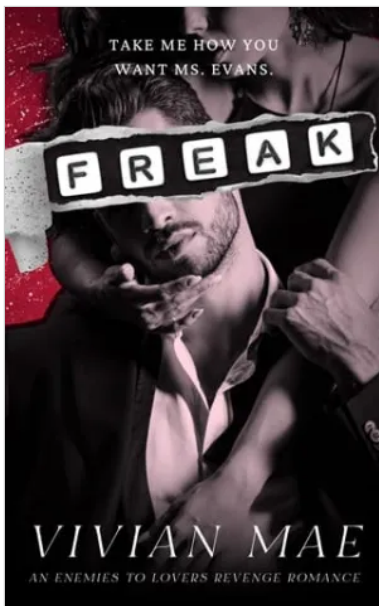




Freak

Author: *Vivian Mae*

Category: Romance

Description: If I couldn't have Rafael Amadas gorgeous head on a platter, then I would have the next best thing, him on his knees.

High school was a living hell, and now, I was back, ten years later at the reunion, bidding on my high school bully for a date night out, only this time, it was me who was in charge, and now, I'd never been more willing to show him how right he was, to call me a freak.

*Recommended for adults eighteen and up.

Total Pages (Source): 18

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

Summer

The moment Rafael Amada's hands met mine at the Bunsen burner, I nearly peed.

"Sorry!" I apologized immediately, crossing my legs, holding in my bladder as Mrs. Wilkins repeated the importance of safety goggles to the entire freshman class.

It didn't matter that I was about to burst from drinking two cans of Red Bull, or that I had already spent the entire summer break with Rafael at science camp, I just didn't want to leave his side, especially since this was our only class together this year.

"Just watch yourself around the flame, Summer," he flicked the beaded bracelet on my wrist, the now prized possession he gave me on our bus ride back from North Bend. "Can't have that melting now, can we?"

He said it with this grin that was just for me, as if it were a secret.

It was the same grin he gave me during summer camp each time we'd find ourselves alone, or each time he'd walk me back to my cabin for the past three years.

I could have sworn, he almost kissed me four weeks ago on just our last trip.

His full lips puckered slightly as I began to lean toward him but stopped before anything happened.

I still remembered the popping feeling in my stomach, like I'd just drank sodas nonstop and was ready to erupt with what felt like butterflies. I wished we didn't have

to come back to school or that his entire life was now consumed with football.

I clutched my bracelet away from the flame, smiling, reading the dorky, black and white letters in my head— Copper his chest wider, his arms bigger and darker now, having spent time in the Virginia sun, tossing some senseless ball to the same boys who sat next to Veronica.

They laughed to themselves, using their Bunsen burners as campfires, searching for things to singe and sniff.

“Will you at least come out after the game?” she asked. “My older brother is driving us to Sonic. His flatbed has a mattress in the back, you know.”

“So, cool.” I murmured sarcastically, annoyed that the only fun thing these jerks liked to do was cruise the single street of our small town and eat a cold burger.

“Cooler than you, Bugs. ” Veronica sucked in her lip, motioning as if eating a carrot.

I covered my mouth, shielding my humiliating large Chiclets for teeth. Of course they called me Bugs from the goddamn Looney Tunes, and not Lola, the over sexualized girlfriend that I’d rather be compared to.

Rafael looked at me, then back at the burner, tweezing a piece of Barium over the flame. It burned bright green like our own personal aurora borealis.

“I don’t know. I guess so.” He shook his head, making eyes at the portrait of his father—the head football coach who held the state championship trophy in his hand.

There was a photo of him in every classroom, a glorified supreme leader that sat nailed adjacent to the American flag.

Pledging allegiance in the morning began to feel blurry on who or what we were doing it for.

“No Mystery Science Theatre 3000 ?” I asked quietly, pinching my legs tighter. I really should have left for the bathroom, resisting the urge to rock in my seat.

“Yes. No. I, uhh...” Rafael hesitated.

“Mystery what?” One of the boys, Jake the Snake, overheard my question, his gut hanging out from his jersey.

“Dude.” Another added, as if the single word were a question and statement all at once.

“Come sit with us. Bugs can take care of herself.” The other boy motioned over as he messed with a roll of duct tape, placing sticky, silver strips along the stool he sat on.

“What’s up, Doc?” Another laughed.

“Chill out.” Rafael stared back at his paper, noting the lilac color that Potassium made when touching the flame.

I tried not to swallow my spit, already on the brink of tears that were possibly made of piss.

“We made plans.” I whispered back to Rafael, not sure if I was embarrassing him as his face cringed. There was only one Mystery Science Theatre marathon a year, and our junk food, all-nighter had already been set in stone since science camp.

“You made plans with Bugs ?” Veronica asked. “To do what? Tame that lion’s mane of frizz on her head?”

Everyone laughed, except the student at the front of the class who screamed in pain. His finger brushed across the blue part of his flame.

Mrs. Wilkins shouted, her floral dress swishing across the room as the boy started crying. “Going to the nurse! Bunsen burners off!” she demanded, yanking the injured student out the door by his wrist.

It didn’t take long for a paper ball to be tossed across the room, an unfinished homework sheet that barely had a name on it.

“So, let me see if I understand...” Veronica declared, batting her over-mascaraed eyes that resembled spider legs. “You don’t want to go to Sonic with us, and you don’t want to sit at our table?”

“I didn’t say that.” Rafael dropped his pencil, looking over at Veronica.

I couldn’t control my bobbing feet, and I didn’t know how much longer I’d last.

“I’m failing this fucking class, you know?” Jake said in disbelief. “Coach Amada won’t let me play if I don’t get a D or better. You should be helping me, not that freak.”

I assumed he was talking about me, regardless I shouldn’t have answered, because then, I basically acknowledged the title.

“I’m not a freak!” I stood up, ready to leave but froze. Even the smallest step felt like a risk of completely wetting myself, the pain pinching below the button on my jeans.

“You’re so not a team player. Wait till coach hears about this.” Jake wafted away.

The bell for third period began to ring as kids stood up.

“Shut up,” Rafael hissed. “You watch your fucking mouth,” he said defensively, his chocolate eyes searing into Jake’s.

“If I can’t trust you in the classroom, I can’t trust you on the field.” Jake stood from his stool. “You can forget about any pass rush defense tonight, you’re gonna get lit up.”

I had no idea what the hell Jake was talking about, but Rafael’s eyes widened.

“You wouldn’t.”

“I would. And imagine Coach Amada’s face, once his pretty boy son gets sacked after every snap. We all know you can’t move with the ball, you pocket pussy.”

“He’ll make you run laps.” Rafael called Jake’s bluff, but that didn’t faze him.

Everyone began to zip up their bags, the sharp sound digging into my stomach. I started to back away, knowing my time was up.

“Whatever he makes me do, won’t be half as bad as what you’ll get,” Jake warned. “And boy, I’d love to see that.”

I bit on the corner of my thumb, feeling panicked and restless.

“Leave him alone.” I finally shouted, lifting my bag to my chest. I squeezed it, holding everything in.

“Shut up, freak!” Jake yelled back, and Veronica laughed, but Rafael got in his face.

“You need to walk away,” Rafael barked, but not before Jake pushed him away. Jake reached for my backpack, twisting it in his fist.

“Hey!” I shouted, but Rafael interrupted.

“Relax!” He stepped in front of me, shoving Jake’s hands away. “I’ll go with you guys tonight. Just stop.”

“Not good enough,” Veronica glared down at my bracelet, positively fixated. “How can Jake really trust you?”

Jake’s wheels began to turn, his slow brain unable to catch up before Veronica pulled the duct tape out of the other kid’s hand.

“I’m not going to some stupid movie marathon.” Rafael confessed, scrunching his eyes as if it were all some absurd idea. Did he really just call it stupid? My heart dropped as Veronica yanked on a piece of duct tape, its screech digging into my bladder as I stepped back from her.

“What are you doing?” I asked, fixing my glasses, stopping them from falling down my nose as my back hit the wall.

“Rafael is going to prove to Jake that he can be trusted. Aren’t you, Raf?”

Jake covered his mouth as he began to laugh, but Rafael stared daggers into me, as if I had done something wrong.

“Tie her up,” Jake whispered, then repeated. “Tie up the freak.”

Freak, freak, freak.

Portions of the class still hadn’t left, watching, recording me with their phones, chanting the insult.

I pinned my knees together as Rafael eyed the roll of tape, taking it into his hand.

He stared for a moment, back to the American flag, to his dad who watched over all of us.

“Rafael?” I asked, my lip trembling.

He didn’t blink once, he only stared into my eyes before pulling my hands toward the center of his chest.

“Shut up...” he whispered, slowly, meticulously, enunciating in the most hurtful tone. “You’re a fucking freak.”

Freak, freak, freak.

For a moment I held my breath, my chest caving in with the strangest sensation; gutted, and confused, before screaming at the top of my lungs.

“Stop!” I begged, as Rafael immediately lassoed my wrists, binding me together as everyone watched and laughed.

I dropped my bag, forced to move, lifted from his strength as Veronica opened the lab coat closet.

“Do you believe in the boogeyman?” she sneered sinisterly as Rafael shoved me into the racks of coats, ripping my bracelet off in the process.

I fell against the other end of a dark, claustrophobic space, the audible smack of my back hitting the wall was followed by the collected gasp of everyone around.

And then, it got so uncomfortably quiet.

I sobbed, and the kids watched as I silently, and shamefully, began to wet myself.

“Oh my god, gross. Look!” Veronica laughed, pointing as the heat of piss trickled down my leg, making my denim jeans warm and heavy as they clung to my thighs.

“Rafael?” I asked pathetically, as if it weren’t him that just broke my heart.

He didn’t even care, or so I thought, as he forced an uncomfortable grin, staring at my mess on the ground before muttering the last words I thought we’d ever share.

“Goodbye... Bugs ,” he said, slamming the door, locking it shut.

Page 2

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Summer

Money could buy a lot of pretty things; and oh, did I love pretty things.

New hair, teeth, and eyes, a mansion by the sea and a luxury car to match—one that purrs so loud, it could make your cunt wet just by the rev of its fucking engine.

I loved that sound, that power, and if you ever wondered what it was like to be behind the wheel of a Lamborghini Aventador, let me just describe it in three simple words: life changing control.

Yes, I had all that, and the attitude to match. Everyone could hear my stark red bottom heels clicking along the hall, a vibrant contrast to the shit-colored carpet of this lousy Holiday Inn hotel.

“Name?” The distracted blonde asked me from behind a foldable table, flipping through pages of forgettable alumnus.

“Summer.” I answered, removing my Versace shades, revealing the bronzed eyeshadow that sat between my glowing green eyes and manicured brows. “Summer Evans.”

I didn’t think I could ever get tired of that look, the one she just gave me, as if I were the reaper.

“Summer?” she asked, not clarifying, but mystified.

I took a moment to stare around the entrance of the small banquet hall, at the semi-filled purple and silver balloons that were shaped into an archway.

“It’s me... Veronica.” She smiled wide, fixing the leopard print scrunchie in her hair before standing up. Her belly banged against the table, as she stood tall and round, ready to pop. She tried to close her velvet blazer over her stomach, stopping to realize it was impossible.

“I see you’ve been busy.” I said flatly, acknowledging her pregnancy the best way I could.

“Not as much as you... I didn’t think you’d actually show up to our ten-year reunion. You know what I mean?” She fixed a button on her shirt that read, “ Ask Me, I’m in Charge. ”

“I don’t. But I like the way your face looks trying to figure it out.” These stilettos gave me the extra height I needed to assert my dominance.

Veronica rubbed her belly, slightly reluctant.

“You just look so different... like your teeth... and that frizz has finally been tamed, I see.” She laughed nervously, peeking around my skin-tight gown; its black, mock neck sequins split along my waist. I looked down at her, tucking my wavy, dark brown hair behind my diamond earrings.

“A lot has changed.” I answered, looking over the sheets for my name. She didn’t even realize the key to my new look, nor that it was composed from years of trauma, scorn, and anger. High school was fucking hell, and I was here to correct the misconception others had of me, or perhaps, embrace it.

“Sure has. A lot has changed here, too. We’re getting a Chili’s! You staying for the

weekend?”

“This is a day trip. I’m only here for business,” I replied unamused.

“Well, I’m glad you’re here, especially for the auction. It’s not every day you get a big tech millionaire CEO visiting our small town.”

“Millionaire with a B.”

Her eyes widened like a fool, “You’re like a real-life hero.”

“I’m a lot of things, but I’m certainly not a hero.”

“What’s that thing you invented? A cardio, micro...”

“Close enough.” I mused, not interested in the details of my accomplishments, or the biomedical engineering software that I created to cure ailing hearts. Veronica sat back down, pulling out a marker to write my name.

“I know Rafael is a total fan of yours,” she continued.

I immediately began to boil.

Rafael, fucking, Amada. Him, Veronica, and Jake, were all the catalysts to the most unbearable years of my life, but no one—and I mean no one—was as enraging, as Rafael.

To think I had feelings for him—actual romantic feelings—coiled in my stomach like barbed wire.

“Did you know he’s a heart surgeon out in Chicago?” she smiled. “I bet he sees your

name every day when he helps those poor children. He's something else."

"He sure is..." I assured, ignoring the rest of her statement.

"Are you bidding on the date with him?" she asked excited, a loose hair falling like a strand of straw over her round face. "We could use the money."

I was sure they could, and they were in luck, because I was willing to spend every fucking penny I had, so long as it meant getting what I wanted.

They say money couldn't buy happiness, but that was total bullshit.

Money could buy me Rafael, a date night of my choosing from an otherwise innocent auction.

And since I couldn't have his gorgeous head on a platter, I was determined to have the next best thing...

Him at my knees.

"Here you go, sweetheart," Veronica chimed in, passing me my name tag. I let her hold it out, her arm growing stiff and shaky as I read the name she marked in sharpie.

Bugs.

I smiled to myself, not surprised by her audacity, or of the echoing chants I heard in my head from when she humiliated me.

Freak, freak, freak .

God, they were right. I was a freak, and I was here to let everyone know it.

“Keep it.” I said sharply, stepping closer, removing the self-appointed button from her ill-fitted, metallic top. Veronica didn’t say a word as I took it from her, or as I ran my finger along its cursive declaration: I’m in Charge. I pinned it onto my dress.

“Why would I want your name tag?” she finally asked, defensively.

My face pouted, assessing the wrinkles in Veronica’s eyes, as I plucked the unruly strand of hair that fell out from her scrunchie.

She flinched as I flicked it off my finger, disgusted.

Veronica was so submissive, and she didn’t even realize it, the awkward bobble of her head a default setting for blowjobs and cum swallowing. I’d smile if it weren’t so sad.

“Consider it a reminder...” I laughed to myself.

“Of what?” she asked quickly, the tips of her fingers fiddling with each other.

“Of who you were...” I replied, answering to the entrance of the dark banquet hall.

“The girl whose entire life was only relevant in high school.”

Page 3

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Summer

Having a successful business meeting—which this was—required more than being professionally dressed.

It demanded prowess in dominating others and unbendable focus.

I was punctual and mentally prepared, avoiding the distractions of watered-down punch bowls and tequila shots, as I approached the makeshift auction stage with cutthroat intentions.

Veronica deliberated with the upcoming auctioneers in the corner, as a few unfamiliar women drooled into each other's ears.

“Did you hear Rafael was up for bid?” One said to the other, debating on ways to pool their money together, but also arguing on who'd actually attend the date.

My attention to the auction stage was as focused as any other high stakes negotiation, that was until I heard my name.

“Summer?” Jake fixed his face like a jigsaw, his eyes and lips shifting from confusion to shock. “Holy shit.”

I ignored him.

“When did you get in?” he asked, finding space by my side. His belly wasn't as big as it used to be, but his hair had thinned considerably, making his scalp visible, even

in the darkened party.

“This afternoon.”

