



Pleasure Lessons

Author: Jenna Rose

Category: Romance

Description: She's rich, untouched, and promised to a billionaire who could destroy me with a phone call.

I'm just her tennis coach. Hired help. I told myself I'd keep my distance. That I wouldn't touch her. I'd do my job, collect my paycheck, and leave.

But Cassandra isn't meant for a man like Arthur.

She's sweet. Untouched. Curious.

And when she asks me to teach her how to please a man? Keeping my distance is no longer an option.

I try to be gentle. Guide her through it. Teach her everything.

But the second I take her, my future becomes clear.

She thinks I can let her marry another man after this?

Over my dead body.

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Page 1

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CASSANDRA

I'm going to die in this house. And not in a dramatic way, worthy of a movie or a best-selling, post-mortem biography. Not murdered by my husband or from a dose of exotic self-inflicted poison. No, I'll just die quietly, slowly, of tortuous boredom and soul-crushing monotony.

It will be the kind of death that smells of bland soap and chopped russet potatoes.

It's morning and the sun is shining, but I haven't gotten out of bed yet. I lie perfectly still beneath the most luxurious linens known to man, staring up at a pastel-blue canopy above me, just waiting for it to drop down and smother me.

This is my prison.

A five-wing mansion in Montecito, California. Fountains that run day and night, floors that don't know the meaning of squeak, and all the latest tech gadgets and electronic conveniences for someone who cares about that sort of thing.

Every inch is spotless. The grounds are so manicured they almost look AI-generated, and the air is so pure and filtered it feels strange to breathe it.

Many girls would kill to live in a place like this.

But I'd kill to get out.

I was placed here by my father three months ago when I turned eighteen. "He's from

good blood, honey. And he's wealthier than God. He'll be a perfect match for you. Just be a good girl for him."

That's what he told me. That Arthur will take care of me. And all I need to do is play my part. And that's why today my new coach is coming.

I need to learn how to play tennis. Not for fun, not for competition, but because I need to look the part of an aristocratic wife-to-be.

It's all posturing. All for appearances.

Arthur wants me to look "polished," apparently.

My father calls it "fit for marriage." Some days I wonder just what century it is I'm living in.

Fit for marriage...

My father raised me as a single parent after my mom divorced him, and by "raised me," I mean he kept me in a silk-lined bubble, completely sheltered from the rest of the world. I was home-schooled with the best tutors money could buy and basically told the outside world was poisonous.

I never went to a real school, never went to dances, never went to the movies with a boy. I've never even been kissed before. I was too busy learning French, proper etiquette, drawing, painting, and how to sit like a lady without creasing my expensive dress.

Dad said he was just protecting me. That the outside world was filled with bad influences and men with terrible intentions.

He told me I was precious and my body was sacred—a temple that only my husband could enter.

And I believed him. Why wouldn't I? It's not like I had anything else to go on.

It's only in the last three months since I moved in with Arthur that I've started to question things.

I know I'm supposed to be ready for marriage soon, but I still feel like a child most of the time, peeking through the keyhole for a view of a world I don't fully understand. But sure, let's worry about how I look swinging a racket in a tennis skirt.

Three taps sound at the door. Clarisse. Breakfast is waiting. I get up and go through the normal motions—showering, moisturizing, doing my hair and makeup just the way Arthur likes it.

I put on a string of pearls he gave me when I first moved in and slip on the ridiculous white skirt that was laid out for me here last night. Talk about short. If I even move in this thing, anyone watching is going to get a view of a lot more than just the match.

Then it's breakfast. Two eggs, toast, marmalade, and two pieces of turkey bacon.

I eat alone in the enormous dining hall that could easily seat thirty people.

Arthur is already at the office, working away as the CEO of his tech company.

If someone asked me just exactly what it is they do, I wouldn't be able to give them a real answer.

At most, all I could say would be that I know they work with AI and social media. That's it.

Clarisse watches me the whole time from the corner, waiting for when it's time to take my dishes away.

She's done this since I moved in, and I used to find it quite unnerving, but I've slowly gotten used to it.

I tried to open up to her, thinking maybe we could be friends, but she wasn't having any of it.

Maybe Arthur told her to stay in her place, or maybe she just doesn't like me.

Either way, the boundaries of our relationship are clear.

I smile at her when I get up from the table, but she pretends not to notice and takes my dishes into the kitchen.

The walk to the tennis court feels like a small hike. Arthur's estate is enormous. I forget just how many acres he owns, but it's a lot. I never see anyone but the staff here and my father, who has only visited me once since I first arrived. Sometimes I feel like I'm living on another planet.

Ted, the gardener, is pruning the hedges with his team, working slowly and precisely like his life depends on it.

The court is still wet in the corners from this morning's dew. I grab a racket from the small shed by the fence and turn, and that's when I see him.

Not Ted. Not Arthur.

Him .

He's tall and broad, with a chiseled jaw and sharp eyes. His hair is auburn and messy, but in an intentional sort of way. He's wearing a navy-blue track jacket that's stretched across his thick chest and wide shoulders. And he's walking right toward me.

This is my new tennis coach? Impossible. He looks like he was carved out of marble and should be on display in a museum or an art gallery for everyone to admire. As he walks, he twirls his racket casually in his hand. Something about the way he does it causes my stomach to go tense.

He's like a walking personification of confidence and masculinity.

I've never seen a man like this. I never even knew men like this existed outside the movies.

How is it that he's here right now? Am I dreaming?

I must be. These last few months have been harder than I realized, and I've finally lost it.

But when he stops in front of me and his lips part, forming a crooked grin, and a voice like rough velvet speaks, I realize I'm in deep trouble. "Hi, I'm Rhett. You must be Cassandra?"

I nod, my mouth too dry to even answer. He has just the right amount of stubble on his face, and despite the fact that I already was told he's thirty-two, he looks young.

No, not young—beautiful. It's this mixture of rugged and beautiful that I could never even have imagined until it stood right in front of me.

His presence hits me like a wrecking ball, driving a pressure into my chest that I was

not ready for.

I'm already starting to sweat. Goosebumps are breaking out all over my body.

I bend down and grab my water bottle and take a huge swig, quenching my thirst, but also using the moment to try and get myself together.

He extends a hand—a large, rough, callused hand. I stare for a moment before taking it. It's warm, and its sheer mass envelops mine. "Your father said you have zero training," he says, tossing his racket into the air and catching it. "Is that right?"

"Y-yes," I stutter, feeling so small, so silly. "But I'm a fast learner—"

I stop as his mouth twitches, just slightly, like he's holding back a laugh. Like he caught a double meaning in what I just said but is keeping things professional.

My cheeks sting with heat, and I realize I'm blushing. I pull my hand from his and turn my back on him, walking down the court like I'm just taking my position. In reality, I'm fighting to keep myself together.

In this obscenely short skirt, I know Rhett can see my all of my thighs, if not more. I can practically feel his eyes on me as I walk away. The thought sends electric zaps through my body.

I can't be feeling this way. I'm engaged to Arthur. He's paying for these lessons. I have a future ahead of me—a future planned by my father. Even if I had no say in it, I can't just go throwing a monkey wrench in the works because my new tennis coach is beyond gorgeous.

"We all have to play our roles in life, Cass." That's what my dad always told me. I take a deep breath and turn back to Rhett, nearly falling back as he tosses a ball to

me. Out of reflex, I squeal and swat it away, causing him to chuckle.

“All right, I guess we’ll start slow,” he says, moving to his side of the net.

He serves, and we rally. At least, we try to.

I’m terrible. It’s obvious. But Rhett doesn’t make me feel like I am.

He’s patient, calm, focused. His eyes are kind, but there’s something else behind them.

Something that has me tingling all over.

I completely miss a return, and he jogs over to me. “I think we need to work on your grip,” he says, his voice soft but strong. He wraps his hand over mine, and my whole body heats up. My heart is already pounding from the exercise, but it rockets as I feel his fingers correcting mine.

I’ve never been this close to a man.

He’s touching me. I can feel his body heat. I can smell him—clean and washed with just a hint of his own scent beneath. Musky and manly.

“Don’t overthink it,” he tells me. “Don’t try too hard. It needs to be natural. Come easily.”

I glance up at him.

Big mistake.

He’s so close I can count the flecks in his luscious brown eyes. His gaze is hypnotic.

His lips are a thin line of seriousness, like he's holding something back. His face is a mystery, which only makes me want to know everything about him.

"Where are you from?" I blurt out. He lets go of my hand and steps back, eyes me curiously, then shrugs.

"Nowhere fancy."

"You mean like here?" I suggest. He tilts his head and glances around, then nods.

"Yeah, well you wouldn't like it so much if you were trapped here like me."

Rhett's eyes narrow like he's examining me. My heart flutters, and I feel myself blushing again. I rub my cheeks like I have an itch to try and hide it. He leans down and picks up a ball, not saying anything. Did I annoy him? I've always been an awkward girl.

Just when the tension's getting to be too much to bear, he says, "You know, you're not what I expected."

This makes me happy, despite having no idea what he means.

"No?" I ask, hoping he'll go on. But he doesn't. He just shakes his head.

"Nope."

He goes back to his side of the court, and we continue the lesson. It's all I can do to keep myself together—me in my short skirt, missing three out of every four returns like the total amateur I am.

When he leaves, he doesn't offer much of a goodbye. No smile, no nod. In fact, he doesn't even say anything. It's almost like he's in a hurry to get away from me.

But I know he'll be back tomorrow. He's my new coach. And I think...no, I'm sure I'm in very deep trouble.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

RHETT

I feel her before I even see her.

It's just something in the air, like a shift in the pressure. Like the moment before lightning cracks from the stormy sky. Static charge prickles across my skin, pulsing with intensity as I walk up the path from where I left my truck. And then she appears—like a heavenly angel from a fever dream.

Jesus Christ.

The sight of her nearly knocks the wind out of me. She's barefoot, wearing a short tennis skirt—pink, not white like yesterday's—and a baby blue polo. The breeze lifts the hem of her skirt like it has its own obsession with her, giving me a glimpse at her perfect thighs. So smooth. So young.

Her hips sway as she shifts her weight, causing my cock to pulse instantly, almost violently, with fierce attraction.

Her hair is down, long and wavy and spilling across her shoulders, bouncing with each step she takes.

Of course, that's not the only thing that's bouncing.

I can see the sway of her breasts beneath the thin fabric of her polo.

Large Cs or maybe even Ds, perky and plump on her thin, delicate frame.

Her hair...goddamn. It's messy today, like she just got out of bed, which instantly makes me picture her twisted up in her sheets, her cheeks glowing pink, those innocent eyes staring up at me as I lower myself on top of her. Cassandra is pure sex and desire, and she doesn't even know it.

And that's what makes this worse. She's not doing any of this on purpose. Not trying to drive me out of my mind with my desire for her—she's just doing it by existing. She walks like she's never had a care in the world. Like no one has ever looked at her and wanted to ravage her.

I want to drop to my knees, lift her skirt, and cover her pussy with my mouth.

Lick her until her eyes roll back in her head and she passes out from pleasure.

I want to fuck the innocence right out of her, mark her so deep with my cock that no other man will ever be able to get near her without smelling my scent on her skin.

I know she's a virgin. Her father told me how he raised her—kept her away from the world. But she's also engaged to Arthur, one of the richest and most powerful men in the country. I can't even imagine the resources he has. If he chose to destroy my life, I have no doubt he could do it.

All I can do is pray that I can somehow get through these coaching lessons without doing something that completely ruins my life. And that's going to be one hell of a challenge.

I drag my palm over my mouth and force myself to look away, down at the grass by the court.

This was just supposed to be another job.

