



Her Jealous Valentine (Project Valentine)

Author: *Lena Little*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: The PROJECT VALENTINE series

The Valentine family empire is evolving and after retiring from the Valentine Corporation, the family matriarch sets about seeking HEAs for her three billionaire sons, Victor, Vance and Vaughn.

Read all three stories in the series. But each can be read as a standalone book.

Her JEALOUS VALENTINE:

VICTOR

I'm a king. A conqueror.

Head of a multinational enterprise best described as the Valentine Empire, more than some silly corporation.

It's a title I've worked for since my father's passing. And with my mother's sudden retirement earlier this year, I hold the keys to this castle.

So why do I want to give it all up?

Olivia, the blue-eyed beauty who turned my world upside down and taught me the greatest lesson I'll ever learn. Life doesn't have to be one big race.

With her, I want to slow it down.

Rest my head.

Fall in love.

Start a family.

All those beautiful things that used to sound like a cheap ad campaign to sell diamond rings.

Well, buddy, I'm falling for the marketing.

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 2:50 am

1

VICTOR

“Y ou know we pay people to do this, right?” I grumble as my car inches a few more feet forward. We’ve barely made it a block in the last twenty minutes, and it doesn’t look like we’re getting much farther any time soon.

“I do, and from what I recall, I pay you a rather handsome salary,” Mother snickers in the passenger seat.

“Since when does the Veronica Valentine, queen of our empire, moonlight as a comedian?” I can’t stop myself from chuckling. She isn’t wrong. I get paid a fortune.

However, it isn’t to sit in New York’s rush hour traffic to get mother to a doctor’s appointment. If she were going in for something serious, I wouldn’t be so frustrated. But a simple checkup seems like a waste of my time when I should be at the office, working on the biggest venture of my career.

“Retirement changes people, dear. Slowing down and enjoying the little things becomes the norm,” she says. Oh God, not this again. I shouldn’t have opened my big mouth. “Anyway, you should try it sometime. Might ease those dark circles under your eyes.”

“These circles are from waking up at five to avoid traffic, only to get stuck in it anyway.” I change the subject before she can spin this into another lecture on why I need to find more enjoyment in life than work.

Yes, it's a pretty thought in theory, but in practice, the world's a train that keeps rolling, and I won't jump off in my prime.

Mother's retirement earlier this year came as a massive shock to the entire Valentine Group, myself included. But having run our global conglomerate for fifteen years, it was bound to happen sooner rather than later. With her departure, the weight of our family business fell on my shoulders.

How can I slow down and smell the roses when one mistake could destroy everything my family has built?

"Vaughn has the right idea. He doesn't spend his life behind a desk, watching numbers grow." Mother gives me a slant-eyed glare of disapproval and insists on delivering her lecture, no matter how hard I try to stop it.

"Vaughn's a decade younger than me and just finished college. Hard labor hasn't entered his vocabulary yet. Next, you're going to tell me I should learn from Vance and smile more."

I love my brothers. They're both great, and I don't have a single bad thing to say about either of them. But I sure as hell won't take life lessons from a kid who just started his journey of self-discovery or Mr. Nice Guy who cares more about public opinion than what's good for the company.

Those years are behind me. All I can do now is look ahead and make sure I do the Valentine name proud.

"Besides, I've already put in a request for leave once this merger is handled. I'll be gone for a whole two weeks if you can believe it." I try to lighten the mood and shift the conversation away from my brothers. I shouldn't drag them into this, lest I want an earful about how I set Mother on the warpath.

“Ah, yes, our acquisition of La Superiorite.” Mother fumbles the French pronunciation, but I’ll give her props for trying.

Acquisition and merger are interchangeable terms, and we both know it. The diplomatic stance is to say we’re merging with the French automotive giant, but in reality, everyone understands they are being consumed by the Valentine powerhouse.

With La Superiorite wearing our colors, we will have broken into every consumer goods market, from clothing, jewelry, and furniture to planes, trains, and automobiles.

“You don’t sound very impressed.” I tilt my head in her direction and watch her run a final stroke of pale lipstick across her lips.

“Do you need Mommy to stroke your ego?” Her snarky tone cuts so deeply, I almost blush. But there’s no malice or cruelty in her statement. Mother enjoys poking fun—a trait she practiced when I was a boy and mastered in her short retirement. “Of course, I’m proud of you, Victor. You’ve accomplished so much in a very short time. I wouldn’t dream of taking this away from you.”

I turn my eyes back to the road, and as if the heavens are smiling down on me, the dense traffic starts to move. It’s slow at first, but before long, the right-hand lane is clear enough for me to turn in and push the pedal to the metal.

For a second there, I was afraid I had died, and this was my personal hell. Stuck in a conversation about how I’m good at my job but terrible at everything else for the rest of eternity. But as I take the next turn onto the street where the doctor’s office is, the road is still clear.

My suffering is finally over.

“Why do I sense a big, hairy but coming my way, Mother?” I keep my eyes focused on the road while I tease the higher end of the speed limit to avoid another jam that could very well form with the other cars around us.

I’d never put Mother at risk over something as silly as speeding to a destination. But the irony of crashing this car a block away from the doctor’s office is mighty palpable.

“ But you really ought to slow down, Victor,” Mother says with finality, raising her voice enough to express her seriousness. Even though I know it isn’t what she’s referring to, I ease my foot on the brakes and bring my car back to a crawl. “If you don’t, you’re going to end up in an early grave like your father.”

Driven by ambition, a Valentine curse.

“I understand your concerns, Mother, but I’m already too old to die young.” I take our final turn into the private practice’s parking lot.

Mother rolls her stark blue eyes at me and shakes her head. Still, in her frustrations, she manages a chuckle and a gentle slap against my shoulder. “Now, who’s the one moonlighting as a comedian?”

I park my Bentley and jump out, rushing to the passenger’s side to open her door. I take her hand and help her out of the seat, never letting go, even as we walk toward the building. At thirty-six years old, dressed in a suit that costs more than a month’s rent in this building, I refuse to feel shame holding my mother’s hand.

And yet, as we step inside the doctor’s office, Mother’s parts from mine involuntarily as I freeze in place. I’m standing on solid ground, and yet, it feels like I’m on an unmoored boat floating in the ocean. Unsteady on my feet. My heart pounding like it’s about to escape my chest.

Mother takes a few extra steps before throwing a cheeky smile over her shoulder to see what happened to me.

Her smile grows while she watches me trying to lift my jaw off the floor at the sight of the stunning creature getting up from the receptionist's desk to greet us.

She's. Fucking. Perfect.

From her strawberry blonde tip to white sneaker-clad toes.

What new hell is this?

"Good morning, Mrs. Valentine." Her soft voice is an angelic choir to my ears.

"Hello, Olivia. How are you this morning?" Mother's greeting is accompanied by a gentle shaking of hands with the receptionist. "This is my son, Victor. My good boy took time out of his busy schedule to bring me here." She leans in close to Olivia's ear to say the last part.

Holy shit. Am I blushing at Mother's attempts to embarrass me?

The heat rising from my loins to my cheeks answers a painful yes. But I can't tell if it's genuinely embarrassment or I'm going rosy-faced over the freckle-faced beauty smiling at me.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Valentine." She does the cutest half-curtsy I've ever seen, and her face continues beaming the brightest smile I've ever seen.

Deep breaths, big guy. And say something while you're at it. Otherwise, she's gonna think it's you who needs a doctor.

“Th—” I choke on the first word, clearing my throat before I try again. “The pleasure is mine. And please, call me Victor.”

“Victor, it is.” Olivia leads us to a waiting area opposite the reception desk, carrying a clipboard and a pen with her. She hands them to Mother when we sit, so she can fill in the necessary information for this appointment. “The doctor will be with you shortly.”

Good. The sooner Mother disappears into the backrooms, the better. Silly as it sounds, I can’t fawn over Olivia with Mother here.

Because that would be the biggest joke of the day, wouldn’t it?

Fighting tooth and nail against her wish for me to slow down and settle in the whole ride over here, only to find myself wanting to do it with the first woman I see.

This settles it.

Life has the funniest sense of humor, and for the first time, I’m loving the thought of being a punchline.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 2:50 am

2

OLIVIA

It's rare to see a grown woman look like a child next to anyone, let alone their own offspring. Yet, here we are, and I'm witnessing it with my own two eyes.

At nearly seventy years old, by looks alone, I could never detract from how well Veronica takes care of herself. She doesn't have the feeble-bodied mannerisms most women her age start to develop, and in the two years I've worked for Dr. Sinclair, Veronica hasn't once come in for anything other than her quarterly checkup.

The genetic apple hasn't fallen far from the tree with her son, it seems.

Victor Valentine looks unreal sitting beside his mom. He's a marble statue in both intensity and size. Tall enough for his hair to brush the top of a door he crosses under and wide enough that he almost has to turn sideways to get through comfortably. Every inch of him screams raw power and domination, and for the first time in a very, very long time, I want it directed at me.

