



Surrender to Me

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Description: When 28-year-old Honey Lake arrives at a secluded luxury island for an exclusive entrepreneur retreat, she's focused on securing funding to turn her struggling beauty brand into an empire. But money like that doesn't come easy—until she crosses paths with 41-year-old Legend Waters, a dangerously wealthy, tattooed boss who always gets what he wants.

He sees something he likes in the ambitious beauty and makes her an offer—for the rest of the weekend, she belongs to him. No rules. No limits. All she has to do is surrender her mind, body, and soul to him. In return, he'll write a check big enough to change her life.

It's an indecent proposal Honey should refuse. But with temptation staring at her in the form of inked skin, commanding hands, and a voice that makes her legs weak, walking away isn't an option.

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“Girl, I swear this island is straight out of a fucking fantasy.”

I pressed my phone against my ear as I pushed my small suitcase across the private tarmac, taking in the sheer luxury of Iluna Cay. The heat hit me first—thick, golden, and humid, wrapping around me like a slow caress. The scent of salt, hibiscus, and something impossibly expensive filled the air, making me realize just how out of my element I was.

“And that’s a bad thing?”

Tyrae teased through the phone. “Honey, do you know how many people would kill to be on that island right now? This is your shot, bitch.”

I exhaled. She wasn’t wrong.

The Elite Entrepreneur Retreat was the event for up-and-coming business owners. Investors flew in from all over the world, looking for 'the next big thing', and somehow, I had landed an all-expenses-paid invitation through my TikTok account. Not that I didn’t work my ass off for it.

I wasn’t just some random influencer who got lucky. I had built something. Honey Luxe Beauty started in my small kitchen almost two years ago. At first, it was just DIY skincare for myself, then for my friends, and then before I knew it, I was shipping out small-batch organic products to hundreds of customers. When my viral TikTok video explaining the power of clean beauty took off, my sales tripled overnight.

That's how I got noticed. That's how I got the invite. Now, all I needed was at least one investor to believe in me.

"I know, I know,"

I muttered, adjusting my sunglasses as I followed a small group of guests toward the waiting golf carts. "I just... girl, I think these people are on a different level. Like... I'm trying to get a brand off the ground. They already have multiple successful exits. What makes me different?"

"And what do I always say?"

I rolled my eyes. "You don't have to be in the room to be the richest, just the most talented."

"Damn right. Now get off my phone and go be unapologetically you."

"Fine, fine,"

I laughed before hanging up.

By the time I arrived to the resort, an attendant dressed in an immaculate white linen uniform was already waiting for me, a glass of chilled champagne in hand. "Welcome to Iluna Cay,"

she greeted smoothly. "I assume you're here for the retreat so please, allow me to escort you to your villa."

I accepted the champagne, my fingers grazing the chilled glass as I took a sip. It was crisp, perfect, and probably worth more than my rent back home. By the time I was alone in my villa, I felt both awestruck and restless.

The space was gorgeous—a flawless blend of modern architecture and tropical luxury. Floor-to-ceiling windows, a balcony overlooking the water, and a bathroom that looked straight out of a five-star spa.

I slipped out onto the balcony, leaning against the glass railing as I took in the view. Turquoise waves lapped lazily against the shore, the sky painted in soft hues of orange and pink as the sun began its descent. I had never seen anything so breathtaking.

And then, something caught my eye. A man—tall as hell and ridiculously fine—walked along the beach like he owned the damn ocean. Shit, maybe he did. His shirt was unbuttoned just enough to reveal a hint of tattoos on his chest leading to the ones on his strong-looking arms on his chocolate skin. The salt and pepper beard thing worked for him too.

Well, goddamn... I swallowed hard, watching as he disappeared down a private path. Something about him sent a slow, unwanted chill down my spine. I shook off the distraction and focused on the real reason I was there. Walking back into my villa, I started to get ready for the mixer that was in an hour.

I slipped into a cream-colored maxi dress that hugged my curves in just the right way and brown wedges with gold accessories. It was professional but also just enough to make an impression. I kept my makeup glowy and effortless, the kind of look that said I was already successful, I just needed the money to match. I left my hair out of its twists, long and wavy, cascading down my back. Although I was sure I'd regret it as the night went on and it was stuck to my neck from the damn heat.

The mixer was beautifully organized on the grand terrace of the resort. It oozed money, power, and exclusivity. A string quartet played softly in the background and servers glided through the crowd with flutes of champagne and gourmet appetizers.

I forced myself to exude confidence, stepping into the crowd, mingling, shaking hands, smiling like I wasn't freaking out inside. I introduced myself to a few other entrepreneurs—some cool, some so full of themselves I had to resist rolling my eyes. I met a woman named Mosha Sinclair, who had already secured funding and offered me a few tips.

“Investors don't care about passion,”

she said, sipping her wine. “They care about scalability. Play up your numbers. The rest is fluff.”

Noted. I made my way toward a group of investors, my heart pounding, but I pushed through. I gave my pitch—concise, polished, exactly the way I had practiced for weeks. And yet...

“Sounds interesting, but I'm looking for something with a higher growth trajectory.”

“I'm not really in the beauty space.”

“I'd need to see more financials before even considering.”

Every rejection was polite but brutal. By the time I had struck out with my fifth investor and turned down yet another corny dude asking for my phone number, my stomach was in knots. I needed air. As I walked off, my heels clicking against the stone pathway, frustration bubbling inside me. That's when I saw it—a dimly lit bar, tucked away behind a set of black-paneled doors.

“Thank God.”

I stepped inside and was immediately met with the low hum of jazz and the scent of whiskey and cigars curling through the air. It wasn't crowded and I was thankful. I

slid onto a barstool, exhaling sharply.

The bartender, a heavily tattooed man with piercing eyes, smirked. “Need something strong?”

“You have no idea,”

I muttered.

He nodded, already pouring Tequila on the rocks. And then, before I even picked up my glass, a deep, slow voice cut through the air behind me.

“Put it on my tab.”

I turned and there he was. The fine ass man from the beach. Up close, he was even more handsome, making my mouth instantly go dry. He was tattooed the fuck up too. The waves in his hair were a tsunami and his dark eyes were intense. A diamond chain with a cross rested on his muscular chest and an expensive watch adorned his wrist. A perfectly cut jawline and his smirk was slow and confident. And the way he was looking at me? It sent a shiver down my spine.

I should have picked up my drink, ignored the fine ass older man in front of me, and spent the rest of the night sulking in my villa about how much I was failing at this retreat. But I didn't. Instead, I turned in my seat, slowly facing him, one eyebrow raised.

“I can pay for my own drink, y’know.”

His lips curved at the edges, amusement flickering in his eyes. He wasn't just attractive—he was commanding. The kind of man who took up space without trying, the kind who made you want to know what he was thinking even when he gave

nothing away.

“I don’t doubt that, sweetheart,”

His voice was smooth, low, teasing. “But it’s already paid for. You can either argue about it or drink it.”

I huffed a quiet laugh, picking up the glass the bartender slid toward me for a sip. “You always this generous to strangers?”

“Only when I feel it’s necessary.”

He leaned back against the bar, casually rolling the sleeve of his crisp black button-down a little higher. Something about that movement, the slow, unhurried confidence of it, made heat prickle down my spine. “Lemme guess. You’re here for that entrepreneur retreat?”

The bartender placed a glass of something amber and strong in front of him without asking for his order, which told me he was a regular there. He lifted it slowly, studying me over the rim as he took a sip.

“Uh, yeah,”

I admitted. “I’m looking for an investor... or at least a lead. A meeting. Something. But instead, I spent two hours making small talk with people who had no interest in what I’m building.”

His gaze flickered with something unreadable. “And what is that, exactly?”

Taking another sip of my drink, I studied him for a moment, debating whether I should waste my pitch on a man who was probably just looking to charm me out of

my dress for the night. But fuck it. I had nothing to lose. “Honey Luxe Beauty,”

I said. “Clean, luxury skincare. All plant-based, backed by science, and focused on melanated skin. No fillers, no toxins, just pure, results-driven formulas.”

He nodded slightly as if committing it to memory. “I respect it. What’s stopping you from advancing?”

I exhaled, swirling my drink. “Funding, obviously. I built this brand from the ground up, but I need serious capital to grow.”

His lips pressed together, and he took another sip, his sharp gaze assessing me. It wasn’t like the way the investors had looked at me tonight—like I was some charity case or an unproven risk. This man looked at me like he saw the ambition burning in my chest. Like he understood it.

“And what would you do,”

he mused, setting his glass down, “if you got the money?”

I leaned in slightly, mirroring him without meaning to. “Expand the product line. Increase production. Build out a team. Right now, it’s all on me—formulating, branding, marketing. It’s growing, but without big money, I’m stuck.”

He nodded once, slow, considering. And then, he asked the question that changed everything. “What if I gave you the money?”

I blinked. “What?”

His expression didn’t shift. “You need funding. I have money. I could write the check.”

My heart stalled, a dozen emotions slamming into me at once—shock, excitement, disbelief, suspicion. Because this wasn't how things worked. I set my glass down, narrowing my eyes. "Just like that? No questions asked?"

"Oh, there are questions,"

he murmured, tilting his head slightly. "Along with terms and conditions."

And just like that, the heat between us shifted. Something darker. Something... unspoken. I swallowed hard. "Terms?"

He leaned forward, resting his forearms on the bar. "You want the funding? You spend the rest of the weekend with me. No distractions. No outside world. Just us."

My breath caught. He wasn't talking about business meetings. He was talking about me and him. Physically. Sexually. Every possible way. I stared at him, heat pooling between my thighs, but my brain was racing. Because he was fucking insane. I mean, yes, it was the easiest way to get what I wanted but damn.

"That's not exactly a traditional investment agreement,"

I said carefully, taking another sip of my drink.

He smirked, slow and knowing. "No, it's not."

I exhaled, gripping the edge of the bar, my mind spinning. "You don't even know me,"

I pointed out.

"Not yet,"

he said, his eyes gliding over me in a way that made my pulse skyrocket. “But by the end of the weekend, I will.”

I swallowed hard, narrowing my eyes. I could say no. I should say no. But I was drowning in debt from spending so much of my full-time paycheck as a receptionist, my business was on the verge of either thriving or dying, and this man—whoever he was—had the kind of wealth that could change my entire future. All I had to do was surrender to him.

Oh, hell no. Bitch, walk away, I told myself. Instead, I took a slow, deep breath and whispered, “What happens after the weekend?”

His gaze darkened, his smirk sharpening. “After the weekend, we go back to our lives.”

A pause. Then, in a voice that was dangerously smooth, he added, “But for the next couple of days... you’ll be mine.”

Silence stretched between us, thick with something I couldn’t name. My heart was thumping in my chest, my drink forgotten, my pulse thrumming at the base of my throat. His offer sat between us like a loaded gun. No strings. A deal. A business transaction wrapped in something crazy, something seductive, something that made my mind race with possibilities I had no business considering.

He was offering me a world I’d never stepped into before. And if I said yes, I had no doubt he would take me under in every possible way. I forced myself to meet his gaze, steady, even though my breath was uneven. “And what if I don’t accept?”

He shrugged. “Then you finish your drink and go back to pitching to investors who don’t give a fuck about your business.”

I sucked in a sharp breath. Damn. He wasn't even trying to sell it to me. He didn't need to. He knew what he was offering was temptation wrapped in a blank check.

"I don't even know your name."

He smirked at me before licking his full lips. "Legend Waters and yours?"

I watched as his gaze flickered over my lips before meeting my eyes again. "Honey Lake."

Nodding, he carefully and effortlessly reached into his pocket, pulled out a black business card, and set it on the bar in front of me. His fingernail were clean as hell and his fingers, tattooed and precise, tapped it once as if sealing something invisible between us. "No pressure,"

he said smoothly. "But if you decide to accept..."

His dark eyes flickered with something dangerous, something possessive. "...be at my place by midnight."

I swallowed. This shit was like a damn fairy tale with a much dirtier ending. "And if I do?"

I asked quietly, not even sure why I was pushing this, why I wasn't already running in the opposite direction.

"Then once you step through my door, there's no turning back."

The weight of his words settled deep in my stomach, curling into something hot, something restless. I glanced down at the card, my fingers hovering over it. When I looked back up, he was already standing, smooth and unhurried as he finished his

drink. Then, before I could even process it, he turned and walked away.

I sat there, my breath shaky, my mind a mess, staring at the card in front of me.

Legend.

No last name.

No company name.

Just a name and address.

I exhaled, slow and measured, and picked up my glass, swirling the last inch of Tequila. The ice had melted, watering it down, but I still took the final sip, letting the burn slide down my throat as I tried to get my racing thoughts under control.

This was fucking crazy. No, beyond crazy. This was some movie or urban fiction type of shit. I should have been offended. Outraged. Instead, I was sitting here, still thinking about it. I let out a humorless laugh, shaking my head at myself before finally sliding the damn card into my clutch, snapping it shut with more force than necessary.

I wasn't making any reckless decisions. Not yet. Instead, I was going to do what I came here to do—network my ass off, sell my brand, and land a damn investor the normal way. Maybe that would be enough to stop my pulse from pounding the way it did when I thought about what midnight could look like.

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Back at the mixer, it was still in full swing, the energy just as overwhelming as before. Laughter bubbled in small circles, champagne flutes clinked, and the power dynamics in the room were so strong I could feel them pressing against my skin.

I forced myself to reset, plastering a poised, determined expression on my face before slipping back into the crowd. If I wasn't going to sell my soul to a rich man, then I was going to sell my damn brand the right way.

I found myself next to a pretty woman with deep brown skin, a cute pixie cut, and an emerald green jumpsuit that screamed effortless confidence. She caught my gaze, smirked, and lifted her champagne flute in a silent toast before stepping closer.

“You looked like you were about to give up earlier,”

she murmured, voice smooth and knowing. “But you came back. Respect.”

I let out a soft laugh. “Had to take a breather. Needed to remind myself why I'm here.”

“Same,”

she admitted. “These muthafuckas play in a different league. But lucky for them, we're the ones bringing the real innovation.”

I liked her instantly. “Honey Lake,”

I introduced, extending a hand.

She took it, shaking firmly. “Amina Wells. CEO of Wells Tech Solutions.”

Tech. Impressive.

“Nice to meet you. What’s your pitch?”

A slow smile curled her lips. “Smart inventory management software for small businesses. AI-driven analytics. No more stock shortages, no more excess waste.”

“Damn,”

I said, genuinely impressed. “That’s dope.”

She shrugged. “I know.”

I laughed. “Confidence noted. How’s the investor search going?”

Her expression shifted slightly. “A lot of polite rejections. A lot of ‘we love the idea, but...’ so I’m still pushing.”

“Same.”

She eyed me. “What’s your brand?”

“Luxury, plant-based skincare tailored for melanated skin.”

Her brows lifted. “I like that. Good market, too. Investors should be eating that up.”

“Exactly,”

I muttered, glancing around. “But apparently, skincare isn’t disruptive enough for

half of them.”

She scoffed. “Bullshit. The beauty industry is a multi-billion-dollar market. You just need the right person to see the vision.”

Before I could respond, a well-dressed investor—a tall, silver-haired man who looked like he only invested in things that smelled like generational wealth—walked past. Amina nudged me. “He’s been lurking near this side of the room for a while. Might be worth a shot.”

I took a steadying breath, smoothed down my dress, and stepped into his path. “Hi,”

I greeted.

He turned, offering a tight smile, his gaze assessing. “And you are?”

“Honey Lake. Founder of Honey Luxe Beauty.”

I gave him my most polished, confident smile. “I’d love to tell you about my brand—”

Before I could launch into my pitch, he lifted a hand in polite dismissal. “I’m afraid I don’t invest in beauty,”

he said, his tone flat. “Good luck, though.”

And just like that, he was gone. I stood there, humiliated, frustrated, and very close to screaming into my champagne flute.

Amina winced. “Damn. He didn’t even let you finish.”

“Because he never intended to.”

I sighed, rubbing my temples. “I shoulda known. These men only throw money at things they understand.”

“Facts.”

I exhaled, my earlier motivation crumbling. “I need to get out of here.”

Amina nodded. “Maybe tomorrow we’ll have better luck.”

I shrugged. “Yeah. Tomorrow.”

By the time I got back to my villa, I was mentally drained. I kicked off my wedges, tossed my clutch onto the marble counter, and grabbed my phone, pressing call on the one person who would understand.

“Ty,”

I sighed the second she picked up.

“What happened?”

she demanded.

I flopped onto the plush bed, staring at the high, vaulted ceiling. “This retreat is a whole scam.”

She snorted. “So, no rich old man cut you a million-dollar check on sight?”

“Not exactly,”

I muttered. “More like a bunch of nodding politely while barely listening before rejecting me in under thirty seconds.”

She groaned. “Idiots.”

“Right?”

“So what now?”

I hesitated. I could lie. I could tell her I was just going to try again tomorrow, go back to networking, smiling, and selling my brand the hard way. Or I could tell her the truth. That an older, fine ass, tattooed, sinfully rich man had just offered me everything I wanted in exchange for my submission. I closed my eyes, pressing my fingers against my forehead.

