



Since I First Laid Eyes On You

Author: *F. R. Burns*

Category: Romance

Description: Grayson

She was over twenty years younger than me. She was off-limits and the last person I should want. I never intended to make her mine. No father plans on stealing his sons girlfriend.

Paige

Do you believe in love at first sight? How about lust? I certainly didnt, until he walked onto the plane. From that moment, everything changed.

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Prologue

Grayson

I hear my son enter the house from my place in the kitchen where I'm preparing dinner.

"Dad? You home?" He calls.

"In the kitchen," I answer. "I'm cooking tacos."

"Great," he responds as he enters the kitchen, dropping his bag by the stool he occupies.

I look at him, he knows how much I hate that, there is a cupboard by the front door for shoes and bags, yet every time he enters the house, he brings his bag downstairs and leaves it in the kitchen.

"I'll take it up in a minute. Christ, Dad, it's hardly the worst thing in the world.

I've just graduated from uni; maybe lighten up a bit. "

He's right, he has just graduated and I'm incredibly proud of him. Watching him from the crowd was one of the best moments of my life. He spent a couple more days in Oxford after his graduation from Oxford Brookes, he wanted to unwind with friends and pack up the rest of his apartment.

"How do you feel now you're done?"

"Good, a lot of my friends are stressed about finding jobs.

At least I haven't got that to worry about.

Working with you is going to make my life a lot easier.

" I freeze at his words. Not this again.

How many times do we have to go over this?

His degree is not in finance, or anything related to it, and he cannot just walk into my company - one of the top hedge funds - and think he's going to coast along.

"Edward, we've spoken about this. You need to find yourself a job, a job in something you're passionate about. You're not working for me."

"What? I thought you were joking. Why have I got to find a job when I can just come and work for you?" His voice rises with his irritation. That attitude is exactly why he won't be working for my company.

"Look, you've got the summer to enjoy yourself and have a think about what it is you want to do. Get your C.V ready and I'll help you when it comes to applying for places. But we both know you wouldn't be happy working for me." I reason with him.

"Fucking ridiculous," he mutters under his breath, taking his phone out and fiddling with something on his screen. I let his attitude slide this time; not willing to engage in a battle with him this evening, it's his first night back.

"You seeing anyone?" I ask. He's not had a steady girlfriend whilst at university, but I

know he's dated on and off.

"Yeah, I am actually. Met her my last week, she's just graduated as well.

She's hot as fuck, Dad." He smirks and I raise my eyebrows at him, silently reminding him to show more respect.

"What? She is," he shrugs, "take a look for yourself.

" He clicks something on his phone and turns his screen towards me.

I step closer to him and take in the picture; Edward has his arm thrown around a girl.

She's dressed in a cap and gown, obviously at her own graduation and they're both grinning at the camera.

Everything around me fades, my sole focus is on the absolute beauty in the picture.

Fucking hell. I've never seen anyone more stunning in my life.

She looks so young, fresh, innocent; she's exquisite.

Mine. The unbidden thought enters my mind, taking over every part of my body.

Get a grip, Gray, this is your son's girl.

It doesn't matter though, everything is screaming inside me that she belongs to me, that this girl is mine, not my sons, not anyone's. Mine.

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Grayson

F uck me.

No way. I've got to be seeing things. It cannot be her. Of all the people, she cannot be sitting next to me on this tin can for the next hour and forty-five minutes. No fucking way.

Her large, chocolate brown eyes look up and connect with mine.

Well, shit. I'm screwed, well and truly screwed.

My son's, my only child's, girlfriend stares back at me.

The girl I've been pining after since I first saw a picture of her six months ago.

The girl I'm jealous of my son for, and the girl who has no clue who I am. Paige. Fucking. Andrews.

With our eyes still locked together I walk to my row, the emergency exit row.

At well over six feet tall, it's the only way this flight won't cripple me, although the girl seated next to me may do that all on her own.

Her cheeks are flushed a light pink and her tongue pokes out to lick at her bottom lip, a lip I want to lick, suck, fucking bite.

It must have been a minute since we made eye contact, but we're still staring at each other.

I know why I'm staring at her, but I can't work out why she would be staring at me.

Have I got something on my face? I subtly lift my hand and run it over my stubble, checking for anything that may be there and come up empty, my movement, however, causes her to look away, her cheeks staining a darker pink.

I stow my bag in the overhead compartment and take my seat in the middle, next to her place by the window.

I wasn't imagining it, she was definitely looking at me longer than would be deemed acceptable.

Is she attracted to me? I mean I'm twenty-three years older than her, sure I'm fit and look after myself and I certainly don't have a problem attracting women, but she's twenty-fucking-two.

Most twenty-two-year-olds don't find forty-five-year-old men hot.

Plus, let's not forget she's dating my son. My goddamn son.

I tilt my head slightly to take her in out of the corner of my eye, only to find her doing the same, she quickly looks away again and starts fiddling with her phone, her hands have a slight tremble to them. My pulse increases, my breath catching in my throat. Mother-fucker. She's attracted to me.

As I'm debating whether to say something to her, her phone rings in her hand, startling us both.

Before she can swipe accept I see the name on the screen, my son's name.

Edward. She quickly hits the decline button.

Huh? Why didn't she answer him? I'm not always my son's biggest fan, and I can admit, he can sometimes be a bit of a dick.

He seems to think I'm going to hand him a job on a silver platter, however, I can't help but be a little pissed off on his behalf.

Within seconds, the device rings again, and again she hits decline.

What. The. Fuck? Does she not want to answer it because she's sitting next to me?

Does she think its rude or something? Not even half a minute later, the device goes off again, Edward, flashing on the screen.

She mumbles something unintelligible under her breath and before she can decline, I decide to say something.

"You can get that you know, I don't mind," my voice comes out deeper, huskier than usual. This woman affects me in so many ways.

She startles at my voice and turns her body towards me.

A slight grimace forming on her face. "It's not that.

I just don't really want to take the call.

He needs to accept things and me answering constantly won't help him do that.

” She sounds like a fucking angel, her voice is so goddamn sweet, she could recite the English dictionary word by word and I wouldn’t tire of it.

I’m so distracted by her voice, it takes me a moment to realise what she said. Is she saying what I think?

“What does he need to accept?” Part of me, a very big part of me, hopes she says they’ve broken up, but that would make me a terrible father, right?

I shouldn’t wish for my son’s girlfriend to confirm they’re no longer together.

Especially not if the reason for me wishing that, is so that she’s available to me.

“That we’ve broken up, that we never really worked and there’s no point in us stringing this out any longer.

” My heart flips, it actually flips in my chest and I do an internal fist pump, the relief and guilt are instant.

She’s not his anymore, she’s not anyone’s.

I’m about to sit on a flight with her to some random place in Scotland and the woman I’ve been thinking of for six months, but couldn’t have, is now single. Yeah, I’m screwed.

“I’m sorry.” That’s the right thing to say right?

When someone tells you they’ve broken up with someone?

It’s certainly not to grab her, tell her I haven’t been able to stop thinking about her and then kiss the ever-loving shit out of her.

Even I know that wouldn't be appropriate.

Is that what I want to do? Absolutely. Is it what I should do? Absolutely not.

“Thank you. But it's been a long time coming and— sorry, this is not what you want to be hearing about from someone you don't know.” She's flustered and embarrassed; it's adorable.

“It's fine, I was the one who brought it up.

But we can talk about something else if you'd rather.

How about you tell me where you're going?

Are you going home or visiting somewhere?

” I know full well that she's not going home, she lives in some town near the city border.

Rents somewhere with a friend. Edward was annoyed she didn't get a place with him, but seeing as he still lives with me at home, and doesn't have a job, that would be a little impossible.

Although, he probably wanted her to pay for everything, little shit that he is.

“Oh, I'm visiting,” she sounds surprised I've continued the conversation, if only she knew. “My friend is getting married just outside of Inverness, so I'm here for the weekend. What about you?” The world cannot be this small; there is no way that we are both heading to the same place. Right?

“I'm actually going to a wedding too, my friend's daughter is getting married. Some

village in the middle of nowhere.”

“Glencoe?” No. Fucking. Way.

“Yes, Chloe's wedding. Chloe Miller.” I swear to God, her face lights up; it lights up like she’s a fucking tree at Christmas.

“Chloe is my closest friend. We’ve known each other since we were kids.

I can’t believe we’re going to the same place!

” Neither can I, sweetheart. Neither can I .

I had no intention of pursuing her, I honestly didn’t.

I walked on to this plane thinking not only was she my son’s girlfriend, but also that she was too young and that she wouldn’t look twice at me.

But that’s changed. Not only is she attracted to me, but she’s no longer his.

Yes, she’s still half my age, but I honest to God couldn’t give a shit about that right now.

I want her, and if I’m not mistaken, she wants me too.

Paige

Oh my goodness. I have never been so attracted to someone before.

The minute I saw him walk towards me on the plane, I couldn't stop staring, and what's worse is that he saw.

The last thing this man needs is some girl half his age annoying him all flight.

I've never been bothered by age, to me it really is just a number, but I'm also aware that not everyone thinks that.

That said, he was the one who started the conversation and it would be weird if we didn't talk considering we're going to the same place.

I still can't believe he's going to Chloe's wedding.

What are the chances of me sitting next to a guy on the plane going to the exact same place as me?

"Chloe's father, Angus, and I met back at university," he continues talking to me. "We've been friends since. How did you meet Chloe? Did you meet at uni, she went to St Andrews right?"

"No, we met on holiday actually, when we were eight and became email friends, or whatever you want to call it. Then as we got older, those emails turned to text messages and then phone calls and then each of us was flying down or up to stay with the other for a week at a time during the holidays. Chloe's the sort of friend that I might not see all that often anymore, but when we do meet up, it's like we only saw each other yesterday.

"His smile is infectious and I can't help the giggle that escapes me, he may be older than me, but he has a certain boyish charm about him.

"That is one of the strangest, yet possibly cutest friendships I think I've heard about.

You must be good friends.”

“Cutest? Really, that’s what you’re going with?” I internally cringe at his words, could he make me feel any younger around him.

His smile only grows wider. “You don’t think you’re cute?”

My cheeks heat, is he flirting with me? Oh God, please, please let him be flirting with me. “Do you?”

“I think you’re really fucking cute.” Holy shit! He is definitely flirting. Okay, okay, breathe Paige. You can flirt, it’s been a while, but you used to be good at this.

“Well, that’s good to know. I think you’re pretty cute yourself.

” Okay, so maybe I’m not so great at flirting.

My pulse is hammering. I can feel it pounding at the base of my throat.

He must be able to see it; I can practically hear it beating around the plane.

His gaze drops to my lips, I instinctively lick them on reflex and his gaze darkens, the blue around his pupils practically disappearing. His gaze flicks back to mine.

“Sweetheart, you do not call a forty-something-year-old man, cute.” Sweetheart?

I didn’t know I had a thing for pet names, but sweetheart definitely makes me swoon.

Or maybe it’s just the man that’s saying it.

I saw the women at the front of the plane turning as he walked past, he seemed

oblivious to their attention, probably so used to women throwing themselves at him that most don't even register now.

"Are you staying at the estate?"

"Yes, you?" I can only nod my response, words deserting me at the heat in his eyes .

"Good." One word. He uttered one word, but the promise in it is everything. "How are you getting to the venue? Angus has arranged a car to collect me; it makes sense for us to share."

"I was going to get a cab at the airport, but if you don't mind then that works better."

"Oh, sweetheart, I don't mind sharing with you.

" I blush again, just when I think I can't possibly blush any more than I already am, I go and blush further.

Is he still talking about the car? Do I want him to still be talking about the car?

I haven't felt this attracted to someone in, well, never.

I'm not used to guys being this forward, but God, do I like it.

He's not even touched me and I swear I'm on edge.

I can feel myself leaning closer to him, being drawn to him inexplicably.

His eyes drop to my lips again and he licks his own, goose-bumps break out over my body and I visibly shiver.

“Cute, so fucking cute,” he mumbles under his breath, leaning back in his chair, he takes my hand and holds it to his thigh. “Tell me more about you. Let’s start with your name?”

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Grayson

S ix months, it's been six months since I first saw a photo of her from her graduation that Edward attended.

There's been a couple of times since then that I've seen her in person too, well, I've seen her, she's not seen me.

She came to the house in the summer, Edward had some friends over and I was in my home office.

She was laughing and joking with them all and I was hooked, I don't think I took my eyes off her the whole time she was there.

Then there was the time she popped into the office to drop off something at reception for Edward, I was in the conference room and had a clear line of sight to her.

If she'd turned around, she would have seen me, but she dropped the parcel and left immediately.

I don't understand it, this draw to her, how I can be affected so quickly by someone I've only seen twice and had never spoken to before today.

But I am. Maybe this weekend will cure me.

Hopefully we'll fuck, we'll get it out of our system, I'll lose this infatuation I seem to have with her and I can go back to being me.

The one who has never felt the need to settle down, who lives for his job, for the company he built.

Not this pathetic excuse of a man pining after some girl half his age.

“Checking in?” The receptionist of the resort startles me out of my thoughts.

The rest of the very short plane journey was spent getting to know each other.

I had a conference call during the drive from the airport, though I spent the whole journey touching her in some way.

I want this woman standing next to me, everything about her draws me in.

The sexual chemistry between us is off the charts.

“Yes, please check in Miss Andrews first.”

“Of course, Sir,” he taps away on his screen.

“Thank you.” She’s so close I can feel the heat of her body next to mine, I want to feel more of her, I want her naked, under me, taking everything I give her.

“You’re all checked in, Miss Andrews, you’re staying in the Carpe Diem suite.” He hands her her key. “If you have any questions at all, or need anything during your stay, please do not hesitate to contact a member of staff. The reception desk is manned at all hours.”

“Thank you. I’m sure I’ll have a lovely time here.”

The receptionist turns to me. “Your name, Sir? Then I can get you checked in too.”

“Stone, Grayson Stone,” I freeze, wondering if my surname will mean anything to her, I’m not sure how much she knows about Edward's Dad.

Thankfully, she has no reaction at all; the same cannot be said for the receptionist who pales at my name, not the reaction I was expecting.

He frantically types away on his screen, then picks up the desk phone, turning away to make the call.

I turn towards Paige, raising my eyebrows at her in query.

She gives me a confused shrug, as baffled by his behaviour as I am.

“I am so sorry, Mr Stone, but it appears one of the previous guests in your suite, was rather - well, they were unwell, Sir, and the room is still being cleaned as we speak. I’ll be honest with you, it is in no fit state for your occupation right now,” he swallows nervously, his Adam's apple bobbing.

“I see, so where will I be staying then?” It’s not their fault, they can’t help what a previous guest has done, but they’re not honestly saying they don’t have anything, are they?

“Well, you see, Mr Stone, this is a large wedding and all the accommodation has been booked out. We are at full capacity.” Well shit.

“However,” he quickly goes on to add, "we have arranged a room for you at a bed and breakfast down the road, at no cost to yourself, until your room is available.” This isn’t a normal wedding, this wedding is over three days, has several events and activities that guests partake in, and staying down the road is going to be a pain in my ass.

“I don’t have a car, how exactly am I supposed to go back and forth for everything going on this weekend? I’m sure you’re aware there are a lot of ‘activities’ this weekend. Being down the road is highly inconvenient and near on impossible with no vehicle.”

“Of course, Sir, I really cannot stress how sorry we are for this inconvenience. We have arranged for you to use one of the estate vehicles this weekend, as long as you have a valid driving licence?” Well, that’s me not drinking then .

“Do you have roll out beds?” I’m momentarily startled by the voice speaking up beside me.

“I’m sorry, Miss?” His brows are creased in confusion.

“Roll out beds. Do you supply roll out beds that can be added to rooms? ”

“Well, yes, we do,” he still looks as equally confused as I am. Paige, however, looks completely happy with this information.

“Brilliant, excuse us for just a moment.” Her response is directed to the receptionist and is equally as baffling as she grabs my hand and leads me to a small alcove in the reception area.

“Paige, what on earth are you doing?”

“You’re not staying down the road, in goodness knows where and having to drive to each event, not to mention not being able to drink.

I’m staying in a suite, apparently, so they can put a bed in my room and you can stay there.

” She wants me to stay with her, in her room, overnight?

Does she honestly think I have the restraint to stay with her, smell her, see her twenty-four-seven and not touch her? Not fuck her?

“Paige, sweetheart, if I stay with you, I’m not sleeping on a roll out bed,” I move closer to her, backing her against the wall, my arms come up to cage her in, my head dipping down to her level.

“I’m sleeping in your bed, with you in my arms and me buried deep inside you.

” My restraint has gone, vanished, gone up in a puff of smoke and I couldn’t give a shit.

One weekend, I have one weekend with her and I’m not wasting a single minute.

Am I coming on too strong? Definitely. Do I care?

Absolutely, fucking, not. I want her and I know she wants me too.

Her eyes flit from my mouth to my eyes and back to my mouth again.

“Okay,” she breathes.

“More. I need more than an 'okay', baby.” I need her consent; I need to know that she understands what will happen between us if I step into that room.

“Yes. I want that. I want you.” Thank fuck.

I close the gap between us, my mouth capturing hers.

My tongue thrusts past her lips, sweeping against hers, stealing her flavour, her breath.

I fucking devour her. Tilting my head I take the kiss deeper, thrusting in and out of her mouth again and again.

Fuck, I want my cock to do this later. Groaning, I swipe my tongue with hers once more before pulling away and pecking a light kiss on her lips.

“Christ, baby, you taste so good,” I can’t help but groan.

“But we need to stop, nobody hears your moans but me.” I pull back, taking her in.

Her eyes are glazed, her pupils blown. Her lips are swollen and red, I can picture them stretched around my cock.

Fuck, she looks gorgeous. I grab her hand and pull her back to the check in desk.

“Can you deliver a roll out bed to Miss Andrews suite please? I’ll be staying with her.” I’ll give the guy credit, he doesn’t even blink, just nods his head and says that it will be with us shortly.

“I thought you weren’t sleeping on a roll out,” Paige whispers out of the corner of her mouth as we make our way to our room.

“Let’s at least pretend to others that we’re going to behave ourselves,” I say with a chuckle.

“Paaaiiiigggeee! Paige! Paige! Paige!” A high-pitched screech wails across the floor. There is no other way to describe the noise that assaults my ears.

“What in the ever-loving fuck is that?” I mutter under my breath, but apparently it was loud enough for my girl to hear. My girl?

“That would be Chloe,” Paige laughs and then let’s go of my hand to run to her friend. They embrace like they haven’t seen each other in years, which maybe they haven’t, but I doubt it.

“Oh, I’m so glad you’re here! You’ve got a lovely room, I made sure you had one of the best. I wish I was staying with you.

I’m in one of the lodges with my sisters, I don’t know what I was thinking!

Maybe I’ll sneak in to yours like old times.

” She does not stop, she talks at Paige at a hundred miles per hour, I don’t think she’s even taken a breath since she spotted her.

And like fuck, will she be sneaking in to our room!

No one, and I mean no one, will be interrupting my time alone with her.

“Oh, hi Grayson!” She comes over and embraces me.

“I see you two have met. Were you on the same flight? That makes sense!” She doesn’t even wait for a reply, just answers her own questions, whether she’s got the right answer or not.

I haven’t seen Chloe all that often, but I’ve known her her whole life, and I have to say, I do not remember her being this...

mental? Is it wedding nerves? Is it the stress of the weekend?

I just nod at her, there is nothing else for me to do, but nod my head up and down.

I can see Paige smiling at me, biting her lip, like she wants to laugh.

“Anyway, I have to run. There is so much to do. Paige, sweetie, I’ll see you at five sharp at the bar. You, me and my sisters are doing drinks and dinner! Can’t wait. Love you!”

“Love you too!” Paige laughs after her, as Chloe runs off down the hall to God knows where. I stare after her, still gobsmacked by the one-sided conversation I just witnessed.

“You okay over there?” Paige laughs.

Turning to her I ask, “Is she always like that?” My hands gesture to where the Tasmanian devil fled. She laughs, honest to God, she holds her stomach and belly laughs.