"Don't be silly, Mother." Victor hasn't taken his swirling hazel eyes off me since he sat. I fear he's noticed my inability to look away from him, too. "You're looking very deeply into something that isn't there."

Hearing those words after the hushed whispers he and Veronica have shared thus far piques my curiosity. What could she have whispered to cause an outburst like this?

It's made worse with her looking over at me with a devious grin. As if they're both holding some big secret and doing everything in their power to keep it from me.

Of course, I know it's nonsense. They're mother and son before all, and after, they're business partners. Their conversation probably doesn't involve me at all. Hell, Victor's gaze might not even be on me. He could merely be staring into the void, and I just happen to be seated in his line of sight.

I almost jump from fright when the door on my left swings open, and Dr. Sinclair emerges. Like Veronica, Dr. Sinclair is small and delicate in build, but her strong personality commands the attention of any room she enters.

In an effort to make myself look busy, instead of letting Dr. Sinclair see me ogling the giant a few feet away, I start shuffling papers around my desk and slotting files into various holders.

"Mrs. Valentine, please come through." Doc's all smiles today. I guess Veronica being her first patient and it being so early in the day makes being happy a lot easier.

Victor jumps to his feet and extends a hand to help Veronica out of her chair when she's called. He walks with her to where Dr. Sinclair waits before the two ladies disappear into the back of the building to the office and labs.

Why am I so surprised at Victor's chivalry? And how can I stop the goofy grin it plastered on my face from growing?

Him making his way over to me isn't helping.

Wait a minute.

He's walking ... over to me!

Oh God, oh Lord. What am I supposed to do? How do I interact with someone like him? Greetings are one thing, but actually conversing with this titan? I don't even know how to start.

Unless he's coming to my desk for something else. A pamphlet or brochure about the services we offer. I'd hate to be the bearer of bad news who tells him she only accepts female patients.

Breathe, Olivia.

"So, what's a nice place like you, doing in a girl like this?" Victor says this with the practiced charm of a natural-born leader. He rests his body over the tall reception desk, propping himself up by the elbows as he looks down at me.

"Think you fumbled the words on that one." I giggle but manage to keep somewhat calm, considering my inner voice screams in disbelief that he's even standing here.

"I know. It's jus—" He pauses to clear his throat, turning his head to the side to let out a chuckle. "I saw it in a movie. Thought this as good a time as any to pull the line out."

"Ah, I see." Don't mess this up, Olivia. Just keep calm, play the game, and enjoy the ride. "Well, if you ask me, that line would work better in a nightclub or bar. Y'know, instead of my office where the answer is working."

A brow raises above Victor's eye, and my first thought is that I've immediately screwed something up. I'm too nervous to convey my playful jokes the way I intend them, and my answer might've just come off as rude.

Damn it.

“Are you...” He pauses for dramatic effect while I search those two little words for any clue as to whether he’s upset or not. “Are you asking me on a date?”

A deep sigh of relief barrels out of me to another raised brow from Victor. However, this time accompanied by a smirk.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if you were.” Victor looks over his shoulder at where he and his mom were just sitting. “I mean, you couldn’t take your eyes off me since I sat down. So, either there’s something very interesting on that blank wall, or?—”

“I saw you staring right back, Bucko.” An involuntary wink follows my words, and with it, my cheeks instantly set alight.

How the hell has he managed to burrow so deep into my brain that I can’t keep facial expressions in check?

“With a view as stunning as this—” He allows his eyes to travel down my body and back up again. “—can you blame me?”

On their return, his swirling gold orbs get stuck on the top button of my blouse, as if he’ll magically be able to undo it with just a gaze. A wave of warmth courses through my body, both by his compliment and leering, and settles in my core.

Had this not been my place of work, perhaps I’d have indulged this fantasy of his. Given into my base instinct and allowed him to do the same.

Stop thinking , my inner voice reprimands me. You’re blushing again. Red as a damn tomato.

“Fine, yes, I’m asking you on a date.” Is this really how I’m going to stop myself from blushing? Well, maybe that’s a luxury I can’t afford while standing toe to toe

with this handsome giant.

“Then I’ll need your address, and you’ll need to be ready at seven.” Victor slides his hand into his blazer pocket and pulls out his phone. He unlocks it, slides his finger over a few buttons, and hands it to me with the New Contact screen on display.

“Tall, dark, handsome, smooth. Are there any words that don’t describe you?” I chuckle as I grab his phone and put my number in.

“The only thing that comes to mind is vile rascalion . But I don’t think many people still use the parlance.” He takes his phone back and stares at the screen where my name and number are present.

In some bold gesture my hands make that my brain has no say in, I add 3 next to my name. If I wasn’t laying it on thick before, I squeezed every last drop out of the bottle with this one.

But Victor isn’t deterred by my silliness. His smile grows, and his eyes widen with great joy.

“Charming, witty. I could go on, you know?” I add.

Before he gets a chance to say I should, if that’s what he was going to say, the door to my left opens once again.

“As always, Mrs. Valentine, you are the picture of health,” Dr. Sinclair says as the ladies emerge. “Keep up whatever you’re doing, and I’ll see you in three months.”

Dr. Sinclair doesn’t spend more than a few seconds in the lobby after saying goodbye before she goes back inside.

“What’s this, then?” Veronica’s tone is laced with high-spirited knowing, while her eyes dance mischievously between Victor and me.

“A genie fulfilling your wish,” Victor says. Intrigued as I am to know what it means, I’m not jumping in the middle of this. “Better be careful, Mother. You’ve only got two left.”

“And I know exactly how I’m going to use them.” Veronica makes her way to Victor’s side, and it’s her turn to extend a hand to him. Victor looks at it hesitantly before she says, “What? Too good to hold your mother’s hand because you’re making gaga eyes at Olivia?”

I giggle frantically at Veronica scolding the giant, and it worsens when Victor slumps his shoulders and ends up taking her hand anyway.

“Too good? Never. I was afraid you were getting jealous that you’re not the only woman who has my interest.” He tries his best to play it off as cool, calm, and collected.

“There’s a good boy,” she says with a satisfied smile before leaning over to look at me past his enormous barrel chest. “You have a lovely day, dear. It’s always a pleasure to see you.”

“I’ll see you tonight, Olivia?” Victor asks, to my great surprise. He seems so self-conscious about how we were just flirting, and yet he’s willing to say that?

Frozen in place, partly due to the fact that he’s serious, I can barely move my neck enough to nod in response.

Then they’re off without another word.

I'm left stunned, bewildered, and excited that Victor Valentine wants to take me of all people to dinner. That doesn't mean I won't grab the opportunity with both hands.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 2:50 am

3

VICTOR

Olivia's tiny. Most people are next to me, but she seems especially delicate and dainty in her cream-white dress that glitters beneath the low-hanging lights above us.

She won't be this small for long.

Not when her belly swells with my children inside it.

Fuck, I better cut those thoughts out of my head immediately. My cock's already as hard as steel, watching Olivia's cleavage spilling out the V of her dress. Adding any more pressure won't do the seams of my trousers any favors to stay intact.

"So, you studied abroad, met some guy, and hooked him so tight he followed you back here?" I grab my Old Fashioned off the table and ease back in my chair, playing along with the conversation as best I can.

It's a first date. This is what people do. Talk about their pasts. Open up. Get to know one another. But that's a skillset I'm sorely lacking, with my past being a quick climb up a short corporate ladder.

Jealousy isn't a good look on me, but I can't stop the green-eyed monster from rearing its ugly head. Talking about some dickhead following her around the world pisses me off, and yet Olivia talks about it as if it's just another casual joke.

And it is to her.

I need to rein in my budding aggression toward the strawman Olivia's poking fun at. He isn't here, and I'll look like a loon if I get upset over her ex.

"Crazy, right? We weren't even really a thing, either. He kinda glued himself to my hip when I arrived in England and never let go. He's been here for two years, hoping he actually stands a chance." She's giggling. That has to be a good sign. Olivia wouldn't be nonchalant with her feelings if she thought there was a spark with this guy.

"Can't blame him myself. Look at what you've done to me, and all we did was spend the morning and two courses of dinner together." I exhale, relieved that I'm not in competition for Olivia's affection. That wouldn't do me or the Brit any good.

My feelings would be hurt, and he'd have to pick his teeth up from the floor.

"And there you go again." Olivia looks at me with a hooded gaze as she nibbles on the end of her cocktail's straw. "Saying all the right things to make me melt."

She smiles and takes a long sip from her drink. Better enjoy it while you can, you sexy little thing. There won't be time for casual drinks once I've pumped you full of my seed.

Christ, calm down. Eager as you are, you'll scare Olivia off.

"You say that like it's a bad thing." I crook a brow and ease forward in my seat.

"It is, if you consider my normal skin tone isn't sunburned red." She crinkles her nose. I don't know what it is about the cute gesture, but it makes me want to toss this table aside and throw myself into her even more than I wanted to before. Goddamn,

what is this woman doing to me? “But enough about me. Let’s talk about you and all your crazy exes I’ll have to fight off with pitchforks.”