“Honey?”

Tyrae’s voice cut through my thoughts. “You just got real quiet. What’s up?”

I exhaled slowly, going to retrieve the black business card. “I... might have another option,”

I said carefully.

“Okayyy...”

I sat up, crossing my legs under me. “Okay, so after the first few rejections at the mixer, I stopped at this bar off the main resort. It was a private spot, not part of the retreat.”

Tyrae made a humming noise. “Sounds sketchy. Go on.”

I rolled my eyes. “It wasn’t. It was actually nice. Low lights, expensive liquor, no annoying investors pretending to care about my brand for thirty seconds before rejecting me.”

“Okay, so you found a bar. Get to the good part.”

I swallowed. “There was a man there but not just any man, though,”

I admitted, fingers tracing the hem of my dress absentmindedly. “He was... different. Older. Tatted. Stupidly fine.”

Tyrae’s laughter was instant. “Oh, bitch. I knew this was going somewhere.”

I ignored her, my stomach tightening as I said the next part. “He, uh... made me an offer.”

Silence. “What kinda offer?”

I hesitated, then forced myself to say it. “He said he’d fund my entire business,”

I breathed out. “Write a check, no strings attached but in exchange, I have to spend the rest of the weekend with him.”

“Like... romantically? Or sexually?”

“Bitch... obviously both.”

Tyrae cackled, loud and unhinged. “Oh my God, Honey! What the hell?!”

I flopped back against the pillows, groaning. “I know.”

“You don’t know!”

she shrieked. “Because if you did, you wouldn’t be telling me this like it was some casual business proposal. This is literally the plot of an erotic novel.”

I covered my face with one hand, heat rising up my neck. “Exactly. It’s fucking crazy.”

“Crazy?”

Tyrae scoffed. “Girl, that’s not crazy. That’s elite ho shit. That’s rich men making scandalous offers in secret bars because they’re used to getting what they want. Who is this man?!”

I sighed, reaching for the business card. “His name is Legend. No last name.”

Tyrae went quiet for a second, then muttered, “Sounds like the kinda man who has offshore accounts and a personal chef.”

“Exactly.”

I heard her shifting, probably sitting up in bed. “Okay, okay. Let’s break this down. You’re telling me a fine, rich, older, tattooed zaddy just offered you enough money to change your life in exchange for a dirty weekend?”

I hesitated. “...Yes.”

“And you’re considering it?”

I groaned. “Ty...”

“No judgment!”

she cut in. “I mean, listen, morally? Could be questionable. But financially? Bitch, that’s a power move.”

I laughed despite myself, but inside, I was twisting with indecision. “Friend, be real with me,” Tyrae said more seriously. “Do you want to do it? Like, is there even the smallest part of you that’s... intrigued?”

I closed my eyes, letting my head rest against the pillows. Did I? I thought about the way he looked at me like he already knew what I tasted like. The way he spoke was calm, deliberate, and knowing. Like he had no doubt I would say yes. I thought about the way my body had reacted before my brain could.

I took a slow breath. “Yeah. I think I wanna do it.”

Tyrae whistled. “Well, damn.”

I bit my lip. “But I’m also terrified. This isn’t... me. This isn’t what I do!”

“And yet,”

she mused, “you haven’t stopped thinking about it.”

I opened my eyes, staring at the black card between my fingers. “You have a point.”

“Damn right, I do. But listen, Honey. If you do this, you need to be fully in control of your choice. This man sounds like the type who doesn’t do hesitation. If you go to him, you have to own it. No second-guessing, no backing out halfway. Be sure.”

I swallowed hard. “He said there was no turning back once I walked through his

door.”

Tyrae hummed. “Mm-hmm.”

I ran a hand through my curls, exhaling shakily. “I have an hour to decide.”

Tyrae was quiet for a moment, then said, “If you say no, I fully support that. You’ll find another investor. You’ll figure it out, you always do.”

“But if I say yes?”

She snorted. “Then, bitch, you better moisturize, hydrate, and take your ass over there looking like sex.”

I laughed, the sound half-nervous, half-excited. “Now, call me tomorrow. I don’t care how tired you are. I want details.”

I groaned. “Goodnight, Tyrae.”

She cackled. “Goodnight, bitch.”

I hung up before she could say anything else.

The room was silent now. It was just me. And the business card. I exhaled, slowly and measured. Then, before I could talk myself out of it, I started getting ready. I stepped into the bathroom, the cool marble floors chilling my bare feet as I turned the shower on, letting the steam rise around me.

“This is fucking crazy,”

I muttered under my breath as I stripped out of my dress, tossing it onto the counter.

My reflection in the mirror looked back at me with wide, uncertain eyes, my skin already glowing under the dim bathroom lights. “You’re really about to do this,”

I whispered to myself, gripping the edge of the sink. “You’re about to walk into this man’s house and let him... what? Own you? Control you? Fuck you senseless?”

My stomach flipped at the thought, and I hated that my body was already warming at the idea before my brain could stop it. To be fair, I hadn’t had sex in a while. I was too busy working and trying to get my business together. Relationships or even a booty call had taken a back seat.

I sighed and stepped under the hot spray, letting it wash away my doubts. I tried to be practical about this like I was making a smart business decision, but let’s be real—this was lust, temptation, and recklessness wrapped in an expensive dick. Still, he had said no turning back.

I reached for my body wash, pouring the vanilla and coconut scented liquid into my palm and running it over my skin. I could already picture the way his voice would sound against my neck, how he would pull my thighs apart without hesitation, how he would...

I groaned and cut off the thought before it went any further. I rinsed off quickly, stepping out into the cool air and reaching for my towel, dabbing my skin dry instead of rubbing—because Tyrae was right. If I was doing this, I was doing it moisturized, hydrated, and looking like sex.

I took my time smoothing vanilla cashmere-scented body butter over every inch of me, lingering on my thighs, as if preparing myself for whatever the hell was about to happen.

Then came the dress—short, silky, a deep bronze color that clung to my curves and

made my skin glow like I had been dipped in gold. Gold heels that could slip off easily. I took one last look at myself in the mirror and let out a slow breath.

“Okay, bitch. This is it.”

I grabbed my suitcase and walked out before I could change my mind. The resort lobby was quiet at this late hour with only a few late-night guests milling around. I walked up to the concierge desk, tapping my fingers against the polished wood. “Is the shuttle still running?”

The attendant glanced up, offering a polite but slightly curious look. “Yes, ma’am. Where to?”

I hesitated for half a second, then pulled the card from my clutch and read the address printed beneath his name. The attendant typed something into the system and then nodded. “We can have a car take you now. Follow me.”

A car? I shrugged slightly and trailed behind him. I slid into the backseat of a black SUV, my legs crossed tightly, my mind racing a mile a minute.

What the hell am I walking into?

Is he into some kinky shit?

What if this is some secret sex dungeon setup?

I had no idea what Legend’s tastes were. Maybe he liked to tie women up and leave them hanging from the damn ceiling. Maybe he was into some Fifty Shades-level bondage shit. My pulse skipped at the thought. I had spent my whole life being in control, climbing my way up, fighting for every inch of my success. And yet, the idea of giving it up—if only for a couple of days—had my stomach tightening in

anticipation. I swallowed hard, pressing my thighs together.

Glancing out the window, the resort lights faded behind us with the dark, winding road leading to whatever the hell awaited me. Soon, the SUV pulled up to a stunning beachfront villa, secluded, massive, and silent except for the sound of crashing waves. I stepped out, grabbing my suitcase and adjusting my dress as I walked toward the front door.

I hesitated for a fraction of a second, my hand hovering over the door before finally knocking. It opened almost instantly and there he was. Bare chest. Tattoos everywhere. Grey sweatshorts hanging low on his hips.

My mouth went dry. His tattoos looked even darker under the dim porch light, black ink sprawling over dark brown skin, and thick veins running down his forearms. His broad shoulders blocked everything behind him, and I had to tilt my head to meet his eyes. Eyes that didn't hold a single ounce of surprise. Like he had expected me all along. Like he knew I'd come.

He leaned against the doorframe, voice low, rough, pulling something deep in my belly. "Right on time."

I swallowed, ignoring the way my body was already betraying me. "I almost didn't come."

He smirked. "But you did."

I didn't answer. I watched his gaze drag over me slowly, appreciative, assessing, dark as sin. I took a slow breath, forcing myself to hold his gaze. "So what happens now?"

His smirk deepened. And then, in a voice that was pure heat and command, he said, "Now? You walk inside and you do exactly as I say."

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I swallowed hard, reminding myself that there was no turning back. Legend didn't move back to let me in. Instead, he reached for my suitcase to roll inside and then his large hands gripped my waist, pulling me close until I was pressed against the heat of his bare chest.

I barely had time to react before he dipped his head, inhaling slowly against the crook of my neck. "You smell amazing,"

he murmured, his voice a rough, velvet scrape against my skin.

I shivered, pulse kicking up, because how the hell was this man already disarming me with a single sentence? "Thank you,"

I breathed, trying to sound composed, but my voice wavered just enough to make him smirk.

His grip tightened briefly—like he was testing how I felt against him—before he finally pulled back, those dark eyes still pinning me in place.

"Drink?" he asked.

"Definitely,"

I exhaled, needing a distraction before my body betrayed me completely.

He nodded and turned, giving me a full, unrestricted view of his place as I slipped off my heels. It was dope.

Everything was modern and luxurious without trying too hard. A massive sectional in deep charcoal sat in the middle of the open living space, facing a wall-to-wall window that framed the ocean like a goddamn painting. The moonlight reflected off the glassy surface of an infinity pool just outside, the faint sound of waves mingling with the low bass of some R&B track playing in the background.

But what really caught my attention was the faint scent lingering in the air. Weed. Subtle, but there. Before I could even form the question, Legend spoke—like he had read my mind.

“You smoke, sweetheart?”

I glanced at him as he strode toward the mini-bar, muscles flexing as he reached for a bottle of Tequila. “Sometimes,”

I admitted, slipping my clutch onto the counter. “I can smell you do.”

His smirk was slow, knowing. “Sometimes.”

Which probably meant all the damn time. He grabbed a glass, poured the Tequila over ice, and then gestured for me to follow him.

I hesitated, but only for a second before trailing behind him down a hallway, the whole time acutely aware of how powerful, effortless, and dominant this man moved. It was low key unsettling... and fucking sexy.

His bedroom was just as impressive as the rest of the house, but less about the design and more about the energy. Dark, masculine. Soft lighting, massive bed, another floor-to-ceiling window with an uninterrupted view of the ocean. Legend handed me my drink, eyes flicking down the length of me as I took the glass.

“Make yourself comfortable,”

he murmured, moving to the dresser.

I exhaled slowly, turning to look around before sitting down at the edge of the bed, my dress riding up just a little as I crossed my legs.

Legend caught the movement, but instead of reacting, he grabbed a wooden box, flipped it open, and pulled out a small jar of what I knew was probably the finest weed. He didn't rush, didn't even seem to notice the silence stretching between us. He just set up deliberately, effortlessly breaking the bud apart between his tattooed fingers.

The slow precision of it had me watching, mesmerized until I finally realized what I was doing and looked away, focusing on my drink instead.

“So, you live on the island?”

I asked, trying to break the tension.

He glanced up briefly, smirking as he reached for a rolling paper and leaf. “When I want to. This is one of my vacation properties.”

I took a slow sip of my drink as I nodded, the Tequila smooth as it burned down my throat. “So,”

I said, licking my lips. “Is this the part where I ask you what I should expect this weekend?”

Legend's hands never paused as he rolled the blunt, but I saw the way the corner of his mouth ticked up. “You don't strike me as the type to need instructions,”

he murmured.

I tilted my head. “Maybe I like to be prepared.”

He lifted the blunt to his lips, running the tip of his tongue along the edge to seal it. And fuck. It was the most casual, unbothered thing, but the way he did it? Focused. Slow. Unapologetically deliberate. My thighs clenched instinctively. His eyes flicked to mine, amusement flashing in them like he had caught it. He leaned back against the dresser, lighting the blunt, taking a deep inhale before exhaling slowly... all smooth and shit... watching me through the smoke.

“Expect,”

he finally said, “that I’m gonna give you exactly what you came for.”

“And what do you think that is?”

I asked, my voice way too breathy for my liking.

He smirked again, pushing off the dresser, and walked toward me with that lethal, unhurried confidence. He stopped right in front of me, the scent of his cologne and fresh weed flooding my senses as he tilted my chin up with one finger.

“Freedom,”

he murmured.

I stared at him, heart pounding. “Freedom?”

I repeated, barely able to get the word out.

His thumb brushed over my bottom lip lightly, just enough to make me inhale sharply. “You spent all night trying to impress muthafuckas who wouldn’t know real ambition if it slapped them in the face,”

he murmured. “You’re so tense from working and fighting for every inch of success, you don’t even know what it feels like to just let go.”

I swallowed, my breath sticking in my throat.

“That’s what this weekend is,”

he said, voice low and unrushed. “You don’t make decisions. You don’t stress about outcomes. You don’t plan shit. You let me take care of everything.”

His finger traced down the side of my throat, sending a ripple of heat down my spine. A slow shudder ran through me, and he felt it. He exhaled another stream of smoke, his thumb brushing my jaw one last time before he pulled away, handing me the blunt.

“Hit that,”

he ordered, his voice a little rougher this time.

I took it from his fingers, my heart still racing, my stomach still tight. The first hit slid down my throat warm and smooth, the slow burn unraveling my nerves as I let the smoke settle in my lungs before exhaling. This man watched me the entire time.

His eyes were dark, unwavering, his mouth curled in that lazy, knowing smirk like he already had me figured out. I handed the blunt back to him, licking the remnants of smoke off my lips. “You always roll them this good?”

“I do everything... good.”

The energy between us shifted—thicker now, heavier, and my heart thumped. I didn’t know if it was the Tequila, the weed, or the way Legend looked at me like he was calculating all the ways he was going to have me.

Clearing my throat, I leaned back against the bed, propping myself up on my elbows. “So this is how you start things off? Get me high, get me nice, then see if I change my mind?”

He exhaled a slow stream of smoke, his eyes still locked on mine. “Honey,”

he said, voice smooth as silk, “you wouldn’t be here if you had any intention of changing your mind. I told you what’s up already. There’s no turning back.”

I swallowed, my stomach tightening. Legend put the blunt in the ashtray and popped a mint into his mouth from the small tray on the dresser. As he moved closer, his presence all-consuming, effortless as the very air in the room shifted around him. “Stand up,” he said.

I arched a brow but didn’t move. “Why?”

His smirk deepened. “You came here on the terms of you surrendering yourself to me,”

he murmured, reaching down and gripping my jaw lightly, tilting my head up to face him. The touch was possessive like he already owned me. “That starts now,”

he said, his voice low, edged with something darker. “Stand up.”

Slowly, deliberately, my bare feet sank into the plush rug as I straightened, my eyes

never leaving his. Legend studied me, the faintest glint of satisfaction flickering across his face. Then he reached out, his fingers tracing the thin straps of my dress, dragging them slowly down my shoulders. In an instant, my dress was a pool beneath me leaving me bare. Naked.

He let out a low grunt and licked his lips. “You’re gonna let me teach you exactly what surrendering truly feels like.”

I watched him reach into the top drawer of his nightstand and pull out something dark. Silky. Long, smooth lengths of black fabric coiled in his palm. My pulse skipped, my thighs pressing together on instinct. He smirked like he saw it. Like he felt it.

“Will you trust me?”

he asked, voice low, gravelly, sending a shiver straight through me.

I swallowed hard, the weight of the moment settling over me like a heavy, unseen hand. I didn’t know this man but I knew the way he made me feel. The way my body responded to him before my mind could catch up. The way his presence alone felt like something undeniable, unshakable—something I had no desire to fight. So I nodded.

His smirk deepened. “Lay back.”

Before I could process it, he was moving. His hands—strong, warm, practiced—gripped my wrists and guided them to the wooden bedposts, looping the soft silk around them in precise, controlled motions. The silk was cool against my skin, snug but not uncomfortable, the perfect amount of restraint that made my breath quicken.

Once my wrists were bound, Legend stepped back, admiring his work, his gaze dragging over me like he was memorizing the way I looked, laid out for him, helpless beneath his control. I bit my lip, shifting slightly, testing the ties. They held firm and I was officially at his mercy.

His voice was quiet, unreadable as he trailed a fingertip down the inside of my arm. “Too tight?”

I shook my head. “No.”

His eyes flickered, dark and pleased. He moved down to wrap the silk around my ankles. When he was finished, I was completely spread for him, my body tense, burning with anticipation, my breathing uneven as I fought the urge to squirm beneath his gaze. Legend took a step back, dragging a hand over his salt and pepper bearded jaw, admiring me like I was some kind of masterpiece he had just finished painting.

Legend smirked. “You look good like this.”

Heat flashed through me at the roughness in his voice. “I can’t move,”

I whispered.

He arched a brow, amused. “That’s the point, baby.”

