought he and I were oddballs together. If his Instagram didn't prove me wrong, this sure as hell did.

"Teach me your ways, sensei," Lawanda giggles, pretending to bow, and Sky nods.

"I also want to know your ways! Maybe if I meet Mang0 I can throw it at him and make him leave me the hell alone!" Sky groans, and I chuckle

"I wish I could tell you, but I'm the one who's been trapped in Frank's web, not the other way around." The man had me throwing it back on a pulsing horn that ate my pussy out from the inside for fuck's sake. I'm the one who's sprung.

"Excuse the hell out of me?! What did you just say?!" Wanda places a hand on her chest, eyes sparkling with curiosity and Skylar blinks with expectation. Oop... did I say that out loud? Damn...

"What Wanda said, girl. And for God's sake, I know you quiet, but on this, I need ALL the deets," she bites her lip and I groan embarrassed, but I tell them everything. In fact, I think I go more in detail with them than I did with Faythe and Bebe because they're not into that kind of thing. As anime, yaoi and if I'm honest, hentai watchers, we have peculiar taste in things that most people would question and call us weird for.

So telling them about Frank cosplaying as a demon lord and making me fuck his horn felt more like a revelation with fellow comrades rather than a "what the fuck just happened?" like it was with Bebe and Fay.

Bebe and Fay didn't make me feel bad in the slightest. They were just as interested, but it's a difference to the utter zeal that Wanda and Sky have as they eagerly pry for more details on this damn horn. Damn, they really are my nakama.



By the time our club meeting ends, we're waving excitedly to one another with the promise to do more research on that damn horn. I feel so light... like I've gained some true besties and that I'm not alone at this damn school.

I pull out my phone to see if Frank texted me as I head to class, but I bump into someone and stagger back. I'm a bit stunned because my legs aren't ones to be played with so anyone other than some linebacker ass dude should be incapable to knocking me back. So color me damn surprised when I catch myself and see a pretty Black lady with braids standing before me, mean mugging the hell out of me.

"Excuse you," I throw her way and she looks me up and down and snorts like I'm not much to look at.

"No excuse you ," she curls her lip and rolls her eyes, taking me aback as she flicks her braids over her shoulder before walking off. I want to yank the bitch by her box braids and pluck them mother fuckers out one by one at the hairline, but someone standing next to me makes me jump.

"I think I seen her with ya man a few times on campus," Wanda throws her a stank look even though she doesn't look back.

"Yeah I saw them, too. You watch out for her, Jess. She's an English professor here and she's the main one on your man dick." Sky crosses her little arms. She's just as small as Faythe, with a powerhouse personality, and is the plug at the school for information, unlike Wanda, who's five-foot-nine and usually locked in on some electronic device. They're always in the know, unlike me..

Damn, he was fucking around like that? I frown, looking around and I catch a few girls... well, more than a few girls, looking at me with stank faces.

"Jess, you better watch your back. I think you just became public enemy number

one,” Wanda warns as her and Sky glare at the girls that throw me hateful looks.

“Yeah, you not lying. Anyway, did you guys need something?” I turn my back on them hating ass hoes because ain’t shit I can do if they don’t have prime pussy power like I do. Go cry about it.

“Oh yeah! We wanted to tell you to chat with us in the WhatsApp text thread sometimes and to join the Discord. Wanda and I are always shenanin’ and you’re never there, so we just wanted to re-invite you, friend.”

The smile on my face and the warmth in my heart throws out that trash ass lady and her jealous behavior as I join Discord and giggle the rest of the day with them.

The rest of the day is rather uneventful, aside from the feeling of being watched.

Locked in : I’m done with lecture and heading to the bus to go to the airport. I won’t have my phone on me for a few hours since Coach won’t let us use our phones unless it’s an emergency. I’ll text after we land.

I try to stuff my phone back into my pocket and head back to practice, but I don’t get the chance to because some girl bumps into me and my phone falls to the ground. Before I can pick it up, some other girl steps on it.

“What the fuck?!” I sneer and she turns, gasping before smiling and raising a brow.

“Oh, was that yours?” She cocks her head to the side and one of her cronies picks it up and she dangles it between her fingers. I go to take it but she drops it again, further cracking my already cracked screen.

Jessica, you cannot fight! Jessica, you cannot fight you! Jessica, you cannot fight!  
Jessica, you cannot fight! Jessica, you cannot fight! Jessica, you cannot fight!

