



Sir Richard's Portrait

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Description: Rayne Dresden can't catch a break. Not only was he stood up by his blind date but she also gave him the wrong phone number. When she asks for a certain kind of picture, he later realizes he's sent it to a complete stranger. Yeah, he knows he shouldn't have sent a picture of...that part of his body to someone but he wanted to be spontaneous and not seem like he was an old bastard too far gone to attract a hot younger lady. Little did he know the woman he sent his picture to just happens to be a hot young lady.

Cami's never got a picture like this one but once she has it in her hands (so to speak) she can't seem to stop texting Rayne. Can a relationship really be built on a wrong number text, a picture of Sir Richard, and an apartment fire? Or will she to be the one who ends up burnt once Rayne finds out who she really is.

Yep, I did it! It's all in the title people. This isn't a historical by any means but a hot romp with a spicy trope that will help you give summer a fond farewell. So pull up a chair and close the blinds, this isn't one you're going to want your grandmother to know you're reading.

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Chapter One

Cami

I've been thinking about you today.

Gee, that must be nice, to have someone think about you during the day. I wouldn't know because unfortunately, the text message I just got is not for me. I don't even know if it's a man who is on the other side and that's the way I swing. Still, even if it is a female sending the message it's stupid sweet and something I kind of yearn for.

I didn't have a great home life growing up due to family fighting. I have no idea why my mom and dad stay together when all they do is drink themselves to death and end up beating the hell out of each other. Not that it ever spilled over onto me - they more or less just ignored and neglected me so I guess I have that to be thankful for.

I debate whether or not to reply and tell the person I'm not who they think I am but in the end I get busy with school and forget about the text until I receive another one from the same number the next day.

I'm still thinking of you.

Shit, I am totally going to have to tell this person I'm not whoever they think I am. I decide to finish what I'm doing first but I put it off so long that I actually forget again and then, I get the picture. And a lot of questions I had about this person are

answered. My phone dings and when I open up the text message I am staring at a picture of a very large, very hard cock. My cheeks burn as I hold the phone close to my chest. There's no one in the room with me but I still feel like I need to hide the picture.

Sent. I hope you like what you see.

Oh. My. God! I immediately text back this time. I've let this go on for way too long if I'm getting a dick pic.

I think you might have sent that to the wrong number because I'm not whoever you're trying to reach. I'm sorry.

Why the hell am I apologizing? I'm the one who had their eyeballs molested even if it is a pretty good-looking member. There is a long pause and I am about to lay my phone back down when I see the little bubble pop up that tells me whoever is on the other end is typing something back. It takes another five minutes.

Fuck! I am so sorry. And embarrassed as fuck. Tell me you aren't a twelve-year-old kid walking around with a picture of my dick on your phone! Please tell me you aren't that.

The corners of my mouth tilt up. This wasn't the response I thought I would get.

I'm not. I'm actually eighteen so no need to worry about it.

More typing bubbles.

Well thank God for that. I am so sorry. I thought...never mind what I thought I'm sorry.

Clearly you thought I was someone else. I've got the other texts you sent over the last two days.

I feel so bad about not telling this guy that I wasn't the person he thought I was sooner. Guilt has me typing more.

It is totally my fault for not telling you sooner. I'm sorry.

I just sent you a dick pic, I'm pretty sure I should be the one apologizing.

No worries. I understand it's an accident but maybe you should be sure who you're actually texting next time you decide to send something so personal. Not to mention I don't think you're really supposed to send anyone pictures like that over a text message.

I keep typing and deleting trying to figure out what to say next. God, I sound so preachy. I watch the bubbles float and then stop altogether. I don't get another text. Wonderful. Now someone thinks I'm a judgmental asshole who is looking down on them for making a mistake.

I throw my phone down and groan. I don't have the right to judge anyone. I'm an eighteen-year-old girl who's barely getting by. I'm living in a tiny apartment with five other girls. Most days it's ramen for lunch, dinner, and snack. I check my phone for messages again and scroll through our conversation. This is the most I've actually talked to another person since I moved to town if that isn't the saddest thing ever. My eyes land on the infamous picture again. I don't have anything to judge by but his hand looks pretty big in the picture and his dick is even bigger. I blush and clear my screen again. I'm getting way too lonely if I'm swooning over a dick pic that might not even be the person on the other end of the phone. I pull up the dating app I've been looking at for the last few days.

"Hey girl, what's up?"

"Nothing much." I shove my phone behind me and sit up to talk to the girl who shares the room with me. "How did work go?"

I don't know her very well but I'm trying to be social. She's much louder and more outgoing than I am. I'm shy and nerdy with round glasses and too many freckles to be considered sexy. I'm more...cute - like a kitten, and unfortunately, since boys don't really dig kittens I'm not getting a lot of face-to-face time with the opposite sex. I spend the next few minutes listening to her complain about her office job and tell me about the new show she watched last night with her boyfriend. I start nibbling my bottom lip thinking about how nice it would be to have someone to share a tv show with. God, I'm so lonely and sad.

"Hey, did you say you met your boyfriend on a dating app?"

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Chapter Two

Rayne

Oh my God this guy was such a jerk. He showed up drunk and couldn't keep his hands to himself. Tonight was horrible. I'm done! Guys are so stupid! All he wanted to do was try to put his hands on my tits.

I pick up my phone and read the message sent to me. It's from the girl I sent the dick pic to the other night. I'm pretty sure this message isn't meant for me but I can't seem to put my phone down and ignore it.

Uh, I'm sorry that you had a bad date? I'm by no means an expert on handing out good dating advice as you are aware but I'm pretty sure if the man is trying to feel you up you should get the hell out of there.

Oh shit, I am so sorry I bothered you. I...your number was the last one I texted.

Now that's interesting. I thought most eighteen-year-olds had tons of people they talked to through text messages. Meanwhile, I'm a complete spaz when it comes to the fads of social media and memes and all that nonsense. And I just made myself sound like a god damn dinosaur.

No worries. Now we're even at least. Lol. Hopefully you got rid of the drunk and got home safe.

The little bubble thing pops up and tells me she is typing again. If I understand right, she's an eighteen-year-old girl but other than that I don't know anything else about her. She seems to be having a rough time of it like I am though. I mean the girl I went out with gave me the wrong number for fuck's sake. Then ask me through 'a friend' to send her a dick pic and I did.

Yeah, I did leave the restaurant. Not home yet though so the night is still young. I might still have a gargoyle fall on me before I make it inside the way my luck is going.

I laugh out loud causing the men around me to look over. Assholes, they gossip like a bunch of old women so the fact that I'm on my phone laughing has all of them standing to attention.

"Whatcha laughin' at boss?"

"None of your god damn business, Andrews. Keep your mind on work."

Another one of the men on shift with me asks, "Is it Heather?"

"No." I snap. "She stood me up."

Well, at least you didn't send a picture of your junk to a complete stranger. You've got that going for you.

She sends me a smiley face with a tear coming out of one eye.

I guess there is that. Please don't worry about it. I realize it was an accident. I'm sorry if I sounded judgy yesterday.

You didn't sound judgy. No worries. Are you home yet?

Almost, why?

Why indeed?

Because I want to know you're safe. Even if you are a total stranger. If you need me to come pick you up I will.

It's a little while before I get a reply and I start to think I may have overstepped my bounds with her. I go back to filling out paperwork and watching over my men. After five minutes though I hear a ding. I have to wipe my hands on my jeans before I pick the damned phone up I'm so excited. What the hell is wrong with me?

One, we don't even know if we live anywhere close to one another, and two, I'm inside safe. No need to worry now. Thank you for caring. I understand we don't know each other but it's nice to know someone out there would miss me if a date dragged me to a cabin and killed me.

Anybody would do that for another. Besides if you go missing I would probably be the prime suspect considering I sent you a picture of my...stuff.

I'm sent another smiley face before two of my guys come in and take my attention off my phone. It takes me three hours to make it back to the text messages and another four before I have the chance to reply, but by then I'm sure it's too late to text this girl. She's right, I don't know where she lives or even what time zone she might be in so who knows if I'm bothering her. People usually go on dates at night, don't they?

I'm not sure why I even keep texting this poor woman. The last thing she needs is someone like me bothering her. Hell, the woman I was trying to date didn't want anything to do with me. Why would this girl be any different? I don't even know what she looks like. I can tell she's funny and she's forgiving of someone who fucks up since she didn't turn me into the police for sending her a picture of my cock.

On my way home I can't stop thinking about the person on the other end of the messages. Is she in high school still or college? Does she work around here? I can't even be sure if she's in the same fucking state I'm in and it's kind of killing me wanting to find out. I have to take her word for the fact that she is an eighteen-year-old girl. She could be a forty-year-old man living in his mom's basement for all I know.

I grab my phone once I'm finally home and can get comfortable. I shouldn't text her again.

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You know a lot about me, why don't you send me a picture so I know some about you?

I wait and wait but she never sends anything back and I start to wonder if she's even up. I reread the message and want to bang my head against the door frame.

Oh God! I didn't mean like that! I meant something in your house that means something to you. Not...the other thing. I'm never going to live that down, am I?

As if on cue the little bubble pops up.

Lol, I was about to start worrying. Even so, that's a big request. I'll have to think about it. Until then, you do the same and show me yours. ;)

I thought I already did. I look around my house thinking about what to send her. Definitely not another dick pic. Finally, I land on a picture of me and my grandpa sitting on my fireplace mantle. I was four and the fish I'm holding was almost as big as I was. I loved that man, he was my hero. It broke my heart when he passed a few years ago.

I send it to her. I'm asleep when my phone dings. On my screen is a picture of a stuffed bunny. Its fur is matted down in places and you can tell its ear has had to be sewn back on a couple of times. I chuckle and start typing away.

That looks like one more loved bunny. How long have you had it?

Almost twelve years now.

I go back to her picture and take in everything around the bunny. It's sitting on a bed with pink flowers on it. Very girly. I search the picture for any other clues that would tell me more about the person on the other end of the phone.

Thank you for sharing with me. I don't feel like you're such a stranger now.

It takes a couple of minutes but then I see that she's texting back.

Me neither.

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Chapter Three

Cami

I've been texting back and forth with a complete stranger for the past two weeks and I feel closer to him than I do to anybody else. Is that sad? Yeah, probably but it makes me feel better to hear my phone ding now. I know it's not going to be just my parents berating me for trying to better myself or one of my professors bitching because I'm late with a project.

I think about how what happened a week ago caused all of this and think we might not have texted each other back if it hadn't. That one night of sharing might have been all we had. Fortunately, fate stepped in to make me look like a dumbass yet again. I was in a café trying to find some quiet time to study and in walks my super awful date from Friday night. I immediately put my head down hoping he wouldn't recognize me. I pick up my phone and text like an idiot but I send it to the wrong number again and instead of my roommate I text him.

Oh my God, that guy I told you about won't stop bothering me. He texts me all the time.

When my phone dings I dive for it because it's something to do.

I'm sorry. I guess I can stop if you want me to.