“Your face! Don’t ever play poker, your emotions are plain as day. I thought you knew Chloe? Surely you know what she’s like?” She’s still chuckling at me. The mention of poker sends my imagination to Paige shedding an item of clothing for every hand she loses, I’d have her naked in no time.

“I’ve known Chloe her whole life. But I rarely see her and when I do, it’s fleeting. I’ve not really spent any time with her in years.”

Paige is still chuckling as we approach our room, and she slips the key card into the machine.

With a beep the door opens. The room is spacious and has beautiful views out across the grounds, but that isn’t what has my attention right now.

It's the bed, a large four poster bed is the centre of my attention.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard on that," I say my thoughts out loud before I can think any better of it.

Her tinkling laugh reaches me from another room to the side. "As long as I can soak in this after. Come and see this bath, Gray!"

Walking into the bathroom, which is in a circular turret, I discover the room is almost as big as the bedroom and is dominated by a giant whirlpool bath.

"Oh, baby, I'm definitely fucking you in there too," I turn to her, my cock hardening at having her all to myself, already eager to be inside her. Slowly, I stalk towards her.

"How long has it been?" I'm not really sure I want the answer to this question, but I need to know how much preparation she needs to take me.

I can be a lot for some people and Paige is tiny.

My cock leaks at the thought of how tight she'll be.

As I'm stalking forwards, she's edging back out of the bathroom heading, maybe without even realising, towards the bed. Fine by me.

"What been?" She asks breathlessly.

"Since you got fucked." She gasps, a blush staining her cheeks. I'm going to have her blushing all weekend.

"Oh, err, it's been a while, I guess," she mutters.

“What’s a 'while', sweetheart? A few days, weeks?”

“What on earth? You call that a while? How often do you have sex?”

“I have a high sex drive, baby, I like to fuck.” It appears I’ve shocked her. “Well?” I prompt. She’s backed herself to the foot of the bed now, and I’m right on her, our toes touching, our breath mingling.

“How— how long has it been for you?” She counters. That’s fine, I don’t mind answering first .

“It’s been six months. You could say I’ve had a bit of a dry spell.” Ever since I saw your fucking picture. I push her gently, causing her to fall back on the bed, my body following to cover hers.

“But you just said a few weeks was a while, why has it been six months?”

“Because they weren’t you.” Shit . I didn’t mean to say that. It’s true, but I definitely did not mean to say that out loud.

“Smooth,” she’s smiling up at me, having no clue I’m speaking the truth.

“You need to answer me, baby. How long?”

“Eighteen months, maybe longer?” I rear back, sure I must have misheard her.

“Eighteen months?”

“Yeah, about that I guess.” She’s embarrassed, but I’m fucking ecstatic. What the actual fuck? She never slept with him. Holy shit, she was never his. Not once did she ever actually belong to my son. I could weep for joy right now.

“So that guy, your ex, the one on the phone on the plane? You and him, you never?” I can’t verbalise the words, a part of me still fearing I’ve got this wrong.

“Oh, God no!” The look of horror on her face at the thought would bring me to my knees if I wasn’t already on the bed.

The relief I’m feeling right now is absolute.

“I couldn’t, there was no spark. I kept putting him off and then eventually asked myself what I was doing and broke it off with him.

If I didn’t want to sleep with him, I probably shouldn’t have been dating him. ”
Thank fuck!

“I don’t think you can really call that dating, baby. It’s certainly not any dating I know.”

“No? What would you do so different?” She’s teasing me.

“I’d start by fucking you.” Her eyes widen.

“Then what are you waiting for?” Nothing.

“Strip,” I order.

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Paige

It's happening. I'm about to have sex with the hottest guy on the planet!

Holy shit, I can't believe we're actually doing this.

I mean, I just met him. I should care about that, right?

But I don't. I really don't. All I care about right now is getting him inside me.

He's raised himself on to his knees, still on the bed, staring down at me.

"I said strip, Paige." His voice has darkened, his body seems to have grown larger, more commanding, dominant. If I ever wondered if I would have any say in the bedroom with this man, he has just confirmed it. I don't.

I sit up and grab the hem of my jumper, pulling it over my head to reveal my pink and orange lacy bra. I've never been so grateful to have sexy underwear on, I even have on the matching panties. I'm internally fist pumping .

"Fuck, baby, keep the bra on. Lose the jeans." I kick off my shoes and socks and wriggle my jeans off, chucking them somewhere in the room.

His eyes take me in, his hand coming up to cover his mouth and chin.

His gaze roves over every inch of my body, so dark I can barely see the blue of his irises.

“Exquisite. You’re so goddamn gorgeous, baby. I don’t know what I want to do first.”

“Touch me. Please, Gray, I need you.” I’m aware I’m begging, but I’m beyond caring. I need this man so badly. He leans down, his hand resting by my head, his breath coasting over my cheek, towards my ear. His other hand runs along my body, eliciting goose bumps in its wake.

“Yeah, you need me, huh? What do you need, baby? My mouth? My fingers? My cock? What do you want first?” Oh God, he’s going to make me come from his words alone.

“Mouth, your mouth.” I can barely get the words out, I’m so ridiculously turned on.

“Where?”

“What?” My breath rushes out, I can’t think properly.

“Where do you want my mouth?” His lips nibble my ear, causing my brain to short circuit.

“Here!” I practically shout, grabbing my breasts. Chuckling, he lifts his head, his hand comes up to circle my right nipple over my bra.

“Here? You want my mouth here? You want me to suck your nipples?” How can his voice sound so sexy? Is it just because of the words he’s saying? I swear I’ve never heard such an attractive voice before, it’s deep, raspy and hard.

“Yes,” I practically whimper.

He lowers his head and bites down on my nipple through my bra. It’s like he has a

direct line to my clit and he hasn't even taken my bra off yet. As if he can hear my thoughts, he pulls the cup down, thrusting what little I was given in the breast department up .

"Hmmm, so pretty," he hums, before lowering his mouth again, and sucking my nipple into his mouth. Hard. I scream.

"That's right, sweetheart, scream for me.

Let me hear what I'm doing to you." He pulls the cup down on my other side, paying the same attention to my other breast. "I knew you'd taste good.

So fucking sweet. Perfect, you're perfect for me.

" My hands are roaming all over him; his face, hair, neck, shoulders, anywhere I can reach.

He is so big, so broad. I never knew big men could be such a turn on.

"Oh God, you're so big," I moan into his neck. This man is turning me in to one hot mess.

He chuckles, and I realise how he took my words.

"I mean you, you're big. You know your body, not your, uh, your cock.

Which I haven't seen. So, I don't know. Not to say it's not big...

it's just...oh God, I'm going to stop talking now.

" His head drops to my shoulder, his laughter making his body shake.

“Why didn’t you shut me up?” I groan, beyond embarrassed.

“I like your rambling. It means you’re flustered, and I did that to you.

It turns me on. But you’re right. You haven’t seen my, you know, uh, my cock.

” He’s taking the piss out of me, the bastard.

I can’t help but smile though. “So, we’ll have to remedy that.

” He climbs up off the bed, pulling me up to a sitting position as he does so.

His hands go to his shirt and pull it over his head from the back of his neck, he throws it towards my jumper.

Why do men always take their shirts off like that, and why is it so sexy?

His fingers start undoing his belt buckle and my mouth waters at the thought of him.

I can make out a bulge in his jeans; he looks big – in proportion with the rest of him.

His belt drops to the floor, and he pushes his jeans and boxers down in one move.

Nope. Not proportional, not proportional at all.

Too big! No way, absolutely not. There is no way that is ever going inside me.

His hand reaches down and squeezes his cock, and I swear the thing pulses.

A drop of pre-cum appears at the tip and my mouth waters again despite my fear.

I'm about to tell him that the bed and breakfast seems like a better option, a safer option, when there is a knock at the door.

We both freeze, his hand still wrapped around his cock.

"Shit, it'll be the bed," I say, realising we had both forgotten about the roll out bed the hotel staff were bringing up.

"Fuck sake," he mutters, grabbing his jeans and pulling them on.

"Go into the bathroom and close the door. I'll get rid of them.

"His words are followed by another knock.

"Coming," he calls. I scamper from the bed and flee for the bathroom.

Not sure if I'm fleeing from the staff or Gray's cock.

I press my ear to the door, but can only make out low murmurings and not what they are actually saying.

Within a few minutes, I hear what sounds like a door closing and Gray's voice calling to me.

"Sweetheart, you coming back out?" Was I? Did I want to die at the age of twenty-two? Because that's what was going to happen if I went out there and had sex with Gray. He would break me in half, or puncture my lung with his monster cock. Maybe both.

"Baby, I'm going to open the door, okay?" There is a moments pause, as if he's waiting for me to object. The door slowly opens, I step back to give him room to

enter.

“Hey.”

“Hi,” I suddenly feel very shy and exposed, standing here nearly naked, with him in his jeans.

“You okay?” He’s gentled, gone is the domineering man from moments earlier.

“Yep,” I squeak, honest to God, squeak.

“Baby, what’s going on? Are you having second thoughts about us?”

I would never want you to do something you’re not comfortable with.

Please, be honest with me. Is something wrong?

” The concern in his voice is evident, and I feel awful.

He’s worried he’s done something wrong, and all it is, is me being silly over the size of his cock. His ridiculously large cock.

“I’m sorry, I’m being silly. It’s not something you did, and I want you.

That hasn’t changed. I’m just worried about, ermm.

..” Oh my God, how am I supposed to tell him I am worried that his cock won't fit? Or if it does, that it will rip me apart? I wave my hands in front of his groin and go for it. “I’m worried that you’re not going to fit.

I’m serious Gray,” I add when he starts chuckling.

“Have you seen your cock? That thing should come with its own warning!” He’s full on belly laughing now.

He reaches out pulling me into his arms, still laughing.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t laugh; it’s just I thought something was seriously wrong.

Baby, it will fit.” He is still chuckling as his hands lift my chin, bringing my face up to look into his eyes.

“Trust me. I would never do anything to hurt you. Yes, I’m big, but you can take me.

We’ll take it slow. I promise.” Fuck. This guy.

He is everything. I’ve known him hours, a literal matter of hours, but I feel like he can see inside me.

I’d been seeing Edward for nearly six months and not once did I ever feel seen.

“Okay,” my words are whispered, but he obviously hears what he needs as his arms scoop me up and he carries me back to the bedroom. He lays me on the bed and slowly lowers his hands to the button on his jeans.

“Eyes up, look at me, baby.” My eyes slide up to his lust filled ones.

I hear, rather than see, his jeans hit the floor.

He crawls his way towards me on the bed, his hand finding the centre of my chest and slowly pushing me back flat on to the mattress.

“Good girl,” he rasps. Oh, kink unlocked.

Apparently, I really like being called a good girl.

His head cocks, taking note of my reaction.

“Do we have a praise kink, baby?” His lips twitch.

“It would appear so,” I mutter.

“Interesting,” he leans down and whispers in my ear.

“I can’t wait for you to be my good girl and let me dirty you up.

” Holy fuck . He really is trying to make me come from his words alone.

I can’t help but moan, my hips shifting at the lack of stimulation my body is craving.

“Poor baby, you need to come, don’t you?

” His voice is still a whisper, ghosting over the shell of my ear.

“Yes,” I moan. My body arches into his, trying to find the friction it needs. His fingers slide down my stomach and pause at the band of my thong. Slowly, his hand pulls it from my skin and releases it, the band snapping back on to my skin, causing me to flinch and gasp.

He chuckles. “So sensitive. Are you wet for me?”

“Why don’t you find out?”

“I think I will,” his fingers push inside the front of my thong, over my clit, giving it the briefest touch, before slipping between my folds and finding the wet heat of my centre. His groan meets my ears. “Fuck, baby, you’re soaked. Is this all for me?”

“No one else is here, Gray,” I can’t help myself sometimes. His hand spans my sex, short and sharp. I gasp at the unexpected burst of pain.

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“I’ll praise you for being a good girl, don’t think I won’t spank you for being a bad one.” Holy shit. Who is this guy?

He slides down my body, kissing along each rib and dipping his tongue into my belly button, playing with the bar pierced there.

“I like this. Probably more than I should,” he mutters as he kisses my navel again, before making his way down to the band of my thong.

He hooks his fingers into the waistband and pulls them down my legs.

Throwing them behind his shoulder to join the other clothes scattered around the room.

He pushes on my thighs, spreading my legs, exposing my sex for his own personal viewing.

He blows a cool line down the seam of my pussy lips, before lowering to lick the same path.

I buck into his touch, needing everything he’ll give me.

One of his hands lands on my hip, pushing me back down into the mattress and pinning me down as he continues slowly licking up and down, deliberately keeping the pressure light and avoiding my clit entirely.

“Damn it, Gray, give me what I need,” I grate through clenched teeth.

He completely ignores me, continuing his gentle assault.

Sending me out of my goddamn mind. Just when I think I can't take anymore, he suddenly takes my clit between his lips and bites.

Hard. The burst of pain has me crying out, pushing against his restraint of me on the bed.

"Wait for it," his words are rushed. Suddenly the pain gives way to indescribable pleasure.

His tongue spears inside me, giving me that pressure I so badly need and increasing the pleasure my body is suddenly assaulted with.

I can feel my orgasm, which has appeared out of nowhere, building.

His mouth closes over my clit and sucks and licks at it.

My orgasm doesn't just build, it smashes into me.

Shattering through my body and causing my empty sex to clench, my body aching to be filled.

The bed dips and rises, I can hear the faint sound of rustling through the buzzing in my ears.

The bed dips again and Gray's body is covering mine, his mouth taking mine and his tongue thrusting through my parted lips.

I can taste myself on him, the thought sends a wicked shiver down my body.

His hand grabs my hips lifting me, whilst his other arm shifts a pillow beneath me, canting my hips upwards.

“What are you doing?”

“Making it easier for you.” His hand stays on my hip, whilst his other tugs at his erection once before bringing the head to my entrance.

He rubs his condom covered crown up and down my slit, coating himself in my juices.

His eyes are completely focused on where our bodies meet.

Slowly he pushes inside, the stretch causing me to tense and tighten.

Oh God, that’s just the tip and I can feel the pinch.

“Open your eyes.” My eyes, which I didn’t even realise I had closed, snap open and find his piercing blue ones staring at me.

“Eyes on me. I want to watch what taking me does to you. Now relax, Paige and look at me, baby. You were made to take me; in no universe do we not work.” Slowly, he pushes into me.

I try to stop the whimpers from leaving my mouth, but some must slip out. His eyes darken and he pushes harder.

“That’s it, baby, let me hear the noises you make when you take my cock.

It’s too big for you, isn’t it? That little bite of pain; your body is trying to push me out.

” My pussy clamps around him at his words.

“I can feel your walls rippling around me, trying to make room for my too big cock. Fuck, baby, you’re so goddamn tight.

This young, tight cunt is going to bruise my cock when I get it in.

” His words, which are so wrong and dirty, yet so perfectly right, cause a flood of arousal to coat his cock.

His groan letting me know he felt my body's reaction. Suddenly his hips punch forward, pushing those last few inches in, his tip hitting my cervix, causing that bite of pain to deepen, but the pleasure is there too. “Fuck, baby,” he pants in my ear, his head buried in the crook of my neck. “You’re such a good girl; this pussy is taking me so well. I knew you would, my perfect little cock slut.” My pussy clenches at his words.

The pleasure starting to outdo the pain. He groans in response.

“Are you ready for me to move yet?” I can only nod, words have completely deserted me. There is nothing left but Gray’s cock, which is slowly pulling out of me, just the tip remaining. With a hard thrust, he fills me again, knocking what little breath I had left from my lungs. Gentle Gray is gone.

** *

Grayson

Fuck. It’s been too long since I’ve had sex and she’s too fucking tight.

I’m not going to last long. Her ridiculously snug cunt feels fucking incredible.

My body has a mind of its own as it hammers into her, each thrust causing our skin to slap against each other, the room filled with my grunts, her whimpers and the sound of slapping skin.

I know I should be gentler with her, it's been a long time for her and saying I'm bigger than average is an understatement, but getting me to slow down is impossible.

The pleasure I'm feeling is like nothing I've ever experienced in my life.

"Please tell me you're close," I beg.

"I, I, I...Oh God, Gray!" I can feel her cunt tightening, clenching around me, trying to milk my orgasm from me.

No way am I coming before her. Reaching between our bodies, my thumb finds her clit and rubs in small circles.

Her breath catches and her cunt clamps down further, trying to hold my cock inside her tight heat.

"Fuck, baby, I need you to come for me. Now, baby, I need you to come now!" As if my words trigger her orgasm, I feel her body go rigid, her breathing stops and her cunt clenches rhythmically around me.

Her orgasm pulses through her, her head thrown back, mouth open in a silent scream.

I thrust three more times, burying myself to the hilt on the last thrust and explode into the condom.

Stars beat at the edge of my vision and a pleasure so intense takes over my body, causing me to collapse on top of her.

Seconds, minutes or what could be hours later, I lift my head from where it fell on her shoulder.

Her eyes are closed so I take the time to look at her, really look at her.

Her skin is flawless, a beautiful golden color, that I can imagine deepens in the sun.

She has a smattering of freckles over her nose and cheeks, I make a mental note to kiss each one.

Her lips are plump and so fucking kissable, a natural dark pink color that will look perfect wrapped around my cock.

But right now, I want to kiss them. I place a gentle kiss to her plump lower lip, pulling it lightly between my teeth.

Her lids flutter open and her sleepy brown eyes meet mine.

“Hey,” she sleepily mumbles. “Did we fall asleep?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. I’ve never come that hard before.”

“Wow,” her eyebrows raise. “Is that normal?” I can’t help the chuckle that leaves my lips. I’ve found myself laughing a lot around her.

“No, sweetheart, there was nothing normal about that. I’ve never seen stars when I’ve come before, and I’ve certainly never lost track of time like that.”

“Good, not just me then.” We smile at each other, and I realise I’m still buried inside her. Every fibre of my being wants me to stay where I am, but I’m aware of the condom I need to dispose of. Leaning up on my elbow, I ease my cock out of her. Her

gasp causes my eyes to snap to her.

“You okay?” I ask, pausing in my action, just the tip of my semi hard cock remaining inside her.

“Yeah, just sensitive. You’re quite a lot to take,” she smirks.

“But you took me so well.” I nuzzle her nose with mine, giving her lips a peck whilst I’m there, then pull the remainder of the way out of her and lift from the bed.

“Let me just get rid of this,” I gesture to the used condom hanging from my cock and make my way into the bathroom.

I wrap and throw the condom in the bin and grab a washcloth, soaking it under the warm tap and carrying it back into the bedroom with me.

She’s lying on the bed, under the covers, hiding from me.

As I approach, I pull the covers back, exposing her body to me and pull her legs apart.

“What are you doing?” She gasps in shock.

“Cleaning you up. Though I have to say, I’ve never been more ungrateful to a condom before. I’d love nothing more than to see my cum leaking out of you right now.”

“Is that something you’ve done before?” She asks nervously.

“Filled a woman up with my cum? Watched it leak out of her?” Her breath hitches, her chin dipping in acknowledgement.

Time to give a partial truth. “No, and that is going to sound impossible, seeing as I have a son. But I wore a condom, I have always worn a condom. I was just one of those unlucky statistics where something didn’t quite work.

” I can see the shock on her face, she wasn’t expecting me to announce I have a child.

What’s she going to think when she realises it’s her ex?

I know I should tell her sooner rather than later, but I honestly don’t know what her reaction is going to be.

I can’t imagine it will be anything good, and I just want to enjoy this weekend with her.

I don’t want this bubble we’ve found ourselves in to burst just yet.

“He’s definitely yours?” It’s a fair question and one I asked myself during the whole of Julia’s pregnancy and birth.

It’s why I made her do a DNA test, but Edward is definitely mine and the older he gets, the more you can see it.

He’s the image of me as a young man. Unfortunately, everything else he gets is from his mother.

“Yes, he’s mine. I made his mother do a DNA test when he was born. Does me having a son bother you? ”

“I mean, you’re older than me, it was a possibility right? You’re ermm... you’re not still involved with the mother?” This question pleases me a lot more than it should. Would she be jealous? Does she want something between us beyond this weekend?