“How long are you in for?”

“Why is everyone so curious about that?”

“You look grea—” Jake paused, letting the song “Party Rock Anthem” fill the void of his sentence.

I tried not to cringe.

I knew what he was going to say, and I knew why he paused. The flattery of being told I looked great was second to the surprise he showed when he caught sight of my dirty little secret.

Peeking up from my dress, and wrapped around my thigh, was the leather strap to what I wore underneath.

Its small, twenty-four carat, gold buckle was attached to a harness that contoured my body, and circled my breasts.

No bra, no panties, just leather. I knew he wanted to look more, to see how my bare ass was framed with elastic straps, like a fuckable treat.

He shifted his cock in his pants, peeking at my pierced nipples that pebbled from the ice cold room.

“I’m here for business. You can leave now,” I instructed.

He moved closer.

“I’m the new head football coach now. You know... Since Coach Amada passed.”

I tried not to furrow my brow. To say I was surprised was an understatement, but the control I had over my expressions had taken years of self-discipline.

Hearing that Rafael’s dad had died certainly challenged that.

Immediately I thought of a multitude of questions.

When did it happen? How? Was Rafael crushed, and did it hurt?

I straightened my posture, resisting the urge to clear my throat.

“Good for you,” I finally answered.

Jake balanced his bidding paddle in his hand, taking a sip of his tequila, unable to shoot it back like a real adult.

“You see Veronica? We’re expecting our fifth child.”

“Ok.”

“Ok?” he leaned. “That’s all I get?”

The music began to slow as the DJ stilled the lights over the stage. Veronica greeted everyone, explaining the various charities that our proceeds would go to. Everyone clapped.

“You deserve more?” I asked.

“Usually people congratulate others when they hear they’re having a kid.”

My face soured, not by the washed up jocks that entered the stage for bidding, but by Jake. I side-eyed his boyish grin as women hollered for the potbelly boys on stage.

“Congratulations?” I asked. “On what? Your four walking creampiees? If you want a balloon for shooting a load in Veronica Tess, then you can find some by the exit.”

This didn’t seem to bother Jake, in fact, he licked his lips.

The music began to pick up.

“Our next eligible bachelor is a four-time MVP state champion, a collegiate all-American, who graduated top of his class at Stanford University...”

Jake brushed his small cock against my thigh, as he leaned into my ear, “You know, if you want kids, I can help you, too... I got a full sack just for you, freak.”

“You can find this handsome doctor at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago, Illinois as the chief surgeon of pediatric cardiology...”

“Depends. Do you have big balls?” I asked, staring straight at the stage.

“The one, the only... Rafael Amada!”

I wasn’t sure what to expect as I saw Rafael walk onto the stage. I imagined someone like Jake, wrinkled and stressed, burdened with the lack of hair and enthusiasm. But that wasn’t the case at all.

I was completely disappointed—positively enraged.

Out from the curtains, in perfect six-foot-two stature, was the pinnacle of a man; lean and sharp, Rafael's dark, thick hair was pulled all the way back, his skin colored by vacations, but worn devilishly well with the perfect creases of a furrowed grin.

Rafael's dark eyes circled the crowd as he unbuttoned his Armani suit, his surgical hands delicately, but decisively, positioned like manicured machines created for saving lives or yanking hair.

I hated that I almost stumbled at his sight, or how my bladder twisted itself inside out. I was there again, in the closet, on the verge of wetting my fifteen-thousand-dollar dress.

"Thank you..." Rafael growled into the mic, a pleasantry that felt directed at me. Thank you for still caring, thank you for wasting your thoughts and mental space on a high school memory.

It pissed me off.

"Big fucking balls," Jake replied, reminding me that the slug was still near my ear.

"Shall we begin the bidding at two hundred?"

Immediately, paddles lifted in the air.

Fuck. Being mentally prepared had left me physically unprepared for the event, as the price began to climb.

"I have three hundred, can I get three-fifty? I have four to the lady in green..."

Jake whispered into my ear, his body brushing against mine, "Let me take you to the locker... give you the full package."

Without looking, my hand reached toward his crotch, his timid shaft poking above what little balls I felt. I could hear the smile in Jake's voice, before it suddenly shifted.

"Summer! What the fuc?—"

I squeezed the sentence out of him, his chest bellowing over to my shoulder, and I twisted his nuts like lemons for juice.

"Lift your fucking paddle." I instructed sternly, catching the attention of Veronica who batted her unknowing eyes.

"We got six hundred... can I get six-fifty?"

"Good boy," I cooed, squeezing harder. Jake froze, his balls like a leash that I yanked as soon as the price began to climb.

"You crazy bitch..." he groaned.

"That's right," I answered, "and if you think of disobeying me, I'll ensure what future assholes you have swimming around these tired, old balls, come out walking with a limp. Now lift that fucking paddle." I seethed, momentarily gloating as his shaking hand pathetically lifted for Veronica's eyes.

"Nine hundred! Can we get a thousand?"

The ladies behind decided on a price, agreeing that their future date would be settled on a battle of rock, paper, scissors. "One thousand, two hundred and fifteen dollars..." One shouted, then added shortly after, "and eleven cents."

I dug my sharp, black nails into Jake, his eyes on the verge of tears as his hand shot

up.

This time, I announced my price.

“Ten thousand dollars!” My voice cleared the room as I released Jake, his stumbled steps mirroring the bewilderment in Veronica’s gaping mouth. I was certain her water was about to break.

With the surprise of my voice came the silence of the auction, the quieted gasps met with the most intense eye contact I’d ever received from Rafael Amada.

I stopped my lip from trembling, my narrowed expression digging into his mocha eyes, challenging him to blink as he slowly realized who I was.

“SOLD! To Summer Evans, in the black Valentino!”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

Summer

The moment I tore my check away from the book, I could hear his voice, clear and booming, just as guttural as it was in the mic.

“Summer Evans.” Rafael smiled as I turned around, his height so pronounced that he was forced to turn his chiseled chin down in my direction. “Long time no see.”

“Not long enough...” I replied, collecting a paper stub that acted as a receipt.

He smoothed his hand over his cheek, massaging the pebbled scruff on his jaw. His brief silence was met with the assessment of my face, which I refined into a pursed expression. “I can imagine what this is about,” he finally settled.

“Try imagining it for over three thousand, six hundred and fifty days.”

“And the hours?” He asked quickly.

I stared at the clock on the wall.

“Twenty, to be exact.”

“Seems about right.” He stepped closer, his body language unlike Veronica or Jake’s.

Rafael’s wrists weren’t limp, nor his shoulders slouched. He was as straight and commanding as a fixed statue, sculpted like one too, his aftershave as subtle as snowfall but as warm as suede. It all settled itself onto my chest, as we stood face to

face, causing my heart to pound in my ears.

“Well...” I responded, stopping my voice from shaking.

“Well, what?”

“Aren’t you going to ask me how long I’m in town for?”

Rafael grinned, his lips shielding the pearly charm of his perfect teeth. Oh, I wanted to see them, but also to break them with one solid punch. It took everything inside me to stop from balling my fist and slamming it into his face.

“I don’t need to ask that. You and I are the same.”

“We’re nothing alike.” I responded eagerly, foolishly.

“Both busy. Both have lives too big for this town. You’re out by sunrise, I’m sure of it.”

I knitted my brows, his certainty on my position too accurate for my comfort.

I was the first to break from the staring contest we held, dropping my eyes to his chest, his hard muscles wrapped in a pressed—slightly unbuttoned—white shirt.

Had it been black like his suit jacket and slacks, we may have looked like a couple.

“If you’re here longer, we can schedule something in the books... the date that is.” Out from his pocket he pulled a piece of winter-mint gum, unwrapping its foil before slipping it between his lips.

I wanted to fucking bite him.

“This isn’t a date.” I held the receipt in the air. “This is an obligation to follow my lead and do as you’re told.” I began to walk past him, my sleeved arm brushing against his, noting the electric heat his body emitted. He made me shiver.

“So I see... you’re in charge .” He said, nodding to Veronica’s button on my dress, which I instantly removed.

“It would be wise for you believe that. The sooner we do this, the sooner we can get on with our lives,” I said, listening to the stride of his dress shoes, and how they matched my heels.

“And what if I’m not interested in that?” He inhaled as we stepped outside, leaving the ambient glow of a tired old hotel.

“In what?” I asked impatiently, sternly, clicking the ignition to my rented Lamborghini a few yards away. It roared into existence, its lights peeking out from the dark lot of old station wagons and minivans.

“Getting on with my life,” he answered quietly.

“You sound as sentimental as the others inside.”

“I’m not like them.”

“You are... you’re just afraid to admit it.”

“Admitting is something I’ve already considered and am willing to do. In fact, I expected you tonight.” Rafael stepped towards the tail end of the car, its red lights catching his face like the flames of hell.

His concentrated stare was enough for me to question the decisions I was about to

make, or how angry I truly was in the first place. Was it enough to ruin his life?

One look into his angel eyes and dimpled cheeks was all I needed.

Innocent?

Handsome?

A contributor to society?

It was all an unstable pyramid of attributes that meant very little to me. I was the wrecking ball, coming to smash those who needed to pay for the things they did... and no one owed me more than Rafael Amada.

“Get in the car,” I demanded. “I’m taking you out on a night you’ll never forget.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

Summer

“Y ou’ve got to be kidding me.” Rafael groaned as I shut off the engine.

I flipped the door open, “I don’t do things as a joke.” I slid out of the car and into the pitch-black parking lot at Keegan Miller High School.

“Are you sure? This certainly falls in the category of humor,” he mumbled as I made my way to the front trunk of the car. I popped it open, removing a small bag.

Rafael eyed me suspiciously, my unapologetic brandishing of the bag showed the confidence of my decisions.

“What do you have there?”

“Toys,” I answered honestly, already making my way through the moonlit shrubs, to the large purple doors of the school’s entrance.

“Somehow, I gather there isn’t anything fun about your toys.” He smirked, his hesitation notable as I reached for the large brass knobs. “And don’t tell me you expect us to go inside?”

“Why not?”

“They’re closed.”

“So?”

“So, it’s illegal.”

“Does that scare you?” I asked, already deciding that I’d throw a brick through the window if needed. I didn’t care. We were going inside.

Rafael hesitated to answer, his face settling on my question, which I assumed he took as a challenge. “Maybe I don’t want you to get in trouble. That’s all.”

“Now you worry about me?” The door popped right open. Typical small town: carefree, relaxed, overly trusting. Not a single noise was made, the school still resistant to alarms and security cameras. I made my way inside as Rafael followed.

“Of course I do... I did before as well,” he said, uncharacteristically shy.

“Well, you had a funny way of showing it.” Our low voices were no match for our echoed steps, the empty halls eerily vast compared to us.

“Not funny. Just... stupid,” Rafael replied, his arm brushing beside mine. Had it not been for the glass ceiling above, illuminating his face, I wouldn’t be able to see him at all.

I tried not to reply, keeping track of his body as we passed the display case of trophies near the lobby.

Rafael’s photos were pinned in various locations, his name plastered like propaganda for team spirit, though, less severe than his father’s, whose memorial sat center like a crucifix at church. Coach José Amada, Jr. 1955-2019.

Really? It had only been a year since he died? I was none-the-wiser, momentarily feeling sympathy for the boy I once spent countless summers with at camp.

I caught Rafael glancing over, his pace uninterrupted as he focused back to the floor.

I was not going to feel sympathy for him.

No.

He wasn't the slicked-haired nerd—turned man—who captured my heart. He was the vile bully who completely turned his back on me, who made my life a miserable mess. That's who I was punishing.

"I don't miss him," Rafael grumbled.

"Who?" I swallowed.

"My father. I don't miss him at all."

"I don't care," I said callously, feeling slightly guilty for doing so.

Rafael sighed.

"Oh, I know you don't. That's why I told you. I can't say that to anyone else but you. He's a hero here..."

"Well, people are dumb."

"Dumb, but passionate. Enough people tell you that your dad is great, and you start to believe them, regardless of how impossible he was to satisfy."

"Well, I'm sure that wasn't hard for you. You could throw a ball, so, yippee."

Rafael cleared his throat, taking time to form a thought before staring down at the bag

in my hand.

He laughed to himself, his small chuckle more ironic than enjoyable.

“Sure, I could throw a ball, but giving up a professional athletic career to become a doctor seemed to cross a line. A ‘waste of talent’ so I was told.”

“Like I said, people are dumb.”

“Or, just hurtful.”

“I know a thing or two about that.” I said, reaching the start of a dark, windowless hall. At the end was a door, my door, the place where it all started.

“He still wouldn’t talk to me... even after he got sick. I wasn’t even sure if he wanted me at his funeral.”

“Who cares what he wanted. What did you want?” I asked, stopping at the door, gripping the bag in my hand.

Rafael pursed his lips, then twisted them to the side. Whatever he wanted to say, whatever he felt, manifested into deep brooding grooves on his head. He was as gorgeous as he was serious.

“What I wanted was to go back in time... and give my attention to those who gave it back, unconditionally.”

“People like Veronica and Jake?”

Rafael furrowed harder.

“People like you,” he said so bluntly, that it rocked my shoulders, causing them to drop as I looked back into his face.

Don’t you fucking tremble, Summer.

“You’re in luck,” I choked. “You want to go back in time... well, now you can.”

Rafael read the small wood name tag adjacent to the door. “Mrs. Wilkins class?” he asked.

I twisted the knob before stepping aside, commanding him to do as I said. “Walk inside, and don’t stop till you reach the back of the class.”

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Rafael

Cautiously, I walked ahead, particularly sensitive to every breath Summer took, to every move she made in her tall, gorgeous heels.

Was this what she envisioned happening, and if so, how long had she wanted this? Was it as long as me, was it as fucking unbearable as I imagined? No. I was sure it was worse for her, because I was the one with guilt, but she was the one with pain.

“I think of you every day,” I finally admitted, running my finger along the table, surprised by how clean it actually was.

“That’s ridiculous,” she inhaled, shaking off the notion.

“No, it’s not,” I said sternly. “When I say every day, I mean it.”

“Well, I guess we have that in common.” She placed her bag on a table, cocking her head for some witty comeback.

I had nothing but the truth.

“I know it’s not a compliment. I see how you look at me. I deserve that... It’s just ironic is all.”

“How so?” she asked, making her way to the closet in the back, the closet. I shut my eyes, squeezing them as hard as I could, hoping, praying, that somehow, whatever was supposed to happen would get me closer to what she needed.

“All day I’m in surgeries, spending hours and hours helping kids, fixing hearts that otherwise would’ve failed had it not been for you.

It’s your chips, your implants that I see in those moments—those seconds—where everything I was trained to do boils down to the renewed beat of a heart...

a delicate, steady beep of an EKG that reminds me of one single goddamn thing. ”

Summer turned her back to the closet, her hands wrapped around its handles as she tilted her chin to the floor.

Her silence was deafening, her unresponsiveness beating like a drum inside my ears.

“What does it remind you of?” she asked.

“Summer, I’m so sorry. I’m sorry for that day. For Jake, for Veronica. Fuck... for me.”

“Tell me,” she said calmly, her eyes shifted into cool, stealthy, black diamonds, her lips full and red, nipped by the clench of her teeth.

I spilled my guts, avoiding a response.

“I never should’ve done what I did... I shouldn’t have cared what they thought, or what my father wanted, or the acceptance I craved. I missed the fucking mark, and goddamn it, it kills me that I?—”

“Answer me!” Summer shouted, stilling the air with her command, pinning the hairs on my neck into fine needles. Everything about her changed; her hair, her teeth, her posture, and poise. But one thing that hadn’t, and that I cherished more than anything, was her same unbreakable, wide, green eyes.

No, not green.

Green was too simple to say, mundane like some forgettable crayon or some simple blade of glass.

What she had, and what they were, was more than that.

They were vast and dark, mossy as a forest—an entire one at that—terrifying and beautiful just the same, the perfect viridian portrait to a girl that I loved since junior high.