The words play in my head like a broken record, but the anger I feel makes me grit my teeth...

“Pick it the fuck up!” I point to my phone and buck, making her whimper and swipe it up before I snatch it from her. “Now get the fuck out of my face before I stomp you into this ground,” I sneer and she scampers off. I see this is going to be a problem. Frank, where the hell are you?!

No, fuck that! Why am I asking where my man is when I can go check on him?

I glance at my broken phone and see I still have about a good hour before the meet up. I already have my bag, so if I make a quick visit to his house and check on him.... fuck, but I don’t have my car... I Uber’d to school.

Groaning, I see Duval of all people pull up and get out of his car. I throw my head back and groan, but still, I need to check on Frank. It’s worth putting my pride to the side.... maybe.

Swallowing, I make my way over to him, kind of thrown off by the peaceful look on his face as he leans back against his car, wind caressing his body while whistling beautifully. I’m so enthralled I just follow the tune until I hear him clear his throat.

Shit.

“Do you need something?” he speaks with less ire in his voice than usual, surprising me. Still, I put my guard up but lower it just a tad bit to will myself to ask for help.

“Hey, I know this is fucked up for me to ask, but can you give me a ride to my boyfriend’s house? He’s not feeling well and...” I trail off, thinking how stupid this is when his pretty brown eyes go wide. “You know what? Never mind.” I turn on my heel, but he catches my arm with a strong ass grab, though I’m not surprised by his

strength. He's not our quarterback for no reason.

"I'll do it," he voices, and again, in a way that does not sound cold or harsh at all, making me turn around and shrug my bag on my shoulder, wondering if I heard wrong.

"You will... what?" I ask, cocking my head to the side, knowing I heard wrong.

"I'll help you... I'll take you to see your boyfriend," he states and I snatch my arm back, narrowing my eyes at him, not trusting him. I shake my head and back away, but he takes my hand again. I try to snatch off, but his grip is powerful as hell.

"Get your hands off me or I'ma beat your mothterfuckingass," I grit out so mad I can't even breathe in between the last words.

"Sorry," he apologizes and holds up his hands. "But I'm serious. I'll help you."

"Why?" I curl my lip, knowing I'm shameless, but honestly, if something is too good to be true, that's usually the case.

"Because you asked," he states pointedly, and I take a step back. Something tells me to run from him until I glance down at my phone and see I only have fifty minutes until we have to be at the bus. I won't see Frank for two and a half days if he doesn't come to the game. Of course, he'll come to the game! You only have to ask, Jessica!

I chew my lip and look at Duval as he stands there, and I sigh, resigned.

"Fine... thank you," I grumble, yanking his car open, and slamming it. I know I should be grateful and not be acting so shameless, but I'm not about to show not a nah nigga a weakness. I'll take this ride and then I'll send his ass a thank you card or some shit. However, a bitch not about to be buddy buddy with him.

Once on the road, I can feel him staring at me, and though it pisses me off, I don't say anything.

"So you?—"

"Don't talk to me."

"Got it. Damn, the Arctic Beauty allegations are on point." He keeps driving, and I say nothing uncaring because I'm not trying to break from those in the first place.

When we pull up to the building, I hop out and almost leave my bag, but I think better of it.

"Wait here," I tell him, grabbing my bag.

"You can leave your stuff. You'll be faster without it."

"No thank you," I shake my head and go over to the elevator.

Duval is the type of slimy mother fucker who'd take off with my shit and dump it. Not only would I miss the game, but a bitch would be kicked from the team. Nope. I'on trust no nigga but my man.

Just in case, I call an Uber to pick me up. It might make me a little late, but it's better than missing my flight entirely.

Once I get to the top floor and make my way down the long hall, I knock on the door since he never gave me a keycard. I'm usually with him when I come here, so I haven't needed one. When I get no answer, I knock again, frowning leg shaking nervously. Whoa... did something really happen to him?

I clutch my stomach, feeling queasy when I suddenly hear the door unlock electronically and the doorknob turn. I let out a sigh of relief, ready to jump in my baby's arms, but pause when I see the maid who burst in and practically threw me out this morning.

"May I help you?"

"No, but my man can. Where is Frank?" I try to get in, but she blocks my way.

