



Curvy Girl for the New Year (Curvy Girl Romance Shorts)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: A Modern-Day Cinderella Holiday Romance

One fateful kiss. One relentless billionaire. One curvy girl who's about to learn that when it comes to love, some risks are worth taking.

When curvy and cautious Kaitlyn agrees to a wild dare at a glamorous masked New Year's Eve party, she never expects it to change her life. Kissing a stranger at midnight was supposed to be a harmless thrill, but the earth-shattering kiss leaves her reeling—and running. She escapes before the handsome mystery man can learn her name, leaving behind only a silver bracelet she doesn't realize she's lost.

Adam Prescott, New York's most eligible billionaire bachelor, isn't used to being ignored—especially after a kiss that leaves him desperate for more. Armed with only a broken bracelet and the memory of the woman who stole his breath, Adam launches a citywide search to find her. But with every gold digger in Manhattan clamoring for his attention, Adam fears he may never find the woman who truly captivated him.

When Kaitlyn hears the buzz about Adam's mysterious announcement, she's torn. Could the bracelet be hers? And if it is, does she dare come forward and face the man whose kiss still haunts her every thought?

Can this billionaire convince his runaway curvy girl she's the one he's been searching for? Or will insecurities and misunderstandings keep them apart as the New Year begins?

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one

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Kaitlyn

The glittering lights of the ballroom dance across my mask as I step through the ornate double doors, my heart thrumming in time with the string quartet. I clutch Megan's hand, grateful for her steadying presence even as my stomach flutters with nerves.

"I can't believe you talked me into this," I mutter, glancing around at the sea of beautiful strangers in elaborate costumes. "You know I'm no good at these fancy soirées."

"Oh hush, you look stunning!" Megan grins, sweeping her gaze over my deep crimson gown that hugs my curves like a lover's caress. "Besides, it's New Year's Eve—time to let loose and take a risk for once in your life, Kaitlyn Bennett!"

I nibble my lip, knowing she's right even as old insecurities tug at me. Megan squeezes my hand, her eyes sparkling with mischief behind her feathered mask.

"In fact...I dare you to kiss a stranger at midnight. No excuses." She winks. "Maybe then you'll finally get a New Year's kiss under your belt."

A scandalized laugh escapes me. "Megan! I couldn't possibly-"

"Ah ah, no arguing. You're doing it." She snatches two flutes of champagne from a passing waiter and presses one into my hand. "Liquid courage. Now, let's go find you a dark and handsome mystery man to seduce with those luscious lips of yours."

Shaking my head in amused exasperation, I let her pull me into the sparkling throng. Well, at least it's only a kiss and my bestie isn't trying to get me laid. Megan knows I'm a virgin, and thank God she isn't trying to pop my cherry for me. I love her to death, but she can be so pushy about what she thinks is good for me.

The bubbles in the champagne tickle my throat as I sip, firing my blood with intoxicating warmth. Maybe Megan is right, though. Maybe it is time I took a chance, threw caution to the wind just this once. The masks shroud us in tantalizing anonymity...perhaps tonight I can be someone else entirely. Someone confident and alluring, who takes what she wants.

Not the shy graphic designer I really am.

My eyes drift over the crowd, imagination reeling with possibilities. Which of these enigmatic strangers will I choose to be my midnight destiny?

The champagne flows through my veins like molten gold, emboldening me with each sip. I scan the room, my gaze drifting over the sea of masked faces, searching for that elusive spark of connection.

A tall figure catches my eye across the dance floor. He moves with a panther-like grace, broad shoulders straining against the fine fabric of his tuxedo. A sleek black mask obscures the upper half of his face, but I can feel the weight of his stare even from this distance. It sends a shiver down my spine, awakening something primal deep within me.

As if sensing my appraisal, he turns, our eyes locking through the shifting crowd.

Electricity crackles between us, a tangible current that steals my breath.

"Well well, looks like tall, dark and sinful has taken an interest," Megan murmurs in my ear, her voice laced with wicked delight. "I think we've found your midnight kiss, Kait."

I barely hear her, transfixed by his gaze.

And then the countdown begins.

I hand Kaitlyn my champagne glass.

Here goes nothing...

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two

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Adam

The chatter of the crowded ballroom fades into a dull hum as my eyes lock onto her across the room. She's a vision in red, her dress hugging every luscious curve. Auburn hair tumbles over her shoulders as she laughs, green eyes sparkling from behind her mask. I feel a jolt of electricity course through me.

Who is she?

I watch, transfixed, as she weaves through the crowd with effortless grace. The sway of her hips is hypnotic. I have to know her name.

Wait...is she making her way towards me?

The countdown begins. Anticipation crackles in the air. I start making my way towards her too, an invisible tether pulling me closer.

5...4...3...

It's getting closer to midnight. With purposeful strides, she closes the distance. She grabs my lapel and crushes her mouth to mine as the room erupts in cheers.

And what in the actual fuck?

Her lips are soft and pliant, almost shy and hesitant, but I instantly take over, demanding entry into her mouth.

She doesn't deny me. My tongue lips her lips, and then I slip inside the hot little cave of her mouth.

And fucking hell.

I'm consumed by her honeyed taste, the feel of her soft curves melting into my hard planes. I cup her face, angling deeper, devouring. She opens wider for me with a breathy moan. I plunder, dominate, claim her mouth as mine. Never has a kiss seared me to my core like this. I'm reborn in an instant.

I forget where we are. Forget everything but the taste of her, this sudden, overwhelming desire to make her mine .

A sudden shyness overtakes her and she pulls back, breathing heavily. Her luminous eyes are wide with a mix of shock and yearning. I reach for her, desperate to keep her close, but she slips from my grasp like quicksilver.

"Wait, I don't even know your?—"

I call out, but my words are lost in the cacophony of revelry. I lunge forward, desperate to catch her, to keep her from disappearing forever. My fingers brush against her wrist, and for a fleeting moment, I think I have her. But she's too quick, too elusive.

As she pulls away, I feel something cool and metallic beneath my fingertips. A delicate silver bracelet encircling her wrist. Without thinking, I close my hand around it, inadvertently snapping the clasp as she slips from my grasp.

She spins away, auburn curls bouncing as she darts through the throng of revelers and vanishes into the sea of masked faces, swallowed up by the pulsing crowd as if she were nothing more than a figment of my imagination. But the weight of the bracelet in my hand tells me otherwise.

I'm frozen, my body still thrumming from her touch. By the time I regain my senses, she's disappeared, swallowed by the sea of sequins and tuxedos.

I scan the crowd desperately, searching for a flash of auburn hair, a glimpse of that mesmerizing red dress. But she's nowhere to be seen. It's as if she's vanished into thin air, leaving me with nothing but a bracelet and a burning desire that threatens to consume me.

I stand there, stunned, my heart pounding against my ribcage as I stare at the spot where she disappeared. The ghost of her kiss still lingers on my lips, a searing brand that I know will haunt me until I find her again.

I look down at the bracelet, studying it intently as if it might somehow reveal her identity. It's a dainty thing, a thin silver chain adorned with a single charm—a delicate rose, the petals crafted from the palest pink enamel. It's clearly well-loved, the silver worn smooth in places from frequent wear.

I curl my fingers around it, my mind racing. Who is she? Why did she kiss me? The questions swirl in my mind, but the only thing I know for certain is that I have to find her. I have to see her again, to feel the warmth of her skin against mine, to taste the sweetness of her kiss once more.

I slip the bracelet into my pocket, the metal warm from my touch. It's a small comfort, a tangible reminder that she was real, that the connection between us wasn't just a figment of my imagination.

I hold onto her bracelet in my pocket like a talisman, gripping it tightly, a reminder of the kiss that changed everything, the kiss that set my soul on fire and left me desperate for more.

Frustration battles with wonder as I touch my still-tingling lips. Who is this mystery woman who's branded me with a single kiss? I clench my fists, determined. I will find her again. I will unravel her secrets and make her mine.