“I have never been involved with his mother.” She raises her eyebrows at me.

“What I mean is, we were never in a relationship. We fucked a couple of times. That’s it.

I never planned to have Julia in my life.

When my son turned eighteen, I had my own celebration, because it meant I didn’t have to have anything to do with her anymore. ”

“Eighteen? How old is your son?” Shit.

“Twenty-three.” I swear I can feel sweat gathering at my spine. I’m nervous as fuck right now.

“Twenty-three,” she shouts. “Gray, your son is older than me!” Yep, I’ve shocked her. Her wide eyes are looking at me with a mix of panic and, is that lust? Is she turned on right now?

“I’m aware, baby. I know you’re too young for me.

I knew on the plane when I first saw you.

I knew on the drive over here. I knew when I walked into this room with you, and I knew when I shoved my cock inside you.

But I also know I don’t give a fuck. I want you, and you want me.

Right now, that’s all that matters.” Oh yeah, she’s turned on.

Her pussy is glistening for me. Her chest quivering with her breaths.

And even though she's probably sore, I know I'm about to fuck her again.

I crook my finger at her. "Come here, baby, and spread those legs for me. I'm going to fuck my little cock slut into this mattress. "

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Paige

“You okay?” Chloe asks as I take my seat at a stool around the bar.

“Huh?”

“Have you hurt yourself? You’re wincing?”

” I feel myself blush. If only she knew.

She would definitely not feel any concern for me; because, yes, I am sore.

My pussy feels like it’s been massacred.

Gray fucked me into the mattress as promised.

God, does that man know how to use that cock of his.

I think I might have passed out again. Then, because he got me all dirty, he decided we needed to clean up in the shower, which resulted in him nailing me against the wall.

I think he’s broken me, but I can hardly tell Chloe that.

Yes, Chloe, I’m in pain, your dad’s best friend and the man you’ve known your whole life has fucked me silly with his giant dick!

Nope, not a conversation I'm going to have tonight; if ever .

For all I know, this is a weekend fling and nothing more. We may never speak again after the wedding. I mean, I don't even have his number. He's eaten my pussy and fucked me three times, he's going to sleep in my bed, but I couldn't call him if I needed to.

"Yeah, I'm fine, Chlo, just those plane seats are super uncomfortable." True, just not the truth.

"Oh, so true." She thankfully agrees, but who doesn't agree that plane seats are uncomfortable.

We're soon joined by Chloe's three sisters, one younger and two older and we all catch up on each others lives.

They're glad to hear I broke things off with Edward.

Not that any of them had met him, but they could tell I wasn't in to him and hadn't liked the sound of him from the get-go.

I wonder what they would think of Grayson and I?

Would people look at us and see something wrong.

I don't know his exact age, but he said he's in his forties.

That makes him more than likely, at least, twenty years older than me.

Would people comment? Would they look at us different?

Would I care? No, I don't think I would.

If he made me happy, it wouldn't matter what anyone else thought.

But I need to stop with these thoughts, we're not anything.

We're just two people making the most of an attraction and close proximity for a weekend.

That's it. I'll have to keep reminding myself of that, I've never had a one-night stand before, or weekend stand?

And I need to make sure I don't catch feelings for Gray.

I mentally switch him off in my brain and focus on what the girls are saying.

Chloe is my priority this weekend. Grabbing my wine, I settle in for a girls night.

I pick up a second key from reception on my way back to the room.

Gray has mine as he's out with Angus tonight, I'm not sure what time he'll be back.

I wasn't out too late with the girls, none of us wanting to get silly this weekend.

All of us want to look and feel our best for Sunday.

Letting myself into the room, I hear the shower running in the bathroom, he's back already then.

Kicking off my heels I make my way over to the wardrobe and strip off my dress to hang it up.

Just as I finish, Gray emerges from the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around his waist. His tanned, toned chest still damp from his shower, his hair a wet mess where he must have run the towel over it.

I watch a drop of water run over his pecs and down over his washboard abs, disappearing into the white terry cloth.

I've never been so attracted to anyone in my life, he might be in his forties, but he keeps himself in better shape than most men in their twenties.

"You're back," he's staring at me too. His eyes roving over my black lace matching underwear.

"Mmhmm," I hum in agreement.

"Miss me?" He smirks.

"Maybe. Maybe not," I reply coyly. He drops his towel and stalks towards me. Like a wolf hunting its prey.

"Oh, I think you missed me. I think you were as desperate to get back to me as I was you."

"I think you missed me more," I say as my hand reaches out and grasps his erection.

My fingers don't touch as I grip him, making a half fist around his shaft.

Every time I see his cock, its sheer size shocks me.

I can't believe it fits inside me... well, barely.

He grunts in response; his cock twitching in my hand.

I'm too sore to take him again so soon, but he's so hard it must be painful, and there are other ways to make him come.

I drop to my knees, my mouth already watering at the thought of tasting him.

"Fuck, baby, you look so good on your knees for me. You going to take me like a good girl?" I look up at him and open my mouth, sticking my tongue out.

"You'll swallow everything I give you." He takes his cock in his hand and swipes the crown over my lips, painting them with his pre-cum.

"Wider," I open as far as I can and he pushes the head of his cock past my lips, leaving a salty trail on my tongue.

He keeps going until his cock hits the back of my throat causing me to gag.

My eyes water at the invasion. I don't think I've even taken half of him and I'm already gagging.

"That's it, gag on my cock," he groans. His hips push against me, fighting to get his cock further in. "Relax for me, baby," he pulls back slightly. "Deep breath and relax that throat. I'm not stopping until you've taken every fucking inch of me."

Could I actually do this? I'd never deep throated before, but I want to, for him. I take a deep breath through my nose.

"That's it, baby, you can do it," he pushes in deeper again, hitting the back of my throat.

“Try and swallow for me.” It wasn’t easy, his cock blocking my throat made it seem near impossible, but finally I manage, and his cock slips down my throat an inch.

“Yes, fuck yes, that’s it,” he rasps. His head is thrown back, his muscles tense.

He shoves in deeper, I try to relax my throat and breathe through my nose.

His cock slides deeper and then I can’t breathe at all, my airway is completely blocked.

Panic overtakes me, he must feel it as his head drops forward and his eyes connect with mine.

“It’s okay, baby. Just a little more and then you can breathe again.

You’re going to make me come so fucking hard.

” With a final shove of his hips, the last couple inches enter my throat.

“Look at you. Fucking perfect. I can see your throat bulging.” His hand circles my throat and his hips pulse.

“I can feel my cock here,” he groans. He draws back, allowing me to draw in a ragged gasp, before he shoves back in, all the way, in one thrust. I can hear him groaning and muttering, but I can’t make out his words through the rushing in my ears .

“One more breath, baby, last one before I fill that filthy mouth with my cum.” I take the deepest breath I’ve ever taken, as if I’m about to dive down to the fucking Mariana Trench.

Before I know it, his cock is pushing back down my throat.

His hips pulsing back and forth, creating more of the friction he needs.

On one of his thrusts, when he is at his deepest, I do my best to swallow around him.

It must kind of work, as I feel his cock swell; he shouts something incoherent and starts spilling down my throat.

His cock withdraws slightly and the remaining pulses of his cum land on my tongue.

“Don’t swallow, open for me, show me what a good girl you are with my cum in your mouth.

” He pulls free of my mouth, and I open for him.

His eyes darken further, and his thumb slips into my mouth catching some of his cum on it, he withdraws to show me and smirks down at me.

“Now, swallow.” It’s not easy, my mouth and throat are full of him, not to mention sore from being force fed his cock.

As I swallow, he rubs his thumb, coated in his cum, over my lips.

“So pretty. I’ll never tire of seeing you like this, on your knees with my cum on your swollen, just fucked, lips.” He dips his thumb back into my mouth and I suck it clean. Swirling my tongue around, ensuring I get every drop of him from it.

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Grayson

I missed her. I wasn't lying earlier when I said I was desperate to get back to her.

I hated every second of my dinner with Angus, my best friend, because it kept me away from her.

I don't know who I was trying to kid when I said I'd fuck her out of my system this weekend.

I've been obsessing over her for six months, to the point I wouldn't sleep with anyone else, and I thought, what?

A quick fuck would fix it? Would put a stop to my infatuation?

It hasn't. It's done the absolute fucking opposite.

I am even more obsessed with her, every second that passes I fall deeper and deeper.

I don't care what it takes; I am never letting her go.

Getting ready for bed, my eyes meet hers in the bathroom mirror. We're both brushing our teeth, next to each other, like a couple. I want this. Every night, I want her next to me, doing the most menial of tasks. I don't care what they are, as long as they're with her.

"How was your dinner?" She asks as she dries her mouth on the small face cloth provided.

"It was good, I haven't seen Angus for a few months. It's always good to catch up with him. I'd have rather spent the evening with you though." That brings a smile to her lips.

“I think I made up for our evening apart just now though.” My cock twitches at the thought of her on her knees for me and the blow job she just gave me.

“That you did.” We make our way out to the bedroom. She goes for the right side of the bed, but I stop her. “No.”

“What?” She turns to me, a confused look on her face.

“You’re not sleeping on that side.”

“Oh, okay,” she shrugs and moves round to the other side. “You always sleep on the right? ”

“No,” I bite my lip, hiding the smile that wants to break out. Her little huff, has me nearly giving in to it.

“Then why can’t I sleep on that side?” She says, eyeing my side of the bed.

“Because you will never sleep closest to the door.” Her eyes widen. She definitely was not expecting that as my answer.

“You’re serious?”

“As a heartbeat.”

“That's ridiculous.” I chuckle at her response.

“You can huff about it all you want, but no matter where we are, you will never sleep closest to the door. It’s, shall we say, a hard limit for me.” She rolls her eyes in response. Mine narrow back as I point at her. “Next time you roll your eyes at me, I’ll take you over my knee.”

“You’re insane,” she mutters under her breath as she climbs into bed. I pull her to me under the covers, spooning her from behind and nestling my bare cock between her ass cheeks.

I groan into her neck.

“Okay back there?”

“I want to sleep with my cock buried inside you,” I groan again, the thought causing my cock to harden slightly. She feels it and pushes back into me.

“Then why don’t you,” she breathes.

“Baby, you’re killing me. I want that so bad, but I’m not sleeping with a condom on all night.”

“Are you clean?” She asks.

Fuck. “Yes, I would never do anything to put you at risk.”

“I’m on the pill, and you’d be the first.” The only. I’ll be the only one to ever be in you bare. I bite down on her neck, trying to control the urge to thrust straight into her. Her moan in response, tells me all I need to know; she wants this as much as I do .

“You want to be my little cock warmer, baby?”

“Yes,” she rasps. My hand slides round her hip, dipping between her legs, finding her sopping wet.

“Such a good fucking girl. This is how I always want to find this pussy; dripping wet and ready for me.” Her whimper is music to my ears.

Taking my cock in my hand, I swipe it up and down her slit, coating it in her juices.

I gently slide the tip inside her. She's so tight and still swollen from earlier.

I gradually work into her in shallow thrusts.

She turns her head to the side and bites my bicep that's pillowing her head.

I grunt and thrust harder at the sensation.

"That's it, baby," I whisper, "take what you need from me." She bites down harder. "Nearly there, then you can go to sleep. Is that what you want? To fall asleep with my cock buried so fucking deep inside you?"

"God yes, Gray, please. I want it so bad." She's a writhing, panting mess.

I tighten my grip on her hip, keeping her in place whilst I thrust the last few inches into her.

She tenses, her pussy trying to push me back out.

I'm too much for her, there's a hint of pain each time she takes me, I know this, but it doesn't stop me from giving her all of me every time.

"Shhh," I whisper in her ear. "There we go, baby, warm my cock whilst we sleep."

"You honestly expect me to sleep like this?" She whines.

"Yes. Now go to sleep," my tone lets her know how serious I am. I pull her back into my chest and kiss the top of her head. "Night, sweetheart."

“Goodnight, Gray,” her whispered words are the perfect end to my day.

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Paige

Shit . I have thirty minutes before I'm supposed to meet her. I slide my phone back onto the night table and gradually begin the task of untangling myself from Gray.

What feels like an hour later, I've managed to extract a foot. One foot.

"What are you doing?" His sleepy voice rumbles in my ear. "Keep still."

"I need to get up."

"No, you don't." Honestly, this man, I've never met someone so bossy.

"I have to go, Gray. Chloe messaged me."

"Absolutely not. You're not going anywhere. My cock seems to have slipped out of you in the night, and that's totally unacceptable."

"Gray," I laugh, "I have to go. It's Chloe's wedding weekend and apparently there's a problem with the florist. I'm meant to meet her at nine."

"Then we have plenty of time." He pulls me in even tighter.

"No, we don't, it's got to be after half-eight by now."

"Impossible. I never sleep past six." Is he serious? Never? Who doesn't sleep in on the weekend?

“You’re joking right? That’s just when you’re working, you sleep in on the weekend? Everyone sleeps in on a weekend.”

“Not me. I don’t sleep well. This is actually one of the first nights I can remember that I’ve slept through.” I smile to myself, not only has he slept through the night, but without even realising, he’s laid in well past 6.00 am.

“Well, your old age is catching up with you because it really is gone half-eight, and I really need to get up or I’m going to be late.

” One of his arms releases me and I hear him rustling around on his night-stand.

His phone appears in front of me, the home screen lit up showing the time.

It’s already gone eight-thirty. Shit . I really need to go.

“Well, it appears you’re good for me in many ways.”

“That’s sweet, but you’re not going to be good for me if you don’t let me go.”

“I always knew that girl was going to turn into a brat. My first morning with you and she’s already stealing you from me,” he grumbles, but his arms relax from around me allowing me to slip free and get out of bed.

I glance back at him as I make my way into the bathroom.

His hair is mussed, his eyes are sleepy, and he looks so damn adorable.

I’m also internally screaming that Chloe is indeed a brat.

Grayson

I had plans this morning, plans that involved spending hours inside of Paige.

Instead, I got a peck on the lips and a wave goodbye as she walked out the door.

It's been six hours since I saw her. Six goddamn hours, since I held her, smelt her, kissed her.

The issue with the florist was more complicated than they thought and apparently her and Chloe went straight from there to the afternoon event the women are all attending, whilst us men get to go pheasant shooting.

I've heard all this from Angus, because like the absolute idiot I am, I don't have Paige's number.

A call sounds up ahead and the dogs charge, I ready my gun for the inevitable flush that's coming.

My body is performing the familiar tasks, not that I'm a regular, but Angus and I tend to go on a shoot each winter when I visit.

But my brain is still focused on Paige. What are her and the girls up to?

Is she having fun? Why the fuck did I not think to get her number?

"Looking forward to the dinner tonight?" Angus comes up beside me, I lower my gun and turn to him.

"Yes, very much." It's true, I am, more than he realises.

Tonight's dinner is a close family and friends affair, I believe there's about twenty or so of us in the ballroom, which means I get to spend the evening with Paige.

We're going to have to talk about how we're going to play that.

If I had my way, I'd walk in holding her hand and let everyone know that she belongs to me.

However, I'm not sure how she'll feel about that.

"How are you feeling? Ready to see Chloe get married?" My best friend's daughter is getting married this weekend; I probably should have asked him before now.

"Are we ever ready to see our kids marry? I'm happy for her, beyond happy for her, and David is a wonderful man.

I'm not sure I could have picked better myself," he pauses, gathering his thoughts before he continues.

"But I can't look at her and not see the little girl who used to run to me when I picked her up from school.

Or the girl who asked me to kiss her 'ouchies' when she hurt herself.

Seeing her with Paige this weekend reminds me of the summers they'd spend up here together, of how they used to beg me to take them out on the loch.

I guess what I'm getting at is, that although Chloe hasn't been that little girl that needs me for a long time now, her getting married this weekend feels like the final goodbye. "

Well shit, I actually feel a little choked up at that. Grabbing him, I pull him into a hug, probably not the wisest move when on a hunt, but my best friend needs this.

“She’ll always need you, Gus. You might not always be her first choice, but there will be no time in your life, when Chloe doesn’t still need her Dad.” He squeezes me back and gives me the universal manly shoulder slap.

“Thank you, Gray, I needed that. Now, shall we go shoot a pheasant?”

“Sure, let's give it a go.” Shaking his head at me, we move through the woods.

“So, you’ve known Paige a long time then?” Am I fishing? Damn right I am.

“Paige is like another daughter to me. She was always close to us, like extended family. Then, when her parents died, and she moved in with a distant Aunt, she spent every minute she could with us. Every holiday, long weekend, she was with us.” Fuck.

Her parents died? I’d wondered why they weren’t here.

“How old was she?”

“Sixteen. They died in a car accident, a collision with a drunk driver. One day she had everything a girl could need, next thing her life was ripped apart.” Oh Sweetheart. I’m here now. I want to be her home, the one who cares for her, the one she turns to for help, for anything.

“We wanted her to live with us, but her Aunt had legal custody and unfortunately, Carol and Stephen hadn’t changed their will.

We’d discussed it, but nothing had been put in writing.

I guess you always think you've got more time.

Thankfully, she only had to stay with her for about eighteen months before she finished school and started university.

I'd hoped she would attend St Andrews with Chloe, I wanted her close, to be there for her.

But she wanted a fresh start, somewhere with no memories, and I can hardly complain about her attending Oxford.

"Oxford? Doesn't he mean Oxford Brookes?"

I know my son had said she was at uni with him. Did he lie about that too?

"You mean Oxford Brookes, right?"

He scoffs at me, "Oxford Brookes?! Where on earth did you get an idea like that? That girl has a first-class honours degree from Oxford University in Business and Economics; she's a genius.

She could give you a run for your money.

"Great. Another thing my son lied about.

I can hear the love and pride Angus has for Paige in his voice.

That girl means so much to him, so much to both of us.

I'm beyond proud of her. An unwanted thought comes to me.

He's her father figure. Well shit. At some point I'm going to have to tell my best friend I'm fucking his pseudo daughter.

Paige

This morning was a nightmare. The florist's software crashed and the order for the wedding was lost. We had to go through everything again.

Thankfully, Chloe is anal-retentive with things like this, so she knew everything and had pictures for most things.

Still, it took forever, every bouquet, buttonhole; all the decorations for rooms, anything and everything had to be handwritten by the florist. Luckily, the flowers had already been ordered, they just needed to know how and where to arrange them.

As we walk out of the door of the shop, I take a look at my watch and realise it's after lunch.

"Shit, it's gone one already," I mutter.

"That was a nightmare. I just want to be married already, I should have eloped."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do. Give me a beach, a sexy dress, my groom and a couple of guests and I'm done.

" Why does Gray pop into my head when I think of the groom?

Would he even want to get married? He's in his forties and already has an adult son.

He could be perfectly happy with his life, never wanting a wife or any more children.

Stop . I need to stop thinking about him as anything more than a weekend affair.

I barely know him, I cannot be picturing him as the groom to my imaginary wedding.

“We need to go straight to the lodge, the lady who is doing our nails is going to arrive at one-thirty, then we’ve got the hair and makeup artist coming to meet everyone and see if what we’ve discussed will actually work on each individual.

” She unlocks her Range Rover and we climb in, heading straight back to Highlands Manor.

“Just feed me, Chlo. Feed me and you can do whatever you need.”

“You and me both, hun. Would you really elope?” It takes me a second to realise she’s questioning my comment from earlier.

This is the thing with Chloe, her brain can hold on to things and then she’ll carry on the conversation minutes, hours, sometimes even days later and expect you to keep up with her.

Thankfully, this time round, it’s only minutes and I can follow her train of thought.

“Yes, I would. I’ve never really wanted the big white wedding and with Mum and Dad gone, I just want something small. A beach, my groom and you and David as witnesses.”

She grabs my hand and squeezes, “I love you, Paige, so much.” I can hear the tears in her voice, she misses them too.

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“I love you too, Chlo. Want to ditch David and marry me instead?” Our laughter fills the car as we drive towards her happily ever after.

I walk into our bedroom with a little over three hours until we need to be at the dinner.

Gray grabs me as soon as I walk through the door, kicking it shut behind me.