I swallowed, my pulse pounding in my ears. “So what now?”

He didn’t answer. Not with words, anyway. Instead, Legend reached back into the drawer and pulled out something small and purple. I gasped the moment I recognized it. A fucking rose and I could tell it was brand new. Cleaned and ready to go.

My breath stalled, heat flooding my skin, my fingers instinctively tugging against the silk restraints. He saw my reaction and grinned. Slow. Dangerous. Wicked. “I’m guessing you’ve used one of these?”

he asked, turning the rose over in his hand, his thick fingers tracing the edges.

I licked my lips, my voice barely above a whisper. “I’m sure you know the answer to that.”

He hummed, pleased, then clicked it on. The low, powerful vibration filled the air, and I tensed, my thighs clenching as the sound alone sent a sharp pulse of need through me.

Legend’s gaze darkened, watching every subtle movement, every reaction. “Damn. You’re already squirming?”

he teased. Then, with no warning, he pressed the rose against the inside of my thigh on the lower setting but still enough to make me jolt. He chuckled. “You’re sensitive as fuck,”

he observed, dragging the rose higher, tracing achingly close to where I wanted it. “I like that.”

I clenched my fists, writhing slightly, but the silk held me still. I was completely at his mercy. He dragged the rose up again, letting it hover just close enough to drive me insane, his free hand gripping my thigh, holding me in place.

“Tell me how bad you want it,”

he murmured, his lips just inches from mine, his breath warm and minty.

I gasped, my head falling back against the pillows, my body tense with need.
“Legend,”

I breathed.

He grinned against my jaw. “That’s not an answer.”

The second the rose pressed against my aching, swollen clit, a sharp gasp tore from my throat. The vibration was intense, a low, rhythmic pulse that sent a white-hot ripple of sensation through me, spreading from the point of contact to every nerve in my body.

My fingers tightened in the silk restraints, instinctively trying to close my thighs, but I couldn’t. This man had me open, exposed, bound to his will and he knew exactly what he was doing. He watched me, his eyes dark with amusement and raw hunger, the rose gliding in slow, taunting circles, never giving me exactly what I needed.

“Shiiiiit,”

I whispered, my back arching, my legs trembling from the relentless teasing.

Legend chuckled, low and deep, the sound vibrating through me just as much as the rose in his hand. “Too much?”

he murmured, dragging it away slightly, letting the buzz of it thrum against my inner thigh instead.

The sudden loss of pressure made me whimper, my body searching for the friction he had just stolen from me. “Oh, my God,”

I exhaled, half pleading, half demanding.

He smirked, obviously pleased with himself, his tattooed fingers adjusting the setting on the rose, upping the intensity just a notch. The moment he pressed it back against my clit, a sharp jolt shot through my entire body. I gasped, my thighs instinctively trying to close but the way he had me tied left me powerless to stop it. “Look at you,” he murmured, his voice a low rasp, thick with approval.

I barely heard him. My mind was drowning in sensation, the steady pulse of the vibration sending me spiraling, every inch of me hypersensitive. I tugged against the restraints, my body straining toward him, but he didn’t let me move. “I... can’t...”

Legend didn’t let me take control and for the first time, I let go of the need to. I let him hold me down, keep me open, keep me spread, keep me desperate. I surrendered to him. I let him have me. A slow smirk curved his lips as he shifted, lowering his mouth to my ear, his breath warm, teasing, cruel in the best way. “You like this shit, don’t you?”

I didn’t answer. Shit, I couldn’t. The way he was applying pressure and alternating the settings on the rose had me gone. Moaning. Shaking. My stomach tightening.

“You like being tied down,”

he mused, his free hand skimming up my stomach, tracing the curve of my ribcage, never quite giving me the full touch I wanted. “You like a nigga having control.”

I swallowed hard, my breath coming in short, desperate gasps. “Legend,”

I whispered, my voice wrecked, trembling.

His fingers wrapped around my jaw, tilting my face toward his. “Say it,”

he ordered, his voice calm but demanding.

I licked my lips, eyes half-lidded. “I like it,”

I admitted, my voice barely above a breath.

His lips brushed the shell of my ear, his smirk undeniable. “I know.”

And then he turned the setting higher.

“Fuuuckkk!”

A sharp, ragged moan broke from my throat as a wave of pleasure slammed through me. My fingers curled in the restraints, my body straining as the vibrations hit the perfect spot, over and over again. “Shiiiiit!”

My head fell back and my body tightened. I could tell I was about to cum something crazy. Something uncontrollable. Something explosive. This man watched me, his expression hungry, fascinated like he was memorizing every inch of my unraveling. The rose kept pulsing, the pressure building, building and building. I whimpered, barely able to think, my body completely at his mercy. And then...he pulled the rose away and turned it off.

“What the fuck?”

I gasped, my wrists yanking against the ties. I snapped my head toward him, pissed the hell off.

Legend’s smirk was pure sin, control, and dominance. His eyes burned with amusement, watching me struggle, watching me fall apart. “Nah, not yet,”

he murmured, trailing the rose back up my thigh, teasing me again.

I groaned, frustrated, aching, desperate. “Legend,”

I whispered, my voice pleading now, my body shaking.

His fingers brushed over my jaw again, his touch gentle, but his voice was firm. “You cum when I say you cum.”

The words sent a sharp thrill straight to my core, my entire body tuned to him now, bound to his control. “Again,”

he murmured, clicking the rose back on, starting the torture all over again.

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The rose buzzed on my clit, a constant, merciless vibration, pressing against me just enough to push me close, but never enough to let me tip over. I was so close. So fucking close. And then, he pulled it away again.

A frustrated moan ripped from my lips as my body convulsed, my muscles twitching from another stolen orgasm. “Oh, my fucking God,”

I gasped, my wrists tugging against the silk. Legend just smirked, licking his lips, his eyes lazy and satisfied as he watched me struggle.

“You’re too impatient, baby,”

he murmured, dragging the rose in slow, torturous strokes up my inner thigh, teasing but not giving me what I needed.

I was losing my goddamn mind. Every muscle in my body was coiled tight, my skin burning, my breath coming in ragged, uneven gasps. “I swear to god,”

I panted, glaring up at him through heavy, lidded eyes, “if you don’t let me cum...”

“You’ll what?”

Legend cut in, his voice calm, unbothered but full of amusement. I swallowed hard, my throat dry, my frustration morphing into pure desperation. I had no leverage and no control and he knew it. And the realization made something settle inside me. Legend saw the shift too, the way I surrendered. His smirk deepened. “That’s what the fuck I thought.”

And then, without warning, he pressed the rose directly against my clit again—this time, at full intensity and pressure. A ragged scream tore from my throat as a shockwave of pleasure slammed through me, fast, unstoppable, brutal. My entire body arched, the silk restraints biting into my wrists as the pressure built so fast, so hard, I could barely breathe.

“Legend!”

He leaned down, his lips grazing my jaw, his voice a growl of possession. “You can cum now, sweetheart.”

The command hit me like a detonator. The second the words left his mouth, my body snapped. Pleasure ripped through me, shattering me completely. I was shaking, sobbing, writhing, my mind completely blank, lost in the force of release. Legend didn’t stop though. He didn’t let up at all and I started cussing his ass out, begging him to move the rose as I kept cumming.

He kept the rose pressed against me, drawing out every last wave of pleasure until I was whimpering, gasping, trembling uncontrollably. Only then did he finally ease off, his fingers brushing against my trembling thighs, grounding me as my body continued to shudder beneath him.

I was done. I could barely breathe, my body an oversensitive mess as I lay there. Legend pressed a soft, possessive kiss to my inner thigh, his smirk against my skin.

“That’s one,”

he murmured.

I was still trembling, my body weak and oversensitive, my breath uneven, when I felt Legend shift beside me. The silk restraints kept me helplessly bound, my legs spread

and trembling, but the second I felt him move, my pulse spiked all over again. I barely had time to regain my breath before he reached into the nightstand again, pulling out something else. Something bigger. My hazy, pleasure-drunk gaze flickered downward, catching the shape of a different new toy in his hands.

I swallowed hard. It was a dildo. Long. Thick. Smooth and curved with a rotating shaft, and I already knew he was about to fuck my world up even more. Legend must've seen the realization on my face because his smirk turned wicked.

His fingers wrapped slowly around the base of the dildo, tilting it slightly, watching me the entire time as he turned it on. A deep, mechanical hum filled the room as the tip of it began to thrust, moving in slow, precise rotations. My thighs tensed.

And Legend? His ass just chuckled. Low. Sinful. Amused. "Damn,"

he murmured, tilting his head slightly. "It hasn't even touched you yet."

I tried to close my legs on instinct, to escape the intensity of what was coming but Legend caught my knee, firm but patient, his grip commanding, possessive. "Uh-uh," he grunted, his voice edged with dominance. "Spread wide for me, baby."

I should have felt embarrassed, being so open, so exposed, and at his mercy. But the moment the words left his mouth, the second he issued that command, I obeyed. Without hesitation. Without question. I let my thighs fall open, completely revealing myself to him, my juice running down my thighs.

"Mmm,"

Legend hummed, pleased, his gaze dragging over me like he was memorizing every inch. "Just like that."

My wrists pulled against the silk, my body throbbing as he took his time. He ran the head of the dildo between my slick folds, coating it, teasing me, pressing just enough to make me squirm but not enough to give me real satisfaction.

I whimpered, my body already trembling in anticipation, but Legend wasn't in a hurry. "Look at this pretty pussy,"

he murmured, dragging the dildo against my pussy slowly. It was torturous. "So wet for a nigga."

I whimpered, my head falling back against the pillows. "Legend..."

"Shh,"

he soothed, pressing a soft, open-mouthed kiss to my inner thigh.

Then, with no warning, he pushed the dildo inside me. A sharp cry ripped from my throat as the thick, rotating shaft stretched me open, the deep, thrusting movement filling me completely in a way that sent a violent shockwave of pleasure through my entire body.

"Oh, fuck,"

I gasped, my fingers curling helplessly in the silk restraints, my back arching off the bed.

Legend chuckled, shifting lower, his grip firm on my thigh, keeping me completely open for him. "That's it,"

he murmured, adjusting the setting on the dildo, making it deepen the thrusts, slow and deliberate.

I moaned, a wrecked, helpless sound as my thighs trembled and my body already threatened to come apart. And then... he placed the fucking rose on my clit. I shrieked as a wave of sensation crashed over me, the combined stimulation sending me straight to heaven. “What... the... fuuuuucckkk?”

I growled, wrists pulling hard against the ties, my thighs flexing as my entire body shook violently. The dual vibrations and thrusting movements sent me hurtling toward the edge.

Legend watched all of it. Every sharp gasp, every desperate moan, every helpless twitch of my hips as I lost every ounce of control. “You can take it,”

he groaned, pressing the rose down harder, and adjusting the thrusting dildo to match the rhythm.

I whimpered, moaned, begged. My body wasn't mine anymore. It was his. Completely, helplessly his. “I can't,”

I gasped, my voice shaking, broken.

“You will,”

he demanded.

The pressure built. The vibrations tore through me, the thrusting dildo hitting every perfect spot inside me, making me shake, making me lose myself completely. “Legend! Fuuuuck! Please, please, pleaseeee...”

“Give it to me,”

he ordered, his voice low and smooth, an undeniable command.

And then, the fucking levees broke. A sharp, ragged cry ripped from my lips as pleasure exploded through me, violent and unrelenting, the orgasm slamming through my entire body. I convulsed, body shaking, the silk biting into my wrists as I arched, moaning helplessly, sobbing through the release. “Ohhhh....shiiiiittttt! Fuuuckkk!!!”

It kept going. I wasn’t just cumming. I was fucking squirting. I felt it, heard it, the wet sound of it hitting Legend’s tattooed fingers, dripping onto the sheets, a primal, uncontrollable reaction to the way he had completely owned my pussy.

“Fucking right,”

Legend groaned, low and pleased, his hands gripping my thighs tighter, holding me open as I completely exposed myself for him. “That’s it,”

he murmured, his voice gravelly, satisfied, possessive. His dark gaze flicked to my soaked thighs, the mess between us, his smirk deepening. “Look at that pussy,” he murmured, dragging his wet fingers up my stomach, leaving a sticky, teasing trail.

I was gone. Done. My body still twitched, my breath ragged and broken, the aftershocks still shuddering through me. He let out a low, approving chuckle, wiping his soaked fingers across my inner thigh, marking me with my own juices. Then he leaned down and pressed his lips against my ear, his voice nothing but a dark, satisfied whisper. “I’m just getting started, sweetheart.”

I had never—never—felt anything like that. My entire body was shaking, weak as hell. My wrists flexed weakly against the silk ties, my body shivering from the overstimulation and my mind a dazed, hazy blur of pleasure and disbelief. Because... what the entire fuck?

I swallowed hard, my voice coming out wrecked, breathless, hoarse. “Legend, please,”

I whispered, barely able to string words together. “Please... un... untie me.”

Legend’s gaze flicked down to me, his eyes still lazy and satisfied, his mouth curling in pure, unfiltered amusement. “You begging?”

he murmured, dragging a slow finger down my trembling stomach, making me jolt with oversensitivity.

I whimpered, my thighs twitching. “Please,”

I gasped, desperate now, needing to be free.

Legend nodded, satisfied with how thoroughly he had ruined me, then finally reached for my wrists, untying the knots with expert precision. The second my arms were loose, they dropped limply to my sides, my muscles still weak from the wreckage of my orgasms.

Legend didn’t rush as he moved down, untying my ankles next, his fingers brushing my skin, his touch light but still possessive. When the last restraint fell away, he leaned back and folded his arms across his chest.

“You good?”

he had the nerve to ask.

I cut my eyes to him and let out a weak, breathless laugh. “I... I don’t even know what the fuck just happened.”

He chuckled, the deep sound vibrating through the room as he stood, running a hand over his jaw. “You surrendered to the pleasure. To me,”

he said, his voice a lazy rasp. “And you’re still coming down from it.”

He didn’t tell a single lie. I felt like I was still floating somewhere between reality and oblivion, my mind blank, my body spent and my legs completely useless.

I turned my head slightly, watching him through heavy, hooded eyes as he moved across the room, disappearing into the en suite bathroom. I heard the steady rush of water as I blinked, dead tired and my body too exhausted to process what was happening. Then, warm, strong hands were under me. A sharp gasp left my lips as Legend scooped me up effortlessly, lifting me off the bed, and cradling me against his bare chest.

My arms hung limply around his shoulders and my head drooped against his collarbone as he carried me into the steamy, softly lit bathroom. The scent of vanilla and almonds filled the space and the oversized marble soaking tub was filled to the brim with bubbles.

I blinked up at him, still dazed, still trying to comprehend. “You...”

My voice cracked. “You ran me into the ground just to take care of me after?”

Legend smirked, lowering me slowly into the water, the warmth cocooning me instantly, relaxing my sore, spent muscles. “You think I’d leave you in that mess, sweetheart?”

he questioned, kneeling by the tub before reaching for a soft washcloth.

I sighed, melting into the water, my body too weak, too satisfied to even try to fight him. I didn’t know what this was. I didn’t know what to call it. All I knew was that I had never felt this worshiped and the weekend had only just begun.

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I woke up to the sound of waves crashing against the shore. For a few blissful seconds, I was still floating in that half-dream state, my body weightless, my mind hazy with sleep. Then, I shifted and every single muscle in my body screamed in exhaustion.

I sucked in a sharp breath, my thighs sore, my wrists faintly tingling where the silk had held me down hours ago. A slow, throbbing ache pulsed between my legs, reminding me who had put it there. My body flushed with heat as I slowly peeled my eyes open, my vision adjusting to the morning light streaming through the massive windows.

I was still in Legend's bed—wrapped in soft ass, expensive sheets, my body naked beneath them and my limbs still heavy with exhaustion.

For a split second, panic tried to creep in because I had never done anything like this. Never had someone like Legend. Never let someone completely consume me the way he had. But as I inhaled deeply, feeling the warmth still lingering on my skin, that panic faded. Because I hadn't just given in; I had wanted it and still did.

The sound of clinking dishes and the faint scent of cinnamon pulled me from my thoughts and I turned my head toward the open bedroom door.

Is this man cooking breakfast?

With a groan, I swung my legs over the edge of the bed, pulling the sheet around me, even though he'd already seen every damn inch of me. I padded barefoot toward the doorway, my curiosity winning over the ache in my muscles.

The second I stepped into the kitchen, I paused. Legend stood at the stove, shirtless, wearing nothing but a pair of black boxer briefs. The man was a work of art. Thick forearms flexed as he stirred something in a pan, the scent of deliciousness filling the air, mixing with the rich steam of fresh coffee sitting on the counter.

I swallowed hard, suddenly feeling too warm, even though the only thing on my body was a stolen bedsheet. Legend must have sensed me watching because he glanced over his shoulder, that lazy, knowing smirk already forming on his lips.

“Morning, baby,”

he said, voice still thick with sleep, but smooth, controlled like he hadn’t just spent the night destroying me.