I scan the ballroom with predatory focus, searching for a telltale flash of auburn and curves. But she's vanished like Cinderella at midnight. I rake a hand through my hair and stride purposefully towards the door. I have connections. Resources. I will track her down, even if I have to scour the entire city. A Prescott never backs down from a challenge.

As I exit into the crisp night air, her scent still clings to me—sweet berries and temptation. I breathe deeply, committing it to memory. My blood hums with anticipation. I don't know her name. But I know she's mine. And I will stop at nothing to claim her.

Body. Heart. And soul.

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three

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Adam

I pace across my penthouse suite, my mind consumed by memories of her. That fiery kiss, the soft curves pressed against me, awakening a hunger I've never known. Her intoxicating scent lingers, an invisible thread pulling me back to that fateful moment.

My cock is rock hard in my pants and leaking at just the thought of her.

With a growl of frustration, I unzip my slacks and pull out my throbbing cock. It pulses in my hand, swollen and aching with need. I wrap my fingers around the rigid shaft, stroking roughly from base to tip.

My mind floods with vivid images of her—the seductive sway of her hips, the bounce of her full breasts barely contained by that low-cut dress, those plump lips parting with a gasp as I claimed her mouth. I imagine pinning her curvy body beneath mine, kissing and nipping a trail down her neck to her heaving cleavage. I picture burying my face between her thick thighs, lapping at her sweet honey pot until she's writhing and begging for more.

I pump my cock faster, squeezing and twisting on each upstroke. I roll my palm over the swollen head, smearing the copious precum that leaks from the slit. My balls draw up tight and my abs clench as the climax builds at the base of my spine. With a hoarse shout, I erupt in powerful spurts, my seed splattering across my fist and

designer suit.

But even as the aftershocks fade, the desire still rages through my veins, unsatisfied. One taste could never be enough. I'm consumed by a visceral need to track her down, to unravel the mystery of my Cinderella and make her mine. The wanting pulses through me like a second heartbeat.

Who is this woman who ran away with my heart? I will scour the city until I find her. And when I do, I'll lay her out on my Egyptian cotton sheets and worship every inch of her luscious body until she's screaming my name.

I will possess her, body and soul. I always get what I want. And what I want is her.

My fist clenches as frustration builds. How can one woman, whose name I don't even know, have such a hold on me? I'm Adam Prescott, a man who has everything and fears nothing. Yet here I am, unraveled by a pair of alluring eyes and luscious lips that branded my soul.

I stalk to the window, the city lights blurring into a kaleidoscope of colors. She's out there somewhere, taunting me with her absence. I run a hand through my hair, a plan forming in my mind. I have the power to move mountains, to bend the world to my will. Finding one woman should be child's play.

Snatching up my phone, I dial a familiar number. "John, I need a favor."

"Anything, Mr. Prescott," my publicist responds without hesitation.

"Put out an announcement, citywide. I have something belonging to a woman I met, and I want to return it. She must tell me what it is to get it back." My voice is low, intense.

"Understood, sir. Any specifics?"

"No," I growl impatiently. "Just do it."

If he thinks I've lost my mind, he knows better than to make any indication of it.

Ending the call, I toss the phone aside and resume my pacing. My blood thrums with anticipation, the thrill of the hunt coursing through my veins. One way or another, I will find her. And when I do, I'll uncover every secret, explore every inch of her tempting curvy body until she's mine completely.

And then I'll spoil her rotten.

The next day, the city is in chaos. Throngs of women descend upon my towering skyscraper, each one more desperate than the last to claim the nonexistent object they "lost." The foyer is a sea of high heels and fur coats, as gold diggers and socialites alike jostle for a chance at the attention of New York's most eligible bachelor.

I watch from my office, a sense of hopelessness overtaking me. They're all as predictable as the next, and I'm starting to think this is going to be like finding a needle in a haystack. But I'm not here for them. No, my gaze scans the crowd, searching for a flash of auburn hair or a pair of emerald green eyes that haunt my dreams.

But I don't see her.

I slam my fists against my desk and hang my head, mind swirling with what to do.

How to find her.

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four

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Kaitlyn

I frantically search through my desk drawers, scattering papers and pens. My heart pounds as I grow more desperate to find the delicate silver bracelet, the last tangible connection to my parents.

"It has to be here somewhere," I mutter, blinking back tears. The bracelet was the final gift they gave me, on my twenty-first birthday just weeks before the accident that took their lives. That was only two years ago. The loss is still way too fresh, and losing the bracelet feels like losing a piece of them all over again.

My best friend Megan bursts into my apartment, her curly hair bouncing. "Kaitlyn, did you hear the announcement?"

My brow furrows. "No, and I'm sorry, Megan, but I really don't care about whatever it is. I have to find my?—"

"I know," Megan interjects, "but what if it's the bracelet?"

I pause my frantic search, hope and flaring in my chest. I shake my head. "Okay, so what exactly are you talking about?"

Megan fills me in on the announcement that has gone viral. Apparently, some

billionaire named Adam Prescott sent out a cryptic message that has taken all the women of the city by storm. He has an item that belongs to a mystery woman, but he won't tell what it is cause only she will know it. He wants to return it, but she has to identify it and, consequently, herself.

My heart starts beating a staccato rhythm in my chest. Could it be mine? Did I lose my bracelet at the New Year's Eve party? Oh my god, was the man I kissed Adam Prescott, New York's most eligible bachelor? "I don't know, Meg..."

Megan grabs my shoulders, her brown eyes intense. "It's worth checking, Kait. You never know. And I know how much that bracelet means to you."

I waver, biting my lip. The thought of facing the humiliation of revealing that I was the idiot who kissed a total stranger makes me cringe. But Megan is right. That bracelet is the last link I have to my parents. I owe it to them to find it, and I'm desperate enough to try anything.

"Okay, how do I respond to this announcement?" I finally say, steeling myself. Megan squeals and grabs my hand to lead the way.

My heart pounds as we approach the front desk of a massive skyscraper, anticipation and dread coursing through me in equal measure. I can't shake the memory of New Year's Eve, the searing kiss that branded my lips and ignited a hunger I've never known. I've dreamed of that fucking kiss every night since it happened. It's insanity.

What if it's him? What if Adam Prescott is the man I kissed? I mean, on one hand, I've have my bracelet back. On the other, I'll be permanently embarrassed for life. I'll probably have to crawl under a rock and hide forever.

Megan's voice snaps me back to the present. "Excuse me, we're here about the announcement. My friend here lost something very important to her." Megan pushes

me forward.

The receptionist looks up, her gaze bored. She's probably tired of all the women coming through guessing at lost items. "Of course. Can you describe the item?"

I swallow hard, my mouth dry. "It's a delicate silver chain with a small rose-shaped pendant. The petals are a pale pink. My parents gave it to me." My voice wavers slightly, the words heavy with emotion.

She stares at me for a long moment, giving me a long, assessing look before she finally picks up the phone. "Mr. Prescott, I believe we've found her."

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Adam

My heart pounds erratically as I race out of the elevator, the secretary's words echoing in my mind.

She's here.

The woman who's haunted my every waking thought since that fateful masquerade ball. I storm into the reception area, my eyes scanning the room with fierce intensity.

And then I see her.

Wide green eyes, framed by a tumble of wild curly hair, stare back at me in shock. Recognition flashes across her face and I drink in the sight of her, no longer hidden behind an ornate mask. She's even more breathtaking than I remembered. A curvy angelic beauty with plump, rosy lips and creamy skin that I long to touch. To taste .

A dark-haired woman stands beside her, but I barely register her presence, my gaze locked on the innocent yet alluring creature before me. Desire surges through my veins, hot and demanding. I take a step closer, fighting the overwhelming urge to close the distance between us and pull her into my arms. To claim her mouth with the searing kiss I've been craving since she disappeared into the night.

I take another step forward, my body thrumming with a primal hunger I've never experienced before. She has bewitched me, body and soul. And I won't rest until I make her mine.

"It's you," I growl, my voice rough with barely restrained need. "I've been searching for you everywhere."

She blinks at me, her cheeks flushing a delicate pink, and I panic.

She looks like she might bolt again, and I'm gun shy from the last time she ran from me.