What the hell?!

Oh God no, not you. I did it again and mistext. I'm so sorry.

This the same guy who tried to grab your tits?

Yes! And he's in the same café I'm sitting in now. Is that coincidence or am I just paranoid? Oh shit!

Douche canoe just realized I was here. He's coming over. So much for getting out of this without being Douched on.

I take it he noticed you.

Yeah, so for the next five minutes you're going to be my pretend boyfriend - hope you don't mind.

I don't know what inspired me to pretend other than the wish to avoid a confrontation in the middle of a public place.

Want me to send you another picture?

I can't hold back my laugh at his offer which does not go over well with señor psychopants, who is now standing at my table waiting like I should put my life on hold for him.

Oh God no, I can only take so much embarrassment for one day. I think my face would be as red as the tablecloths in this place. Hey, maybe then I could blend in.

Ten minutes later and I hold my phone in sweaty hands as I go back to typing.

And he totally made a scene when I told him I was texting my boyfriend. He actually told me he was cool if all I wanted was a 'quick fuck in the bathroom'. I told him hell no and he started yelling at me calling me a cock tease. Eww, what the hell is wrong with men? I'm not a cocktease because I don't want to bang in the bathroom, am I?

Trust me Bunny, he is not a man. Real men don't do that kind of thing and I'm sorry as fuck it happened to you. Want to send me his name and let me handle it for you?

I'm afraid if I look up I'll find people still looking at me. For a minute I almost take him up on his offer but he's just being nice. He might be in Alaska for all I know. What could he possibly do for me from there?

No hopefully him knowing I have a 'boyfriend' will be enough to drive the message home. But thank you. You aren't an assassin, are you? It kind of sounded like you could be one and I'm not judging you for your chosen career path but I don't make a good alibi I'll tell you that right now, upfront. Everyone can tell when I'm lying.

Why can't I meet someone like this guy? He's sweet, funny, and apparently hung really well from what I can tell from the picture - not that I look at it every night or anything. Alright, I totally do.

No, I'm not an assassin. Although I'm pretty sure I would deny it even if I were one. Isn't there like a creed I'm supposed to stick to or something? And I too do not make a good alibi. Guess we're both fucked if someone around us comes up missing, huh!

I send him a laugh meme before a thought sours my enjoyment at the simple pleasure of connecting with someone like him.

Whatever happened to the girl you were texting that picture to? It just hit me that I might be making trouble for you and that is not what I want at all.

It would also be kind of icky to be fantasizing about someone else's man. I mean this guy isn't a celebrity and I guess that is a little different. Still, if he's with someone I should probably get rid of the picture I've kept. Wait, did he just call me...? I have to go back several messages and reread to make sure I caught what I thought I did.

Bunny?

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Just sounded like the right thing to call you because of the picture you sent me and the fact I don't know you're name. She and I didn't work out so don't worry about getting me in any trouble besides I have her to thank for sending me a new friend. Besides, something tells me you would be worth getting into trouble for.

My cheeks start turning red again but this time it's not from of embarrassment. I bite my bottom lip to keep from smiling any bigger than I already am. He gave me a nickname. In just a few messages this guy took my day from train wreck awful to something entirely the opposite.

It wasn't long afterward that he started sending me pictures almost daily and I returned the favor. Over the past week he's been sending me a lot of pictures of things around him, silly stuff, sometimes like a dog being chased by a cat or two birds fighting over the same piece of bread. I've tried to return images but it occurred to me that I don't go out a lot so most of my pictures are of things in my room or in front of my building. He never really judges me for them not being as exciting as his and he always seems to be interested in what I am sending.

I crawl in bed and close my eyes. More and more I end up thinking about him. I don't even know his name. Well, not his whole name. We told each other our first names a week ago. He's Rayne and he's thirty-four which seems old but really isn't. Other than that, and the fact he has a younger sister he cares about, I don't know a thing about the man.

He asked if we should start talking - like calling one another - and I told him no. I don't want him to build up some wonderful idea of me in his head and then talk to me and never want to text me again. I really look forward to these back and forth's. I can't

take the chance that something will ruin it even if I do wonder what his voice sounds like and where he is in the world.

I fall asleep thinking of him but I get woke up by the sound of an alarm blaring in my ears. I sit up in bed and turn to look for Katy but she's not in the room with me. It takes me a minute to realize that what I'm hearing is the fire alarm. I don't think to grab a coat or a pair of shorts; I just shoot out of bed and make my way to the door leading out of the apartment. Smoke is already starting to fill the room making it hard to breathe.

It is so hard to see in the living room that in all the confusion I trip over something and land hard on my hands and knees. The air is thin and everything is black and gray above me. I cough as the smell of smoke clogs my nose. Oh my God, I have to pull myself up and get out. I try to stand up but whatever is under my feet trips me up again. I kick out and send it sliding backwards. I think it might have been Stacie's weights. I'm always tripping over the damned things because she never puts them up during normal nights. Now they're going to kill me during a fire. Something about that doesn't seem fair considering I never bothered the things because I don't exercise all that much.

Then hands are on me lifting me up and carrying me from the smoke and ash. A fireman has me in his arms. I cling to the person's jacket as we get to the hallway and start going down the stairs. At one point the lights in the stairwell go out and I'm left in darkness with my savior with just his headlamp to see by. Emergency lights click on and I realize we've made it to the bottom floor.

I open my mouth to tell him the door sticks sometimes but he's kicking it open before I can say anything. I only realize what is happening when I'm already outside in the fresh air. I take in burning gulps of air to fill my lungs with something other than smoke. My firefighter carries me towards a group of ambulances before I can stop him.

I realize it's a 'him' that saved me when he uses one hand to take off his helmet and I find myself staring into a pair of dark blue eyes the color of a storm. A woman could get lost in eyes like those. He places me on a gurney that's been set up outside the ambulance.

"I need a medic over here now!" His voice is so deep and confident that it doesn't take long before someone steps over to look at me. Something about the man is familiar and causes me to want to keep clinging to him. I look back into his storm-cloud eyes and he gives me a heart-stopping smile before turning my whole world upside down.

"Hello Bunny."

My mouth drops open just as the woman tries to put an oxygen mask over my face. My heart has stopped so she might as well stop looking for a pulse because she isn't going to find one. Then it starts beating way too fast and I wonder if this woman who is checking me over is going to think I'm having a breakdown. Maybe I am going crazy and the stress of the situation has caused me to imagine something that really didn't happen. There has to be an explanation because the only person in my life who has ever called me Bunny is the sexy guy I've been texting for the last two weeks. Not the sexy guy who just saved my life.

The EMT checking me out finally diverts my attention from the firefighter in front of me by tugging at something in my hand. I didn't realize but I still have my phone clutched there. It is in fact the only thing that isn't still in the apartment besides the clothes I'm wearing right now which isn't much. Tiny, tight pink sleep shorts that might as well be underwear and a tank top that's seen better days, and that's it. I only have my phone because I fall asleep with it every night now waiting for him to text me.

"Is she with you, Dresden?"

"Yep, she sure is."

The woman winks at me and starts looking me over and asking me questions that I struggle to answer. Not because of the smoke I inhaled but because of the man standing beside me. One of my roommates who looks like she just stepped off the runway instead of out of a burning building comes up and grabs his attention by reaching out and wrapping her hands around his arm.

"Thank you so much for saving us. I love a hero."

How does she make her voice sound like that? It sounds sexy and...I don't know fuckable. I'd want to fuck her if I was a man. I turn my attention back to the medic who's trying to help me. The last thing I want to see right now is him chasing after my roommate and leaving me sitting like some overcooked duck.

"They all want to fuck the firefighters but don't worry; Cap never does go for that shit."

I open my mouth to tell her I'm not really in a position to care when I hear his deep voice talking to Marissa. "I have a girlfriend."

He has a girlfriend! I try not to be hurt as I watch him turn Marissa around and gently shove her at another fireman who is just taking his helmet off as well. At least I won't have to see him going for one of my roommates I guess. Still...ugh. We're just friends and I was the one who didn't want to talk to him on the phone like an idiot. And that was before I knew how stupid hot he is. No man that hot is going to stay single for long - not being so sweet too. Of course he's moved on with someone else. Someone who isn't afraid to talk to him on the fucking phone.

Maybe we shouldn't be texting like we do though if he has a girlfriend. Maybe this is what needs to happen so I don't get even more attached to him than I already am.

Clearly, I have boundary issues if I'm already so involved. Damn losing him is going to hurt, even just as a friend.

He turns back to me and I squirm on the gurney. Talk about meeting someone on your worst day ever. I look for the medic but she's in the ambulance writing something down. Even with all the chaos around us it feels like we've got a little bit of privacy so this is a good time to try to end things.

"You have a girlfriend?" Way to work up to that conversation gently, Cami. Next, we'll try to actually make it to more than two sentences before we just dive right in and ask the hot hero any more personal questions. This. This is why I don't talk on the phone. A smile breaks across his face and he steps closer to me.

"Yeah, I do."

My heart sinks. I'm going to lose my friendship with this man who clearly looks happy about this girlfriend if the smile is any indication. Lucky girl.

"And I'm looking at her."

Chapter Four

Rayne

I watch as her sexy as fuck mouth pops open in surprise. She's tiny with big brown eyes and soft as fuck lips. Those lips are made to suck dick. I have to talk myself down from being just like the shithead that tried to feel her up on her date. The last thing I want is for her to be afraid of me or think that I'm just like every other man around her.

"You know her Captain?" the question comes from Bentley. He's younger than me by a good ten years and closer to my Bunny's age but damned if I'm going to let him go anywhere near her.

"Yeah, I know her."

"Wait a minute? Is this her?!" I give him a sharp nod and shoot him go-to-hell eyes hoping he'll keep his fucking mouth shut. Firemen are like old ladies at church when it comes to fucking gossip. "Oh shit, no wonder you aren't talking to Heather anymore."

Bentley runs his eyes over her and I fight off the urge to put an ax through his fucking head.

"Give us a minute, Bentley." I can't tell him any nicer to back the fuck away. He

looks up at me and sees my stare and starts backing away. He mumbles something about it being nice to meet her and then turns to run back to the other men in our unit.

"Heather?"

She looks so confused and kind of in shock but then again her building just caught on fire.

"Girl I was trying to text when I text you instead." She gives me a little nod. This girl seems so much...shyer than I was expecting out of an eighteen-year-old. "Where's your phone?"

She holds it up showing me it's still in her death grip.

"Wouldn't want you to lose that."

"She's good to go. Her oxygen levels look good and she isn't experiencing any breathing difficulties. But if you do start having trouble breathing or coughing and you can't get your breath, you come to the ER. One of the only reasons I'm releasing you is because I know Dresden will take good care of you and understands what to watch out for." The EMT gives us a nod telling me I can take her now.

"C'mon." I take her hand and help her down off the stretcher but I don't go very far before my eyes are taking in what she has on. Fuck me dead. I pick her up and take her further away to where my truck is parked. This isn't a big town. Most of us started out as volunteers before we went full-time. When a call goes out half of us show up in our normal trucks. I open the door and pull out one of my jackets with my last name stitched on the front and drape it over her.