“For you to do that, there’d need to be an ex to fight.” I almost sound ashamed to admit it, but I’m genuinely not. “Until tonight, I haven’t been much of a dater.”

“Not even a naughty tango with a secretary on the sly?” Olivia’s eyes twinkle jokingly.

I shake my head. “Closest thing to a secretary I’ve gotten to is sitting right in front of me.”

She sucks in a deep breath, feigning shock. “Mr. Valentine, is that what you think this is? I’m shocked. Appalled. And more than a little intrigued.”

Olivia knows exactly what to say to send me over the fucking moon. She’s bubbly, fun, beautiful, and unapologetically herself.

She’s fucking amazing.

“Well, that could be arranged.” I jam two fingers into my glass, fish out a muddled cherry from the bottom, and pop it into my mouth. “Sooner than you’d think, I might add.”

I know the restaurant manager. If I had even the slightest belief Olivia was serious, I’d have cleared out the restaurant’s storeroom already.

“Excuse me, Mr. Valentine.” Our waiter, Tony, breaks my concentration on how fun it would be to indulge in something so scandalous. “Your desert is ready. Shall I bring it out?”

“Thanks, Tony. Yes, we’ll take it now,” I answer.

He shuffles off and returns a moment later with our dish in his hands. It’s a simple tart, at least at first glance. A thick pastry crust, red center, with a healthy application of whipped cream coating the top. Finally, but what might be most important, it seems, is a single spoon next to the pastry.

Tony, you scamp. The wingman I never asked for and probably don’t deserve.

We reach for the utensil in unison, and our fingers collide in an electrifying touch. Her soft skin against my rough hand is an instant reminder of how much I’ve missed spending my life chained to my office.

As our hands meet, so do our eyes. And for the first time all night, the playful smile on Olivia’s face shifts to something more akin to longing. Or maybe wanting.

God knows I feel it, too.

“Oh, sorry,” she says, whipping her hand back to her side of the table.

“For what?” I ask, basking in the tingling sensation her hand left against mine.

“I don’t really know.” Olivia raises her napkin above her face to hide away another bout of deepening red quickly replacing her otherwise neutral cheeks.

“It’s I who should do the apologizing,” I say, lifting the spoon and scooping a chunk of the tart onto it. “How dare I keep a lady from her treat?”

My knowledge about wooing is limited, but there are a few absolutes even I’m certain won’t steer me wrong. One is compliments. About the way she looks tonight. How perfect her outfit, hair, make-up, and all the rest are. The other is a moment like

this.

The intimacy of feeding her from my hand. Watching as her eyes follow the spoon and her lips wrap around it. The soft hum of her enjoyment to the taste. How her eyes shift back to mine after she's taken the bite, and while still enjoying it, they burn with lustful desire.

It's fucking orgasmic.

"How is it?" I drop the spoon next to the tart and grab my napkin. Reaching over the table, I wipe away some of the whipped cream that landed on her lip.

And the look in her eye burns more intensely than before.

"Better than I imagined it would be." She sounds nervous, as if she isn't talking about the tart at all.

"Then you're in luck because it's all yours. I'm stuffed." I pat my belly with the words.

The only moist treat I'm interested in is between her legs.

"I've got a better idea." Olivia turns her attention to Tony and waves him over to us. "How about we take this to go?"

"And then what?" I raise a brow.

I could hazard a guess, but I really don't want to get my hopes up.

"You'll just have to wait and see, won't you?" She snickers to herself, but her deep blue eyes betray the mystery she's trying to convey.

Before I know it, the bill's paid, and we're walking arm-in-arm back to my car. Ten minutes later, we're outside Olivia's apartment building.

As is standard, when driving with any woman, I open Olivia's door and offer my hand to help her out of the passenger seat. She accepts it with a goofy smile that screams she hasn't experienced this gesture I find so normal before.

"My, my, aren't you a gentleman?" she teases but refuses to let go of my hand when she's out.

"What can I say? I was raised right." My entire body feels like a coil spring tightening to the point of explosion. All I've wanted to do since the second I saw her this morning is throw myself into her for a kiss. Get lost in her scent, her touch.

Fuck, just lost in Olivia completely.

Instead, since this is uncharted territory for me, I wrap my arms around Olivia's shoulders and pull her into a hug.

Sure, I've had sex before—a few meaningless one-night stands that had no real chance of going anywhere—but I've never been in the company of someone I can see a life with.

Olivia slides her arms around my waist and squeezes me tightly.

"I've had a lovely time with you, Olivia," I say when my thoughts turn from Take it slow to Lose control. Take her. Claim her. Make her yours. NOW!

If I don't head out soon, I won't be turning back at all.

"You're not getting away from me this easily," Olivia says sheepishly as she slowly

peels her body away from mine. I hate how cold it feels without her against me. “And anyway, you’ve treated me to a nice night out. The least I can do in return is offer you a nightcap.”

“Is that right?” How can I decline, even knowing that if I say yes to this, there’s no going back for me? No matter what actually happens up there, she’s going to hook me, like she did that poor fucker who traveled across the world for her.

And even if I wanted to, I could never say no. I never want this night to end, let alone from my own foolish decisions.

“It is. So, what do you say?” She stares up at me with a puppy-dog pout.

“I hope you have whiskey because I don’t think coffee’s gonna cut it,” I answer with a joke as the spring inside coils tighter and tighter.

OLIVIA

After the obligatory “Make yourself at home while I slip into something more comfortable,” I head into my bedroom and scrounge through my drawers for the best outfit I can wear for the rest of our evening together.

Ten minutes of hunting culminates in three sets of lingerie—one black, one blue, and a final in green—scattered across my bed. Though they’re all good in their own right, none of them fit the vibe of what I’m going for tonight.

Hell, I don’t even know what I really want. So, instead of choosing any of the three, I toss them back into my drawer and grab a silky red kimono. I tighten it around my body and slowly tiptoe my way through the hallway and back to Victor.

“Holy fuck.” Victor stands in the kitchen, where I catch him mid-sip on a bottle of water he must’ve grabbed from the fridge. And this is why I love open-plan houses. It wouldn’t matter if he were in the kitchen, dining or living room, he’d get a full view of what I’m putting on show.

“Like it?” I extend my arms and do a little spin for him to get a view of everything. “Since you were undressing me with those pretty eyes of yours all night, I thought I’d save you the trouble now that we’re here.”

The kimono is big enough to cover everything important but too small to leave anything to the imagination. The front barely covers my breasts, showing off my

cleavage way better than the dress I had on earlier. In length, it barely covers my thighs down to my knees.

If I were to bend over, Victor would see everything that's waiting for him underneath. My warm, wet center screaming for his touch.

"Fucking stunning," he growls. His eyes are half-mast, and his neck flexes with each hard swallow.

I walk over to him slowly, watching him drink me in. His eyes frantically dart across my body, trying to get a glimpse of it all. When it looks like they're about to settle on one naughty place, they shoot up to the next. And yet, the rest of him remains still. As if everything but his eyes and mind had turned to stone.

As I cross the threshold of the kitchen counter and get to see him in full, I'm met by the hardest part of him. His manhood tents the front of his trousers, applying so much strain on the front that I get a clear shot of his thickness.

And this single sighting is enough to make my tummy turn like I'm falling. I've never wanted to be split in half before, but seeing what Victor has to offer, I guess there's a first time for everything.

"What's the matter?" I stop in front of him and start trailing my index finger across the deep grooves of his incredibly muscular pectorals. When my finger reaches the end of his chest, I move it down his arm to the wrist. I grab it firmly and guide it toward my ass. Victor goes along without fighting my actions.

"Nothing at all. This is perfect." He swallows hard again and cups the curvature while a deep rumble emits from his chest. "You're perfect."

"Show me how much you mean it," I say, hooking my arms over his shoulders and

around his neck.

Confusion furrows Victor's brow, and I can't help but giggle. He did say this was unfamiliar territory for him.

"Victor, just kiss me already."

As if those are the words he's waiting to hear, Victor lowers himself into me for our first embrace. So ravenous in his actions, I have to stand on my tippy toes to keep up with him, but even that isn't enough. Before I realize what's happening, Victor's free hand meets the other on my ass, and he hoists me into the air as our tongues tangle.

I hook my legs around his waist as my hands move in a frantic motion through his hair. Victor squeezes my ass, and an explosive wave of desire makes me buck my hips forward. With my new position straddling his hips and my wild motion, I feel the tip of his girth graze against me.

"Oh God," I groan into his mouth.

Holy shit, this is so much better than I could've expected, and all we've done is kiss.

Locking my mouth in another kiss, Victor spins me around and rests my ass on the kitchen counter. His hands travel up my sides, settling over my breasts. He lets out a vicious growl as his palms graze the pointy beads of my nipples, stabbing against the kimono.