He pulls me into his arms and carries me to the chair by the window, sitting me down in his lap, he cradles my face and lowers his lips to mine.

The kiss is gentle and sweet, his tongue slowly sweeping inside my mouth.

His tongue flicks my lips, my teeth, glides over every surface; I’m his to explore. Pulling back he looks into my eyes.

“Hey,” he whispers.

“Hi,” I whisper back.

“I missed you,” he pecks another kiss on my lips. “Sit with me for a bit. I just want to hold you.”

“You okay?” He seems different, like something happened today whilst I was gone. Almost like he needs the comfort of holding me. “Did something happen today?”

“No, nothing like that. I just want to hold you for a bit. Talk to me. How was your

day?” I look at him for a beat longer, making sure I’m not missing something before I answer his question.

“It was a nightmare; we spent about four hours with the florist going over everything. I don’t want to even look at the flowers on Sunday.

I know the bridesmaids don’t throw the bouquets, but this one is!

” He laughs with me; his eyes sparkling down at me.

He really is too handsome for his own good.

I can see the smattering of grey hair at his temples, and rather than detracting from his looks, they add to his appeal. He is going to be one hot silver fox.

“I was saying to Chloe that I am never having a big wedding. This girl is eloping all the way.” His arms tighten around me.

Oh shit. Did he think I was hinting at something?

I shouldn’t be talking about what I want for my wedding with him, even if we are at a wedding, but before I can say anything he speaks.

“That’s what you’d want, a small wedding?”

“Mmhmm,” I hum my agreement. I don’t want to say too much.

“Where?” Okay, he’s asking the questions. That makes this conversation okay, right?

“A beach, somewhere hot. Just me, my future husband and a couple of friends.” His face nuzzles into my hair.

“That sounds pretty perfect.” It does? Does he want to get married one day? I don’t want to ask, it’s too soon, we shouldn’t be having this conversation, but I need to know.

“Would you, I mean, have you ever thought about getting married?” My voice is shaking, I’m ridiculously nervous about his response. Will he answer, will he shut me down and tell me it’s none of my business?

“Honestly, I’ve never seen myself getting married; never had the urge to settle down.

My work has always been enough,” he pauses, and I feel him taking a deep breath.

“But lately, things have changed. With the right person, if that’s what she wanted, yes, I think I could see myself getting married.

Calling her ‘my wife’ hearing her being referred to as ‘Mrs Stone’, I could get used to that.

” Holy shit. That’s hot, ridiculously hot.

I want that; I want to be his wife. I want to be Mrs Stone.

His hand comes up and sweeps a strand of hair from my face, tucking it behind my ear.

His hand lingers, brushing against my cheek, travelling to my lips and pulling the lower one down.

His eyes follow his fingers, hypnotised by the motion.

“Take a bath with me,” he whispers the words.

Almost as if he doesn't want to break the moment.

I nod, words having escaped me since hearing him say 'Mrs Stone'.

He rises from the chair with me in his arms, his breathing doesn't change, as if I weigh no more than a feather, and walks us into the circular bathroom.

He lowers me to the edge of the giant tub and starts turning on the taps.

Water gushes out, quickly filling the Jacuzzi style bath.

"I'll be right back." He walks out of the bathroom, only to return a minute later with his phone in his hand. He passes it to me. "Put your number in here."

I smirk at him. "Shouldn't you get that before you fuck the girl?"

His eyebrow raises. "Don't be a smart ass or I won't fuck you again." Now it's my turn to raise my eyebrows at him.

"Yeah, okay fair enough, that's not going to happen, just put your number in.

I realised today that I couldn't get hold of you at all and it drove me mad.

" I smile to myself, thinking I'd had the exact same thought last night.

Entering my number, I hand the phone back to him.

He sets it on the counter and steps back to the bath to turn the taps off, the tub already filled with steaming hot water.

"Clothes off," he nods to my fully clothed body, his hands already working the

buttons of his shirt.

Bossy Grayson is making an appearance. I stand from the edge of the tub and pull my jumper over my head, reaching behind me I unclasp my bra, letting it fall to my feet.

His hands pause in their actions, his eyes fixed on my chest. I slowly drag my hand down to the button of my jeans, undoing the button and releasing the zip, one time at a time.

His Adam's apple bobs in his throat, his pupils dilating. He still hasn't moved, his fingers still poised over his buttons half-way down his shirt.

"Something wrong, Gray?" His eyes flick up to mine, his trance broken.

"Get them off," he gestures to my jeans, "and get in there." His head nods towards the bath.

"I could say the same to you. You've got more on than me. "

"Not for long." With that he pulls his shirt off and makes short work of his jeans and boxers. I quickly work the rest of my clothes off and we climb into the bath at the same time. He settles back and pulls me into his arms, my back resting against his chest. "Want the jets on?"

"Hmmm, yes please." This feels so good; the water is divine, the perfect temperature. Being wrapped up in Gray's arms is a kind of therapy women around the world would pay fortunes for. The jets come to life, massaging every part of me. Heaven. I'm in heaven.

"Fuck, that's good," he groans in my ear. "I'm getting one of these at home." I couldn't agree more, unfortunately my small flat wouldn't fit one of these monsters.

“Where do you live? I’m realising we don’t actually know anything about each other.”

“We know enough.” I tense in his arms. “That came out wrong,” he quickly adds, obviously feeling my reaction.

“I mean, I know some of the most important things about you. I know you’re an amazing friend, I know you’re kind, thoughtful, funny, ridiculously intelligent.

Angus may have spilled some things this morning, after some subtle fishing on my part.

We’re going to talk about this incredible degree of yours soon,” he adds.

“I also know how you taste, the sounds you make when you come. How wet you get for me.” His hand cups my pussy, a finger slipping between my slit.

Proving his words right. “See, just like I said. Wet for me.” His finger pushes in to the knuckle.

I gasp, still sensitive from yesterday. “Are you sore?” He murmurs directly into my ear, his tongue tracing the shell, eliciting goose-bumps over my skin, despite the heat of the water.

“Yes, but don’t you dare stop,” I breathe. I feel more than hear his chuckle.

“I didn’t plan on it. I want you sore, I want you to feel me inside you even when I’m not.” Yes, I want that too .

“Wrap your arms around my neck.” I reach up behind me, hooking my arms around him.

“Good girl. Now put your legs either side of mine, open yourself for me.” I whimper, beyond turned on by his words, by his commands.

“I’m going to make you come on my fingers, then I’m going to fill you with my cock.

” His finger, which is still inside me from earlier, is joined by a second one, the stretch creating a delicious burn.

It’s not going to take much to tip me over the edge, I’ve been worked up since he slid inside me last night, my body desperate to orgasm.

His fingers slide in and out, his thumb rubs lazy circles on my clit.

I feel my pussy clenching around his fingers every time they withdraw, trying to suck him back in.

He gives me exactly what I need though, thrusting them back in hard and deep.

“That’s it, baby, I can feel you tightening around me.

Fuck, sweetheart, you’re even tighter than before.

How is that possible?” He chokes out. “One more, take one more.” I think he means orgasm until a third finger pushes inside me.

I hiss at that bite of pain, the unbelievable stretch, along with the combination of his thumb on my clit, tips me over the edge.

My body hurtles into an intense orgasm, pleasure suffusing every part of me.

My head is thrown back on his shoulder and he bites down on my exposed throat, his

tongue laving the sore.

As I start to come back down from the pleasure high, I feel his cock nudging at my entrance.

With one hard thrust he buries his cock balls deep inside me.

“Ahhh,” I scream. Fucking hell, it’s too much. He’s too much, I can’t breathe. My body tries to escape his invasion, but he holds me still, his hands clamp around my hips, pinning me to him; to his cock.

“Shhh, that’s it, baby. You can take it. You’re my good girl, aren’t you?” My body relaxes at his words, and I gasp in a breath of air, my lungs starved for oxygen .

“That’s it, you take me so well. I can’t hold back with you, I have no control around you.

Fuuuuck,” he groans, as his body begins thrusting up into mine again and again.

His hips slam into me, the water sloshing around us and spilling over the edges.

Suddenly, he rises from the water, his cock still buried deep inside me.

He pins me over the edge of the bath, my hip making hard contact with it.

I gasp, knowing it’s going to leave a bruise.

He doesn’t seem to notice though; his hips hammer into me from behind.

He’s feral, rutting into me again and again, his lust and need to come taking over.

Despite the discomfort in my hip and the pain of taking him so deep, so hard, my pleasure rises.

His desperation, his need, turns me on. I never knew I could like it rough, that I could feel so desired.

My orgasm climbs, my pussy clenching around his pistoning cock.

“That’s it,” he grunts in my ear, his chest coming down to cover my back, trapping me even further between him and the bath.

“Come for me, baby. Milk my cock, milk my cum from me.” Oh fuck.

He’s not wearing a condom. That does it; the thought of taking his cum, of nothing between us, tips me over the edge and the orgasm crashes over me.

The edges of my vision blur, I hear him shout from behind me, then there’s nothing as darkness closes in.

Grayson

I have no control around her, but when I’m inside her, it’s as if I’m possessed.

Pleasure engulfs my entire being and the need to come, to mate with her, takes over.

I’m hammering into her, literally nailing her to the side of this bath and I can’t stop.

I can feel her cunt clenching, her orgasm taking hold of her and it is my breaking point.

My cum shoots out of me and into her, filling her up, my roar of pleasure echoes around the bathroom.

The thought of my cum inside her, of it marking her from the inside, turns me feral.

I can't stop coming, it's leaking out of her and I'm still giving her more.

I've never come so hard or so much in my life.

My forehead drops to her shoulder blades, my breath panting out of me, my body struggling to keep me upright.

"You okay?" I pant, my words barely audible over the rushing in my ears.

She doesn't respond; in fact, she hasn't moved.

I lift up from her, taking in her body and the marks I've left on her hips from my grip, her neck from my teeth.

My cock twitches, it can twitch all it wants, I don't have the strength to fuck her again yet.

My gaze wanders to her face, her eyes are closed, her lips slightly parted; she looks like she's sleeping.

Did she pass out again? Gently, I lift her with me, sitting us back down in the water, my semi-hard cock still buried inside her.

Her head flops back on to my shoulder, and I nuzzle into her, placing tender kisses along her jaw line, gently trying to bring her around.

Her eyes flutter, her breathing hitches and I breathe out a sigh of relief I didn't even realise I had been holding.

"Hey," I murmur, nibbling her earlobe. She groans, her body stretching on top of mine, her movements hindered by my hold and my cock, which is still buried deep inside her. She turns her head to look at me, her eyes widen.

"Shit, Gray, that's the second time you've made me pass out from an orgasm."

I can't help the laugh that bursts from me.

"Damn right, baby. Get used to it, but for now, let's get out of this bath.

"I lift us both up, my cock finally slipping out of her, a gush of cum following it.

We both pause, looking down at the mess dripping from her cunt.

My mess. I think my cum leaking out of her might be the hottest thing I've seen in my life.

I set her down out of the bath and point to the shower.

"Get in there, before I fill you up again." She sashays into the shower with my cum running down her thighs.

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Paige

We walk into the ballroom together, deciding that although we wouldn't be hiding anything this evening, we also aren't going to rub it in everyone's faces.

Subtlety, that's the aim for the night. However, there's nothing subtle about Gray's hand pressed to the small of my back. The room looks amazing, there's a long rectangular table in the middle, several vases of the most gorgeous blooms of red, white and green spill out across it.

Chloe has really played on the December wedding vibe.

There are servers with trays of champagne and – what looks like – scotch, circling the room.

Gray grabs a champagne for me and a scotch for himself and clinks his glass to mine.

“Cheers, sweetheart.”

“Cheers,” I say as we smile at each other .

“There you are. How are you darling? I haven't had a chance to see you yet.” Angus comes up beside me, kissing my cheeks. He's been a presence in my life for such a long time and helped me through what was the toughest and worst incident of my life.

“Angus, how are you?” I pull him into a hug and he squeezes me back, the gesture so familiar to me.

“I’m good, darling. Pleased to see you, it’s been too long.”

“I know, I’ve been meaning to come up, but the jobs been busy.” He smiles down at me, taller than my five foot five, not as tall as the man beside me though. He towers over the both of us.

“I’m proud of you, Paige. I haven’t seen you since you started your job.”

“What job is this?” Gray asks. He’s shifted closer to me, almost as if he’s staking his claim in front of Angus, which is ridiculous, Angus is like a second father to me.

“Paige landed a junior role with Goldmans straight after graduation. She’s going places this one.”

“That’s amazing, swe— Paige. I didn’t realise you were in Finance.” I glance to Angus, seeing if he’s noticed Gray’s near slip up. Calling me sweetheart in front of him would not be keeping things subtle. Angus’ eyes have narrowed, eyeing us both suspiciously. Shit.

“Yes, I’m an analyst in their Wealth Management division.” I continue, hoping to take Angus’ attention away from Gray and I.

“Interesting. You ever think about working for a Hedge Fund?” Gray has a gleam in his eye I don’t think I’ve seen before. Angus laughs.

“I knew it!” He shouts. “I knew you’d try to steal her. After our conversation earlier today, I thought to myself, I bet he poaches her. ”

He’s stealing me in ways you definitely wouldn’t be laughing about Angus, I think to myself. Gray’s smirk tells me he’s thinking the same thing I am.

“Can you blame me?” He says to Angus, “You told me she’s a genius.”

“What are you two talking about?” I interrupt them.

“Gray here runs one hell of a successful Hedge Fund, and I’d put money on him offering you a job before the weekend’s out.” Before I can respond, Chloe comes over, grabbing my attention.

“Paige, come on, I need your input for something.” She grabs my hand pulling me away. Gray’s eyes follow me, his jaw set in a hard line. Yep, he doesn’t like that; my possessive man.

“What do you need?” I ask Chloe as she drags me over to her female relatives. Her sisters, mother and aunt are all gathered together talking.

“Nothing, I just thought you’d prefer to be over here with us. I could see you stuck talking to Gray and Dad and thought I’d rescue you.” No, Chloe, that’s not what I wanted at all. I don’t voice the words I’m thinking though.

I can’t stop smiling. I’m sitting at the table for dinner and Gray is a couple seats down and across the table from me.

He made a beeline for me when they announced dinner was going to be served, but Chloe quickly piped up, saying she had a seating plan and proceeded to direct everyone to their allocated seats.

Needless to say, Gray and I were not together and he is not happy.

If looks could kill, Chloe would not be getting married on Sunday.

I don’t know why, but I find this whole situation hilarious.

I feel the vibration of my phone which is in my clutch bag behind me.

I dig my phone out, having a very good idea of who this message is from.

Stop smiling and swap with this idiot next to me.

Well that just makes me smile more. Biting my lip I message back.

I'm okay here, thanks. Chris is great company.

Gray has been seated between Angus' aunt and Chloe's cousin, James.

Both are lovely, but I know the aunt will be talking his ear off about her cats and James will be talking games.

Neither of which I feel are of particular interest to Gray.

Unlike Gray, I've been placed next to Chloe's other cousin, Chris.

I've known him for years and am totally aware he has a bit of a soft spot for me, despite being three years younger than me.

To my other side is Chloe's other middle sister, Amelia.

Bite that lip one more time and I will take you over my knee right here in front of everyone.

I gasp, instantly freeing my lip from between my teeth. My clit throbs and my face flushes.

Good girl. But you're still getting punished later.

What? Why is he going to punish me and why is the thought of that so hot?

What? Why?

Because you're acting like a brat, and you know that bad girls get punished.

I quickly stow my phone back in my bag and try to act normal. Not the absolute hot, turned-on mess that I'm feeling. Dinner continues without any incident until we get to dessert, when Chloe's Nan decides it would be a great time to question when she's going to be a great-grandmother.

"It better be soon, this old ticker hasn't got long left," she continues.

"Nan, stop it! We're not even married yet." Chloe hisses, but it's too late, the whole table is now invested in this conversation.

"Well, you will be by Sunday, and you're my only hope right now. Your other sisters aren't even dating anyone. Take one for the team, Chloe."

I burst out laughing, as does a good portion of the table. Nana Pearl has always been a favourite of mine.

"Well, I'm sorry Nan but I'm not Paige." My laughter dies a quick death. Excuse me now? Why the fuck am I getting dragged into this? All eyes turn to me.

"Leave me out of this, Chloe." I warn.

Nana Pearl's curious eyes turn my way. "Are you pregnant, dear?"

Grayson

I very nearly choke on my wine at the question directed at Paige.

Pregnant? My mind goes straight to the scene in the bath earlier, when my cum was dripping out of her.

I imagine filling her up again and again, pumping my cum into her fertile womb.

Fuck me. I never wanted children. I have Edward, who was an accident, an accident I wouldn't change for the world, but still an accident.

I certainly haven't thought about having any more.

The one I have, being one more than I planned on having.

So, why is the thought of Paige, pregnant with my child, such a turn on?

I'm rock fucking hard under this table right now.

"Chloe, what the hell? Keep me out of this!" Paige's voice breaks into my thoughts.

"I'm just telling Nan I'm not you. Unlike you, I don't want to be a young mum." She turns to her Nan, ready to continue the conversation at Paige's expense. Unaware she just dropped a bomb into my lap. Paige wants to be a mum? She wants kids soon?

"You want to be a mum, Paige? Soon?" Nana Pearl is not letting Paige off the hook so soon. I've never been so grateful to her. I want the answer to this too.

Paige's face heats, hating the attention which is directed at her.

“Nana, I’m not dating anyone.” Yes, you are sweetheart. You’re dating me. This is a conversation we’ll be having when we get back to the room.

“I think talking about my future children is a little premature. Plus, no offence Nana, but when I do have kids, I won’t be making you a great-grandmother, we’re not related.”

“Oh pish-posh, Paige, you’re my grand-daughter too. Always have been.” Her matter of fact attitude is so incredibly heart-warming. I can tell Paige is taken aback, she was not expecting that. Nana Pearl continues, as if she didn’t just render Paige speechless.

“Well, answer me, dear? You want to be a mum?” Paige seems incapable of answering, still stuck on being referred to as Pearl’s grand-daughter. Chloe, however, doesn’t have a problem answering for Paige at all, more than happy to take the limelight of children off of her and David.

“Paige has always wanted to be a mum; even when we were kids, she would dream of getting married and having children. She’s always wanted to have them relatively young. She wants to be able to do everything with them.”

“Chloe!” Paige exclaims, finally finding her voice again.

“What? It’s nothing to be embarrassed about. I love how you’ve always wanted that. You want it all, the job, the husband, the kids. I think it’s admirable.”

“Well, hurry up then, dear. Seems I was gunning after the wrong child. Find yourself a man and pump a couple of kids out,” Nana Pearl orders, as if it’s the simplest thing in the world. Paige just shakes her head.

“Sure thing, Nana, I’ll get on that for you.” Her response is just to end the conversation, but I know better. That’s it then. I’m becoming a father again in my

forties. Over my dead body will another man fuck a baby into my woman.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 2:48 am

Grayson

There are pivotal times in your life, times that change the course of your future.

Seeing Paige's picture was one of those, I just didn't realise it at the time.

Tonight, at dinner, that was another. That was the moment she became my future.

This girl, this woman, will be my future, my wife, the mother of my children, my everything. I just need to convince her of that.

Sitting across the table from her, not touching her, not holding her hand, not being able to let everyone know that she's mine; was torture.

I'm not usually a needy man, but with her, I am.

I'd give up everything for her; my home, my job, the company I've built from the ground up, all of it would be gone if it guaranteed me her.

I'm done playing; I'm done pretending this is just for a weekend. She's mine. Forever .

I'm holding her hand, walking back to the room, finally touching her like I've been needing to all night.

My steps slow to match her smaller ones, my mind playing over the words in my head, the words I need to say when we get back to the room.

The silence between us, for now, is comfortable, both just content to be with each other.

I pause outside our door, turning her to face me, I place a gentle kiss on her lips, and then I turn back and let us into the room.

Into what I hope will be our future. I lead her to the chairs by the window, but instead of sitting her in my lap, like I did earlier, I take the seat next to her, needing to see her when I say what I'm about to.

"We need to talk," I realise the words I've spoken sound ominous too late. Her body tenses, her reaction clear for me to see.