"Lord Metchie is indisposed and isn't accepting company," she states nastily as if I'm some piece of ass that Frank uses to get off and be disposed of.

"Excuse you, lady! I live here and you have no idea what gas you're throwing on the fire. My man don't play when it comes to me, so you either move o? — "

"Show me your keycard," she states, taking me aback.

"Excuse me?"

"I. Said. Show. Me. Your. Key. Card," she enunciates every word smugly, crossing her hands on her big ass chest.

"I don't have one yet, bu?—"

"Then what you have stated is a lie. Lord Metchie would never settle into a relationship with the likes of you ," she curls her lip, and I have never been so insulted. "You are nothing, just like the rest of them. Now see yourself out before I remove you," she sneers and before I can say anything else, she slams the door in my face.

I go to knock again, but my phone rings, stopping me when I see Duval's name. I grit

my teeth, hating that he has my number, but Coach makes his top players exchange contact information in case of an emergency. He's big on creating community and a team atmosphere, but even if he's helping me, he's the last bastard I want showing up on my cracked screen.

When it continues to ring, I pick up.

“What?!” I seethe.

“We have to go. Coach just texted me. We're the last ones to show up,” he tells me, and I chew my lip. Shit!

“Okay... I'll be down,” I hang up, looking at the door one last time before heading off. Fuck... he's going to have to fire that bitch. Expeditiously!

### Chapter 24

#### Courage to Ask

#### JESSICA

I take a break from the walkthrough, unstrapping my helmet and snatching up my phone, checking my messages, but still nothing. This is weird. At this point, I'm not even worried about the bitch who kicked me out. I'm worried about Frank. He's not the type to ignore me like this.

Groaning, I chew my lip to the point it cracks, making me wince. Shit. I just have bad luck lately.

Sighing, I quickly swipe to open my email and type in Frank's email, attach the e-ticket I'd purchased for him, and do the thing I've been so nervous about.

Hey baby,

I hope you're feeling better. I came by your place, but your staff wouldn't let me see you. FYI, she needs to be fired! Immediately! Anyway, I'm attaching a ticket to my game tomorrow. If you have time and aren't feeling too bad, I would really love it if you

"Hurts, back on the field!" I hear Coach call out. Damn... is break over already?

can make it. You'll be sitting right in the front next to my best friend Faythe who'll



be FaceTiming with Bebe, my other best friend the entire game but she's in Georgia and can't make it. My parents aren't coming and even though Faythe is coming, it would make my day to see you there.

I miss you... I love you.

Yours,

Mrs. Metchie

My hand hovers over the send button, heart knocking so fucking hard I feel like I'm going to be sick. I read the three words I've never said to a man and go to bite my lip again, but I wince, forgetting I cracked it.

"Jess," Tek comes up behind me, making me jump.

"H-huh?"

"Come on. Coach is calling," he tells me as he slings his arm around my shoulder and I relax a bit, smiling as I send the message. What am I even worried about? It's Frank, for fuck's sake. Of course he'll show up.

"Coming!" I slide my phone into bag and put my back on helmet. Of course he'll come.

## Page 40

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:48 am*

Chapter 25

Game Day

JESSICA

H e didn't show up...

### Chapter 26

My Lord

FRANK

Something's wrong!

"JESSICA!"

I jump up from bed, feeling around for my baby, but instinctively I know she's not here. I leap from the bed, blurred vision be damned, and run down the stairs hunting for her.

"JESSICA!" I call out, walking through the home gym, the bathroom, and checking every other room, but she's not here. Where the fuck is she? I look outside, running my hands through my hair, frowning at the night sky. It hasn't been that long since I fell asleep since it's still night.

Not to mention, I have on a different set of clothes, and I've been wiped clean. Did Jessica do this for me? The thought makes me happy, but it also displeases me that she had to care for me. I'M supposed to wait on HER hand and foot, not the other way around.

But more than the fucking time, I can't believe I fell asleep. Shit! Nothing like this has ever happened. I can fuck for days, and I for fucking sure wouldn't be the mother fucker passing out, so what the fuck is going on with me? I really must be dying.

I pass by the door, and her scent makes me pause. My eyes go to the alarm panel, and my lip curls when I see that the system is off. What the fuck? I know she didn't guess.

When I hear the keypad sound outside and the doorknob turn, I stand there and wait until it opens and the cleaner opens the door. She screams as she and the man and woman she's with stare, stunned.