I shifted against the doorway, adjusting the sheet around me. “You cook?”

His smirk deepened. “You sound surprised.”

“I mean... yeah,”

I admitted. “You don’t exactly strike me as the domestic type.”

Legend chuckled, turning back to the stove. “Shit, I’m not but I know how to take care of a woman.”

A slow shiver ran down my spine at those last words. I cleared my throat, stepping into the kitchen and taking a seat in one of the stools at the island. “You didn’t have to do this.”

“I know.”

He slid a plate in front of me with cheesy eggs, crispy bacon, cinnamon rolls, and fresh fruit. My stomach growled as he turned to face me fully, his gaze dragging over my body, pausing where the sheet dipped low on my chest. “But after the night I gave you,”

he continued, leaning casually against the counter, crossing his arms, “I figured you’d need the fuel.”

Heat flared in my cheeks. I hated that he was right. I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to suppress the way my body responded to just the sight of him. “You do this for all the women you tie to your bed?”

I asked, trying to sound casual, unaffected as I reached for the steaming cup of coffee.

Legend’s smirk didn’t falter. “No.”

I lifted a brow. “So I’m... special?”

“Very.”

The way he said it—so direct, so absolute—made it believable. I took a slow sip of coffee, needing a distraction, needing to ground myself. “Eat,”

he ordered, “then we’ll talk about what comes next.”

I hesitated, my stomach twisting slightly at those last words. Because what the fuck was next? I took my first bite of food and hummed in satisfaction. Legend sat across from me eating his food and stealing glances at me like he was figuring out what to do with me.

I took another sip of coffee, letting the heat settle in my chest, even though it did

nothing to quiet the unease buzzing in my head. Because reality was starting to creep back in. This wasn't a normal morning after. There was no awkward tension and no question of where this was going because we already knew. This was temporary. A weekend. A business transaction wrapped in extreme pleasure. And yet, sitting before him, wrapped in his damn sheets and eating food he had made with his own hands had me thinking. Like maybe... just maybe we could...

"You're thinking too much, Honey,"

Legend muttered, pulling me from my thoughts.

I blinked, my fork pausing midair. "Excuse me?"

He smirked slightly, fingers drumming lightly against the marble counter. "You've barely said a word. That mind of yours is working overtime."

I exhaled through my nose, setting my fork down. "Well, forgive me for processing."

He lifted a brow, his smirk deepening. "Processing what, sweetheart?"

I narrowed my eyes at him. "Don't do that."

"Do what?"

"Act like last night wasn't..."

I trailed off, shaking my head, trying to find the right words.

Legend watched me closely, his fingers still tapping against the counter like he was letting me work through whatever storm of emotions was brewing inside me. Finally, he spoke. "Last night was exactly what it was supposed to be."

I scoffed. “Oh? And what the fuck was that?”

He smirked. “Me showing you how good it feels to surrender.”

A slow heat curled in my stomach at his words, but I ignored it. Because this wasn’t about how good it had felt. It was about how effortless it had been to give in to him. How easy it was to let him pull me under. I exhaled sharply, leaning back in my chair. “So what now?”

Legend didn’t blink. “Now, we finish what we started.”

My breath caught because there was no hesitation in his voice. No gray area. No bullshit. Only certainty. “You really don’t expect me to last the whole weekend, do you?”

Legend smirked, going back to eating his food. “You will,”

he stated matter-of-factly.

I narrowed my eyes. “You’re that confident?”

He set his fork down, standing, rounding the island toward me, his pace slow, deliberate, teasing. “We had an agreement,”

he said smoothly, stopping right in front of me.

I tilted my head up, meeting his unwavering gaze and my pulse quickened. “And what makes you so sure I’ll last?”

He leaned down, gripping the edge of the island, his bare chest mere inches from my face, his scent—fresh soap and a woodsy cologne on his warm skin coiling around

me like a trap. “Because,”

he murmured, his voice low, rough, devastating, “you like this shit more than you thought you would.”

A slow, involuntary shiver racked through me. His smirk deepened. “You like being tied down,”

he continued, his gravelly voice sinking into my bones, “helpless under my hands and these fucking toys.”

Heat flared hot and sharp between my thighs, my nails digging into my palms.

“You like the way I take control,” he continued. I clenched my jaw, trying to steady my breathing, but Legend wasn’t having it. He reached for my chin, tilting it just enough to make me look him in the eye. “And what you like the most,”

he murmured, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip, “is that no matter how much I take from you, you still want more.”

My breath hitched. Because... fuck. He was right.

I could lie to myself, pretend this was just an experience, just a transaction. But the truth was—I wanted him to take more of me. I needed more. I licked my lips, my throat dry and my body already warming under his touch again. “Say it,”

he demanded, his voice pure dominance, full of unshakable command.

I swallowed. “Say what?”

“That you like it,”

he said, brushing his thumb slowly down my throat and then his fingers clasped around it. Not hurting me one bit. If anything, it turned me on more.

I exhaled, slow and measured, my lips parting slightly. “I like it.”

Legend hummed, pleased. Then he leaned in, his mouth a breath away from mine. “Good,”

he murmured. Standing there, he watched me, letting me feel every inch of his presence and the unspoken promise of more sitting heavy between us. Then, he pulled back, his fingers releasing from my throat as he straightened, stepping away like he hadn’t just turned my world upside down in the span of a few words. “Finish eating, sweetheart,”

he ordered, nodding toward my plate. “We got a long day ahead of us.”

I blinked up at him, my mind still cloudy, my pulse still uneven. “A long day?”

Legend smirked, leaning against the counter, crossing his thick, tattooed arms over his chest. “You didn’t think I was just gonna keep you tied to my bed all weekend, did you?”

“Honestly? I wasn’t sure.”

I had walked into this weekend thinking I knew exactly what I was getting into. Just sex. I had no idea. I picked up my fork, taking another bite, chewing slowly as I collected myself. “So, what’s the plan then?”

His smirk lingered as he reached for his coffee, taking a slow sip before answering. “We’re spending the day on my yacht.”

I nearly choked on my food. “Your what now?”

“My yacht,”

he repeated smoothly, setting his cup down. “The water’s perfect today. We’ll take it out and go for a swim.”

I stared at him, still processing that sentence like he hadn’t just casually mentioned owning a fucking yacht. I mean, it was obvious he was rich but yacht wealthy? Jesus. I cleared my throat, setting my fork down. “Okay. And then?”

Legend arched a brow like he was amused by my attempt to be composed. “Then we’ll talk more about your business.”

That threw me off. I tilted my head. “You... still want to talk about that?”

“C’mon. You think I offered to fund your company just to get you in my bed, Honey?”

I hesitated. Because, well... yeah. That’s exactly what I thought. I bit my lip, thoughtful. “So... you’re actually interested in my brand?”

Legend exhaled through his nose, shaking his head with a smirk. “You really don’t get it, do you?”

“Get what?”

His expression softened just slightly like he was seeing something in me that I wasn’t seeing myself. “You don’t belong in those rooms begging for money,”

he said, his voice smooth but firm, like an undeniable truth. “You’re tryna build

something real, something that people need. You just needed the right person to back you.”

My stomach flipped. Because I had spent so much time fighting to be taken seriously, so much time convincing people that I belonged in this industry—that hearing him say it so casually like it was a fact, not a question... It did something to me.

I picked up my coffee, sipping slowly, trying to ground myself. “So, let me get this straight. We spend the day on your yacht, we talk business, then what?”

Legend’s slow, wicked grin made my thighs clench on instinct. “Then we come back here,”

he murmured, stepping forward just enough for his fingers to brush my bare knee under the sheet. I sucked in a sharp breath, heat crawling up my skin. “And after dinner,”

he continued, his fingers trailing up my thigh, teasing, not quite touching where I needed him to, “I’ll spend the rest of the night exploring your body again.”

My breath stuttered. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t think. Legend’s eyes flicked up, watching my reaction, pleased with how easily he had me unraveling again. “Sound good to you?”

he questioned, his voice pure sex.

I swallowed hard, my lips parting slightly. “Yeah,”

I whispered. “Sounds good to me.”

He nodded. A satisfied smirk on his face was the last thing I saw before he turned and

walked away, leaving me breathless and aching before the day had even started.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:19 am

The moment I stepped onto Legend's yacht, I knew I had officially entered a different universe. It wasn't just a boat. It was a floating empire. It was massive, polished with white leather seating, a full bar, and a sun-drenched upper deck that looked like something out of a billionaire's Instagram.

I let out a low whistle, adjusting my sunglasses as I walked toward the railing, taking in the endless stretch of blue water. I wore a black bikini with a matching cover-up and black knockoff Fendi sandals. "Well, damn,"

I muttered. "This is... nice as hell."

Legend smirked, settling into one of the plush seats. "You sound surprised."

"I mean, I expected luxury,"

I admitted, turning to face him. "But this is... next level."

He stretched, arms draping lazily over the back of the seat, completely at ease in his kingdom. "I'm not your average nigga,"

he said smoothly, patting the seat next to him. "C'mon. Let's talk business."

Legend wasn't playing around when he said he wanted to discuss my business. He let me lay it all out—the current revenue, the obstacles, the areas I wanted to scale. And, for the first time, I wasn't pitching to someone who was just humoring me. He listened. Really listened.

“You’ve got a strong foundation,”

he said after a moment, setting his drink down. “But you’re stretching yourself too thin. You really do need a team.”

I sighed, rubbing my temples. “I know. It's been a lot to handle.”

Legend leaned forward, resting his forearms on his knees. “Don’t sweat it. I gotchu but I need to know you’re ready for this shit.”

I swallowed. “What do you mean?”

“I mean,”

he said slowly, “you built this from the ground up. You’ve been in survival mode. You’re used to doing everything yourself. But to scale, you’re literally gonna have to let go of control in some areas. Trust muthafuckas. Delegate.”

I bit my lip. “Letting go is... hard for me.”

“I know.”

Legend studied me for a moment, then smirked. “But I think you’re learning how to surrender in other areas just fine.”

Heat flushed up my neck. “Legend...”

“Relax,”

he chuckled, standing. “We’ll figure it out. Now, let’s get in the water.”

I had never seen water so clear before. It was warm, and endless, the sun glinting off the surface like scattered diamonds. Legend dived in first, disappearing beneath the waves, his powerful body cutting through the water effortlessly. I stood at the edge, adjusting my bikini, suddenly self-conscious under his gaze.

“I know your ass ain’t waiting for an invitation,”

he teased, floating lazily a few feet away. I huffed, pulling my wavy hair up into a bun as I rolled my eyes before diving in. The water wrapped around me, warm and refreshing. I surfaced only to find Legend swimming toward me, grinning. “Okay then. What, you a mermaid or some shit?”

I chuckled. “I had to learn how to swim early. Grew up with summers at my aunt’s place in Florida.”

Legend nodded, eyes flicking over me as I treaded the water. Then, without warning, he grabbed my waist, pulling me against him. I gasped, my hands flying to his shoulders as he held me easily, effortlessly. “Legend,”

I warned, my pulse spiking.

His smirk was devastating. “What?”

“You know what.”

His grip on me tightened slightly, his lips brushing just below my ear. “Tell me you don’t like it,”

he teased. I swallowed hard, my legs wrapped around his waist now, his strong hands steadying me, keeping me exactly where he wanted. I didn’t say anything because we both knew I’d be lying. Legend hummed, pleased. His smirk deepened. “Relax.

We've got all night for that."

My stomach flipped violently as we climbed out of the water, the sun drying our skin as we made our way back onto the upper deck of the yacht. I grabbed a plush towel, running it over my body, and tried not to stare at the way the water beaded on his tattooed body, slipping down the dark ink of his tattoos, tracing paths along the ridges of muscle.

I failed. He must have caught me because he smirked as he grabbed a bottle of dark rum from the bar. "Want a drink?"

he asked, already pouring.

I nodded, settling into one of the lounge chairs as the yacht rocked gently with the waves. He handed me a glass before settling into the seat across from me, stretching his long legs out, his tattooed fingers idly rolling his glass between his palms. For a moment, we just sat there, letting the ocean breeze cool our sun-warmed skin.

I took a sip of drink, letting the burn of the Tequila settle in my chest before tilting my head at him. "So, you know a lot about me now,"

I mused. "Feels like I don't know anything about you."

He watched me for a second like he was assessing how much I actually wanted to dig. I held his gaze, waiting. Finally, he exhaled through his nose, setting his amber drink down. "What you wanna know, Honey?"

I leaned forward slightly, setting my elbows on my knees. "You always this private?"

"Yes."

I scoffed. “Not even gonna pretend to deflect?”

“No point,”

he said nonchalantly.

I studied him, watching the way he held himself so effortlessly, how everything he did felt measured, and controlled. “You’re used to people not asking questions, aren’t you?”

His smirk was slow. “Most don’t.”

“But I’m not most people.”

“No, you’re not.”

A flicker of heat passed between us, something unspoken but charged but I refused to let it distract me. Not yet. “So tell me something,”

I said, swirling my drink. “Where are you from?”

“Here and there,”

he said smoothly.

I narrowed my eyes. “That’s not an answer.”

“It’s the one you’re getting.”

I rolled my eyes but a small smile played on my lips. “Okay. What do you do?”

He lifted a brow. “For work?”

I nodded. Legend took his time answering, rolling his glass between his fingers again. “Investments,”

he said vaguely. “Real estate. A few other things.”

I tilted my head. “A few other things?”

He smirked. “You’re nosy as fuck.”

“You’re avoiding the question.”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “I make money. A lot of it. And I don’t like to waste time explaining the details to people who only care about the number in my bank account.”

I pursed my lips, tapping my nails against my glass. “Is that how you see me?”

Legend’s dark gaze sharpened, his smirk fading slightly. “No.”

I exhaled, studying him, trying to figure him out, but this man was like a locked vault. He gave just enough to make you think you were getting somewhere. Then he shut the door before you could get inside. A man who had control over everything and let very few people past his walls. I took another sip of my drink, letting the warmth settle, then glanced at him again.

“Okay,”

I said finally. “No more questions.”

Legend smirked. “Didn’t think you’d give up that easy.”

I shrugged. “I know when to pick my battles.”

He hummed, leaning back against the lounge chair, watching me like I was just as much of a puzzle to him as he was to me. “Smart woman,”

he murmured.

Something about the way he said it made heat pool low in my stomach. I bit my lip, exhaling through my nose before setting my empty glass down on the table between us. “So,”

I said, tilting my head, “what time is dinner?”

Legend stretched, his muscles shifting under glowing chocolate skin, then stood. “Few hours,”

he said. “Long enough for you to rest before I make you scream again.”

He leaned down, gripping the armrest of my chair, his mouth close to my ear. “Go inside,” he ordered. “Get comfortable.”

My breath was shaky as I nodded, my body already betraying me again. No matter how much I tried to act composed and calm, his ass was still pulling me under. And I had a feeling that by the time dinner was over, I’d be too far gone to ever find my way back.

When I stepped back inside Legend’s villa, I shut the door behind me, the soft rush of waves muffled as I made my way to the bathroom. I exhaled as I turned on the massive rainfall shower, watching the hot steam curl into the air. I needed to clear my

head. I stepped under the hot spray, tilting my head back, letting the water rush over my skin, rinsing away the ocean salt and the lingering ghost of Legend's touch.

I had barely closed my eyes when my phone vibrated on the counter. It was Tyrae and I already knew why her ass was calling. With a sigh, I grabbed my towel, wrapping it around me before picking up my phone.

“Bitch.”

Was the first thing she said before I could even speak.

I laughed, shaking my head. “Hi, Tyrae.”

“Don't ‘hi’ me. You better start talking.”

I exhaled, glancing at my reflection in the mirror. My skin was still flushed, and glowing, my lips slightly swollen from where I'd been biting them all day. I looked a mess.

“It's... a lot,”

I murmured, my voice hushed, even though I was alone.

Tyrae groaned. “If you don't start spilling, I'm flying down there myself.”

I laughed, tucking my towel tighter around me. “Okay, okay. Where do I start?”

“Uh, how about last night? What happened? Are you dead? Are your legs still functioning?”

I swallowed hard, my thighs pressing together instinctively. Because Jesus Christ. I

exhaled slowly, lowering my voice. “Tyrae... this man tied me up.”

“WHAT?! Oh my God, oh my God, oh my GOD!”

I winced, hissing. “Bitch, if you don’t stop all that damn screaming. Damn!”

“NO!”

she screeched. “YOU LET A MAN TIE YOU UP? Honey!”

I closed my eyes, fighting a laugh, pressing my fingers against my temple. “Yes. And I...”

I swallowed. “I liked it. No, I fucking loved it.”

Another dramatic gasp. “Oh, hell no. I need a drink,”

she muttered. “Hold on.”

I rolled my eyes, waiting while she presumably poured herself a glass of wine. A few seconds later, she sighed dramatically. “Okay. Start from the beginning. Details, bitch. Don’t hold out on me.”

I glanced at the bathroom door and then took a breath. And then, I told her. Everything. The silk restraints. The vibrating toys. The way he pushed me so far, I lost track of where I ended and he began. By the time I was done, Tyrae was breathing heavily.