He hooks his fingers into the opening of my kimono and grabs both ends in tight fists before breaking our kiss. He stares deep into my wanting eyes as his tongue runs along his lower lip.

"You've got to be careful, pretty little thing," Victor says, and an involuntary moan

escapes my lips.

“Or what?” My words come out dreamily.

“I’m going to leave you in a mess.” He tugs both arms in opposite directions, and with them, my kimono opens, exposing my bare body.

If he wants to speak, no words manage to leave him. Instead, Victor is reduced to a primitive tongue of grunts and groans as his eyes drink in every inch of me. They dance across my breasts, sink down my belly, and settle on my cleanly shaven pussy.

Yes. Lose control. Become a caveman and claim your prize.

Without warning, Victor slides a hand behind my neck and guides my body until I’m lying down on the counter. He grabs my feet by the ankles and pulls them apart as he sinks to his knees.

“What are yo?—”

He doesn’t give me time to finish the question before he buries his face against my pussy. His tongue moves with feverish precision, striking my clit before descending the length of my slit. He throws my ankles over his shoulders while he satisfies his hunger.

Once his tongue has had its fun exploring, Victor focuses his mouth on my engorged clit. He sucks it between his lips and flicks his tongue across it in short, sharp strokes that send me over the moon. While he keeps the pressure on, I feel his hand glide its way up my smooth leg before a finger starts teasing my entrance.

“ Ahhhh.” The sound tears itself out of me as he plunges it into my depths. He starts sliding it in and out slowly but gradually increases the pace with every thrust until

he's scratching a non-existent itch in my core. "Don't stop. That feels so fucking good."

My eyes roll to the back of my head as my lustful desires get fulfilled. And it doesn't take long for his tongue lashing to bring the all-too-familiar warmth swirling in my core.

"Are you going to come on my face, baby?" Victor asks, as if reading my mind.

"Uh-huh," is all I can muster, with my body starting to rattle from the pleasure he's delivering.

Not long after, my legs tighten around his head, and a tremendous screech parts my lips as I fulfill his wish. Victor continues lapping at my juices, drinking every last drop my climax brought before he gets back to his feet and leans over me.

He tucks a hand behind my neck again and pulls me into a sitting position, pressing gentle kisses against my cheek until he reaches my mouth. He gives me a peck, slotting his waist between my thighs.

And like a homing missile, his cock finds its way straight to my aching pussy.

"Are you going to give it to me?" I mewl, grinding slowly against his stiff rod.

How he's managed to hold himself back this long is astounding. I'm weak-kneed, come-hungry, and soaking wet for him. Feeling him inside me is the only thing I can think about. Victor, on the other hand, hasn't even taken off his jacket.

"Not tonight." His anguish in holding back is evident in his words, and he tries to break some of the tension with a chest-shaking sigh. "I don't want to rush this. When I have you, I want all of you. Head to toe, you'll be mine."

Victor cups my cheek and runs his thumb across my lips, his swirling gold eyes lingering on them a moment before he pulls me tightly in his arms.

“Do you understand?” he asks in a husky whisper. “This is not a one-time thing. When you give yourself to me, it will be forever.”

I nod, still reeling from the wild experience we’ve shared so far. Yes. A thousand times, yes.

If this is what he needs, then tonight, the butterflies in my tummy will keep me company.

“But don’t think you’re getting off this easy next time.” I bring it back to the playfulness we’ve shared all night so far. “Because I’m taking what I want, Victor, and there’s nothing you can do to stop me.”

I buck my hips one more time, stealing a final touch of his manhood against my pussy. Glum as I may be to let it go, I want to scream out of excitement for what the future holds.

5

VICTOR

I 've never been the kind of person to rush into anything. Before I bought my Bentley, I drove the same BMW for fifteen years until it fell apart. But when it comes to Olivia, I've lost my ability to reason. Logic is out the window, and she's become my all-consuming drug.

All I need is one more hit. One more taste. Then I'll quit, I promise.

Every junkie's famous last words. Now I can happily count myself as one of them.

In the two days we've been apart, I haven't gotten her off my mind. If it stopped at thinking, I wouldn't be so worried. But for the first time in my life, I'm glued to my cellphone, waiting for her response to my text messages, often doing so when I'm supposed to be working.

Like now, while I'm standing outside La Superiorite's American head office.

"You doing alright, Vic? Looks like you've seen a ghost," Vance asks, giving me a firm slap on the shoulder to snap me back to reality.

"I'm good."

It's not a ghost that caught my attention.

She's a fucking angel.

"Are you ready for this?" He adjusts the top button of his blazer and pats down the front to ensure he looks his best. As the face of the Valentine corporation, Vance always looks his best. Today is no exception. A fancy suit, neat new haircut, and cleanly shaven face, Vance looks ready to conquer the world, let alone this meeting.

Bzzt. Bzzt.

Another text from Olivia.

"It's your meeting, brother. I'm just here for support," I answer, sliding my hand into my pocket to grab my phone. If I'm sneaky about it, I can respond before we've made it through the lobby.

We start walking, and I scan my phone.

Olivia: Guess what I'm thinking about?

Put your phone away. Leave it in your pocket and pretend you didn't just read that. You cannot walk into this meeting with your mind racing for an answer or, worse, a rock-solid cock.

"Yeah, but it's your contract." Vance sounds nervous. If Olivia had never happened upon my path, I'm sure I would've been too.

But after spending time with someone who's so far removed from my world, I guess Mother's words have finally sunk in. Happiness isn't hinged on one successful meeting after the next. Slow down, enjoy the little things.

And I can't get enough of my little thing.

“Relax. Deep breaths. You’re gonna do great.” My turn to pat him on the shoulder. It isn’t much, but hopefully, it bolsters his spirits enough to settle his nerves.

Vance nods and steps through the door. I smash out my response to Olivia before I follow.

Me: How you can’t wait for our next night out?

We’ve barely greeted the receptionist when my phone buzzes again.

Olivia: No, you silly. Your tongue inside me.

I knew I should’ve ignored my phone until this was over. But there isn’t a moment of reprieve before another comes through.

Olivia: And how much better your long, thick cock is going to feel.

“Christ,” I mutter without realizing the word left my lips.

“What was that?” Vance turns to me, his face scrunching in confusion.

“Nothing.” I pocket my phone again, immediately feeling another vibration against my thigh. No more distractions, not yet. “Let’s do this.”

An hour and a half later, we emerge from the building. Vance releases a heavy sigh of relief, and the sickly green nervousness he wore on entry into the building is replaced by red-faced excitement.

“Goddamn, what a rush,” Vance says as we get back to our cars. “I think we just secured a billion-dollar business like it was nothing.”

Of course, we did. These meetings are merely a show of good faith at this point. But I suppose I can understand Vance's nerves. It's the biggest conquest we've taken on without Mother at the helm of our company.

"You did great in there."

"We need to go out and celebrate," he says, getting into his car.

I fully plan on celebrating this monumental achievement, but it won't be in a seedy bar, getting drunk with my brother. As much as it will disappoint him, I'd rather bask in the glow of this success with the future mother of my children.

"Not tonight." I can hear his heart shatter with disappointment. "Let's finalize this thing, then we'll do it properly."

"Don't wanna count your chickens?" he asks glumly. "I get it."

We say our goodbyes, and I head back to my car.

Taking some time to scan the texts Olivia left, each one filthier than the last, I make three stops before pulling my car into the private practice's parking lot. I hadn't intended to see her tonight, but she forced my hand.

Me: When can I see you again?

I send the message as I get out of my car and collect the items I acquired. With it nearing the end of the day and the parking lot empty apart from four cars—one of which is Dr. Sinclair's—there shouldn't be any hurdles in my way from sweeping Olivia off her feet.

Olivia: Hmm. We'll have to see. You know, I'm a busy girl.

She answers as I reach the door.

Me: Too bad.

I enter immediately after hitting send.

“What are you doing her—” She can’t even get her question out before she notices the items in my hands.

In one, a box of chocolates with a bushel of red roses hanging precariously in the crook of my elbow, and in the other, a snow-white teddy bear almost as big as Olivia holding a heart.

Tears well in her eyes, and her face glows with pure joy. Seeing her brighten up this intensely over a gesture so small melts my heart into my guts.

“Guess I couldn’t wait any longer,” I answer the question she couldn’t finish. “Two days has been hard enough. I don’t think I’d survive another night alone.”

Olivia jumps out of her chair and sprints toward me. She collides with me with so much force that the roses go flying across the reception floor.

“Thank you,” she whispers before hoisting herself up to gently peck me on the lips.

Fuck that. There’s no way I’m going to let her get away with a tender peck after all the torment she put me through today.

Hooking my arm holding the chocolates around her neck, I bring her in for a passionate embrace. She gives in to my desires, allowing me to part her lips with my tongue and explore her mouth for way too long before she remembers we’re still in her office.

“Victor,” she scolds me and pulls away. But the smile on her face and her rosy cheeks are enough to tell me she isn’t upset at all.