Her fucking shirt is so thin I can see what color her nipples are and she's in her fucking panties. I pull her in close so I can wipe at a smudge of soot on her cheek.

"God, you're beautiful."

Her cheeks blush a sexy pink color at my compliment. Then my smile melts off my face. "No wonder that little shithead was trying to grope you. He didn't touch you did he? Ever?"

She looks shocked and like maybe she can't keep up with my chain-lightening thoughts but she shakes her head for me. Something inside of me calms. It calms - it doesn't go the fuck away. I will be having words with this fucking loser soon.

"Cami!!!" a girl's voice cries out for my Bunny and the next thing I know she's wrapped up in someone else's arms. "I was so worried about you! I couldn't find you when we got outside and started panicking because you were sleeping when it happened." The girl is crying and hugging Cami.

"I'm fine, Katy. I got out. What, um, happened exactly?"

"Fucking Rhonda happened! I told that little bitch not to leave the stove on because one day something is going to fall on top of the eye and light the whole damn place on fire. And what happened? Something fell on the eye and caught the whole apartment on fire."

"You know this for sure? That's what happened?" If this girl is right I need to make sure a report gets filed about it.

"I was in the living room when it happened and you can see all the way into the kitchen from there. She even tried to put it out but caught the dishtowel on fire when she tried." Her eyebrows are drawn down as she explains what happened to me. I'm definitely going to need to write a report about this and let the proper group of people know what happened.

"Can you..?" I look at Kathy asking her with my eyes if she'll stay with Bunny.

"Sure."

As I'm walking away I hear Kathy telling Cami that she just called her boyfriend and he was on the way over to make sure Kathy was alright. I want to make sure I get things wrapped up before Kathy needs to take off with him so Cami isn't left alone or tries to go with them.

It takes me longer than I would like to make the calls and ask the Sergeant to cover for me while I make sure Bunny is settled and taken care of. It hasn't hit her fully yet and I know when it does it's going to be hard on her. Things like this always take a while to process. I make my way back over to Kathy and Cami but I'm stopped by one of my men right before I reach them. I can tell Bunny's eyes are watching me. It makes me want to strut and flex and show off for her like a fucking teenage boy instead of a grown-ass man.

"Fires out, Captain." I open my mouth to tell him to report in to Sarge but he just keeps going, "We got most of the damage contained to just one apartment but that apartment is toast."

The sound of a whimper draws both of our eyes to where Kathy and Bunny are standing. I walk over to take Bunny in my arms and shoot Darren an eat-shit look.

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"Sorry. I didn't realize they were there."

"It's alright, kid. Why don't you go give Sarge the update and find out what he wants to do next? I'm taking Cami home." He's a good kid. Hell, he's a year older than Cami. He means well I can tell, he just doesn't have the tact that comes with time.

"It's all gone." The mumbled words come out muffled by my chest. "I don't have...anything." Her breathing turns a little ragged and she clutches a hand full of my shirt in her fist. "I don't have anywhere to live...or clothes."

I'm about to tell her not to worry about that shit. As long as she's alive and safe we can figure everything else out when she looks up at me with tears in her eyes. "Or money to buy clothes since all of my identification and bank cards were in there." She waves at the smoldering building.

I give Kathy a look and she nods and takes her boyfriend somewhere else. Before they vanish in the crowd of milling people she turns back to my girl. "Hey Cami, I'll call you, alright?"

I nod for her so she doesn't have to think about any of that right now. "Everything is going to be alright, Bunny."

"How? When I have nothing to wear or anywhere to go?" She's not looking at me when she says it so I wonder if she's talking more to herself than to me, "Oh God, I can't go back home!"

"You have a place to stay." She looks at me like I might have lost my mind. "You're

coming home with me."

"No, I can't." She shakes her head vehemently. "I don't even know you."

"Yes, you can. Everyone here already thinks we're dating. Your phone has texts from me every day and you're wearing my clothes. I'm pretty sure we're dating."

It's probably the closest I've been to another person before so yeah, I think she will be alright to come home with me.

"Not to mention you have a picture of my cock on your phone." Her cheeks turn pink and her eyes skate away from mine. Even though this is not the time I can't help but ask, "Did you save my picture?"

"Of you and your grandfather fishing?"

"No, Bunny. That's not the picture I'm talking about and we both know it." I reach for her phone and take it from her before she can stop me. I use her thumb to unlock it and go to her pictures. In her favorites file is the picture of my cock I sent her. I wasn't even big that day. Not like I am now when I think of Bunny.

"You did save it. You even hearted it."

"Shut up, I never saw one that big and...oh my God, I'm shutting up now." Her face is as red as a fire truck and she refuses to meet my eyes. She keeps stepping away but I keep following her.

"Really? You never saw one as big as mine?" I had trouble keeping it hard while I took a fucking picture of it. "You see a lot of cocks, Bunny?"

I'm half-joking and half hoping that my theory about that blush means she hasn't. "I

watch...stuff."

"You watch porn." I've walked her back to a little alley on the other side of the road that's dark and not as noisy as the yard right in front of her apartment. "How many cocks have you seen, Bunny?"

"In real life?" she asks but she still won't meet my gaze and her cheeks are still pink. I give her a nod. "Counting the text?"

"Sure." I'm skating on dangerous territory here. I might not like the answer I get. This girl could have a new dick inside of her every weekend and twice on Sunday. It wouldn't stop me from making her mine.

"One." Her answer surprises me. No way has this girl seen just one other dick than mine. Not as pretty as she looks. My cock gives a lurch like her answer makes it want to burst free.

"Besides mine?"

"Um," her voice is soft and barely above a whisper now, "no, one counting yours." She peeks at me from under her lashes.

"But that would mean you've only ever seen mine and that..." I leave off my statement not believing what I'm about to say.

"Well, I haven't actually seen yours in real life. You're just the first guy I actually know who I have seen."

"You're a virgin?" I say it louder than I should and she looks around to make sure no one else heard me blurt out what I'm sure she would rather keep private. But my dick heard her loud and clear.

Chapter Five

Cami

"You're a virgin?" Oh, God! I thought being rescuedd in my nightclothes and running into the man I've been texting was bad but hearing him say...it's so much worse than bad. "I'm a dick."

"W...what?"

"I sent an innocent girl a picture of my cock." He seems shocked that I would be a virgin at eighteen. I guess I can see why. Most everyone around me has lost their cherries and been in and out of relationships since they were fourteen. I am not those people. I never trusted anyone like that and I damn sure didn't want to end up like my mom and dad.

"I...It doesn't change who I am just because you suddenly find out I have," I wave my arm around in my hips' general location, "everything intact. The only thing that has changed is your opinion of me. I understand if you don't want to take me home now..."

"The fuck." My eyebrows shoot up at his comment. "You aren't going anywhere without me being right inside...", I gasp, "beside, right beside of you."

Oh wonderful. He's protective of me. I went from someone he couldn't wait to go

home and fuck to someone he couldn't wait to get home and babysit. Well, except for that little slip-up about the inside/beside thing but that doesn't mean he sees me as anything other than someone to repeatedly save. The last thing I want is to be put in the sister zone by someone as hot as Rayne. I don't think my heart can take that much rejection in a day. Not that my apartment catching on fire is an actual rejection but it doesn't feel great either.

Before I can think of a reason to not go with him he's got me in his truck, buckled and safe, heading to his house. His truck fits his personality - big, red, and making me feel small and lost. He pulls up to a stoplight and as we wait for the light to turn green he looks over at me. His hand falls to my bare knee that's been jostling up and down the entire time. The light turns green but he doesn't go. He's still looking at me.

"The light's, um, green." A smile stretches across his face as he finally moves. I don't know why he's grinning. He's bringing a stranger home. Isn't that supposed to be dangerous and stuff? We pull into the driveway of a big white house. The streets are lined with walkways and trees here. It's a far cry from the place I grew up. I sit and stare up at the house until he comes around and opens my door. He helps me down by grabbing my hips and lifting me and I have to fight not to gasp at the sensation it causes.

"You'll want a shower I'm sure. Are you hungry? Did you eat?" Shit, he knows about my habit of forgetting to eat sometimes. He can tell by the lack of an answer. "You didn't. We'll have something to eat too." He opens the door and leads me inside.

It's nice and big inside and not at all what I would expect from a single guy's house.

"I...", He ushers me into a bedroom.

"This is my bedroom. You can sleep in here tonight and I'll take the couch."

"Oh no, I couldn't put you out of your own bed like that." As soon as I start arguing he shushes me.

"You aren't putting me out at all. You need food and a safe place to rest. I have both. Now the shower is in there. I'm sure you want to wash the smell of smoke off but leave the door cracked so I can make sure you're alright and haven't had any reactions to the smoke you inhaled."

Things are moving way too fast for me. I can't keep up. My head is spinning and I don't think it's got anything to do with the smoke.

"Go. Shower, you'll feel better after I promise." He backs out of the bedroom and pulls the door shut leaving me alone for the first time since he came and saved me.

I look around the room wondering if I made the right decision to come with him or not. I sit on his bed without thinking for just a couple of seconds and then hop up. I don't want his stuff smelling like smoke because I sat on it. His bedroom isn't cluttered at all. It's nice and big with an equally big bed in the middle of it. The fireplace is made of stone and everything is done in nice colors that don't scream sex pad.

The floor is hard under my feet and the room leads into an open bathroom. Lots of stuff is made of glass and makes me hella nervous that I'm going to break something. The shower is an opaque smoky white glass and you can see it from the bed. I turn back to look at the door that's still shut wondering if he's going to come in before I can step into the shower.

I strip and step in quickly without even testing the temp out. It doesn't take me long to get it where I want it and figure out he's right - the shower does make me feel better. A noise has me turning and through the frosted glass I can just barely make out Rayne's shadow on the other side. He must hear my gasp because he starts talking to

me right away.

"I'm gonna grab your clothes and toss them in the washer. I brought you a towel and an extra toothbrush. Yell if you need anything, alright Bunny."

"Um, okay." He's acting like having a naked girl in his shower isn't odd at all. Or maybe it's just me being in his shower that doesn't really affect him which would mean I have to pull myself together so his presence doesn't affect me either.

He already knows I saved his picture. Hopefully, he won't ever find out how many times I touched myself thinking about him while staring at what he sent me. I wince as I borrow his shampoo, I hope he won't mind that I use it and his body wash. Everything smells like him and he smells good - damned good. So by the time I'm out of the shower I'm more of a hot mess than when I went in only I don't smell like smoke anymore.

I grab the towel and wrap it around me and then it hits me - I don't have anything to wear until my clothes come out of the dryer. I don't wear underwear to bed so I literally have nothing but the towel I'm standing in.