"My Lord!" the head maid calls before they all go to their knees and bow.

"My wife..."

"A-are you referring t-to the young l-lady from earlier? I... kicked her ou—" She can't finish her sentence before I reach down through her back, thrust my hand into her chest, cracking through bones, and grasp her heart, yanking it from her body. "L-Lord Met... wh...y," she gasps, staring up at me, blood pouring from her eyes. I watch, fascinated as the heart continues to beat until it gradually slows to a stop.

"Why?" I question as I puncture it with my finger, twirling it around, leaning again the door jamb. "Now you know what it's like to have your heart ripped out," I sigh as I sling it across the room, splattering it against the wall. Then I place my foot on her head, applying pressure.

"I told you not to come... I informed you who my wife was, and you deliberately disobeyed me," I grit through my teeth and I hear her skull crack. "And to add insult to injury, you kicked my wife out of her own cage... I mean home." I apply more pressure and her eyeballs spill out and her skull shatters under my foot. "You deserve to die," I sneer, wiping my foot on the man cowering before me. "Clean this up," I demand and turn, walking away.

"Yes, my Lord," they call out in unison as I make my way upstairs to get my phone when I hear it vibrate.

I see now that I'm not losing my balance as much as I was before. Also, I can see much more clearly with this weird eyesight, even though it gives me a headache. I guess what they say about getting better just before you die is true.

Once upstairs, I grasp my phone from the nightstand and my heart thumps when I see my wife's texts.

Locked in : Hey baby, are you still sleeping?

Locked in : When you wake up text me I have something to ask you

Locked in : It's EXTREMELY important!

Locked in : I'm done with lecture and heading to the bus to go to the airport. I won't have my phone on me for a few hours since Coach won't let us use our phones unless it's an emergency. I'll text after we land.

What the fuck? Just how long have I been asleep?!

I pull my phone down, looking at the picture I took of baby when she was sleep, and my heart melts but I shake my head, snapping out of it. Focus! Baby is mad at us! Why?!

However, that's when I see that it's not Tuesday but fucking Friday and past seven! What the fuck?! It's been seventy-four hours! And it all comes flooding back to me. Fuck...

It must have been that fucking club! Now that think about it, I started feeling like shit from the moment I went inside! Did them son of bitches give me covid?!

I clutch my chest, wheezing. It's been seventy-four hours... seventy-four fucking hours without Jessica? I feel like it was only twenty minutes ago that I was watching

her fuck my horn... wait! My horn! I touch around for it, but it's gone. No, fuck the horn... Jessica!

“Frank!” I hear over my shoulder and glance over to see my brothers. No, fuck them! I need to figure this shit out with my wife!

As I try to text her back, I feel dizzy and nearly fall on my ass, but my brother Saint catches me.

“Frank, where the hell have you b?—”

Something uncontrollable bursts from inside me and I grit my teeth, falling to my knees, throwing up blood, body in so much pain I roar, shattering the glass vases in the room and cracking the windows all over the house.

His eyes go wide in shock, but Saint doesn't flinch. He just raises brow, cigar in hand.

“What the fuck is going on?” Pierce gapes at the scene, but my mind is on my wife. I need to get to Jessica . That's all I care about. I let out another painful bellow as my body overheats, suddenly feeling pain in my back as my bones begin to crack.

My vision tunnels, but when something suddenly pops from my back, I sigh with relief, swaying on my feet and crouching, ready to sprint out. However, I hear a snap and my back burns as my bed is cut in half and the floorboards rip, forming a giant crater where you can peek through and see the cleaners dragging the body and scooping up the heart downstairs, talking and laughing casually until they see us and scramble, holding the dead body. What the fuck?

I look back, stunned that all that damage was done by some damn wings! I flap them, but they are heavy as fuck and I tilt back, nearly falling until I center my gravity, gritting my teeth, somehow willing my tail straight. Wait, I have a fucking tail!

I pant, feeling infinitely better, but unsteady on my feet and my body feels disjointed.

“Damn... I don’t think this is Covid,” I mutter.

“Whoa... that’s... something...” Genesis’ eyes widen with excitement.

“What the fuck...?” Gannon’s mouth hangs open, glasses on his face warped.

“So...” Saint cocks his head to the side.