“It’s your fault. You’re the one who put all those naughty thoughts in my head.” I wink and hand her the chocolates and stuffed toy before collecting the scattered roses off the floor.

“Ah, that’s what this is about. Well, if you give me another twenty minutes, we can go back to your place and explore those thoughts.” She spins around with the elegance of a ballerina and skips back to her desk.

“Then I’ll suffer those twenty minutes in silence while thinking about all the things I’m going to do when we’re alone.”

OLIVIA

“Y ou didn’t have to do this, you know?” I say, cuddling the big teddy bear to my chest. I mean it, too, but I’m so grateful that Victor did. “I would’ve gone back to your place anyway.”

As instructed, Victor waited for me to finish work. He sat quietly in a waiting room chair and awkwardly greeted Dr. Sinclair as she passed by to leave for the evening. She couldn’t help but smile and laugh at the sight of this burly man with a teddy bear sitting on his lap.

“I know, but I wanted to.” Victor cranes his neck down to meet my eyes. He’s still holding the remnants of the roses I destroyed out of pure excitement for his romantic gesture. “You deserve a hell of a lot more than chocolates and flowers, but it was the best I could do on such short notice.”

“You’re sailing pretty dangerous waters with that one, captain.” I’ve got no idea why my mind went with nautical wordplay. Then again, maybe I do. There has to be a filthy joke about what we’ve been doing, how wet I get around him and seamen here somewhere.

“And why’s that?” Victor snakes a hand up my arm before slipping it over my shoulder. He pulls me tightly against his body as we walk to his car.

“Because if you’re not careful, I fear I might start falling in love.”

He stops dead in his tracks so suddenly, I nearly topple over as his arm around my neck pulls me backward.

I want to believe I meant it as a joke. That I'm just having some fun. But there's something about Victor that I can't seem to shake. It's the way he acts around me. How he gets tongue-tied and twisted when I burrow into his brain with a silly comment like this one. And I'd be deluding myself if I didn't say the way he looks at me sends chills down my spine.

Every time our eyes meet, it's as if he sees me for the first time. There's nothing but genuine warmth and happiness that flood his beautiful eyes.

"Only start? And here I thought we were returning to my place to plan the wedding." He plays his shock off with charismatic charm.

"Play your cards right, mister, and we just might." I wink at him and roll my shoulders to say we should keep moving.

As fun as it is to flirt in the parking lot, we could be doing it in his bedroom instead.

The thrill of it all is short-lived when we stop in front of Victor's Bentley, and from the corner of my eye, I see someone approaching us. Had we been anywhere else, I'd have thought nothing of it. But Dr. Sinclair's office has a fenced-off parking lot, and when Victor's car is the only one here, no one would have any reason to be in it.

Shit. That could only mean it's one person.

I choose to keep my attention focused on Victor instead of looking over. Maybe I'm wrong about who I saw. Vague shapes in my periphery hardly make up a man, right?

"Not interested, pal." Victor waves a hand toward the guy, no doubt thinking him a

bum.

“The fuck’s this, then?” The British accent confirms my fears. It’s Adam Hughes, the dickhead who followed me here from England.

My heart starts thumping faster in my chest.

Not here. Not today.

“Ah, I see.” Victor turns his attention to Adam, pulling me tighter against his body. “But it’s like I said. We aren’t interested.”

“That’s all well and good, big boy, but no one’s talking to you. This game she’s playing isn’t gonna work,” Adam says, keeping out of arm’s reach from Victor.

What game? I’ve made my intentions clear about us from the start. He was a friend when I was a stranger in a strange land. Now I’m just scared of him.

“You best think twice before you open that slimy fucking mouth of yours again.” Victor doesn’t sound angry, though his words portray fury. In fact, a wicked smile has grown where I expected to see a scowl.

Even face to face with danger, Victor stays fully in control. A master in the art of Zen and not giving a fuck.

Goddammit, he’s amazing.

“You threatening me, son?” Adam hisses.

“No. Wouldn’t dream of it.” Victor slides his arm off my neck and puts his enormous frame between me and Adam. I still haven’t taken a look at him, and with Victor

acting as my shield, I won't have to. "I'm warning you. Say another fucking word to Olivia, and I'm going to slap that cocky grin right off your face."

Adam snorts loudly but doesn't dare say another word. Out of curiosity, I peek around Victor to see Adam walking away with his hands raised in surrender. His freckled face sunken low in defeat.

But his deep blue eyes never break away from mine. Looking at me as if to say, "This isn't over."

"The fucking nerve of that guy," Victor says once we're in his car and heading to his place. He's doing a great job hiding his anger, but he doesn't have to do so around me.

"Don't give him any more thought," I say, touching his inner thigh. If I wasn't sure he was still seething, I might've made a move for the throbbing slab of meat a few inches away.

Watching him put Adam in his place did unimaginable things to the lustful demon who possessed me on the day I met Victor. Soft, kind, and caring when it comes to me, I wasn't sure how he'd handle a threatening situation.

And if I didn't believe what I told him before, seeing his raw, primal, and protective side towards me all but seals my fate.

If he's not careful, I'm going to fall deeply in love with him.

"Tonight's still about us," I add, to bring him back from whatever furious place he's wandering to. "And Benjy, of course."

"You're right. I shouldn't let—" Realizing I said another name, he snaps his neck

towards me and stares at me, puzzled. “Benjy?”

“Yes, that’s what I’ve named him.” I pat the teddy bear’s head and watch Victor’s stone-cold face soften with a smile.

By the time we arrive at his apartment, Victor’s back to his usual self.

Good. Because I wasn’t going to let Adam’s interruption get in the way of what I planned on doing to him. And with the way Victor handled himself, I want it so much more.

“Wanna watch a movie?” Victor asks as he flops beside me on the sofa with two beers in his hands.

I can think of a thousand things to do instead, but we have the whole night to get to them.

“Sure.” I grab one of the bottles and take a sip.

It’s the first time I’ve seen him in something other than a full suit, and I’m definitely not disappointed. Still wearing his white button-up, he rolled the sleeves up his meaty forearms. Without his tie and the top button of his shirt fastened, I get my first glimpse of the muscles I’ve only had the pleasure of dreaming about.

Victor grabs the TV remote and slides an arm around my shoulders. While he starts his search for something to watch, I get comfortable by resting my head on his chest and kicking my feet up.

After a tireless search, he settles on a rom-com and kicks one leg onto the coffee table when it starts.

Unsurprisingly, it doesn't take long for a bulge to form in his pants. And by the halfway point of the movie, the outline of his cock against the fabric has gotten so big, it's nearly blocking my view of the screen.

Crap. I can't do this anymore. I'm just tormenting myself. Why are we watching this movie when we could be...?

I move my hand over his abs and sink it towards the throbbing meat in front of me. Victor doesn't make a sound at first, letting me do as I please. And what I please is grabbing his zipper and pulling it down, giving his manhood some much-needed reprieve from the confines of his trousers.

I slip my fingers through the hole his zip opened, fidgeting with his boxers while my knuckles graze the monster. Choked growls fight their way out of Victor's mouth while his chest rumbles with eager anticipation.

After a short, awkward struggle to maneuver his boxers out of the way in such a confined space, his cock springs free in front of my eyes. My entire body vibrates with a chill at the thought of this thing entering me. It's thick, veiny, and nearly the length of my forearm.

But the nervous apprehension is quickly consumed by thrill.

Wrapping my hand around the base, I roll my head over Victor's chest until I'm facing his thick girth. My first stroke is met with a soft groan, and as my pace hastens, so do the sounds emitting from Victor.

I observe him for a moment instead of taking things further. Watch as his head snaps back and his eyes lock onto the ceiling. See the strain his flexing muscles put on the poor seams of his shirt. I can't stop grinning at the idea that I'm the one making this giant monster squirm.

“Victor,” I call when I’ve had my fill. I don’t stop my hand’s motion but allow the other to travel to his strong jaw and bring his face back to meet mine.

He doesn’t speak, or maybe he can’t while getting his cock stroked, but his eyes meet mine with the same fiery passion I saw a few nights ago.

And while staring deep into them, I scooch forward and kiss him, kicking off the rest of our night’s adventure.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 2:50 am

7

VICTOR

My cock's never been this hard before. Days of torture from the images my mind has conjured of Olivia, plus her actual teasing and taunting, have driven me mad with lust.

Now I get to experience her in full and empty my balls inside Olivia's womb.

Without breaking the kiss she started, Olivia adjusts herself until she's standing on her knees at my side. What's far more pleasing is the fact that her hand hasn't moved from my erection.

She grabs the back of my neck with her free hand and locks me into the kiss while she continues to work my shaft with increasing pace and force until I'm writhing in her grip and moaning into her mouth. She grins against my lips before pulling away. She starts moving again, but so lost in the haze of pleasure and dripping desire, I don't realize what she's doing until she's kicked one leg over my body, and she's sitting on my chest.