I try calling for him but I don't think he's going to be able to hear me in the bathroom with the bedroom door shut. I creep to the door and open it slightly so that I can look out. The hall is empty and no one answers me when I call for Rayne again. I step out of the room and make my way down the hall to the living room. When I step into the living room a woman turns and looks me up and down.

Oh shit. I know he told me he wasn't dating anyone but clearly this woman is close to him since she's in his house. God, does he just take girls in from all over and she's here because of another fire or something. I pull at the bottom of the towel wishing it covered more at the same time keeping a death grip on the top of the knotted part. If this girl is even thinking about a romantic relationship with Rayne I just fucked it all

up. "I'm sorry."

Rayne comes around the corner and takes us both in. His eyes run over the girl before coming back to me to rake over me slower. I blush and start biting my lip to keep from stammering anything else out.

"What do you have to be sorry about?" The woman's face breaks into a big smile and her eyes light up.

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Instead of me answering Rayne does, "Absolutely nothing. She doesn't have to be sorry about a damned thing. Why are you here?" He doesn't act happy about her being here.

"Weeeellll, I heard a rumor and I wanted to come over and see if it was true." She finally takes her eyes off of me to look over at Rayne. She's not acting like a pissed-off girlfriend or future date.

"Who told you?" He still isn't smiling or acting very happy that this woman is here.

Her smile gets even bigger if that is possible, "I might have been hanging out with Gray who told me you took your girlfriend home with you after her apartment caught on fire this evening."

"Does mom know?"

Oh shit, this is his sister. It has to be. I can spot the family resemblance now. In the eyes and the mouth. She's as stunning as her brother is handsome.

"Nooo and I'll keep your secret for at least tonight if you tell me her name and how you met her." At the mention of how we met I blush again. At least his sister doesn't know what happened. I'm sure he doesn't want her to know the truth. I start to back away leaving him to answer all the questions she's going to have.

When I look over at him, his eyes are still on me taking everything in. It takes him several seconds before he comes over to me and hands me clothes but these aren't the clothes I came in. His closeness makes my knees weak and my core clench and I feel

my cheeks start burning again. Not the time with his sister standing right in front of us. "Here, Bunny. Your clothes are still in the dryer. Hopefully these will fit."

I try to grab the things he is handing me while still clutching the towel to me so I'm it won't fall. The last thing I need is to drop this towel in front of his sister. I finally manage and turn to get the hell out of there. Next time I'll just stay put.

Chapter Six

Rayne

"Bunny?" My sister pounces on the nickname as soon as Cami's gone.

I can tell by how she says the word that this isn't going to be a quick thing. Oh no. If I want her to keep my secret and give me more time to ease Bunny into this then I am going to have to give her what she wants - all the dirt.

Not that there is anything dirty about my Bunny. If anything she is the sweetest, purest thing in my life. One of the reasons I've gotten so attached to her over our text messages is because there is just a sweetness about her that comes out through everything she does. Her photos told me so much about her - pictures of kids swinging, of a stack of books in her to-be-read pile, her lamp on her bedside table that she decorated herself because she couldn't find a cute lamp shade for it.

"It's a long story. I'll tell you one day but not today. Today you want to know about how I met her and who she is, am I right?" I make my way over to the kitchen and Tinsley follows, seating herself in one of the barstools by the island.

She narrows her eyes at me. "Continue."

"I sent a text to her phone by accident. I was trying to text Heather, that one girl Rogers tried to set me up with a time or two."

Tinsley snarls her nose up. She never liked Heather. She isn't going to stop me though because she wants to hear the rest.

"Anyway, it went to her number instead because Heather gave me the wrong number."

"That bitch." Indignation pours off my sister in waves. Wait until she finds out said bitch ask for a dick pic knowing she wouldn't be the one getting it. She'll want to murder her.

"It was actually a good thing. I would much rather talk to Cami than Heather any day."

"Cami." My sister repeats her name.

"She's young." Tinsley's eyes widen with worry. "Eighteen."

"Oh well, she's not that young. I guess." Tinsley is only a year older.

"I know. She's...young. And sweet. Too sweet to just walk away from."

"You sound serious about this girl." My sister gives me a happy little smile as she looks over at me.

"I am. I brought her home." That should tell her everything she needs to know. I would never bring just anyone home with me.

"You know once this gets back to mom she's going to freak and be over here all up in your alls business wanting to know when she's going to get grandbabies out of you."

"I know," I hold back the groan I want to let loose - barely, "which is why I need a

little time to prepare Bunny. The last thing I want is for her to run from me because she's overwhelmed."

"What's she do?"

"She's a student and she works at the library sometimes." That much I do know because she talked about it during our text messages. I just didn't realize it was our town's library and the college down the road.

"How did her house burn down?"

"Her apartment caught on fire because one of the roommates was cooking but apparently wasn't very good at it."

I wait. Finally my sister speaks, "Alright. That should be enough to buy you a day. I'll explain to mom that your 'Bunny' needs a little time to adjust given the fact most of her shit caught on fire and that you need time to take care of her. But that's all I'm promising. Tonight and tomorrow. If she shows up at midnight tomorrow that isn't my fault."

She turns and heads for the door. I follow her so I can make sure to lock up behind her. The last thing I want is to have any more surprise visits, not that my mother can't just let herself in since she has a key but hopefully she will think grandbaby making is going on and won't just come in.

I head for my room to make sure Cami is alright. I need to keep an eye on her to make sure nothing happens to her that the EMT wouldn't be able to catch until later. I take the sandwich I made her along with a bottle of water so she can eat it right away if she's hungry. I give a soft tap on the closed door but don't hear any response. I give a second one and turn the knob to let myself in. What greets my eyes has me pulling up short and all the blood rushing from my head to my cock. Not to mention it has me

bobbling the tray of food I shifted to one hand when I opened the door.

Cami is lying at the bottom of the bed on her back with her eyes closed. I immediately put my dick's thoughts away from my mind long enough to make sure she's breathing alright and then let the blood rush back to it. Her skin looks so fucking soft and perfect. Her hair is still wet and fanned out across the bed begging my fingers to touch. I should look away or knock louder and pretend I didn't see her like this but I just can't.

My eyes greedily eat up the picture of her lying naked on my bed. Her breasts are round and full making the palms of my hands itch with the need to go to her and touch, caress. And in between her thighs lies her bare mound. I can see the lips of her pussy because of the lack of hair. I close my eyes and try to breathe through my excitement. Her in my bed is where all of this was leading anyway but who knows how long that would have taken with how shy Cami is. Now that I have her where she belongs it's hard to talk myself into slowing down. I set the tray down on a night table before I give myself another second or two to take her in before I allow myself to walk any closer to her.

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I say her name hoping it will wake her but it doesn't. Dear God, I'm going to have to touch her. That's not the problem - the problem is stopping once I start. Not letting my hands trail down her softness and find all of her secret places that only I have ever found.

I shake her gently by the shoulder and say her name again. This time a smile crosses her face right before her eyes open. Her smile gets bigger for a second until she realizes where she is. She yelps and makes a mad dash for one of the long pillows at the top of the bed.

"I'm sorry. I...I wanted to make sure you were okay. I knocked - twice."

Her cheeks turn a cherry shade and she's clutching the pillow tightly to herself. "Oh my God, I'm sorry. I didn't hear you. I...I fell asleep, I mean you know I fell asleep because...I was tired."

I can't keep the smile off my face any longer. "It's my fault for not knocking louder. Don't worry about it but, uh, I will have to check on you throughout the night so if you sleep naked or anything..." I notice the clothes I gave her lying beside her on the bed.

"Oh God no, I don't. I just...this one time." Her eyes flit across the room searching for something safe to land on.

"You settling in alright?" I should leave and let her rest but I just can't.

She nods and this time her eyes do come back to mine, "Thank you. For this. All of

it."

"No thanks needed. I know you're tired but try to eat something before you go back to bed." I turn around and force myself to walk out. Before I go I stall for just one more second, "Sleep well, Bunny."

"You too."

Once I get back in the living room I'm headed to the other bathroom to try to relieve some of the pressure in my dick that is cutting the circulation off. It doesn't take long with the image of her soft, curvy body still fresh in my mind. It doesn't help much considering my dick is still rock hard but at least now it will fit inside the boxers I put on for Bunny, Any other time I'd be the one sleeping naked if I'm not at the firehouse.

Even though I'm exhausted it still takes me a little while before I'm wound down enough to go to sleep. I check on Bunny one more time and then set myself an alarm so I'll look in on her throughout the night. This time she's put on the t-shirt I gave her and I notice she's eaten a little of the sandwich I gave her. Given the fact that I'm so wrapped up in her maybe bringing her home wasn't the best idea. I don't know if I can go slow enough to not scare Bunny off. The one thing I do know for sure is I won't let her go. If she runs I'll simply have to chase her until she realizes she's mine or until she gets comfortable with the idea of being with me forever.

Chapter Seven

Cami

Something jerks me out of a sound sleep. It takes me a few minutes to realize this isn't my apartment. It takes even longer for me to remember where I'm at. The smell of smoke lingers in my nose and I realize I must have been dreaming of the fire. I lie back down and wait for my heart to slow down enough to get back to sleep.

As tired as I am it shouldn't take long. Before I know it I'm right back in the same dream but this time no one comes for me. No sexy firefighter is there to lift me out of the blaze. I sit up in the middle of Rayne's bed expecting to see flames licking at the walls on both sides of me. My heart is pounding so hard I'm not sure if I can keep it inside my chest long enough for me to calm down this time.

I throw the covers back and silently slip from the side of the bed. Maybe I can just take a peek into the living room where Rayne said he was going to be and if he isn't awake maybe I can curl up in a chair and try to sleep there. I crack the already open door wider. Rayne checked on me a couple of times already tonight. I'm sure he must be exhausted having to babysit me like this.

I tip toe down the hall and give myself a minute to allow my eyes to adjust to the lack of light in the living room. I left the bathroom light on in the room but in here there's not a lot of light. I can make out the couch though and head for it. Rayne is lying on his back with his arm thrown over his eyes. God, the man has amazing arms.

I should be ashamed of myself for ogling a sleeping man when he doesn't even know I'm looking. Still, a bared-chested Rayne is an impressive image that is guaranteed to take away all the nightmares a girl might have. I stand close to the couch wondering if I should wake him to tell him I'm just going to crash in one of the chairs when his eyes open and notice he's slid his arm up so he can look at me. His eyes glitter in what little light there is in the room.

"Cami, you okay?"

I nod. "I just...I had a nightmare."

He reaches out for my hand and I don't think twice about giving it to him. He pulls me down on top of him before I can move away or question what he's doing. His arms come around me in a big hug as my cheek is pressed right up against the chest I was just admiring seconds ago. "It's okay, baby. Go back to sleep with me. It'll be alright."

"R...Rayne, I don't think I can..."

"Shh, I've got you now sweetheart. Don't worry about anything else but getting some rest."

His words bring tears to my eyes. I wanted this so many times throughout my life - someone to hold me when life gets too hard, someone to take care of me when I don't know if I can take care of myself. Now that I have it I'm not sure what to do. I can tell by the way Rayne is breathing that he's fallen right back to sleep. He might not have been fully awake during any of this. What's he going to think when he wakes up in the morning and I'm sprawled across him?