"I'm sorry," she starts. "I know tonight was a lot, I promise I had no idea they were going to start talking about my future like that. It was too much, and I want you to know, I know that's not how you see us.

This," she points between the two of us, "I want you to understand," she continues before I can interrupt, "that I know that's not what we are.

We don't know each other, and this is just a 'both in the same place at the same time' sort of thing." That's enough. I've heard enough of this shit.

"You couldn't be more wrong." I could be making a giant mistake here. I could push her away with my words, discover this is completely one sided. Or, I could put my heart on the line and win the biggest prize of my life. Her.

"This isn't a weekend fling. It was never a weekend fling, no matter how much we both might have tried to convince ourselves otherwise," I take a deep breath, here we go.

“I’m crazy about you, totally, out of my mind crazy for you.

Everything is different with you, and hearing them talk this evening; about marriage, babies and knowing that’s what you want.

Baby, I want to give it to you. No one else gets to give you their last name, no one else gets to put a baby in you, and no one else gets you.

You’re mine.” She’s staring at me. No words, nothing, just staring at me; I can’t read her, and it’s killing me.

“Baby, you’re killing me here. Talk to me.” She blinks and opens her mouth, closes it, then opens again and blinks again.

“You want me?” She whispers.

“So fucking much.”

“Me? You,” she gestures, to literally all of me with her hand, waving it up and down, “want me? Why?” She sounds as baffled as I feel by her question.

“What do you mean, why? Baby, you’re stunning, inside and out.

You’re so incredibly kind and thoughtful.

You’ll do anything for your friends, and you’ve made me laugh more these last couple of days than I can remember,” I take a breath, my voice deepening.

“And don’t get me started on the sex. Never has sex felt like it does when I’m with you.

Like I'll die if I don't get inside you; baby, it's me that doesn't deserve you."

"Wow," she whispers, "you really mean it. This is insane, Gray, we're insane. We shouldn't feel this so soon."

"I don't care what people think, I'm too old for that shit.

I want you, Paige, and if you want me too, then I'm taking you.

It could be one day, one week, one year; it doesn't matter if what we feel is real.

Tell me you feel it, baby, please." She rises from her seat and takes the couple of steps to me.

I spread my thighs making room for her. Placing her hands on my shoulders, she leans down, closing the gap between us.

"I feel it. I felt it on the plane, I've felt it the whole time, even if I shouldn't." I lift my hand to cup her face, my thumb tracing over her cheekbone .

"Don't do that; don't put other people's expectations on us. This is us, you and me, no one else." She climbs onto my lap, straddling me.

"Us," she breathes. Lowering her mouth to mine, she takes my lips with hers, slowly, ever so slowly, tracing her tongue over my bottom lip.

I part my lips, allowing her access, her tongue slips in, exploring.

I give her this moment, let her have control; for now.

My hands land on her hips, giving a light squeeze, encouraging her.

She pulls back, taking my lip between her teeth and bites.

I break; standing I rise with her in my arms. She gasps and I've never been so pleased with my early mornings in the gym.

Carrying her to the bed, I slowly lower her, my body following to cover hers, deepening the kiss.

Groaning, I grasp her thigh, hooking it over my hip, opening her to me and rocking my hips against hers.

She moans into my mouth, lifting her hips to meet my thrusts, her hands find my hair and pull, causing me to groan again.

"That's it, baby. Can you come like this?"

"Yes," she gasps, "don't stop." Never planned on it, sweetheart. I grind down on her, giving her what she needs. I pull at the strap of her slinky top, exposing her lacy bra and take her nipple into my mouth, sucking through the material.

"Gray," she groans. Her breath comes in pants; she's close, I can feel her body tightening for me.

"Tell me what you need, baby."

"You," she gasps, "just you." Fuck me. I nearly come from her words, telling me she needs me the biggest turn on of my life.

I bite down on her nipple and grind down on her clit.

She detonates, fucking detonates. I work her through her orgasm, draining every

ounce of pleasure from her body.

Then I strip; clothing flies, hers, mine, I couldn't tell you, I just need us both naked.

Now. I pin her hands above her head and with my other hand I guide myself to her entrance, filling her with one thrust. Home.

That's how she feels; like coming home. I still inside her, savouring the feel of her tightness, her heat.

The fucking amazing sensation of her walls squeezing me, trying to milk my cum from me before I've even moved.

"Wrap your legs around me," I rasp. Her ankles cross behind my waist, pulling me impossibly deeper.

I circle my hips, letting her adjust to my size and then I move.

Slowly, deeply, making love to her. Showing her how I feel, telling her with my body the words I can't say out loud.

Not yet. Our orgasms build, our bodies in sync, our pleasure cresting as we both fall into ecstasy, as my body empties into hers, giving her all of me.

My body, my heart, my soul. My everything.

Paige

I wake, this time knowing exactly where the heat is coming from, knowing who is

wrapped around me.

My man likes to snuggle. My man. I'm not sure I'll ever get used to someone like Gray wanting me.

Knowing I'm what he needs, what he desires.

It's a heady feeling, something I'll crave for the rest of my life.

If this is what addicts feel like, I get it.

I'd do anything to feel this for my remaining time on earth.

Gray is my personal drug, and I won't give him up for anything.

As much as my body loves being wrapped up in Gray's, it's craving a run.

I haven't run for two mornings. The first due to flying here and the second being called to a florist emergency.

Now though, my body needs that burn, my feet need to pound the pavement, my lungs need to burst, and my thoughts need to desert me.

It's a feeling I've only ever achieved with running and it's something I love.

Some people see running as a chore, something they do to keep fit, something to tick off of their weekly list. For me it's love, my first love.

No matter where I am, no matter what I do; I can always run. And right now, that's what I need.

“I can feel you thinking,” Gray mumbles behind me. “What time is it?”

“No idea,” I smile to myself. But, if the sun peaking through the curtains is any clue; he’s slept well past his usual, again. I reach for my phone on the nightstand, checking the time; it’s gone nine. Gray groans, his breath teasing my neck.

“You’re very lazy this weekend, Mr Stone.”

“It’s this young thing I’m dating. She sucks the life right out of me,” I chuckle, my thoughts going to the blowjob I gave him our first night. “Naughty girl,” he breathes, as if he can read my mind.

“Like your mind didn’t go to that exact moment the minute those words left your mouth.”

“Not true,” he chuckles. “I was thinking of it before I said anything. Probably why those were the words that left my mouth.” I stretch in his arms, as much as his hold allows me.

“Want to come for a run?”

“Why on earth would you add ‘for a run’ to that? ‘Want to come?’ was perfectly sufficient,” he grumbles. I laugh out loud, turning in his arms to face him.

“If you make me come first, I’ll never go for a run. My legs will turn to jelly and I won’t move. But,” I add, “if we go for a run first, then you can fuck me in the shower while we both get clean or even dirtier, however you want to look at it.” He groans in my ear, pushing his hips into mine .

“You sure?” His hard cock rubs against my stomach. I falter for a few seconds, I’m ashamed to say, I do falter. Somehow, I find the strength to drag my body away from

his and out of bed.

“Come on oldie, up and at them,” I laugh.

Fifteen minutes later we’re heading down a trail towards the loch; I’ve already mapped out my run, having looked yesterday at the route I want to take. I hope Gray’s up for the ten-mile round trip.

“You set the pace, sweetheart,” Gray says as we hit the road. You got it, babe. I smirk to myself.

My lungs are burning, the cold December air feeling incredible with every breath I draw in.

Everything here is so fresh, so pure. It’s nothing like running the streets of the city, or on a treadmill at the gym.

The views here are outstanding, I could come up here again just to run.

We’re about four miles in, just over a mile to go before we reach the caravan park I’ve marked as our halfway point.

I glance at my watch, checking our pace; I’m a little slower than I want.

I pick it up slightly and hear Gray huff just behind me.

I turn around, running backwards to face him.

“Alright back there?” I smile. He gives me the evil stink eye.

“Still here, aren’t I?” He puffs. I laugh and turn back around. We can pause at the

park for a few, I think to myself.

“You definitely picked up the pace on the way back,” Gray wheezes, his breaths coming in short, sharp pants. He’s right, I did, but I always do. The first half of my run is the warm-up, the ease into it; the last half is where I go for it. Where I kill myself; run myself into the ground.

“You need to get up and stretch,” I say to him, he’s currently laying on the ground, arms flung over his head. “The cold is going to do your muscles no good at all.” I lean over him, lending him my arm to help him up.

“You’re trying to kill me,” he mutters, finally up off the hard freezing ground. I just grin at him. “No wonder you’re so fucking tiny, running like that all the time,” he mumbles to himself.

“You told me to set the pace.”

“I thought you were going to do a normal run, not a fucking marathon.”

“Well, you thought wrong,” I laugh. “And it was only ten miles.” If looks could kill, I’d be dead. Gone. Lying out here on the cold grass of the estate without a pulse.

“When I can’t move at the wedding tomorrow, you only have yourself to blame.”

“It’s good practise for in a couple of years when I have to help you around anyway. What with me being so much younger than you and all.” He lunges for me. I squeal and just manage to dodge his hands, hightailing it to our room with him quick on my tail.

“You’re going to pay for that, baby girl.”

“Promises, promises,” I shout behind me. I hear his laughter, he’s much closer than he was before.

Grayson

“Five,” she gasps.

“Five more, baby. Keep counting for me,” I raise my hand, bringing it down hard on her ass cheek. Her skin flushing a beautiful dark pink.

“Six,” she cries. I bring my hand down twice more in quick succession. “Seven, eight,” she whimpers out.

“Such a good girl,” I murmur, rubbing my hand over her reddening ass cheeks, easing the ache. “Two more for me. Remind me why we’re doing this?”

“Because I was bad,” she moans.

“That’s right, baby. You were a little brat last night, a brat this morning and then you ran from me.” My hand comes down hard, her gasped number nine causing my cock to harden further, pressing into her stomach.

“Spread your legs a little more for me, baby, let me see my cunt.” Her legs spread further, showing me her glistening slit. She’s so wet she’s dripping, leaving a damp spot on my joggers.

“Last one,” I murmur. This time my hand comes down and spanks her pussy. She shrieks, her back arching, her body seeking the release it needs; that extra stimulation I’m not giving her. Yet.

“Good girl. Now, go take a shower for me,” I pat her bottom lightly, dismissing her. She quickly stands and spins to look at me.

“You cannot be serious right now,” she demands. I bite the inside of my cheek to stop the laugh that wants to burst from me. She looks absolutely outraged.

“Why? We went for a run; both of us are covered in sweat. Of course we should shower. You can go first, the water will feel good on your skin after your spanking.” She looks at me for a beat longer, trying to see if I’m serious or not. I meet her stare with my own, not giving anything away.

“Unbelievable,” she huffs, pivots on her foot and marches into the bathroom.

The second I hear the shower door, I’m up and stripping off every item of clothing.

Naked, I walk into the bathroom and see her silhouetted against the frosted glass.

Even through a blurred shower door, her figure turns me on like nothing before.

I push the door open and walk into the steam to join her. She spins around, gasping in surprise.

“What are you doing?” She demands. Her eyes narrowed at me. Yeah, she’s pissed.

“You honestly think I’d let you shower without me?

That I’d let you be in here, naked, wet and turned on and leave you on your own?

” I’m right in front of her now, my hands skimming down her naked body.

My cock presses into her stomach, already weeping pre-cum.

I grab her wet hair in my fist, pulling it back to angle her face towards me, taking her lips with mine.

“I will always want you, always crave you. Brat or not, my cock will always belong inside you.”

My other hand cups her pussy, my finger pressing into her. My lips capture her gasp.

“So ready for me. You were made just for me,” I whisper into her mouth. A second finger joins my first, stretching her, getting her ready for my cock.

“Please, Gray,” she whimpers.

“Tell me what you need, baby.”

“Your cock. Please fill me up, Gray, I need you.” I pull my fingers from her, grab her waist and push her against the shower wall, her legs wrap around me.

Aligning my cock with her entrance I thrust into her, hard.

Her mouth clamps onto my shoulder, her teeth biting down, definitely leaving a mark.

A mark I’ll proudly wear, she can cover me with them.

I pull out to the tip and slam back into her. Giving her everything I have.

“Take me, take everything I give you,” I grunt, pounding into her hard and fast.

“That’s it, baby,” I groan as her pussy spasms around me.

“I know I’m too much for you, but you do so well taking this too big cock.

That hurt feels so good, doesn't it?" She whimpers her agreement.

Her nails clawing at my back, trying to pull me closer.

"You like that bite of pain my cock gives you, don't you? "

"Yes," she gasps. I can feel her pussy clenching around me, her orgasm close.

"Good, because my cock will always be inside you. It will always be that bit too much for you, always bring you that edge of pain. But it's that pain with your pleasure that makes you come so hard, makes you pass out on my cock.

" It's as if my words trigger her, her pussy tightens around me, strangling my cock, her orgasm ripping through her.

Her scream of pleasure drowned out by the shower.

I thrust once, twice more, but her pussy is too tight, too wet, too hot and pleasure builds at my spine.

With a final thrust I spill into her, my seed shooting inside her, where it belongs.

Standing amongst the whisky barrels at the distillery; I have to say Angus has outdone himself with this event.

The girls are at a spa nearer to the centre of Inverness getting God knows what done.

Although, I'm sure I'll appreciate whatever it is later when I see Paige.

While the girls are being pampered, us guys get to attend a whisky pairing experience.

I haven't done anything like this for a long time, too long.

Being with Paige these last couple days has made me realise how much I've been missing out on.

Work has been a priority for me, to the detriment of everything else.

There's always a pitch I'm pushing for, a meeting I need to attend, or a client I need to wine and dine.

There's not been enough time for me. If Paige wasn't here, I would have been holed up in my room for the majority of this weekend, working.

I would have missed out on the little things we've done.

I would have saved my legs from a ten-mile run this morning, I snicker under my breath to myself.

She really did nearly kill me, the little brat definitely picked up the pace on the way back.

How I managed to stay with her I don't know.

I'm fit, I go to the gym often, but I've got nothing on her.

She didn't even look winded at the end, whereas I could barely peel myself up from the freezing grass.

No wonder she's so toned and slim, her legs are incredible.

Yeah, time to put a stop to those thoughts, I don't need a hard-on around Angus and his family.

"Enjoying yourself?" I jump as Angus suddenly appears beside me; it's as if my thoughts conjured him.

"This is great, Gus," I smile at him. "But with both of us loving our whisky, it was going to be a winner." His returning smile doesn't quite reach his eyes. My gut sinks.

"Want to tell me what's going on between you and Paige?"

"Direct and to the point. It's how we've always been.

It's a quality I like in a person, what I look for in employees.

But right now, I want anything but that.

This is not a conversation I want to have.

Did I know I would at some point? Yes. Did I think it would be this soon?

No. No, I did not. I'm just grateful that Paige and I talked last night, or this could be very fucking awkward.

"I can guarantee it's not what you think," I start.

"So, you're not fucking her?"

"No, I mean, yes, I'm fucking her." He tenses beside me, ready to go to battle for a

girl he sees as family. “But,” I quickly add, “that’s not all it is between us. Fuck, Gus.” I rub my hand over my face, trying to work out how to explain what Paige means to me.

“She’s everything. Everything I didn’t know I was missing. She’s it for me, Gus,” I turn to face him, the shock on his face evident.

“Are you honestly trying to tell me, that after two days of knowing her, you’re in love with her? A girl more than half your age.”

“It’s a lot more complicated than that. There are things you don’t know; things I need to tell her, but I have to speak to Edward first. And I’m really fucking worried she’s going to hate me.

” I know I’m sitting on a ticking time bomb, but it’s also true that I need to speak to Edward first. I have to tell him before I can be fully truthful with Paige, and it’s killing me .

“Shit,” Angus mutters, “it’s not like you two would listen to a word I say anyway. Just don’t hurt her. That girl has gone through enough and hurting her is something our friendship wouldn’t survive,” he adds solemnly.

“I know,” I nod. “If it helps, that girl will be Mrs Paige Stone one day. Soon, if I have anything to say about it.”

“Fucking hell,” he half laughs, half groans. “I should have known it would be someone like Paige who finally got your bachelor ass to settle down.” He slaps my shoulder, hard.

“Come on, let’s go join the others.”

Paige

The heat is divine. I can feel the sweat beading on my skin.

Some people don't do well with heat, they complain for that one day in the summer when the sun actually comes out in the UK.

I, on the other hand, love it, need it, crave it.

I'm currently lying on a bench in the spa's sauna, soaking in the heavenly warmth, wishing I had a sauna at home. The heat doing things to the aches and pains my body is feeling, aches caused by the man who has claimed me as his. My man. A grin splits across my face. The conversation from last night playing over and over again in my mind, his words on repeat. Telling me he wants me, needs me, that he's falling for me.

"What are you smiling about?" I jump, not having heard Chloe come in .

"Nothing," I say. Not ready to talk to her about Gray yet, sure she wouldn't understand.

"Why do you look like the cat that got the cream? Scrap that, you got the mouse as well. What's going on?"

"My friend gets married tomorrow. Can I not be happy for her?" I ask, hoping she'll buy it.

"Of course you're happy for me. But that", she points to my face, "is not 'my friends getting married tomorrow' happy. That is 'I got laid, I got laid good' happy. So, spill."

Before I even have a chance to open my mouth she continues.

“No wait. Let me guess. Who could it even be? I can’t think of anyone single here that you’d like.

I know it’s not Chris.” I laugh at that.

“It’s got to be someone that works here.

” She’s mumbling to herself, thinking it through.

“Is it someone that works here?” Again, I have no chance to answer before she’s speaking again.

“No, that’s not it. You’re not a fling girl.

” I was willing to be, I think to myself, I would have accepted anything from Gray.

She freezes, her gaze locked on mine, eyes narrowed.

“No,” she mutters to herself, “can’t be.

” But her gaze doesn’t move, her brain processing the thoughts that run through her mind at a ridiculous rate.

“Are you fucking Grayson?” I choke, full on cough up a lung, choke.

What the fuck? How the fuck did she get that?

We’ve spent barely any time outside the room together.

There's no way anyone could work out from last night that we're together.

Well, obviously someone could, Chloe could, because she has.

"What the fuck, Chlo?" I gasp, still spluttering from inhaling my own spit the wrong way.

"Holy shit!" She shouts. "You are! What the hell, Paige? Gray? Even when I said it, I didn't actually believe you were, but you are, aren't you? "

"How?" I demand, no other words coming to mind.

"No," she points at me, "you tell me how. How the hell do you end up fucking a guy over double your age?"

Well, fuck it, here goes . I explain how we met on the plane, the room mix up and how he's been staying in my room. I tell her everything.

"Holy shit," she breathes. "Grayson Stone, is one dirty mother fucker." She fans herself. "I can't believe he said he's going to marry you! Paige, this is huge."

"I know. I should be freaked out right? I mean it's way too fast." So why aren't I? Why does nothing about Gray and I feel wrong? Why, after two days does the thought of marrying him not scare me?

"Of course it's too fast," she laughs. "You don't tell someone you're going to marry them and give them babies after two days of knowing them.

The question you need to ask yourself is; do you care?

" She moves closer to me, taking my hands in hers.

“People are going to talk, Paige. There’s a crazy age gap between you, he’s my Dad's best friend and things are moving ridiculously fast. All of that will get people talking. But do you care?” She pauses, looking at me, really looking at me.

“Let me ask you this? Are you happy? Does Gray make you happy?”

“So happy,” I whisper. I don’t have to pause to think; don’t have to take a moment. The answer comes immediately, as clear as day. Gray makes me happy, happier than I have been in years.

“Then there’s your answer. Nothing and no one else matters,” she squeezes my hands.

“You’ve taken this surprisingly well.”

“Probably because I’ve known him my whole life, so I can vouch for him. He’s a good man, you’re not telling me some stranger wants to marry you; knowing him actually works in your favour,” she laughs. We both sit back, enjoying just being with each other.

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Paige

“Abso-fucking-lutely not!” He demands.

“Gray,” I cry, “this was always the plan, you can’t throw your toys out of the pram, because you don’t like it.”