“Well, something is definitely going on with this asshole,” Wilder mutters, but I can see the concern on his face.

“I knew it. I’m dying,” I shake my head, glancing back at the red wings and tail coming out of me.

“Dying, you say?” A snap is heard in the house and I go still as my mother walks into the room, looking me over. “I should have known it would be you out of all of them,” she says with awe, catching us all off guard.

“Calm down, dear. Don’t get too emotional. We both knew Frank resonated with his sin a bit more than the others,” my father states, and upon hearing me being praised and themselves being downplayed, all of my brothers perk their ears with anger.

“Oh? Do tell me more about how I’m better than the rest,” I cock my head to the side, feigning confidence, though I still feel like my body will break.

Her eyes widen with tears as she comes over to me with a smile. When she steps in front of me, her body shifts like mine, but it’s a more seamless transition than mine, shocking the hell out of all in the room except our father.

Her horns are much smaller than mine. Her eyes are all black, and her skin turns red,

and oddly, I can sense some sort of aura emanating from her. She feels like the people I'd met at that damn bar...

"It is an honor to finally meet you again, even if it is in a new lifetime," she bows and I frown along with my brothers. "Lord Asmodeus, King of all Lust, and Ruler of?—"

"Hold the fuck on! What the fuck is going on?" Pierce growls with Echo next to him co-signing.

"I would like to know as well, and why the fuck are you calling him 'My Lord?'" Echo snorts at our mother, and I have to agree. That threw me the fuck off as well, though I don't particularly give a fuck about it. I just want to get to Jessica.

"I'll explain," our father speaks and steps forward. He shifts too, but he's the opposite of mother. He's all shimmery and shit, and instead of a horn, he's sporting a fucking halo. The fuck? Is he an angel?

"Lord Lust," he speaks before he goes to his knee as if proposing, holding a hand to his chest along with Mother who does the same. "It is an honor to finally gaze upon you in your first form," he voices with emotion, and I make a face like what the fuck are they even saying as my brothers and I stare at one another.

"Wait, first form? What the fuck is he, Cell from Dragon Ball Z?" Wilder questions and Genesis smacks him.

"Just listen," he sneers.

"This is but one of the forms you and the other Lords will be able to take on. As you become more powerful you will change... you might have experienced your body changing at random moments. That will continue to happen as your body becomes more Demon than human..."



“Okay, but fuck all that. Get to the point,” I curl my lip, and our father nods.

“As you wish, Lord Lust. Savana and I, while we are of your flesh and blood in the human sense, are but loyal servants who have served the sins for eternity,” he states and I scratch my head.

“That doesn’t explain shit though,” Wilder speaks up.

“You, my Lord, and the other Lords are the reincarnations of the Seven Deadly Sins,” our father states and I reel back.

“Wait... like that anime baby had me watch when she came over?” I blink and our father shakes his head.

“No! That cheap imitation is but an insult to our Lords! What I mean is the true imbuelement of the sin, and you, My Lord, are the reincarnation of Lust, Demon King of the Seven and inner most hell closest to our Demon Emperor,” he states and I raise a brow.

“De... wait...” I place my hand on my head, getting a headache from all the random shit being thrown my way. “Okay, I need a second,” I sigh, going to sit down, but the fucking wings get in my way and I want to rip the sons of bitches from my back. “What the fuck do I do about these things?” I point and, Father clears his throat.

“You only have to will it so and they will do as you desire.” I guess that makes sense... I nod, thinking about how I was able to get baby to think I was cosplaying.

I close my eyes, frowning, and command these annoying things to disappear and soon feel a disturbing sensation in my back as if my bones are being rearranged. When it stops, I crack my neck, feeling better, doing the same for my eyes and tail, heaving a sigh of relief at having those heavy ass wings off my back.

“So what you’re saying is what’s afflicting Frank will eventually happen to the rest of us?”

“That is correct, Lord Pride. You all will start to exhibit your sin’s attributes more and more as you are closer to meeting your counter, the virtues. I was not expecting it to happen so soon, but I am honored to witness this unprecedented event. It means our Demon Emperor will soon be returning.”

“You are not making any fucking sense. Sins, demons, kings and emperors, virtues... it all sounds like some shitty low-budget fucking movie. Profitable... but still!” Genesis speaks and Mother bows.

“I apologize that you feel that way, Lord Greed. However, the information I am allowed to share is restricted for now.”