Another way for a regular guy like me to make money.

I thought I'd just be coaching another spoiled brat who was always on her phone and distracted half the time.

I had no idea I'd be coaching an absolute goddess.

"Hello!" she calls out, her voice like honey in my ears. She's barely even legal. I shouldn't be having these thoughts for her when I'm almost twice her age. I'm a bad man, but at least I know it.

"Hello," she says, stepping up to me. I can smell a slight hint of perfume on her that wasn't there yesterday. Is she trying to make this harder on me?

"Aren't tennis coaches supposed to wear polos?" she asks, eyeing my tank top. "Then we'd be matching."

She eyes me casually as she slightly twists her hips, causing her skirt to spin. Is she doing that on purpose? She hums to herself as she moves, but her eyes trail across my shoulders, then my chest, then my forearms. My eyes meet hers and she immediately looks at the ground.

I raise an eyebrow. "You want me to go change and come back with one?"

She looks up at me innocently, then shrugs.

Goddamn.

I look away before she can see my jaw tighten. I don't think she even knows that she's flirting. That's what makes her so dangerous.

“We should get started,” I mutter, handing her a racquet as I walk past her toward the court. She takes it and walks off in front of me, giving me a perfect view of her ass that sends a surge of blood to my cock.

Cassandra is not good at tennis. She wasn’t lying when she said she had zero training. But she does try, and she is a fast learner. Of all the things I could be teaching her, how to perfect a serve would not be on the top of my list.

We rally a bit, then pause for a water break.

She keeps glancing over at me like she’s looking for something.

Approval? Attention? If she were any other girl, I’d think she was trying to tell me something.

But Cassandra has grown up so sheltered that she has no idea she’s giving me total fuck-me eyes.

The lesson continues, and I swear that the longer I’m around her, the more primal I become.

I’ve trained girls who went on to become professionals.

I’ve coached Olympic hopefuls, celebrities.

Even supermodels who wanted to pick up the sport for fun.

None of them have ever made my knees go weak like this girl does.

I wind up for a serve, but Cassandra stands up straight. She takes a deep breath, her eyes on the ground just in front of her. “Rhett...can I ask you something?”

This comes from completely out of nowhere. I want to tell her no and get back to the drills—keep my distance and get out of here. But I’m powerless. “Okay.” I nod. “What is it?”

She bites her lower lip, sending her cuteness skyrocketing. My eyes drop to her breasts, the two gumbdrop-sized bumps in her shirt. Her nipples are hard, and so is my cock. Again, she twists side to side like she’s nervous, dragging my eyes down to her perfect thighs.

“What...what do men want in a wife?”

Her question is like a splash of cold water to the face. “Excuse me?”

Her lips twist and her cheeks blush, but she goes on.

“My father says I need to be a good wife for Arthur. That’s what he’s been preparing me for.

That’s why I’m taking tennis lessons. But no one ever tells me what that really means .

” She closes her eyes. “You’re a man. I thought... maybe you’d know.”

Shit.

My muscles tighten. My fists clench. This is precisely the situation I didn’t want to get dragged into. And I should just tell her no and force her to get back to returning my serves, but watching her stand there, eyes down, hands behind her back—I just can’t make myself do it.

She’s too alluring. Too sensual. Every second that ticks by is me fighting a losing

battle against my lust for her.

Silence passes between us. Finally, she looks up at me, her eyes filled with nothing but trust. So open, so sweet, as if she knows I would never lie to her. Like she believes me to be a good man. When really all I can think about is all the terrible things I want to do to her.

“Well, I think,” I start to say, but my voice catches in my throat. I clear it and start again. “I think most men want different things from a wife.”

For the first time since we met, Cassandra looks at me with disapproval. “That’s not very helpful.”

“I—I’m sorry.”

She brushes her hair back twists her lips again. “What about you, Rhett? Do you know what you want in a wife?”

Yes. I want you , Cassandra. I want you right here, right now, barefoot and wide-eyed, with your skirt tugged down to your ankles, taking my cock doggystyle on the tennis court.

I swallow those words and try to focus.

This is a virgin I’m talking to. A homeschooled princess with no understanding of the real world. The world I come from.

“I think that’s down the road a bit, Cassandra.”

“What do you mean?”

I shouldn't ask this, but I do. "Have you ever been kissed?"

Her cheeks immediately turn crimson. She blinks nervously and smooths her hair back, then shakes her head.

Damn. I knew it.

"Then maybe you should worry less about what men want and focus on what you want."

She stares at me like she's just had an epiphany. Like I just told her she's allowed to have an opinion on something. Like she has a will of her own.

"No one...has ever said that to me before," she whispers.

That's no surprise. This girl's been kept like a porcelain doll in a glass case her whole life. Hidden away from the world, taught to be proper. Her world is high fences, private tutors, and all the best money can buy.

But money can't buy self-understanding or self-confidence. You have to learn those. And I want to be the one to teach her.

No.

I back away, shaking my head as if I can shake her out of my soul, which she's quickly embedding herself into. "We should wrap up..."

"Already?" she asks.

She's obviously disappointed, looking at me like she doesn't want me to go. I'm her only line to the outside world, and that's a dangerous power. Especially in my hands.

My rough, calloused, strong hands, just aching to scour every inch of her unclaimed body.

I toss the extra balls back into the basket, trying to keep my eyes off her hard nipples and the curve of her hips. I don't even respond. I just leave the court and walk back up the path to where I parked.

She trails behind me, close enough that I can just smell her perfume. I can hear the rustling of her skirt and the sound of her feet as she takes each step. I'm so turned on that I'm hyper-aware of her, and it's absolutely killing me.

Just get back to the truck and get out of here.

"You'll be back tomorrow, though, right?" she asks when we reach the lot.

I want to say no and turn in my resignation. That's the safest bet for me. But I need this paycheck. And even more, I need her .

"Yes," I say, my voice low. Her face lights up, so adorable, so sexy. "I'll be back tomorrow."

Even if it ruins me.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

CASSANDRA

The pulsing between my thighs just won't go away.

It's been there since my lesson yesterday with Rhett, along with a tingling sensation like I've been transformed into a bubbling can of lemon seltzer.

I press my legs together as I lounge on the green velvet chaise in my room.

I'm reading a book Clarisse brought me from the outside world.

It's a romance novel entitled Built from Stone about a girl who goes hiking and gets caught in a storm, only to be rescued by a rough mountain man who takes her home to his cabin where... things happen.

Clarisse gets me books like this occasionally. I think she knows they're more educational than enjoyable to me. Having never had a boyfriend, I'm completely ignorant of how to please a man. These books at least give me somewhat of an idea.

I used to be able to picture the heroes in my mind, but ever since I met Rhett, all I see is his face.

His jaw, his hands—so rough and so big, gripping the handle of his racket as he showed me how to swing.

The way he looked like he was holding back as he placed a hand on my hip while correcting my stance.

The way his thick chest rose and fell when I asked him what men want from a wife.

Something about that question rattled him, and he doesn't look like a man who's easily rattled.

He didn't even answer me. Not really. But I remember his eyes when I said the word want . It was like my question was dangerous. Like I was dangerous.

My whole body still tingles, but especially the places he touched me: my hips, my hands, his chest against my back. If I inhale now, I can still smell his scent in my nostrils, despite the fact that he cancelled our lesson today and I haven't seen him in over twenty-four hours.

The deep rumble of his voice and the way he spoke to me echoes over and over in my head—a naughty lullaby, beckoning me to do something I know I shouldn't do.

I didn't sleep at all last night. I just lay in bed, my body on fire, wearing nothing but a loose T-shirt and a pair of panties, trying to cool off and calm down.

But I couldn't stop thinking about his eyes, his hands, his touch...

and what would have happened if I knew how to do those things that other girls know how to do.

How to show a man they're interested in him.

A loud knock at my door nearly jolts me off the chaise. The door opens, and Clarisse pokes her head in. "Mr. Fredrickson is here."

I freeze instantly. "What?"

“He just arrived...just now.”

My mind goes blank. This doesn't make any sense.

Arthur and I haven't seen each other in weeks.

His room is in the opposite wing of the house from mine.

He goes to work and comes home, and I don't even notice.

The only reason I'm even living here now is because my father and he decided it would be good for me to get used to the house, the grounds, the whole estate, and prepare for being a wife.

Arthur calls me “darling girl” in public, like some kind of old-fashioned British aristocrat. Which makes sense considering how obscenely wealthy he is. Oh, and did I mention he's also fifty-five? Yeah, my dad didn't see an issue there.

I rush to my mirror as Clarisse shuts the door. My cheeks are flushed, my lips are chapped from biting them anxiously all day, and my hair is an absolute mess. I rush to the bathroom and quickly do my best to put myself together.

Arthur is waiting, as he always is, in the drawing room. Surrounded by walls of books, he's sitting by the fire, wearing an old-fashioned white suit with a whiskey in one hand and a lit cigar in the other.

He turns and glances at me like he owns me—like we've already been married for decades. “Cassandra.”

I don't know why, but I curtsy. Maybe it's in response to the suit he's wearing. I instantly regret it. “Arthur.”

He motions for me to come over to him, which I know I must do. He gestures with his cigar, and I lean down. He then brushes his cold lips against my forehead, and it's all I can do not to vomit.

"Thought I'd surprise you," he whispers. "You look delicious this evening."

Yeah, I actually might puke.

"Thank you," I reply automatically. He frowns, takes a sip of his whiskey, and scans my body with his eyes, pausing—oddly enough—on my throat. "You've been working out."

"Playing tennis," I stammer.

"Ah, yes." He smirks, taking a puff from his cigar. "The tennis coach. There's nothing going on between you two, is there?"

His question nearly knocks me down. "Ex—excuse me?"

"You heard me," he says, his smile broadening. "I don't have to worry about what you're up to when I'm away. Do I, darling?"

I shake my head so hard it nearly comes off. "Of course not! Rhett is very professional!"

Don't overdo it.

Arthur sets his cigar aside, reaches out, and takes my hand. It's just as cold as his lips. "You'll be a good wife, Cassandra. I've been very patient. I've let you live here without any contact while you...mature. But patience has its limits."

He lowers his eyes to my hand, my ring finger, the large engagement ring he placed there when I first moved in. It's enormous. A symbol of his equally enormous wealth. I've always hated the thing. It weighs my hand down like an anchor.

I hide my hand behind my back and look at the floor. "I—I'm tired, Mr. Frederickson. I think I'll go to bed—"

"Must we still play this game?" he asks before I can turn. I bring my eyes to his, nearly trembling from anxiety. "Call me Arthur. I'm going to be your husband."

My throat spasms. I'm not ready for this.

"I think I'll go to bed...Arthur."

He smiles and nods, taking a puff from his cigar. "Good night, darling."

I turn and quickly leave the room, gulping down deep breaths to calm myself.

This house feels like a prison. It's like the walls are closing in on me, doing their best to squish me into jelly.

I take the route that leads to my room but duck out a side door and walk across the grass to the back garden.

It's lush and ornate, with fountains and ivy and roses everywhere, and I'm sure Arthur has never once been here.

He just pays someone to keep it up so when guests come over, the estate looks impressive.

I'm glad he does, though, as I like to come here from time to time when I need to

decompress.

It's where I go when I need to breathe. The cobblestones are cold on my feet as I take the long route.

I pass through the stone arch and hear the sound of running water from one of the fountains and am just about to find my normal bench when I stop breathing altogether.

Rhett is here.

He's shirtless, wearing only jeans. Sweat is gleaming off his muscled back and shoulders as he curls a dumbbell in one arm. I knew he was built when I first saw him, but seeing him uncovered like this just takes things to a whole new level.