And fuck if I couldn't just say that out loud, knowing that it would either make those same precious eyes go just as big.

But if they narrowed, or even shut, I'd lose all hope of seeing what I loved so much.

"It reminds me of you..." I confessed, refraining from shouting back. "That with all my expertise and skill, the one heart I wish I could fix is out of fucking reach."

Summer glared in my direction, her top lip twitching from some unseen pulse that I imagined boiled in her veins. She stepped away, pulling the closet door open, revealing a black void of shadows and darkness inside.

"And what? You want me to forgive you?" she asked, desperate for some laughable response.

"I want whatever it is that will make you happy," I settled.

Summer made her way back to the bag, slowly unzipping its top. She spoke into it, giving me a demand.

“I want you to remove your jacket.”

I took a small breath, curious as to what she rummaged for, as I carefully rolled my shoulders free from my coat. I tossed it on the table by her side, as she peered back up in my direction.

“Do you trust me?” she asked, knitting her brows.

“I do.”

“Then step into the closet.”

My heart began to pound. I did as I was told, willing to accept whatever it was to come my way.

Stab me? Shoot me? What the fuck did I care anymore?

Summer’s eyes dared me to comply, and the intoxicating grin that formed on her perfect lips churned my stomach.

One look at her natural, pouty lips made me feel like I was falling, causing my muscles to react and tighten in my shirt as I stepped into the dark.

“Ok.”

“No,” she corrected. “Not, ok. When you fucking answer me, you call me Ms. Evans moving forward.”

Ms. Evans?

It echoed in my head like a canyon and made its way down past my chest and into my

slacks. Why did I love the sound of it, and why was it so immediate?

The sound of a chain rattled from her bag; its distinct clink made my jaw tighten.

Whatever this was, whatever she planned, made me shiver in the most perfect fucking way.

“Nod if you understand me.”

My brooding expression tensed as I followed her order.

Her heels clicked again as she made her way back from the bag, twisting a small gold chain in her hand—a yankable fucking leash with matching leather cuffs.

“Give me your wrists,” she snapped, prompting me to lift my forearms, exposing the veined underbelly of what she desired. “Now let’s try that again. Do you trust me?” she asked, slipping a cuff over my wrist.

“Yes... Ms. Evans,” I grunted, triggered by the hard tug she gave its leather strap.

She made it so tight, clasping the metal buckle into the furthest position my broad muscles would allow. She worked on the other, before tossing the gold chain around a wooden bar above our heads, a place specifically meant for hangers.

“Good. I want you to trust me,” she hummed, pulling the chain down the other end, catching me off guard with how strong her command was. My hands sprang above my head, catching my breath with a shallow grunt that fell out from my mouth.

Why the fuck did I feel like an animal? Some untamable monster that needed some order, some control from a master.

“I trusted you, too... but,” she mused, bending over, tying the chain to a bolt in the ground, leaving no room for my arms to move from where I stood.

I tested its mobility, the wings of my back perked into a perfect triangle, my chest bursting from my tightly fitted, white shirt. I couldn’t even budge an inch.

“But what?” I asked, my forehead leaning onto Summer’s as she stood up, struggling, attempting—but failing—to reach her lips with mine. The spit from my mouth nearly fell out onto my chin.

“But you fucking betrayed me...” she growled into my ear, the heat of her breath surprised me, just as much as the sudden chill that engulfed my entire hard torso.

Summer ripped my shirt, her black, stiletto nails digging into the curved peaks of my abs as buttons scattered onto the floor. I leaned as far as I could as she stepped out of the closet, begging to get closer, to suck the sweet sugar cane scent out from her flesh.

“Is this what you want?” I bit into my words, heated and elated, but also agitated from restraint. Summer looked up to my hands, my knuckles cracking from my clenched fist.

“I want to give you everything you deserve,” she replied, her thumb and finger pinching the black velvety string that held her dress in place.

“I want to see you suffer. To be a fucking, wet, humiliated mess! To be haunted by unjust shame.” She rolled her shoulder out of her dress, and exposed the length of her arm from its sheer fabric.

“How the fuck you going to do that?” I baited, daring her to get closer, to cross into the darkness.

“I’m going to treat you like the little disposable garbage that you are.

My fuck toy, my object. If I want to beat you, I will, if I want to milk you, I will...

if I so wish to piss in your fucking mouth, I’ll do as I fucking please.

” She pulled off her next sleeve, tugging the sequin dress past her chest, and down to her waist.

My eyes felt red, fucking hot, unblinking at the sight of her perfect, little tits, perked and soft, caught in the iridescent shine of a full Virginia moon outside. She adjusted her neck, shifting the carefully placed strips of leather that laced across her body.

I wanted to drop to my knees, but couldn’t, begging to lick that perfect slit of a navel, to suck open the gold buckles that hoisted the frame of her rosy, pink nipples. She was in a harness, a fucking sexy tamer to whatever beastly desire that now coiled up from my toes and into my rock-hard cock.

She seemed to take notice, shimmying her hips out of her dress.

“I always wanted to ask you...” she started. “What’s a pocket pussy?”

I swallowed, rejuvenating how dry my mouth felt.

“I don’t understand.”

“Jake called you a pocket pussy the same day you shoved me into the closet. You seemed so upset by that.”

“It might not mean what you think... it was a dig on how un-versatile I was on the field.”

She sneered.

“I hated how he said that... and how men in general use the word pussy to describe weak things.” Her dress fell past her thighs, dripping into a puddle by her black heels. “Men are weak... don’t you agree?”

Summer’s harness continued, strapped to her thighs, but absent to the space between her legs, leaving her perfectly bare pussy on complete display.

I trembled.

“Yes, Ms. Evans.”

She palmed the side of her body, running her hands down past her hips and right to her slit. Fuck. She circled that perfect, little pussy, its silky wet lube a whistle to my insatiable appetite.

“Does my pussy make you weak, boy?” she circled her clit, spreading her lips for my eyes as an unbearable tease.

I yanked on the chains, my wrists burning as the wood bar above creaked from how hard I fought its strength. She shook her head with a tsk.

“Yes, Ms. Evans. So fucking weak.”

She stepped closer, pinching her tits for my eyes.

“You want a sniff, you dog?”

I chewed the top of my lip, leaning as far as I could, hungry for even the hint of her cunt.

“A taste?” she asked. “Stick your tongue out.”

I snarled, my forearms expanding, my triceps embossed with sweaty veins, as my tongue fell out of my mouth.

Closer and closer, I fought to reach her, her soft scent finally notable, but her taste an agonizing millimeter away. And as soon as I thought I had it, she pulled back, her hand engulfing what little of my neck she could wrap around, shoving me back against the wall.

I growled, shouting out in frustration.

“Only good boys get pussy...” she scolded, squeezing my neck, constricting the flow of blood that made my lips feel so euphorically fuzzy. “Don’t worry, I’ll get that cum out from your fat cock. I’ll shoot your load all over these fucking abs, then leave you here for Mrs. Wilkins to find you.”

Her heel dug into the tip of my dress shoes, piecing a unique pain that was as sharp as the sound of my belt she freed from my waist.

Fuck, I was already sweating, dripping onto her body, covering her with a sheen that slipped along her tits.

I couldn’t believe how full she made me, my cock springing up and out from my pants, teasing an uncontrollable dot of precum that boiled to my tip.

But all that: the pain, the pleasure, the shame and impending humiliation softened itself as her grip on my neck loosened up.

She lifted her free hand out from my pocket, confused.

“Why do you have this?” she asked quickly, the tail end of her question met with an unexpected somber tone.

I focused on her hand by my waist, her tight grip clutching onto the bracelet I made for her over a decade ago.

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Summer

Copper it's a debt I owe, a burden of being unforgiven, of begging and praying for the chance to make things right... to fix us ."

"There is no us!"

"Then there's only you!" He shouted, his voice filling the entirety of the classroom.

The gold chains sawed themselves into the wood above his head, rattling the closet with the force of his bullish strength.

"And that's how it should be. I don't have the privilege of knowing the depth of what you felt, but I have the desire to resolve it, to fucking beg and work for even an ounce of pity. "

His eagerness to even explain felt selfish, to desire some resolve to make himself feel better.

He wanted it, and I could tell, but the urgency in his eyes, the desperation, was as upsetting as it was cruel.

This was supposed to be my moment, my chance to fix what I felt inside, and now, what I felt was more of a punishment than a reward.

"You want pity?" I clutched the bracelet in my hand, squeezing it, letting its beads dig into my palm with pain. "You called me a freak. You all did."

Rafael simmered in the closet, his voice finding itself up my knees and into my ears from across the room.

“Freak... Bugs... Summer... whatever they called you, whatever I called you, was a fucking lie. Not even your name is good enough to be said, because all I wanted to call you was love.”

“Stop.”

“I love you, Summer.”

My hands began to shake as I backed away from the closet, reaching for the balled-up paper next to my dress on the floor.

“Stop it!”

“I’ve always loved you, and not just the woman standing in front of me, but the girl with glasses, the one with frizzy hair, and cute front teeth.

I loved every perfection you thought was imperfect, but I loved how you’d look at me the most, like I was the only person in the world who deserved you, when in reality, I deserved nothing at all. ”

“See this?” I held up the receipt, the insignificant proof that I was owed his time. “I own you. I’m supposed to own this moment.”

“Then own it, but do so knowing that hurting you was the single most regrettable moment of my life... and that no one, not even the devil himself, will keep me from bowing to you, from protecting you from anything like that ever again.”

“Shut the fuck up,” I growled, slamming the bracelet on the table.

Suddenly I felt entirely nude, my strong leather harness another humiliating mess.

My bladder tossed inside me, twisted with a need to cross my legs.

I couldn't escape who I was or the fact that what he said had an effect on me.

He loved me... and—damn it—when he said that out loud, it buckled every intention I had, every ounce of control I mustered from years of impenetrable anger.

And what I hated more than what he just said, was what he made me feel, which was everything he described.

I loved him, too.

Always had.

“Yes, Ms. Evans.”

“Don't do that.”

“Yes, Ms. Evans.”

“Stop!” I cursed, marching in his direction, reaching for his wrists. “I don't want this anymore. This wasn't part of the plan.”

“And what? You want to free me?” Rafael questioned into my ear as I leaned against his body, reaching for the leather strap.

“Yes. You can go. You can do whatever it is you?—”

Rafael's hard body pushed me away as the wood bar above his head snapped from

the yank of his strong arms, splintering into two thick halves.

I covered my mouth, my body still sticky from his sweat as I backed away from the closet, terrified by the enraged focus he dug into my eyes.

“Rafael... what are you doing?” I whimpered, as he dropped the bars of wood out from his hands and onto the old tile floor. They clunked with an echo, a hypnotizing roll of sound that competed with Rafael’s heavy steps and the dragging gold chain that scratched along the floor.

I leaned against the lab table, my bare ass chilled from its black metallic surface as Rafael met my face. He had me pinned, his shirt tattered from the rip, his big cock digging across my torso, hot and wet, bent and thrumming with blood.

I was deaf to the sound of my ringing heart, or maybe it was his? Both of our pulses beat in unison, making me want to cry and scream.

I was sure he was going to fuck me, that he was going to slip his fat dick right into my already wet pussy, but he hesitated, slowly, carefully, kneeling before me, dropping to his knees while bowing his head.

“This is what you want.” His lips purred at my thigh, grazing their softness down towards my heels.

His large shoulders twisted into knots, perfect tan grooves of sculpted flesh.

“This is my gift. Total submission, just for you. I’m yours, and I’ll be yours.

Your protector, your servant. No safe word, no consent needed.

Take me how you want, Ms. Evans... I am your fucking slave. ”

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Summer

Rafael held up the gold chain in the palm of his large hands, offering it to me, his head still held to the floor.

All this man—this power, this muscle—was relinquished into the small leather handle that I had just recently tied to the closet floor.

I let him hold it out, his arms tested by gravity, fighting to keep from falling. My leather harness twisted with the most delectable sound as I shifted away from the table, accepting the handle, twisting the gold chain around my fist.

This was what I dreamed of, of what had been burning through my veins for over a decade. “You’re still my bad boy, aren’t you?” I chewed into my lip, wrapping the chain around his neck.

“So, fucking bad, Ms. Evans,” he growled as I yanked on the chain, pulling his attention to my eyes as his knees still sat fixed onto the tile.

“Only good boys get to fuck... and since you’re my little slave, you’ll prep me for someone more deserving, won’t you?” I fisted a grip of his lush black hair, digging into his roots for complete control. “Won’t you?” I tugged harder as he grunted.

“Yes... Ms. Evans.”

I smiled, slipping my ass up onto the table, spreading my legs, but digging my heels into his thighs. He winced.

“You’ll lick this pussy good... You’ll get me ready for a cock— any cock that is—of my choosing, and my choosing alone.” I tugged on the gold chain, constricting the long vein of his thick muscular neck. “The harder I pull, the faster you lick. You understand?”

He nodded, his grin as sinister as it was rewarding, my perfect devil on his knees.

I muscled the hold of hair I had, plunging his head between my legs, simultaneously yanking the gold chain as hard as I could.

I couldn’t help but moan, my breath hitched by the warmth of Rafael’s tongue parting my lips, from the hum his throat carried up to my clit.

Mmmmm, mmmmmm. He groaned into my cunt, as I smothered him more, his bristled jaw pricking at my smooth olive thighs.

“Tell me how I taste.”

“So fucking good.”

“You want to drink me, bad boy?”

“All of you... please, Ms. Evans.”

I made another loop around his neck, tightening my hold. The way he flexed his shoulders made me wonder if he could break through the strength of gold that confined him.

“And if I make you sit in the corner, and watch me fuck another stud, you’ll do that, won’t you?”

Rafael was a good listener, not stopping his licks as he answered, his tongue slipping into my pussy like a spongy, hot cock.

“If it pleases you, Ms. Evans. I’d do it.”

“And you’d stroke your fat dick for me, wouldn’t you? Watching me like a perv, bouncing on another man until I come? I bet you’d shoot your load just from the pop of my ass, just from the sight of me riding another man.”

“Abso-fucking-lutely.” He nipped at my clit, his large nose brushing the entirety of my slit as he answered from below.

“Then do it,” I encouraged. “Stroke yourself for your master.”

Still on his knees, Rafael’s black slacks slipped down past his ass, his shirt already removed off his shoulders, and clinging to his elbows.

I tried not to gasp at how fat his cock was, how its tip was the width of three of my knuckles. He thumbed over his crown, smearing semen down the hard vein of his shaft, gripping the base of trimmed pubic hair before pumping his dick.

I yanked him up from his knees, turning the chain in my hand, guiding his lips towards mine.

It was all I needed, the taste of myself an aphrodisiac, carried like white wine from his lips as he stroked himself for me.

“Down boy,” I commanded. My soft hand met his chest, shoving it as hard as I could till he was laying on the floor.

“I know you want to feel my pussy against you, for me to slip my cunt right onto that

pulsing erection.” I bit into the leather handle of my chain, pinning his broad shoulders with my hands as I straddled his body.

“Maybe I will. Maybe I’ll take you bare inside me...

after all, you’re listening like a good boy should. ”

“I can be patient.” He seethed, his weakness building. He probably wanted to do to me what I did to him, to flip me on my leather clad belly, to slap my ass red, until he could fuck it. The visual made my pussy swell, my clit already puffy and wet, meeting the underside of his long cock.

“Maybe I don’t want patience,” I answered. “Maybe I want to see what you have inside.”

“You don’t want that,” he burned. “I’d ruin you for other men, and then, how else could you taunt me?”

I pinched his jaw with my hand, but not before he could sink his teeth into it. He bit me, hard, and fuck I liked it. The strange prick of porcelain pressure buried into my flesh as I carefully rubbed myself up the entirety of his shaft.

“You like that?” I asked, “Me jacking you off with my pussy?”