“Honey,”

she said, voice hushed like she was afraid of being caught. “That sounds like some

next-level shit.”

“It was.”

She let out a slow breath. “So... what now? Do you like him? Or is this just... sex? Business?”

I opened my mouth but then immediately closed it. Honestly, I didn’t have an answer. Did I like Legend? I barely knew him. And yet, I couldn’t ignore the way I felt around him—the way he made me feel seen and like I could do anything and yet completely out of control at the same time.

I exhaled, shaking my head. “I don’t know. This was supposed to be simple. But he...”

“He what?”

I chewed my bottom lip. “He doesn’t just want my body. He actually wants to help my business. He listens. He pays attention.”

Tyrae went quiet. Then, finally, she exhaled. “Oh, girl. This shit sounds like a movie.”

I groaned, rubbing my forehead. “I know.”

We talked for a few more minutes and then she made me promise to keep her updated before I went back to my shower. Finally leaving the bathroom, I lightly moisturized and slipped into a two-piece pajama set and before I knew it, I was out like a light.

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I smelled dinner before I saw it—the rich, mouthwatering scent of butter, garlic, and something perfectly seasoned floating through the air, wrapping around me like a warm promise when I woke up. The sun was setting, casting a pink and orange hue over Legend’s bedroom.

Yawning, I stretched and then followed my nose. When I stepped into the kitchen, he was already there. Standing at the stove, his muscular back to me, he was barefoot in basketball shorts and a white wife beater. I leaned against the doorway, arms crossed.

“You really do cook, huh?”

Legend glanced over his shoulder, smirking as he lifted a glass of something amber to his lips. “I told you.”

I pushed off the doorframe, walking over to the counter. “What’s on the menu?”

“Steak,”

he said smoothly, flipping two perfectly seared ribeyes in the pan, the scent of butter hitting the air immediately. “Lobster tails. Grilled asparagus.”

I raised a brow, leaning against the counter. “Well, damn. Check you out. Mama ain’t raise no fool.”

“Hell nah.”

He set the steak onto a plate, reaching for the lobster tails next, brushing them with

melted butter before sliding them into the oven. “Besides, when was the last time you had a nigga cook for you?”

I tilted my head, watching him. “Never. I don’t think Ramen counts.”

We shared a laugh as he shook his head.

“Exactly,”

he countered. “So, enjoy this so I can enjoy you.”

His smirk was lazy, teasing. A slow shiver rippled down my spine, but I forced myself to focus on something else. Like the way his hands moved, precise and controlled, like he knew exactly what he was doing—whether it was in the kitchen, the bedroom, or a damn boardroom.

“Can I help with anything?” I asked.

Legend side-eyed me like I had just suggested something outrageous. “For real?”

“Hey, I know my way around a kitchen.”

Legend leaned against the counter, arms crossed, looking fully amused. “Oh yeah? What’s your specialty?”

I pursed my lips, thinking. “I make a mean avocado toast.”

“Get the fuck outta here,”

Legend laughed. A real, deep, rich sound that sent something warm through my chest. “Sit down, sweetheart. I got it.”

By the time he plated everything and carried it to the dining table, I was damn near starving. The steak was cooked to perfection, the lobster tails drenched in garlic butter, the asparagus slightly charred, still crisp.

My mouth watered just looking at it. “You do this often?”

I asked, picking up my fork as he settled across from me.

Legend poured two glasses of red wine before answering. “What? Cook?”

“Cook for someone,”

I clarified, lifting a brow.

His dark gaze met mine, sharp and unreadable. “Not really.”

I swallowed a bite of steak, holding his gaze. “So, why now?”

He smirked, swirling his wine glass before taking a sip. “Because I wanted to.”

I waited, expecting him to say more, to give me something, but he didn’t. That was Legend in a nutshell. I took a sip of wine, letting the silence stretch. After a moment, he set his glass down, tilting his head slightly. “You always overthink shit?”

I scoffed. “I like to analyze.”

Legend smirked. “That’s a polite way of saying you like to control shit.”

I set my fork down, shifting in my seat. “And what’s wrong with that?”

Legend leaned forward, his elbows resting on the table, his dark eyes pinning me in

place. “Nothing,”

he murmured, his lips curled at the edges but his gaze didn’t waver. “I think you’ve been in survival mode for so long, you don’t know what it feels like to just... be.”

I inhaled sharply, my fingers tightening around the stem of my glass. He was right again. I grew up in survival mode bouncing from different family members' houses because my mom couldn’t keep her shit together. And then, one day, she gave up. Gave me up. I lived with my grandmother and a boatload of my cousins. Fighting for survival. Fighting to just be me. And then, as I got older, that survival mode never switched off.

Until now. Until him. Legend watched my expression shift like he could see every thought running through my head.

Then, casually, he cut into his steak. “You’ll be aight.”

I pressed my lips together, taking another sip of wine, trying to distract myself from the way my stomach was flipping. We ate in comfortable silence for a few moments, the only sounds were the clinking of silverware and the occasional sip of wine.

Then Legend leaned back in his chair, stretching, his voice low, casual, but full of something deeper.

“So, tell me,”

he murmured, watching me. “What’s your real goal?”

I blinked. “For what?”

“For your business,”

he said. “You’re not just doing this to sell skincare. What’s the bigger picture?”

I tilted my head, surprised by the question. Most people only asked about profits, scalability, and expansion. But Legend? He wanted to know why I started this in the first place. I swallowed, setting my glass down. “I want to build something that lasts. Something for us.”

Legend lifted a brow.

I exhaled, clarifying. “For Black women. For women who look like me—who have to waste money on thousands of products just to find the right one, who have been ignored by the big brands for years. I wanna change that.”

Legend was quiet for a moment, watching me. Then, finally, he nodded. “I love your passion.”

I swallowed, suddenly feeling too exposed, too seen. Legend smirked again, not letting me look away. “Finish your wine, baby,”

he murmured, standing up and taking our plates.

A slow shiver racked through me because I knew what was coming next. Tonight, it was really going down. I sat back in my chair, sipping the last of my wine, my body warm from the alcohol and the lingering heat of Legend’s words.

“What kind of music do you like?”

he asked casually.

I blinked, caught off guard by the normalcy of the question. “What?”

“Music,”

he repeated, tilting his head slightly. “What do you listen to?”

I shrugged, swirling the wine in my glass. “Still stuck in the 90s, honestly.”

His brows lifted slightly. “Yeah?”

I nodded, smirking. “That’s when R&B was at its peak.”

Legend hummed, thoughtful. “So you’re one of those ‘music isn’t the same anymore’ types?”

I scoffed. “Because it’s not. Name one song in the last five years that makes you feel the way 90s R&B does.”

He exhaled through his nose, shaking his head with a small smirk, then stood, walking over to the built-in sound system by the bar. A second later, soft melodic keys filled the air, the intro so smooth and familiar it made my chest tighten with nostalgia. Usher and Monica's Slow Jam.

My lips parted slightly as I turned to face him. “You’re kidding.”

Legend’s smirk deepened. “You said 90s R&B. That’s what you’re getting.”

I shook my head, laughing softly, letting the music wash over me. It had been so long since I just... felt. Since I let myself get lost in a song, in a moment. Legend must have noticed, because before I could say anything else, he extended his hand.

“Dance with me.”

I blinked. “What?”

“You heard me.”

I let out a short, breathy laugh, eyeing him like he had just suggested something ridiculous. “You don’t dance.”

Legend lifted a brow. “Who told you that?”

I huffed. “You just don’t seem like the type.”

“And what type is that?”

I shrugged. “Too controlled. Too damn serious.”

Legend chuckled, stepping closer, his hand still outstretched, waiting. “A nigga can be both.”

I bit the inside of my cheek, my stomach flipping violently because he wasn’t joking. He was dead serious. Slowly, hesitantly, I reached for his hand, placing mine in his palm. The second our fingers touched, something flickered between us, something I wasn’t ready to name.

Legend’s grip was warm, firm, and effortless, and he pulled me toward him, leading us into the living room where the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooked the dark, endless ocean. The music wrapped around us, the smooth beat and the soft harmonies. Legend’s hands slid to my waist, pulling me flush against him, his grip possessive but slow, guiding me in a rhythm I didn’t realize I was already falling into.

I placed my hands on his broad shoulders, my breath caught in my throat because this wasn’t just dancing. This shit was something else. Legend’s grip tightened, his

fingers brushing just beneath the hem of my shirt, skimming my skin, sending a slow, sizzling shiver up my spine.

“You know the words?”

he murmured, his breath warm against my ear.

I swallowed, my voice barely above a whisper. “Of course.”

Legend smirked, his thumb brushing the small of my back, his hips moving lazily with mine, effortless, smooth. “Sing for me.”

I exhaled a soft laugh, shaking my head. “Yeah, okay.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t sing for...”

The second I started to pull away, Legend tightened his grip, spinning me slowly, effortlessly, then pulling me back against him, my chest flush against his. My breath stalled, my hands flat against his chest now, my body buzzing with something dangerous and deep. He smirked, watching my reaction, knowing exactly what he was doing. Then he dipped his head, his lips brushing my ear, his voice low and deep.

"Sing for me, Honey."

My heart slammed because hearing my name like that, in that voice, in that moment did something to me. Something I couldn’t control. I sang, soft and quiet, my voice barely carrying over the music, but enough for him to hear. Enough for him to feel it. Legend’s grip tightened, his hands sliding lower, pressing firmly against my hips, making my stomach clench. The song bled through the room, the lyrics slipping

between us like a loaded secret.

“I’m tryna find someone who I can give my good loving to...”

I felt every word and so did Legend. His fingers skated beneath my shirt, his touch light, teasing like he was testing my limits all over again. I exhaled shakily, my eyes flickering up to his. Then, without warning or hesitation, Legend reached up, brushing his thumb along my bottom lip. And then, before I could say a damn thing, he kissed me. Deep. Slow.

My fingers fisted his wife beater as my body melted into him. Legend kissed like he did everything else—with control, patience, and skill. His tongue slid against mine, slow and thorough, his grip tightening as his hands curled around my ass, pulling me against the hard press of his body.

I moaned into his mouth, helpless, completely undone, because this wasn’t just a kiss. This was me drowning in him. When he finally pulled back, his breathing was heavy, his eyes locked onto mine like he was debating whether or not to devour me right then and there.

The music kept playing, but neither of us moved. Neither of us spoke. One minute, I was still catching my breath with my body hot with anticipation. The next, I was in his arms, his grip strong and effortless, scooping me up again like my one hundred and seventy-five pounds was nothing to him at all.

I gasped, my arms looping around his neck, my body already reacting to his touch as he carried me through the house, kissing me the entire way. His lips were hungry, slow but insistent, his mouth claiming mine, swallowing every soft moan, every sharp inhale.

By the time we reached the bedroom, Legend kicked the door shut behind him, then

lowered me onto the bed. I was breathless and desperate and he fucking knew it. He leaned over me, bracing himself on his forearms, his lips hovering just above mine.

“No silk ties tonight,”

he murmured, his voice a smooth, dangerous promise.

A slow shiver rolled through me at the way he said it—like he was about to put me through it in other ways I hadn’t even considered yet. I exhaled, my fingers curling against his shoulders. “Then what do you want?”

I whispered.

Legend chuckled, the sound low and knowing, before pulling back just enough to sit on the edge of the bed, watching me. “Take it off,”

he murmured.

I swallowed hard. “What?”

He smirked. “Pajamas. Off. Slowly.”

My pussy throbbed. He wasn’t asking. His ass was commanding and I always said, Sir, yes, sir. My fingers shook slightly as I reached for the thin strap of the tank top, lifting it inch by inch, revealing the smooth curve of my stomach, and the soft weight of my breasts.

Legend’s jaw ticked, his eyes lowering, and his fingers flexing where they rested on his thighs. Just watching. I slid the tank top over my head, letting it fall to the side, bare from the waist up, my nipples already tight and aching. He let out a slow, controlled breath, his gaze devouring me. “Keep going,”

he ordered.

I swallowed, heat licking at my skin, and reached for my shorts, lifting my hips as I dragged the silky material down my thighs, slow, deliberate, never breaking eye contact. By the time they hit the floor, I was naked. Legend ran his tongue over his bottom lip, his gaze dragging over me slow and possessive. “Fuck,”

he muttered under his breath. “You’re beautiful.”

I felt the heat spread from my chest to my stomach to between my thighs. “You like what you see?”

I teased, but my voice came out soft, shaky, and breathless.

Legend smirked, then stood, towering over me, peeling his wife beater off with one fluid motion. “Nah, I don’t like it,”

he murmured, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his basketball shorts.

I frowned slightly, heart pounding. “You don’t?”

His smirk deepened. “I fucking love it.”

And then, he dropped his shorts.

I swear to God, my brain short-circuited. My eyes widened, my breath hitched, and my entire body froze in place. His dick was huge. Thick, long, perfectly sculpted, with a slight curve to the left that already had me questioning my life choices. My thighs pressed together involuntarily because there was no way in hell I was coming out of this the same.

Legend saw my reaction, and the cocky bastard had the nerve to chuckle, stroking himself slowly, teasing. “You look nervous, baby.”

I swallowed, my throat dry as hell. “I just...”

He lifted a brow, smirking. “You just what?”

I exhaled, my voice barely above a whisper. “I just know you’re about to put me through this fucking mattress.”

Legend let out a low laugh, shaking his head as he climbed onto the bed, hovering over me, his thick arms caging me in. “That,”

he groaned, brushing his lips against my jaw, my throat and my collarbone, “is a fucking guarantee.”

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He kissed me deep and slow, his lips moving with purpose, swallowing the soft moans I didn't even realize I was making.

He took his time, his tongue sliding against mine, his hands gripping my waist, pulling me even closer like he was trying to consume me from the inside out. I melted into him, my fingers curling in the back of his head, my body flushed, hot, trembling. I wanted all of it.

Legend kissed his way down my jaw and my throat, his mouth hot and demanding, leaving a slow trail of fire down my skin. I shivered when he reached my breasts, his tongue flicking over my tight, aching nipples, sucking them into his mouth with a deep groan of satisfaction.

I arched, my thighs clenching. "Fuck,"

I whimpered, my hands fisting in the sheets, my body already begging for more.

He chuckled against my skin, his mouth hot and wet, moving lower. "You always this needy?"

he murmured, his tongue tracing a slow path down my stomach, over my navel, lower, lower. My breathing stuttered, my thighs already tightening in anticipation. And then, he was there.

Right between my legs, his broad shoulders spreading me open, his intense gaze locked onto mine. But instead of diving in, he inhaled. Deeply. Slowly. Like he was memorizing my scent, soaking it in, savoring the moment before he absolutely

wrecked me.

My hands gripped the sheets so hard my knuckles ached. Legend let out a low groan, dark and satisfied. “Fuck, you smell good,”

he muttered, his thumbs brushing over my inner thighs, spreading me even wider. I bit my lip, my hips rocking slightly, trying to pull him closer. He lifted a brow, amused. “You want me to suck on this pussy so badly, huh?”

I glared, my voice breathless. “Legend...”

“Spread your legs for me,”

he ordered.

I sucked in a sharp breath, my thighs automatically obeying before I could even process the command.

Legend hummed his approval. Then, his eyes flickered up, locking onto mine, his voice smooth and firm. “No running.”

A shiver ran straight through me because I knew what that meant. He wasn’t going to let me squirm away, or pull back, or control a single damn thing. Then, he licked me. One slow, deliberate stroke of his tongue, from the very bottom to the very top, before sealing his lips around my clit.

A ragged, helpless moan tore from my throat, my hips jerking violently, my fingers clawing at the sheets. I barely had time to process the sharp, electric pleasure before he did it again and again and again. His tongue was hot and devastating, licking, teasing, sucking, like he was thirsty for my juices. Like he was feeding off my reactions, off every moan, every tremble, every desperate attempt to grind against his

mouth.

My thighs shook as my hands clasped his head but he didn't stop. Didn't let up. Didn't let me catch a single fucking breath. "Legend... fuck... oh, my God,"

I gasped, my body arching completely off the bed.

Legend groaned against me, the vibration sending a sharp, pulsing shockwave straight through me. "Baby, you taste so fucking good,"

he muttered, his voice deep, wrecked, almost possessive.

My stomach clenched, my hips rolling toward his mouth, because fuck, I needed more. Legend caught my thighs, pinning them open, pressing them down into the mattress, keeping me completely exposed, completely at his mercy. And then, he blew on my clit, which pulled a choked cry from my lips as a violent shudder racked through me.

Legend chuckled, licking me relentlessly. "You're shaking,"

he murmured, his breath hot against my soaked skin. I let out a wrecked whimper, my thighs trembling uncontrollably. "Be good and take what I give you."

Then, he buried his face between my legs, his tongue flicking, circling, sucking, alternating between slow, devastating strokes and fast, brutal flicks that had me falling, spiraling, drowning in sensation. I was completely gone. Begging this man. Moaning his name. Squirming against his lips. Legend talked me through all of it.