I grip the stone of the arch beside me, using its chill to lower my body temperature.

He doesn't know I'm watching him as he lowers the weight slowly, his bicep bulging, thick and veiny.

When he finally sets it down, he runs a hand through his hair and turns slightly, stretching, giving me a view of his abs. Abs a Hollywood star would kill for.

A sound squeaks out of me. I can't help it.

His head snaps to me, and my heart stops. "Cassandra?" His voice is low and cautious.

I step out from the archway, doing my best to appear innocent, like I wasn't just watching him work out—like I just happened to be here.

He reaches for a towel and wipes the sweat from his face. My thighs are tingling like crazy. “You shouldn’t be out here at this hour.”

“I—I needed to get some air,” I explain. “After Mr. Fredrickson made a surprise visit.”

His face hardens. “Did he...touch you?”

“What?”

Rhett growls something under his breath and tosses the towel aside. “Nothing. Never mind.”

I take a step forward. My arms are tingling now and my mouth is dry—but my center is not.

I feel like I feel sometimes when I read those books Clarisse brings me.

Maybe it’s because I was reading one a moment ago—or maybe it’s some leftover anxiety from my visit with Arthur, but I’m feeling curious at the moment.

And I say something I don’t think I normally would.

“Do you always work out shirtless?” He doesn’t answer. My heart is racing. Am I overstepping? “You’re...in very good shape.”

Still, he is silent.

“You know I have these books that Clarisse gets me, and the men on the cover are always very muscular. You look like you could be one of them actually—”

“Cassandra,” he snaps, as if warning me. But my body is on fire for him now, and I

can't stop myself. Behind me is prison—before me is freedom.

I walk right up to him and look up, so far up. He's so tall I have to crane my neck. My eyes fall on a scar on his chest. A slash of white across his glistening golden skin. Before I can stop myself, I raise my hand to it and trace the line with my fingertips.

“What is this from?”

I feel his heartrate leap through his chest. “Barbed wire,” he says. “When I was seventeen.”

“Were you...a bad boy when you were young?”

He twists his lips and flexes his hands, as though he's angry with me.

“You shouldn't be touching me like this,” he says, his voice low and tense.

“You've already touched me,” I counter. “Besides, I'm just curious.”

He takes a step back, reaching for his shirt. My heart sinks as he slips it on, concealing his Adonis physique from me.

“I shouldn't be here,” he says. “I was just getting in a workout—”

“What do men want in a wife, Rhett?” I ask. He freezes. “Because it seems like Arthur just wants me . You know what I mean?”

He closes his eyes. “Not this again, Cassandra. Don't ask me this. I—I can't give you the answer you want.”

“Yes you can, Rhett. Who else will teach me? The men in my books?”

He opens his eyes again and turns them to me. They're blazing with energy. "You're barely legal, Cassandra."

"Yes, but I am eighteen, Rhett."

He growls and looks down. "And you're his."

That's it. He's worried about Arthur. It makes sense. Arthur is the one paying him to give me my lessons. Arthur is a rich and powerful man. That's why my father is having me marry him.

"Not by choice."

He looks up, shocked by my answer. He had no idea about the arrangement. And why would he?

My thighs are slippery with arousal and squeeze together as I remember how he guided my hip during our lesson, correcting my stance when returning a serve.

"I'm yours if you want me."

A savage sound erupts from his throat, and he turns away from me, tearing at the fabric of his shirt. "You don't even know what you're saying, Cassandra."

"I know what I feel," I reply. "You're all I think about between lessons, Rhett. I even picture you in my romance novels when I'm reading."

He shakes his head angrily, then turns back to me, his chest rising and falling with heavy breaths.

"You think you're the only one? Huh? You think I don't want to touch you?"

I wake up hard as a rock after dreaming of you.

I jerk off in the shower while I whisper your name.

I dream about you—your smooth skin, your lips, what your body looks like beneath that short skirt and Polo. ”

A quiet murmur falls from my lips as my jaw drops. “Rhett...”

“I hear your innocent little voice asking me what a man wants from his wife, and I’m going out of my goddamn mind.” He steps forward, dangerously close. I feel the heat emanating from his body. “But I can’t touch you, Cassandra.”

“W—why not?”

He drags his eyes down my body and back up again, studying every inch. “Because if I do, I won’t be able to stop myself. There will be no going back. For either of us.”

My lips tremble as I stare back at him. Those gorgeous eyes and the sharp lines of his gorgeous face. “What am I going back to?” I ask, pointing to the manor. “ Him?”

His eyes flick to the house then back to me. I see understanding in them, like he finally understands my position. And then slowly, he reaches out and brushes a strand of my hair behind my ear.

“That shouldn’t be there,” he growls darkly.

“What? My hair?”

He shakes his head. “No. His scent. Smokes cigars, doesn’t he?”

I cringe. My God, do I smell like Arthur? How revolting. How embarrassing.

I look up at him, and our eyes meet, and it's like the world shifts. I see desire in his gaze. And for the first time since we met, I see him falter.

"You could...replace it," I whimper, my lips barely responding to me. "With yours?"

Even with his shirt on, I see his body tighten. My eyes fall to his shorts, where a large bulge has formed. Is that... it? The curiosity thrills and overwhelms me. Thoughts like the steamy scenes in my books fill my mind, only starring me and Rhett.

For a brief second, I think he's about to reach out and touch me. But then he's gone, stepping past me and walking through the arch.

"Lesson tomorrow," he barks. "Don't be late."

I watch as he walks away. I guess I didn't notice until now, but Rhett's butt is sculpted and firm, like two slabs of muscle that move in a way that has my skin buzzing.

"Tomorrow..." I whisper to myself, biting my lower lip. "See you then."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

RHETT

I didn't even go to the court today. I skipped our lesson. I can't go near her.

Cassandra...

I sit on the tailgate of my truck, parked in the servants' lot of Arthur's mansion, my elbows on my knees and my hands twisted up in my hair. My gym bag is half-packed beside me but not zipped, and beside it, my letter of resignation, poking out of an unsealed envelope.

I haven't licked it yet, because if I do—if I make things final and leave—I know I'll never see her again.

Cassandra...

Just thinking her name feels like a sin. A sin I'd commit a thousand times over if it meant feeling her breath hitch just before our lips pressed together. If it meant being able to feel her slim waist in the palm of my hand.

Yesterday I told her not to be late, and now I'm the one who doesn't show.

It has to be this way. Because if I see her again, and she bites her lower lip or looks up at me from under those lush lashes, I won't be able to keep my hands off her. And if I put my hands on her again, who knows what will happen?

Actually, I know exactly what will happen, and that's the problem.

“Eighteen years old...” I mutter, as though I’m pissed at the words. She’s not a little girl anymore. She’s a woman. But beyond that, she’s a temptation I must resist.

But I can’t. I know I can’t. Not if I’m near her.

So I have no choice. I have to leave, like a coward.

I already told the maid, Clarisse, that I’m taking the rest of the week off. Now I just have to drop off the letter at the manor and I’ll be free. Free of this obsessive attraction that’s gripped me since the moment I set eyes on her.

Just get up, walk inside, and drop off the letter. Be a man, and this will all be over...

That’s what I should do. Instead, I’m sitting here like an idiot, wearing the same shirt I wore last night when I saw her, sweating like I’m about to face the most important moment of my life.

I can still feel the connection between us, like an invisible chain from heart to heart. Christ, what the hell is wrong with me?

That’s it. I have to get this over with.

I gulp down a big breath, clap my hands together, and hop down to my feet. I turn toward the house, and my legs simply stop working.

There she is. Standing right in front of me, glowing like an angel.

“Rhett?” Cassandra says quietly, causing my body to turn to fire and ice at the same time.

I did my best to avoid her, but she came to me.

My blood pumps hot through my veins. I have no time to think.

There she is, standing barefoot on the cobblestones, her big innocent eyes wide and uncertain.

Like she just searched the entire estate to find me.

Her cheeks are flushed, and her hair is messy and windblown.

She has her forearms crossed over her belly, almost the way a child holds their favorite stuffed animal.

“I was on time for our lesson like you told me,” she whimpers. “Why didn’t you come?”

I reach out and brace myself against my truck, gripping the steel frame so hard my knuckles begin to ache. “I’m sorry. You weren’t supposed to come looking for me.”

“I didn’t know what else to do,” she says, stepping slowly toward me. “You told me not to be late, so I showed up fifteen minutes early and waited. I thought maybe your truck broke down, or maybe you were in trouble...”

A crack forms in my heart. Look at what I’m doing to this poor girl. The pain I’m causing her, all from making one simple choice that I thought would fix the situation. Instead, I’ve only made things worse.

“Did I do something wrong, Rhett?”

“Of course not!” I snap, causing her to jump. Shit. Calm down. I close my eyes, take a breath, and open them again. “You didn’t do anything, Cassandra. There’s nothing you could do that would make me...”

My voice trails off. I'm floundering. Drowning.

This isn't like me. I've coached hundreds of women. Plenty of them have flirted with me, and it's never fazed me. I've remained professional. Always. But Cassandra...all she has to do is look at me and I'm a wreck. One single whimper of her melodic voice and I'm all twisted up inside.

"Did you get bored of me already?" she asks, forcing a smile that doesn't extend to her eyes. And it makes me lose control.

I leap forward like a leopard, snatch her by the wrist, and pull her to me. She gasps and drops forward into my arms. I catch her soft body and feel the tender flesh of her plump breasts as they rise and fall with every breath. Her nipples harden against me, and my cock pulses with aching lust.

Shit, what am I doing? No, no, no!

I let go of her before I do something rash and stare at her, directly in the eyes. "I could never get bored of you, Cassandra. Don't be silly. I can't even--"

No. Don't say it. Don't. But I just can't help myself. "I can't even sleep without seeing your face...you're in my head every second of every day."

Her beautiful, plump lips part. They're gleaming, as if challenging me to kiss them. She reaches out her hand for mine.

I step back.

"No," I rasp, shaking my head. "I'm resigning. I have to."

I reach into the back of the truck and grab the envelope, lick it, and seal it shut.

“Rhett, you can’t!” she pleads. I avert my eyes. Her beauty is just too much to handle.

“You don’t understand, Cassandra. The way I look at you—the things I fantasize about...” My voice drops to a whisper. “I can’t want you like this.”

She steps closer, blessing my nose with the familiar, sweet scent of her perfume. “But...you do already...don’t you?”

Is she unsure? Can’t she see the lust in my eyes? The bulge in my pants? The torture I’m experiencing every moment I’m around her?

But then I remember just how young and na?ve Cassandra is. Like a beautiful bird that’s spent its entire life in a gilded cage, she has no experience with men. Least of all an unrefined man like me.

“You’re not just gonna quit on me, are you?” she asks.

“I...wouldn’t put it like that,” I admit. “But yes.”

“Why?”

My heart thuds heavy in my chest. “I have to.”

I move to step past her, but she slides in front of me, eyes down on the ground, holding herself like a timid dove. “No.” Her voice is firmer now. “You can’t go.”

“Cassandra—”

“You’re the only man who has ever...touched me like you did. And now you’re leaving me to think about it for the rest of my life? Will you not let me get to the end of our romance story? Like the ones from my books?”

Christ, she's so goddamn innocent. She has so little experience she has to relate our interactions to something from one of her books. But her body has me drowning in the filthiest thoughts imaginable. It's taking every bit of strength I have to not throw her to the ground and tear her clothes off.

Would she still like me if she knew what I was thinking?

I can't stop myself. I lean closer...closer...until we're nearly kissing. Why do I torture myself? I can't have her. She's off-limits.