His cock pinned itself up to his abs, connecting to his tip with a strand of sticky cum.

“You’re such a tease.” He reached for my ass, but I slapped his face. He tried to pull away, but not before I could reach for him again, leading him back to my ass, but now, with my permission.

“If you’re gonna touch my ass, you better fucking squeeze it.” I instructed, to which

he did, spreading me open to the cool air, propping my pussy on full display. I rubbed harder against him, my clit filled with an electric hum that bubbled down my toes.

“You keep rubbing like that, and I’ll fucking come,” he warned.

I leaned back, stopping all motion for a singular, unforgivable tease. With my tits perked into the air, I, slowly, let the tip of his dick feel the silky opening of my slit. I watched as his curved and round head disappeared, wedging itself inside me like a thumb into a glass bottle.

“You want to come?” I asked, reaching behind, squeezing his balls.

They felt so heavy in the palm of my hand.

Fuck, he was full, and the harder I tested them, the more tender he got.

I knew he wanted to explode, but when he did, I wanted it to be inside me and to feel it pour out like a pool of hot, white sap.

“Yes, Ms. Evans, please let me come.”

“Then you have my permission...” I succeeded. “Fuck me how you want. Show me how bad you need me.”

The illusion of control I had over Rafael was soon displaced by how fast he lifted me into his merciless arms. The chain unraveled from his neck, collapsing onto the floor with a loud clank, as he shoved me against the table, rooting his cock deep inside of me.

I buckled over his shoulder, my nails digging into his back as I was stretched wider than I had ever been before.

“Fuck!” I moaned, unprepared for how his thumb met my neck, how he pressed into my throat with delicate intention. The harder he fucked me, the harder he constricted my air, causing stars to build into my eyes, and my ass to grow numb from the punishing beat of his full balls.

“I won’t come until you do... you’ll always come first.” He begged, encouraging my pace, his ability to hold onto his orgasm as weak as mine.

My heels slipped off my feet as the table below us rocked, my body buzzed into a numbing tingle that shattered from my chest and down to my legs.

“Oh fuck... I’m going to co—” I couldn't even finish my sentence, as Rafael sucked on the metal piercing on my tit, twisting it with his tongue, causing me to erupt into the hottest orgasm I ever felt.

I screamed while he moaned into my chest, his hot ejaculate flooding with my own, basting deep into my cervix with each long shot of semen. Each of his contractions spilled into me, pulsing over five different shots that drained the entirety of his balls against my ass.

Christ. I fucking whimpered, tears building at the edge of my eyes from how hard I shut my lids, taking the life-saving breath that I was allowed, now that he freed his hand from my neck.

As foolish as I felt, I couldn’t help but spill out the three life changing words that I fought so hard to keep in.

“I love you...” I whispered softly, holding him inside me, wrapping my legs around his ass as I hugged him. I didn’t want to let go.

“I love you too, Summer.” He kissed me, boring his head into mine, the shackles on

his wrists freed and fallen to the floor.

I laughed, feeling unsure of what to say, but interrupted regardless as Rafael lifted my hand into his.

“And I’ll always love you... punishment and all, I’m yours for life.” He slipped the bracelet onto my wrist, freezing time as I knew it, washing me with the most blissful peace I’d felt in over a decade.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

Two years later

Rafael

“I ’ve got something special for you tonight,” Summer mentioned on her way to work this morning.

Summer was the wildest card I’d ever pulled, not because she was spontaneous as hell, but because the intention behind her every demand led us closer and closer to the edge of dangerously hot, submissive sex.

I could be that woman’s submissive all day, every day.

She was that damn good to me, and I didn’t fucking deserve her.

After that god awful reunion a couple years back—the one where my goddess forgave me for my sins—Summer ended up flying home with me. Pancakes and pussy for breakfast every day for a goddamn month had been heaven, until she had to go back to her new penthouse in New York.

I didn’t last long until I transferred from Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago over to the most prestigious children’s hospital in New York, East Cardinal Children’s Medical Center. Bonus points, it was only ten minutes away from Summer’s penthouse and, conveniently, my new home.

It took a few months, but we were finally settled in our life.

We were both busy as hell most of the time.

Summer had been working on upgrading her current heart chips, especially after the large funding check she received thanks to her breakthroughs in cardiological technology.

That kept her out most days and nights. And me?

I'd been saving lives and taking things one day at a time.

Being a doctor was rewarding, except for the days it wasn't.

No matter how many conversations I had in the past, letting parents know ' we did everything we could ' never got easier.

And while most couples enjoyed their weekends together, Summer and I had Tuesday nights and Wednesday mornings all to ourselves. We'd shut reality out for those precious eighteen hours, tangled up in sheets from sixty floors above the rest of the world.

While most Tuesday nights consisted of her tying me up in bed—torturing me into an achy, hard mess—there'd been other nights, where Summer planned for us to go to some of New York's most exclusive parties.

It wasn't the typical environment where everyone seemed like a damn prick to meet, it was much more laid back than that.

And more often than not, it ended with Summer riding my face until dawn.

She had connections from all over the world; she was friendly with many Hollywood elites, and buddy-buddy with the biggest fashion icons. She loved her red bottoms

and infinite collection of black dresses that she swore up and down were different from one another.

That was debatable.

One thing was for sure, she looked damn good in and out of each one.

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Summer

Golden Tequila cascaded down a tower of shot glasses, the centerpiece to a crowded nightclub.

While it wasn't my first celebrity party, it was Rafael's. We'd drank a few shots prior to coming here, both of us buzzed by the time we settled ourselves cozily in the middle of all the dancing bodies.

Everyone panted.

Everyone kissed.

And everyone felt fucking incredible.

Women draped themselves over the second-floor curtains, attempting to fly down them. Men slipped sheets of ecstasy over their lover's tongues, dancing like animals in heat ready to take their party to another room.

Some couldn't even make it to a more private area as they fucked in the middle of the strobe-lit floor.

The smell of sex and tequila, of the primal urge to fuck and get fucked, got us so hot that Rafael and I couldn't keep our hands off one another. Then again, what was new?

But of all these temptations—the lure of glitter and bodies, breasts, and slutty little

dresses—nothing fascinated me more than the prospect of meeting one particular person of interest. Sure, the party was hosted by none other than, Hollywood super star, Alex Rivers, but it wasn't him I was interested in.

No.

It was his beautiful assistant I'd been eyeing since the moment Rafael and I walked through the grand double doors.

I'd seen her at previous parties before. She was practically attached to Alex's hip—most of those nights anyway—before she'd eventually make her flirtatious way into the dance floor with other women; women who had come in with their own date.

Anytime I saw her, I noticed she'd hit on couples, and she was the reason I wanted to bring Raf with me.

We never had a threesome, yet tonight looked very promising.

I believed my client mentioned her name was Ivanna.

When I had asked for more information, she didn't know much about the movie star's assistant, because—I quote—"nobody cares about those people."

Except I did.

Especially when they looked as wickedly good as her.

I'd been watching her intently all night as I danced with Raf.

Tonight, Ivanna had been talking to another woman. She was a cute auburn-haired beauty, but I was only interested in Ivanna, the seductive baddie with a short, bobbed

cut; sleek, trimmed bangs; and a gorgeous peach of an ass to match.

I wasn't sure when I realized my attraction for women. It always existed. And just as the sun would rise and set, so would my desires for a woman like Ivanna.

I was a sucker. A sucker for dark, heart-wrenching eyes, for full lips that could be kissed, that could whisper the vulgar and sweet things my ears begged to hear.

It was all of this, along with the laugh, the catlike expressions, the chiseled cheeks, full breasts and hips that screamed to be held onto—screamed like a fun fucking time.

I may have loved dominating men.

Clearly.

I loved how submissive Rafael was to my words and ways.

But her? I'd let her dominate me. I'd let her command me around.

I'd do just about anything to get close to her, to see what she hiding under her skin-tight, latex pants—the ones whose zipper I wanted pull down with the tip of my pearly white teeth.

I caught her looking over at Rafael and I dancing.

Not once, not twice, but ten goddamn prolonged times.

The electric drum of a beating bass reverberated off the floor and up my legs as Ivanna and I locked eyes from across the club.

This wasn't a passing glance or a friendly hello.

This was a dangerous game of who would look away first .

Neither of us wanted to budge.

“Did I ever tell you how breathtaking you look in black?” Rafael nipped at my ear while I grinded my ass against his front, feeling the fullness of his erection right at my center.

He never disappointed.

He was always ready for me, and it turned me on to no avail.

Even as discreet as I was in public, I wouldn't mind letting Raf fuck me, right here on the dance floor, just for her eyes only.

“Tell me what you think of her,” I panted, laying my head back on his chest, delirious in lust.

“Who?” He asked breathily.

I turned toward him this time, licking up his ear as I whispered, “The woman dressed in the black corset in the back corner. Gorgeous, tan, rectangle sunglasses sitting on her cute nose.”

Rafael furrowed his brow at me, intrigued, then looked behind me before subtly nodding. “I bet she tastes as good as she looks... Ms. Evans.”

“Like a little treat should.” A devious smile tugged at my lips. Ivanna crossed her legs from across the room, and it made me oh-so-impatiently hungry. Desperate. There was nothing I wanted more than to pull those knees apart and taste that delicious cunt.

“What did you have in mind?”

God, I loved this man. He knew the right things to say to me. His profession suited him, because he never hesitated, not once.

We had discussions about a threesome. Neither of us had ever had one, but we were interested in inviting a third for a one-night stand.

“I want to take her home with us . She’d look like the perfect fuck doll, covered in our cum,” I answered.

Rafael grabbed a hold of my hips, turning me back around to face her, my back against his front once again.

“You know you always get what you want, baby. She’s yours.

” His fingers splayed shamelessly across my pelvic bone as we danced...

for her. The warmth of his hand inched closer and closer to the exposed skin on my upper thighs.

The moment was so erotic, my pussy trembled with need for both of them in my bed.

“Ours. She’ll be ours,” I stated.

“Stripped bare. Fucked raw like our little slave. Would you like that?”

The music blared, yet, somehow, I heard the distinct clink of Rafael’s belt buckle before his large hand discreetly slipped up my dress. “Yes,” I muttered, weakly nodding.

He smiled for me. “Crotchless. Damn, baby. You do so many things to me, it drives me fucking insane,” Rafael groaned in my ear like a starved man.

I flicked my eyes to the ceiling, feeling so damn good as his fingers spread my wetness. “And clearly you have the same effect on me. Surprise, surprise.”

“Hmmm...” he hummed. “May I, Ms. Evans?” He asked, circling my lips, begging to insert a single finger in.

I groaned, nodding in agreement.

“You’re drenched, baby,” he said.

Rafael slipped his finger back out, bringing it right up to his mouth to lick clean.

“If we’re going to fuck a third, then we need you ready, Ms. Evans... you need to be stretched out for our girl. And my cock is aching to get the job done.” His teeth slipped over my ear, and with a bite he moaned, “Tell me, Ms. Evans, can I fuck you? Just the tip?”

“Considering you’ve been such a good boy tonight...” I tapped his chin with my nail, creating tension before answering. I loved when he growled impatiently. That was always my sign to keep him from waiting any longer. “I’ll allow it.”

He grunted his praise, hitching my dress upward until the coolness of the room reached my bare cheeks. His hot head slid between my legs, brushing against my pussy.

There must have been hundreds of us shoulder to shoulder.

It’d be impossible to know we were fucking, unless you were paying very close

attention like she was.

As Rafael slowly pushed his cock inside me, I watched Ivanna intently.

My lips shaped like an 'O', begging to be kissed from afar.

Her eyes were glued to our salacious movements.

So much so, she didn't turn back to chat with the woman she was with.

With each inch Rafael gave me, I whimpered, moaning loudly as the atmosphere inhaled my sounds away.

The idea that Ivanna had been watching me turned me on. It felt like a private show between the three of us. More than anything, I wanted her to join us on the dance floor: to sandwich me, touch me, bite me.

I glanced over at her as she tilted her head back, taking some kind of pill before the lights shut off throughout the entire club. The room erupted in praise for the celebrity guest who just arrived—Ivanna's boss—who interrupted the moment we shared.

Rafael slipped his cock out and whispered a swear. "We'll get her, baby." The slant of his smile neared my cheek. "We'll taste that pretty pussy. We'll make it ours."

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Summer

Time passed, but I wasn't sure how much.

The party grew increasingly rambunctious before dwindling down to the sound of a blaring fire alarm. Someone had pulled the lever, and everyone was escorted out. Ivanna was long gone, and I was positive she had left the club shortly after her boss arrived.

Maybe all the signals were wrong. I thought she was headed our way, but she walked out the door. Whatever. If I couldn't have her tonight, at least I had my favorite black strapped lingerie ready to be taken off by my gorgeous man.

It was her loss, not ours.

"Let's go home," I told Rafael.

Without hesitation, he obeyed, and we departed from the mass of party goers to make our way down the street.

We were only a few blocks away from our penthouse, so we decided to walk it, and even though my calloused heels hurt in these nine-inch strappy shoes from hell, I knew I could get through it.

It was one of the things that kept me tough in this city.

"Where do you think that woman disappeared to?" Raf asked.

We walked hand in hand along the warm breeze of a summer night. “I don’t know. Maybe she just wasn’t the one for us.”

He kissed my forehead. “It takes a special woman to handle us and our kink. The right one will find us at the right time.”

Sure, I wouldn’t argue that fact. However, there was only one of her, and in general...

I didn’t fall or crush hard on anyone. Not like I fell for Rafael, and certainly not how insanely attracted I was to her.

She had something special about her that clicked from afar.

An aura almost. Like magnets of sexual impulse, I could feel the invisible pull of our atoms destined to collide.

But this feeling—this imagined destiny—didn’t matter in this moment. She wasn’t here with us, and I fixated on it.

As we turned the corner towards our penthouse, I felt a warm hand yank at my arm.

Gasping, I turned to look back to see Ivanna.

Was she really standing there? Her dark, black eyes swallowed me whole, daring me not to make a move.

In that split second, nothing was said, but everything was felt, like anesthesia feeding into my veins from the exact spot where her black manicured nails wrapped around my wrist. I belonged to her. She said it with touch alone.

“It’s you,” I said, like some idiot who’d never spoken to a stunning woman.

Kill me now.

Rafael’s grip on my hand tightened.

“Hi, I wanted to catch you earlier, but had to work. I’m Ivanna,” she said with a rasp, holding her hand out for me and Rafael to shake.

Maybe it was my dried mouth, or the leftover liquor in my system, but she had to have been the most beautiful woman I’d ever seen.

I’d never been near enough to Ivanna to appreciate the smattering of freckles that dashed across her nose or how her voice was laced in a foreign accent that sent shivers down my back.

“ Que lindo acento. De dónde eres?” Rafael asked, seemingly ten feet above us. Ivanna was about the same height as me, but the way she commanded the space with her unbreakable stare and haute leather corset made me believe she was as tall as the Chrysler building itself.

“Columbia,” she answered, still staring at me, “but I permanently work in the states.”

I was never the warmest with introductions, and if it were up to me, I’d take her upstairs without saying a single word. The only greeting I wanted to exchange was my murmurs against her pussy.

The warmth of Rafael’s hand left mine.

“It’s nice to meet you. I’m Rafael, and the quiet one here is Summer.” Rafael introduced us, because I’d been silent for longer than was normal and I hadn’t even

realized it.

I looked at how sleek her black hair was, before bringing my eyes down to meet hers, “Summer,” I said, shaking her hand.

“I know who you are. I’ve heard a lot about you. Billionaire tech woman, philanthropist extraordinaire. The woman who’s known to be cold at events, but might have the biggest heart?”

“You’ve done your homework...” I said.

“Not homework. Not yet, anyway,” she smirked sneakily. “I’ve seen you at a few parties. I wasn’t sure you were with anyone until tonight.”