"That's it,"

he groaned, sucking my clit deep into his mouth, making my body jerk violently

against him. “Let me hear you, baby.”

I sobbed, my breath catching in my throat. “You gon’ cum when I tell you to?” he murmured, licking a slow, teasing stripe over me again. I whimpered, my thighs shaking so hard I could barely keep still. Legend smirked. “Answer me.”

“Yesssss...” I gasped.

“Good,”

he praised. “Cum all over my tongue, baby. Do it now.”

And then, he sucked hard, flicking his tongue against me mercilessly, not stopping, not letting up, not letting me breathe. I couldn’t take it anymore. I broke.

“Fuuuucckkkkk!”

A sharp, wrecked scream tore from my throat as pleasure slammed through me. My back arched and my entire body locked up before unraveling completely. Legend groaned, licking me through it, letting me ride the waves of my orgasm, his fingers digging into my thighs to hold me in place.

I was still trembling, still twitching, whimpering his name as he finally pulled back, dragging his tongue along my inner thigh. When he finally lifted his gaze to mine, his lips were shiny, his beard was wet as hell and his eyes were completely blown with hunger. “Look at that beautiful mess,”

he grunted, dragging a thumb through the mess between my thighs. I swallowed hard, my breath still uneven. “Your name’s Honey for real.”

No one—no fucking one—had ever made me feel like this. I had thought I knew my

body. Thought I knew pleasure, thought I knew what it meant to be satisfied. I had been so fucking wrong. This shit was crazy.

His kisses trailed up my body until he reached my lips, kissing them. I tasted myself on his tongue, moaning against his mouth, helpless and raw. When he pulled back, his gaze was intense before he smirked. “Turn that ass over and arch that fucking back.”

A fresh wave of heat shot through me, my entire body tingling at the pure dominance in his tone. I didn’t even question it. I turned over, my body still weak and lazy, moving on autopilot, my knees pressing into the mattress as I slowly arched my back.

My hands gripped the sheets, my body anticipating him, craving the dick. Legend let out a low, approving growl, his large hands gripping my hips, spreading me open. And then I felt a sharp slap on my ass.

I squealed, my body jerking at the mix of pain and pleasure. “That’s what I like to hear.”

I whimpered, clutching the sheets tighter, my pussy already clenching in anticipation. I thought he was going to slide inside me. Thought he was finally going to give me what I’d been bracing for. But, much to my surprise, I felt his tongue glowing over my throbbing, overstimulated pussy.

A sharp gasp tore from my lips as my legs trembled instantly. I moaned and gasped when I felt his tongue dip lower and lower. “Legend!”

He slowly licked over my asshole, teasing me with strokes of his tongue. “Oh my Godddd...”

I gasped, my fingers digging into the sheets, my thighs shaking uncontrollably.

Legend smirked against my skin. “You better not run from it.”

I was losing my fucking mind. His hands locked onto my hips, holding me still, keeping me exactly where he wanted. I whimpered, panting and shaking. “Legend, please...”

“Please what?”

he asked, his tongue still flicking, teasing, torturing me in ways I wasn’t ready for.

“Please. Fuck...I can’t...”

Legend groaned, his tongue licking me deeper, his mouth hot, slick, merciless. “Yes, you can.”

Slipping two fingers into my dripping pussy, he fucked me while his tongue continued its relentless torture. Circling, dipping, flicking. My thighs clamped together, but he didn’t let me close them. “Fuck, Legend! Oh my God... fuck...”

He chuckled. “You bouta cum, huh, beautiful?”

I nodded frantically, my entire body shaking violently. “Say it.”

“I’m gonna—I’m gon... fuuuckkk. Legend...”

“Cum for me, sweetheart.”

He removed his fingers and sucked on my pussy hard, his tongue flicking with perfect precision, his grip locking me in place and I released. A scream leaped from my throat as pleasure ripped through me, hitting so hard, so deep, I saw nothing but the white light to heaven.

My body convulsed, my legs shaking uncontrollably, my juices spilling down, soaking him. Legend groaned against me, drinking every drop, his hands tightening on my hips, keeping me locked in place, forcing me to ride out every single wave.

I was sobbing, whimpering like a fucking baby. By the time he finally pulled away, I collapsed onto the wet sheets, my body limp, shaking, completely fucking done. I could still feel him behind me, hovering, watching, and most likely amused at the way he had me. But I couldn't move.

I couldn't speak. Fuck. I could barely breathe. Legend chuckled, dragging his wet fingers down my spine, his voice low and devastating. This wasn't normal. What kind of man does this shit? What kind of man enjoys completely ruining a woman like this? I sucked in a shaky breath, my mind spinning, trying to make sense of what was happening to me.

“Why are you doing this to me?”

I whispered, my voice breathless, wrecked, almost pleading.

Legend chuckled behind me, a low, smooth sound, his warm, strong hands gliding up my back, his lips pressing against my spine. “Because you deserve this,”

he murmured, his voice dark, slow, full of certainty. His hands gripped my waist as he slowly picked me back up, lifting me onto my hands and knees again. “There you go,”

he whispered, positioning me exactly how he wanted me.

Back arched perfectly. Face down, ass up. Completely open. Completely exposed. Completely his. I whimpered, my arms shaking, my body aching for more but too sensitive to handle it. “Legend, please...”

I gasped, my voice breaking.

“Please what, baby?”

he questioned, his lips teasing against my shoulder. I quivered, glancing back at him, my eyes half-lidded, hazy, desperate. “Tell a nigga what you need,”

he demanded.

“You,”

I finally whispered, my voice barely audible. “I need you.”

That smirk of his appeared again. “That’s what I thought.”

And then he slid his thick, hard dick up and down my soaked, sensitive pussy, teasing, tormenting, making me gasp and squirm.

“Shit,”

I whimpered, my thighs shaking, my nails digging into the sheets.

“Pussy so fucking wet,”

he muttered, rubbing the thick head against my swollen clit, coating himself in my juices.

I moaned helplessly, my head dropping forward, my body on fire with need. “If you don’t...”

“Say it.”

I groaned, pressing my face into the pillow. “I need you inside me. Please.”

Legend let out a low, deep groan before plunging inside me. His thick ass, curved dick stretched me open, filling me so deep I felt him in my damn stomach. “Oh my God... fuck!”

I gasped, my fingers clutching the pillow as my toes curled.

He groaned, his grip tightening on my hips as his fingers dug into my flesh. He stilled inside me for a second, letting me feel every inch of him. “Mmhmm,”

he grunted sounding so fucking sexy, dragging his lips against my shoulder, his voice thick and guttural. “Tight ass pussy. Fuck.”

Then, he started moving. Long, deep strokes, filling me to the brim, hitting every single spot inside me that made me moan, whimper, shake. “Legend... fuck...”

“That’s it,”

he growled. “Take all this dick, sweetheart. I know you can.”

He pounded into me, his hips slamming against my ass, his grip unrelenting, keeping me exactly where he wanted me. I couldn’t run if my life depended on it. I was completely helpless, screaming, shaking, my walls clenching so tight around him that his groans turned into deep, husky growls.

“When I tell you cum on this dick, don’t hold back,”

he commanded, his pace fast, deep and so fucking perfect.

“Y-yes. Fuck, yessss...”

“Good girl,”

he groaned. “Cum on this dick, baby. Let me feel it.”

I couldn’t fight it. With one more hard, deep stroke, my entire body snapped. I screamed, my back arching, my entire body trembling violently, my climax hitting me so hard I almost blacked out. “Legeeenndddddd! Ohhhh, fuuuucckkkk!”

Legend let out a deep, wrecked groan, his pace slowing slightly as he fucked me through my orgasm, feeling every squeeze and every tremor.

“That’s it, baby. Push that shit out,”

Legend groaned, slamming into me one last time before pulling out. I barely had time to catch my breath before he grabbed his thick, throbbing dick, stroking himself as he angled my face toward him. “Open your mouth,”

he ordered, his voice dark and commanding.

I swallowed hard, looking up at him, dazed, and opened my mouth for him. He growled something animalistic with his jaw tight and his abs flexing. His large tattooed hand was tight around his dick as he stroked faster with his gaze locked onto mine. “Keep looking at me,”

he demanded, sweat glistening on his sexy ass body.

I obeyed, my eyes locked onto his, my breath ragged and my lips parted as I waited for him to finish. His hips jerked slightly before he spilled onto my tongue, hot and thick.

“Fuck,”

he hissed, his eyes full of satisfaction as he watched me swallow every drop before falling onto the pillows. Legend smirked, running his thumb over my bottom lip, his voice smooth and satisfied.

I floated in and out of sleep, my body heavy. I could barely think let alone move. All I knew was that I felt satisfied in a way I never had before. I was aching, throbbing, and sore in the best way possible as I lay sprawled out on Legend's bed, completely drained. But even in my half-alive, half-dead state, I felt myself being lifted.

"Mmm, what're you doing?"

I murmured, my voice thick with exhaustion.

Legend chuckled, his grip firm but gentle as he carried me toward the bathroom, his bare chest warm against my cheek. "Taking care of you."

I sighed softly, letting my eyes flutter closed again, too damn lazy and over-satisfied to say anything else. By the time I opened them again, I was already being lowered into the hot, bubbling bath. A soft moan left my lips as the heat wrapped around me, soothing my aching, sore muscles, and easing the deep, lingering throb between my thighs.

"God,"

I sighed, letting my head rest against the edge of the tub.

Legend knelt beside the tub, rolling up his sleeves before grabbing a sponge and lathering it with soap. "I know you need this right now,"

he chuckled, dragging the suds over my shoulder, down my arm.

I cracked one sleepy eye open, my lips tilting into a lazy smirk. “I hate you,”

I murmured, my voice soft and warm with satisfaction.

His tattooed hands smoothed over my skin, washing me with slow, sensual strokes. “Nah, you don’t.”

I sighed, closing my eyes again as he ran the loofah down my stomach, between my legs, his touch gentle but thorough. I was too relaxed to argue but I did manage to say, “I don’t think you’re human.”

He tilted my chin up, running his soapy fingers down my throat, between my breasts. “And I think you loved every second of it,”

he countered, dragging the loofah down the curve of my waist. I bit the inside of my cheek, refusing to give him the satisfaction of admitting it outright. So I said nothing and watched his smirk deepen. “That’s what the fuck I thought.”

After letting me soak for a bit, Legend rinsed and dried me off. Then, he grabbed a bottle of oil, warming it between his hands before smoothing it over my freshly washed skin.

“You smell like vanilla and sin,”

he murmured, dragging his oiled hands down my back, over my ass, down my thighs.

I sighed, eyes fluttering closed, my body relaxed and pliant under his touch. “Feels good as hell,”

I admitted.

He continued massaging the oil into my skin with slow, deep strokes, his strong hands working me like he was still pulling pleasure from my body.

“It’s supposed to,”

he said, kneeling beside me on the bed, dragging his lips up my spine. My body melted as my eyelids grew heavier. Legend kissed my shoulder, his smirk pressing against my skin. “Get some rest, beautiful.”

I exhaled, sinking into the bed, already slipping into the best sleep of my life.

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I woke up feeling satisfied in ways I never thought possible on top of being well-rested. My body felt loose, warm, and relaxed but the deep ache between my thighs served as a reminder of exactly what Legend had done to me.

I stretched against the cool sheets and then the smell hit me. Sausage. Butter. Maple syrup. Coffee.

My stomach growled instantly, the undeniable pull of hunger waking me up fully. But before I could even get up, I heard Legend's voice.

That deep, smooth, and unbothered tone as he talked business on the phone. I furrowed my brows, listening.

“Nah, I need that fucking wire sent by noon.”

A pause.

“Yeah, double it. And make sure the contracts are in order before I sign off.”

Another pause, then a low, satisfied chuckle.

“You know I don't like mistakes. Handle that shit.”

I bit my lip, curious, intrigued, and completely unashamed that I was eavesdropping. The way he sounded so in control and powerful like he had an entire empire in the palm of his hand and the world bent to his will.

I sat up, wrapping myself in the plush white sheets, and padded barefoot toward the doorway, following the scent of food as I'd done before. When I stepped into the kitchen, I nearly lost my breath. Legend was at the stove again. Only this time, he was naked and beautiful. His dark, tattooed skin stretched over powerful muscles, his back flexing with every movement.

And that damn devil dick was hanging heavy. I swallowed hard, my thighs clenching involuntarily. As if he could feel my eyes on him, he glanced over his shoulder, his full lips tilting into that knowing, lazy smirk before he winked. I exhaled sharply, my breath catching in my throat, but before I could say anything, he motioned toward me with his free hand.

Then, still holding the phone to his ear, he mouthed, "Take it off."

I narrowed my eyes, playfully rolling them, clutching the sheets tighter around me. Legend arched a dark, daring brow, still stirring the eggs, still talking big money business like he wasn't over here demanding I be naked.

"Yeah, I'll approve the transfer, just get it done."

Then, looking directly at me, he mouthed again, "Now."

I huffed out a soft, amused breath, knowing damn well he wouldn't let this go. So, slowly, deliberately, teasingly, I let the sheets drop to the floor, standing completely naked in his kitchen.

Legend's eyes flicked over me, pleased. Then, still smirking, he gestured for me to take a seat at the island. "Aight bet. Send me the final numbers, I'll look over them."

I shook my head, biting back a smile, and sat down at the island, watching as he plated up breakfast like he hadn't just made me strip naked while he probably closed

a multi-million-dollar deal. After another few minutes, he finally hung up, setting his phone on the counter and pouring us both mimosas.

“You enjoy the show?”

he smirked, handing me a glass.

I lifted a brow, taking a sip. “You’re crazy.”

“And yet, you still listened to me.”

“You’re impossible to ignore.”

I scoffed, beginning to eat the maple sausages and the perfectly cooked, buttery pancakes.

Legend chuckled, taking a seat beside me, watching me as I dug into my food. We ate in comfortable silence for a moment before I finally asked the question burning in my mind. “I gotta ask you something.”

Legend tilted his head. “I was waiting for it.”

Setting my fork down, I finally asked, “Do you do... this... often? This whole... experience. The ‘let me throw money at your dreams and blow your back out in the process’ experience.”

His smirk deepened but there was something deeper behind his eyes. “You don’t believe me when I say your ass is special, do you?”

I exhaled, shrugging slightly. “I just... I’m not stupid, Legend. You clearly have money. Access. You could have any woman. Hell, every woman. So, tell me.

Please.”

Legend leaned back, taking a slow sip of his mimosa before setting it down.

“Occasionally, I invest in women. I help them as I see fit,”

he admitted, watching my reaction carefully. “Physically. Financially. Sexually. However they need.”

I swallowed, my stomach tightening slightly. “So I’m not the first?”

“No.”

A small, strange sting settled in my chest, but I didn’t let it show. “But I meant what I said, Honey. You are different. I fucks with you,”

Legend added smoothly, pinning me with his gaze. “You’re not just taking what I’m offering. You’re questioning that shit. That tells me you’re built for more.”

I let that sit between us for a moment before taking another sip of my mimosa. “Why aren’t you taken?” I asked.

“Because I don’t belong to anyone.”

“That’s a cop-out answer.”

“Is it?”

he challenged, his eyes dancing with amusement.

I shook my head. “You don’t believe in love?”

“I believe in control,”

he said calmly. “And love, the way most people define it, is uncontrollable.”

I frowned slightly, something about that answer unsettling me. “So you’ve never been in love?”

“Not in the way you’re thinking,”

he admitted.

“That’s sad.”

Legend chuckled. “That’s survival, baby.”

We stared at each other for a moment, the air between us thick, unspoken things hovering in the silence. Then, he pushed his plate aside, stretching lazily. “Aight. Let’s talk about today.”

I blinked, shaking off whatever was settling in my chest. “What’s the plan?”

“First, I’m sending you to the spa for the ultimate relaxation package.”

I perked up. “The ultimate package, huh?”

“Full body massage, facial, sauna, the works,”

he listed, watching me with a smirk. “I want you relaxed and pampered.”

I smiled despite myself. “That actually sounds perfect.”

“I know.”

“Then what?”

“After that, we’ll meet for lunch at one of my favorite spots.”

“And tonight?”

“Tonight, we’re gonna have a night on the beach. Just us. Smoking, vibing, talking.”

“And then?”

His eyes darkened, his devilish smirk displaying. “And then I’m gonna claim that pussy one final time.”

A sharp heat shot through my core, my breath hitching involuntarily. Legend chuckled, finishing his mimosa. “Eat up, sweetheart,”

he murmured, standing up and leaning down to kiss my lips. “You’re gonna need the energy.”

I finished my breakfast, sipping the last of my mimosa, still lingering in my thoughts.

About him.

About today. About what would happen when this weekend was over. Legend had a way of planting himself in my mind, in my body, in my damn soul, without even trying. And I wasn’t sure I knew how to shake him.

I watched as he moved around the kitchen, rinsing off his plate, his tattooed back flexing. Dick swinging. Heavy. “What time am I heading to the spa?”

I asked, stretching lazily in my seat.