"I want you so bad it's driving me insane," I say softly. We're alone in the parking lot, but there are always people moving about the estate. Never know who might be watching—or listening. "But you know I can't have you."

"Why?" She twists her hand, showing me the massive rock on her finger. "Because of this?"

My lips twist in disgust, and I bite my cheek in anger. "Yes. But also because you're too young, Cassandra. Too innocent. Too perfect. And if I have you—even once—I won't be able to let you go and watch you walk down the aisle with another man. It would kill me."

Her eyes shine with the hint of tears.

"Then don't let me."

Fuck it. I kiss her.

I kiss her like I'm a man dying of thirst and she's a well overflowing with the most delicious water on earth. I kiss her like she belongs to me.

I'm not gentle. I'm not sweet, tender, or romantic. I'm driven by pure passion and the desire to possess her.

I taste honey and mint as I press my tongue into her mouth, slip my hand around her waist, and pull her to me.

The way she kisses me back just confirms her inexperience.

She's hungry, starving for it, but she needs to be taught how to please a man.

And that's perfect. After all, wasn't she asking me before what men want from a woman?

I'll educate her. I'll make her mine, and when I'm done with her, she'll know exactly what I want and how to give it to me—

I break away. Her lips are swollen, and we're both panting heavily. "Tell me to stop," I whisper. Her eyes bloom like flowers as she looks up at me and shakes her head.

"Cassandra, you have to tell me to stop. I can't do it on my own."

"I don't want you to stop," she whimpers, stroking the side of my face with her soft hand. "I don't want you to leave. I want to learn what a man wants, and I want you to teach me."

My cock twitches beneath my pants. I'm losing all control. Right in the middle of the day, in the parking lot of her fiancé's estate, and I'm seconds away from bending her over the tailgate of my truck, popping her sweet little cherry, and making her mine.

"You don't know what you're getting into, Cassandra," I tell her. "If I teach you, it won't be like my tennis lessons. I won't be able to take things slow with you. There

won't be any beginner lessons. We'll jump right into the advanced classes."

Her lips twist into the most adorable smile, causing my hard-on to ache, desperate to be inside her.

"I trust you," she says softly. "Rhett, I—"

A flash of movement over her shoulder causes me to jump back. Clarisse emerges from around the corner, her arms full of laundry. My heart nearly explodes as she smiles and tilts her head in acknowledgement.

I wave casually and step sideways, trying not to be overly obvious that I'm putting space between me and Cassandra.

"Thought you missed your lesson today!" she shouts.

I force a wide smile and shake my head. "No lesson today. Just picking up a check!" I wave my resignation letter in the air, and she nods back.

"Keep making those big bucks!"

All I can do is smile and nod as she makes her way across the lot. I turn my eyes to Cassandra, who is doing her best to look innocent. She's smiling, clearly trying not to laugh.

"I have to go," I tell her.

"Rhett, wait—"

"I'll be back," I reply, pulling my hand away as she reaches for it. "But we have to be very careful. Understand?" She nods. Christ, she's gorgeous. I'm going to be jerking

off to her all damn night.

I step back from her, and it physically hurts. It's like my bones are snapping, one by one, as I make my way to my truck.

"Will you actually be back?" she asks, looking at me with doe-eyes. "Or are you just saying that like yesterday?"

"I will," I tell her. "I promise."

She nods slowly as I climb in the driver's side and start the engine. I shift into gear immediately, knowing if I give myself a moment to change my mind, I will. I'll stay and I'll do something that will ruin both of our lives.

"I will wait for you," she says. "Just don't vanish on me again."

"I won't," I tell her. "Never again."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

CASSANDRA

I skip breakfast. I skip lunch. I haven't been able to think about anything all day.

Anything other than Rhett.

I sit at on the edge of my velvet window seat, one leg hanging lazily off.

I'm still wearing the silk white nightgown I slept in as I gaze out the window at the misty day, arms crossed over my chest. I can't decide if I am cold or hot.

The weather is chilly, but my heart has been pounding all day, driving a warmth through my body.

That's all Rhett's fault too.

He kissed me.

He kissed me like I belonged to him. Like he couldn't breathe without me.

He leaned in, nearly hypnotizing me with that gorgeous face, and grabbed me like I was delicate and dangerous all at the same time.

And his lips confirmed to me what I already thought I knew: that he wants me just as much as I want him. Maybe even more.

And then he pushed me away, all because Clarisse showed up and ruined everything.

What would have happened if she hadn't? I can't even imagine.

When I touched his face, told him that I wanted to learn, he looked back at me like he was afraid of me. If he hadn't gripped me so hard, would he have been shaking?

He told me he'd be back today.

He wasn't.

I stare out the window at the empty garden paths, the manicured lawn and shrubbery, the cold white gravel path leading to the tennis court, and I want to scream.

It hasn't even been a full day without him, but I'm feeling such pain, it's like he never existed.

Like he was just some character from one of my books that I dreamt up.

And I'm just sitting here like a statue, all day, my heart aching. Waiting for something to happen. Anything that will let me know he's still thinking about me.

"Just don't vanish on me again," I told him.

"I won't," he said.

Maybe I'm placing too much of the blame on him. Maybe his car broke down or he had a medical emergency. Not knowing makes things so much more painful.

Then, he arrives.

Arthur. The ominous shadow that looms over every second of my life when I'm not with Rhett. My father's hand-picked fiancé. The man whose eyes make my skin

crawl, whose sleazy smile sends a chill through my body every time I see it.

I watch as his car pulls up and his driver opens the door for him. He steps out like he owns even the air around him and brushes his hand across his jacket, disgusted by a possible spot of lint or dust.

He looks up at my window and sees me. I go tense, his eyes narrow, and his lips twist up at the sides.

He lowers his chin, as if I don't deserve an actual nod or a wave, then heads inside.

I move quickly to the dresser and pull on a bulky sweater that I can use to hide my body from him if he comes to my room. Which he does, of course.

He knocks but doesn't wait for a response before entering. Why would he? He owns the house, after all—and by extension—me.

“Darling,” he says, stepping inside. Darling? Really? “You look wilted. Like a flower that needs watering.”

What a thing to say to a woman.

I don't answer. I just pretend to clear my throat and lower my eyes.

He steps close to me. I smell something on him—maybe another woman's perfume. His hand reaches out for mine, and when his fingers close around my wrist, I flinch. I can't help it.

“You're shaking, Cassandra. Have you eaten?” He glances over at the silver dome of my breakfast tray, sitting on the side-table. I pretend to scratch my neck and pull my hand away.

“I have,” I reply, lying through my teeth.

Arthur’s jaw ticks, but he doesn’t push it.

He sees right through me. It’s one of his most disconcerting qualities.

He lets things slide, but later, when I’m least expecting it, he lectures me on what he’ll expect from me once we’re married.

What it means to be his wife and carry the family name with “grace” and “discipline.” My heart turns to ice just thinking of it.

That lecture comes later in the evening after my father shows up for dinner. He fawns all over Arthur, his eyes beaming like he’s so proud of their arrangement—the future he’s bartered on my behalf. A deal I dread.

“Look at her.” He smiles, spreading caviar on toast. “She’ll be a princess here, Arthur. She already is!”

He’s tipsy off all the champagne they’ve been drinking. It’s beyond embarrassing. Here they are, talking about me like I’m some Disney princess, when really, I feel like the final-girl in a thriller-horror movie.

I smile and nod, however, like a good girl should, until the dishes are cleared.

Arthur twirls his glass and leans in. “By the way, you’ll be accompanying me to the gala I’m hosting at my club next weekend.

” Arthur owns a golf club, because of course he does.

“A designer will be here in three days to fit you for your dress.”

He winks, as though having a dress handmade for me is suddenly going to make me feel like the luckiest woman in the world. I guess Arthur just can't fathom the fact that women don't want to be bought.

I open my mouth to reply, but he's already talking to my dad again.

They start lighting up cigars and talking business, and I politely excuse myself upstairs.

The second I'm back in my room, I strip out of the uncomfortable dress he had me wearing and the brand-new heels that have been killing my feet.

I trade them for a pair of athletic shorts and a soft T-shirt I've worn countless times.

Then I slip my hand under my mattress where I've hidden the romance novel I'm currently reading.

I cradle it like a tender little secret. Because it is a secret. It's my secret. My only outlet into the psyche of a man, until Rhett came along.

I sink into bed and curl up under the covers. My heart still stings from not hearing from him all day. My stomach feels hollow but not because I haven't eaten all day. The second I open the book and the smell of the paper enters my nostrils, something inside me comes alive.

The scene I reached last time was a spicy scene near the climax of the book, where the heroine, who is desperate for the hero's touch, finally admits to him that she's ready.

That she's desperate for him. I knew I had to stop here or I wouldn't be able to get to sleep, but as I delve in, suddenly the heroine is no longer who I am picturing in my

mind.

It's me.

And the hero is Rhett, looming over me, his jaw sharp, his cheekbones chiseled, his voice gravelly and strong. "If I teach you, it won't be like my tennis lessons. I won't be able to take things slow with you. There won't be any beginner lessons. We'll jump right into the advanced classes."

I close my eyes and let his words sink into me.

"You're mine," he growled, slamming the door behind him as he walked toward her, his eyes flaming with desire. "Say it to me."

"I'm yours," she whimpered, scared but also elated by the pure lust in his gaze.

Slowly, my hand begins to drift beneath the covers, as if moving on its own. Without me even thinking of it.

It's not something I've ever done before—not really. I've never really known just what to do or had any real reason to do it.

But now my body is on fire. A slow and steady ache is building between my thighs as I imagine Rhett's rough, skilled hands on my body, his mouth on my neck, his tender breath against my skin. I think back to how he kissed me, as if he was going to lose his mind if I didn't kiss him back.

My fingers move lower, beneath the hem of my panties.

My breath catches as I feel how wet I already am. I move even lower, imagining my fingers are Rhett's as he whispers in my ear, "I'll show you, baby. I'll teach you."

And then the hesitation disappears, overtaken by a rush of desire that lights my whole body on fire.

Goosebumps spread across my limbs, and my legs begin to tingle as I touch myself.

My back arches off the bed and my hips sway, moving like they themselves know just what to do, even if my brain does not.

I picture him on top of me—his weight, his warmth, his pressure, the growl in his throat as he fills my ears with talk like from one of my books.

A gasp slips from my lips as my core grows hotter. I have no idea what I'm doing, but I like it. I don't stop. I can't stop. Not when Rhett is filling my mind.

My thighs tighten. My toes curl until my feet start to cramp. I picture his eyes locked on mine, like a hero from a romance novel, heavy with hunger and desire. His callused, skilled fingers slide down my stomach and under the waistband of my pajamas, down under my panties.

“Just like this,” he'd say to me. “Touch yourself like this, Cassandra. You only have a few more seconds before I take over.”

“I want you to,” I say out loud, my voice quivering.

And that's when it happens.

I go off.

An explosion of heat bursts through my body.

My back bows off the mattress, and my limbs go stiff as my thighs clamp down on

my hand.

My breath seizes in my chest as my jaw hangs open, but all sound remains trapped in my throat.

My belly clenches, and I snatch the sheets like they're the only thing anchoring me to the ground.

Finally, I come down. And when I do, I feel...different.

It's like I'm awake—like my eyes are open. The whole world feels more raw, more primal. That was my first, but it was assisted by Rhett. And now that I've experienced that, I am desperate for the real thing.

I need him , and I need him badly. So badly that tears begin to gather in my eyes. I try to blink them away, but they fall down my cheeks, forcing me to wipe them away with the back of my hand.

Tears of joy cause me to giggle as I slip beneath the sheets, shaken and thrilled all at the same time.