“That makes two of us.” I nodded. “I’ve noticed the friends you gravitate to.

” I emphasized friends, as if it were code for couples.

She knew exactly what I was referring to, evident by the dimpled grin on her face.

“I figured bringing Rafael would earn me an introduction. Something I’ve been wanting. Actually, we ’ ve... been wanting.”

Why was I exceptionally nervous right now and saying extra things that weren’t important to the conversation? I sounded like some obsessed, lovesick puppy. This wasn’t like me.

“I figured as much,” she said, slowly bringing her hand up to my forehead, moving a piece of hair out of the way.

My body hummed in reaction, my nipples pebbling on point.

She noticed and had this smirk on her face I wanted to wipe off.

“We’re headed home—” I began.

“Is that an invitation?” Ivanna cut into my sentence, her long lashes dragging slowly.

She was a no bullshit kind of woman, and I loved that even more.

Rafael leaned in, kissing the side of my head as I kept my eyes on Ivanna. He whispered, “Let’s all go home.”

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Summer

In the past, one-night stands for me were frequent. Typically, I'd leave right after sex. No strings. No problems. But that old habit had long since passed, and for once, the casual sex would be happening in my own home, not at the other's.

Maybe it was being with Raf, in a committed relationship, that had changed me without realizing it. What were one-night stands now? How would we deal with this after we had our fun?

Why was I overthinking? I never did that.

And while I had anticipated some kind of threesome tonight, I questioned myself.

Was I ready for this?

The three of us stood smack in the middle of the elevator. Raf to my right, Ivanna to my left. My strappy heels tapped impatiently, waiting for floor ten to magically turn into sixty. And while the ride was fast, it wasn't fast enough.

The quiet in here was enough to drive anyone insane, but the loudness in my mind kept me sane.

Kiss her.

Touch her.

Ravish her.

Ivanna reached her fingertips toward mine, testing our connection.

Her skin was on fire, and her pinky hooked onto my own, holding it.

It was subtle. It was feminine and calming.

It should've been completely innocent, but the way the tops of her breasts raised in her corset—the body glitter that sheened across her cleavage and clavicle—carried all the temptations of a gift waiting to be unwrapped. Torn apart. Treasured.

I turned to face her. She was already looking at me with her big pouty lips that begged to be sucked.

We'd barely had a real conversation, but I found myself so instantly comfortable with her, attracted to her beyond anything.

She brought her hands up to my cheeks, pulling me in, as she licked at my nose playfully.

She laughed.

Was it nerves?

Excitement?

God, she had me melting for her before she even had me in bed.

I felt Rafael's eyes on me, yet mine were glued to hers, memorizing every tiny freckle dusted across her nose. "You're so pretty," I told her, leaning in closer.

“For such a cold babe, you’re quite smitten.”

That was it, that was the moment I stopped overthinking, and with a small shaky breath, my lips met hers.

A peck. A wet, suckable, little peck.

I heard her swallow as Rafael’s hand slipped down to the small of my back, clawing me, encouraging me.

Ivanna smiled and pressed forward. She kissed me back, but no sooner as she tried to pull away did I press into her red, stained lips again; needy and hard.

Heat from Rafael’s mouth neared the back of my neck, his firm grip in my hair as I pressed Ivanna against the elevator wall, shoving her.

She grunted, and as I shut my eyes, my body was filled with what felt like a hundred different hands and mouths.

Pinned between two gorgeous and hungry creatures, my dress became loose around my shoulders, my back zipper undone.

No one said a word. And how could we?

We’d lost control, my tongue darting into her mouth, making out like love-starved teenagers with full heavy breaths.

My eyes opened while Ivanna’s sharp nails dug into my ass, squeezing me.

“You’re hiding something underneath this pretty dress.” Her mouth opened, intrigued. “Leather and straps? Buckles and chains?”

“All the things that make me a freak ,” I said, self-assured.

“We like to play rough, but we always play nice,” Rafael said over my shoulder, kissing it. His cock was so hard against me, brushing over my ass and Ivanna’s hand.

She looked right at him, her dark eyes full of excitement. I kissed her chin and cheek as she stared into Rafael. He leaned over me and his forehead touched hers.

There was something about him doing that.

Something invigorating.

There wasn’t an ounce of insecurity that stopped me from feeling the pleasures that were long suppressed by man.

And when Rafael kissed Ivanna—when his tongue slipped over hers and she moaned—it made me fucking wet.

The elevator finally dinged, and Rafael led us out, gripping my waist as we took turns stumbling to the door, kissing Ivanna.

The three of us were inseparable, clamoring for the key to enter our apartment, but having the hardest fucking time paying attention.

Ivanna kissed Rafael along his neck, laughing as I bit the spot behind her ear, inhaling the scent of sweet cherry smoke that was trapped on her skin.

“We could just fuck in the hall,” I said, running my hands up Ivanna’s corset. It was so tight against her tits, which were full and heavy in my hand. Fuck, I wanted to suck on them so bad, and by the look on Rafael’s face, he wanted to as well.

“In the stairwell,” Ivanna suggested. “I’ll bend you over the railing and lift that dress up.”

“Perfect height to eat that pretty pussy.” Rafael groaned, and I palmed his hard cock over his slacks. I thought his zipper was about to burst, and I could tell it ached him. “I don’t care who sees us. Let them watch.”

Ivanna chuckled, amused but horny out of her mind.

“You want that, babe?” she asked me, nipping at my jaw. “Can we fuck you like a slut in the stairwell?”

“Suck your clit?” Raf added.

“Finger your cunt?” Ivanna raked her nails on my back, and it burned in the best goddamn way.

I shuddered at the thought of being the object of their affection, but before I could even answer, the door finally unlocked, and we tumbled inside.

We trampled over each other in the dark, bumping into walls, ripping off useless pieces of clothing that got in our way. A pair of five-thousand-dollar red bottoms toppled to the floor, along with a Dior suit jacket which we carelessly stepped over.

Ivanna stopped kissing me. “What are your rules? As a couple?” she asked, attempting to catch her breath.

I looked up at Rafael, who had already unbuttoned one of the buttons on his dress shirt.

I knew Rafael craved the tease.

He needed the constraint; he needed the reward of obeying. I'd indulge my good boy, just as he deserved. "Rafael will only be watching, unless you invite him to join."

Ivanna threw on a smirk.

"What are your rules?" I asked her.

"I love fucking couples. Especially sharing the beautiful woman in the relationship. My only rule... no strings attached."

I nodded. Exactly how I wanted it.

"You can do whatever you want with me, but Rafael is mine to push around. You want something from him, you need to ask me first."

Ivanna bit her full bottom lip. "Perfect."

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Ivanna

I only knew true love through the couples that I fucked. Love—for all intents and purposes—that was too big to be confined by only two people and, therefore, exploded out into the universe like a sticky hot web.

Some ran away from that type of love.

Others, like myself, ran towards it.

Summer stood before me, her gorgeous dark hair resting on the top of her full breasts. I tried not to fall forward into those dark green eyes of hers, my slight height advantage a delusion to how equal we really were.

“Rafael,” she commanded, eyes still pinned on me. “Why don’t you fetch us some drinks? Something strong from the bar cart.”

“How about tequila?” he suggested, grinning at Summer.

“You tasted it, too?” she asked him, running her thumb over my bottom lip.

Her forehead leaned towards mine, touching it. She wanted to kiss me. I could tell. But she resisted with the shake of her voice. “Your tongue was so sweet when we kissed you, Ivanna. We know expensive tequila when we taste it.”

Rafael nodded.

“You have an excellent palate,” he muttered under his breath.

“And so does your girlfriend,” I replied, admiring him from across the room.

I wasn’t one for relationships, but fuck if I wasn’t fascinated by them: their dynamic, their rules, their courtship. And for as many couples as I had been with before, I could tell Summer and Rafael were something different. They were evolved.

“Tequila would be perfect,” Summer instructed.

“Yes, Ms. Evans.” Rafael lowered his head in a bow, then left the room. As seductive as Summer was, her boyfriend was equally something of his own. Something unique. There was a familiarness to his dark brooding eyes that I craved to be a part of.

“He listens very well,” I complimented.

“It’ll drive him wild to leave us alone.”

“Can he hear us?” I asked. My skin was burning with each delicate tap of Summer’s finger. She traced an imaginary line along my arm, connecting freckles together in appreciation.

“Not if we’re quiet,” she whispered. And I liked the idea of it, sneaking around her boyfriend to fuck each other in the shadows of their dark Manhattan penthouse.

I toyed with the strap of her dress.

“Being quiet is fun.”

“Like a secret,” I said.

“Oh, do I have secrets, Ivanna,” she hummed, and her voice rattled my insides like a thunderstorm.

“You can keep them safe with me, babe...” I said onto her lips, cupping her cheek.

“No one needs to know. No one needs to catch us.” It was a playful little scenario, and she listened so well to my body, slowly back peddling as I pushed her towards the standing mirror in the dark corner of the room.

I shoved her against it, taking liberty of how roughly I could rake my hand through her hair, tugging it.

Her voice hitched, her jaw tilted.

Being careful was not my strong suit. Especially with a scent as intoxicating as Summer’s.

She smelled like rain and mint, like a clean, pretty girl—and oh, did I love pretty girls.

They were so soft. So tender and willing.

Sooo submissive to a sexual command, just as Summer’s boyfriend would be once he was back with our drinks.

And since Summer was so filled with secrets, I let her in on one of my own. A secret that made my thighs pinch together, and my stomach roll with a wave of nerves.

“I saw you two fucking,” I shivered into her ear, kissing the spot where her shoulder met her neck.

“You and Raf at the club. Your tits bounced so good while taking him from behind. I wanted them to fall out. To take them into my mouth. It got me so fucking wet.” I bit into her, wanting to mark her but resisting.

“I rubbed myself under the table watching you. And I knew I shouldn’t have.

I was with someone else, and it was so fucking dirty to do it, but I just wanted to join you both so bad.

So I did it. I snuck my hand through the top of my pants and rubbed my cunt right to the edge of coming.

I’m still there. Still achey and sore, because I couldn’t bear to finish unless it was with you. ”

“Show me,” Summer whimpered, her nails etching into my back, loosening the lace that held my corset together. “Show me how you ache. Show me what that pretty pussy looks like so I can stop imagining how it is.”

We kissed softly, moaning between breaths as the straps of her dress fell off her shoulder. I tugged on her dress, shimmying it down her body as my corset blossomed open and fell to our feet.

Undressing her, my fingers brushed along nylon and leather, revealing the intricate straps and gold buckles of lingerie that hid beneath Summer’s dress.

Her tits popped out, her nipples hard and pierced like mine, framed around a leather strap that I snapped with my finger. I licked her tongue, and her tits felt so soft and tender against mine as we kissed.

I didn’t even realize how far she reached into my pants until her hand slipped right

over my pussy.

She inhaled sharply, and I nearly buckled when she touched me.

“Fuck,” she gritted. “God, your clit is so fucking puffy. It’s so fucking hot.”

I winced at how tender I was. All that teasing from the club finally began to ease up as Summer traced circles over me.

“Is this your first time touching a girl?” I asked.

She nodded. “Mmmhmm.” Her big green eyes faked innocence.

“Makes sense why you’re so starved.” She was so good.

I wrapped my hands around her neck and gave her another hard push against the mirror.

“Careful, babe, I’m not ready to come so quick.

” I swore, licking the tip of her chin. We giggled together, a playfulness that was added with a sterner expression.

I squeezed tighter over her neck, letting her know who was in charge.

Her dress slipped off her hips and puddled to the floor.

“Look at me,” Summer asked. There was a shyness I hadn’t seen in her yet. “I wore this for you. A gift for you to take off.”

My heart lurched for her body, for the curves that traced over her hips, to the leather

garter belt that held her thigh highs together with a buckle.

I was obsessed.

“No panties?” I asked, pleasantly surprised. I kicked her legs open, spreading her. I wondered if she shaved for me, her naked pussy a puddle of wetness that I tapped with the tips of my fingers.

I could smell how horny she was, her body open like a bottle of wine that needed to breathe before the first true sip of sex.

Could she see how nervous and excited I’d become as well?

I couldn’t get close enough to her, pressed hard enough that not an inch of space was wasted with her tits against mine.

“God you’re sexy,” I said, both of us rubbing each other, my knuckles pressing hers as we fought to make each other come.

I loved the sound of wet pussy in the dark.

“I’ve been watching you for so long, hoping you’d be the first girl for us to share,” she said, biting my lip.

“I’ll hook you like a drug. You’ll both know how good this life can be once I’m done with you.”

Maybe it was the pill I took at the club. The drinks. The smell of sex. But something in me felt like I was floating. Like whatever good I had in my heart was erupting from my core. And that came from the way Summer kissed me. From how Rafael stared at me. From them. Only them.

There was no mistaking that these two were deeply in love, and that love turned into visible sparks of light and aura that I saw the moment I laid eyes on them.

Their passion was too generous. Too real.

They were destined for a third, and it was my honor to introduce the more primal aspect of what that could entail.

This wasn't just fucking. This was a ceremony.

"Turn around, pretty girl," I said. "Place those hands right onto the mirror and stare at how perfect you are."

Summer succumbed to my lead, baring her back to my lips as I reached around to cup her breasts.

Slowly, I made my way down her back, kissing, licking, dropping to my knees as I worshiped her legs with the gentlest scratch of my nails.

I couldn't resist how her ass turned into the perfect circle, how she instinctually perched it up for a bite. I slapped her right on the bottom of her cheek, and she shuddered as it turned pink with heat.

"Has a girl ever eaten you out before?" I asked into her thigh, kissing.

"No. Never," she said quietly, keeping us a secret from Rafael. The city outside leaked through the windows and a perfect strip of light fell over the puffy mound of her cunt.

It looked so sweet.

Her thighs pinched together.

Her pussy a delicious tight slit that begged to be fucked.

“Try not to moan,” I said, pressing my tongue right onto the pad of her pussy.

She gasped, and her lips folded over my tongue, and her wetness spilled over my chin. Summer was so hot, so sweet and feminine, and it drove me feral knowing that Rafael’s cock was stuffed in her tight hole just hours ago. I wanted to see it again. I wanted to rub myself to it.

“Did he come in you tonight?” I asked, licking her.

“No. Not yet.”

“Not yet?” I asked. The implication made me so fucking horny.

“He can. Do you want him to come inside me?” She exhaled as I lapped her up, spreading the taste of her cunt right up to her ass.

“Depends. I want to know the risk.” Fuck, it turned me on, I ate her ass and slipped my fingers in her cunt. Rafael did a good job of stretching her open, because I slid three knuckles deep into the softest, wettest pussy I ever felt.

“Risk of what?” she asked, moaning.

“Risk of him breeding this pussy. Of him knocking you up.”

Summer whined, grunting. She pushed back into my fingers.

“It’s high,” she muttered, her hot breath fogging the mirror.

“Is it?” Greedily, I reached below my panties, rubbing my clit. Summer’s ass had that effect on me, and the mere thought of her being fertile turned me into some deviant. Why did it turn me on? Why did I want to be the helper of some kink that I myself didn’t want?

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Maybe it was the filth? The promise of Rafael's oozing creampie that I'd love to lick clean from Summer's puffy lips. The risk of it all, the danger and consequence, somehow made it all the better.

"I know my cycle. Today. Tomorrow. The next day. I'm the most vulnerable during these times. If he comes in me, it can happen." Her breath hitched, and Summer's legs began to twitch.

Fuck. I could feel it. Summer was starting come, and I wasn't sure if my naughty question sent her over the edge or not, but her pussy started to drip onto the hard wood floor.

"YES," I urged, gritting my teeth. "Come, baby. Fucking come."

"Don't stop. Ivanna?—"

Summer paused mid-sentence, shutting her eyes so hard that I thought she would cry. I rubbed myself to the look on her face—her beautiful pain and pleasure. Her gorgeous hair fell loose over her eyes as she flinched in ecstasy.