And when I open my eyes, I realize how far away I have drifted. Though my absence was brief, Olivia managed to take off her panties without me realizing. And now, her clean-shaven cunt is inches from my face, begging for round two of my tongue lashing.

With her hand behind my neck, Olivia guides my head toward her slickness, and I

oblige without a care in this world. Fuck, she could drown me in these liquids, and I'd die a happy man.

“Who knew that mouth of yours was good at so much more than just charming my pants off?” She's teasing me? Right now? Hardly seems fair when I can't defend myself.

Who am I kidding? She can say whatever she damn pleases right now. There's no way I'm moving my tongue away from her delicious nectar.

“That feels so good, baby,” Olivia groans and starts moving her hips in time with her hand thrusts and my tongue strokes.

We're in perfect sync. A harmonious machine with the sole purpose of delivering orgasmic pleasure.

Olivia stops her stroking, and she takes off what little clothing she has. She discards it to my side, and the view from down here is fucking superb. I can see her lips part as she squeaks out her various sounds. The tantalizing movement of her voluptuous breasts bouncing as she grinds against my face. More importantly, her flat tummy that won't stay this way for long.

It's this thought that sends me into a wild frenzy. My hands dart towards her tits, with one starting massaging the mound while the other starts teasing the pointy bud of her nipple.

I roll out the flat pad of my tongue as Olivia slides her soaked pussy over it. When she reaches the top of her motion, I slide the tip of my tongue inside her tight, wet hole, and as she pulls herself back down, I lash it over her engorged nub.

Between moans and latching onto fistfuls of my hair to steady herself, Olivia runs her

palm up and down her tongue. She giggles in delight as she sends the now-wet hand back to my shaft and wraps it around my overly sensitive tip. She rolls her palm over it while awkwardly leaning back to send her free hand to my balls.

The view's only getting better, it seems, as now I have a full body shot—from her clit all the way to her face that's scrunching up in delight. And had it not been for my mouth being so preoccupied, I'd be screaming from just her hands.

Then it hits me.

If this is the magic her hands can do, what's this sweet pussy going to feel like?

It looks like I'll get my answer sooner than expected when her body starts to shake, and she can hardly keep her leaned-back position upright. She's on the verge of climax, only this time, she's doing it with my cock firmly in her grip. And with her limbs rattling haphazardly, her fist thrusting forces a thunderous growl out of my mouth against her soaked flesh.

Desperate, needy whimpers replace the moans from seconds before. Her legs tighten against me, squeezing so tightly it nearly forces all the air out of my lungs.

That's it. Come for me.

Olivia flings herself forward and wraps both her palms around my face. A mix of moans, groans, and attempts to catch her breath emit in quick succession as she hits her high and melts into the pure bliss of an orgasm.

When she makes her way back to Earth from her place among the stars, Olivia's eyes snap onto mine. Her hapless panting can't stop the grin stretching across her red-flushed cheeks.

“You sure do know how to treat a woman, Mr. Valentine,” she says, sliding her hand down my body again to latch onto my girth. No stroking this time, she just keeps it pinned in place.

“What can I say?” My words come out muffled with her crotch still against my face. She giggles and lifts her hips to hear what I’m saying better. “You bring out the best in me.”

“Is that so?” A devious twinkle flashes in her deep blue eyes. “Well, maybe it’s time you show me the worst.”

In one swift motion, Olivia sinks her body down the length of mine, and as if it were some choreographed move, the tip of my manhood slips inside her with ease.

A choked noise catches in the back of my throat at the sudden feeling of tightness suffocating my cock. I swing my arms around Olivia and latch onto her as if I’m about to fall through the floor.

To stop myself from sputtering the same sounds over and over, I bury my face between her tits and make my tongue get back to work. Long licks across the warm skin come to an end as I suck one of her nipples into my mouth. I tease it with a gentle graze from my teeth, forcing another wild howl out of her before lapping over it with my tongue.

In the short time we’ve known each other, I’ve pictured this moment a thousand times. Played it on repeat in my head as some way to ready my body for our first time together.

But there was no preparation for how fucking amazing she felt engulfing me. It’s like the first lick of ice cream on a hot summer’s day. That smell of flowers in the springtime when the ice thaws. Fuck, it’s all those pretty things and so much better all

at once.

Maybe I'm the one who's falling in love.

Olivia digs her free hand into my chest, bundling my shirt in a tight fist as she adjusts to my size, expanding her entrance. She sucks in short, deep breaths, taking her time to move lower. And where I want to bask in the beauty of this moment, stay here with the beautiful thoughts she inspires inside me, her movements aren't doing me any favors.

Every inch she sinks tickles my brain and pushes me closer to the edge of primal savagery. And like my ancestors of old, it's crying out for the only important thing in this life:

Mate. Multiply. Flood this world with your offspring.

I start trailing kisses up her chest and into the crook of her neck as she finds the confidence to take me in deeper. Peppering more pecks up her damp flesh, my kisses stop against her earlobe, and I suck it into my mouth to a giddy ah from Olivia.

"You're mine now, Olivia." I snarl as every muscle in my body tightens, threatening sweet release. "And I don't like to share."

Her big eyes roll to the back of her head as she speaks. "Yours. All yours."

Getting used to my size, Olivia starts rocking her hips back and forth. Still slow, taking her time and not rushing into anything. But the more I speak, the deeper she sinks into my pit of depravity.

"My woman. My Goddess." For the first time since she dropped onto me, I start moving my body in time with hers. I slide my hands onto her hips, replacing the

rocking with the first slow thrust. Pulling nearly all the way out before sliding inch by glorious inch back inside her gooey core.

“The mother of my children.” I’ve gotta tell her at some point, right? Why not when I’m about to make this dream come true?

She squeals delightedly at my last utterance and clasps my face with both hands. From eye rolling to a deeply giddy stare, with a beaming smile, Olivia asks, “Are you serious?”

“More than you could realize.” I can’t muster the same excitement while fighting the urge to lose control.

“Then do it.” She drops her face to mine and starts kissing me. “Fuck me. Spill your come into me. Fill me up and make me yours.”

Hearing her say the words I’m so desperate to hear, I can’t hold back anymore. I tighten my grip on her, and though I try to keep the first few thrusts in the same timid rhythm as my first, they’re quickly replaced by our bodies slamming violently against one another.

“Claimed.” My pace increases, and the sound of our flesh slapping sends me into blind obedience to fill her to the brim.

“Fucked.” The second word brings me right to the edge of orgasm. It’s a miracle I’ve lasted this long.

“Impregnated.” My final word trails off into a monumental roar that echoes throughout the apartment. And the same coil spring that formed and began its tightening the first night we spent together releases in an explosion of my seed shooting inside Olivia.

“Oh fuck, it’s so hot. It feels so good inside me,” Olivia mutters, still gyrating her hips over my cock and extracting every ounce of pleasure she can take from me.

When she’s satisfied and no doubt exhausted from exploding on top of me a handful of times, Olivia crumbles forward and kisses me. It’s a gentle, tender surprise. Starkly contrasting against the feral creature who initiated this dance of delights.

She parts from our kiss to rest her head against my chest, not once making any effort to remove my cock from her depths. Every now and then, an involuntary flex makes her jump and yelp the cutest sound I’ve ever fucking heard.

It doesn’t take long for Olivia to fall asleep in my arms, with her head resting over my heart. And as I feel the gentle lull of slumber beckoning me closer, all I can do is smile.

For the first time in my life, I feel happy. Truly happy.

It’s all her fault.

And I never want it to end.

8

OLIVIA

I keep rubbing my tummy as if the seed has already started growing. It's been a few days since that glorious moment Victor and I shared, and I can't stop thinking about it.

Claimed . Fucked. Impregnated.

I can't fault him. The man knows what he wants, and I'm over the moon that it's me he wants to do it with.

"Hey, Olivia." Dr. Sinclair peeks her head out of the door leading to her office. "How's the rest of my afternoon looking?"

"Let me check," I say, opening the calendar on my laptop and scanning the entries between now and 6 PM. "Looks like you have two appointments, both after four."

"Think it'll be possible to reschedule them until tomorrow? I have a few personal errands to run, and they can't wait." Dr. Sinclair rarely takes any time off, so if she's asking to move these appointments, it has to be serious. But she's smiling, at least, so maybe they aren't as bad as my initial thoughts led me to believe.

"One is a check-up, and the other is a first consult. I'm sure they won't mind." I grab the telephone receiver on my desk and dial the first number.

While I make the two calls, Dr. Sinclair disappears back behind the door and emerges twenty minutes later with a fresh application of makeup, including bright red lipstick I've never seen her wear before.

Personal errands, huh? You're not fooling me, looking like that, Doc.

"Okay, all set. And please don't feel obligated to stay," Dr. Sinclair says as she walks to the door. "Take the rest of the day off and go spend it with that man of yours."

I giggle since my suspicions lean toward her doing the same.