I close the book and press it to my chest, which is thumping heavily with the strong rhythm of my heart. And then, I make myself a promise.

Tomorrow, even if Rhett doesn't show up, I'm going to find him. If he won't come to me, I'll go to him.

I'm not a child anymore. I'm a woman, and I'm ready to learn. And there's only one man on this earth who can teach me.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

RHETT

I haven't slept. I haven't eaten. I haven't worked out. I feel like a soggy pancake sitting on a plate, slowly falling to pieces. The sun is already climbing up again as I stare out the window. I don't even think I've blinked in the last half-hour.

My apartment is quiet. Too quiet. Only sporadic sounds of creaking wood or my own slow breaths distract me from her voice running around in my head.

“What do men want in a wife?”

Jesus Christ.

I drag my hand across my jaw, feeling two days' worth of stubble scrape my palm as I get to my feet and pace into the living room. The space is spartan, minimal. I have a couch, a coffee table, a television, and a treadmill in the corner. It's always been fine. I've never needed anything more.

Until now...

Now she's everywhere. I see her face in the blank white walls, in the mirror when I wash my face, in the blank screen of the powered-off television.

Cassandra. Her sweet lips pressed to mine.

Her slim waist in my hand. Her scent, still clinging to my skin like heavenly fire.

I haven't showered. I taste her every time I breathe.

My cock has been pulsing with lust for hours, aching like it's bruised, as the sweetness of her delicate, innocent voice just will not leave me alone.

I almost gave in. I almost took her completely, snatched her clothes off and broke her in with a good fucking like she was begging for. And maybe I would have if Clarisse hadn't shown up at just the right time to interrupt us.

Cassandra is everything I've ever wanted in a woman, and more. I've been absolutely dying to have her since the moment she walked onto the tennis court, shining like temptation personified.

But she's promised to another man. A rich and powerful man.

Arthur.

The son of a bitch who owns the estate where I work and signs the checks that let me pay my rent. He's the kind of man who moves the world, and me? I'm just the help. A blue-collar workhorse unfit for a woman like Cassandra.

I slam my fist against the windowsill and drop my head, my body a whirlwind of turmoil and guilt. I'm doing my best to take the high road—keep my hands off her. But I also promised her I wouldn't skip out on her again.

And I did.

She must hate me. Think I'm some kind of loser who can't even keep a simple promise to the woman he's falling madly in love with. But that's just it. It's because I'm so desperate for her that I must stay away. Because if I get close again, who knows what will happen?

I want to drive over there now and confess my love for her, but I can't.

So I do the only thing I know to do when I'm in a tough spot—I go running.

I lace up my shoes and head out to the trails behind my apartment.

Five miles, then six, then seven... then ten.

Every stride a whisper of an echo in my mind as Cassandra refuses to get out of my brain.

All I want is a moment of clarity so I can process a way forward.

But it doesn't work. All I can think about is her.

When I finally make it back to the apartment, I see my resignation letter sitting on the table where I left it.

"It's time," I say out loud. "You know it is."

I want to fight for her, but there's no fight to be had.

How can a guy like me go up against Arthur?

He could buy my entire block and burn it all to the goddamn ground.

I've never felt so helpless or directionless in my entire life.

This is not the kind of man I am. If I want something, I go for it.

But when it comes to Cassandra, I don't see that I have any other choice.

The air on the estate grounds is shimmering with the late-afternoon heat when I pull up in my truck and park in the lot.

My legs are still burning from the run, and I'm drenched in sweat.

I gaze around the grounds, hoping for once to not see Cassandra out for a walk.

This is the one time I don't want to see her.

I mean—I do, but it would only make what I'm about to do infinitely harder. If not impossible.

As I step out of the truck, I see Arthur's Bentley by the front. I've always thought it was a gorgeous car, but today, it just makes me grimace. I walk past it on my way to the door, and as I glance to my right, that's when I see her.

Through the ornate wood framing of the drawing room window, Cassandra sits on the edge of a velvet couch that probably costs more than my truck.

She's not wearing athletic gear today; she's in a tight off-white dress with lace and pearls that makes her look like a doll.

Her hands are folded in her lap and her back is straight, as though she has strings pulling her up by the shoulders.

And in front of her, leaning in too close for me, is Arthur.

He moves closer, resting his hand on the couch beside her like he owns her.

Even from here, I can see her jaw tighten, the motion in her throat as she swallows nervously.

She looks frozen in place, like she's terrified of this man who has no right to be near her.

I can tell she wants to get up and run, but she's doing what's expected of her. She's performing.

My right hand aches, and I look down and see it's clenched into a fist. My knuckles are white. I take a breath and try to relax, but it doesn't help. I want to bust through the window and tear him away from her, throw him across the room, and carry her back to my apartment.

But I can't. If I do that, I'll lose my job, my freedom, and her. At least as her coach, I get to see her now and then. And if that's the best I get, well, it's better than nothing.

I tear my resignation letter in half and turn away, but as I do, I catch a flicker of her eye turning to me. Did she see me? If she did, she didn't acknowledge it. She can't. Arthur would see, and he's no dummy. He'd realize something was going on, and shit would hit the fan.

So teeth grinded together, fists clenched, adrenaline pumping through my veins, I walk off like a coward, back to my truck, while the man I despise most in the world—the man who signs my paychecks—looks at her like she's his.

“You're pathetic,” I growl at myself, driving my fist into my thigh. The pain distracts me, but only for a moment. Besides, I deserve it. “You're a miserable little fool. Can't even go out and get the woman you want. What the hell is wrong with you?”

The sun is down. I've been sitting in my chair at the kitchen table since I got back from the estate, wallowing in misery and self-pity like an absolute nothing of a man.

The vision of her beauty sweeps through my mind like a fireworks display. I'm all

boned up, lusting over a woman I want but can't bring myself to take.

"You coward," I growl, punching my thigh again. There's definitely going to be a bruise. "What would she think of you if she saw you sitting here like this?"

Another punch. I don't even feel the pain anymore.

I glance at the dark sky out the window—at the door leading out of my apartment.

No, I can't stay here like this. I have to go to her.

I can't let her wonder where I've been, why I bailed on our lesson yesterday, and why she hasn't heard from me.

She's going to start thinking I don't like her—that she's the problem. And I can't let that happen.

With a snarl, I snatch my keys from the counter and rip the door open, nearly tearing it off its hinges. Cassandra squeals and nearly comes out of her shoes, her tiny fist raised as though she was about to knock on my unit.

"Rhett!" she exclaims, her cheeks going instantly red. "You—you're here!"

She's absolutely gorgeous, in nothing but a pair of flannel pajama pants and a crop-top that shows off her flat stomach. This girl doesn't need makeup and fancy clothes to make her beautiful. She is the definition of it.

"You're here," I reply, my cock swelling instantly beneath my pants. "How did you—what are you doing here, Cassandra? Does Arthur know?"

She quickly shakes her head. "No. I—I got a ride from one of the groundskeepers so

Arthur wouldn't suspect."

A devilish smile twists over her lips. "I snuck into Arthur's office and checked his receipts. Saw your information in his files."

I nod, impressed. "That was very naughty of you, Cassandra."

Her hair is messy, like she walked through the wind to get here. Her cheeks are pink, and her lips are parted slightly—she's breathing heavily already, causing her breasts to rise and fall, revealing the fact that she's braless.

My mouth begins to water.

"I waited for you," she says, her voice soft. "You didn't show up." It begins to tremble. Her eyes are on the floor but snap up to mine, filled with anger and pain. "You promised!"

Her words are like a dagger to the chest. All I've done is push this gorgeous angel away, but no longer.

"Cassandra, I—"

"You know what I did, Rhett?" She steps forward, getting right up in my face. It's out of character for her. Far more aggressive than I ever thought she could be. "I touched myself thinking about you."

That's it. I lose all control. I grab her face and pull her lips to mine, kissing her like a desperate man whose life depends on her touch.

I slide my hands beneath her, grabbing her by her perfect little ass, and pull her across the threshold and into my apartment, kicking the door closed behind her.

My cock swells like it's about to burst as our tongues dance passionately across each other. I carry her into my room and lay her down on the bed beneath me. Her crop-top lifts slightly, exposing the teardrop curves of her breasts.

"This is your last chance," I tell her, my voice tense with restraint.

"My last chance for what?"

"Your last chance to leave."

She answers immediately. "I'm not going anywhere. Not unless you make me."

A groan rises up from my stomach, and I reach for the waistband of her pajamas, pulling them down over her hips.

She lifts her butt off the bed, helping me tug them down to her ankles, then kicks them off.

She's wearing just a tiny little red thong—a lace thong that is nearly see-through.

And even from here, I can see the line of her little virgin pussy.

And I can see that she's perfectly bare.

"You shaved," I say.

Her voice quivers as she replies. "Isn't that what men want?"

I smile, brushing her hair from her face. "Every man has different tastes, Cassandra."

Her eyes search my face, as though trying to decipher what I just said. "I did it for..."

him . I thought he'd like it." My body goes tense. Massive adrenaline dump. "I've been told it's my job to please him, so..."

I nod, cutting her off. "Yeah, yeah. I understand. You want to please your husband. I get it."

"He's not my husband yet," she replies, a coy little tone to her voice. My eyes meet hers, and I see something there—something teasing at me. Pulling at me. "But, Rhett...will you teach me?"

My heart is nearly pounding through my chest as the words fight to escape my mouth. "Teach you...how to...please him?"

Just the suggestion makes me want to tear the world apart, but the way she's looking up at me, through those long lashes, her face so innocent and sweet, I know there's no possible way I can resist.

"Yes," I say. "Of course I will teach you."

She almost smiles, but her lips do something different.

They almost hide from me, like she's embarrassed—or afraid.

Which makes sense, considering her lack of experience.

And as I run my hands across her body, my whole body goes on fire with the thought that no other man has ever touched her like this.

"First, you have to let him strip you down," I tell her, taking the hem of her crop-top. "Let him feel like he's in control as he undresses you. He'll like that."

He.

Me .

Her eyes twinkle, and she raises her arms above her head, helping me pull off her shirt.

Her breasts rebound and sway with perfection, two hard pink nipples just begging for my lips.

My cock throbs at the sight. She's perfect.

High and tight, perfectly plump tits, with an hourglass shape to die for.

I might actually die taking her.

“That’s the first rule of pleasing a man. Give him everything he wants.”

She nods. “Okay.”

“And this,” I tell her, hooking a thumb into the strap of her thong. She shifts her hips, letting me strip her bare. Her tiny little slit glistens with arousal. My heart is pounding with desire. I’ve never seen anything so gorgeous in my life.

She shifts slightly, moving her thigh to cover herself, but I stop her. “No, angel. A man loves to look. Let him.”

Again, she nods, blushing like a ripe apple. Then she relaxes, putting her beauty on full display. I drag the back of my middle finger up her tummy, then take her by the wrists and sit her up in front of me.

“A man also likes it when you undress him,” I tell her. “Make him feel wanted too. Understand?”

“Yes,” she whispers, taking my shirt by the hem and lifting. I’m a sweaty mess from the run and the heat of the day, so the fabric clings to my abs and shoulders, but she manages to get it off without too much trouble.

Her eyes move to the cuts in my muscles. She tries to hide it, but I see, and all it does is amp up my already desperate desire.

“And the pants,” I tell her, arching my hips forward. She looks up at me with slight hesitation but obeys, using her thin fingers to pop the buttons of my fly. My cock twitches as her fingers barely brush across it. I don’t know how I’m going to be able to hold out with any kind of actual contact.

She struggles trying to get them down over my hips—over my massive bulge—so I help her out, and when my briefs come down and my cock springs out like a spear, she can’t hide it. She gasps.