Maybe I can wait until he gets a little deeper and wiggle my way out of his hold and go back to the bedroom. The only problem with that plan is how warm and safe

Rayne makes me feel. It isn't going to be easy to just give this feeling up and go back to being by myself. It's even scarier to think of going back to being all alone without Rayne anywhere around. I've gotten too attached to him. I have to start putting space between us so I can save my heart from doing something foolish.

My eyes grow heavy as I wait. There's a clock ticking softly somewhere in the room. That and the rhythm of Rayne's deep breaths all work against me. I start to drift off despite what my mind is trying to tell me to do.

When I finally open my eyes again it's to realize that my hips are working against something hard resting between my legs. My mind is sleep fogged and I can't tell if this is one of the dirty dreams I've had ever since Rayne sent me the picture of his dick or something else. I was dreaming that I was back in my apartment lying on my bed using my pillow to rub against but there is nothing soft about what is riding in between the lips of my pussy.

Oh my God, I don't think I have ever been this close to cumming in my life. Every other time before I just couldn't get myself there. I guess I would give myself little orgasms that would leave me wet but nothing like this. God this feels so real and so good.

Even though the hard thing hits my clit every time I slide up I just can't reach that ultimate high. I've often wondered if this is how I'm going to be with a guy and how I'll handle it if I can't ever reach full satisfaction. I can't even do it in my dreams. I whimper and it's loud enough that it snaps me out of my haze. Things start clearing up.

Especially when I hear a deep, sleep-roughened voice right above my head, "It's okay, Bunny. You need my help don't you?"

I don't know how to answer him. I hurt and I'm close but...all I give him in reply is a whine. His hands go to my bare ass, one on either side. He spreads me apart and he pushes me further down on his cock. That hard thing that I was so unclear about - it's Rayne.

I should stop this. I should...but I'm so close and what he's doing makes the ache go away for a little bit. All I can hear is the sound of my own heavy breathing and the echo of it coming out of Rayne. He works my hips forcing my thighs to spread wider around him and giving his dick better access to my clit with each thrust.

My nipples are hard and I can feel how heavy my breasts are. I can tell I'm close to release. His hands tighten on my ass cheeks as I push down harder to get closer to his steely length. My body tightens and something inside of me coils tight like a spring ready to pop. His breath comes closer to my ear and one of his hands leaves my ass to come back down with a hard slap. "Cum."

At his command, my body gives up the release I was working so hard for. The tension inside of me snaps and my clit throbs as the muscles around my virgin opening spasm so hard it scares me. My mind is completely devoid of everything for a few precious seconds - no worries, no thoughts of the fire, or fear of getting too close, or what we just did in Rayne's living room.

Then reality crashes back in. Both of us are still breathing hard and I can feel how wet it is between the two of us. Oh my God! What did I do?

I wiggle out of his hold and sit up. He starts to say something to me but before I can make out what it is I'm sitting flush against his cock, which is still hard and still between my lips. I'm also realizing just how wet everything is. A puddle of whitish liquid is pooled around my pussy and his lower stomach. Without thinking I swipe my fingers through it. Did I do this? Did I cum this much?

I turn worried eyes up to see Rayne focused on my fingers. Is it normal to cum this much? Am I a freak because I got too wet? Is that why he can't seem to take his eyes off my cum covered fingers?

Chapter Eight

Rayne

I tried to stop her before she sat back all the way. I know the chances of her getting pregnant just from me coming on the outside of her pussy are low but she should have some say in whether or not we're going to start having kids right away or not. I think that ship might have already sailed though.

She looks up at me and I try to pull my gaze away from her fingers covered in my cum. My dick is still hard and the thought of her bringing her fingers to her mouth and licking them clean has me fighting myself so I don't hump her again.

"Did I do this?"

She looks worried as fuck. I have to find out what's put that look on her face and work to take it off. I can't stand seeing her so concerned.

"Yes...and no."

"I...I've never...so much at one time..." I finally catch on to what she's worried about.

"No sweet girl, it's not all you." She just looks at me more confused than ever and I find myself rushing to explain. "You caused it because you made me cum too but that's a very good thing."

"I...I'm really wet. Is that normal?"

I sit up so that we're eye to eye. "Everything between us is normal. You being wet is just your body showing me how much you liked what we did. You making me cum like a fucking teenager is my way of showing you how much I fucking loved it. It will be much needed in the future, trust me." I am not a small man and she's going to need all that liquid heat to fit me inside. I make sure to maintain eye contact the entire time. What we're about to talk about is way too important not to. "Which is why I tried to stop you from sitting back."

Her eyes are so innocent that when she asks I know this is farther than she has ever gone with anybody else before. She's not just a virgin - she's completely untouched. "Why?"

"You...you're pussy is in a puddle of my cum, baby. You know what that means, don't you?"

She doesn't answer me so I go on, "Tell me sweetheart, are you on anything?"

"You." I can't hold back my laugh. I'm not sure if it's from sleep or the orgasm I just gave her but her mind isn't cooperating with her this morning. That's alright. Mine is slow too, still back on the couch watching her ass rise and fall with every glide of her pussy over my shaft.

"No Bunny, I mean birth control. Are you on birth control?"

Realization dawns in her eyes, "Oh my God! Oh my God!"

"Shh, it's alright, baby." I take her face in between my hands and give her a soft, quick kiss. My girl is a worrier.

She proves it very quickly after, "How is it alright?!" Her voice is drenched in worry and anxiety.

"Because the chance that any making it inside of you are really low, baby." I tell her that but how the fuck do I know for sure. There's so much cum between the two of us and her pussy is bare and spread wide. I might not have came inside of her but I damn sure tried to bathe her little pink parts in enough of me that it won't matter.

"But...", she starts nibbling her lower lip, "you think we're okay?"

"I do." Fuck I hope that statement is prophetic and we'll both be saying it not too far down the road. "But we have to get ourselves cleaned up."

Her eyebrows dip low, "Cleaned up?"

I stand with her still in my arms. She lets out the cutest little yelp before wrapping herself around me tight. "I'm not going to drop you baby."

I walk both of us down the hall and into my bedroom. The bedsheets are still rumpled where she was lying last night. I don't set her down but keep moving to the bathroom. I don't want to give her a chance that she might realize what I'm doing and try to do it for herself.

I place her on the vanity and finally allow some space between the two of us but just long enough for me to go hunt down a washcloth. I'm back before she can really even try to hop down, not that she tried. I think my Bunny is still a little stunned by what happened.

I run the cloth under warm water. I start talking to distract her from what I am doing and where it is going to lead. "Want to tell me what happened to make my morning such a great one?"

She looks down and her cheeks bloom pink, "I had a bad dream."

"You know that's normal right. That it helps our brain process what happened to us." I know from experience all about stress dreams and trauma dreams and how people cope with losing everything. It never gets any easier to see each time I have to talk to the victims of a fire.

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Before she can respond I'm pushing her thighs apart and washing in between her legs. She gasps loudly at the first touch and tries to close her legs around my hand to keep me out but I wedge my hips between her knees. "Shh, let me take care of you. I want to make sure you're not hurt."

"I'm not." I run the cloth up and over her inner thighs before I lean her back and trace my fingers over the outside of her pussy. Cami gives me another gasp but this one isn't as loud as the first one. I use my fingers to spread her apart and drop down on my haunches. She's still wet as fuck and pretty and pink as cotton candy.

Once again she tries to close me out but I'm not having any of it. As soon as she laid her little pussy in a puddle of my spunk she marked herself as mine. Hell, she was mine before that but now things aren't going to take as long as I first thought they would. I make sure I clean every pink part of her until her hips jerk under the cloth each time I use it to swirl around her clit. Cleaning up was never so much fun as it is with her.

I drop a quick kiss on the heart of her causing her to squeal out before I rise and run the cloth back under the water again, ready this time to clean myself up. Just as I take the first swipe across the cum still clinging to my belly I hear a voice no one ever wants to hear when his lady is sitting with her legs spread and cum is still dripping from your cock.

"Rayne!" My eyes go round and shoot to Cami. "Rayne dear, are you here?"

"Shit!" I toss the cloth in the bin and pull Cami with me into the bedroom. "That's my mother."

"What?!"

I pull on a pair of fresh boxers and find some pants to toss on as I also yank the shirt Cami is still wearing over her head. She lets out another one of those cute little yelps and tries to cover her sexy as fuck tits. She's going to need two more hands to hold all those curves and I'm just the guy for the job but that's going to have to be later.

I pull a fresh shirt over her head and help her work her arms into the sleeves. "Wouldn't want you meeting my mom smelling like I just painted you with my cum, would we?"

Her eyes get huge and round and cause me to pause long enough to laugh and give her another small kiss on the lips. At least it was meant to be just a small kiss but her sweet little mouth was open when I pressed my mouth to hers and I couldn't help but take it further. Who wouldn't take the fucking opportunity to slip their tongue inside something so sweet?

As soon as I brush my tongue over hers she melts into me. And all thoughts of my mom go flying out of my head. I pull her tighter into me and once again my dick is up and ready to serve.

"Rayne?" Mom yells for me again and this time her voice is closer than before.

"Fuck." I mumble it against her lips before I take her hand in mine and give her kiss swollen lips one last look before walking both of us into the living room. Once there, two sets of eyes turn to stare at us. I see Cami nervously pull at the hem of my shirt to try to make it longer, not that it doesn't already come all the way down to her knees.

"Mom, Tinsley." I let them know what I think about their surprise visit with my voice but don't drop Bunny's hand.

"Sorry Rayne. I tried to keep her away but she tricked me. She told me we were going out for doughnuts." Tinsley does have a couple of boxes of doughnuts in her hands that she holds up to show me.

"Rayne, introduce me to your friend." Mom doesn't even pause. She's feeling no guilt about interrupting whatsoever.

"Mom, this is Cami," I wait until she reaches out for Cami's hand before I say anything more, "my girlfriend."

Cami gasps and Mom smiles as my words sink in with everyone in the room. Mom pulls Cami in for a hug which I can tell takes her by surprise. Mom's a hugger. She'll have to get used to it. Mom finally backs up enough to give Cami room to breathe.

"How did the two of you meet?"

Cami's eyes widen. My sister starts cackling and I realize she knows. I told one person what happened and that was Grayson. He works at the firehouse with me and Tinsley hangs out with him all the time. He and I got close because he doesn't have family and I invited him over one summer for some cookouts. I feel my stomach sink at the fact my fucking sister knows how I met my Bunny.

"Yes Rayne, do tell us how you met."

Mom looks over at Tinsley with one of her brows arched, "I thought you knew how they met but you wouldn't tell me?"

"We met by accident, Mom. I was trying to text someone else and ended up texting Cami instead." That's the clean version of what happened and all my mom is going to get.

"Oh," Mom's eyebrows crinkle down, "how nice. Who were you trying to text?"