That look alone sent me over the edge. I held my breath to catch my orgasm, and my visions grew hot white as something warm shot loose between my legs.

Shivering, I looked down. My favorite pair of panties were ruined as a stream of cum pooled into its cotton seam. I hadn't even seen how Summer covered her mouth, stifling a scream. Her body flinched, and her pussy leaked all over my fingers and down my wrist.

That's when we saw Rafael at the door.

We were caught, and he squeezed the shot glasses of tequila in his hand. Something so intoxicating took hold of his chiseled face, some paper-thin resistance that kept him from leaping forward and fucking Summer and I like dogs.

Summer panted and brushed a sweaty strand of hair away from her face. She looked at Rafael with a hard glare "Take your pants off," she demanded. "Stroke yourself slowly. Don't even think about coming."

He complied. And oddly enough, he seemed to enjoy it.

"Yes, Ms. Evans," he answered like a good boy.

At the corner of the room, I watched as he stood, unbuckling his belt, then taking his pants off.

Patiently he removed his shirt, and all I saw was hard fucking muscle.

He was bronzed—tanned and warm like the beaches in Santa Marta—a welcoming tall, dark figure of a man that I craved just as much as a woman.

I stood up and massaged the nape of Summer's neck. "Walk to him," I whispered into her ear. "Show him your body."

Like a puppet, I directed her to the shots of tequila, making eyes as Rafael's cock sprang loose from his designer briefs.

He was fucking huge. His cock bent up into a curve, hiccupping with a pulse that stemmed down to his fat, heavy balls.

“When was the last time you came?” I asked him.

He looked so full. Beads of precum dribbled out from the tip of his dick.

“He saved himself for an entire week,” Summer answered for him. “Isn’t that right, good boy?”

“Yes, Ms. Evans.”

I unhooked Summer’s bra and let it drop to the floor. Her tits were free from the snug straps of her lingerie, and they sat perfectly perched, nipples erect.

Rafael tugged at his cock, moving slowly as Summer instructed. The discipline of this man was insane.

“You want to know a secret, Raf?” I said, standing behind Summer. Her ass was so wet from my mouth, and I tapped my finger over its opening.

“Tell me.”

“Tell me, Ms. Ivanna,” Summer corrected him.

His jaw clenched, and if I didn’t know any better, a tsunami of hot cum was about to shoot out of his cock and cover Summer and me.

He resisted.

“Yes. Please tell me, Ms. Ivanna.”

I smiled and lifted a shot glass, tilting it over Summer’s tits. Amber liquid poured down her neck and chest, covering her nipples and the gold piercings that decorated

them. Goosebumps riddled over her chest as the heat of my mouth sucked up the rich agave taste straight from her tit.

“Our pretty girl is in heat,” I answered, my middle finger deep inside Summer’s ass.

She muttered a sweet little curse, before nearly buckling over Rafael.

I had to straighten her out, placing my hand over her neck just to stand her up.

“It’s up to me if she gets a pussy full of cum or not. I just haven’t decided yet.”

Summer laughed, and I spun her around to the bed, sitting her down.

“Here.” I tapped at the edge of the mattress, moving her closer.

“I’m going to put my heel right here and you’re going to eat me out,” I rasped, my tone vibrating down to my stomach.

I pulled my panties off my hips and dropped them to my feet.

“I want him to watch,” I told Summer. “Have him watch as I fuck your mouth.”

“Listen to Ms. Ivanna,” Summer said sweetly, her big green eyes looking up at me. I combed back her hair, and watched as Rafael stroked faster, his face flush and warm.

“Yes, Ms. Evans.”

I smiled.

“Tongue out, pretty girl,” I whispered. She did as she was told, her hands folded down at her lap with a smile on her face. With two fingers, I parted my lips. My clit

thrummed as I gripped onto Summer's hair, leading her tongue right to the most sensitive part of my body.

Summer groaned, and her tongue flattened into a warm pad of euphoria.

"Lick me," I urged. "Lick me like a whore." I jutted my hips over her, and her tongue slipped right inside my pussy, stretching me open.

Rafael watched, his cock even harder and redder than before. He leaned against the dresser, beating himself off.

My eyes fluttered, and Summer masturbated to the taste of my pussy as my climax started to build.

It was happening quick, and my vision felt overstimulated between two hot people that I needed to fuck, desperately.

"Lie back down. Now." I forced Summer's back onto the bed, climbing over her body which belonged to me. "Fuck, I want to come, but I need that pussy."

"Take it. Hurry," Summer urged, scooting back on her elbow, spreading her legs. I mounted her heel over my shoulder and pressed my pussy right onto hers. "Right there. Don't stop."

The bed began to squeak.

It bucked with each thrust.

"Fuck. I'm leaking. I'm—" I humped my hips, grinding myself over her, our lips parting, our clits meeting in a wet mess.

Summer winced, and her voice started to whine. “Oh my god. It’s happening. It’s—fuck, Ivanna!” She pressed her tits together, twisting the piercing on her nipples.

Something deep inside my stomach turned. Boiled. The headboard banged against the wall, and Rafael stood up to be near us, his fat cock hard and agitated as he jerked himself off to the sight of us fucking.

That’s when I started to come. My toes curled, and I clawed at Summer’s stomach as a new wave of hot wetness spilled out of me.

Summer bit into a pillow as she groaned, and I couldn’t tell where my pussy began and where hers ended, but I quivered in a release of endorphins as the sheets grew more and more damp with our shared, explosive orgasms.

A quick breath was all we needed.

Summer and I started at each other.

We were ready.

“I must ask permission, Ms. Evans...” I submitted, my voice merciful for her approval. “Release Rafael onto us. No. restraints. No holding back.”

Rafael

It had been the longest week of my life.

No sex. No release. Summer knew how to tease me into oblivion, how to wrap her hand around my cock without stroking it, how to draw me near her mouth without sucking it.

Her command for me not to come was as painful as it was exciting, because the longer I went without it, the bigger my inevitable orgasm would be.

Summer sat up on her knees, attentive. She tied her hair up into a ponytail and looked over at Ivanna. Summer already got a taste of our third, but I was forced to watch, and it wasn't easy to stand by with a girl like Ivanna.

She smiled, her dark cat eyes were black and full, her skin like bronzed champagne. She sat on her knees as well, the curve of her torso the perfect dip that mirrored the slant of her navel—a navel that I wanted to turn into a pool of cum.

“Do you want me to remove the rules, Rafael?” Summer asked. She blinked her eyes at me, teasing. Ivanna leaned over to her ear, propping her delicious ass up in the air as she whispered into Summer's ear.

They giggled. There was something cute and innocent about it, but the Ivanna that stared at my cock and bit her lip was anything but.

She winked. Like it was a secret. Candidly, while sitting on her knees on the bed, she

reached between her legs and rubbed herself to the sight of me.

It made me so hungry, that and the way Summer petted Ivanna's hair, like she was an obedient dog.

"Yes, Ms. Evans. I want this," I gritted.

"He looks so hungry," Summer mentioned to Ivanna.

"Starved," Ivanna replied in that gorgeous Columbian accent. "And since he's been such a good boy, he gets to play with toys now. Doesn't he?"

I was already making my way to the special closet we specifically installed for this room, the one with mirrored double doors and gold knobs.

"I'd say he's earned it." Summer said.

I turned the knob to the closet, unlocking it.

It clicked.

Ivanna grinned as Summer kissed her neck. I could hear whispering, encouraging her— look at all the fun we're about to have.

"Good boys get to do what?" Summer asked, crawling her hand up the back of Ivanna's gorgeous dark hair.

I laughed. It was time.

"Good boys get to fuck," I growled and opened the closet doors.

Dim amber lights flickered across the floor, shining on the red velvet shelves that held a mass collection of toys and objects we had at our disposal: paddles and cuffs, ball gags and dildos, vibrators and chains.

“In this house, we have no safe word. No means no. If you don’t want something, you say it. And if you can’t say it—if your mouth is filled with my cock—you better shake your head NO for anything you don’t want.” I pulled out a gold chain and choker, wrapping it around my hands.

Ivanna and Summer stood up from the bed and met me at the closet, their nude bodies the most unbearable tease as they locked arms together while reaching my side. They were already kissing.

“Do you understand the rules?” Summer asked Ivanna, making sure.

Ivanna nodded.

“We play safe, as well. We’re tested. And as for you?—”

“I’m good,” Ivanna said assertively, knowing the importance. “Safety is crucial when you have interests like I do.”

“We assumed.” Summer kissed her jaw, and we all smiled at each other as our hands moved a little more freely. Touching. Groping. Hugging and kissing.

How Summer looked at Ivanna, how her hand smoothed up her side and roughly cupped her breasts was so satisfying.

Not only did she drink her in, but the pang in her eyes illustrated how purposefully she savored her, how — without apology—she indulged in a truer side of herself that we only talked about.

Summer liked girls. She liked their eyes and lips, their hair and shape. She liked how their body convulsed when they'd come real hard or how their chest would heave when fucked.

Nothing is sexier than a woman climaxing.

She'd tell me at times over coffee or in the middle of a porn that we'd watch while fucking.

Watching that on our laptop—threesome and bi-women getting it rough—was as close as we'd gotten to having another girl in our room.

The moans and screams that permeated over our computer speakers failed in comparison to how Ivanna just came on Summer.

Ivanna was real. Flesh and eyes, pouty lips and all; a sincere compliment of a woman that wanted to share us—just as much as we wanted to share her.

Summer believed this, too. I could see it in her eyes. And that's why she relinquished control.

“Fuck us, Rafael,” she commanded. “Fuck us like a FREAK .”

Ivanna bit her lip as I spun Summer around and pulled her back into my chest.

“Suck her tits, little pet,” I cooed to Ivanna who sandwiched Summer against me. She opened her mouth, taking Summer's breast in like it was made of candy.

Summer moaned as I wrapped a leather collar around her neck, buckling it.

“Mmm she likes it.” Ivanna nipped at Summer's piercing. I'd never seen Summer's

nipples so hard, smeared with red lipstick. Raw. Seductively sore. She liked it like this. Pain with pleasure. My erection slipped between Summer's legs and pulsed under her wetness.

"Her mouth is so good. God, she made me come when she sucked on my clit earlier." Summer shivered.

I hooked a gold chain right into the loop of her collar, snapping it tight.

Ivanna kissed down Summer's stomach, licking her belly button before dropping to her knees. She bit at her hip, then left a scorching hot hickey at the bone.

"You want to feel me, too?" Ivanna asked, looking up at me. "You want that fat cock in this soft mouth?"

"Do it," Summer begged in a whimper. "Fuck her mouth."

"Yeah?" I gritted.

"Give it to her."

"Yes. Give it to me." Ivanna stuck her pink tongue out, and I thought I felt it before while kissing her, but I noticed it now—the silver ball piercing at its center. "Fuck me. Fuck me like a bitch," she begged.

Oh , the fucking mouth on this girl. Ivanna liked it, the degradation. She liked the control, but she also liked to switch it too, just like Summer and me .

She blinked up to my stomach, sweet and daring, oblivious to the fact that Summer had taken ahold of her wrists. Two sharp clicks, and they were on—gold and leather cuffs wrapped securely around Ivanna's wrists.

Summer held Ivanna's hands up, her tummy taut, and her tits perched perfectly. "Don't fucking move," Summer warned her. "And you better suck his cock until it's sopping wet."

Since being with Summer, I hadn't touched another woman. I didn't need to. But tonight was special. It wasn't about me, or Summer, it was about us taking joy in the pleasure of another beautiful woman—a woman who gave her mouth to me so willingly.

And as soon as the underside of my cock reached the top of Ivanna's tongue, she drooled onto the floor and sucked me in.

Her lips.

FUCK. Her lips were sooo soft, like fleshy pillows that popped right over the crown of my dick and welcomed me into the warm wetness of her throat.

"Oh fuck," Summer praised privately, whispering like she didn't want me to hear.

I groaned, and my abs grew tight as my balls met Ivanna's chin. She swallowed me whole, and I'd never felt such a fleshy soft spot like I did in her mouth.

"Shit, she feels good," I muttered. The piercing on her tongue wrapped around my head, massaging my shaft with small little flicks.

"Enjoy that mouth, baby. Fuck it."

"Look at you taking my cock so well," I groaned as Ivanna hummed. She slurped and drooled over herself, her tits wet with her own sloppy spit.

Summer let go of her wrists, and Ivanna's hands fell forward onto my stomach. She

clawed at me as she pulled away, gagging. “You’re so fucking big,” she coughed. “You stretched my throat open.” She heaved for a moment, and despite the tears in her eyes, she smiled.

“You’re lucky I didn’t come all over those lips.”

“I love her fucking lips,” Summer said. “She really is the most beautiful creature in the world.” Summer kissed me, and I twisted her chain in my hand.

“The both of you are,” Ivanna interrupted, licking the long strand of spit that connected my cock to her mouth—spit that could only be found from the back of an esophagus. That’s how deep I was.

“I want to taste her,” Summer told me.

“You want to taste that yummy pussy?” I asked.

Summer nodded.

“You can fuck her while she does it,” Ivanna suggested, wiping the mascara clean off her eyes.

I couldn’t say no to either of these beauties, and I wasn’t about to be a rude host to our gorgeous new friend.

“Here.” I pulled Ivanna up by her leather cuffs. “Our special guest gets the special view.” She was so tiny, so weightless compared to me. She screamed as I tossed her over my shoulder, spanking her ass.

“Where are you taking me?” She laughed, and I tossed her naked body right into the white, plush top of our bed.

“To heaven,” Summer answered, wheeling a cart of toys by my side.

Of all the playthings we had—the whips and nipple clamps, the chains and paddles—my favorite one to use was the small silver egg I picked up off the tray.

“Is that—” Ivanna tried to ask.

“Yes. You should suck on it.” Summer instructed, as I passed the silver butt plug with the heart shape handle to Ivanna.

Ivanna smiled, still handcuffed, popping it right into her mouth. Summer got on all fours, her elbows propped between Ivanna’s legs.

“We finally get to finish what we started at the club. And this time it’s not just the tip,” I said, carefully pulling the plug out of Ivanna’s mouth.

“It can get a little messy,” Summer warned, grinning. She had her favorite pink dildo in hand—porn star August Falls’s molded cock and balls. I loved when she sucked on that thing, and I loved it even more when she fucked herself senseless with it.

“I love messy girls,” Ivanna smiled.

“Good,” I baited, “because when Summer comes, she comes hard.”

“Shit!” Summer gasped. I sat on my knees behind her, introducing the butt plug right against her pink opening.

“Is that ok?”

“Mhmmm.” Summer nodded.

And as rough as I liked it, this was not the time to be careless. I loved my angel, and her comfort was just as important as her pleasure. So with ease, I watched as her asshole relaxed and then slowly pushed the plug into her, watching as she sucked it in, down to the heart shaped handle.

“Keep your eyes on Ivanna,” I instructed.

“I promise... I—” Summer stopped. She clenched her jaw as I—without warning—wedged my cock inside her delicious pussy. Her lips folded open and sucked me in. “Fuck, Raf...”

“Oh my god.” Ivanna held onto Summer’s chain, pulling her by the collar closer between her legs. “Suck my clit, Summer. Right there.”

I knew for a fact that this was Summer’s first time giving head to a woman. And though I couldn’t see her face, I could hear her effect on Ivanna.

Ivanna shut her eyes, and it turned me on how her stomach dipped in and out, how her sweat started to form along her tits and abs. She lassoed Summer’s hair into a knuckle white grip, jutting her hips.

“Oh, fuck. She’s getting me so close,” Ivanna said to me. “Spread me open. Right there.”

“Lick that clit, baby,” I instructed.

Summer hummed, her head bobbing up and down between Ivanna’s legs as I rooted my cock deeper into her pussy.

The bed began to creak, and the headboard bounced off the wall once again. Between my balls beating against Summer’s pussy and Ivanna moaning, I nearly spurted my

seed right there into Summer.