“Rhett…”

“That’s right, angel.” I smile, twisting out of my pants. I take her by the wrist and pull her arm down and compare—show her that my cock is the length of her entire forearm.

“You’re—”

“Enormous?” She nods. “I know, angel. I know. You like it, don’t you?”

“Y—yes,” she stammers, clearly speaking a truth. Not just telling me what I want to hear.

I take her gently by the throat and pull her close, letting my lips graze gently across hers. She goes for a kiss, but I deny her.

“You have no idea what else I have in store for you, beautiful.”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

CASSANDRA

I can't believe this is happening. It shouldn't be happening. I should be back at the estate and in my room where I'm supposed to be—not here at Rhett's apartment, lying naked beneath him, staring up at his gorgeous, sculpted physique, my eyes tracing every line of his very toned muscles.

He's an Adonis. A Greek god. A man who must have made countless women drool in his time walking the planet. He could have any woman he wants, and yet for some reason, he's chosen me.

My heart is working overtime as I try to keep myself together. I've never been naked in front of a man before. I'd never even kissed a man until Rhett. Now he's staring down at me like I'm a miracle he never thought he deserved. Like he's lucky to have me.

If anyone here's the lucky one, it's me.

His gaze devours me as he drags his eyes up and down my body.

It's so intimate, yet I don't feel embarrassed or ashamed.

I feel proud, like I'm his prize. His trophy.

Something rare and delicate, meant to be treasured.

His eyes are so filled with passion and hunger that it's like he wants more than just

my body.

He wants me . All of me. I can feel it in my bones. All the way into the core of my being.

His massive manhood takes my breath away. It's so thick and beautiful, pulsing with need, like a symbol of his masculinity, and for some reason, I can't stop thinking about the fact that its purpose is to impregnate me.

“Look what you've done to me, angel,” he growls, his voice warm and sexy. “I've never been this hard in my entire life.”

Heat swells through my thighs, rising up into my stomach. I twist beneath him on the bed, on fire with his praise. All I can do is nod. I can't speak. I don't even trust myself to be able to put a sentence together. All I trust right now is the pounding of intense desire coursing through my blood.

And Rhett, of course.

He takes my hand and guides it between his legs. His other hand grips my hip, gently but possessive at the same time. “Remember what I said,” he whispers. “A man wants to feel wanted too. Show me how badly you want me, angel.”

I gulp hard, my nervousness returning. I have no idea what I'm doing or what he wants as I slide my hands up his thighs, slow and unsure, until I reach his cock, sticking out like a mast on a ship. Hesitantly, I take it between my fingers.

It twitches, pulsing like a heartbeat. His breath catches, and he nods. “That's right. Just like that.”

His praise spurs me forward, and I wrap both hands around his girth, but he's so

goddamn thick that my fingers don't even meet in the middle. He's just too big; it's stunning. When I look up at him, he's already smiling. He knows exactly what I'm thinking.

"Just like this." He guides me, his hands around mine, moving them up and down, showing me how to stroke his shaft.

So this is how you do it...

His eyes roll back in his head, and he lets out a groan of satisfaction that lights me up inside. I move faster, driven by instinct and an aching desire to please him. To make him groan more and show me that what I'm doing is right.

My mouth starts to water, and I look down at what I'm doing—at his hard-on that I can't even get my hands around. And I feel the urge to go further. To do more.

"Men like it when you...use your mouth, right?" I somehow manage to ask. Rhett's eyes flash, and I feel his cock pulse in my fingers again. So strong. So hard.

"Damn right they do," he replies.

"I should...learn how to do that?" My cheeks are on fire. Rhett's gaze is burning, and he has me melting as I look back at him. I'm actually dying to get my lips around him, but I'm also starting to quiver with just how nervous I am.

He nods, tracing my jaw with his hand. "Absolutely. I'll show you just what to do."

The next thing I know, Rhett has a fistful of my hair and is pushing my head down. I gasp, not from shock or surprise but from just how much his display of force and power turns me on.

Then, there it is in front of me. His massive cock, thick and veiny. Swollen with arousal, and I have no idea what to do with it. And Rhett knows it.

“Kiss it, angel,” he tells me, stroking the back of my neck. “Start slowly if you need to.”

My lips are trembling as I open my mouth. What if I screw this up and he doesn’t want to be with me anymore? I let my eyes flick up to his, but all I see is encouragement and approval, which gives me the courage to continue.

I do as he says and kiss the tip, causing his cock to jump and slap me in the cheek. He chuckles, and I giggle, extending my tongue and tracing the line of his crown.

“Goddamn, baby,” he groans. “You’re gonna drive me crazy.”

His praise is like a drug. All I want is more.

I open my mouth wider and go down on him, taking as much of his cock into my mouth as I possibly can—which in comparison to his impressive length is really not much. But it’s okay. Rhett seems to like it and grabs two firm fistfuls of my hair as he lets out another long, deep groan.

“That’s it. Relax. Take it down your throat.”

I try to go deeper, wanting to please him more, but before I can, he pulls me off and up and kisses me like two lovers reuniting after years of being apart. My heart blooms like a rose in the sunlight. My breath trembles. “Rhett...”

“You’re a quick learner, angel,” he says.

I don’t hesitate with what I say next.

“I want you inside me.” His eyes narrow, and a hint of a smile creeps over his lips. “I want you to take me. Be my first time.”

“Are you sure, Cassandra?” he asks. “Because once I have you, I won’t be able to give you back. You’ll be mine. For good.”

All I can do is nod. “Yes. I understand.”

He growls like a man being torn apart from the inside out. “Okay. Then I’m going to make this absolutely perfect for you.”

Breath escapes my lungs as he shoves me down onto my back and presses his body on top of mine. His cock, hard as a rod of hot steel, pulses against my belly, teasing my pussy mound as he moves his hips like we’re dancing together.

My entire body tingles as he kisses down my neck, across my collarbone, then pauses at my breasts.

He closes his lips around my left nipple, and I arch off the bed, moaning softly as he sucks and circles with his tongue.

He’s firm and possessive but also gentle as he takes his time, lavishing me with his attention before moving to the other breast as his hand trails lower between my thighs.

My lips part as he touches me there . Where I was touching myself last night as I imagined him as the hero from my book.

“You’re already wet for me,” he says softly in my ear. “Christ, you’re absolutely soaked.”

“Is that...bad?” I ask hesitantly.

Rhett props himself up and looks down at me like I’ve just said the dumbest thing in the world. Then he smiles and shakes his head like a comforting father.

“Bad? Cassandra, it’s the biggest turn-on in the world.”

“M—men like that?” I ask.

He nods and gently parts me with a finger, sending a rush of sensation through my body. He traces the line of my slit, then takes that same finger and slips it into his mouth, sucking it clean of my slick.

My jaw falls open. I’m just not ready for this. Nowhere near. I thought I was, but I’m not.

He presses his finger inside me, causing my hips to jerk at the intrusion, but then instantly my whole body gives itself over to him. “Don’t worry, angel. I’ve got you,” he says, soothing me with his voice. “Let me open you up. Get you ready for my thick cock.”

I can’t do anything but lie there as he works me gently, so gently, with a single finger, giving me sensations I’ve never felt in such a way before.

I’m so sensitive, and when he adds another finger, my toes curl, and my stomach goes tense.

I nearly clamp down on his hand with my thighs as they clench together.

“Rhett—” I gasp.

“I know, angel. I know. I think you’re ready now.”

He spreads my legs wide and kneels between them, the crown of his cock positioned at my breach. I’m tingling all over with anticipation and freeze a little when he presses forward and begins to spread my entrance.

“Breathe,” he instructs me. “Don’t worry. I’ll go slow, my innocent little angel.”

I nod, his words filling me with trust. Elation. I force myself to relax and take a deep breath.

He pushes in.

And oh my God, the pain. A sharp pang of pain from the stretch wrenches through me. But it’s not just pain—it’s more than that. So much more. It’s pleasure, it’s wonder, it’s excitement. I feel overwhelmed as my body struggles and adapts to take him in.

The pain is there for just another moment—just a tiny little sting—and then it’s gone.

Then, amazement .

I’m full, complete, sparkling with sensations I never could have imagined, not even from the most vivid pages of my romance novels. “Rhett,” I moan, reaching up and snatching him by his broad shoulders. “You’re—you’re so big.”

“How would you know?” he asks, raising an eyebrow.

“I—I wouldn’t...I just—”

He shuts me up with a finger to my lips and grins. “I’m only teasing, angel. But

you're right. I am big. And you know what else?"

"What?" I ask as he lifts his finger, pushing deeper.

"You're gonna take it all." His words launch me into space. I can't handle what's happening. "This pussy belongs to me now."

I cry out as he finds the spot inside me that makes everything explode. A climax beyond anything I ever imagined possible wracks my body, causing my muscles to tense and my back to nearly break as it arches up off the bed.

"Rhett!"

"That's it," he growls. "Tell me, angel. Tell me how good I make you feel."

"Is that—what you want!?" I manage to somehow stammer as my orgasm courses through me, threatening to shred me to pieces.

"Tell me!" he barks, impaling me with his full length.

"I love it! I love your dick!" I cry out, tears spilling from my eyes. It's overwhelming. Like being hit by lightning. Pleasure rocks through every single nerve ending, and I scream his name as he pumps hard like a piston, driving deep inside me and rocking the bed with every thrust.

"I normally don't do this," he whispers, bringing his lips to my ear. "But seeing as how you're already coming, I might as well come too."

Before I can even process what he's said, I feel it.

A fierce jet of hot, sticky slick sprays inside of me, coating my walls, spilling out of

me and dripping down my butt and onto the sheets.

Oh my God. He's coming inside me.

My heart cracks open as I realize the implications, accept them, and relish them. "I love you, Rhett," I confess without hesitation or embarrassment.

He groans as his cock continues to pulse inside me, and we ride our orgasmic waves together through a moment of chained mutual bliss.

And when his massive frame settles onto my body, nearly crushing me beneath his weight, all I can do is pant and sob and trace the lines of his muscles aimlessly with my fingertip, and count myself as the luckiest woman in the world.

But then it hits me.

He didn't say he loved me back.

"Rhett?" I ask hesitantly. "Did you...hear what I said?"

His body goes tense. Did I confess too early? Have I ruined everything?

He raises himself up on his elbows and looks down at me, his eyes dark with something dangerous. Maybe fear? But what could a man like Rhett ever possibly be afraid of.

He nods. "I heard you."

"And do you...should I not have said that?" I'm blushing. I shake my head, realizing I'm destroying the most beautiful moment of my life. Regret fills me instantly. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have—"

“Don’t apologize,” he tells me. “It’s my fault. I didn’t say it back, Cassandra, because—well because you’re engaged to another man. To Arthur.”

I let out a heavy sigh of relief and gently stroke Rhett’s cheek. “I can’t marry Arthur. I’ve never wanted to. You know that.”

I’m pretty sure I see his eyes light up briefly before he looks away, and when he looks back, it’s like he’s pondering something. Plotting something.

“He can destroy me. You know that, don’t you?” I nod timidly. He’s right. With all that wealth, Arthur is extremely powerful. “He can destroy you too.”

“So...that’s it?” I ask. “There’s just no way?”

“Now hang on a minute,” Rhett cuts me off, leaning close and pressing his lips to mine.

Even a simple kiss from him sends me soaring.

“I didn’t say that. I just want you to understand that if you make the decision to leave him and go with me, there’s no going back. It’s ride or die. All or nothing.”

I nod immediately. “I understand. So what do we do?”

There’s a long silence.

“I’m not sure,” he replies. “But I have an idea.”

