



The Secrets Between Us

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When Taylor is in unexpected need of an apartment, Will and Simon have her back.

Right?

Shit. Will only accepted because he thought Taylor was a guy... and Simon is pissed.

Well, that's okay. They quickly become friends... maybe too quickly.

Wait a minute, are they making out?

Um... guys?

Oh, thank God. Simon's here to help.

SIMON? YOU TOO?

Taylor is a bartender, living with two military men who've finally become used to a female presence in their home.

Simon is still... broody... but they're used to each other nonetheless. Will is the ray of sunshine he always has been, teasing Taylor for her makeup products and hair in the drain.

Simon, being the domineering male he is, puts a no-touching rule in place in order to not ruin the dynamic.

No. Touching. Taylor.

But why does that make Will want to touch her more...

Yeah, that rule doesn't last long.

The Secrets Between Us is a why-choose novella, meaning it's a nice and short read. So grab a blanket and your favorite drink, and let Simon and Will take care of you.

I beg of you to read the content warnings before indulging. I'll get on my knees if I have to.

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Taylor

“Tay, you don’t have to,” Olivia begins, but I quickly interrupt her.

“Liv, really, I don’t mind.” And I truly didn’t mind. My best friend frowns, pulling me into a hug.

Olivia had finally done what she’s always wanted. Own a bar, find a man to settle down with to marry, and then eventually have kids. She’s so happy she nearly glows. When Liv smiled, it was like the sun rose in any room she walked into.

I’d offered to move out the same minute she’d mentioned that she and her boyfriend might be ready for the next step- living together. I’d miss her as a roommate, don’t get me wrong, but I am not going to be what stops her from happiness.

“I love you.” She said into my hair. The emotion bubbles into her throat, making my eyes water. I push her away and hold her shoulders at arm's length.

“Liv, I’m literally moving three minutes down the road,” I tell her with a chuckle. She wipes her tears with a laugh.

“I know, I know.”

“And in case you forgot, I’m your best bartender,” I say with a smile. Our apartment- well, now her apartment, was on the top floor of the bar. I only lived there for... God, has it really been five years?

?“Yeah, and you better be on time tomorrow.” She says with a smirk as if I’ve ever shown up late for a shift.

“I should get going,” I say, walking out from behind the bar.

?“I can’t believe we’re both going to be living with boys,” Olivia says with a grimace. When I searched for an apartment, I applied to the one that was the closest to the bar. Three-bedroom apartment, one bathroom, and two pre-existing residents. Will and Simon, according to the listing. They accepted quickly, without meeting me, and I counter-accepted without having seen the place.

?The photos look nice enough, what could go wrong?

“I know, we’ll never see a toilet seat down ever again,” I respond, mirroring her grimace.

?“Do you need any help bringing over your things?” Olivia asks, eyeing the box I set down on the bar top.

?“Nope,” I respond with a smile.

“Alright. Go, before I decide to keep you forever.” Olivia says with a grin. I turn and head for the front door, hearing it jingle shut behind me as I open the car door.

I risk a quick glance at the bar as I get in, and my heart squeezes as I read the sign.

‘Liv I only noticed just how tight the shirt was.

I really need to get my head out of the gutter.

“Yeah, Simon and I are both in the military.” He responds. Simon, that’s the name of

the other roommate.

“What branch?” I ask.

“I’m an Avionics Equipment Specialist in the Army.” He responds, tucking his hands in his pockets. “Simon’s a Special Forces Weapons Sergeant.”

“Work on anything in particular?” I ask, my curiosity thoroughly peaked. Equipment and... weapons?

“I typically specialize in Black Hawks, but I can fix anything that flies.” He responds with a smile.

Will glances around the room briefly before clearing his throat.

“Do you have any boxes?” He asks, his sandy brown hair falling in his eyes.

“Yeah, in the-.”

“I’ll go get them.” He responds, turning and leaving before I can protest. I glance around the empty walls, then to the bed that sits in the middle of the room. I slowly study the unfamiliar area, noting that the bathroom is across the hall. I enter the hallway, chuckling at the closed toilet seat.

It's nice to know that some men are still decent.

The click of a door closing turns my attention to the end of the hallway.

His dark eyes narrow on me and my breath evaporates. My eyes shamelessly drink in his presence. His black hair is cut short on the sides, and longer on the top. A classic military cut. Those arms could crush a man, and... damn, how tall is he? His frame

takes up the entire door. Both his shirt and pants match his hair, black as night.

Trying to describe this man in words would just be a lost cause.

Oh God, say something. Don't just stare.

"I'm Taylor, your new roommate. You must be Simon?" I barely get out.

Simon's jaw clenches before he takes off down the hall, brushing by me, not even giving me a second glance. I stand there like an idiot, trying to grasp whatever it was that just happened.

I look to the stairs as a voice carries from the kitchen. My footsteps are quiet as I sneak down a few stairs, my ears straining to listen.

"I didn't know she was a chick, man," Will said. "I saw the name Taylor and just assumed."

"That's why you don't make assumptions." A deep voice snapped. Simon.

I sneak back up the stairs and into my room, closing the door quietly behind me. That must be why Will was confused to see me, he thought I was a guy. I sigh, looking at my nearly empty room.

This is going to be fun.

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Taylor

“Sharing the bathroom with a girl is ludicrous,” Will says, leaning against the door frame.

In the two months I’ve lived here, not a day has gone by when he didn’t tease me about something that has to do with girlhood. Whether it be how I do my makeup, my hair, or my strawberry shampoo, he finds something.

And boy do I love it.