Damn, why does she have to ask follow-up questions?

"He was trying to text someone Mr. Johnson's yearbook photo." My sister starts cackling again. It takes Cami a few minutes to figure it out but when she does her sweet little mouth falls open and her eyes go round and shoot to my mother. Red creeps up her neck and into her cheeks.

"Who? Tinsley there's not a teacher at the school named Mr. Johnson."

"Sure there is Mom. He teaches college courses. One class is called Sir Richard's Portrait." I'm going to kill her! She hurries to add more, "It's an in-depth look into medieval European history."

This time Cami actually smiles and has to fight a giggle back and I find that I can't be too mad at my sister if she made my Bunny laugh.

"So you're in college."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Please, call me Lynda. Or mom." Mom goes to take Cami's other hand. "Let the girl go, Rayne."

I reluctantly let my mom pull Cami away from me. Even though I know she's not going far I still don't like the fact her hand is not in mine. If Cami wanted space she should have never woke up sitting in my baby batter.

Chapter Nine

Cami

I don't know how I ended up here but here I am sitting in Mrs. Dresden's...Lynda's living room after spending the day with her and Tinsley. Tinsley is funny as fuck and she gets my dry wit better than anyone before. Both of us are going to college so we have that to talk about too. And Lynda is too sweet.

They took me shopping today. I tried to get them not to but they insisted that I needed something other than Rayne's boxers and shirts to wear. I've never been on shopping sprees with my mother or anyone else for that matter so it was something new for me. After we went to like ten different stores they took me back to their home and we had a late lunch. Then I got to sit with Lynda and look at baby pictures of Rayne for the rest of the day.

It's getting late when Rayne finally showed up. I'm wearing one of the new dresses Tinsley talked me into. It's cute and summery with tiny straps that crisscross in the back.

"You're beautiful," is the first thing out of his mouth. My cheeks warm with a blush but I can't fight the smile his words cause.

"Thank you."

"Thank you." He repeats my words back to me.

"For what?"

He pauses for a long time and I start to worry he isn't going to tell me when finally he pulls me to him, "Coming home with me."

It would seem Rayne knows exactly how to knock me speechless while at the same time making me forget there are other people in the room. It takes his mom clearing her throat for either of us to look away from one another.

Rayne spends some time visiting with his mom and sister and listening to us talk about our day before he stands and reaches for my hand. "I have a surprise for you back home."

His use of the word home hits me harder than it should. I realize he doesn't mean it the way I take it. He just means his home but he said it like it was our home. I shut that thought down fast. I can't allow myself to fall into the fairy tale of Rayne being anything but a good friend - even if he is calling us boyfriend and girlfriend. I've already thought about why he would do that and it makes complete sense to do it with his mom around just so he doesn't have to explain everything in gory detail to her. Him having a girlfriend that he's helping out is a lot easier to explain than him having a text message friend who saw his dick and now stays in his house because hers burnt down.

For the next little while, as Rayne drives us home, all I can think about is talking myself down from giving in to this dream I woke up in. Girls like me don't have what Rayne is pretending to offer. As soon as I walk into his house all of that leaves my mind as I spot my stuffed rabbit sitting on his couch. I let out a squeal before I can stop myself and run for the couch.

"How...?"

"Some of the guys found it and I put a rush on getting it cleaned for you." He comes closer and puts something on my face. He comes into clearer focus and I realize he also found my glasses. "Why didn't you tell me you needed your glasses?"

I look away from him embarrassed that he even found out I could barely see what was in front of me. "I just didn't want you to have to put yourself out any more than you already have for me. I mean, you saved my life, gave me a place to stay, asking more seemed kind of stingy."

He takes my face in his hands so I have no choice but to look at him, "Not again. If you need something you tell me. That's my job - taking care of you. Understand?"

I nod even though I'm not sure I do understand what he's saying. I've never had someone take care of me before. I've pretty much been on my own since I can remember.

"Have dinner with me?"

His question takes me by surprise. I assumed we were going to have dinner together. Maybe I shouldn't assume anymore. "Tonight?"

"Tonight, tomorrow...", He seems like he wants to say more but doesn't.

"Okay."

For the next few hours, we make dinner together and talk. I'm really shocked by how easy it is to talk to Rayne. Hardly any of the anxiety I usually feel when talking to someone else is there. After we wash the dishes together he takes my hand and leads me into his living room.

"Want to watch something on tv?" I nod and we haggle over what we're watching until both of us settle on old CSI episodes. We start out sitting side by side but over time both of us get more comfortable and I end up lying back with my feet in his lap. It's kind of the perfect night. I'm too shy and anxious to go out to clubs or be comfortable around a lot of other people so being in with someone I like is just about perfect.

I fall asleep at some point lulled into a sense of comfort and safety by his warmth beside of me. The next thing I know I'm waking up as he lifts me in his arms to move me to the bedroom. I snuggle into his warmth and don't think twice about putting my arms around his neck. He carries me into the room and lays me down on the bed but when he goes to stand up I don't let him go.

"Stay." I'm not sure if he heard me or not. I said it really softly.

"I don't think that's going to be a good idea, baby." He takes my wrists in his hands and straightens up. A feeling of disappointment hits me so hard I can't keep it off my face. But Rayne doesn't walk away from me. He doesn't back up or leave. Instead, he just looks at me for a couple of seconds like he's trying to figure out something in his head.

Finally, I hear him, "Damn it, you know I can't tell you no, Bunny."

I watch sleepily as he reaches behind him and pulls his shirt off over his head one-handed. I indulge in a little smile as he slides in the bed next to me and takes me in his arms. It feels pretty damn good to have someone give in to me. I could totally get used to this.

Chapter Ten

Rayne

I wake up slowly. It doesn't happen very often since I have trained myself to either be asleep or awake in a matter of seconds. The warmth on top of me helps keep me floating for a while until I realize what that warmth is and then all the blood in my brain rushes to my already hard cock.

Yesterday floods back in with every wiggle of Cami's sweet body. I took the opportunity yesterday to go to my supervisors and ask for some time off. It didn't really come as a surprise since they already knew about Cami's apartment fire. I then pulled some strings and got them to let me in her apartment so I could search for her bunny. I knew she would want it. I wasn't expecting to find her fucking glasses there too.

And then as if letting her go around blind for the better part of a day isn't bad enough, mom pulls me over to the side when I went over to pick her up and told me about her day with my Bunny.

"I like her a lot Rayne." Thank God. It isn't like either of these women are going anywhere in my life. "I think...I think she's not had such a happy childhood."

Mom doesn't want to break her confidence but I have to know now that she's said something. I remember she didn't want to go back home after the fire but I never

really ask her why. I just took the opportunity it offered me to get her in my house.

"I asked if she and her mom ever went shopping and she told me she didn't think her mom liked her very much." I can see how mad it makes mom that anyone would mistreat Cami. Mom has officially taken her as her own. "She said she thought her mom blamed her for stealing her youth and making her marry her dad. I told her that couldn't be right and she told me her mom has said as much. Can you believe anyone would say that to that sweet girl?"

No, I could not believe anyone would feel that way about Cami. She's so sweet and innocent. It pissed me off as much as it did my mom. I thought about it all the way home. It was what led me to ask her to have dinner with me. I asked her for last night and today but I've wanted to ask her for forever. I just don't think she's ready for that but if she keeps squirming around on top of me that choice is going to be taken out of both of our hands.

"Bunny," I put my hands on her ass to stop her but it doesn't work. Instead, she wiggles closer and moans. I drop kisses on the top of her head and along her jawline until finally I give in and take her mouth. She responds right away kissing me back. I swallow down her moans as she pushes her warm pussy up against me.

"Bunny," This was supposed to be my way of waking her up but it quickly gets out of my control when she gives me her tongue, "you got to wake up. You got to stop."

"Mmm, I don't want to."

Shit! I didn't expect her to say that. Sleepy Cami is not as shy as fully awake Cami it would seem. I wrestle control back long enough to say what I have to say. I use my hands to bracket her face and tilt her eyes up to meet mine. "Cami, if you keep going things are going to change."

"Change?" Her eyebrows furrow trying to figure out what I mean. "How? How will things change?"

I can hear the worry in her voice. I'm not sure if she thinks things are going to change between me and her or if she even knows what I am talking about. I have to help her understand. I move my hands back down to her ass so I'm not tempted to roll her over and fuck her before she's ready.

"If you let me take care of you, let me take care of that little pussy," I use my grip on her ass to pull her close on my cock. With her not wearing anything but my shirt it's really easy for her to ride the length of my dick which is peeking over the edge of my boxers. "If you let make you cum, you belong to me. No going back. No pretending we aren't together or that this isn't real. If you let me make you cum then you're mine."

I give her time. I can tell she's fully awake now. Her eyes are still drenched in desire and I don't let it die. I keep her moving across my shaft, teasing her sweet little opening with every shift, every slide.

"Tell me Cami? Tell me what you need? What you want?"

"I...", she wiggles on top of me, "Rayne...", her voice comes out strained. "I...I need to cum."

"Agree that you're mine and I'll help you find your release, baby. Just agree that you're mine." Fuck, I'm almost begging her now. My voice sounding just as strained as hers.

"I'm yours Rayne. Just please...",

I have her rolled on her back before she can finish. It might not be the right thing to

do -keeping her pleasure from her until she agrees she belongs to me - but I couldn't stop myself even if I tried. This is who I am.

I spread her legs in one quick jerk, yanking a small yelp out of her. My shoulders spread her thighs even wider as my mouth lands on her sweet flesh. This time she does more than call out. She all but screams my name as I use my tongue to spread her pussy apart. The taste of her has me moaning around the mouthful of sweet woman I have under my tongue.

Fuck, fuck, fuck she tastes good. I bury my face in her and look up to make eye contact with her as I suck her clit into my mouth and bat it back and forth with my tongue. She's grabbing the sheets and pulling them to her as her back arches off the bed. The edges of the sheets pop off the bed and curl towards us, cocooning us. We're tearing the bed up and I'm loving it!

I put my hand on the back of her thigh and dip lower so I can sink my tongue into her sweet virgin hole. Dry humping is different from what I'm doing now. What I'm doing now is taking us to another level which is why it changes so much.

I lick up all the cream she is making for me as I swirl and dip my tongue around her beautiful pink parts. I place my other hand on the back of the other leg and push so that her ass comes up off the bed a little bit and her pussy is tilted up. I lick between her cheeks at the sweet little back hole I'm sure she doesn't realize is going to be mine too. She tries to stiffen around me and push against me to put space between us but I won't allow it. Instead, I take the opportunity to tongue fuck her pussy harder.

One of my hands leaves the back of her leg in order to jostle her clit at the same time I'm spearing my tongue inside of her. It's too much for her and she stiffens up even tighter like she's about to break from the tension coursing through her body. And then she does. She breaks like a dam and all I can do is smile and lick it up.