I react on instinct, reaching out and grabbing her hand before she can get away again, my grip firm as I pull her towards the elevator. My heart pounds in my chest, terrified she might try to run from me again. I can't let her slip away, not when I've finally found her.

As the elevator doors close behind us, I turn to face her, my eyes drinking in every detail. Those captivating green eyes, the soft curves of her body, the way her auburn curls frame her face. I ache to pull her flush against me, to feel her softness meld into my hardness. But I restrain myself, barely.

"Your name," I demand, my voice rough with need. "Tell me your name."

She looks up at me, eyes wide and lips parted. "Kaitlyn," she whispers. "Kaitlyn Bennett."

Kaitlyn . The name echoes in my mind like a prayer. I want to taste it on my tongue, to hear her sigh it as I explore every inch of her.

My hand tightens on hers as I fight the urge to haul her into my arms. "Kaitlyn," I

repeat, savoring the syllables. "Do you have any idea what you've done to me? How desperate I've been to find the woman behind the mask?"

She trembles slightly and I wonder if she can feel the electricity crackling between us, the magnetic pull drawing us inevitably closer. I need to touch her, to assure myself she's real and not just another haunting dream.

But I hold back, clenching my jaw with the effort. I won't let my famous control snap, not yet. Not until I understand why she kissed me, why she ran...and how I can ensure she never leaves me again.

"Why?" I croak. "Why did you do it?"

Kaitlyn's eyes flicker away and I see a hint of vulnerability beneath her bold exterior. "I...I don't know what came over me that night," she murmurs. "It was like something out of a fairy tale, and I got swept up in the magic of it all. And we were wearing masks, and for once in my life I felt brave..."

A muscle in my jaw ticks. "And then you disappeared without a word, leaving me with nothing but questions and a desperate need to find you again."

Her gaze meets mine, defiant yet tinged with uncertainty. "I didn't think...I mean, it wasn't supposed to be..."

She trails off, and my control finally shatters. I yank her into my arms, molding her curves against the hard planes of my body. She gasps, hands flattening against my chest. I can feel the hammer of her heartbeat, the hitch in her breathing.

"Wasn't supposed to turn my entire fucking world upside down?" I growl, burying my face in her hair and inhaling deeply. God, she smells like sunshine and sin. "You're all I've been able to think about, dream about. That kiss...it branded me,

Kaitlyn. Marked me as yours."

She shivers, fingers curling into my shirt. "Adam..."

The sound of my name on her lips is my undoing. I capture her mouth with mine, swallowing her soft cry of surprise. She tastes just as I remember, sweet and addictive. I'm lost in the silk of her skin, the lush give of her body.

Mine. The word pounds through my blood like a primal chant. This woman is fucking mine , and I'll be damned if I let her slip away again. I'll unravel the mystery of her, learn every secret, cherish every sigh.

The kiss deepens, turning carnal and consuming as I plunder her mouth. I can't get enough of her honeyed taste, her breathy sighs, the way she melts against me. My tongue tangles with hers in a sensual dance, stroking and teasing until we're both panting.

I let my hands roam her lush curves, mapping the dips and valleys I've fantasized about since that fateful night. She arches into my touch, a soft moan escaping her kiss-swollen lips. The sound shoots straight to my cock, making it throb with a desperate ache.

I want her with a visceral hunger that eclipses anything I've ever felt before. To strip away every barrier between us until we're skin to skin, nothing separating us as I claim her body and soul. I want to worship her with my hands and mouth, to bring her to the brink of ecstasy over and over until she's writhing beneath me, begging for release.

I groan into the kiss, my hips rocking against hers as I grow painfully hard. I can feel the telltale dampness in my boxer briefs, my cock leaking with desire. I'm seconds away from hitting the emergency stop button and taking her right here, consequences

be damned.

I need to bury myself inside her welcoming heat, to feel her silken walls flutter around my cock as I make her mine in the most primal way possible. I want to hear her cry out my name as I bring her to shattering climax, to watch her come undone in my arms.

But just as I'm about to give in to the all-consuming need, the elevator dings, signaling our arrival. We break apart, chests heaving and eyes glazed with lust. Reality comes crashing back in, reminding us of where we are.

I stare down at Kaitlyn, drinking in the sight of her kiss-ravaged lips and the rapid rise and fall of her breasts. She looks as wrecked as I feel, clinging to me like I'm her only anchor in a storm-tossed sea.

The doors slide open, but neither of us moves. We're frozen in this charged moment, the air between us crackling with barely restrained hunger. I know I should step back, put some much-needed distance between our bodies.

But I can't seem to make myself let her go. Not when every cell in my body is screaming at me to finish what we started, to claim her right here and now, prying eyes be damned.

I struggle to rein in my raging desires, to find some semblance of control. But with Kaitlyn in my arms, her scent filling my lungs and her taste lingering on my tongue, it's a losing battle.

I want her with a ferocity that defies reason. And one way or another, I intend to make her mine. Completely. Irrevocably.

Forever .

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six

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Kaitlyn

His hand is a brand on my back, the heat of his touch searing through the thin fabric of my dress as he guides me into his office. I'm still reeling from the kiss, my head spinning, lips throbbing. Is this really happening?

But there's no time to second guess as he ushers me through the doorway. My breath catches. The sleek, modern space sprawls before me, the city skyline glittering through floor-to-ceiling windows. It's the most luxurious office I've ever seen, a testament to his wealth and power.

I wander further in, drawn to the view, my heels clicking on the marble floor. "It's...amazing," I breathe, momentarily forgetting my predicament as I marvel at the sight.

"It is." His deep voice rumbles behind me, closer than I expected. "But not nearly as captivating as you."

A shiver races down my spine at his words, at the raw desire threading through them. I turn to find his blue eyes blazing into me, tracking my every move like a predator stalking his prey. Darkened with lust and possession.

My tongue darts out to wet my lips. His gaze drops to follow the movement, turning

molten. The air thickens, pulses between us. I'm suddenly achingly aware of my curves straining against my dress, my breasts rising and falling rapidly with each shallow breath.

What is this man doing to me? The way he looks at me, touches me, it's unlike anything I've ever experienced. Overwhelming. Consuming. His very presence dominates the room, traps me in his orbit.

"Tell me, Kaitlyn," he murmurs, stalking closer with predatory grace. "Why did you really kiss me?"

His question shatters the charged silence, jolts me back to reality. Mortification floods through me, heated blood staining my cheeks. "I—it was a dare," I stammer, wrapping my arms around myself. A flimsy shield against his penetrating stare. "My friend, she?—"

He steps closer, the heat of his body enveloping me. "A dare?" A hint of amusement flickers in his eyes. "So you'll do anything if you're dared to?"

I swallow hard, my heart racing. "No, that's not what I meant. I just?—"

"Then let me dare you." His fingers tilt my chin up, forcing me to meet his piercing gaze. "I dare you to go out with me, Kaitlyn. Right now."

My breath catches in my throat. Is he serious? This enigmatic billionaire wants to take me out on a date?

"I...I don't know what to say," I stammer, my mind reeling from his proposition.

"Say yes." It's not a question, but a command. His thumb traces my lower lip, igniting a fire deep within me. "I want to unravel the mystery that is you, Kaitlyn Bennett."

And I always get what I want." His lips tilt up teasingly. God, the man is gorgeous.

In that moment, I know I'm powerless to resist him. The intensity of his gaze, the possessiveness in his touch—it consumes me wholly.

"Yes," I breathe, surrendering to the desire coursing through my veins. "I'll go out with you."

A smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. "Good girl," he praises, his hand sliding down to the small of my back. And oh. My. God. That little bit of praise has me pressing my thighs together to try to quell the sudden ache blooming there.

Adam's eyes darken as if he knows what he's doing to me. His nostrils flare as he wraps an arm around me and leads me out of his office, his touch searing through the fabric of my dress. I'm lost in a haze of surreality.

Am I really going out with New York's most eligible bachelor, Adam Prescott?