That’s all I need to hear. With him still hard and swollen inside me, I lean in and kiss his chest, grinding my hips from side to side to get him started up again. And it doesn’t take more than a second for him to take the hint.

My head falls back and my jaw hangs open as he makes love to me, and I let myself fall into a floating void of bliss. I may not know what the future holds, but I know one thing for certain: I will never belong to another man. Ever .

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

CASSANDRA

My heart beats so loudly it nearly echoes against the walls of my room. Every sound of the house shifting has me on edge. Every creak could be his footsteps, coming to see me and ruin everything.

Arthur. The man holding the keys to my cage. Keeping me from the happiness of my life.

“If you make the decision to leave him and go with me, there’s no going back. It’s ride or die. All or nothing.”

That’s what Rhett said to me last night, staring at me with his piercing eyes. His words feel embedded in my soul, like they’ve been imprinted on my heart. I take calm, precise breaths, as if one wrong gasp could shatter me and I’d be gone from the man I love.

I’ve been pacing my prison all day, surrounded by silk drapes and ornate woodworking, unable to eat, unable to sleep, unable to do anything but think of the promise he made to me. That we made to each other.

Are we really doing this? Will it work?

“Don’t question it!” I hiss at myself. “Of course it will!”

My lips still taste of him. My center still aches from him breaking me in last night. I’m no longer an eighteen-year-old girl . I’m a woman. All thanks to Rhett and his

mighty manhood.

I gaze out the window at the setting sun, golden light slicing through the tree tops, illuminating the shadows of the darkest thoughts of my mind.

It's almost time.

My bag is packed, my shoes are laced tight, and my black hoodie is lying on the bed beside me. I also have my purse with letters and cards from my mom that I couldn't bear to lose.

Rhett's plan is simple: quietly leave my room, slip out through the servants' wing, cross the back gardens, and take the trail through the woods that leads to the main road where Rhett will be waiting in his truck. Then he'll drive us away and we'll be free together.

I close my eyes and take a breath.

Yes, this is actually happening. It's sundown. It's time. My life is about to change forever. And despite the fact that I'm starting to tremble, I can't wait to get out of here. I never thought my life would go any other way. An arranged marriage was my only future.

But then Rhett came into my life, and everything changed.

The door creaks as I open it. It's quiet but too loud for tonight. My footsteps are soft as I slip out into the hallway, my heartbeat hot and heavy in my ears. I move quickly to the servants' wing and am almost to the outside door when Clarisse appears, arms full of laundry.

She pauses and looks at me—at my bag—her expression bland as my heart skips a beat.

Guilt seizes my chest. Does she know? Has she figured out what I'm up to?

No, of course she hasn't. How could she? She's not a private investigator. For all she knows, I'm just out for a little evening stroll around the estate...with a bag...

"Good evening," I say as I walk past her.

"Yes, it is," she replies, nodding her head.

My eyes blink quickly on their own as anxiety pulses through me. My heart feels unsteady now as I grip the knob to the outside door and twist.

A cold breeze hits me, and I step out into the welcoming dark, leaving the manor behind me. I glance once over my shoulder to make sure I'm not being followed, then pick up the pace.

By the time I reach the gardens, a smile has started to creep across my face. I can feel the dew on my shoes and follow the path that splits off to the tennis court where Rhett and I first met.

I'm smiling now, remembering our lesson. How it felt as my crush on him grew and grew, so quickly. I'm sure we'll find another court to play on. A place to relive those memories.

I'm just about to hop a low fence when I'm blinded. Floodlights snap on in front of me like some screaming danger, ready to pounce on me.

I shield my eyes and squint at a man's silhouette. It's unmistakable.

Arthur.

Two men flank him. Rough looking guys in dark suits. I recognize them as men who sometimes escort him to and from the office. Bodyguards.

All breath escapes my lungs. My legs cease to work.

Another, smaller figure steps into view from the blinding light. A female figure. Clarisse. She stands by Arthur like a statue, her lips a thin, unreadable line. She's not smiling or sympathizing with me. And then I get it.

She did figure it out. And she betrayed me.

"You think I wouldn't notice?" Arthur asks, his voice pompous and kingly. "You're not as subtle as you think you are, Cassandra. Fawning over the help, taking a late-night drive like you're some covert operative."

I can barely speak. "Arthur, I—"

The bodyguards step forward, causing my breath to catch in my throat. Their boots crunch on the gravel as they approach. I'm shaking. I try to speak, but nothing comes out.

"Thought you'd run away with him, did you?" Arthur smiles cruelly. "Brave but stupid."

My heart stutters, skips, and beats hard like a drumroll leading to a heart attack.

His bodyguards reach me, each taking hold of one of my arms. Arthur steps forward casually, menacingly, his face stony and threatening.

He reaches out, smelling like cigar smoke, and places a hand on my shoulder.

For a moment, he simply leaves it there, like an affectionate caress.

Then, without warning, he snatches my hair and yanks my face right up to his.

“This charade ends tonight .” He grimaces, whiskey on his breath. “You think you can leave me? ” He shakes his head. “You’re not going anywhere.”

My knees are ready to buckle. Tears well up in my eyes, but I blink them back. He’s not going to make me cry. Not in front of him. I glance at Clarisse, whose eyes narrow on me.

“Why?” I ask, nearly sobbing. “Why would you do this?”

She looks like she wants to say something, but she can’t answer. But the longer I look at her face, I realize she doesn’t have to.

Jealousy. It’s written all over her. She has a thing for Rhett, and she hates me for being with him.

“Yeah,” I hiss through tight lips. “He’s mine .”

Her eyes flare, and she looks like she’s about to rush me when Arthur puts his arm out and blocks her. He tightens his grip on me, pushing his fingertips into my flesh. I cry out. I never expected violence like this from Arthur.

The guards yank me by my elbows and pull me back toward the house, causing my purse to fall to the ground, spilling my mother’s letters everywhere.

Almost amused, Arthur bends down and picks them up.

“Letters from your mother,” he muses, flipping through them.

He taps me on the nose with them. “Maybe if you’re a good girl, I’ll let you have these back.

Boys, take her back to her room and lock the door. I’ll deal with her tomorrow.”

I kick and scream as the massive men grip me hard and haul me back across the gravel to the house. I try to fight back, but I’m completely outmatched. There’s nothing I can do.

I’m nearly sobbing as I think of Rhett, sitting in his truck where we planned. He’ll be waiting for me. And I’ll never show up.

Will he ever forgive me?

I’m tossed into my room like a bag of trash tossed into the dumpster out back. My bag lands on my head, knocking me to the floor. The door slams shut behind me, and I hear it lock from the outside, then some other kind of grinding, metallic sound—like a deadbolt.

The room is silent. Tears fall from my eyes. And then the sobbing begins.

How can he be so cruel? Why would he even want me when it’s clear I don’t want him?

He’ll never be able to make me love him, but he will be able to destroy me.

Stop me from ever seeing Rhett again. Force me to live here like a caged bird, trapped, silent, and obedient, while I think about my love for the rest of my life.

I draw in a shaky breath and try to calm myself, but the tears fall, one by one, darkening the wood until I feel the ache in my throat from all the sobbing.

I look at my window. It's high, but I could make it. But when I go over to it, I see the flashlights below. More of Arthur's men posted up to keep me prisoner.

My knees give out from under me, and I curl up into a ball. My mother's letters are gone. Rhett will be barred from ever seeing me again, and I'm running out of ideas.

Can it be that Arthur has finally won?

Will I belong to him for the rest of my life?

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

CASSANDRA

The room is quiet. Like the cold, dark void of space.

A violent silence that seems to exist to crush me.

I've been locked in here all day. I've seen no one, heard nothing.

Sun streams weakly through the windows as I sit on the floor, knees up, my hoodie stretched over my legs.

I don't even want to be in the bed. The bed Arthur paid for.

Sure, he may have also paid for this floor, but at least I'm not getting any comfort out of it.

I don't want any comfort from him in any way.

At this point, I'd rather starve than eat any of his food.

My bag lays beside me, still packed. But my heart is torn open, spilling my soul into the silent void. It feels like I'm deflating, losing myself as every second ticks by.

I didn't make it. I didn't get to Rhett. And now I may not ever see him again.

He must think I'm awful—that I bailed on him. Poor little rich girl had a change of heart. Pain stings my heart as I picture him thinking such a thing.

Last night was meant to be a triumphant escape.

A memory for us to look back on with joy.

But now all I see is a blur of Arthur's sickening face, Clarisse's gaze of betrayal, and his men dragging me across the grounds like a slave.

No one's come all day to check on me. And why would they?

No one in this house even cares about me.

I'm just another possession to Arthur. A business transaction. Another win for a man who never loses.

I rest my head on my knees, biting back tears. No more crying. I need to be strong. I can't let Arthur see just how badly he's wounded me. But it's almost impossible not to break down when I think about how let down Rhett must feel.

Hours pass. I stare at the floor, counting my heartbeats to pass the time. And then, I hear something...

Smash .

My head snaps up. I hear it again. A hard thud, followed by the shout and clamor of male voices.

Footsteps, quick and heavy, like a rhinoceros galloping down the hall. More shouting.

"Back!" someone shouts. "Get back!"

A massive crash, and something—someone—slams against the wall with such force that

I'm shocked it didn't cave my wall in. A man cries out in pain, one of Arthur's men from the sound of it. My heart leaps, and I rocket to my feet.

There's another grunt of pain as someone hits the floor, and then the door— my door—splinters in as Rhett's foot drives it clean off its hinges. It falls inward, and he stands there tall, his chest heaving, framed by the shattered wood like a hero.

"Rhett..." I mutter, barely able to speak. "Am I dreaming?"

He's breathing heavily. Blood drips from his knuckles. His shirt is torn, and his chest is rising and falling like a man who's just been through hell.

"You're not dreaming, angel." He smiles, rushing over to me. He kisses me, and it's like all the light returns to my world. "I knew something was wrong when you didn't show up last night. I figured they found us out and were holding you."

"Clarisse," I hiss, her name like acid on my tongue. "She found out and told Arthur." I fall into his arms, and he catches me, standing strong and solid like the very foundations of the earth. "I thought you'd hate me. I thought I'd lost you."

"Never," he says, pressing his lips to my forehead. "I could never hate you, Cassandra. You're mine. And I'm taking you out of here now. "

I grab my bag, and he slips an arm around me, leading me into the hallway where Arthur's men lie in a heap, unconscious. We head for the stairwell, but I stop him.

"Wait. My mother's letters. They're in Arthur's study. He took them from me."

His jaw tightens, and his eyes narrow. "Bastard. Let's get them. Then we're out of here."

Rhett doesn't even flinch as he steps over the fallen guards. And why would he? He put them there. The way he moves, with the strength of an alpha, has me burning up with desire.

It doesn't take long for us to reach the study, and of course when we do, Arthur is there. He's on his cell, sipping a whiskey, and looks up in shock as we enter. He didn't even hear the chaos upstairs from his protected throne room.

"You!" he spits, rising from his seat. He hangs up quickly and starts to dial 9-1-1. But Rhett lunges forward, snatches the phone from his hand, and smashes it against the ground.

"We're leaving," he growls. "Don't make this harder than it already is."

Arthur, shocked, still somehow manages to croak out a defiant laugh. "You think you're gonna just walk in here and take her? Take what's mine—!?"

Rhett's fist sends Arthur sprawling. He tumbles backward over his desk and lands in a heap on the floor. My heart swells with a rush of satisfaction. I was not expecting that.

"She's not yours," Rhett snarls. "Never was. Never will be."

"She's got my ring on her goddamn finger!"