She calls my name out in a strangled scream as her body throbs around me and her pussy hugs up around my tongue. Fuck, she's so tight I can feel her pussy kissing me back when I tongue fuck her. Her body goes lax but I'm not nearly done with her. By the time I get my fill, she's going to need a nap and a shower.

I push her wanting more. My tongue goes back to her clit so I can suck and lick her there. She turns her head back and forth on the mattress like she might be trying to tell me no but can't find her voice. It wouldn't matter anyway. I know she can give me more and I'm going to take all she can give me.

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"Rayne....," she finally pants out, "Rayne, I...can't....,"

"You can!" I gently slip my finger inside of her, first teasing around her entrance and then gliding inside just a bit. I don't know how deep her little cherry is and don't want to pop it before we're ready for that so I go slow.

Her hips jerk and make my finger slide in further. "Cami, you will be still for me." I use the authoritative voice I use on my men when one of them gets out of sorts or they start getting too rowdy. I need her to listen to me and help me keep her safe. "I don't want to hurt you but I need to be inside of you. I need to be able to tell what I need to do before....,"

I leave off the rest. Before we make love and I rip through that tiny barrier to make her fully mine. Before I take her innocence and give her whatever the fuck she asks for, for the rest of her life.

She whimpers but holds still as I push inside of her and find what I am looking for. I feel like rearing up and beating my chest but instead I go slow and talk to her as I prod it gently and retreat. "Such a good girl. This is mine, isn't it?"

She whimpers and tries to move but I lay myself across her hips to pin her down. Not enough to hurt her. I never want to hurt her.

I slid my finger all the way out and bring it to my mouth and I swear it tastes fucking sweeter somehow. "You are so good, so beautiful. I need this and you give it to me because you understand how bad I need it. You're my little giver, aren't you? But only me. You only give to me."

She makes unintelligible sounds as I push two fingers inside of her. It's a tight fit but I go slow and play with her clit the entire time. "Rayne! Rayne...you're....Rayne, I'm going to...!"

"I know sweet girl. You're going to cum for me and sweeten this pussy up so when I lick it clean I'll have a sugar rush that leaves me high for hours."

She moans and tenses and I can tell she's about to give me what I asked for. My name bursts from her mouth as her body floods around my fingers and mouth. I can't hold back any longer. I've been rock hard this entire time and I can't keep putting off my own release. I rear up and pull her ass up off the bed.

She's soft and pliant now that she's found her release for the second time in just minutes so she lets me use her wet, little pussy to jack myself off. It only takes a couple of slides and I grunt out my own climax. Seed rushes from me to splash across her pussy and I use my fingers to spread her apart so I can shoot some inside of her. No more holding back and trying not to get her pregnant. Her sweet body was made to hold my children and that is what will happen.

I slump down beside her and clasp her to me holding her while both of us come back down. I can tell the moment she starts to think about what just happened. Her body tenses and not the good kind of tense either. I don't want to give her time to ask questions or try to find out what I meant by things changing. There will be time to answer those questions later. I still have a lot of work to do before that.

I roll her towards me and drop a kiss on her mouth. It's quick and light but leaves both of us breathless nonetheless. "I'll make us breakfast. You take the shower first." I give her another kiss before I hop up and make my way to our kitchen. This is a good way to wake up in the morning. I could get used to doing this every morning. For the rest of my life.

Chapter Eleven

Cami

I've been standing here staring at the same bookshelf for the past ten minutes. It's been like this all day. I just can't make my mind focus on anything other than what happened this morning and Rayne. It always goes back to Rayne.

What did he mean when he said everything was going to change? I understand he was talking about us being...well, an 'us'. But was there more? We've not been together very long but I really liked last night. I liked this morning pretty darn well too. I could get used to it.

"You trying to move that book with your jedi mind powers?" I jump when Lisa, a librarian I work with, walks up on me. "'Cause if it works you so have to teach me."

Everyone at the library is super cool and made me feel like I was somewhere I belonged right from the start, but Lisa still makes me a little nervous. Sometimes I'm not sure how to take her jokes.

"No," I give her a little laugh, "I was just, um..." Shit, I don't have an excuse to give her.

"Oh honey, I know that look. That's about a man."

"Mary Beth!" Lisa screams across the whole library. For a librarian, she isn't a stereotype at all. She's very loud. "Get your booty over here. We got man trouble."

Oh Lord! This is the last thing I want. Mary Beth, the other librarian working today, comes waddling towards us. She's about to pop a baby out any day now. I swear she makes me so nervous every time she sneezes because I'm afraid I'm going to have to deliver a baby. "Lisa! This is a library for goodness sakes. Can you please be a little quieter?"

"Not really. You know that Mary Beth." Mary Beth smiles at Lisa. She's very aware of Lisa's propensity to joke and be loud. She's used to her.

"So I caught our Cami standing here staring off into space and when I asked she got all flustered. I know that look. God knows Randy puts it on my face enough times. We've got to help her out."

"Lisa, have you ever thought maybe she might not want our help."

Lisa stands in front of Mary Beth for a moment and then puffs out a breath of air and waves the comment away, "No."

For the next thirty minutes, we sit around talking about men and what I should do next. Mary Beth says to leave it alone - he'll tell me what he means. And Lisa says to take 'the bull by the horns and find out what exactly he meant when he started talking in man code'. When it's finally time to close up I'm not really surprised to see Rayne waiting for me outside leaned up against his truck.

"Oh Cami, you didn't tell me your man was the hottest firefighter in town. Oh la la. The two of you are going to make some beautiful babies."

My cheeks light up like a Christmas tree and I can't look Rayne in the eyes. God, Lisa

has a big mouth. He tilts my head up with his fingers under my chin and pulls me in close, a big smile on his face. "Hello Bunny. How was your day?"

I blush harder. I know he heard Lisa - the dead can hear Lisa and when I move my eyes over to her I can tell she heard him too. Now the whole town will know Rayne calls me Bunny. I give my attention back to him and he leans down to press his lips to mine. The kiss takes my mind off Lisa and the things I've been mulling over all day, and...well, everything but him and how good his mouth feels on mine.

He has me buckled and the truck started when I finally get my wits back. I open my mouth to tell him we have to talk but he reaches over and places his hand on my knee. It's only then that I realize I'm jostling my knee up and down...again - like the first time I was in his truck going home with him.

"We'll talk when we get home. For now, tell me about your day."

I do what he asks even though there isn't much to tell. I talk about the girls I work with and all of their families. By the time we get home, Rayne is laughing about something Lisa did earlier in the day and lifting my mood in the process.

"You have a wonderful way of telling a story. You're damned funny, Cami."

He takes my hand as we meet at the front of his truck and walk up the porch stairs together. "Thank you. I don't think anyone's ever got my sense of humor before. It's nice to have that."

"Better than nice, I hope."

I give him a big smile and look away. He takes my hand and leads me into the living room but we don't sit down. Instead, he leans up against the back of the couch and pulls me into him. "Now, let's talk so you won't spend the entire afternoon worrying

about stuff that you don't need to worry about."

"How can you tell I worry?"

He gives me a chuckle. Not a mean one. One that tells me he might just know me better than I know myself. "Because that's what my girl does. It means you care and how much you care is related to how much you worry."

Is that true? I think it is. Damn, what does that say about me worrying about him all day long?

"I told you things would change. I'm a possessive man. I didn't realize I was because I've never really cared enough to be that way before. But I knew I would be that way with you, especially if I got a taste of you." My cheeks flush thinking about what he did this morning. What we did. I mean it isn't like he was alone in doing it. I practically begged him to do everything he did.

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"I should have told you in a clearer way before I ever brought you home but I couldn't take the chance that you would go with your friend and her boyfriend." He looks at me with such an intense stare that I feel like squirming under his gaze. I start rubbing my hand up and down his arm to try to offer him some comfort because he seems like what he's telling me is almost an admission of something - like he's guilty. "I had no intention of letting you leave my home once I got you in it."

If it were anyone else saying it that would be a scary statement and would totally make me run for my life. Somehow though, Rayne doesn't make it scary at all. I want to sooth him, to tell him it's alright.

"Rayne, you would never do anything to hurt me. I know that."

"No! God no! I would die before I hurt you but that doesn't mean I'm not going to eventually piss you off with the lengths I go to, to keep you."

"I...", I look down and he touches my face under my chin to bring my eyes back to his, "I kind of like that. It makes me feel like...you care about me."

"Honey, I do a lot more than just care about you. I love you."

His words make me shake my head. I don't want to believe what he's telling me. It's too early. We haven't known each other long enough for that. We...

"I have no intention of letting you go. I plan to keep you. I plan to put a ring on your finger and make you my wife and one day I plan to start our family together. I never would have brought you to my house if I wasn't already sure I was in love with you."

Something bumps the back of my knees and I realize Rayne's been walking us back to the bedroom this entire time. Ever since he confessed he loves me.

"Rayne, don't you think it's too soon?"

"No. I don't think it's too soon. It feels like I've been waiting for you all my life."

Damn! That's a good answer. Rayne gives the best answers ever.

"I know this scares the hell out of you and that's alright but I had to tell you where this is going, where I want it to go for me."

He gives me a little push and I fall back on the bed. He follows me down until both of us are stretched out on top of the bed. I whisper. I can't say it any louder because I'm too afraid. "I want that too."

His lips land on mine and he takes away my fears with his kisses. We spend long moments just exploring each other's mouths but it doesn't stay so unhurried and relaxed. Over time the kisses become hungry and demanding. From both of us.

He starts undoing the buttons on my blouse as I tug and pull at his tee-shirt. When both of us have our tops off he finally pulls back from the kiss to look down at my breasts trying to spill from my bra. Their heavy and feel full and flushed, the nipples distended to painful points like they are reaching for him. He unhooks the clasp at my back and pulls the lace cups down slowly. He's acting like he's opening a present when he does it. For the first time, I feel cherished.

His knuckles brush against my hardened nipples and it makes me gasp for air. My hand comes up to his wrist. Not so much to stop him. It's just reflex. "I'll go slow, Bunny."

"I know. I know you will." I lean up and kiss him showing him that I trust him.

There are a thousand things I should ask him. How does he know what he feels for me is real? How can he be sure about any of this? But all I want to do is lose myself in him. My hands dig into his hair to hold him close as his head dips down and his mouth covers my waiting flesh. I cry out as warmth surrounds my aching nipple.

His tongue laves me, offering solace with a kiss but also heightening my arousal. His other hand comes up to toy with the expectant nub there and causes me to squirm beneath him. My legs come up and wrap around him pressing myself close to him. He groans around my nipple.

"Mmm, you have to be a good girl, Bunny or this is going to be over before it starts."

I squirm again. "I can't help it, Rayne. It...it feels so good."

"Fuck," he pulls away from me and takes me by surprise. His hands wrap in the satin of my panties and rip them from me. "I have to make you cum."

He pulls my legs apart and flops out on his belly. His mouth comes over my pussy and he eats me until I yell out, his tongue on my clit too much to try to hold back my climax. He rubs his face in the slickness I just produced like he is wallowing in his triumph over my body. Before I can catch my breath he's slipping a finger inside of me and licking up what I gave him. He wants more from me. I'm not sure how a person can be both gentle and demanding at the same time but Rayne does it.