That's when I thought of what Ivanna told me again.

Our pretty girl is in heat .

What a vulgar delicious thing to say about Summer, as if she were made to take my cum—to hold it obediently. It was enough to make me feral, to reach for the tasseled whip on the tray.

“Stick that dildo in me.” Ivanna yanked on Summer's chain, eager and desperate. “Fuck me. FUCK me.”

“Beg for it.” Summer slipped the pink dildo into Ivanna, then spat right over her pussy.

A sharp pop rang through the room.

My whip landed right on the fatty part of Summer's ass.

“Fuck!” she yelped, then pressed her ass back against my pelvis, taking me deeper.

“All of it—I'm gonna come on it. I'm gonna come!” Ivanna rode her clit over Summer's tongue, the dildo balls deep in her pussy. Summer shoved it in and out, faster and faster as little spurts of wetness leaked right onto our comforter.

Summer stopped licking.

In fact, her hand clawed over Ivanna's stomach, before reaching for the bed sheet.

“Yes, Raf! Fuck her harder. Turn that pussy red.”

“Come for us,” I gritted near Summer’s ear. “Come.”

Summer couldn’t even function; her face turned pink, and she groaned loudly as her hair fell over her face. Ivanna fucked herself with the dildo, fast like a jackhammer as she scooted closer below Summer.

I whipped Summer harder, her pussy tightening around my cock before I rocked my hips at a different angle, reaching a new spot that made her shiver.

She was so close, and that increasing tightness that she squeezed over me, paired with the creamy white juice that she leaked over my balls, told me she was about to explode.

I picked up speed, pressing my thumb on the top of her butt plug.

“He’s going to make me come,” Summer whined once more, and Ivanna tightened the chain, stopping the flow of air in Summer’s voice.

“Take it. Take it you little slut!” Ivanna begged, and her eyes started to roll back. Her leg stiffened, and her pelvis contracted, and before she could come herself, Summer started screaming.

“I can’t stop it— FUCK, Raf!” she cried. “Fuck!”

My cock suddenly slipped out of Summer, and a hot jet of come sprayed out from her like a hose of water. Ivanna groaned, her stomach soaked in a stream of Summer’s hot squirt—a squirt that contracted for seconds.

It shot out. Again and again. The bed soaked as Ivanna’s dildo slipped out of her pussy, and she shivered into her own orgasm.

Summer took a labored breath as I pulled her into an embrace, twisting her nipples from behind.

“You did so good.” I kissed her neck.

“So, so good, pretty girl,” Ivanna praised.

The girls shared a look, and Summer smiled.

“I may be a pretty girl. But you’re a good boy.” She handed me the chain of her leash and whispered into my ear. “It’s time for you to feel some new pussy.”

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Summer

I didn't think I could ever come as hard as I did just now.

My body couldn't stop shaking, but Rafael needed a release that he had earned after a week of restraint.

"Save your fucking creampie. I want it all right here." Ivanna stayed on her back, tapping the wet mess I made over her stomach. Her gorgeous black hair was doused in sweat, her lips red and raw from being kissed over and over again. "Every drop, Rafael. Shoot it on me."

"Cover her, baby," I said, tossing pillows aside. I went behind Ivanna and propped her head onto my lap.

"You want it there?" he moaned, stroking himself.

Ivanna spread her pussy, her knees up in the air. "Yeah, babe. Come here. Feel how tight I am."

"Stretch her, baby."

"God damn it, I'm so wet." Ivanna purred like a cat, and I combed her hair back, showing off her pretty, pretty face.

Rafael inched closer, the tip of his cock grazing the opening of Ivanna's swollen pussy. I'd never seen his shoulders tense so much, and with a week-long tease of not

being able to come, I imagined it would only take a few more thrusts before he'd shoot off like a rocket.

I reached back and slowly pulled the butt plug out of my ass, shuddering. "Oh fuck," I whispered to myself, showing Raf and Ivanna.

"That ass nice and loose?" Ivanna asked, taking the plug out of my hand, sucking on it.

"I'm fucking gaping."

"That's my girl." Rafael grinned, and his fat cock parted Ivanna's pussy wider than I'd seen it open yet.

Ivanna gripped the sheets and swore.

I laughed, feeling the rush of excitement of seeing Rafael fuck a girl who wasn't me. It was so naughty. So taboo. I never thought I could be a cuck queen, but here I was, loving that sight of him stretching this little beauty.

He pushed harder into Ivanna, and her stomach flinched.

"Holy shit." Ivanna could barely speak.

"Look at how her lips open for you," I said to Rafael, grabbing the dildo off the bed. It was still wet from Ivanna's cum, and I slipped it right into my ass as Rafael pumped himself inside her.

"Ugh, I'm so open," Ivanna said through her teeth. Her tits started to bounce, her grip on the sheets grew tighter.

“Is she warm for you, baby?” I fucked my ass with the dildo, and Rafael yanked on my chain. Ivanna’s head slipped down from my lap and onto the bed as I spread my legs open.

“She’s so fucking warm,” Raf said transfixed. Lost. “So fucking tight.”

“You could knock me up instead if you want.” Ivanna teased, just as lost in the moment as me. My dildo was so thick in my ass, that I could feel it inside my pussy as well.

“You can if you want,” I said to Rafael. “Let’s do it.”

“Fucking come where you want,” Ivanna begged.

A flash of light lit up the room.

I’d forgotten it was there, but our Polaroid camera was right on the tray of toys. Rafael had taken it and snapped a photo. A slip of film shot out of the camera, falling onto Ivanna’s wet stomach.

“Oh-my-god, YES!” Ivanna praised.

Another flash appeared as he fucked her harder, her tits shaking for the camera as another polaroid fell onto the bed.

“I’m getting so fucking close.”

The photos around us started to develop, dirty snapshots of Ivanna moaning, her pussy split open with a thick, veiny cock.

“Come, baby. Come!” I squeezed Ivanna’s tits, and the camera fell out of Rafael’s

hands.

“He’s gonna do it. Fill me up!”

“Fuck!” Rafael hunched over, his dark shoulders flexing as he dug his claws into Ivanna’s toned, flat stomach. My puddle of squirt leaked off her belly button, and I watched as Rafael’s balls started to contract. Over and over again, they pulled up into his stomach and his cock started to pulse.

“That’s it, he’s coming!” Ivanna wrapped her legs around Rafael, pulling him deeper. I’d never been so turned on, my head dizzy, watching my Rafael screw this hot girl with the prettiest pussy I’d ever seen.

“Drain it, baby. Give it to us.”

“I can’t stop.” Rafael groaned when his cock slipped out mid-ejaculation. He shot a long, hot rope of cum that landed on my tits, followed by four more spurts that doused Ivanna all over her pierced nipples and stomach.

It was a mess.

Without hesitation, I bent over Ivanna, licking up Rafael’s cum like a cat with milk.

He collapsed beside Ivanna and pulled me into his arms, the three of us panting in bed.

“I’ve never met a man who came so much.” Ivanna scooped up cum from her bellybutton to lick off.

“A week’s worth,” he said.

“Looks more like a year.” I kissed him, and I kissed Ivanna. We held each other for a moment, making out, letting our bodies cool down from the heat of the room.

My mind was finally slowing down, and nothing could kill the high of what just happened.

I made my way between Ivanna’s legs. Fuck. She was already spilling out all of Rafael’s cum.

I licked it up, sucking it off.

“What you said about getting knocked up—” I introduced the topic, curious.

Ivanna laughed.

“It was just for fun,” she assured. “I’m on the best pills they have. Nothing will happen.”

Rafael and I sighed in relief.

“Let us help clean you off,” Rafael said with concern.

I popped my head up. “Yes! Are you hungry, too?”

“Starved!” Ivanna smiled, sitting up on her elbows.

“We have a shower big enough for all three of us,” Rafael suggested.

I arched a brow. It sounded perfect.

“Sounds good, babe.” She wrapped a sheet around her beautiful chest. For a moment,

she grew quiet, but then she smiled. “You know, you two are really special.”

Rafael and I stared at each other. Of course we were special. We knew it all along. But hearing it from an outsider. From a new friend. It was as unexpected as it was welcomed.

A chime went off in the room, and Ivanna’s ears perked up.

Leaning over to her purse on the floor, she pulled out her phone.

She stared at the screen. “It’s work.” She smiled.

“Let me take this real quick, then we can shower and eat.” She stood out of bed, but not before grabbing one of the polaroids.

She waved it in the air. “A memento of the most perfect couple I’ve ever met. ”

Ivanna walked into the bathroom, leaving Rafael and I alone. We laid back in bed, waiting as the cool air of the A.C. kicked on over our sweaty bodies.

“You were perfect tonight, you know?” Rafael said, pulling me into his arms.

“You, too. That was actually a lot sexier than I even imagined.”

“That’s saying a lot, considering you have quite the imagination.” He kissed my nose and brushed my eyebrows with his thumb.

“I really like her,” I said.

Rafael paused. “I like her, too. A lot.”

“She isn’t ours to keep, though.”

“No... not her,” Rafael said. I think he knew how I felt but still grazed the topic carefully. “But... maybe someone else?”

“A third?” I asked, and my heart skipped a beat.

Our love was big enough for it. I knew it, and he knew it.

So why did it feel scary to say out loud?

Maybe because the world couldn’t accept that, but who gave a damn about a place that was more concerned about judging others, than about what really mattered?

At the end of the day, love was love, and that’s what Rafael and I wanted to give.

To a woman of our own.

A pretty one.

“Baby, I’m in,” I said, with a salacious little grin. “Let’s find us another freak.”

The End

Read next: Did you enjoy reading about Ivanna? Want to know more about her Hollywood celebrity boss? Or the cute auburn haired beauty she was talking to at the night club?

Then you’ll want to read: Lawsuit and Leather - A slow burn, angsty, love triangle between childhood best friends and Hollywood’s hottest, tatted bad boy.

Turn the page to read the prequel to *Lawsuit and Leather* by Vivian Mae.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

GEMMA

“Marriage?!” I asked far too loudly, my heels skidding on ice as Dana held on tighter, her blonde pinned back waves bouncing.

“Ring. On. The. Finger.” She snapped with each word, the noise muted by her leather gloves. “Don’t get me wrong... it’ll be complicated I’m sure, but men will one hundred percent fight over you.”

“Yeah, right!”

“I’m serious. They will! You’re a complex girl, Gem, with a complex future. And trust me, I knooooow these things.” She slurred her last line, her large, brown eyes catching every glowing dot of Christmas lights hung along the brownstones, and woody Irish pubs.

Dana Myers was not only my roommate at FIT, but she was also a self-proclaimed cupid in the making.

As if being born on Valentine’s Day wasn’t enough, Dana’s ego was bolstered by the successful pairing of fifteen different couples in her short lifetime; three from when she was in middle school, eight from high school, and the other four from our time at the Fashion Institute of Technology.

“You’ll be married long before you hit your thirties.”

“That’s not far off!” I squeaked, holding in a burp that tasted like orange juice and

grenadine.

Dana's head bobbed into mine, drunk. "You'll see.

It'll be perfect. The man will be tall. Handsome.

He'll have money and charm. He'll push you out of your comfort zone, but also, challenge everything you ever believed about love.

" Dana squeezed my arm tighter, "This man will accept you for who you are, and for who you'll become...

because when you look at him, not only will you see yourself, but you'll see your future—which will be the best version of you possible.

" Dana carried the cadence of an angel, mixed with a carnival barker.

She was selling me on an idea, a promise of what could be possible.

Could all that really be true for me? I wanted to believe her, and whether or not Dana could really predict the future, I appreciated her effort.

It was a much kinder and more insightful version than what Claire, my mother, ever gave me.

I tried not to think of her—alone in Bushwick, stewing by the phone, waiting to call me before the New Year's countdown to warn me about the terrors of kissing a guy who'd eventually break my heart.

I knew I wouldn't be able to handle that call tonight, let alone her repeated stories of my father and their mess of a marriage. Her dark, dark history sat buried in my

stomach, piled on by shots of tequila I forcibly drank because of her inevitable phone call.

However, Claire wasn't the only reason I'd been drinking tonight.

There was something else.

I had a huge decision to make by tomorrow morning, one that'd change my life in a significant way.

"Do you think David could be the one?" I asked Dana, who smiled happily for no reason, until I brought up his name.

"Ew! No," she recoiled with a sour face.

Dana had never been a fan of David. They met just a few months ago, but all it took for her to dislike him was a sweaty handshake. Dana claimed to be spiritually connected, feeling some off vibes about him, but he'd been nothing short of a gentleman around me.

"No?" I asked. "What do you mean? And don't bring up his aftershave again. It smells nice... when it's not so strong."

"I don't know, Gem, he doesn't give off soulmate vibes. You two aren't really a match."

"You're gonna have to start liking him, he'll be around us more."

"Oh, god, please don't tell me?—"

"If we got married, you and I would have the same last name," I laughed, cutting her

off to avoid an incoming insult, “We could be sisters!”

“We’re not even related! There’s lots of people with the last name Myers, and he so happens to be giving the rest of us a bad rep.”

“Look,” I lifted my thumb up, counting out a list of pros, “He’s already graduated, he’s got money. He’s got charm?—”

“He texts in all caps,” Dana cut me off.

“Every conversation we have comes back to bitcoin, and that’s not even the worst part...

” I rolled my eyes, I had a feeling I knew what she was about to say, but kept my mouth shut, because I couldn’t exactly defend David on this one.

“This man-child ordered a glass of milk with his filet last week at Del Frisco’s. ”

Yup... let’s gloss over that fact.

“He’s an accountant! David’s good with money, and compared to many of his colleagues, he’s still got a great set of hair. Plus, he’s the one that snuck us into the bar tonight... well, snuck you into the bar,” I argued, scrunching at the snow flurries that tapped my nose.

Dana hated being the only one under the drinking age, but she wasn’t far behind. She didn’t mind the favor, but she knew David was just trying to butter her up.

“If I have to like the guy, then whatever, but I need to ask you a super important question...”

“Here we go.”

“I’m serious, Gem! Humor me for a sec.”

“Fine,” I waved, still following one foot in front of the other on the semi-icy pavement.

“Does he make you come?” Dana asked.

“What?!” I stammered, shrugging, “We’re doing ok in that department. Don’t worry about that.”

It wasn’t a detailed conversation I wanted to have while walking in front of the boys—none of whom were David.

I tried to keep my voice down, not wanting them to hear...

this was especially true for the man directly behind me, whose name I didn’t even want to think about because it made me smile like an idiot.

If Dana even noticed the difference in my expression, she’d call me out on it.

“What do you mean, ‘ ok in that department ’?” Dana’s ew voice came back. “It’s sex, Gemma, not a sector in the corporate ladder. The man you’re meant to be with will rock your socks... and your box,” she said crudely, laughing.

“We’re doing okay in bed, the sex is truly just fine. You know orgasms aren’t my speciality, unless I’m by myself. Besides, these things take time, and time is what we’ll have soon... once-we-move-in-together-next-month,” I spat out as fast as possible.

Dana hated the idea, and she knew David wasn't the one, her eyes darting over her shoulder to the tallest, most athletic, track star in all of Columbia University—as if he were the only right choice for me.

Not only was he the complete opposite of David, but he was my childhood best friend since first grade—an all star law student and legal savant whose eyes had been pinned to the back of my head since the moment we left the bar that David snuck us into.

It was Parker Ellis Jones .

The boy I grew up with.

The boy I dreamed of having... since... well... since dreams of mine ever existed—and my god did I fucking actually dream of him.

I glanced over my shoulder, still stumbling, catching his unbroken attention—his emerald glossy eyes rapturing my heart into a —oh my god I've been caught —racing pulse. Damnit, I was thinking of him again and I had that stupid, idiotic smile on my face. Dana saw it and grinned.