“I am not throwing my toys out of the pram, Paige. But I will not spend the night without you. Go to Chloe’s lodge, spend the evening with her, do your thing. But when you crawl into bed, it will be my bed, my arms. No one else’s,” he grits out. Wow, he is mad, like really mad.

“Babe, you’re being ridiculous. It’s one night.”

“It’s not one night, it’s not any night.

You will sleep there,” he orders, pointing at the bed in our room.

“I have you for four nights. Four nights, Paige, before we have to go home. Before work, life and everything else will steal your time from me. When I won’t get you twenty-four-seven, don’t ask me to spend one of those nights without you.

” Well. What exactly am I supposed to say to that?

I can’t say no to him, not after that little speech.

Not sure I could say no to this man anyway, speech or not.

I cup his stubble roughed jaw in my hand, raise up on my tiptoes and place a kiss to his lips.

“Okay. I’ll come back,” I whisper into his mouth. He groans, capturing my mouth with his, never being able to let me lead for long. My dominant man. His arms wrap around me, squeezing me close to him.

“How long do we have?” he asks, already beginning to peel my clothes from my body. I have definitely spent more time naked around this man than clothed.

“Long enough,” I moan. He steps back, stripping off his own clothes. His eyes rove down my body and pause.

“What the fuck is that?” I’m taken aback by his tone. Is he seriously mad, again? What on earth?

“What’s what?” I ask, genuinely baffled.

“That,” he grates, his teeth clenched. His jaw is as hard as granite. His hand is pointing towards my waist. I look down, noticing the bruising on my hip. Ah. Now I get it. He’s just noticed it.

“It’s nothing, Gray, just a bruise.”

“You didn’t have it yesterday,” his eyes connect with mine. “Please don’t tell me I did that.”

“Well, technically you didn’t do it. The bath did.” Yeah, no, he doesn’t like that response. Humour probably wasn’t the best way to go. Not with how on edge he was before he even saw the bruise.

“Gray, I am absolutely fine. I don’t even feel it.” He’s standing directly in front of me again, his hand brushes over the bruise, his face pained. He hates it, after just a short amount of time, I can already read this man so well, and right now, he hates what he’s done .

“Babe, look at me,” I grasp the side of his face, lifting his eyes to mine. “I loved every moment of our time in that bath. I love you being rough with me. I love knowing that it’s me that’s made you lose control, turned you on so much that you’re feral for me.”

“Sweetheart, there’s rough, there’s making you take my cock, there’s fucking you deep, and then there’s this. You have a massive fucking bruise because of something I did. Why didn’t you say something? I hurt you,” the last three words are a pained whisper and my heart breaks for him.

“I didn’t say anything because it didn’t bother me, and because I didn’t want you to stop.

I’m not just saying this, but I do also bruise really easily.

” I can see I’m not convincing him here.

He’s made up his mind, and there is no way I’m letting him take a step back from our fucking.

I don’t want him soft and gentle with me, afraid I’ll break.

I want him exactly as he is. I try a different approach.

“Think of it this way. If I took charge, pushed you up against the wall right now and fucked you, but you caught your shoulder slightly and it bruised, would you care?

Would you want me to blame myself? Would you feel like I did it to you?

Or would you think, 'fuck me that was hot, let's do it again?

” His eyes meet mine, his jaw working. I can see him running this through his brain, trying to sort his thoughts, his emotions.

“Don't hold back, not with me, Gray. That's not who we are. We're raw, passionate, intense, that's us, that's what works for us. Don't take that away,” I whisper.

He takes my jaw in his big hand. “You tell me. If I hurt you, if something gets too much, you tell me. That's a deal breaker, Paige. I can't hurt you; I won't survive hurting you, baby.”

“I promise. Now fuck me, Gray. Fuck me like you hate me.” He scoops me into his arms and throws me on to the bed .

“Oh, baby girl,” he grins down at me. “You shouldn't have said that.”

I can still feel Gray inside me hours later, it's as if he's only just left my body.

I feel the pinch of him every time I move.

I only have myself to blame though, not that I'm complaining.

But asking that man to fuck me like he hates me, well, he certainly delivered.

How I didn't become a part of that mattress, with the way he nailed me to it, I don't know.

“How does it feel knowing you're only going to sleep with one man again for the rest

of your life?

” Amelia asks Chloe. I’m sprawled out on the smaller of the couches, a mocktail in my hand.

We’re not drinking tonight, nothing will interfere with tomorrow.

Chloe’s at the opposite end of the couch to me, our legs tangled together.

Amelia, Samantha and Maisie are all on the larger one opposite ours.

“Great. Perfect. I can’t wait to marry David; to become Mrs Garrett.

” Chloe has the sappiest look on her face I think I’ve ever seen.

Sam mimes vomiting; her head hanging off the couch, shoulders pretending to heave.

I can’t help but laugh. Chloe just tells us all to fuck off; nothing is removing her from cloud nine.

We’ve chatted this evening about anything and everything.

It reminds me of when we were younger, the nights we’d spend camped out in one of our rooms. Whispering away together, planning our lives, our weddings, our happy ever afters.

And here we are, the night before Chloe’s, it almost doesn’t feel real.

My phone vibrates. I dig it out of the pocket of my hoodie, knowing who it is without even having to look.

You having fun?

Yes. You?

What do you think?

I think you miss me.

You would be correct.

What time do you want me to come and get you? No rush.

I can walk back when we're finished. I doubt I'll be much longer.

No.

I'll come and get you. Message me.

I roll my eyes at his last message. Of course he has to come and get me. Bossy man that he is.

An hour later and the girls and I are clearing up from our evening. I message Gray to let him know I'm ready when he is. A knock at the door comes just as I'm throwing the last container into the bin.

"I've got it," Chloe calls out. She walks into the kitchen moments later, followed closely by Gray.

What is it about a man in sweatpants? He's dressed casually in grey bottoms and a matching hoodie, looking far too relaxed and sexy for the owner of a successful hedge fund.

My eyes are drawn to his groin, I can definitely see the outline of his cock.

Fuck. It's like he's just walked out of my own personal thirst trap.

He walks straight up to me and places his fingers beneath my chin lifting it so he can place a gentle kiss against my lips. In front of Chloe.

"Hey, baby," he murmurs.

"Hi. "

"Well, aren't you two cute," Chloe grins from her place in the kitchen. I give her the middle finger over Gray's shoulder. Gray just shakes his head. Taking my hand, he pulls me along behind him, out of the kitchen and towards the front door.

"Say goodbye to your friend, we're going," he says at the door. If anyone else bossed me around the way Gray does, I honestly think I'd punch them. For some reason, with him, it doesn't bother me. In fact, it turns me on. I turn and throw my arms around Chloe, squeezing her to me.

"I can't wait for tomorrow," I whisper in her ear.

"Me either," she squeezes me back.

"Try and get some sleep and I'll see you in the morning. Love you."

"Love you too, and something tells me I'll be getting more sleep than you," she winks at me. Gray just rolls his eyes.

"We'll see you tomorrow, Chloe," Gray says as he pulls me out of the door and back towards the main house.

“I changed that girl's nappy,” he mutters. “Now she thinks she can make digs about my sex life.”

“I think it was more about my sex life,” I laugh.

“One and the same, baby,” he winks at me. As we get to the end of the path he turns in the opposite direction of the hotel.

“Where are we going?” I query.

“Little detour. It's a nice clear evening; I thought we could take the longer walk back.” I link our fingers together, enjoying the quiet of the night. We head into the woods, it's only a short walk through the trees, but the moon is completely obscured and it's near on pitch black.

“Well, this isn't creepy at all,” I mutter. He laughs, squeezing my hand tighter. Suddenly he stops, pulling me backwards, towards the edge of the path .

“What on earth?” I gasp, looking around us, wondering what's wrong. He spins me around and pushes my back against the trunk of a tree. His hips hold me in place as his mouth crashes to mine. My mouth parts and his tongue thrusts inside, we both groan.

“I need to taste you.” His hands reach for the waistband of my leggings, pushing them and my underwear down. He spins me around and places my hands on the trunk.

“Hands here, don't move them,” he kisses down my throat and bites the juncture between my neck and shoulder.

Grabbing my hips he pulls them back, thrusting my ass out and arching my back, so

I'm bent over.

Smack! His hand comes down hard on my ass cheek.

I gasp, which soon turns into a groan as his hands massage the sting.

I feel his breath a fraction of a second before he kisses where he spanked.

"Such a pretty ass," he mutters, kissing along to the other cheek.

"I'll fuck you here soon," his finger brushes against my puckered hole.

Oh, hell no! He's not fitting there, he barely fits in my pussy, absolutely not.

My thoughts scatter as his tongue swipes along my slit, the heat of his mouth intense in the cold air.

He doesn't go easy on me, his tongue, mouth and teeth are relentless.

He's on one mission, to make me come as fast as he can.

His tongue thrusts deep inside me, stroking my walls, tasting me.

Fuck! I'm going to come. He spreads my cheeks further apart, his mouth latching onto my clit and sucking hard.

Just as I feel my orgasm rising to the surface, he slides a finger into that tight hole, touches where no one has before.

My orgasm hurtles through me, the pleasure so intense I scream into the inky black air.

He continues sucking and licking, his pace gentler now, easing me down from my high.

He removes his finger and I gasp at the tight feeling.

With one final swipe of his tongue through my slit, he pulls away, carefully redressing me.

Slowly, he turns me and lifts me into his arms, carrying me the rest of the way.

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Paige

Gray is licking an ice cream like it's his favourite flavour, I wonder what his favourite is?

It must be that one because he's making the same noises I make with a pistachio scoop.

I go to ask him which one it is, but his face is now a pistachio.

Huh? Weird. Oh, well, I think to myself, I'll ask him later.

Ice cream is dripping onto my clit, but it's warm, really warm.

Someone is massaging the ice cream into my pussy.

Why would someone do that? And why does it feel so good?

I look down, but I can't make out what I'm seeing, everything starts to blur.

I come awake with a gasp, only to find I wasn't really dreaming. Well, the pistachio and ice cream part was a dream, but Gray's head is between my legs, licking me. I don't know how long he's been down there, but my orgasm is close, so close.

"Morning, sweetheart," he murmurs against my clit, then dives back in to eating me out. I throw my head back, arching my neck and groan out my release. He crawls up my body, taking my lips with his, letting me taste myself on his tongue.

“This is how we should have woken up every morning.” With one arm braced by my head, his other reaches between us and rubs his cock against my soaking wet slit.

“Spread those legs for me, let me in, baby,” he groans, pushing my hips wider with his own, making room for himself.

He pushes forward, his cock forcing its way inside me.

No matter how many times we’ve had sex this weekend, how many times this man has been inside me, I still struggle to take him.

He doesn’t stop though; he gives me all of him at once.

He lowers his body to mine, bracing himself on his forearms, bracketing my head.

“This is where I belong, deep inside you. Fuck, baby, you feel so good,” he kisses me, his tongue matching the thrusts of his cock.

His thrusts come harder, deeper, slamming into me.

“Fuuuck,” he rasps, “I can’t hold back with you.

” His hand finds my clit, massaging it with rough circles of his fingers.

My orgasm flutters to life, building with each rub of the pad of his finger, each thrust of his cock.

“Gray,” I gasp. My hands find his shoulders, my nails leaving crescent marks in his skin.

“That’s it, baby. Come for me. Come on my cock.

” His words tip me over, my body spasms under his, my pussy clenching around his cock.

With a roar, his arms straighten, he rises on to his knees and he really drives into me.

Giving me everything he has. I have to brace my hands against the headboard, his thrusts driving me up the mattress.

His head is thrown back, neck arched, eyes closed in pure bliss.

His hips falter and his thrusts turn erratic, it’s the only warning I get before he bellows his release, coating my inner walls with his cum, filling me completely.

After a few moments, he pulls out, looking down at where his cum is leaking from me.

“Goddamn it, baby, you make me think things I shouldn’t be thinking,” his voice is hoarse.

“What could you possibly be thinking while your cum is dripping from me?” I tease. I have a good idea where his thoughts have gone.

His eyes shoot to mine. “Knocking you up,” he whispers. “I can’t stop picturing you swollen with my baby. Goddamn it, Paige, I want to breed you.” His eyes close, his expression pained, the last two words are a guttural groan. “You’ve unlocked a kink I had no idea I had.”

“Hmmm,” I moan, “my man has a breeding kink.”

“It would appear so,” he huffs in disbelief. I stroke my hand along his jaw. It almost hurts to look at him, he’s so ridiculously handsome.

“It’s just as well I want that too then, isn’t it?”

” His eyes snap open, his pupils widened in shock.

“Not right now,” I laugh at his expression.

“But one day, yes, I’d like you to get me pregnant.

First, however, I want to be living with the man and sharing the same name as him, before he pumps a baby into me.

” His forehead drops to mine with a growl.

“Soon,” he kisses me deeply before pulling away. Taking my hand, he pulls me off the bed with him, leading us to the bathroom. “Today, however, let’s watch your friend get married.”

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Grayson

I'm captivated, completely and utterly spellbound by the vision walking down the aisle.

She looks sensational. A black, floor length dress drapes across her figure, one shoulder is completely exposed and asking to be bitten.

The material, I want to say satin, moulds to her incredible shape and the slit exposes the complete length of one incredibly long, incredibly sexy leg.

A leg which is raised by the most ridiculously high, fuck me heels.

Her make-up is flawless, darker than her usual look, highlighting what is already the most beautiful face I've laid eyes on.

Her lips are painted a dark red, a red I can't wait to see wrapped around my cock later while I fist her hair.

Her long, golden locks are currently up in an intricate knot at the back of her head, a few tendrils are left to frame her stunning face.

I know I should be looking at the bride who has just entered the room, but I'm not taking my eyes off my girl.

Her gaze finds mine, as drawn to me as I am her.

Her smile is dazzling and my heart tugs in my chest, beating for her.

I might not have said the words out loud, but there is no doubt in my mind that I'm completely in love with this girl.

Paige

I've always loved my best friend, but right now I am madly in love with her.

If she hadn't just married David, I'd ask her to marry me.

I'm staring at the seating plan for the wedding breakfast, more specifically a little white piece of cardboard stuck over the name that was next to mine.

What did read Chris Miller, now reads Grayson Stone.

With everything going on, the stress I know she has had leading up to this day, my best friend has taken the time to ensure I sit next to Gray.

I really do love that girl. David is one lucky guy.

"I'm going to hate this meal," Gray mutters, not having seen the change himself.

We'd both made peace with the fact that we wouldn't be sitting together during the food.

The plans had been made long before we met and changing them was something neither of us were willing to ask for or expected. But of course, my bestie surprises me.

“Where are you sitting?” I ask, trying to hide my smile.

“I don’t care,” he grumbles, but his eyes scan the chart, looking for his name. I see the exact moment he notices. His gaze slides to mine, a grin splitting his face .

“I take back everything I said about Chloe this weekend. She’s wonderful.

” I laugh, knowing full well it won’t take much for him to change his mind again.

Leading us to our table, he places his hand on the small of my back.

We’re at a table with Chloe’s extended family, people I know very well; as I’m sure Gray does too.

They’re already seated when we arrive. Gray pulls out my chair for me, placing a gentle kiss to the back of my neck as I take my seat.

Marge, Angus’s sister, raises her eyebrows, her eyes widening.

She glances at her husband who is completely oblivious; I always knew I liked Guy.

Gray takes his seat and places his arm over the back of my chair, his hand absently stroking my shoulder.

He bends his head close to my ear. “Have I told you how beautiful you look?” he whispers.

“Maybe, once or twice. But a girl can never hear that too much,” I smile at him.

“Then I’ll make sure to say it often,” he gently places a kiss to my lips. “Stunning,” he whispers, kissing me again before pulling away.

“You don’t scrub up too bad yourself, Mr Stone.

You were born to wear a tux.” He looks absolutely gorgeous.

His hair is styled a little neater, than his usual ‘run your fingers through it’ look.

And he's wearing, what must be, a ridiculously expensive tailored tux judging by the way it fits. He looks edible and he’s all mine.

“Paige, dear, how are you?” Marge’s voice carries over the table.

“Here we go,” I mouth to Gray. He presses his lips together, biting back the grin that wants to take over.

“Hi, Marge. I’m good, thank you. How are you? Didn’t Chloe look stunning?” Of all Chloe’s family, Marge, Angus’ sister is probably my least favourite. She’s harmless, but she is a complete and utter busy body, she also has an opinion on everything.

“Yes, yes, absolutely beautiful, of course. I didn’t know you knew Gray? ”

“Yes, Marge, Paige is my girlfriend,” Gray's voice is firm, my bossy man is taking over the conversation.

“Oh, I see.” I want to grin. She doesn’t see at all, and it’s killing her. “How long have you been together?”

“A while,” he responds. I can’t help my snicker. His other hand reaches under the table, squeezing my thigh.

“Oh.” She really wants to say something about our ages. It is eating at her. “And Angus knows?” There’s a glint in her eye, little shit stirrer.

“Yes. Angus knows, as does Chloe. It’s why they sat us together,” Gray replies dryly. I very nearly choke on the water I had just taken a sip from, managing to get away with a slight cough. Gray’s hand strokes down the centre of my back. “Okay, baby?”

I turn my head to him. “You’re evil,” I laugh.

“That woman drives me mad,” he mutters under his breath.

“That makes two of us.”

“Do you know what I’m looking forward to later?” He asks.

“Peeling me out of this dress?” His gaze darkens, his pupils dilating.

“That too,” he rasps. “But no, I was going to say, dancing with you. I can’t wait to hold you in my arms, to be able to press you against me in front of everyone. I’m going to show everyone in this room who you belong to.”

“Who knew you could be such a romantic?”

“Oh baby, you haven’t seen anything yet. I’m going to make you fall in love with me.”

You already have. I think to myself.

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Grayson

Why didn't I check what return flights we were on?

If I'd known we were on different flights I would have changed them.

I'd stupidly assumed we would be on the same ones going home.

I feel like I've been cheated of time with her.

Tonight's going to be the first night we spend apart since I first kissed her, and I hate it.

These nights with her have been my first ones of real sleep for as long as I can remember.

I'm lucky if I get four hours, but with her, I've slept like the dead.

We're currently standing at departures and she's about to walk through security without me.

My flight isn't until this afternoon, whereas she's booked on a mid-morning flight.

I've still got hours before I can go through, but there was no way I was letting her leave for the airport without me .

"I hate this," I whisper. I sound like a needy fucker, but I'm beyond caring.

“I do too. But we’re seeing each other tomorrow, you’re going to come and meet me for lunch.” Her hands run through my hair, her nails scraping the back of my scalp. Soothing me.

“Pack a bag, you’ll be staying with me tomorrow.

” And every night after. I silently add.

I’m telling Edward tonight, which means I can tell Paige everything tomorrow at lunch.

After that, well, there’s no reason for her to not spend every moment with me.

I’ll be moving her in by the end of the week.

“So bossy,” she laughs.

“You love my bossiness.” It’s true, she might be a badass at her job and a ridiculously intelligent woman, which is a massive turn on. But she was made to submit to me and she loves it.

“Lucky for you.”

“I’m very lucky,” I say, lightly kissing her lips.

“I really do need to go,” she says pulling back. She bends down to pick up her carry-on case, which I’d placed down by our feet. I cup her face and capture her mouth with mine, kissing her deeply one more time before she leaves. We break apart, both breathless.

“Have a safe flight,” I rasp. “Let me know when you land and again when you’re

home.”

“I will,” she says, walking backwards towards security. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Gray.” With those parting words, she turns and walks through the doors to security.

I love you. But I don’t say the words out loud. I can’t say them yet, not until she knows everything. Not until I tell her who I really am.

** *

Paige

The only issue with taking a couple of days off is the mountain of work you come back to.

I’ve tried to keep on top of my emails as much as possible, but it doesn’t stop my to-do list from racking up.

Especially when my Director is a dick and thinks that just because I’m an analyst, I can do all his work for him.

This is the issue with banking, the pay is pretty decent, not great for a junior, but it’s way above a lot of first placement jobs and the potential earning is high.

But the hours are so long, and the work can be tedious as hell.

I regularly ask myself why I’m doing this.