The cool night air caresses my skin as we step outside, but it does little to ease the heat building within me. Adam's hand remains firmly on my back, guiding me towards a sleek black limo waiting at the curb. The driver opens the door, and Adam ushers me inside, his body brushing against mine as he slides in beside me.

"Chez Pierre," he instructs the driver, his voice low and commanding.

As the limo pulls away from the curb, I'm acutely aware of Adam's proximity. His leg presses against mine, his fingers tracing idle patterns on my knee. Each touch sends a jolt of electricity through my body, awakening a hunger I've never known before.

"Relax," he murmurs, his breath hot against my ear. "I've got you."

I swallow hard, meeting his gaze and instantly obeying.

His dark eyes smolder in approval as he murmurs, "Good girl."

The rest of the ride passes in a blur of heated glances and teasing touches. By the time we arrive at the restaurant, my body is humming with need, desperate for more of Adam's touch.

Chez Pierre is the epitome of elegance, with crystal chandeliers and white linen tablecloths. The ma?tre d'greet Adam by name, leading us to a private table overlooking the city skyline.

As we sip on expensive champagne, the conversation flows effortlessly. Adam regales me with tales of his business ventures, his passion for his work evident in every word. But there's a vulnerability beneath the surface, a loneliness that tugs at my heartstrings.

"I've built an empire, but sometimes I wonder if it's all worth it," he confesses, his eyes distant. "Money can buy many things, but it can't buy genuine connection. Not like what I felt the moment your lips met mine"

I blush and look away, but he tilts my chin up.

His gaze locks with mine, the intensity stealing my breath. "Never hide from me, beautiful."

God, he's going to make me pass out.

As the night wears on, the chemistry between us grows more palpable. Every accidental brush of skin, every shared laugh, every heated glance fuels the fire burning within me. By the time dessert arrives, I'm aching to be touched, to be

consumed by the man who has captivated me so completely.

"Let's get out of here," Adam suggests, his voice rough with desire. "I want to show you my world."

I nod, my heart racing with anticipation. As he leads me out of the restaurant and back into the limo, I know one thing for certain. I would follow Adam Prescott anywhere.

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seven

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Adam

The yacht rocks gently on the moonlit waves as I guide Kaitlyn onto the deck, my hand pressed possessively against the small of her back. She looks radiant, her auburn hair tousled by the salty breeze, green eyes luminous in the starlight. I want her with a dark, primal hunger that consumes my every thought.

"It's beautiful out here," Kaitlyn murmurs, leaning against the railing. The curves of her body beckon beneath the thin fabric of her dress.

I step behind her, molding my body to hers. "Not nearly as beautiful as you," I growl against her ear.

She shivers and arches back against me. I skim my hands down her sides to grip her hips. All the pent-up desire from our simmering glances and teasing touches boils over. I need to claim her, make her mine.

Spinning her to face me, I capture her mouth in a searing kiss. She parts her lips on a gasp and I delve inside, my tongue tangling with hers. I walk her backwards until she's pressed between my body and the yacht wall.

My hands roam greedily over her lush curves as our kisses turn frantic. Kaitlyn grips my shoulders, nails digging in deliciously. I yank down the straps of her dress,

freeing her heavy breasts. Cupping the ripe mounds, I tease the rosy nipples until she writhes against me.

"Adam, wait" she pants, head thrown back. "There's something I need to tell you."

Something about her tone makes me go eerily still. "You'd better not fucking tell me you have a boyfriend, gorgeous, because I'll hunt him down and kill him."

She blinks, surprised by my outburst, but then her brow furrows. "No, it's nothing like that."

I feel myself relax but only marginally. "Then, what it is? Talk to me, beautiful."

She bites her plump lip, and I groan. "You're killing me, Kaitlyn."

"I'm a virgin," she finally blurts out.

I stare at her, the blood rushing in my ears. Her words echo in my mind. A virgin. My innocent angel, untouched by any other man.

A dark thrill rushes through me at the knowledge that I'll be her first, her only . That tight, wet heat will mold perfectly to my cock, ruining her for anyone else. She'll be mine completely.

"Oh Kaitlyn," I rasp, my voice rough with lust. "You have no idea how fucking perfect you are."

I capture her mouth again, kissing her deeply, drinking in her sweetness. She melts against me, breasts pressing deliciously into my chest. I trail my lips down the slender column of her throat, savoring the rapid flutter of her pulse. Her scent—sweet berries—intoxicates me.

I need her naked. Now . I want to worship every curvy inch of her creamy skin, taste her essence, feel her shatter with pleasure in my arms. My hands find her zipper and I tug it down impatiently, peeling the dress off her body. Kaitlyn gasps as the cool night air caresses her bare curves.

I drink in the sight of her like a man dying of thirst. Full, heavy breasts topped with pebbled pink nipples. Her waist flaring out to lush hips. The thatch of auburn curls at the juncture of her thighs hiding her virgin treasure. My cock throbs almost painfully. I've never wanted a woman this badly.

"Fuck, you're exquisite," I groan. "An untouched curvy goddess. I'm going to ruin you for any other man. All these beautiful curves belong to me now."

I drop to my knees before her, sliding my hands reverently up her smooth thighs. She quivers beneath my touch, breath coming fast. Hooking my fingers in her lacy panties, I drag them slowly down her legs. The scent of her arousal hits me and my mouth waters. I have to taste her.

Throwing one of her thighs over my shoulder, I bury my face between her legs. Kaitlyn cries out, fingers sinking into my hair. I lap at her eagerly, delving my tongue between her slick folds to find the hidden pearl at the apex of her sex. She bucks against my face as I circle her clit with firm strokes. Ambrosia. She tastes like fucking ambrosia.

"Oh god, Adam!" she keens, hips undulating. "That feels...ungh...I'm going to...ahhh!"

Her thighs start to tremble and I redouble my efforts, suckling hard on the sensitive bundle of nerves. With a sharp cry, she shatters, flooding my tongue with her sweet release. I groan in male satisfaction, continuing to lap at her gently as she rides out the aftershocks.

Finally, I pull back and rise to my feet, scooping Kaitlyn's trembling body into my arms. Her eyes are glazed, cheeks flushed a becoming pink. I can't resist claiming her lips in another drugging kiss, letting her taste herself. She moans into my mouth, arms twining around my neck.

Striding purposefully, I carry her to the yacht's luxurious stateroom below deck. The king-sized bed beckons invitingly. I lay Kaitlyn down on the plush comforter, taking a moment to shrug out of my shirt and kick off my shoes and pants. Her eyes go wide as they rove over my naked body, lingering on my painfully erect cock.

"See what you do to me, gorgeous," I rasp, fisting my throbbing length. "I'm so fucking hard for you. Gonna fill this tight little virgin pussy so good."

Kaitlyn whimpers, thighs rubbing together restlessly. I prowl onto the bed, settling myself between her parted legs. Bracing myself over her, I rub the swollen head of my cock through her slick folds, teasing her entrance. She bucks impatiently, trying to take me inside.

"Adam, please," she mewls desperately. "I need you."

"Shhh, I've got you angel," I soothe, pressing a tender kiss to her forehead. "This might hurt, but I promise I'll make it so good for you."

Slowly, carefully, I start to push inside her, groaning at the exquisite squeeze of her tight channel. She tenses, fingernails biting into my shoulders. Inch by excruciating inch, I sink into her welcoming heat until I'm buried to the hilt, fully seated inside her body.

"Fuck, Kaitlyn," I grunt through clenched teeth. "You're so goddamn tight. Squeezing my cock like a vise."

She whimpers, and I hold myself still, letting her adjust to the unfamiliar fullness stretching her open. Capturing her mouth, I kiss her deeply, tongues tangling sensually, until I feel her start to relax. Experimentally, I rock my hips and she gasps into my mouth, pleasure starting to chase away the pain.

"That's it, angel," I encourage huskily, starting a slow, deep rhythm. "Take my cock. Such a good girl, so fucking perfect."

Kaitlyn moans, arching to meet my thrusts as she grows accustomed to my possession. I angle my hips to hit that secret spot inside her, swiveling to stimulate her clit. Her slick walls flutter around me and I groan, fighting the urge to pound into her. I want her first time to be good, to ruin her for any other man.