“Well that’s fucking rich, and for fuck’s sake, quit it with the ‘My Lord’ shit,” Wilder grumbles. “It’s weird as fuck.”

“I apologize for that as well, Lord Wrath. However, I cannot.”

“And why is that?” Gannon and Saint ask at the same time.

“Because Lord Gluttony and Sloth, now that the manifesting has begun, we are bound by our contracts. We must abide by the bylaws which state after the first manifestation, Savana and I cease to be your mother and father, henceforth becoming your loyal servants once more,” our father states proudly.

“This is bullshit,” Echo growls.

“Lord Envy, I understand the discourse, but this is what must be done,” Father states and I grit my teeth, tired of this shit already. I don’t have time for this.

Now that I'm feeling better and can see, I glance down at my phone so I can text my baby, but I see that an important message flashes in my email that I color coordinated for Jessica. Clicking it, my heart immediately sinks.

Hey baby,

I hope you're feeling better. I came by your place, but your staff wouldn't let me see you. FYI, she needs to be fired! Immediately! Anyway, I'm attaching a ticket to my game tomorrow. If you have time and aren't feeling too bad, I would really love it if you can make it. You'll be sitting right in the front next to my best friend Faythe who'll be FaceTiming with Bebe, my other best friend the entire game but she's in Georgia and can't make it. My parents aren't coming and even though Faythe is coming, it would make my day to see you there.

I miss you... I love you.

Yours,

Mrs. Metchie

She loves me? Me? An asshole doesn't deserve love, but the most precious being in the stratosphere said I'm worthy of her love? I look at the date she sent the email and my heart sinks... I missed it... I missed it! I fucking missed it!

"Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you?" Gannon steps back, expecting me to blow the fuck up and I just might...

"Chill," Wilder grumbles, covering his nose as he coughs and Genesis does the same. I smell blood in their cough...

"Lord Greed! Lord Wrath! It seems the miasma flowing from Lord Lust has penetrated your body! You two seem to be the next ready to manifest your sins!"

Mother steps forward, awe in her eyes.

“Ain’t shit penetrating me!” Wilder growls.

“Fucking right! We do the penetrating around here!”

“Pause...” Wilder adds, curling his lip.

“I... you know what the fuck I meant, asshole!” Gannon balks, offended, and Wilder points the middle finger, leaving Pierce to grit his teeth and point, disgusted.

“Them ? Before me ? You have got to me shitting me!” Pierce sneers with disgust, baring sharp teeth.

“Lord Pride, I’m sure you will manifest soon enough,” Father reassures him. “You only need to wait until Lord Lust enters hell and?—”

“HELL?!” we all shout at once and Father chuckles.

“Yes, hell. This one will be the Seventh Hell, specifically.”

“As in the eternal fire hell-hell?” Gannon curls his lip.

“The very one,” Father smiles and Gannon turns away.

“I’m good. No thank you,” he shakes his head and the rest of us follow. Hell? What the fuck are they even talking about?

“It’s not that bad. You’re all thinking based on the fairy tales you have heard. Besides, you have no choice in the matter if you want to manifest your sins. You need access the miasma there.”

“What the fuck is miasma?” Saint asks causally hanging back, puffing heavily on a cigar, looking more tired by the second, and Echo who’s standing next to him never looked so pissed as he glares at me.

“It’s a respiratory disease, idiot,” Wilder rolls his eyes.

“That’s asthma, you imbecile,” Pierce groans, looking genuinely disgusted.

“It’s the same difference. My asthma, your asthma, whatever,” he defends.

“Wait a minute... but does it affect the lungs?” Gannon instigates with narrowed eyes and a shit-eating grin.

“Yes... obviously,” Pierce growls, frustrated.

“Then technically I’m right. Same difference,” Wilder grins as he high fives Gannon.

“WILDER! GANNON!” our mother snaps back to her old self before rubbing her temples and taking a deep breath. “M-my apologies, Lord Wrath and Lord Gluttony... please allow me to properly explain. Miasma is noxious air that demons need to grow stronger. It’s not very present here on this Earth, though there are still way to attain it where there is death and sorrow. In your cases, you all collected it when you went on jobs or when you leaned into your sinful ways, which is why Lord Lust have manifested first,” she explains.