It’s ten at night, my final wash from the weekend is in the tumble dryer and I’m sitting here putting the final figures together for a presentation.

I'm ridiculously tired and the numbers on my screen are starting to blur, not to mention my mind keeps wandering to last night.

Another reason I'm so tired is the complete lack of sleep after the wedding.

Gray kept us up all night, he was insatiable.

I'm quite sure he spent all night inside me.

I'm incredibly sore, but in a good way, the way that lets you know your body has been used and used well.

My phone vibrates next to me. I pick it up and read the message.

You awake?

Yes. I'm getting some work done.

It's 10pm. You should be resting.

Tell that to my boss.

Come work for me .

Is he being serious right now? He has no idea if I'm even good at my job.

You can't be serious.

I don't joke about work.

I could be crap at my job.

Are you?

Oh, for goodness sake, of course I'm not crap at my job. But he doesn't know that and you don't just offer someone a job because you're sleeping with them.

No. But I don't want a job for sleeping with you, Gray. I don't want some form of payment for my services.

I know I've made a mistake the minute I send it. Shit. Shit. Shit. Why did I send that? He is going to be so mad. My phone starts ringing in my hand and I let out an involuntary shriek. Quickly hitting decline.

Answer your phone.

I can't. I'm working.

Pick up the fucking phone, Paige.

It rings again in my hand, and again I hit decline. I know I'm pissing him off further and only making things worse for myself. But I am incapable of answering my phone right now. I'll let him cool off overnight and hopefully we can speak calmly about this tomorrow.

I will turn your ass so fucking red if you don't pick up RIGHT NOW!

Yeah, no. That has definitely not convinced me to pick up. In fact, I'm turning my phone off. I hold the button on the side just as a call comes through. Yep, I think to myself, tomorrow my ass is going to be sore.

Grayson

I am fucking furious. Absolutely livid. Not only does she put herself down, thinking I'm offering her a job as some sort of payment for sleeping with me.

What the fuck?! But then she ignores me, declines my calls, and now she's turned her phone off.

Turned it the fuck off. There is nothing I can do as I don't know where she lives, which is fucked up in itself.

I don't know where the woman I'm in love with lives.

Add to that, Edward is still not home, so I haven't been able to speak with him, which I need to do before I see Paige tomorrow.

This whole day, from the moment I found out that Paige and I were on different flights, has been a complete shit show.

At this rate I'm going to have to go into the office late tomorrow so I can speak to Edward in the morning.

As I have the thought, I hear the key in the front door.

Thank fuck. Something is finally going my way.

My son walks into the kitchen where I'm sitting at the breakfast bar.

"Hi," he grumbles.

"Take a seat. I'd like to speak with you." I've found the only way to communicate

with my son is to be direct .

“Is this about me not having a job? It’s hard, okay? No one is hiring. If you just gave me a job at your work, we wouldn’t have this issue.” That is a whole other matter that I need to address, yet again. There is no way my lazy son is going to think he can coast along at a job with my company.

“No, that’s another discussion we need to have. I want to talk to you about Paige.” His eyes narrow on me.

“What about her? She’s not talking to me at the moment.”

“I know you broke up,” I say. I’m not beating around the bush here.

“She’ll come around,” he smirks. “Doesn’t realise what she’s missing.” I have never hit my son, and I never will. But I have never been so tempted to wipe that smug grin off his face.

“No, she won’t. Let’s be honest, the two of you were never even really together.” The grin slips from his face; his expression hardening.

“What are you talking about? How would you know anything about her? You’ve never even met.” He’s getting defensive, which is not going to help what I have to say.

“We have met actually. She was at the wedding this weekend. She’s Angus’ daughters best friend.”

“Chloe?” He seems surprised, further showing me how little of a relationship he had with Paige.

“Yes, Paige and Chloe are best friends. Angus is like a second father to her.”

“Okay, what’s your point?” He grumbles, already fed up with this conversation.

“My point is that Paige and I got to know each other this weekend.” I already know this is where this conversation is going to go to shit. “We developed feelings for each other. We’re together, Edward; I’m dating Paige. ”

“THE FUCK?!” He explodes, pushing off his stool and throwing his hands up in the air. “What the fuck do you mean you're together? Are you fucking my girlfriend?” He demands.

“Watch your tone with me,” I grit, “and she is not your girlfriend. She never was. Whatever the two of you had going on was not a relationship.”

“I can’t believe you! You’re stealing my girl,” he shouts. “How can you want to fuck her knowing I did it first? I’ll give you a list of girls if my sloppy seconds is your kink,” he sneers at me.

I lose it. I fucking lose it. I shove off my stool and storm towards him, clenching my fists at my side, far too tempted to punch his face.

“Don’t you ever talk about her like that.

You don’t talk about Paige, about any woman, with disrespect.

And let’s be clear about one thing,” I add.

“You never slept with Paige. Nothing happened between the two of you. Is that what this is about? You’re pissed your old man is more of a man than you are?

” Am I being a dick? Yes. But right now, all reason has left me.

I cannot be held accountable for what is said at this moment.

“End it with her.”

“No.” Never happening, life without Paige is not a possibility.

“Father’s are meant to do anything for their children. I’m telling you to end it.” His eyes glint; he honestly thinks he’s got me.

“And I would do anything for you, Edward. Anything to keep you safe, anything to make your life better, and anything to help you in this world. But, I will not give in to your selfish behaviour. I will not give up the love of my life because you think I stole your toy, a toy that never belonged to you in the first place.”

“You’re choosing her over me?” He forces out between clenched teeth .

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“No. I’m choosing me,” my clenched fist hits my chest in emphasis.

“I will not survive without her. Paige and I do not affect you; we have no bearing on what you do with your life.

Edward, you and Paige were never really together, I'm not taking her from you.

If you'd have loved her, cared for her in any way; this wouldn't be happening. I love you, Edward, but Paige is my future, she's the woman I plan on spending the rest of my life with.”

“Fuck you, Dad,” he spits with venom before storming upstairs and slamming his door shut.

That went well.

I’m walking to meet Paige for lunch as she’s not got long before she has to be back at work.

I’ve booked a table at a restaurant around the corner to make sure we have as much time together as possible.

We’ve got a lot we need to discuss. I drop her a message to let her know I’m outside her building and lean against a column to wait.

I see her before she sees me. Corporate Paige is fucking hot.

She's got some fitted skinny trousers on with heels, a silk shirt, slim blazer and a wool coat thrown over the top.

A group of guys follow her out, every single one of them has their eyes trained on her, on my girl.

Time to move; she catches my approach, a smile taking over her face before it falters.

A trace of worry crosses her features, that's right, baby, you are in big trouble after last night.

I walk right up to her, take her in my arms and stamp a kiss on her lips for everyone to see.

I see the steps of the guys falter before they walk past us.

That's right, move along, this one's taken.

"Hey, baby," I murmur.

"Hi," she breathes, a little nervously. "You okay?"

"I am now," I say, taking her hand and leading her towards the restaurant. "Your ass won't be tonight, but it's safe for now," I add, grinning to myself.

"Shit," I hear her mutter to herself.

I lead her into the restaurant and to our table. We both already know what we want, so we order as soon as we sit down. Paige orders a Caesar salad and I order myself a steak.

“I’m sorry about last night,” Paige starts. I hold up my hand, stopping her.

“Let’s not have that conversation right now, that talk and your punishment will come tonight when I have more time.” I see her visibly swallow. Yeah, she’ll be swallowing tonight too.

“There is, however, something I need to talk to you about.” I’m about to start explaining our connection from before we met, when her gaze wanders over my shoulder and her eyes widen.

“I am so sorry for whatever is about to happen,” she whispers. What? I turn in my seat to see what she’s talking about and freeze. I feel the blood drain from my face. Coming towards us, looking far too smug for his own good, is my son.

“Isn’t this cosy?” His sly voice hits every nerve in my body.

“Edward what are you doing here?” Paige asks.

“You mean I’m not invited to the family lunch?”

“What?” She says confused.

“Dear old Dad here forgot to invite me. It’s okay though,” he turns to me, “your P.A let me know where you were.” Fuck sake, Carly. I turn in my seat, taking in Paige’s face. She’s looking back and forth between Edward and me, trying to make sense of his words.

“Dad?” She whispers. Edward's gleeful laugh is painful to hear, knowing he’s about to destroy everything.

I had it all planned, how I would lead up to this conversation, how I would break it to

her.

And this was not it, not even close. Her eyes meet mine.

“Wh...wh...what is he talking about?” She stutters out.

“Paige it’s n—” I start, only to be interrupted.

“Dad thought he’d get one over on me by stealing my girlfriend and fucking her when I couldn’t.”

“That is not what happened!” I near shout.

“Really? My girlfriend,” he points from himself to Paige, “who you fucked, and the best part; you didn’t even tell her who you were.

Nice one, Dad.” It’s as if this is a joke to him.

As if trying to humiliate Paige, trying to destroy what Paige and I have, is some form of entertainment.

I’ve never been ashamed of my son, until now.

“Oh God,” Paige gasps from across the table, drawing my attention back to her. She’s as white as a sheet. She stands and sways slightly, I go to reach for her but she slaps my hands away. “Don’t touch me,” she hisses.

“Sweetheart, it’s not what you think. Please, let me explain,” I plead.

“Did you know?” She doesn’t need to say any more, I know exactly what she means.

“Yes,” I whisper.

“I have to go. I need to leave.”

“Paige, no. Please, baby, don’t go.” I’m begging, but at this point I just don’t care. I’ll get on my knees if it means she’ll stop and listen to me.

“Don’t ‘baby’ me,” she spits. “Everything, oh God, I thought...” She puts her hand to her mouth, unable to finish what she was saying.

“Everything was real. We are real.” She needs to believe me.

“NO!” She shouts, grabs her bag and begins to walk past me. “You lied to me,” her pained whisper as she passes me breaks my heart and I can’t move, I’m frozen in place .

“Looks like we both lost the girl.” I turn to face my son, taking in the gloating smile. My stomach turns. Where did I go so wrong with him?

“Pack your bags and get out of my house. Your mother can deal with you. I can’t even look at you right now.” He quickly masks the shock on his face. What did he expect from me? A slap on the back and for us to laugh about it over beers? He’s fucking destroyed me.

“As if I’d want to stay with you after this,” he scoffs. I push past him and rush to the exit, hoping to catch Paige. My body finally functioning again and realising I can’t let her walk away. I see her up ahead, staggering around people on the pavement.

“PAIGE!” I shout. She doesn’t turn, but picks up her pace. I run after her. “Damn it, Paige, stop. Let me explain.” I’m almost to her now.

“There’s nothing to explain, Gray,” she calls over her shoulder, still walking away from me.

“There is everything to explain. Don’t walk away, Paige. You don’t walk away from us. Not ever.” I’m in front of her now, blocking her way.

“There is no us, there never was an us.” She steps around me, beginning to walk away from me again.

“Goddamn it, Paige. Just stop.” I grab her arm, spinning her around to face me.

“Let me go,” she hisses, trying to pull her arm from my grip.

“You think I’m going to let the woman I love go? I will never let you go. There will never be a time when I will be able to let you walk away from me.” She freezes, her eyes widening up at me.

“You love me?” She whispers in disbelief .

“I am completely and utterly in love with you. You’re everything to me, Paige. I don’t exist without you.” I pull her to me, uncaring of who’s around us. Cupping her cheek, I give her everything.

“Baby, I am so sorry that I didn’t tell you. I didn’t know you were going to be at the wedding. I couldn’t believe it when I got on the plane and you were sitting next to me,” I press my forehead to hers.

“Why didn’t you say something then? When you first saw me?” Her voice is quiet.

“Because I was selfish,” I admit. “If I’d told you from the beginning, I would have been Edward's Dad and that would have been it. You wouldn’t have explored what

we have between us. I wanted to see if what I was feeling was real, if you felt it too.”

“How did you even know who I was? We never met, I barely even saw Edward.”

“Promise you won’t freak out?” This could go either way. She nods nervously.

“I saw a picture of you. Edward showed me one from your graduation. Then I saw you at my house once; you were in the garden with friends,” her eyes widen. “And that time you came to my office?” She nods. “I was in the conference room. I saw you come in and couldn’t take my eyes off you.”

“Wow,” she breathes.

“It’s always been you, Paige, since I first laid eyes on you, it’s been you. Even if I didn’t know it, didn’t understand it, my body did.” I wrap my arms around her, pulling her body into mine, needing to hold her.

“I was going to tell you at lunch, it’s what I’d started saying when Edward walked in. I’m so sorry you found out like that.”

“I won’t lie, Gray, that hurt. What just happened in there? Nothing like that can ever happen again,” her voice is firm. I feel a weight lift off of my shoulders, she’s talking like there’s a future for us.

“Baby, I will never hide anything from you again, I promise. I wanted to speak to Edward first. Once we became serious, I wanted to do right by him and let him know before I told you. Believe me when I say I will never do that again.” My eyes close; I bury my face in her hair, breathing her in.

“I’m sorry I hurt you,” I whisper. I gently pull on her hair, tilting her face up to mine. Seeing everything I need, my lips take hers, my tongue thrusting against hers, tasting

her, taking what's mine.

Pulling back, she smiles at me. "Just don't do it again," she says.

"Never," I vow. She sighs deeply.

"I need to get back to work. My boss will be on my case if I'm gone too long." I growl, hating the idea of anyone giving her a hard time, of any man spending time with her. Totally irrational, but it doesn't stop me from feeling it.

"We'll talk about work tonight; I was serious about a job." She rolls her eyes at me and turns to head back to work, taking my hand in hers.

"Don't think I won't punish you for that," I mutter. She bursts out laughing.

"Babe, if you think you can punish me anytime soon after that shit show of a lunch, you've got another think coming." Fair point; I might have to concede that one for now.

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Paige

I knew work was going to be a bitch this week, but this is a joke.

It's eleven pm and I'm exhausted. I've been back one day and Scotland already feels like eons ago.

It's hard to believe it was only yesterday that I was waking up in Gray's arms in the Scottish countryside. It probably doesn't help that today's lunch was an emotional rollercoaster.

I just want to curl up in Gray's arms and convince myself that everything is okay with the two of us. Gray's been blowing up my phone with messages and calls, telling me I need to leave and get my ass home.

I'm nearly done, just a few more figures to input and I can get a cab to his.

I'm outside. Get down here now.

My impatient bossy man. I smile to myself; it was only a matter of time before he turned up. I'm actually surprised he lasted this long.

Give me 5 mins. I'll be down soon.

Fifteen minutes later I walk out the doors of work, beyond glad to be done for the night.

Gray is leaning against the side of a sleek sports car, looking ridiculously sexy in a wool coat turned up at the collar, his suit trousers and shoes visible underneath.

He pushes off from the car and walks towards me, folding me in his embrace.

“You must be shattered, sweetheart. Did you eat?” His voice vibrates through me from where my head is pressed against his chest. I merely nod, too tired to do anything else.

“Come on, let’s get you home.” He takes my overnight bag from me and leads me to his car, stowing my bag in the backseat and opening the passenger door for me to get in. He starts the car and pulls away from the curb, taking my hand in his and linking our fingers, he places it on his thigh.

“This car is seriously sexy,” I say. It suits him. I’m not sure what I expected him to drive, but seeing him in this car, nothing else would look right.

“I’m glad you approve,” he chuckles. I smile through a yawn and snuggle into my heated seat.

The twenty-minute journey to Gray's place in Chelsea passes quickly; both of us content to sit in silence, happy just to be with each other. He pulls the car into his garage and we enter through the internal door. Gray's home is a beautiful mews house in Chelsea that I absolutely adore. I’ve been here a couple of times with Edward and friends and I remember thinking then how gorgeous it was. I’ve only ever seen a few rooms and the courtyard style garden, but I love it.

“Your home is beautiful, Gray,” I murmur as we make our way downstairs to the kitchen diner.

The kitchen is a modern beauty, all pale quartz and dark cabinets with pendant lights

over the breakfast island.

There's a dining table that seats eight and an area with a couple of sofas around a glass fireplace with a large TV mounted above.

The room is all white and greys with an accent of bronze. I couldn't have chosen better myself.

"I'm glad you like it, I want this to be your home too," he casually responds as if he didn't just drop a bomb. I just stare at him; quite sure my mouth is hanging open.

"What?" He laughs when he turns and sees my expression.

"You can't just throw that out there like that," I splutter.

"This can't be a surprise to you," he says whilst taking two bottles of water from the fridge.

"We've already discussed marriage and babies.

I've told you that I love you and you're trying to tell me, that what?

Me wanting you to live with me is the shocker?

"Well, when he puts it like that, no, it probably shouldn't be.

"Do you want to stay up for a bit or head straight to bed?" He asks, making his way back over to me.

"Bed sounds good."

“Good girl, I need to be inside you.” I swear my pussy clenches in anticipation. He takes my hand and drags me back upstairs; we go through the entrance hallway and up another two flights of stairs. I had no idea this place was so big, his room is on the top floor, the fourth floor.

“This place is like a Tardis,” I mutter.

“I’ll give you a tour tomorrow, but right now, get naked.

” He’s already stripped off his suit jacket and is undoing the buttons on his shirt.

I make quick work of removing my clothes and lay them over my bag, which he’s placed on a chair in the room.

I pull back the covers and slide into bed, the side furthest from the door.

He slides in beside me and pulls me into his arms, dragging me beneath him, covering my body with his.

“I couldn’t sleep last night,” he speaks into my neck, placing kisses along my throat and biting down on the spot he loves at my shoulder.

He slides down my body, taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking.

My hands find his hair and thread through it, loving the feel of it between my fingers and giving it a tug when he hits a sweet spot.

“Neither could I,” I breathe. I never have a problem sleeping, but last night, it was like my body had grown used to being in Gray's arms. I gave up at five, after tossing and turning for most of the night, and went for a run.

I headed into the office early, resigned to only getting a couple hours of sleep.

“No more nights apart,” he mumbles against my stomach, making his way down my body. He places a gentle kiss against my mound, before moving lower and lightly licking my clit.

“I should tease you. Edge you for spending the night away from me,” another lick.

“But it’s late and I’m desperate to be inside you.

So tonight, you’re safe.” With that he closes his lips around my clit and sucks, massaging me with his tongue at the same time.

Within no time at all my orgasm barrels through me and I scream out my release, my body arching off the bed.

Before I even have time to come down from my high, Gray is pushing into me, bottoming out with one thrust.

“Ah, fuck,” he groans. His thrusts are relentless, giving me no time to adjust to him, forcing me to take everything he gives me.

He lifts on to his knees and hammers into me.

I feel my pussy spasm, whether from trying to push him out or suck him in, I don’t know, but my pleasure builds.

His fingers find my clit and rub, I shake my head, mumbling protests under my breath, trying to escape the intense feelings he’s evoking.

This orgasm is going to kill me, the pleasure is too intense .

“One more,” he growls. “I need you to give me one more. Now!” My body, powerless to deny him, shatters.

The orgasm rips through me, my mind blanking to everything but indescribable pleasure.

I vaguely hear his shout of release before his body lands on mine, his billowing chest pressed to me.

He rolls on to his back, taking me with him and staying buried inside me.

Both of us a panting mess of tangled limbs.

“I love you so fucking much,” he huffs in my ear. Finding what little strength I have left, I raise myself up, pressing my hands to his chest; wanting to look into his eyes when I say it for the first time. His gorgeous blue gaze meets mine.

“I love you too, Gray,” I whisper. My words are quiet, but said with the complete conviction I’m feeling. I love this man with everything I am. His eyes widen at my declaration; his hand comes up to cup my jaw.

“My beautiful girl. What did I ever do to deserve you?” He murmurs.

“By being you,” I lean down and place a gentle kiss to his lips.

He sits up with me in his arms, carrying me into the en-suite bathroom where he sets me down on the marble counter.

It’s similar to the kitchen, but brighter.

There are white marble counters with a pale grey vein running through them.

I'm sitting between his and her sinks, my gaze takes in the walk-in shower, large enough for a small orgy.

But what holds my attention is the large egg like tub at the far end of the room with a skylight above.

I cannot wait to take a dip in that beauty.