"Adam, oh god," she pants, nails digging into the muscles of my back. "Don't stop. It feels so good."

Her breathless pleas spur me on. I increase the force of my thrusts, still mindful of her virgin status but unable to hold back completely. The erotic sounds of skin slapping against skin and our labored breathing fill the stateroom. Kaitlyn writhes beneath me, lost to the pleasure, a sheen of sweat glistening on her flushed skin.

I bend my head to capture one rosy nipple between my lips, suckling greedily as my hips piston relentlessly. She keens, back bowing off the bed. Close, she's so close. I can feel her tightening like a bowstring about to snap.

Lifting my head, I lock eyes with her, our gazes fusing with scorching intensity. "Come for me, Kaitlyn," I command roughly. "I want to feel this sweet little pussy milking my cock dry as you scream my name."

My filthy words push her over the edge. With a sharp cry of my name, Kaitlyn shatters, her sex clamping down on me like a vise. The squeeze of her release triggers

my own. With a guttural groan, I bury myself to the hilt and erupt, flooding her virgin passage with my seed.

Wave after wave of ecstasy crashes over us as we cling to each other, bodies joined in the most primal way. I capture Kaitlyn's lips in a searing kiss, swallowing her whimpers and sighs. She trembles in my arms, overcome by the intensity of our joining.

Slowly, reluctantly, I withdraw from her luscious heat and gather her close, tucking her against my chest. "You're incredible," I murmur into her hair, still reeling. "I've never felt anything like that before."

Kaitlyn tips her head back to meet my gaze, green eyes soft and luminous. "Me either," she admits shyly. "That was...wow."

I chuckle, unable to resist pressing a tender kiss to her temple. "It was fucking transcendent, is what it was. You've ruined me for anyone else, gorgeous."

She blushes prettily, but I see the flash of feminine satisfaction in her eyes. Good. I want her to know how completely she owns me, body and soul. This curvy little virgin has brought me to my knees.

We lay tangled together, basking in the afterglow, the yacht bobbing gently on the moonlit waves. I know with bone-deep certainty that this is only the beginning for us. Kaitlyn has unlocked something inside me, a yearning I never knew existed.

She's mine now, and I'll move heaven and earth to keep her by my side. My innocent curvy goddess, my redemption.

My everything.

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eight

...

Kaitlyn

I stumble into my apartment, heart pounding, lips still tingling from Adam's searing kisses.

I check my phone and found half a dozen missed calls and texts from Megan.

I call my bestie, and she pounces immediately.

"Oh my god, Kaitlyn! Spill! What happened?" I know her eyes are wide with excitement.

I collapse onto the couch, head spinning. "He kissed me, Meg. Like really kissed me." I touch my swollen lips, reliving the intensity.

"Holy shit! Adam Prescott kissed you? The billionaire? I need details!"

As I recount the night, reality comes crashing in. Icy dread seeps into my bones. What am I thinking? Adam is a celebrity, insanely wealthy and powerful. I'm just a nobody graphic designer from Brooklyn.

My mind reels with visions of gossipy tabloids, judgmental stares, feeling utterly out of place in his world. Tears prick my eyes. I'm in way over my head. This fairy tale

can't possibly be real.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I can hear the frown in Megan's voice as she picks up on my sudden change in demeanor. "This is amazing! Why do you suddenly seem all down?"

"I can't do this, Meg," I whisper. "What am I thinking? He's Adam freaking Prescott. I...I don't belong in his league." My voice cracks as insecurity floods through me.

"Nu-uh, don't you dare," my bestie says firmly. "You are fucking amazing, Kaitlyn. Don't let your insecurities?—"

A firm knock at the door startles us both—especially since it's so loud Megan hears it over the phone. I hear a deep, familiar voice and my heart seizes.

"Kaitlyn!"

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Megan hisses at me over the line. "Answer him!"

I hang up on my bestie and head to the door. No sooner do I open it does Adam stride into the living room, his presence filling the space, electrifying the air.

"Adam! What are you doing here?" I hastily wipe my eyes, hating that he's seeing me like this—weak, emotional, unsure.

In an instant, he's on his knees before me, grasping my hands. His blue eyes blaze with intensity.

"I don't know, Kaitlyn. I just...I felt like you needed me." "He studies my face, looking worried. "And it looks like I was right. You've been crying. What's wrong, princess?"

My lips wobble as I try to hold in more tears at his concern.

"It's just..." I whisper, averting my gaze. "You're you and I'm...I'm just me, and everything is starting to hit me..."

"You're doubting this, doubting us." His thumbs caress my knuckles, sending sparks across my skin.

And then Adam cups my face, forcing me to meet his stare. "Listen very carefully to me, Kaitlyn. You're my everything. I was prepared to burn down this whole city to find you," he growls. "From the moment I saw you, I knew you were different. You're real, raw, beautiful inside and out. I don't give a damn about status or expectations. I just want you."

He leans in, lips grazing my temple, my cheek, my jaw. I shiver as his stubble scrapes my sensitive skin. "I've never wanted anything as much as I want you. Your mind, your body, your heart...I'll worship every inch of you."

His words wash over me, through me, wrapping me in warmth and unshakeable conviction. This powerful man, who could have anyone, desires me with a ferocity that steals my breath.

"Let me show you," he murmurs against my neck. "Let me prove how crazy you make me. Trust me, baby."

And as Adam trails scorching open-mouthed kisses down my throat, big hands gripping my waist, any lingering doubts melt away, replaced by an all-consuming need to surrender to this wild, passionate, unstoppable force between us.

In frenzied motions, we discard our clothes, both of us desperate to feel skin on skin. Adam lifts me in his arms, carrying me to the bed. He lowers me down, his weight

pinning me in place as he hungrily devours every inch of my body.

"You're mine," he growls again and again, his tongue lapping at my hardened nipples, his fingers delving between my thighs, sending me arching off the bed.

"Yes," I gasp, breathless. "I'm yours, Adam. Yours only."

He smiles against my skin, a predatory grin that sends shivers down my spine. "That's my girl. My curvy, beautiful, irresistible goddess."

With one firm thrust, he enters me, filling me so completely, stretching me in ways I've only ever dreamed of. "Fuck," he groans. "I'm sorry. I couldn't wait, baby. Needed to be inside this pussy again. Needed to feel you."

The sensation of him inside me is indescribable. Our hips rock in a primal rhythm, our eyes locked, our souls intertwined. This is more than just lust or lust at first sight. This is destiny, written in the stars, a Cinderella story straight out of a fairy tale, and I'm the lucky one who gets to live it.

With each powerful stroke, we edge closer to the precipice, our moans and gasps mingling. It's almost poetic, this union of ours, a fated kiss that ignited a fire neither of us could have ever extinguished.

Adam's fingers tangle in my hair as he claims my mouth in another bruising kiss, his tongue sweeping inside to dance with mine. I moan into him, my pussy fluttering around him.

"Yes, that's it, beautiful. Come on your man's cock."

"Feel what you do to me," he growls, rolling his hips against my core. The hard ridge of his arousal presses insistently, sending jolts of electricity through my body. "Every

second of every day, I ache for you, Kaitlyn."

Then, he suddenly pulls back from me, and I whimper at the loss.

"Please," I whimper, unsure of what I'm begging for but desperate for more. More of his touch, his taste, his scorching intensity.

Adam's eyes glitter with dark promise as he sinks to his knees before me, strong hands gripping my hips. "I'm going to feast on you until you scream my name, until you understand that you're mine."

And then his mouth is on me, hot and demanding, his tongue delving into my slick folds. I cry out, fingers scrabbling for purchase as pleasure rockets through my veins.

He devours me like a man starved, licking and sucking, stoking the inferno building in my core. My head falls back, lost to the sensations, to the filthy words he growls against my sensitive flesh.

"You taste like heaven," he rasps, thrusting two fingers deep inside me. "So tight, so perfect. I'm going to wreck this pussy, Kaitlyn. No one else will ever touch you. You belong to me."