“You wish you were this hot,” I respond, tugging the top half of my hair into a clip. Will chuckles, his eyes on my reflection in the mirror.

Will had adopted me as a friend very quickly after I moved in. Simon tolerates me, but I think the only reason he doesn’t mind me is because I cook pretty frequently for them. If I don’t cook, I’ll bring them fries from the bar.

I turn to Will, motioning to my outfit. A simple navy blouse, ripped black jeans, and some Smokey eye makeup.

Smokey eye always did the trick.

“How do I look?” I ask.

“Hot.” He replied with a grin. I mirror his grin with a chuckle. Such a shameless flirt, he is.

I brush past Will and head into my room, grabbing my purse before going downstairs. Simon's massive frame is at the kitchen island, putting together a sandwich.

“Ooo, pepperoni,” I say as I walk behind Simon, plucking a pepperoni off his sandwich. He glares down at me with cold eyes, and I roll my own in response.

“Don’t give me that look, I’m bringing you fries tonight,” I say, glaring back up at him.

“My favorite woman in the entire world,” Will said as he came up behind me. I turn around to face him with a smile.

“Never forget it.” I chuckle up at him. There’s a tickle on my back, making me shiver. Goosebumps cover my skin as Will speaks.

“Can my favorite woman pick up milk on her way home?” Will asks with puppy dog eyes.

“Sure,” I respond with a smile.

I sidestep Will, heading out the front door and into the car. It’s finally starting to warm up a little outside. My nostrils no longer stick together.

To say the bar's parking lot is packed would be an understatement. Cars are parked along the side of the road for at least a mile.

“Did you sell your soul to the Devil?” I ask Olivia as I walk behind the bar. She laughs loudly, the live band drowning out the house.

“More like the Irish want to get plastered.” She replies with a huge grin. That explains all the green, it’s Saint Patrick’s Day.

“Almost ready to go home?” Olivia asks from behind me as I pour yet another Guinness in a glass.

“You have no idea.” My feet feel like bruises, and my arms feel like jelly. It was a long night.

I slide the beer across the bar top to the redhead who’s been eyeing me all night, making certain that I saw him checking me out.

“You’re cut off, red,” I tell him with a smile. He’s well past the ability to drive.

“Go out with me and I’ll stop.” He says with a smirk.

“How about stop drinking and I’ll call you an Uber,” I respond.

“That wasn’t a no.” He says, his smirk growing.

“Yes, it was,” I reply politely. His cocky exterior falters. “Go home.”

“Only if you come with me.” He persists. I roll my eyes in irritation, wiping the bar top with a rag.

I walk through the swinging doors of the kitchen, tossing the rag in a laundry bin.

“Tony, can I get a couple of orders of fries to go?” I ask the cook. I’m sure Will and Simon were starving. “Maybe some burgers, too.”

I turn down the back hall, the kitchen doors swinging shut behind me.

A gasp fills my lungs as my back roughly meets the wall. When I look up, cold-blooded fear spreads through me as I look into the eyes of the red-headed man from the bar.

“You’re coming home with me.” He says, gritting his teeth. His hands are on my shoulders, pinning me to the wall.

“Yeah fucking right.” I spat, glaring into his ugly eyes.

“Playing hard to get.” He says with a smirk, his hand drifting to my neck. He closes his grip around me, too tight for me to breathe easily. “You like it when I touch you? I bet you do, you fucking whore.”

His grip tightens on my neck, the edges of my vision turning purple.

“How about I follow you home, huh? Sneak into your room and cover your mouth so no one hears you scream, while I-,”

Rage fills me from the top of my skull to the bottom of my heels. I rear back and punch him in the nose with every ounce of strength I can possibly muster.

“Next time you touch a woman, get her fucking consent.”

“You... you bitch!” He yells, blood falling into his hand as he brings his palm to his nose.

“Tay? You okay- what the hell happened.” Olivia said, walking into the hall.

“Your bitch waitress punched me.” The man said. I rear back my fist again, but Olivia tugs me backward. Who the fuck does he think he’s calling a waitress?

“Ignore him. Are you okay?” Liv asks, tugging me further away from him. Tony walks out from behind us with a baseball bat, heading straight for the redhead.

“I’m fine... I’m...” I shake out my hand, my knuckles a little sore. “He threatened me.”

“I’ll call the police,” Liv says, turning for the office, but I quickly stop her.

“No, no, it’s okay.” Calling the police would be the logical thing to do if you didn’t have two overprotective military roommates.

“Jesus, Tay. I’ve never seen you punch someone that hard.” Liv says, taking my hand in hers to inspect it.

I shrug. “No one’s ever pissed me off that bad,” I respond. I didn’t make a habit of punching assholes, just the ones that threatened me. This was only the second time.

“He’s gone, I watched him drive off,” Tony says, holding out a few to-go boxes for me to take.

“Thanks, T,” I respond with a smile.

“I’ll walk you out.” He says, his hand between my shoulder blades as he leads me through the crowd.

“Thanks for chasing him out, T,” I say, getting into the car. Tony had been Olivia and I’s work Dad since the day he started working there. Always making us extra food, then giving us advice on when to invest in stocks.

“Anything for you.” He responds, smiling. He shuts my door before heading back into the still-busy bar.

I mindlessly turn the engine on, watching the street lights float by out of my peripheral vision. Driving always helps clear my head, especially at night. All the lights easily stole my attention.

“Shit,” I mutter to myself as a twenty-four-hour grocery store comes into view. Will needs me to pick up milk.

I pull off and mindlessly stroll through the aisles of the store, picking up some things. Ice cream, the deli pepperoni Simon likes, even those spicy little candies Will is always snacking on.