“Yeah, but how do I control this power? I need to go to my girl, s?—”

“Your... girl?” Mother pauses, and Father narrows his eyes.

“Yeah, and?”

“You mean to say you entered an actual... relationship?” Father asks and I puff out

my chest, proud of my baby. I go to speak, but Pierce says something first.

“Not only is he in a relationship, I’d even venture to say he’s in love,” he snorts and everyone turns to me, wide eyed.

“Love?” Genesis quirks a brow... “What’s that feel like?”

“Jessica,” I answer effortlessly.

“Not your woman... describe the feeling. What is it like?” Echo leans forward interested, but I can’t describe it. I don’t know what the emotion is myself. I’ve always had an aversion to the word, like it repulsed me until I met her.

“Love is Jessica. Jessica is love.”

“NO!” my mother shouts, drawing our attention. “Sins are incapable of love!” she grits out and our father comes up behind her, trying to calm her down.

“Relax, darling. He must not understand lust can not love. Lust can only desire... you must be confused, Lord Lust.”

“No. It might have started out like that... desire, lust, carnality... but—” I think about her smile and I clutch my chest. If this isn’t love, then what is it? “I lo—” My phone vibrates in my hand before I can say the words out loud, and I look down to see a text from my love.

Locked in : You know what? I’m tired of this

Locked in : I see you read my messages and chose not to respond...

Locked in : I can take a hint. I’m done. We’re through.

I read them one hundred... no, one thousand times, and each time I die a little inside as her messages send a piercing pain in my heart I have never felt before from mere words.... I... I feel like I'm suffocating...

Through?

I feel something poke my hand and glance down, gritting my teeth when I see my phone has practically shattered into dust in my hand.

Through?

Standing, I walk past my parents, glancing over them with more questions, but not now. I have other shit to handle. Leaving the room, everyone follows behind me confused, but I refuse to stop.

“Frank, where the hell are you going?!” Echo snarls and I keep walking, uncaring of all that stupid demon and seven hell shit. None of it matters, at least not right now. All this extra shit can wait.

“Where do you think? I’m going to my wife.” I crack my neck again, still feeling slightly uncomfortable.

“Are you kidding me?! You just turned into some fucking monster and been told we’re some demons, and all you give a fuck about is a wom—” I stomp, cracking the floor and turn. With the sheer force of my anger, I push Echo back, forcing him to slam against the wall before falling.

“You can discuss that shit amongst yourselves. Making sure my woman is good is more important,” I growl out viciously, ready to attack the next mother fucker who has something to say regardless of who the fuck it is. But Saint steps in between Echo and I, sighing, waving a Kleenex napkin.

“Fine, we’ll discuss it, but was that necessary?” he yawns. “Just go. I’m too lazy to care about stopping you anyway.” He glances at me, holding Echo back who’s still snarling at me. I only shrug as Echo’s sneer turn to a mocking smirk as he wipes the blood from his mouth. Sturdy son of a bitch.

“I don’t need you to take up for me. I shouldn’t have spoken like that about our sister-in-law, so I deserved that and I’ll give you that one. But make no mistake, you won’t get another,” Echo curls his lip as if dying for a fight. Normally I’d oblige, but I have more important shit to worry about than his fucked up self, so I just throw up a middle finger and keep my pace.

“We’ll get the details from mom and dad. Just don’t disappear again,” Pierce calls out.

“Yeah.”

“Oh, and I think it goes without saying that you shouldn’t tell your girlfriend about this.”

“I’ll tell my wife whatever the fuck I want,” I shoot off, but I know I won’t. I don’t know that the fuck is happening to me, but I don’t want her to wind up in a fucked up situation because of it.

“Frank!” Gannon sighs and throws his head back, exasperated.

“You bastard, would you just listen for a second! This is dangerous!” Wilder grumbles, and I agree with his words.

“I know... I won’t say anything, but if this affects my wife, I will protect her,” I grunt and my mother lets out a sorrowful screech, though I don’t have the wherewithal to care. I bypass the bloody puddle I left earlier and make my way out the door to my wife.



We're through?! That'll never fucking happen. I will never let her go.

"Fine, but come back as soon as you can," Pierce call out probably wanting to study what the hell is going on with my body.

"Yeah," I throw my hand up, leaving the house and heading to my baby.

My everything... my complete obsession... my Love.

To Be Continued in Bound by Lust...