His fingers curl, finding that secret spot that makes stars explode behind my eyelids. I'm climbing higher and higher, chasing the release that hovers just out of reach.

"Let go for me, baby," Adam commands, his tongue flicking over my swollen clit. "I've got you. I'll always catch you."

And with those words, with the intensity of his stare searing into my soul, I shatter apart, my body bowing off the bed as ecstasy consumes me. Adam holds me through the aftershocks, gentling me with soft kisses along my inner thighs.

As I float down from the high, he rises to his feet, gathering me into his arms as he pushes his cock back into me. I burrow into his warmth, breathing in his intoxicating scent of spice and man as he pumps into me furiously. "Oh fuck, yeah, baby. Gonna come so hard for you."

And then with one last powerful thrust and a strangled grunt, he does, his hot heat flooding into me.

He continues to hold me, his cock still inside me as he strokes my hair.

"Do you believe me now?" he asks softly. "You're it for me, Kaitlyn. There will never be anyone else."

Tears prick my eyes at the raw honesty in his confession. "I believe you," I whisper, cupping his chiseled jaw. "I'm yours, Adam. Completely."

He seals his lips over mine in a kiss that feels like a vow, and I mentally remind myself to thank Megan for the dare that changed my life.

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One year later

Adam

I gaze out across the glittering ballroom, the champagne in my hand untouched. The crowd of elegant guests swirls before me, but my eyes seek only one person—Kaitlyn, my beautiful wife.

She stands near the large glass windows, her auburn hair shining under the chandeliers. That emerald green dress hugs her lush curves like a second skin. Just the sight of her takes my breath away. I still can't believe she's mine.

Our fairytale romance captured the media's attention this year. The billionaire bachelor Adam Prescott finally settling down with the talented graphic designer Kaitlyn Bennett. Cinderella stories still sell headlines, it seems.

I stride across the room, the guests parting before me. Kaitlyn turns as I approach, her green eyes sparkling.

"There you are," I murmur, pulling her into my arms. "I was getting lonely without you."

"I'm surprised you left me alone for this long," she teases.

My hands possessively span her curvy waist. I haven't let Kaitlyn out of my sight since our wedding. Some call me overprotective, even obsessive. But after the very real fear of never finding my mystery woman, I refuse to squander a single moment

with her.

"Dance with me," I command softly.

As I whisk her onto the dancefloor, Kaitlyn gazes up at me, a small smile playing about her lips.

"Any New Year's resolutions, Mr. Prescott?"

"Just one," I reply, pulling her flush against me. "Making you deliriously happy, Mrs. Prescott. And putting a baby in that belly."

I punctuate each word with a brush of my lips against her soft skin. Kaitlyn shivers in my arms.

As the countdown to midnight begins, the anticipation in the ballroom reaches a fever pitch. Champagne glasses are raised, ready to toast the New Year. I pull Kaitlyn even closer, my eyes locked on hers. In this moment, she is my entire world.

"Ten, nine, eight..." the crowd chants.

Kaitlyn's breath catches as I lean in, my lips a hairsbreadth from hers.

"I love you," I whisper. "More than anything."

"I love you too, Adam," she breathes.

"Three, two, one...Happy New Year!"

As cheers erupt around us, I capture Kaitlyn's mouth in a searing kiss. I pour all my love, my desire, my obsession into that single moment. Her lips part under the

onslaught and she melts against me, surrendering completely.

Fireworks explode outside the windows, bathing us in multicolored light. But I barely notice. All I can focus on is the feel of Kaitlyn's lush curves pressed against me, the sweet taste of her mouth, the scent of her perfume enveloping me.

My blood races hot through my veins and my cock swells to full hardness, straining against my tuxedo pants. I need her. Now. I don't care that we're in the middle of a crowded ballroom. I don't care who sees.

I break the kiss and sweep Kaitlyn up into my arms, bridal style. She lets out a surprised little yelp, her hands flying to my shoulders. A hush falls over the ballroom as every eye turns to stare at us.

Then the crowd erupts into raucous cheers and catcalls. I hear snippets as I stride purposefully toward the elevators.

"Atta boy, Prescott!"

"Someone's getting lucky tonight!"

"Is it hot in here or is it just those two?"

Kaitlyn blushes prettily and buries her face in my neck. I just smirk, completely unashamed. Let them gossip and speculate. All that matters is that I have Kaitlyn in my arms, right where she belongs.

The elevator doors slide open and I carry her inside, punching the button for the top floor. As soon as the doors close, I set Kaitlyn on her feet and cage her against the mirrored wall with my body.

"I couldn't wait another second," I growl against her lips. "I need to be inside you."

I capture Kaitlyn's lips in a bruising kiss as my hands roam greedily over her curves. She arches into my touch, a breathy moan escaping her.

The elevator dings and the doors slide open. I reluctantly tear my mouth from hers and take her hand, practically dragging her down the hallway to our private office. Yes, that's right. My wife works with me. I set her up a desk right next to mine where she works as a graphic designer, and I made damn sure everyone knows how talented she is. She has all the work her pretty little heart desires, and I know I might be biased, but her work is fucking amazing. Her clients are lucky to work with her.

She smiles up at me, and my pulse pounds with anticipation, my cock rock hard and leaking. God, she's beautiful. My obsession hasn't dimmed at all. If anything, it's only grown stronger.

As soon as the office door closes behind us, I'm on her. My hands find the zipper of her dress and yank it down. The emerald fabric slithers to the floor and pools at her feet, leaving her clad only in a black lace bra and panties. My eyes feast on the rich curves I know so well, the dusky nipples straining against delicate lace.

"Fuck, you're exquisite," I rasp. "I'll never get enough of you."

I strip off my tuxedo jacket and dress shirt, not caring where they land. Kaitlyn's eyes darken with lust as she takes in my chiseled chest and abs. Her pink tongue darts out to wet her lips and my cock jerks in response.

Reaching out, I unclasp her bra and toss it aside. Her full breasts spill free, the rosy nipples already puckered for my touch. I palm the heavy globes, reveling in their weight. Kaitlyn whimpers as I roll the sensitive peaks between my fingers.

"Please, Adam," she pants. "I need you."

"I know, baby," I murmur, hooking my fingers in her panties and dragging them down her shapely legs. "I'm going to take care of you."

I walk her backward until her ass hits the large mahogany desk. With a sweep of my arm, I send the papers and pens flying. Then I'm lifting her onto the polished wood, nudging her thighs apart to step between them.

Cupping her face, I claim her mouth again. She opens for me eagerly, our tongues tangling together. I kiss her until we're both breathless, until the world narrows to just her and me and this all-consuming need.

Then I'm trailing my lips down the graceful column of her throat, pausing to nip and suck at her wildly fluttering pulse. Lower still, mapping the curves of her collarbones, the soft swells of her breasts. I draw one aching nipple into the wet heat of my mouth and Kaitlyn nearly comes off the desk, her nails digging into my shoulders.

"Oh god, Adam!" she cries out, her head thrown back in ecstasy.

I lavish attention on her perfect tits, suckling and nipping until she's writhing beneath me. Her arousal coats my fingers where they delve between her thighs, stroking through the slick heat.

I find the swollen pearl of her clit and rub tight circles around it. Kaitlyn keens, her hips bucking into my touch. I stroke and caress her sensitive flesh until she's quivering on the edge, her juices dripping down my wrist.

"Adam, please," she begs breathlessly. "I need you inside me..."

With a growl, I drop to my knees and bury my face between her thighs. Kaitlyn cries

out sharply as I devour her, licking and sucking at her throbbing clit. I thrust my tongue deep into her fluttering channel, fucking her with it. She grinds herself wantonly against my mouth, chasing her pleasure.

"Oh fuck, just like that!" she pants. "Don't stop, I'm going to come!"

I double my efforts, lashing her clit with my tongue as I slide two fingers into her soaked pussy. I crook them just right and she shatters, screaming my name. Her velvety walls clench rhythmically around my fingers as I work her through the aftershocks.