“You're not supposed to be Gemma. Rose. Harrison-Myers... you're supposed to be Gemma. Rose. Harrison- Jones —world's most famous fashion designer.”

“Oh-my-god-Dana!” I screeched quickly, mortified by how she unabashedly attached Parker's last name to mine.

“You're only with David because he has hair like Parker... and that's only on his good hair days , mind you,” she argued. “You and Parker are end game. You two are Monica and Chandler, Jim and Pam, Robin and Barney.”

“Try Bert and Ernie,” I stopped her. “Strictly platonic...” I batted my eyes, unwilling

to accept any other truth at the moment.

Parker was my entire world, had been since the field trip to the Majestic Theatre where we first met, and there was so much history compacted into our tiny existence, that even the thought of telling him how I felt became the most untouchable topic in my head.

Don't go there.

Don't chance it .

I could live with not telling Parker about how I felt, but I couldn't live with potentially losing him over my—most likely unreciprocated—feelings.

“Bert and Ernie are totally not platonic... even I knew that as a child. Besides, Parker is totally into you.”

“Into me being his best friend. That's all we've been,” I stood my ground, trudging past tossed out Christmas trees and crinkled flyers for the Times Square ball drop party tonight.

“He's the one. Not David,” Dana said.

“No. Also. I couldn't even try and chance that.”

“Why not?”

“It's too risky,” I shook my head.

“Riskier than moving in with Mr. Milk For Dinner?”

“I just have a very complicated stance on love.” I wasn’t willing to go into the depths of my reasons, or how they were tied to my mother, who essentially terrified me from ever getting too close to others.

No one knew about her mantra’s; her warnings, the late nights and terrible days in a manic depressive spiral about how my father leaving us ruined our lives—my life.

I couldn’t explain to Dana what that felt like, how even the thought of my mother made my throat swell with anxiety.

“We need a vote,” Dana declared. “How does everyone feel about David?” she turned to ask Parker, spinning me free.

My legs gave out, my heels slipping on ice as I fell backwards, screaming into the air before slamming onto the freezing pavement.

But that didn’t happen.

My legs left the floor, and my body floated into the heat of two strong arms.

“Gotcha, Butterfly.” Parker didn’t break his pace, his unbendable, deep voice soothed me with a dimpled smirk that I instantly wanted to kiss. Craved to kiss.

“Spinning out like fucking Tanya Harding.” Tommy—Parker’s closest frat brother, and universally loved smart ass—blew into his hands, keeping them warm. His eyes were about as glossy and red as hard cherry candies. “You almost killed her, Dana. And you call me a klutz.”

“I never called you a klutz, you jerk! I’ve called you a lot of things?—”

“Please, don’t list them—” Tommy shot back.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:28 am

“Inconsiderate!” Dana swatted Tommy with her leopard clutch for each word she started to list, “home wrecker, player, scum...”

“You forgot charming, funny, and hung like a horse.” Tommy smiled to himself, a young but debonaire expression that made Dana’s cheeks radiant pink.

It wasn’t surprising they were like this.

Dana—the essential star gazing, fortune-telling, matchmaker was incapable of tolerating the chaotic, sexcapade fueled reputation of Tommy Romero.

Having them meet at one of Dana’s matchmaking parties was a terrible idea, especially since Tommy solely went with the intention of grabbing as much free food and phone numbers as possible; not for love.

“Promise to never hit me as hard as Dana hits Tommy. No matter how badly I mess up,” Parker curled me up to his lips, whispering behind my ear. “ I think they like it, though... so maybe it’s not so bad,” he added, his words hitting my neck like a summer day in December.

“Just don’t drop me. And we’ll be good,” I answered.

“Like this?” Parker pretended to buckle, my auburn waves falling loose from my beret, and over his arms. I screamed so loud the entire block heard.

“Parker Jones, don’t you dare!” I exclaimed.

He paused.

And smiled.

“Dare what? Let you go? I’d never do that.” Heat blossomed below my breast as Parker’s fingers secured me further, firmly cupping the spot above my ribs, and upper thigh.

I stared speechless and drunk, admiring how his dimpled cheeks were the only soft feature on his strong face; a chin peppered with a five o’clock shadow, and a furrow that lightened up from the exorbitant amount of booze we had.

God, I could die in his arms and be happy.

Did I really just think that?

Wait, did I say that out loud?

No. But I kind of wanted to! I loved him, and I also loved his family, a family I spent a lifetime growing up with—people who gave me the only sense of security I strived for. He was everything I wanted, but also, everything I couldn’t risk losing.

“I’m thinking drinking as many Tequila Sunrises before the sun actually rises was a mistake,” I smiled into his chest. “Are you ok carrying me?”

“Of course. I can carry all four Gemma’s I’m seeing right now.

” Parker swiped his tongue over his lip, his eyes trying not to shut, way past the point of being buzzed.

He and David had far more drinks than the rest of us, and after a while their friendly first meeting began to feel competitive.

They pounded drinks back and forth until David began sweating through his work shirt, sopping his silk tie with the smell of booze.

At least Parker didn't leave the bar smelling like one, his scent heady and warm, perfectly crisp like the center of a new leather billfold, but reminiscent of the mahogany wood that lined his fraternity's chapter house.

"What are we voting on now?" Tommy rolled his eyes, finishing some argument he and Dana had along the snowy path.

"We're asking how everyone felt about David tonight! I've met him before... but you two haven't." Dana pointed her clutch at both Parker and Tommy, directing them like a general of love and war.

"I like anyone who'll pay for my drinks," Tommy answered immediately. "Plus he gave me great financial advice. Has anyone heard of bitcoin?"

"Oh my god, stop. Stop. Stop." Dana squished Tommy's mouth shut. "Parker?" she asked, seeking some form of approval.

I wanted their meeting to go right, even if David and I had only been together a few months.

I was always hesitant for the day he'd meet Parker; the man I compared him to, not that I'd ever tell Dana that.

I guess their meeting was what made the idea of moving in with David feel real, and real was terrifying, because I cared so much about what Parker thought.

I wasn't sure how he felt about David yet, but he looked happy, that was, before his face faltered.

Parker cleared his throat.

“To be fair, he seemed nice,” he said briskly, like the admission wasn’t his favorite.

“Nice?” Dana asked as we reached Parker and Tommy’s frat house, stepping up a stoop and entering inside. “Nice is Gemma, the girl who insisted on walking you both home instead of going back to David’s apartment right away.”

Parker carried me through the doorway, his fingers tucking my head gently into his chest so I wouldn’t hit the wood frame. It was like we were married, and believe me, the fantasy didn’t escape me as I pictured it perfectly—as if it were our wedding night.

“She wanted to take us home? She’s the one that fell!” Tommy made his way over to the makeshift bar cart, fishing out red solo cups and a bottle of cheap rum and soda.

“I. Am. Drunk,” I said slowly, pointing my finger in the air as Parker stood me back up.

He flopped right onto the couch, kicking off his boots. He lied down with his coat still on, his burgundy scarf loosened around his broad shoulders.

“We’re all drunk!” Tommy shooed away, pouring us fresh drinks.

Parker pushed his cup away. “God, no. I’ve had too much tequila at the bar. I’ll never let you talk me into drinking that again, Gemma. That’s the worst shit ever,” he teased and smiled.

Dana made her way to the fireplace, tossing in a few logs of wood, lighting them with a match. The whole room was set aglow, the ancient fraternity illuminated in all its glory; old leather furniture, hand carved banisters, and built-in bookshelves stacked with law texts that the fraternity shared.

I made my way around the coffee table to a tufted green chair, but Parker caught me by the wrist and pulled me towards him.

My face grew so hot as I squealed, my back landing right in the middle of his hard body, the nook of his thighs and pelvis the perfect spot to sit between.

“Come here! I’m cold, and I’m stealing your warmth,” Parker wrapped his hands around my stomach, softly squeezing me like a pillow.

This was normal.

We did this all the time in the Hamptons while vacationing with his family.

The sleepovers.

The movie nights.

DON’T look into this hug, Gemma, I told myself.

“Ok... so David is nice. Granted I think he’s all wrong for Gemma,” Dana began. “Did everyone know he’s asking her to move in with him?”

“Whoa!” Tommy raised his red cup, “That’s awesome, Gem! Guess that means we’re going to have a new drinking buddy around.”

Parker tensed against me, his fingers like possessive claws that secured me harder. His voice dropped. “Move in?” he asked.

“Yeah. Over to Brooklyn. As in past the bridge. He wants her to take the subway to school,” Dana noted.

“Lots of people take the subway. It’s New York,” I tried to play it down.

Parker hated the idea of me riding the subway, because—as he’s told me multiple times—people got mugged, pushed onto the tracks, or jerked off in front of while riding to their stop.

“He’s over in Brooklyn now. I’m taking the subway tonight over there?—”

“Absolutely not,” Parker jumped in, “There’s no way in hell you’re taking the subway alone. On New Year’s Eve?”

“David is expecting me. We have plans.”

“David bailed at the bar to go to a work gathering...”

“It was for business!” I defended.

Parker shook his head against me, “It was an office party. The guy should’ve invited you. No. He should’ve insisted on having you there—showing you off—bragging to others about how fucking great his New Year’s is going to be, simply because you’re by his side.”

“I know I would,” Tommy took a long sip. “Who is she supposed to kiss on New Year’s now...” Tommy didn’t even hide the fact that he winked right at Parker.

Did Tommy know something I didn’t, or was this just another one of his dumb jokes? I mean, Parker had never made a move in all our years of being friends, so why would he now?

Dana smacked him again with her clutch. “Gemma can’t move in with David! And he’s expecting an answer by tomorrow. His lease is up.”

“That’s fast,” Tommy nodded.

“Too fast,” Parker added, a tad anxious sounding.

My phone buzzed in my coat, and my heart dropped. I figured it was my mother, sending her godawful New Year’s message of doom.

But it wasn’t, it was David.

His message popped up on my screen, all in caps .

David Myers

U COMING? I’M SO FCKN HRNY!!

I pulled the phone into my chest, covering it with my fuzzy coat. Oh my god, I hope Parker didn’t see that.

Really, David?

And in all caps, too?

“I’d like to change my stance on David,” Parker announced sharply. “Him expecting you to come out in the middle of the night, alone on a train to his place in Brooklyn is insane.”

“I’m an adult,” I defended. “I can manage just fine.”

“This isn’t about being an adult. You’re Gemma.

My Gemma. The girl who was afraid of cats in the fifth grade after watching Pet Semetary.

And it doesn’t matter whether you think you’ll be safe or not, I’ve always been there

to keep monsters away from you.

” He went to stand, but wobbled, clutching onto the back of the sofa to balance himself.

“You’re drunk!” I said.

“We’re all drunk,” Tommy repeated.

“Yes. Yes. Drunk, but not stupid... stupid as in asking Gemma to come over right now, across the entire city and the bridge. Would he even be waiting for you at the stop?” Parker looked at me for an answer.

I wasn’t sure.

I blinked. “He’s only a few blocks away from the station.”

Parker ran his hand down his chiseled face, his dirty blonde hair sprung into cute ducktails as he swopped it back in disbelief. “A few blocks away? Dressed as you are? No.”

“Dressed like what?” I asked, sitting up, holding Parker as he tried to get his balance.

“Like... like... you...” was all Parker could say.

“Like a hottie!” Tommy added, then scrunched his nose.

“Not that it matters. Most men are pigs and monsters, and it’s hardly safe to be out during the day, let alone late at night,” Parker said annoyed.

“Yup!” Tommy interrupted. “I’d like to change my mind on David, too. I heard he drinks milk with his steak.”

“First smart thing you’ve said tonight,” Dana agreed.

“You heard that?” I squeaked, mortified that Parker and Tommy overheard my conversation with Dana.

Parker massaged his temples, “We heard it all...” he took a few steps forward, “I’m calling us a cab, Mrs. Harrison-Jones. I’m taking you myself.”

Parker barely made it to the spiraling wood banister before I scolded him, “Would you wait! You’re too drunk to go upstairs.”

“My phone is up there. I’m fine.”

“If I can’t go to Brooklyn alone, then you can’t go upstairs alone. Don’t argue with me about that.” I wasn’t any better, stammering in his direction as we both leaned on each other like dying mountain climbers.

It was just us in the house, all the other brothers were out for the holidays, leaving the upstairs particularly dark and quiet.

“Why’d you drink so much more than the rest of us, anyways?” I asked, helping Parker to his bed.

“Because of David.” He collapsed onto his comforter, before searching the nightstand for his phone. “I couldn’t let him beat me at drinking.”

“That’s so dumb,” I laughed.

“Dumb people do dumb things.”

“Yeah, but you’re not dumb people . Scholarship-winning law students don’t need to win drinking contests with entry level tax accountants.”

“So you’re admitting I won,” he smiled fondly, and swiped at his phone. “I guess I get the prize...”

I sat next to him, getting cold upstairs away from the fire. His bed was filled with blankets, and the heater kicked on above us, blowing the first remnants of cold air that picked at my cheeks.

“What prize were you expecting?” I asked curiously, hypnotized by green haunting eyes, his breath sweet with tequila and spearmint.

Fireworks went off in the distance.

Popping.

Exploding into radiant sulfuric reds and greens just outside Parker’s window. The colors and sparkles caught the contours of his cheeks and gaze.

“I get to be the first to tell you Happy New Year,” he whispered, his greeting needy and hot.

His hand fell on mine, raising it up to his lips, then he combed back the sleeve of my fuzzy jacket. Hot fingertips teased the length of my arm, leaving trails of goosebumps that followed as he delicately kissed my hand.

A kiss I wondered about.

A kiss that felt innocent yet indulgent, tender, desperate.

“Happy New Year,” I whispered back, drawing near his face, my lip trembling.

I wanted to kiss him, and oh my god, I think he wanted to kiss me, too! It would be our first kiss. Real kiss. All to the orchestrated tone of Auld Lang Syne downstairs

and outside. And as we grew closer my phone buzzed again in my pocket.

I felt it.

So did Parker, and he looked down at it.

“If you’re wondering if it’s your mom... it’s not,” he said quietly.

I shook my head. “I, uh... I was hoping she wouldn’t call... but every year it’s the same?—”

“I know,” he smiled, his large hand swallowing mine, squeezing it. “I used Tommy’s phone to call her at the bar. Told her Happy New Year... and that you forgot your phone. I know you dread it, and I just wanted to help.”

I was surprised by the tears in my eyes. If anyone listened to me, if anyone knew how to protect me from the world, it was Parker. It always was. I was sure David was texting me, but I didn’t want to see it—I didn’t want to see anything other than what the future held in Parker’s eyes.

“You did that for me?” I pouted.

“You’re a promise that I’ll never break.

I’ll keep you safe, Butterfly, no matter what it costs me...

” His forehead met mine, “Please, don’t let me go.

Don’t go to David’s. There’s so many of him out there...

but there’s only one of you. And I know that’s not fair for me to ask that of you, but keeping you safe isn’t just what I told your mother on the phone I’d do...

it's what my heart begs me for every day.

"He shut his eyes, slowly leaning back, his hands cradling my shoulders, pulling me into his body.

He lied back in bed, and took me with him, and I never felt more safe.

"I drank too much... and I've said too little." I heard him smile.

"You've said enough." My heart bloomed for this man. He held me so tight, I could fall asleep right here, knowing that in the end, we'd always be together. "You're my best friend, Parker Jones."

"You're mine, too... Gemma Jones..." he said, giving me his last name again, his eyes shut, passing out into a tequila sunrise coma that warmed his body against mine.

Gemma Rose Jones.

I loved that.

I wanted that.

Which was why I needed to break up with David first thing in the morning.

This would be my year, and before graduation I'd finally tell Parker how I really felt.

I was in love. And nothing could stop me from getting my happily ever after.

...

Continue reading Gemma and Parker's story in this spicy, friends to lovers, age gap love triangle that'll leave you shocked with its twists and turns. Read today.