“In an hour,”

he said, turning toward me, smirking as he leaned against the counter. I turned on my heel, heading toward the bedroom, but before I could get too far, Legend spoke again. “Honey.”

I stopped, glancing over my shoulder. “Don’t think too much today,” he said, his voice smooth, unshaken.

I tilted my head. “Who said I was thinking?”

“You are,”

he countered. “You’re already in your head about tomorrow. Don’t be. Just enjoy today.”

I pressed my lips together, holding his gaze, something tight curling in my stomach. He was right and I hated that he could read me that easily. “Fine,”

I muttered, turning back toward the bedroom. “But only because I want that spa package, not because you told me to.”

Legend chuckled. “Whatever you need to tell yourself, baby.”

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The spa was exactly what I needed.

The moment I stepped into the luxurious, all-white oasis, I felt the weight of everything melt off my shoulders.

I was pampered from head to toe with a full-body massage that unraveled every sore muscle Legend had worked into me.

Next, I had a hot stone treatment that had me nearly drifting off into sleep.

There was also a facial and a sauna session.

I was floating, feeling soft, relaxed, glowing.

But, even with all this luxury and peace, I was still thinking about him.

I was still thinking about the way he watched me and the way he said things that stuck in my head long after the words had left his mouth.

Of course, he'd done shit like this before.

I wasn't dumb enough to believe he hadn't.

He was too damn good at it.

And yet, every time he spoke to me, every time he looked at me like I was something rare, something worth investing in—not just with money but with his time—it made

me question everything.

I exhaled deeply.

Am I really gonna just walk away after tomorrow? Am I just gonna take the money, take the experience, and pretend like this man didn't touch something deeper in me? I swallowed, frowning slightly at the thought.

Damn.

I wasn't sure if I knew how to do that.

After the spa treatment, I stayed there and changed into a silky, champagne-colored maxi dress and brown wedges.

The soft fabric of the dress hugged my curves just right and my skin still glowed from my spa treatment.

I felt light, fresh, and untouchable.

I twisted my hair and pulled it up into a bun with pieces framing my face before adding a light touch of makeup that was soft but sultry.

Legend's driver headed to the restaurant so I could meet him for lunch, which took no time at all.

The restaurant was the kind of place that exuded effortless luxury.

A stunning open-air terrace overlooking the ocean, the late afternoon sun casting golden light over white linen tables and polished wood floors.

Palm trees swayed in the distance, their leaves rustling with the soft, salty breeze.

The air smelled like grilled seafood, fresh citrus, and expensive champagne.

As I stepped inside, I felt like I belonged there.

I spotted Legend sitting at a corner table, sipping on his usual amber drink, looking like something out of a billionaire's playbook.

My stomach flipped with butterflies.

He wore white linen pants with a crisp white button-up, the sleeves casually rolled to his forearms, showing off the tattoos that snaked along his dark skin.

The top few buttons were undone, exposing just enough of his chocolate chest to make my breath catch.

He sat leaned back in his chair, legs spread, completely at ease, a watch glinting on his wrist, his strong, veined hands wrapped around his glass.

And when his eyes landed on me, that slow, knowing smirk stretched across his lips.

“Took you long enough.”

I exhaled, rolling my eyes as I slid into the seat across from him. “Perfection takes time.”

Legend let his gaze drag over me, slow and appreciative. “Mmm. That it does,”

he grunted, eyes locking onto mine, making my thighs clench involuntarily.

I ignored the heat curling in my stomach, reaching for the menu instead. “What’s good here?”

I asked, scanning the options.

“Everything,”

Legend said smoothly, setting his drink down.

I lifted a brow. “Oh? How would you know?”

“I just know,”

he smirked, nodding toward the menu. “You should get the short rib sandwich. You won’t regret it.”

I pretended to consider it, even though I was already sold. “And you?”

I asked, tilting my head.

“A burger,”

he said, setting his menu aside. “Simple. Fresh.”

A waiter appeared to take our order and Legend signaled for a bottle of Tequila. I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the table. “So, you eat good. You fuck good. What type of music do you listen to regularly?”

“A little of everything,”

he said, studying me as he spoke. “But mostly Hip-Hop. Some blues. Jazz when I’m

in the mood Of course, R&B.”

I lifted a brow. Legend chuckled, his deep, smooth laugh sending a shiver down my spine. “Even a nigga like me appreciates a good love song, Honey,” he said, smirking over the rim of his glass.

I narrowed my eyes playfully. “A nigga like you?”

“One who knows what he wants,”

he said, holding my gaze.

Before I could say anything else, the waiter returned with our food, the aroma immediately making my mouth water. I lifted my glass. “Well, you were right about the food. This looks so good.”

Legend lifted his own glass, smirking. “I’m always right.”

I rolled my eyes but lifted my drink anyway. “To a weekend well spent,”

I said, clinking my glass against his.

“To a weekend well spent,”

Legend repeated, winking at me before taking a sip.

And just like that, the rest of the world faded away.

For the next two hours, we did nothing but eat, drink, talk, and laugh.

No business. No sex. No overthinking. Just good food, good music talk, and good

vibes. And maybe, just maybe, I let myself forget that it was all coming to an end.

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After lunch, Legend took me back to his place and we changed before walking out to the private pool behind his villa.

The pool was massive, built into the natural curves of the property, surrounded by white loungers, swaying palm trees, and a gorgeous view of the ocean.

A private bartender was already stationed at the bar off to the side, pouring drinks, and setting out fresh fruit and the scent of coconut and citrus lingered in the air.

Soft R&B played through the built-in speakers. It was the definition of paradise.

I wore a bright orange one-piece bathing suit that cut across the middle and Legend had on a pair of black swim trunks. I almost forgot how to breathe. “You keep staring like that, you’re gonna end up in trouble sooner than later,”

Legend smirked, stepping into the pool with slow, deliberate movements.

“Please,”

I shot back, before stepping down into the warm water. “I’ve already seen all there is to see.”

Legend’s smirk deepened as he swam closer, his body moving through the water way too effortlessly. “Hmm,”

he murmured, reaching out to pull me against him, “And yet, you look a little weak in the knees, baby.”

I rolled my eyes, pretending his touch didn't make my stomach flip, and swam away toward the pool ledge. "Let me enjoy my drink in peace."

Legend chuckled, swimming to the bar and nodding to the bartender. "Pour her another."

The bartender nodded and slid a fresh margarita toward me. "Now this,"

I sighed, taking a sip, "is the good life."

Legend smirked, taking his own drink, and settled beside me on the edge of the pool. For a moment, we just soaked in the sun, letting the music fill the space between us. Then, out of nowhere, I asked, "What's your favorite movie?"

Legend exhaled, stretching his arms along the edge of the pool. "Here you go with the questions."

"I need to know if you have taste outside of music and food," I teased.

Legend smirked, tilting his head slightly. "Goodfellas,"

he said. "Top-tier classic. Never gets old."

I raised a brow. "You give me more Godfather energy."

"I like The Godfather too,"

he admitted, taking a sip of his drink. "But Goodfellas? It's got everything—power, loyalty, betrayal, money, real stakes. And the pacing? Perfect."

I hummed, nodding. "Solid pick."

“And you?”

he asked, glancing at me.

“Honorable mentions like Friday, Set It Off, Poetic Justice...”

“You just naming Black movie essentials at this point,”

he chuckled.

“And? We don’t miss.”

I laughed as Legend shook his head, amused. “Alright, what about shows?”

I asked, swirling the straw in my drink.

“I don’t watch much TV,”

he admitted, watching me over the rim of his glass. “But when I do, I go for throwbacks. The Wire. Sopranos. Breaking Bad... shit that actually makes you think.”

“Damn,”

I teased. “You just love crime and corruption, huh?”

Legend chuckled, rubbing his jaw. “Maybe. Or maybe I just respect stories about power and the people who know how to use it.”

Something about the way he said that shit all calm and confident, like he wasn’t just talking about fiction, sent a slow shiver down my spine. I quickly took another sip of my drink. “And you?”

he asked, smirking like he knew he just threw me off balance.

“A mix of things,”

I said, clearing my throat. “When I need drama? Snowfall. When I need laughs? Martin. When I need nostalgia? Girlfriends and Living Single. But when I just wanna feel cozy?”

I smiled. “I rewatch A Different World like it’s my first time. They just put it on Netflix too.”

Legend nodded slowly, watching me. “I like that.”

“See? We’re not so different,”

I smirked, nudging him with my foot under the water.

Legend chuckled, shaking his head. Just as I was about to tease him again, my phone rang from the side of the pool. I glanced at the screen. Tyrae. “Lemme guess. Your girl’s calling for all the nasty details, huh?”

he smirked, licking his lips.

I scoffed. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

“You about to tell her everything?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know.”

Legend hummed, setting his drink down. “I gotta make a call anyway,”

he said smoothly, pushing himself up from the water. “I’ll leave you to your confession session, sweetheart.”

“Whatever,”

I muttered, shaking my head.

As he stepped out of the pool, I let my gaze shamelessly drag over his wet, muscular body, the water dripping down his tattooed chest, sliding past the waistband of his trunks. Legend caught me looking and he smirked. Still smiling, I swam over to grab my phone and answered.

“Girl, it’s about damn time!”

Tyrae’s voice exploded through the speaker. “What the hell have you been doing?!”

I bit my lip, biting back a grin as I settled onto the pool ledge. “You sure you wanna know?”

I teased. I took another sip of my drink, sinking deeper into the warm water, already preparing for Tyrae’s interrogation.

“Um, hell yes!”

she pressed. “You know damn well I want details, bitch!”

I sighed, biting my lip. “I don’t even know where to start.”

“Start with this damn man who has you ignoring my calls for hours. Y’all fuck yet or is he still teasing you? Tell meeee!!!”

“He’s... bitch...”

I let out a slow breath, glancing toward the villa, making sure Legend was still inside. All nasty thoughts ran through my head. I started thinking of the teasing, the foreplay, and the sex. “This shit is... insane.”

“Insane how?”

“Like, every other man I’ve ever been with ain’t got shit on him. Not Jamal. Not Richie. Not Shawn. Like, I don’t even know who I am anymore,”

I whispered. “I thought I knew pleasure. I thought I knew my body. I thought I knew what good dick was. I was so, so wrong.”

Tyrae screamed. “Bitch, you got destroyed!”

I laughed, covering my face again. “It’s not just the sex,”

I admitted, surprising even myself. “It’s him. The way he moves, the way he looks at me, the way he just... takes control.”

“Mmm, sounds like a problem.”

“He is a problem,”

I muttered.

“And you love it.”

“It’s just for the weekend, Ty.”

“And you believe that?”

I didn't answer because I wasn't sure if I did. Before Tyrae could push further, I heard the patio door slide open. Legend stepped outside and winked at me as he made his way over to the bartender for a refill of his drink, the phone glued between his ear and his shoulder. He was still on a business call, speaking in that calm, authoritative voice as he headed back inside the villa.

Tyrae's voice brought me back to the conversation. “You about to let him break your back one last time before you leave, huh?”

I scoffed, face heating instantly. “I hate you.”

Later that evening, as the sun began to set, I stood in front of the mirror, adjusting the straps of my hunter green dress as it flowed around my body. It was our final night. I swallowed hard, forcing myself to push the thought aside, even though it lingered like an unwelcome guest in the back of my damn mind.

The last few days had been so intense, so completely unreal that it almost felt impossible that I'd be waking up tomorrow with a flight to catch and a whole life waiting for me on the East Coast.

“You overthinking again.”

I turned my head and found Legend leaning against the doorway, watching me with that unshakable, knowing gaze. Dressed in a loose cream linen shirt, open at the collar, and tailored black trousers, his usual cocky smirk softened just slightly like he could already see the conflict in my eyes.

“I'm just... taking it all in,”

I murmured, turning back to my reflection to adjust my hoop earring.

Legend stepped closer, his presence warm and steady, and before I could even process it, his strong fingers interlocked with mine. I inhaled sharply, my chest tightening as he lifted my hand to his mouth and pressed a slow, deep kiss to my knuckles.

“Relax, baby,”

he murmured against my skin. I exhaled, my body already responding to him, already surrendering like it always did. Then he tilted my chin up, his dark gaze locking onto mine, and kissed me. Slow. Deep. Unrushed. Like he wanted me to feel every second of it. When he pulled back, he licked his lips. “Come on,”

he said, keeping my fingers in his. “Dinner’s waiting.”

We headed down to the private beach and the setup was straight out of a fucking dream. A canopy of string lights twinkled above, casting a golden glow over a beautifully set table for two. A soft breeze carried the scent of pasta and fresh herbs, mixing with the salty, humid air.

The waves lapped gently against the shore, a perfect rhythm to the soft jazz playing from a speaker. Legend pulled out my chair, waiting until I was seated before taking his own.

“Alright, I gotta admit,”

I mused, running my fingers along the edge of my wine glass. “You know how to set the mood.”

He chuckled, nodding to the waiter who poured our glasses full of expensive white

wine. "I told you, Honey. You're special."

I swallowed, the words landing somewhere deep in my chest, unraveling things I wasn't ready to confront. So instead, I reached for my wine, taking a sip before shifting the conversation. "Alright, tell me,"

I said, setting my glass down. "What's one thing you think everyone should experience at least once in their lifetime?"

Legend smirked, sitting back. "Easy. Owning your time."

I lifted a brow. "Explain."

"Most people work their whole lives trying to survive,"

he said, spinning his wine glass slowly between his fingers. "They wake up, go to a job they hate, come home, and repeat until they die. They don't own a second of their time. That's the real trap."

I chewed the inside of my cheek, watching him carefully. "And you?"

I asked. "You own your time?"

"Of course," he chuckled, taking a slow sip of his drink. "I own everything that matters."

All I could do was nod to ignore the thumping of my heart. "Aight. Your turn,"

he said, lifting a brow. "What's one thing you think everyone should experience?"

I exhaled, thinking for a second before speaking. "Real, all-consuming, no-holding-

back kind of love.”

“I should’ve seen that coming.”

I laughed. “What? I genuinely wanna know what it feels like.”

Legend’s gaze flickered with something unreadable but he didn’t argue. Instead, he smirked. “Aight, enough deep shit,”

he said. “What’s the dumbest or funnest thing you’ve ever done?”

I laughed, shaking my head. “Oh, this is easy. I let my best friend Tyrae talk me into sneaking into a celebrity party and we got so drunk that we got kicked out. It was so embarrassing.”

“Damn,”

Legend chuckled. “Who was the celebrity?”

“Drake.”

Legend nearly spit out his drink. “You got kicked out of a Drake party?”

“Don’t judge me,” I huffed.

“Oh, I’m judging your ass,”

he smirked, shaking his head.

I pointed my fork at him. “Okay, your turn. Dumbest thing you’ve ever done?”

Legend thought for a second, running his fingers through his beard. “Letting you talk shit about my movie taste.”

I rolled my eyes, laughing. “Oh, please.”

He lifted his glass, clinking it against mine. “To good food, good music, and a great fucking night,”

he murmured.

“I’ll drink to that,” I echoed.

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After dinner, we moved to the beach, the warmth of the day finally giving way to a less humid breeze as the sky melted into deep shades of purple and navy. A private firepit flickered between us, casting golden light over the sand, the waves rolling lazily in the distance. Legend sat across from me in a low lounge chair, legs spread, a glass of liquor in one hand and a freshly rolled blunt in the other.

I curled my legs beneath me, my dress shifting against my skin, the lingering sweetness of the decadent chocolate mousse topped with fresh fruit we had for dessert. But even with the perfect scenery, the delicious food, the warmth of the fire, and the lingering buzz of the wine, I was in my head about tomorrow.

Legend took a slow pull from the blunt, exhaling deeply before exhaling. He hit it twice more and then passed it my way as he murmured, “You look deep in thought.”

I took the blunt between my fingers and inhaled slowly, closing my eyes as I exhaled the smoke. “Just... soaking it all in.”

“You always this bad at just being in the moment?”

he teased.

I shot him a mild glare, hitting the blunt once more. I exhaled, passing the blunt back. “I’m just... thinking about how fast this all went by.”

He took another hit, exhaling through his nose before speaking. “It was a damn good time though,”

he said, leaning back, stretching his legs out.

I swallowed, fingertips warm from the lingering smoke, mind even warmer from the Tequila in my glass. I was tipsy as hell and the words just kept falling from my lips. “You don’t ever want more than just... moments?”

I asked, watching the fire flicker.

“More is overrated,”

he said, his voice smooth and unwavering. “People spend their whole lives chasing ‘more’ and miss what’s right in front of them.”

I let that settle between us for a moment, my mind still buzzing, my chest still tight. Because the way he said it was like he had already made peace with my departure.

We barely spoke as we made our way back to his villa, but the air between us was charged, electric, humming with the weight of everything unsaid. The moment we stepped inside his bedroom, Legend’s deep, commanding voice cut through the silence.

“Strip.”

I swallowed, my body instantly reacting, a slow pulse of heat between my thighs as I stared at him from across the room. He stood near the bed, legs spread slightly, hands folding before him, watching me like he was already deciding exactly what he was going to do to me.