His finger inside of me causes my body to start building the tension I've come to know so well once again. Only Rayne can make me feel like this. Only he can give me what I need. He flips me over so fast I can't understand what he's doing until he slides his head between my legs and pulls me down on top of him.

The change in the position causes me to be spread wider. Rayne doesn't take the opportunity for granted either, pushing his face into me and setting his tongue loose until I'm quivering over him and having to grab the headboard to keep myself upright. His hands come up to toy with my aching breasts, plucking and gently tugging on the hard nipples. This time when I go over the edge I have one hand buried in his hair and another wringing the metal until I'm sure I'm going to leave indentions on the spindle.

It comes quick. Lifting me up and causing me to gasp out as my body falls into climax. My thighs shake around his head but his tongue never stops licking me. I'm about to slouch off to the side when he has me flipped over again. This time his knees do the spreading when my thighs open. He lines us up, his cock nudging against my waiting entrance. He comes closer to me so that he can brush the hair sticking to my cheeks and forehead back and drops kisses on my face and mouth before taking my lips in a deep kiss.

I can taste myself on him. It should shock me, maybe even repel me a little bit but it only excites me more knowing that he wants me this much, that he likes what I taste like and can't get enough. His kiss takes away some of the sting that comes with his entrance but not all of it. This time when I gasp it's to take his air from him as pain lances through me quickly at his thick cock's entrance.

He pulls back a little so he can whisper against my mouth, "It's all over now, Bunny. It'll only ever feel good after this. I promise. I love you."

"I...love you too." It doesn't hurt so much as he stretches me too wide I think. It's more of an ache than pain if that makes any sense.

Source Creation Date: August 16, 2025, 4:03 pm

"I'll make it feel good, Bunny. I'll make you feel so good. We just have to give your body some time to adjust and then I'll make it so good for you."

He's hugging me to him and whispering in my ear all these promises and hopes and fears. He doesn't want to hurt me. He doesn't like that this had to happen. He didn't know any other way. He thought getting it over quickly would be less painful. He wants me to want him as much as he wants me.

"I do. I do want you." In fact, I want him to move so I can feel what that's like. I buck my hips up and press us together tighter if that's even possible. "Please. Please move."

He gives me a smile that melts me, heart, stomach, lady parts, everything. "Anything you say. All you'll ever have to do is ask."

He slowly pulls out of me causing me to shiver at the sensation. Then he's pushing back inside of me and this time there is no pain, no ache, just pleasure at having him work his way inside of me. I wrap my arms and legs around him tighter and meet him thrust for thrust.

The only sound in the room is the sound of both of us gasping for breath and the soft sounds of moaning and pleading. Even though I'm under him he's letting me set the pace so when I need to go faster all I have to do is rise to meet him quicker. My nails sink into his back as the feeling of release hovers just out of my reach.

When he feels them he sits back and pulls my hips up so they rest on his thighs. Like this, he goes in deeper and hits something that has me crying out and grabbing bed

sheets. His thumb finds my clit and starts rubbing at the same speed his dick is hitting that magic spot inside of me and my world starts spinning. I can't hold back my orgasm any longer and I don't have to go looking for the release he promises me. It finds me.

I squeeze my eyes shut tight as colors explode behind my lids and my body shakes like it's possessed and not my own. Warmth floods me and splashes on my thighs. It drips down my bottom as I scream out his name over and over again. My body explodes like the colors and I'm left boneless with a feeling of floating. It takes me a little while to realize Rayne was right there with me when I came. Now it's my turn to wrap my arms around him and hold him to me as our bodies try to cool off and calm down.

"Is it always like that?"

"It always will be with us. Only with us." He kisses me and I sink into utter bliss knowing someone loves me. Someone sees me for the first time ever and they love what they see. I've found my home.

Source Creation Date: August 16, 2025, 4:03 pm

Epilogue I

Cami

Two Months Later:

Lynda and I are working in the kitchen together making deviled eggs for the cookout we're about to have. We go over to Rayne's parents' house at least once a week to have dinner with them and with the weather being so pretty and warm we all agreed on a cookout tonight.

"So, do you think she'll bring him again?" I ask with a sly smile across my lips.

"I don't know but I invited him just in case she didn't." Both of us laugh. We've been trying to set Tinsley and Gray up for weeks now. "I swear I'm about ready to lock them in the basement if something doesn't happen soon."

I giggle. She'll do it too. Lynda isn't messing around when she says she's going for a double wedding with both of her kids married and happy. I reach for another egg and feel the room start to spin. The smell of egg and mayonnaise wafts up to me and causes my stomach to roll like it never has before.

"Oh my God!"

I take off running for the little bathroom under the stairs. I barely make it in time

before my stomach is evacuating everything I had for lunch. I never realized how much chocolate I eat but I know now. My legs are too weak to hold me up any longer so I allow myself to sink down to the cold bathroom floor.

A small sound behind me has me finally looking up at Lynda standing in the doorway. "Oh my goodness, are you alright?"

There's the sound of running in the hall just before Rayne is rushing into the room to scoop me up off the floor.

"Cami, baby, are you alright? Tell me what happened? Did you eat something bad? Are you feeling feverish?"

"Calm down, Rayne. Good grief, I forgot how over-reactive you Dresden men can be."

"Mom, she just puked! Something is wrong!"

"Nothing is wrong, Rayne. She's not sick, she didn't eat anything bad but I do suspect you gave her something that caused her to vomit."

Rayne goes white as a sheet at his mother's words. "I did this."

"Well, both of you had to be there. I mean it isn't just you, dear. I'm pretty sure I taught you this when you were thirteen."

It dawns on me what she might be saying but clearly Rayne isn't catching on. I reach out for Rayne who has laid me down on the couch in the living room. "Rayne, I think you're mom is trying to say she thinks we might be pregnant."

"With a baby?"

Both me and his mom give him a cocked eyebrow that clearly says what the fuck else would it be with. This time he's a little swifter and gets the hint.

"No, I mean...that's not what I meant. Of course it's a baby. I just...oh wow!"

He sits down next to me. I push myself up and even though I feel the room move again I fight through it. "Are you going to be alright? Are you happy?"

My heart is pounding so hard I can barely hear what he's saying. What if he isn't happy about having a baby so quickly with me? We aren't even married yet? He might be thinking about the stress this will cause trying to get married at the same time we're planning for a baby? All of this might be too much for him.

"Hell yes, I'm happy. I'm tickled shitless! I just...wow, I'm going to be a daddy."

I don't realize Lynda left until she pops back into the room with a small white and pink box in her hand. "Let's make sure - well as sure as we can be."

I take the box and go into the bathroom. Rayne tries to follow me but I make him wait outside the door until I'm through. Then we wait. By now Tinsley and Gray are here and waiting with Rayne's mom and dad outside of the bathroom to hear what the test says.

"It doesn't matter what this test says. You know that right. I love you and I plan to marry you and make you mine for the rest of our lives." His words make me smile and I turn to hug him close to me.

"Silly man, I'm already yours but I plan to marry you too."

The timer on my phone goes off and both of us turn to look without really letting each other go. Two lines. Two pink lines.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! It's...we're...!"

Rayne lets out a whoop and spins me around even though the space is tight with both of us being in there. We hear the echoing shouts from outside the door and can tell they heard us celebrating in the bathroom.

"I didn't think I could love you any more than I already do but I was wrong." He brings his mouth down on mine and gives me a deep kiss. I moan into his mouth, thankful that Lynda keeps backup toothbrushes under the cabinet in the bathroom.

"We should go home. We can come back tomorrow."

"You know your mom isn't going to let us go without celebrating with her."

"Then you're going to have to be quiet. Really, really, really quiet."

I would say I did a fairly good job but I think everyone knew what Rayne was doing to me in that tiny downstairs bathroom as we celebrate in our own way.

Epilogue II

Cami

Ten Months Later

I have to think about something else quick or I'm going to be a mess. I mean inside I already am a mess. It's my wedding day. It took us a little time to make it down the aisle. Rayne wanted to run off and get married right after we found out about our little boy but I didn't want to waddle down the aisle. So we made a compromise.

We ran off to elope quickly and planned the big wedding for after the birth of our baby. I didn't care how it happened as long as we were together and the baby was healthy I was happy but I didn't want to deprive Lynda of seeing her son in a tux.

I've come to love that woman like she's my own mother and Rayne's dad like he's my father. In fact, my own parents aren't here. They couldn't be bothered to come. They haven't met their grandson and they never call and ask me if I'm alright even when they found out my apartment burnt down or that I was pregnant. It used to hurt that they didn't want anything to do with me but now I understand a little bit more. It makes me all the more thankful for what I have with Rayne.

I'm not second-guessing this moment, I'm just...emotional.

Lynda comes bustling in with Tinsley right behind her. "Are you ready?" She takes

one look at me and comes running to my side. "What's wrong? Is it your parents?"

I shake my head but can't seem to say anything over the sobs that come out. She wraps me up in her arms and Tinsley runs to find Rayne thinking something is very wrong when it really isn't.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"Are you pregnant again?"

"What? No! I...I don't think so." I think back to see if I have had any symptoms but can't think of any.

"When was your last period?"

Normally this would not be a conversation a daughter-in-law would talk about with her mother-in-law but Lynda and I are close. I had to lean on her heavily during the last part of my pregnancy. "I've not had one since I got pregnant the last time. I've been breastfeeding Taylor. You can't get pregnant while you're breastfeeding. Can you?"

Tinsley comes back into the room followed by Rayne. God he looks good in a tux.

"You're pregnant?" His eyes are round but also hopeful. There is nothing he would like better than to see me big and round again with his child inside of me. He says it tells everyone I belong to him, as if the big ass ring on my finger doesn't tell people that already.

"I...I don't know."

"Well, we'll have to run out and buy a test." Lynda puts her hands on her hips and takes charge. "I'll send Ed for one and watch little Taylor while he goes and picks it

up."

"Um, I have one."

All eyes turn to Tinsley. Why the hell does she have a pregnancy test handy? And what the hell am I going to do if it comes back positive? Rayne's hand comes down to curl around mine and everything inside of me settles.

"There will be time for that later. Right now, it doesn't matter if I'm pregnant or not. I want to get this man down the aisle and have the wedding we've all been working on for months now."

Rayne gives me a smile and drops a kiss on my upturned lips. "I'll be waiting for you at the end of the aisle, Bunny. And whatever happens after that we'll handle it together because that's what we do."

"Stay together." I finish for him.

"Yes, let's get you all married so I can grill my little girl on why she's walking around with a pregnancy test in her purse."

It was only a couple of hours after the ceremony that I found out...I was. We are going to be welcoming baby number two to our family while Taylor is barely a year old. Leave it to Rayne to go full throttle once he gets started. It began with a picture and the wrong number. I hope it never ends because this feels like the happy ever after I never hoped to dream about.

The End!