"Don't worry about me. I've got a few more things I need to finish around here anyway." My eyes drift to the stack of paperwork I've been putting off since this morning. "And anyway, he's working. Don't know what I'd do with myself until he got home."

"Young love. There's nothing quite as sweet, is there?" She gives me an affectionate nod and disappears out the front door.

I spend the next few hours slogging through patient files and doing other admin tasks. Dr. Sinclair tends to write most of her notes by hand, and part of my job is scouring her files for the most important ones and adding them to the patient database on the computer. It isn't a hard job, but it isn't fun or rewarding either.

I can't complain much. She pays me a very decent wage to run her front desk, and the work environment is more than comfortable.

But as the day nears its end, my phone's screen lights up, and I hear the chirpy tone of a text message coming through. It's Victor, of course, and my heartbeat instantly quickens on seeing his name:

Victor: Will I see you tonight?

Over the last few days, our normal has become spending nights at either my or Victor's apartment, and our days are spent texting between work. I almost feel like a naughty teenager again, neglecting work and loving the thrill and excitement that comes with not getting enough of a first crush.

Victor: Scratch that. You don't have a choice.

I finish typing the last note I was working on into the computer before responding.

Me: You're my ride. Can't really say no, can I?

Not that I ever would, but Victor has insisted on driving me to work every morning. Part of me wonders if it's because he wants to see me again in the evenings once we're done. I can't very well decline a ride when my car's parked in his underground garage, can I?

Victor: I'm leaving now. I'll be there in twenty.

My eyes drift to the clock hanging from the wall. It's 4:30. Victor must be eager if he isn't even finishing a full day at the office.

Getting back to what I was busy with, I almost jump when a knock comes at the door. It isn't like Victor to knock before entering, but knowing him, he's probably carrying a thousand trinkets and can't reach for the handle.

"Coming." I launch out of my chair, nearly running to the door.

Gosh, he brings out the best in me. The thought of seeing his face makes me giddy and takes such a firm hold over my body that I can't stop myself from sprinting to his

side like a puppy chasing its master.

When I pull the door open, expecting to have my man's chest at eye level, a cold spike of fear stabs into my heart. Instead of Victor waiting with arms open and ready to receive me, it's Adam, a shoulder awkwardly slumped onto the wall next to him, trying to look cool.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Right. I guess we're going straight for aggressive, then. It's for the best. Maybe this time, my rejection will actually penetrate his thick skull.

"I came here to see you." His brow furrows, confused, as if his being here is something I want. "Look, Livvy?—"

"Don't call me that." I try to slam the door in his face, but Adam sends his foot forward and blocks it from shutting.

"I know what you're doing, you know?" He pushes himself off the wall and takes a step forward, breaching the doorway. If nothing else, I can nail him with a trespassing charge.

"And what's that?" I'm not afraid of him. Hell, with how scrawny Adam is, I like my chances in a fistfight. But to avoid any unnecessary confrontation, I walk backward from him anyway.

"You and that freaking gorilla. You're trying to make me jealous," he says. "And it's working. But you don't have to, Olivia. Maybe I haven't made myself clear, so I'll say it plainly. I love you."

Holy shit, his delusions have gotten out of hand. I've barely spoken a word to him in two years, and this is what he's picking up from my budding relationship with

Victor?

Maybe I should be scared of him. He's unhinged and unstable, and now I've trapped myself, with Adam blocking my only exit.

"You need to stop this, Adam. I've told you already, I'm not interested." I have to stand my ground. Buckling will give his twisted mind reason to think he has a place in my future.

Even if it means I have to do it with a quivering lip and fearful ache building in my tummy.

"But that's just the thing." Adam's accompanying smile says he thinks he knows what I want better than I do. "You are. I can see it when you look at me. Your face always ligh?—"

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Victor's voice booms from the doorway before Adam can finish his sentence.

Just like that, relief replaces terror.

My heart starts fluttering in my chest for completely different reasons than Adam's intimidation.

Victor is here.

I'm safe.

No one can scare or hurt me anymore.

VICTOR

I wouldn't classify myself as a particularly violent man. I don't live my life by the ideology that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I do believe that words can often lead to a better outcome than swinging fists.

But standing in this doorway and seeing the little fucker cornering Olivia in the back of the room, I'm willing to make an exception. I gave Adam the carrot, the ability to walk away from this unscathed with his teeth still firmly slotted in his jaw.

Now, it's time to give him the stick.

"Listen, big man, I've said it once." He spins around to face me, and his eyes nearly pop out of his skull as he takes me in again. It's only been a few days, but somehow, Adam forgot what an imposing force he was dealing with. I guess the look of fury twisting my face in a scowl can't ease his nerves. "This doesn't concern you." The rest of his sentence doesn't hold the same conviction as the start of it.

"From where I'm standing, you're backing my woman into a corner. Scaring her." I take a step forward, and he cowers from me the same way he made Olivia recoil from him.

"It's the twenty-first century." His rattling jaw makes him stammer over the words. "You can't own people anymore."

“Don’t play smart with me, fuck-face.” I look over his head as if he’s a tall obstacle and at Olivia. The look of fear that flooded her features when I entered has already melted away to a sheepish grin that I’ve started associating with the succubus that dwells deep inside her core. Good girl. Don’t ever let this piece of shit bring you down. “Are you okay, beautiful?”

“I am now that you’re here.” Her sultry voice emboldens my next few steps toward Adam.

Yup, we’re gonna have some fun after this. Who’d have thought beating the piss out of a Brit would set her off?

“Hey, get away from me.” Adam jumps back before I even make a move against him. Smart man, but he’s still within arm’s reach, and he will pay greatly for this mistake.

“Remember what I said to you the last time you pulled a dumb ass stunt like this?” I square off against the piece of shit standing between me and my woman.

“That I shouldn’t talk to her.” Adam clears his throat and puffs out his pigeon chest to make himself look bigger. That shit doesn’t work on me. “But I’m not scared of you.”

You should be.

“No. What were my words to you?” I ask again, feeling my eyes narrow to tiny slits. Like I said that day, none of this is for intimidation. They’re all warnings. And he’s going to suffer the extent of my wrath. “Here, I’ll help. I said if you talk to Olivia again, I’ll . . .”

“You’ll slap this cocky grin off my face.” He takes a step closer while repeating my words.

Big mistake.

“My, my, your confidence is astounding.”

“What’s that supposed to me?—”

Before he can finish his question, I swing my right arm toward him viciously. It collides with the pompous Brit’s cheek with a thunderous slap that sends him hurtling back until he trips over his own feet and falls to his ass.

“What the fuck? You hit me.” His shrill screech sounds like nails on a chalkboard, and both his hands instantly shoot to his cheek to latch onto the now-wounded flesh. “You can’t hit me.”

I find myself chuckling at the pathetic fuck trying to get back to his feet.

“I’m an American, pal. I Ameri-can do whatever the fuck I want.” Gotta let my home ground superiority shine and remind this prick that he should’ve stayed in England, sipping tea and playing cricket.

Realizing that the slap was only the beginning of what I’ll do to him if he lingers, Adam gives me a wide berth as he makes his escape. If he wasn’t certain of it before, now he’ll know not to come back.

If he does, our next altercation won’t end this pleasantly.

I follow him with my eyes as he stumbles his way out the door, only starting to turn when I hear Olivia making a noise behind me. However, I stop trying to face her when her hands wrap around my chest and her lips press against the back of my neck.

She’s standing on a chair just to kiss me? How adorable.

Trailing kisses across my skin, she stops when she reaches my ear.

“My hero,” she whispers into it. “How will I ever repay you?”

“You could take me out for a nice dinner. Maybe even a movie,” I tease, knowing exactly where we’re headed. I shouldn’t be surprised that she’s not going to wait until we get home, and yet, here I am, feeling naughty as her hand travels down my front.

“Oh, shush.” She strikes my earlobe with her tongue, allowing her hands to grab my belt buckle and work it free. “Now, are you going to keep making jokes, or are you going to shove your cock inside of me?”

“Why can’t I do both?” I spin around on my heels and grab Olivia. Had I not moved so quickly, she’d have tumbled over before I could catch her.

To steady herself, she wraps her arms around my head and buries my face in her bosom while giggling. So lustful and gleeful and free.

“Fuck.” The word involuntary manages to slip out of my mouth. But now that it has, I might as well continue the thought that spurred it on. “I love you.”

10

OLIVIA

Did he really just say that? Or am I imagining things?

I mean, I saw his lips move. Watched his eyes swirl with their glorious passion. Witnessed his face soften from the harsh monster who barreled in here to the nervous gentle giant I've come to know him as.

Yet, I still can't believe it.

"Are you going to say something?" Victor asks, but there isn't a worried hint in his tone. Instead, his mouth starts moving along my bare collarbone. His kissing stops at my dress's spaghetti strap, and he latches it between his teeth before pulling it off my shoulder like an animal.

He said it and meant it then.

Even better.