I exhaled slowly, my fingers reaching for the thin straps of my dress, sliding them down my shoulders. His gaze never wavered. I let the dress glide over my skin, down my body, pooling at my feet before peeling off my bra and panties.

Legend's jaw ticked slightly, his chest rising just a bit deeper, his eyes dragging over me. Then, without a word, he began to undress himself, peeling his shirt off first, revealing ridges of muscle, deep bronze skin, inked and sinful. I sucked in a soft breath, heat pooling between my thighs. He smirked, noticing, stepping closer, his fingers unbuttoned his pants, sliding them down with his boxer briefs until he was bare to perfection.

"Follow me,"

he ordered, his voice low, full of promise. I obeyed like a good little slut, trailing behind him as he led me into the bathroom. He turned the water on and soon, the space was steamy and warm, the soft glow of dim lights flickering against the marble walls. "Get in,"

he commanded.

I stepped inside, the hot water instantly drenching my skin, and a second later, Legend was behind me, his hands smoothing over my shoulders, down my back, spreading warm soap over my body. "You always smell so fucking good,"

he said, his voice thick as he massaged the lather into my skin. I exhaled, leaning into his touch, feeling worshiped. But before I could say anything, Legend gripped my chin, tilting my head up toward him.

"You're thinking again,"

he murmured, brushing his lips along my jaw.

"I..."

He pinned me against the shower wall, his eyes locking onto mine. "What did I tell

you about fucking thinking so much?”

he smirked, tilting his head slightly.

I swallowed, my body already trembling in anticipation. Then, suddenly, he was on his knees. And before I could even register the shift, his mouth was on me. I gasped, my fingers gripping the wet tile behind me, my body jerking as his tongue slid through the folds of my pussy with slow, deliberate strokes.

“Oh, fuck...”

Legend groaned, deep and hungry, gripping my thighs, keeping me exactly where he wanted me as he licked, slurped, and sucked. “Mmm, this fucking pussy,”

he muttered against my soaked pussy, his tongue flicking against my swollen clit.

My damn knees threatened to buckle. “Legend, fuuuuck, I...”

“No running,”

he warned, holding me in place, his strong hands gripping my thighs. I squirmed and shrieked but he didn’t stop. Didn’t let up. Didn’t let me breathe. “You take it so good, baby,”

he murmured, licking and teasing before sliding two fingers inside me, curling them just right.

“Legeeeendddd, pleaseeeee...”

“Tell me what you need,”

he commanded, his fingers stroking inside me as his tongue flicked against my clit.

I whimpered, shaking, barely able to form words. "I... I need you,"

I gasped. "I need you to fuck me, please. Fuck, Legend, please..."

Legend smirked, pulling back, and licking his lips. Then, he stood and kissed me deeply, biting my bottom lip as I wrapped my arms around his neck.

And without a second thought, he picked me up and slid me down onto his dick. "Oh, my God..."

I moaned, eyes rolling back as he filled me up, stretching me and burying himself deep inside my pussy.

"That's it,"

he grunted against my lips, palming my ass, driving hard dick inside me. "Take it, baby."

I held on for dear life. "You love this shit, don't you?" he smirked, snapping his hips harder.

"Yesssss! Fuck, yes! Oh, my Goddddd!"

Legend slipped his tongue into my mouth, sucking on my, groaning, and drilling my pussy. "What you gon' do for me when I tell you to?"

I whimpered, my walls clenching around him. "I'm gonna... I'm... I'm gonna...cummmm..."

He slammed into me harder, faster, pounding into me until I was a writhing, moaning mess, shaking in his grip. “That’s right,”

he groaned. “So, cum on this dick, sweetheart.”

As if on cue, I hugged his neck as a violent, mind-blowing blinding orgasm crashed over me. “Ohhhh....myyyyy...Godddddd!!!! Fuck meeee!!!!”

I shrilled as my body shuddered and my screams echoed against the glass.

Legend grunted, pulling out of me to let me down. He stroked his juicy ass dick with his eyes locked onto mine. “You know what to do, baby.”

I dropped to my knees, taking him into my mouth, sucking, licking, swallowing every drop as he growled, fucking my throat. “Fuck, Honey.”

I hollowed my cheeks, swallowing him until he exploded. He exhaled, smirking down at me. Then, he cleansed us both before turning off the water and scooping me up to carry me into the bedroom. I just knew he wasn’t done yet when he laid back on the bed and tilted his head slightly, motioning me forward with two fingers.

“C’mere,”

he demanded. The way he looked at me was dangerous. And the way his tattooed hands rested behind his head with his lips slightly parted? It sent a fresh wave of heat pooling between my thighs. “Sit on my face.”

“Legend...”

“Do it now,”

ordered, gripping my thighs, and pulling me closer as I crawled over him, my knees pressing into the mattress on either side of his head. He watched me the entire time, his hands sliding up my thighs, spreading me open, and positioning me exactly where he wanted me.

My breath hitched as I hovered above his mouth, my hands pressed against the headboard. The second his tongue made contact with my clit, my head rolled backward. “Oh my fucking God...”

Legend groaned against me, his fingers digging into my hips, holding me in place as his tongue flicked, licked, sucked, devoured me. It was too much, too deep, too fucking good. He worked me slowly at first, teasing me, stroking his tongue over my clit, dipping it inside me, dragging it up and down my folds.

“Legend, fuck...”

I whimpered, my fingers tightening against the headboard.

He moaned into me, the vibration sending sharp, trembling shockwaves through my entire body. Then, without warning—he spread me wider and dragged his tongue lower to my ass. I jerked, my body locking up as he teased, licked, and flicked, making me scream in helpless pleasure.

“That’s it, baby,”

he muttered against my skin, his tongue working me in ways I didn’t even know were possible.

I quivered, whimpered, and trembled with my breath shattered, my thighs shaking uncontrollably. “Legend, I... I can’t cum no more...”

“Yes, the fuck you can,”

he groaned, sucking my clit into his mouth, stroking it with his tongue as two fingers sank deep inside me. I screamed as my entire body shook. My release hit me something fierce and when I tried to pull away, tried to climb off his face, Legend tightened his grip. “No fucking running,”

he growled, his tongue relentless, his fingers curling, stroking, carrying out my orgasm until I was nothing but a limp bitch.

“Pleaseeeeeee...”

“Cum again,”

he commanded, sucking hard until I did exactly as he told me to.

I came hard and loud as my thighs clamped around his head. Legend groaned, licking me through it, making me ride every last wave until I was completely done. By the time he finally pulled back, I was barely breathing but he wasn’t finished.

“Ride my dick,”

he ordered, his voice thick, wrecked, his grip still firm on my thighs. I was weak as hell as he guided me forward, helping me position myself over his dick. He chuckled. “You need me to help you, sweetheart?”

I nodded breathlessly, my fingers resting against his chest as I slowly sank down onto him, inch by thick inch. “Fuuuuck...”

I moaned, my head falling back, my nails digging into his skin.

Legend let out a deep, satisfied groan, his hands gripping my hips, holding me there for a second, letting me feel every inch of him. “Fuck,”

he grunted, tilting his head back.

I placed my hands on his strong, sharp jaw, guiding his face toward mine before kissing him slow, deep, lazy, as I began to move. Legend groaned into my mouth, matching my rhythm, thrusting up into me, deep and powerful. “Oh, God...”

“Tell me you love this shit.”

“I fucking love itttttt...”

His lips found my neck, my shoulder, my breasts, biting, licking, worshiping as he continued to groan, snapping his hips up, driving into me deeper. “You’re so fucking perfect, Honey.”

The pleasure was too much, too deep, too fucking good. I felt myself about to explode again as I bounced on his dick. “Shiiiiit! Fuuuckkkk!!!”

“Uh-huh. Cum on this muthafucka,”

he growled, fucking me harder and faster.

I started crying, shaking, and cumming at the same damn time and he chuckled, still thrusting into me. “That’s it, baby.”

My entire body trembled and just when I thought I couldn’t take anymore, he lifted me off him and gripped the back of my head. I licked my lips, my body still trembling, still sensitive but I took him into my mouth.

“Goddamn,”

Legend groaned, his head tilting back, his fingers tangling in my damp curls. I swirled my tongue, sucked, licked, and stroked until his hips jerked and he groaned deep, his cum spilling down my throat. I swallowed every drop before collapsing onto the bed. He chuckled, pulling me up, and wrapping me in his arms. “You are truly fucking amazing,”

he murmured, kissing my forehead, pulling me into his chest.

Before long, he carried me into the bathroom, my limbs completely useless. The scent of warm vanilla and coconut filled the air, the bubble bath already drawn and waiting. Without a word, Legend eased me down into the bubbles, the warmth immediately soothing my overstimulated body.

His touch was gentle and deliberate, his hands sliding over my shoulders, my collarbone, and down my arms, as he cleansed me, worshipping me one final time. I barely had the strength to keep my eyes open as I soaked for a while. Then, he carried me into the bedroom, oiled my body, and laid me down.

I blinked up at him, sleepy and dazed. He smirked, leaning down, brushing his lips over mine. “Goodnight, beautiful,”

he murmured. Then, with one last kiss on my forehead, he turned off the lights, leaving me wrapped in silk sheets for the last time.

I woke up with a heavy, bittersweet feeling settling deep in my chest. My pussy still throbbed with the aftermath of everything Legend had done to me. But my mind was already somewhere else. Reality was waiting for me.

I exhaled, blinking against the soft morning light filtering through the sheer curtains,

stretching lazily, preparing myself to turn over and find that I was alone in his big ass. But when I turned my head, Legend was right there lying beside me, one arm resting behind his head as he watched me. His usual smirk was displayed. Instead, he was slightly serious, his gaze intense like this was his way of saying goodbye.

A soft smile tugged at my lips despite the ache in my chest. “You’re still here,”

I murmured, voice laced with sleep, with something deeper.

Legend’s lips curved slightly. “Where else would I be?”

“The kitchen,”

I teased, rolling onto my side to face him fully.

He chuckled. “I figured I’d switch it up today.”

Nodding toward the other side of the bed, he said, “Look beside you.”

I frowned slightly, turning my head and then I saw it. A check but not just a regular check. A big ass check. The amount was for one million dollars. And beside it? A thick stack of money, all hundreds, neatly bound with a rubber band. My breath hitched, my fingers trembling slightly as I reached for it.

“Legend...”

I whispered, staring at the ridiculous amount of life-changing money staring back at me.

Legend sat up slightly, resting his weight on one elbow, watching my reaction. “I believe in you, Honey,”

he said smoothly, his voice low, sincere.

I swallowed, heart pounding, stomach twisting with too many emotions at once.
“This is... this is too much,”

I breathed.

“Nah,”

he murmured. “You deserve it.”

I looked up at him, blinking back tears, completely overwhelmed. “I don’t even...”

“You ain’t gotta say anything,”

he cut in gently. “Just take it. Use it. Build something that outlasts us.”

His words hit something deep in me because no one had ever said that to me before.
“If this had been another life or a different time,” Legend continued, voice lower now, almost contemplative, “we would’ve been something.”

My chest tightened violently, my breath catching because I knew that. I felt it in my soul.

“But in this life,”

he murmured, reaching up, tucking hair behind my ear, “I just want you to win.”

Before I could even think, I threw myself into his arms, wrapping my arms around his neck, burying my face into his warm skin as I cried. He held me tight, firm, steady, one hand splayed across my back, the other cradling the back of my head.

“Thank you,”

I sobbed, my voice thick and heavy.

Legend pulled back just slightly, tilting my chin up, his eyes searching mine. And then, he kissed me. Deep. Slow. Hungry. A kiss that felt like a goodbye and a promise all at once. A kiss that said, I don’t do attachments, but if I did, it would be you. A kiss that I knew I’d never forget.

The loud, piercing sound of my alarm broke through the moment though. I pulled back, my breath shaky as I wiped my tears.

“Oh, and I still made you breakfast,”

he admitted. “But I packed it so you could take it with you.”

I let out a soft breathy laugh, shaking my head. “You really think of everything, huh?”

“I try,”

he said smoothly. Then, he stood, stretching, rolling his shoulders back. “I’ll let you get ready,”

he said, watching me for a second longer than necessary before stepping toward the door. I swallowed hard, nodding as he disappeared, leaving me alone with my thoughts.

After getting dressed in a white tee and biker shorts with a pair of slides, I packed my suitcase.

I slipped the check and stack of money inside carefully, zipping it up, and letting out a slow, deep exhale.

Then, I took one last look around the room.

One last look at the bed.

The space where something brief and consuming had lived, burned, and left its mark on me. Then, I grabbed my suitcase and stepped outside into the humid air, the sun beaming down.

Legend was waiting near the door, his hands in the pockets of his Nike sweatshorts. “Got everything?” he asked.

“Yeah,”

I murmured.

He nodded, fingers rolling through his beard. “My driver’s gonna take you to the airport.”

“Thank you so much,”

I said, meaning it more than I could ever put into words.

Legend smirked, stepping closer. “Like I said,”

he said, tilting my chin up slightly. “You deserve this.”

And just when I thought that was it, he kissed my lips once more and slapped my ass.

I laughed, shaking my head as I slid on my sunglasses.

Then, with one last look, one last smile, one last moment that neither of us spoke on, I climbed into the awaiting car.

And as the island faded behind me, so did he. But the feeling? The memory? That would stay with me forever.

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One Year & Some Months Later

One year ago, I walked away from the best weekend of my life.

I walked away with money that changed my future, memories that changed my body, and a name that still sat on the tip of my tongue whenever I let my mind wander too far.

But more than anything—I walked away a different woman.

Because, that weekend with Legend, I learned something.

I learned that I wasn't just some ambitious dreamer hoping for a break.

I was powerful.

Capable. Deserving. And now? Now, I had everything I had worked my ass off for.

Starting my business wasn't easy.

The money Legend gave me was a blessing but it wasn't a shortcut.

I had to grind my ass off.

Shit, there were long nights, early mornings and sleepless weeks.

Hell, some nights I just cried. I dealt with manufacturers messing up orders, vendors

not delivering on time, and marketing that didn't hit the way I wanted it to. But I kept going because failure wasn't a fucking option.

And now, a year later, Honey Luxe Beauty, was thriving.

My products were in demand.

I had secured partnerships, panded inventory, and even opened a physical location.

I had success and the money and not just enough to get by, enough to live.

I bought my dream home.

A modern four-bedroom house in the burbs with floor-to-ceiling windows and a kitchen that made me want to cook even though I still ordered takeout half the time.

I drove my dream car.

It was a fly ass black Porsche that I had picked up the second I hit my financial goal.

Life was good.

No, fuck that.

Life was great.

I had done actly what I set out to do.

I had built something of my own and the best part? I was different now. I carried myself with more confidence. Unapologetically. I spoke with certainty and moved with assurance. I owned my desires, my worth, and my space without shame. And I had Legend to thank for that.

I thought about him more often than I admitted not in a sad, longing way though.

I thought about the way his mouth teased my skin, the way he commanded my body like he had known it in another life.

I thought about his voice, his intense eyes, his handsome ass smirk, and his dick.

God, that dick.

No other man had been able to do what he did to me.

Since that weekend, I had dated some and slept around when I wanted but it was never like that.

Never that all-consuming, fuck up my head and steal my soul type of s.

And maybe it never would be again but fuck, I still missed it.

Missed him.

And sometimes, on nights when I sat in my luxury home, sipping pensive wine, I silently thanked him.

“Okay, boss bitch,”

Tyrae’s voice pierced through my thoughts as she came bouncing toward me with a smug grin on her face. My eyebrows furrowed as she set down a massive bouquet of flowers on the counter with a “Congratulations”

designed card attached. “Special delivery!”

The one-year anniversary of my business was a big deal. The store was packed with

customers browsing, employees restocking and the energy buzzing with celebration. I was at the front, talking to a long-time customer when Tyrae barged in.

“Aww, friend, you didn’t have to...”

“Oh, these ain’t from me,”

she cut in. “These are from someone special.”

“Wait... who?”

“I don’t know! Open the damn card and find out.”

I shot her a playful glare before plucking the envelope from the bouquet. The second I opened it, my breath caught. The congratulations card wasn’t signed. No name. No clues. Just a short, simple message:

“I knew you would, baby.

But uh, one more weekend.

If you want it.”

I swallowed hard, my fingers tightening around the card. Tyrae was watching me, suspicious, amused. “Who’s it from?”

she pried.

I lifted my gaze, a slow, knowing smile stretching across my lips. “No one you need to worry about.”

Tyrae narrowed her eyes. “Ohhh, this is from him, huh?”

I bit my lip, still staring at the invitation. “Maybe.”

“Girl, I swear, your life is a damn urban fiction book. A movie. Something!”

I chuckled but my heart was racing as my pussy throbbed.

Shit, my mind was already spinning.

I glanced at the flowers, the card and then out the large storefront window as my lips curved into a slow, wicked smirk.

I heaved, feeling that familiar pull of temptation, the unsettling yet enticing feeling of surrendering to Legend for another weekend.

Maybe. Just maybe.