Before the tremors have fully subsided, I'm surging to my feet and freeing my iron-hard cock from the confines of my pants. Kaitlyn watches me with hooded eyes, her gaze riveted to my impressive length. Pre-cum beads at the tip and she licks her lips hungrily.

I notch myself at her entrance, coating my cock in her slick arousal. Then with one powerful thrust, I bury myself to the hilt in her tight heat. We groan in unison at the exquisite sensation. She feels like heaven, hot and wet and perfect.

"God, you feel incredible," I grit out. "So fucking tight for me."

I pull back until just the tip remains inside her, then slam forward again. Kaitlyn throws her head back with a sharp cry, her nails scoring down my back. I set a hard, driving pace, pistoning in and out of her clenching sheath.

The obscene slap of flesh against flesh fills the room, mingling with our harsh pants and moans. My balls draw up tight, slapping against her ass as I rut into her. Kaitlyn meets me thrust for thrust, rolling her hips to take me even deeper.

"Harder," she demands breathlessly. "Fuck me harder, Adam!"

With a primitive growl, I comply, hammering into her with savage intensity. The heavy desk creaks and shudders beneath us but I don't let up. I snake a hand between our sweat-slicked bodies to thumb at her clit and she keens.

"That's it, baby," I coax gruffly. "Come on my cock. Let me feel this sweet pussy squeezing me dry."

I pinch her clit hard and she shatters with a scream, her pussy clamping down on me.

"Fuck, gonna get you pregnant baby. Make sure every man who looks at you can tell you're fucked good and you're mine."

"I'm already pregnant," she pants.

And that does it. The thought of my beautiful wife pregnant with my seed sends me flying over the edge.

I come. Hard .

I roar my release as I bury myself to the hilt one last time, my vision whiting out. Scorching ropes of cum paint her fluttering inner walls as my cock jerks and pulses endlessly, pumping her full. The knowledge that she's already carrying my child sends primal satisfaction surging through my veins.

Gasping, I collapse over her, my face pressed to her heaving breasts. Kaitlyn's arms come around me, cradling me close as we both struggle to catch our breath. Sweat cools on our skin and the scent of sex hangs heavy in the air.

After a long moment, I lift my head to meet her dazed, sated gaze. "You're pregnant?" I ask hoarsely, hardly daring to believe it.

Her lips curve in a brilliant smile. "Yes, Adam. We're going to have a baby."

Joy like I've never known explodes in my chest and I crush my mouth to hers in an exultant kiss. "I love you," I breathe against her lips. "God, I love you so much."

"I love you too," she whispers, happy tears shimmering in her eyes. "We're going to be a family."

I gather her close, marveling at the incredible woman in my arms. My wife, the love of my life, the mother of my unborn child. I vow in that moment to cherish her always, to love and protect her and our baby until my last breath.

As I hold her there amidst the scattered remnants of our passion, I know a profound peace. This woman, this love, this life we're building together—it's everything I never knew I needed. And now that I have it, I will never let it go.

I can't think of a more perfect way to bring in the New Year.

Keep reading for an excerpt from *Unmasking the Billionaire* .

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“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this!” I practically have to yell over the music to be heard by Jenny, my best friend since childhood.

Jenny just smiles her dazzling, millionaire-dollar, rich girl smile at me from behind her sparkling, Swarovski-crystal mask.

We’re at some sort of masquerade ball for New York’s elite. It’s the Halloween party of the season and surprisingly not as stuffy as I’d expected it to be.

Honestly, it’s kind of cool with the dim lighting, high-end decorations, elaborate costumes, and all the masked faces on parade, but still.

This isn’t my element.

“Oh, come on, Eve! This is fun! You need to lighten up and live a little for once!”

That’s easy for her to say. She’s a trust fund baby without a care in the world. Her mommy and daddy pay for everything, from her expensive haircut to the designer shoes on her feet. She doesn’t have to worry about anything.

Not that I begrudge my bestie anything. I’m glad she hasn’t had the same struggles in life I’ve had. It’s how she’s able to have that beautiful, happy glow about her.

She doesn’t know the worry that I do of how she’s going to pay next month’s rent or how she’s going to juggle the electric bill so that the power doesn’t get cut off.

And while she’s offered to pay my bills before or let me move in with her, I have way

too much pride to accept her offers.

I've been making it on my own since I turned eighteen and aged out of the group home, and I'm not about to start accepting charity now that I'm twenty.

"Your birthday only comes around once a year!" she reminds me, flinging an arm around my shoulder familiarly. "It's time to turn up and party!" She pronounces "party" like "par-tay," and I can't help the smile that ghosts across my lips at her giddiness.

Jenny is a blonde bombshell. Model thin, tan, and tall, she's all bubbly and light whereas I almost look like a goth chick with my midnight black hair, pale complexion, and short stature. And although Jenny's slender, she has a little bit of curves in all the right places.

Me? Nothing. I'm so thin my breasts and ass are laughable at best, and it's not because I don't eat because trust me. I've gone hungry before, and you'll never see me turn down a meal or feign a weak appetite. I can put it away like a football player, and I'm not even the least bit ashamed of it. At barely five foot, though, I'm teeny tiny and still look like a pre-teen—no matter how much I eat.

My best friend and I are total opposites. She's outgoing whereas I'm quieter. I'm not exactly shy, but I don't have a desire to be the life of the party either. She's like the light, and I'm the dark. Seriously, I was born on All Hallow's Eve, and she was born on Jesus' birthday, a perfect little Christmas baby.

"Come on," Jenny grabs my hand and starts dragging me along with her, "let's go find some hot guys."

I roll my eyes. That's another difference between us. Jenny is boy crazy, and I couldn't care less about the opposite sex. I'm not a lesbian or anything, but I just don't have any experience with men.

Survival has kept me from getting into any serious relationships. The most I've ever done is let a few boyfriends in high school kiss me, and I wasn't impressed with those slobbery attempts, so I've never been tempted to even try anything more.

So, yeah, I'm a twenty-year-old virgin. Pathetic, right?

Jenny drags me by a table filled with Halloween-themed cookies, cakes, and other confections, and my mouth begins to water.

I pull back on her hand to try to stay her. "Let's get some refreshments instead!" I yell to her over the pumping music.

She looks over her shoulder at me and rolls her eyes. "I swear, Eve, you're always freaking hungry. I don't know where you put it all."

I smirk at the obvious envy in her tone. Jenny is the stereotypical gym bunny, counting every calorie she eats to maintain her perfect physique.

"Don't hate," I grin at her smugly before reaching out to grab a miniature black cupcake covered with purple frosting.

I barely have time to pop the bite-sized confection in my mouth before Jenny is yanking on my hand again, pulling me through the crowd.

"Jenny, slow down!" I hiss at her, afraid I'm going to break my neck in these five-inch heels she insisted I wear tonight to make me not look like so much of a smurf. Her words—not mine. Plus, she claims they're just the perfect addition to the lacy black dress she dressed me up in.

I swear sometimes I think Jenny is my friend just because she wants a real-life doll to play dress up with. There's no greater joy for her than dressing me up in fancy clothes, doing my hair and makeup, and dragging me to shit like this with her.

And I go along with it because I love my best friend and want to make her happy.

Her eyes are scanning through all the masculine choices, and then she suddenly stops dead in her tracks.

“Oh. My. God.” she breaths out.

“What?” my brows furrow at her melodramatic reaction.

“Check out Mr. Big and Scary,” she breathes, and my eyes follow her line of sight and widen when they meet the object of her gaze.

A huge man in a black mask stands in a corner looking surly and brooding, towering over the other guests. The mask covers most of his face except his mouth. Think of the Don Juan mask Gerard Butler wore in The Point of No Return scene in that film adaptation of The Phantom of the Opera . That’s what his mask reminds me of.

His hair is dark brown. It’s stylishly disheveled, like it’s windblown and wild without looking messy. When he tilts his tumbler up and takes a sip of some liquid that’s probably brandy or cognac or something else equally expensive, I watch his suit rustle as his muscles bunch with his movements like it’s all the fabric can do to contain the beast within.