I look down and realize he's right. I'm still wearing that enormous, gaudy rock. I rip it off my finger and throw it at him. It bounces off his nose and falls to the floor with a defeated clink.

"Not anymore."

“Are these them?” Rhett asks, scooping my mother’s letters from Arthur’s desk. I nod happily, taking them from him and carefully placing them in my bag.

“Let’s get out of here.” I smile.

Leaving Arthur on the floor, nursing what may be a broken nose, we race out into the corridor, weaving through the servants’ wing toward the back exit. I feel like I’m soaring high above the clouds with nothing but a bright blue sky at my back.

We’re almost out when we round the final corner, but that’s when I see her. Clarisse, standing in front of the door, arms crossed, eyes narrow. She looks at Rhett, and it’s impossible not to notice her clear desire for him. Her eyes turn to me.

“You little brat,” she hisses. “I told Arthur you were nothing but a spoiled, ungrateful—”

I slap her.

Hard.

Her head whips to the side, and she lets out a shocked gasp.

“That’s for betraying me,” I say, my voice trembling. “Girls are supposed to be there for each other, not sell each other out like livestock.”

Clarisse recovers, whips her head back to me, and lunges forward. But Rhett steps between us, glaring down at her with fierce eyes. “Nope. Don’t do that,” he tells her, like a father scolding his child.

She looks past him at me for a moment, contemplating her options. Then snarls and spits at his feet, whirls around, and runs off.

Rhett turns to me and raises his eyebrows. “Nice slap. Didn’t know you had it in you.”

I laugh. “Neither did I.”

We bolt out the door and into the cool evening. The wind blows sharp across our faces as we run, Rhett leading the way. Every muscle in my body is tense. Every step I take is precise. I follow him without hesitation. I don’t know what his plan is, but I trust him.

After a long run through the trees, we reach the wall that fences in the property.

Rhett lifts me up and over, then scales it easily himself.

His truck is parked a few feet away. He opens the door for me and helps me inside, then rounds the front and climbs in.

The engine rattles to a start, and he pulls away.

I glance back as the estate vanishes into the darkness. A sight I never thought I’d see.

“Where to?” I ask, my heart still racing, my body filled with adrenaline.

“To our future.” He smiles. “And the rest of our lives.”

I smile as tears slip down my cheeks and the prison that was my existence vanishes behind us. And I don’t look back. Not once.

I’m free.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 7:44 am

RHETT

One year later...

Clang, clang, clang. Hammer against nail. Sweat drips down my face, and the sun burns hot against my bare back. I've been working all day, and my body is on fire, but nothing compares to the heat that rips through me when I see her .

Cassandra, my wife.

My angel steps barefoot out of the little white farmhouse we've been fixing up together, here in the gorgeous hills of Virginia. Her belly is nice and round with our baby, and her tits are stretching the fabric of her shirt to its limit. She's gained at least a cup size over the last eight months.

She's holding a glass of lemonade as she walks toward me and smiles in a way that lights me up inside. Every time she looks at me or lets out a cute little giggle, I feel like the luckiest man in the world.

I toss my hammer aside and go over to her and sweep her into my arms. I may be sweaty, but I know she loves it. She loves it when I'm a raw man for her—in more ways than one.

The thing that really gets me is the fact that she chose me.

Not for my wealth or a big estate filled with gadgets and gold.

But for me .

She chose a man who would tear the world apart to keep her safe. She loves me for me, and I love her for her. And nothing will ever change that.

“You better take a break or you’ll get heat stroke,” she scolds me with a smile, handing me the lemonade. I reach for it but don’t take it. I take her.

I lift her effortlessly into my arms and hold her against my chest, inhaling her scent.

Somehow, I think she smells even more attractive the deeper into her pregnancy that she gets.

She giggles, kicking her feet, and holds the glass so as not to spill it.

Her breasts are soft against me, and her belly fills me with joy of the life we’ll soon welcome into the world.

I carry her into the shade beneath the porch and lie her down on the cushion of the porch swing. Its chain snapped yesterday, and I haven’t been able to fix it yet on account of working on the new tennis court I’m building for us by hand.

“You didn’t even drink the lemonade,” she says, giving me a fake-pouty face. I smile and lean in for a kiss.

“You taste sweeter.”

She giggles against my kiss and smacks me on the shoulder. “Rhett! Try it! I made it by hand just for you! It has mint in it!”

“Okay, okay,” I chuckle, pretending to groan as I lift the glass to my lips. I take a deep gulp and smile. “You’ve done it again, baby. It’s delicious.”

“Sweeter than me?” she teases.

I shake my head. “Not even close.”

I lean in and kiss her hungrily, slipping my hand up her shirt to cup her healthy breast. It won’t be long now before she’s nursing our first child, and seeing her like this—a mom-to-be—has me hornier than ever. I just cannot keep myself off her. And she loves it.

It’s hard to believe it’s been a year since I broke down that door to rescue her.

One year since I dropped Arthur, since she slapped Clarisse, and we ran off through the woods like fugitives.

One year since she threw away that awful ring and let me place mine on her finger.

It may not be as big or as expensive, but it’s tasteful, and filled with love.

Our cabin is small, but it’s ours, and every day that goes by is a day we fill it with more memories.

The front yard is a growing garden of beautiful flowers that Cassandra planted, and out back is the tennis court I’m working on.

I rebuilt the kitchen, put down new hardwood floors, and all because I love her.

Because she deserves it—she deserves everything .

“You’re so sweaty,” my angel whispers, wiping my face with her sleeve.

“And you’re glowing,” I counter.

Her nipple is hard against my palm, and my cock pulses beneath my jeans. I slip my hand down and tug her shorts over her hips. She's not wearing any underwear, and I'm instantly hard as a steel rod.

"Just can't keep your hands off me, can you?" she asks, eyes gleaming. I tug my fly open, letting my hard-on slap down on her mound. Her body twitches. She giggles.

"Not just my hands." I grin as I push inside her.

I love watching her face when I first spread her open. Even after a year of her taking my massive girth, her pussy is as tight as the first time I fucked her. And she's soaking wet for me.

I feel her walls stretch to accept my shaft as I lift her shirt up and expose her perfect breasts.

A gasp escapes her mouth as I lean down and take her nipple between my lips, circling it with my tongue.

She runs her hands over my back as I move to her other breast, tenderly teasing her as I rut deep, hitting all the spots that I know drive her crazy.

"Rhett..." she whimpers, mewling my name as I pick up the pace. The wood of the porch creaks with each thrust as I pound her. My wife. My love. The future mother of my children. My forever.

"Good girl," I say softly into her ear. "You take it just right."

"Just like you taught me," she says proudly. "Do I please you, Daddy?"

I grin, dragging my teeth gently across the soft skin of her neck. "You know you do, angel. You're my everything."

There's nothing better than seeing her face light up at my praise, except maybe watching it twist with delight when I make her come. Which is next on my agenda.

I sit back on my feet and snatch her by the hips, giving me all the leverage I need to pound her hard. Her breasts rock with each thrust, and she gasps, her slick dripping down my balls as her excitement grows.

Her pregnant belly is gorgeous. She's all curves now—curves that drive me wild every time I look at her. I run my hand over her maternal mound, feeling her pussy start to clench down on me.

I reach forward and slip my thumb into her mouth, pressing down against her tongue. She sucks obediently, wetting it perfectly. She knows what's coming next, and the blaze in her eyes shows just how excited she is.

Her back arches up as I press down on her clit.

I can practically see the shock of sensation that runs through her as I move back and forth, short circles just like she likes it.

She moans my name again, and her eyes close as she starts to get lost in the waves of pleasure that I exist to provide for her.

“That's it, angel,” I coax her gently. “Come for Daddy. Let me feel that pussy come.”

My balls tighten. I'm getting close too. We normally make love for a long time—really lose ourselves sin each other. But this is just one of our midday quickies. We both have things to do today, but neither of us can keep our desires at bay.

I plunge in and out of her, my heart racing, the walls of her sweet little cunt gripping me like a clenched fist. No one had her before me. She was mine first, and she will always be mine.

She moans faster. I watch as her body goes tense and she tilts her head back. She's close.

"You gonna come for Daddy?" I ask her. All she can do is nod and moan. I lean down and drive deep, burying my entirety inside her. My balls slap against her ass as I give her all I've got.

She's so cute. Still shy sometimes, even after a year of going at each other non-stop. She's sexy and adorable at the same time.

"Come for me," I tell her. She loves it when I instruct her—tell her what to do. "Let me feel it."

"Yes, Daddy," she mewls, her voice trembling as the orgasm rocks her.

It's such a sight to behold. Such beauty. Her breasts shake, her body quivers, her back arches up off the cushions, and her jaw hangs open, not a single sound escaping her gorgeous lips as her pussy clamps down on my cock.

I go off at the same time, spraying a hefty load of my seed into her hole. Each pulse causes her body to shake. My jaw clamps shut as I grab her tits tightly and press my lips to her throat.

We come together, wrapped in mutual bliss. Me and my angel. My innocent darling. My forever.

As we come down, Cassandra finally lets out her breath that she's been holding and smiles. "That was incredible."

"It always is," I say. I'm just about to move when I feel a little jolt beneath me. I press a hand to her belly. "Did the baby kick again?"

She nods, absolutely beaming. “I think he likes hearing your voice. Whenever you start going on a tangent about how one of your tools isn’t working, he starts doing backflips.”

I chuckle and rub her stomach reverently. “That’s my boy. Already fiery.”

“Yeah, you’re happy about that now,” she laughs. “Just wait until he’s running through the house breaking all the things you made.”

“Then we’ll have another who will help him fix them!” I tease. “And another, and another, and another, until I have to build an addition to fit them all in.”

My wife’s eyes go dreamy. “Are you serious?”

I cup her face and gaze directly into her eyes. “I want as many babies as you will give me, angel.”

Tears glisten in her eyes. Sometimes, when I talk to her like this, she still looks at me like she can’t believe I’m real.

But I am. And I’m not going anywhere.

“So, let me ask you something,” she says softly, the edge of her lip twisting up.

“What’s that?”

“Did I learn how to please a man?”

I laugh and kiss her deeply before pulling back to stare into her eyes. “Angel, you please me just by existing. But if you want to keep doing what we just did so I can analyze your...abilities...?”

She cocks her head to the side. “You’d be happy to do that?”

“ More than happy,” I smirk, kissing her again.

I just came, but I’m still hard inside her. I have work to get done, but it can wait. We can get in another round before I head back to the court.

I grab her by the waist and roll her on top of me, guiding her up and down with both hands, showing her just how to ride my sensitive cock. Her gorgeous eyes gleam down at me, and our lips meet in a desperately hungry kiss, the kind of kiss that makes me forget the rest of the world exists.

There was no life before Cassandra. I don’t even remember who I was before we met.

She rubs her nakedness all over my sweaty body, fawning over my muscles with her fingertips.

I may be messy. Life may be messy and imperfect. But Cassandra is mine. And every single day, we prove to each other just how much we belong together.

Now and forever.

THE END

Breaking Her In

(A cowboy bully age-gap instalove forbidden romance)

Her daddy told me to stay away from her. But one look at Lena, and I knew I was screwed.

She’s all grown up now—long legs, a sassy mouth, and fire in her eyes. When she's

sent to the ranch, it's my job to keep her in line. Teach her some discipline...not put my filthy cowboy hands on her.

She doesn't understand why I keep my distance. Why I clench my fists every time she sways those hips. Why I walk away instead of pinning her to the barn wall and showing her who she belongs to.

It's not because I don't want her.

It's because I want her too much.

Not for a night. Not for a taste.

Forever.

If I take her now, there's no undoing it.

And when her father finds out, all hell's gonna break loose.

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