"I don't know what to say," I answer. Do I say it back? Is he going to believe me or think I'm just saying it back because it's the right thing to do?

His mouth moving to my other shoulder to give that strap the same treatment as the first isn't helping either. How am I supposed to contend with the feelings of lust spurred on by his valiant rescue and the overwhelming swarm of emotions those three

little words smashed into my heart?

Stop overthinking it. Go with what your heart tells you.

It's the first logical thought I've had in a while. And what my heart tells me is to keep working his belt, slowly pulling it through the hoops, undoing the top button of his trousers, and dropping them to the floor.

Following those actions drives Victor into the same wild state I saw him in the first night we made love. As soon as his boxers fall to the floor and his cock springs to life, he foregoes the tenderness of mouthing my strap and instead yanks it off with his hand. Both straps hook into the crooks of my elbows, and with a snarl that rumbles from deep within his chest, Victor tears my dress down the front of my body.

His hands immediately make their way behind me and latch onto my bra. With expert precision, Victor unfastens it and exposes my breasts. As they bounce free from their confines, he licks his lips hungrily, and his neck snaps forward to consume his feast.

My neck snaps to the ceiling while his hands trail the length of my body. Slow at first, but as they near the waistline of my panties, they start snatching at the material in a frenzy.

Once he's stripped me of all my clothes, I return the favor, pulling his jacket off and pooling it into a ball on the waiting room chair next to me. With his pants gone and his shirt hanging loose, his cock disappears into the white cotton. It doesn't wrestle the confines of new bonds long before I grab one side of his shirt in each hand and tear it apart, making buttons explode from his shirt and scatter across the floor.

Naked and exposed, Victor hoists me off my perch, and I wrap my legs around his waist as I had the first glorious night we shared together. This time, nothing's getting in the way of his throbbing hood as it creeps its way closer to my pussy. It glides

between my folds as he brings his face to mine, and we kiss.

While we lose ourselves in this fiery embrace, Victor starts walking us over to my desk. He sets my ass down on the tallest point, which just so happens to be the perfect height for his manhood to have easy access to its new favorite place.

“This is so fucking hot,” I murmur, only now realizing that we’re still in my office. The scandalous notion of having sex in the workplace has always been a delightful thought, but I never believed I’d actually go through with it.

With Victor, I don’t have the patience to wait. This all but confirms it. When I want him, I have to have him, no matter the consequences.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Victor says, pressing his lips to my neck before they make their descent to my breasts.

I slide my hands down the hollow space between our bodies and grab the base of his cock. It’s poking and prodding around my wetness, trying to find its way inside, and I’m going to help it.

While Victor slips my nipple into his mouth, I do the same with his magnificent member. Fulfilling my filthy desires, the tip breaches my entrance, and I jerk at the intense fullness he brings me.

But with it, I find my heart giving me a new instruction. I wait for the perfect time to speak, allowing Victor to plant his flag deep inside me. Once he’s buried to the hilt, and my mind erupts from the euphoria and ecstasy of feeling him inside of me, I finally say, “I fucking love you.”

“I know. Have since the very first day.” His chuffed, confident grin is so freaking hot. But he doesn’t give me a moment to bask in both admitting my love or the boyish

look on his face before he slams a hard thrust into me.

It's followed by another, then a third until the slow, steady motion of his hips is fully replaced by intense pounding that makes me squeal and moan.

As the stirring of climax mounts its undeniable position in my core, I repeat the words. I love you . Whispering them, screaming them, just saying them over and over as the sweet warmth of release courses through every inch of my body.

Somewhere between it, Victor howls his own intentions to come. But between my heart thumping in my ears and my own exalted expressions of love, I don't hear him until we both collapse over my desk, lying awkwardly off the back with Victor's weight pressing down on my soon-to-be swollen belly.

We laugh together as his hand finds my cheek. He uses it to guide my eyes to meet his.

"Marry me," he says, gliding his thumb over my cheek. "Be mine, forever."

I can't even get a word out before my high-pitched squeal of excitement shatters Victor's ears. I'm not even shocked that he's asking me to marry him here, hunched and uncomfortable over my desk. Could there even be a more poetic beginning to the rest of our lives?

After all, is there any better place to pop the question than where it all started?

"Yes. Fuck yes. A thousand times, yes," I manage to get out as the hot sting of tears threatens my eyelids.

EPILOGUE

VICTOR

Eight Months Later

“Who’d have thought my big brother would get hitched?” Vance asks as he cracks open a can of beer. He does two more, offering one to me and the other to our youngest brother, Vaughn.

“I did,” Mother says, raising her empty glass to Vance, waving it through the air until the remnants of ice inside clink against the sides. Vance takes it and begins preparing another gin and tonic. “‘Mother knows best’ is a saying for a reason, isn’t it?”

“And here I thought it was a coincidence that I happened upon Olivia’s path that day.” I raise a brow as the pieces finally start falling into place.

This entire thing was by Mother’s design. I probably should’ve seen it sooner, considering how that morning started and where it ended. But blinded by the bombshell slowly making her way out of the living room, with her belly stretching the front of her baggy dress, I missed all the signs.

“Then I suppose I should thank you, shouldn’t I?” I turn to Mother while getting up from my chair.

“No need, my boy. I’m just happy to see you smiling,” she says.

I make my way over to my fiancé and wrap my arm around the small of her back. She giggles as I dip her low and kiss her as if no one's watching.

"How are you feeling, my love?" I ask. She excused herself to go to the bathroom, and where I have no reason to believe it was for any serious reason, I can't stop myself from worrying.

She's the most important thing in my life right now, and how can I ignore the fact that she's carrying precious cargo in that beautiful, round tummy of hers?

"Like a million bucks," she answers as I slowly ease her back into an upright position. "Now, who's ready to get this party started?"

"I love planning weddings," Mother says, accepting her drink from Vance.

"I've never done it before." Vaughn stares at all the paperwork scattered across the table. "So, you'll have to point me in the right direction."

"Vaughn, you haven't done anything before." I rib my youngest brother and pull Olivia's chair out so that she can sit. "But pay attention because someday you'll be able to use these lessons to your advantage."

"He's right, son," Mother says, giving me a sly smile. "After all, I still have two wishes left with that genie."

While confusion runs rampant across the table, I find myself smiling brighter than ever.

Here's to the rest of our lives together, in harmony.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 2:50 am

OLIVIA

One Year Later

With one child on my hip and another in the oven set for release in less than a month, I can't say I've ever truly felt happier than right now. As I drift through the enormous house Victor bought, believing that his four-bedroom apartment was far too tiny to fit the family he plans on building, there isn't anything else I could ever really ask for.

"There they are," my husband says as I step into the kitchen, where he's in the process of preparing our supper. Both an attentive husband and a brilliant father, Victor has done everything in his power to make this process of child-raising and rearing as easy on me as he can.

Today is no exception as he prepares a meal of steak, pickles, sweet potato fries, and coleslaw. It isn't the strangest request I've made from my pregnancy cravings, but no matter the order, Victor's always here to fulfill it.

"How are my two favorite ladies doing?" he asks, cleaning his hands on a cloth hanging off his shoulder.

"My feet are killing me, and this little lady refuses to take a nap, but otherwise, no complaints."

"Then how about once we've eaten, you take a long hot bath, and I take the little monster for a drive?" he says, making his way over to me.

“How do you do it?” I ask, pressing my forehead against his chest.

“How do I do what?” He slings an arm over my shoulder carefully to hug me without disturbing our daughter, Rebecca.

“Every time I think you’ve done all you can, you pull another trick out of your hat to make me fall deeper in love with you.”

“Hmm.” Victor turns his eyes to the ceiling as if getting lost deep in thought. “You’ve stumped me with that one.”

“Can it be? Have I finally left Victor Valentine speechless?” I tease, nuzzling deeper into his side.

“No. Because I’ve still got the old classics to draw inspiration from.”

“Oh, please enlighten me then.” I stare into his eyes, highly amused by his attempt to stay one step ahead.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, you know that?” Victor asks, cupping my cheek in his palm. He eases forward to kiss me before his mouth lowers to Rebecca’s forehead for a gentle peck.

“Oh, stop. You don’t mean that.” I roll my eyes at his flattery. “It’s nice to say and great to hear, but my face is swollen, my hair’s a mess, and I’m dressed in a t-shirt made of baby spit and Rebecca’s formula.”

“And yet, you’re glowing so brightly, you could put the sun to shame.” He glides his hand around my cheek and behind my neck, cradling my head against his chest before continuing. “I won’t ever stop thinking you’re perfect, Olivia. No matter how low you feel, always remember that you only grow more beautiful to me each and every day. I love you, my wife. And it’s going to take a lot more than swollen feet,

and baby spit clothes to scare me off.”

And there they are again—the warm reminders dripping down my cheek that this man is the greatest thing that has ever come into my life.

“And I love you, my irresistible, insatiable husband.”

Until the end of time.

The End. Thanks for reading!