I don’t know who the hell the guy is or what he does, but he exudes power and wealth. He’s not wearing a costume like the other partygoers. No, he’s wearing what I already know is a custom-tailored suit.

I don’t need to be able to see all his features to see that he’s gorgeous and dark and dangerous-looking. I’ve never seen a more perfect specimen of male masculinity, and my heart speeds up as my breath catches in my throat.

I’ve never reacted to a man this way before, and Jenny notices it if the sly,

mischievous grin she gives me is any indication.

“I dare you to go over there and kiss him,” she elbows me.

I laugh and push her back. “You’re crazy! I’m not going to do that! I don’t even know the guy.”

“Exactly!” Jenny’s eyes are excited. “You don’t know him...” her voice sing-songs, “he’s super smexy.”

I roll my eyes. Only Jenny would make “smexy” a word in conversation.

Jenny ignores me and goes on, “You’re twenty years old today, and you’ve never had a decent kiss.”

I glare at her, suddenly wishing I hadn’t told her all the embarrassing details of my failed boyfriends.

Again she ignores me and keeps ticking off reasons I should follow her insane suggestion. “It’s dark in here, and you’ll never have to see him again. You can simply go lay one on the hot stranger and have a great memory for your birthday, and then we’ll go eat cake and dance and party and everything will be perfect! You have nothing to lose and everything to gain!” she says happily.

I stare at her like she’s sprouted another head.

Jenny is seriously out of her mind sometimes.

I’m laughing and shaking my head ‘no’ at her when she narrows her eyes and adds, “Plus, I’ll give you a thousand dollars if you do it.”

My laugh dies off as I nearly choke. “Whoa, wait. What?” I shake my head at her.

“You can’t be serious, right?”

Jenny’s not laughing, though. She’s looking at me challengingly with that I-want-to-get-you-in-trouble look that only a best friend can have.

“Dead serious. I’ll give you a thousand bucks to walk over there and kiss that guy.” She nods her head in his direction before that evil twinkle enters her eyes again. “And not just a quick peck on the lips. A real kiss. Like with some tongue.”

I glance back over at Mr. Smexy. Jesus, did I just refer to him as Mr. Smexy in my head? I obviously need new friends. Jenny is rubbing off on me too much.

The man might be good-looking, but he’s terrifying too. God, he could crush me with one hand.

And what the fuck will he think when some random girl comes up and kisses him out of the blue?

He’ll probably have me arrested.

I’ll embarrass the hell out of myself.

God, am I really considering this?

But, fuck, a thousand dollars? That’d give me a huge boost on paying my bills.

I look back over at Jenny. She’s grinning at me impishly. She knows my struggle, and I think she halfway expects me to chicken out and not do it.

And that is what cements my decision.

I cross my arms and tell Jenny, “I want it in cash.”

I see the surprise skitter across Jenny's face before she raises one delicate eyebrow and smiles like the Cheshire Cat, the glee practically oozing off her as she claps her hands together and laughs, "You got it, babe."

Before I lose my nerve, I take a deep breath, square my shoulders, and begin making my way over to the corner where Mr. Smexy skulks like some kind of standoffish canine.

I can almost feel Jenny's eyes boring a hole into my back, taking in the whole scene.

A thousand dollars. A thousand dollars , I chant in my head with each step I take.

As I get closer to him, he starts to notice my approach.

His head tips up, and his eyes laser in on me. The lighting is so dim where he's standing, it's hard to make out his features, but his eyes are golden and almost seem to glow like he's a vampire or wolf or something.

I swallow nervously and try to calm my racing heart.

A thousand dollars. A thousand dollars.

I just hope he doesn't bite me.

Lucian

My eyes are trained on a tiny form making its way in my direction, and they narrow as it gets closer.

It's dark in here, and lights flash out on the dance floor, but I've sequestered myself in this corner for a reason.

I don't want to be bothered.

In fact, the only reason I'm here is to meet with a business associate, and the fucker is late.

I'd much rather be back at my mansion. Alone. Secluded. The way I like to be.

I have no use for people beyond employing them.

Social settings aren't my scene and for good reason. The only reason I agreed to see my associate here is because he's only going to be in town for one night, and this is where he's going to be.

For some God forsaken reason.

And it's a masquerade-themed Halloween ball, so I can cover my scarred face. It's not that I particularly give a fuck what people think about it. I know that I'm still considered handsome, that maybe the cut that spans right side of my visage simply gives me that allure of danger that some women find so enticing.

But it's the questions I can't stand. The curiosity. The goddamned nosiness.

People don't know me. Nobody seeks me out. My demeanor is just menacing enough to off-put any curious eyes that glance my way.

So why in the hell does this little slip of a thing seem to be walking my way?

My eyes take in her long, dark tresses that flow down to her impossibly tiny waist. Milky white skin that almost seems to glow in the darkness.

Fuck, she's covered in lace. Her dress must be corseted if the way the two little globes of her breasts are pushed up is any indication. They're not large by any means,

but just the sight of that little bit of modest cleavage has my blood roaring in my veins.

How long has it been since I've been with a woman? Since before the incident five years ago at least. I know I have enough money that I can still have plenty of women on my arm if I want.

That's not what I want, though. Shallow companions, fake smiles.

Since I can't have a connection, something real, I settle for nothing.

My hands work just fine.

But Christ Almighty, seeing a female approaching me after all this time has every nerve in my body pulled taut. I'm on edge and feel like I could blow at any moment.

My eyes drag back up her form to her head, most of which is covered with an elaborate peacock mask.

I can't make out her features through the dim lighting and all the ostentatious feathers that cover her face, but I see a flash of midnight blue before she's suddenly standing right in front of me. Her body isn't touching mine, but she's so close that I can feel her heat through our clothes, smell her scent. Violets and vanilla and something I can't identify.

Her head barely reaches my chest, and before I can ask her what she's doing, who she is, hell, anything, I hear her take a deep breath, and then she clumsily grabs my face and pulls it down to hers, pressing her lips firmly, if somewhat nervously, against mine.

I'm so stunned I don't react at first. But then my mind and body registers the feel of her tiny lips on mine. They're pressing softly against them, and then she takes my

bottom lip in between her lips in an innocent, single-lip kiss. It's unpracticed, but god there's something so fucking hot about it, I feel a drop of precum bead the tip of my suddenly hard cock.

Hunger, hot and immediate, roars in my chest and bleeds through my veins.

I don't think. I just react, my hand reaching out to fist in her hair as I angle her head up to mine, deepening the kiss.

I suck on her bottom lip before my tongue forces her mouth to part, and she does so with a gasp of surprise.

I lick inside her mouth and taste her. Fucking hell, she tastes so goddamned sweet. Like pure sugar.

She whimpers, and that sound only spurs me on. I growl and mate my tongue with hers, desperate for more. More of her mouth. More of her.

I don't know who the fuck she is, but I know I'm not just turned into an animal because of five years of abstinence.

This is something more. Something primal. Like a wolf imprinting on its mate.

She tastes so fucking right . That might be a cliché, but fuck if I can help what I'm thinking and feeling.

Never, I mean, never, has a mere kiss affected me this way.

Just as I manage to set my glass of cognac down on a nearby table and am getting ready to pull her flush against my body, maybe throw her over my shoulder and stomp out of here caveman style and take her back to my lair and make her mine, she pulls away harshly, her little hands pressing hard against my chest.

We're both panting. I watch her little chest moving up and down as she gasps for breath. Her lips are ruby red and puffy and swollen from our kiss. I'm dying to see her eyes again, to demand who she is, where she came from, why the hell she planted her little lips on mine, but I never get a chance to ask any of that because she never looks back up at me.

Quick as a flash, she turns and runs away from me.

Panic explodes in my chest when I see her flying through the crowd.

Just as I start to take off after her, Adrian shows up and claps a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Lucian, my man!" he greets me jovially.

I glance over at him distractedly, irritated that he took my attention off my little raven.

By the time I look back into the crowd, she's nowhere to be found. Rage and loss bubble up inside me to create a nauseating cocktail of emotions.

And I want to fucking murder someone.

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