Gray has soaked a wash-cloth in warm water whilst I've been ogling the room.

He gently places it against my used pussy and cleans me up.

"What do you need from your bag?" he asks.

"Just my toiletry bag, it should be at the top." He comes back moments later, handing it to me. I jump down from the counter and move to the sink that doesn't look occupied and start getting ready for bed. He finishes before me, placing a gentle kiss to the back of my neck as he passes.

When I head back into the bedroom, he's lying in bed, the covers pulled part-way up his chest, one arm crossed behind his head, propping himself up slightly.

As I climb in next to him, he lifts his other arm, bringing me in to cuddle up against him.

I place my head against his chest, listening to the steady thump of his heart and drape my thigh over his.

"Good night, baby, I love you," he murmurs sleepily.

"Night, Gray, I love you too." With his arms wrapped around me and his body as my

pillow, I drift off into a perfect dreamless sleep.

Grayson

Sliding into Paige's tight cunt is how I plan on waking up every morning for the rest of my life.

Her delicious heat wraps around my cock, squeezing me before she even wakes, her body responds to mine subconsciously.

She was fucking made for me. I know the minute she wakes, her gasp of surprise and pleasure a sound I wish to hear for the rest of my life.

"Morning, baby," I rumble. My thrusts are steady and smooth, keeping a slow pace. She arches into me, a moan her only response. I lift her leg, opening her for me, taking her deeper with each thrust. I can feel my control slipping, my pace beginning to speed up .

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“Every morning,” I rasp in her ear. “Every morning I’m going to wake you like this.

” My hips punch in to hers hard, her pussy clenches in response and I lose it.

Pushing her on to her front I fucking rail her from behind, pounding into her again and again, my hips slamming against hers.

She grips the sheets in her hands, trying to ground herself.

I lift her hips in my palms, one hand snaking around her body and pinching her clit.

She cries out, the pain causing her body to tighten.

She wriggles in my grip, trying to escape my fingers.

“Keep still,” I hiss. “You can take it, just a little longer, baby, it will be worth it. Trust me.” After a few seconds I release her clit and moments later feel her orgasm pulse through her, her body goes limp in my arms. I thrust three more times before following her.

I roll on to my side, taking her with me and gently stroke up and down her ribs; waiting for her to come back round.

Knowing the pleasure is so much she passes out is the best boost to my ego.

“You need to stop doing that,” she mumbles. I chuckle in response, placing a kiss to the soft spot behind her ear.

“No way. It’s the best feeling in the world, knowing I’ve brought you that much pleasure.”

“I don’t think there’s enough room in this bed for you and your ego.” Laughing I pinch her ass cheek, earning a squeal.

“Get in the shower before I start fucking you again.” She pulls away from me, my cock slipping out of her.

I watch as she makes her way to the en-suite, my gaze drawn to my cum running down her thighs.

I can't wait to get her pregnant. My cock hardens instantly; Paige is better than any Viagra on the market, not that I’ve ever needed that shit.

But I’ve also never had this insatiable reaction to anyone before.

I climb out of bed and make my way to the shower where I plan on going back on my word and fucking my girl again .

I’m in the kitchen sipping my coffee, waiting for Paige to come downstairs.

I’ve made her the milky froth she likes to call coffee, cringing at it as I take another swig of my black brew.

Give me the strong stuff over that fluffy shit any day.

I see her enter out of the corner of my eye; turning I take her in fully.

Yeah, she’s going to come work for me. She looks fucking fantastic and I hate the thought of other guys at work ogling her.

She has a fitted navy dress on, a cream blazer and nude heels, seriously high, fuck me, heels.

I'm also totally aware of the tan stockings and sexy red lingerie she has on underneath; already wishing I could unwrap her.

"I made you a coffee," my voice comes out like gravel.

"Thank you," she smiles at me, picking it up and taking a sip. She moans her approval. Fuck, baby, don't do that to me. I adjust myself in my slacks, getting a fucking semi already. This girl has no idea of the effect she has on me.

"I want to talk to you about work." She looks at me over the rim of her mug, eyebrows raised. "I want you to work for me." I'm not pussy footing around with this. I want her, in every way, in every aspect of my life. I'm aware my obsession with her is unhealthy, I just don't give a shit.

"You don't know anything about the way I work, Gray, I could be a terrible fit," she takes a deep breath.

"I could be useless, I'm not," she adds, "but you don't know that.

The point is, Gray, we click personally.

But you know nothing about me when it comes to work.

"I hold my hand up, stopping her before she can continue.

"Am I offering this job for selfish reasons? Yes, I admit, I am. I want you with me; I want to see more of you. I also want to be able to make sure you're not worked into the ground.

But,” I add, before she can interrupt, which I can tell she wants to do, “I also know enough to warrant a job offer. You have a first-class honours in Business and Economics from Oxford University.” I begin ticking the reasons off on my fingers.

“You got offered a job at Goldman Sachs straight out of university. You are highly intelligent and well spoken, you’re confident and have a fantastic work ethic.

Christ, Paige, you were there until the middle of the night making sure you got things finished.

I would be lucky to have you at my company.

Me offering you a job is not just for my personal gain, you would be an asset, an asset I plan on stealing from Goldmans.

” I slide an envelope across the counter to her.

“What’s this?” She asks, cocking her head.

“My offer letter,” her eyes shoot to mine. “There’s also a resignation letter in there ready for your signature. I’d like you to hand that in today.”

“You’re insane,” she whispers.

“Positively certifiable when it comes to you. What’s your notice period?” She runs her hands through her hair; I can see her trying to process everything.

“I’m still in my first year, so four weeks.” I nod. I’d hoped that would be the case.

“Good, if you hand your notice in today, you can start with me in the new year.”

“I haven’t agreed to anything yet, Gray,” she states.

“You will,” I say. I’m confident that she’ll come around, if not today, then soon.

“Now let’s go, I want to drop you at your office.”

“You don’t need to do that, it’s out of your way. I’ll just jump in a taxi.” She is seriously asking for a spanking.

“Stop arguing with me, Paige and let me look after you.”

“Fine,” she huffs.

“And it wouldn’t be out of my way if you came and worked for me,” I can’t help but add.

Paige

I'm going to do it. I'll be honest, I had no intention of handing in my notice.

I was not going to curtail to Gray's ridiculous demands. However, that was before my dick of a boss became impossibly worse. The mountain of work piling up on my desk is like fucking Everest. All while, my delightful boss is out lunching with his old cronies. I wouldn't mind working my ass off and doing these hours if it was for someone that was actually good at their job, or had even an ounce of work ethic.

Unfortunately, my boss has neither of those attributes.

I'm currently standing at the printer nearest my desk, scanning the resignation letter I've just signed.

Still not completely convinced I'm going through with it.

"Paige," my boss' voice booms across the open plan floor, "where are the papers for the four o'clock with Christo?"

"On your desk. I also emailed a copy to you," I grit out.

He grunts and heads to his office. Senior management get offices along the walls looking out over the city; while we mere mortals get the bull pen in the middle of the floor.

"I'm off. I want the financials and sales forecasts for Imperial tomorrow.

” His beady little eyes give me a lewd once over, making my skin crawl.

He's never done anything to cause concern, but every so often, there's a look that just gives you the creeps. With that, he hoists his protruding stomach back over his belt, turns on his heel and marches out. That's it. That is my tipping point. He is asking for hours upon hours of work, that absolutely does not need to be completed tonight. The meeting isn't for at least two weeks time.

His demands are outrageous, unnecessary and completely out of order.

Knowing I have another option has completely changed things.

Is working with Grayson a wise move? Probably not, but it's the move I'm going to make if I don't want to be burnt out in my twenties.

Some people live for this; I apparently am not one of them.

Maybe things would be different if my boss was a decent human being; but he isn't and they're not.

I get up from my desk, walk into Barry's office and place my resignation letter on his desk, feeling the weight from my shoulders lift immediately.

He won't get it until he comes in tomorrow; what a lovely surprise he'll get over his breakfast sandwich.

I then email the scanned copy to HR letting them know that I'll work my four weeks notice, effective today.

Within minutes my desk phone rings, I can't help the smile that spreads across my face.

** *

Grayson

I'm not sure when, but I'm convinced that Paige will come and work for me.

I've planted the seed and now I just need to keep feeding it.

I want her here with me. I've already picked out her desk; it's near my office and when I sit down at my computer and my blinds are up, I'll have a complete view of her.

Though I plan on her spending a lot of time in here with me.

My desk phone rings, surprising me out of my daydream.

"Hi Roxy," I say to our receptionist.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Gray, but I've got a young woman here who says she needs to see you.

She doesn't have an appointment and her name is not on your list of approved guests," she huffs out.

"However, she said she's not leaving until I let you know she's here; she's adamant you'll want to know.

" I'm already standing up from my chair, having a good idea of who it is and kicking myself for not having her put on my list already, the bloody top of it.

"What's her name, Roxy?"

“Paige, Sir. Paige Andrews.”

“Tell her I’m on my way,” I place the handset back in its cradle and rush towards reception.

Checking my Patek Philippe, I note it’s just after four, why is she out of work so early?

Her back is to me as I approach the reception desk, but she turns as she hears my shoes clicking on the marble floor.

I pull her straight into my arms and kiss the fuck out of her.

My tongue thrusts into her mouth, my hunger for her absolute.

It’s completely inappropriate for work, especially in front of one of my employees, but I couldn’t give a fuck.

“Hey, baby,” I murmur, as I finally release her .

“Hi,” she shakily whispers, her gaze unfocused. I know, sweetheart, I think to myself, I feel it too. I glance up to find Roxy staring at us, I can’t say I blame her, we put on quite a show and I’ve never been seen with a woman at work before.

“Roxy, this is Paige Andrews,” I say as I guide my girl towards the reception desk. “Please add her to my list. For the record, anything gets interrupted for her, it doesn’t matter who it is, Paige is the exception to my rules.” Roxy’s eyes widen, her gaze flits between Paige and I.

“Of course, Grayson,” she murmurs.

Taking Paige's hand, I lead her through the floor to my office. Closing the door behind us, I head to my desk and pull her on to my lap, glad the blinds to the rest of the floor are already down.

"Not that I'm not glad to see you, but what are you doing here so early? It's just after four, is everything okay?" Worry starts to form in my gut, has something happened?

"I'm fine. Nothing bad has happened," she cups my cheek, sensing where my thoughts had gone.

"Well, I don't think it's bad anyway. In fact, I think you'll be pleased," she adds with a slightly nervous smile.

I shouldn't get my hopes up, but I can't help it.

My mind has gone straight to her having quit her job and working for me.

The thought of having her with me twenty-four-seven has taken over every part of my being.

"What is it?"

"I want to start by saying I had no intention of doing this. This is all your fault, you planted it in my head and it's been there all day.

Then Barry was being an absolute dick and I just flipped," she takes a deep breath and continues.

"So, I did what I said I was absolutely not going to do," she pauses and I swear my heart has stopped .

“Baby, you’re killing me here. I think I know where this is going but you’re getting my hopes up and I don’t want to be disappointed,” I rasp.

“I quit my job,” she whispers against my lips, placing a gentle kiss. I pull back and look her in the eye.

“You quit?” I ask, having to be totally sure I heard her correctly.

“Yes, they’ve put me on gardening leave as well, so I’m totally free,” she tips her head coyly. “I thought I’d come along and see if my boyfriend wanted to play hooky?”

“You’ll work for me,” I state. It’s not a question and I’m not giving her an option.

“Maybe, we’ll see.”

“Oh, sweetheart, there’s nothing to see. You’ve quit your job, you’re mine now,” I smirk. “You also need to marry me soon; I’m too old to be called your boyfriend.”

“You’re insane. We’ve known each other days. What would people think?”

“I don’t give a shit what people think and neither should you. I only care about you and me. Are you saying you don’t want to be Mrs Stone?” I demand.

“Of course I want to be Mrs Stone, but let’s not rush anything.” I guess I can give it a few weeks before I propose. “I mean, we don’t even live together, let’s cross that off before we decide to get married.”

“That’s something we can sort now.” I rise from my seat with her still in my arms.

“Gray,” she gasps, “what are you talking about?”

“Moving in with me. Let’s go get your stuff.

We’ll swap the Aston for my Defender; I’m sure we can get most of your things in one trip in it.

We can always go back for anything else later if we need.

” She’s looking at me like I’ve lost my mind.

Maybe I have, but I’ll gladly lose it for her every day for the rest of my life.

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Epilogue

Paige

I wake slowly, the remnants of a delicious dream still clinging to me.

My body feels warm and heavy, and I know before I'm even fully awake that Gray is wrapped around me.

My man is a human teddy bear. I snuggle back into him, feeling lazy and enjoying the comfort of his body pressed to mine, trapping me to the bed.

His cock twitches against my ass cheeks and I can't help the smile that spreads across my face.

My man is insatiable; to be fair, we both are.

I stretch my arms, the only part of me I can move, but something feels different.

My eyes open and adjust to the darkness of the room, Gray's blackout blinds are next level.

Something on my finger catches my attention and I freeze.

My left hand has a new addition, to be specific, my ring finger has a big ass diamond on it. What. The. Fuck ?

“Merry Christmas, baby,” Gray whispers into my neck, placing kisses behind my ear.

But I can’t respond; I’m frozen in place, staring at the most gorgeous ring I’ve ever seen.

It’s a classic cushion cut halo ring, and it’s fucking massive.

It must be about four carats and it’s on my finger.

Gray rises onto his elbow behind me and leans over, staring into my face.

“You okay there?” He smirks. I pry my eyes away from the ring and look at him.

“Is this... are you... what?” I’m not making any sense, I’m totally aware of it, but I can’t get the words I want to say to form in my head.

“Is this me asking you to marry me? Is that what you wanted to say?” He laughs and I can only nod in response.

“No,” he states. “I’m not asking, because you don’t have a choice in the matter.

You’re marrying me, you’re giving me babies and you’re spending the rest of your life with me.

” It’s bossy, it’s domineering, it’s an asshole way to ask someone to marry you.

Most women would probably pull the ring off their finger and chuck it.

However, for me, for us, it’s absolutely perfect.

“Yes,” I whisper. He might not be asking, but I still need him to know this is what I want.

“You have until the end of April.” My brow creases in confusion. What is he talking about? April for what?

“To marry me,” he adds, clearly reading my confusion. “You can have whatever you want, my only requirement is you do it soon. The sooner you marry me, the sooner I can fuck my baby into you.” With that he rolls me on to my back and braces himself over me.

“Now, I hope you weren’t planning on doing anything this Christmas, because I plan on spending the day buried inside my future wife.”

** *

6 months later

Grayson

I walk into my office after being out at meetings all morning to find my wife curled up on my chair reading a book.

Ever since she started working for my firm, we spend every lunch together in my office.

The blinds of course stay down, no one else needs to see me balls deep inside my wife while we eat our lunch.

I spend every moment I can inside her. I’ve always had a high sex drive, but with Paige it’s out of control, she’s constantly dripping with my cum.

“What smutty story are you reading this time?” My wife likes her books spicy and I am more than happy to try all the things she reads about. It’s made for some very interesting bedroom activities; well, not just the bedroom.

She smirks at me, must be a good one. “It’s a why choose.”

“Why what?”

“Why choose,” she repeats. “It means the girl has more than one guy at the same time.” I can’t help the snort that leaves me.

“Ah, yeah, that’s not going to happen.”

“What’s not?” She laughs.

“You want both your holes filled, baby? I’ll be the one to do it.” And I’ll enjoy it immensely. In fact, I don’t know why we haven’t done it before now.

“Gray, you have a magic cock, but even you can’t fill both at once.”

“It’s called a dildo, baby, and I’d get a replica of mine made. So yeah, I will fill both your holes, if that’s what you want. ”

“Hmmm, yes please.” Her pupils are dilated, yeah, she wants that as much as I do. “Right now, however, why don’t you come over here and fill one.” She puts her book down and spreads her legs.

“Which one?” I start walking towards her. My wife gave me her anal virginity on our wedding night, and just like I knew she would, she loved it.

“The one that makes a baby.” I pause in my approach, cocking my head I stare at my wife. “Are you going to just stand there or are you going to fill up your wife? Your fertile wife.” Fuck . We’ve spoken about it and I know she wants to be a young mum, but is she telling me she’s off birth control?

“I need more than that, baby. Tell me exactly what it is you're implying.” She rises

from my desk chair and saunters towards me, hips swaying.

“I’m off the pill.” My cock hardens instantly. “I think it’s time you bred your wife.”

Fucking hell . She knows exactly what those words do to me. We’ve discovered I definitely have a breeding kink and the thought of fucking her now; knowing I could get her pregnant, has me leaking in my slacks.

“You tell me this now, when we have to be quiet?” I groan. She reaches down and squeezes my hard cock through my trousers. My head drops back, my hips thrusting into her grip.

“You’ll just have to bite down on me again when you come, you know that worked last time.”

“Last time I wasn’t breeding my wife. I’m going to fucking roar my release.” I grab her and drag her to the sofa, pushing her on to her back and following her down, settling between her hips. Her dress has ridden up, giving me a clear view of her bare pussy .

“Fuck, baby,” I rasp. “Please don’t tell me you’ve been walking around like that all morning.”

“What if I have?”

"You know what happens when you’re bad,” I murmur, nuzzling behind her ear. It’s one of my favourite spots.

“And you know that’s exactly why I’m bad,” she breathes, her body arching into me.

“Oh, baby girl, you’re not going to like it when we get home.”

“Promise?” I can’t help the laugh that leaves me; she challenges me at every turn. I lift up from her and nod down to my fly.

“Take me out,” I demand. Her hands instantly fly to the button of my slacks, making quick work of undoing it and working the zipper down, freeing my aching cock.

She squeezes me in her small grip, her hand sliding from root to tip.

We both moan, desperate for each other. I swipe my fingers through her slit, finding her smooth pussy soaking wet and ready for me.

With no preparation or warning, I ram my cock into her to the hilt.

Her fist flies to her mouth, her teeth biting down on her flesh, silencing her cries of pleasure and pain.

“Rub that clit for me, baby, make yourself come, this is going to be fast.” Her fingers rub her clit in frantic circles while my hips thrust into her wet heat again and again, the sofa knocking into the wall with every hard stroke of my cock.

I’m sure we can be heard outside of my office walls, but I’m beyond caring, the need to breed my wife taking over.

“Fuck, baby, tell me you’re close,” I rasp, already feeling the tingling at the base of my spine, my balls drawing up, ready to spill inside her needy little cunt.

“So close, don’t stop, don’t stop,” she chants, her head thrashing on the couch cushions, her tight cunt rippling around my pistoning cock. My hand finds her throat, only applying a light pressure to her pulse point, but holding her firmly to the sofa.

“Come for me,” I demand. “Milk the cum from my cock, take it all, every fucking drop.” My words tip her over, her cunt tightening around me like a vice, making it

almost impossible to thrust. I don't need to though, my head falls forward, my teeth bite down on the fleshy part of her breast, silencing the roar that wants to leave me as she milks my orgasm from me.

My seed shoots deep inside her tight walls, my cock pulsing again and again, filling her like I never have before, knowing exactly what it needs to do to knock her up.

After what feels like a never-ending orgasm, I pull out of her tight heat, my cock covered in both of our releases.

My fingers go straight to her pussy, pushing the cum that is trying to drip out of her back in.

I quickly sit on the sofa next to her and angle her so her hips are raised on my lap, her legs resting over me, while her back remains flat on the sofa.

“What are you doing?”

“Making sure my cum stays where it belongs.”

“Hmmm, you really do want me pregnant,” she smiles up at me, her expression drowsy with pleasure.

“Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea what you've awoken. I'm going to be inside you all day, every day, until you're swollen with my baby.” My hands find her stomach, rubbing over her skin. Imagining a child growing inside her, our child, feeling the kicks, seeing her body change.

“I can't fucking wait,” I whisper, emotion clogging my throat, my voice hoarse.

“Me either, one won't be enough though. Because the minute I see you holding our child, I'm going to want to do it all over again.”

I'm not a religious person, but I'm going to thank whoever I need, every day for the rest of my life for giving me this woman. The woman I love, the woman of my dreams, my soul mate.

The End