



The Virgin Duet

Author: *Alexa Riley*

Category: Romance

Description: A gorgeous, obsessive, billionaire alpha.

A curvy, sassy bombshell from the wrong side of the tracks.

Both virgins...

When Becs and Bray make an arrangement, they have no idea what it will lead to - sexual desires and lust that cannot be contained.

Will Bray let chaos rule his perfect world?

Will Becs let love into her cold heart?

Will Kindles ignite from the sexual heat? There's only one way to find out...

Warning: Flaming Kindles may cause serious injuries. Please read responsibly.

Total Pages (Source): 48

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BECS

Rage bubbles inside me as I look at the imposing double doors of his office. They reach all the way to the high ceiling, and look like you'd have to use all your weight to push them open. On the other side is an arrogant asshole. If you push the doors open he is probably sitting behind a giant desk, or maybe on a throne like a king. I guess he's king of this building. Mr. Vanilla, as I like to call him just to piss him off, owns the place. I work in the coffee shop downstairs in the building's lobby. Well, I did until about fifteen minutes ago. I know he's the reason for my quick termination today, and I'm here to give him a piece of my mind.

No way am I going back to the shelter. The coffee shop job barely afforded me enough money for the pay-by-the-week motel my older brother and I are staying at. We've been there for the past few months, but anything beat staying at the shelter. One week without a job, and it will force us back there. That's not something I can handle.

"Is that asshole boss of yours in there?" I snap at the woman sitting at the desk in front of the double doors.

Jerking her head up, she looks at me in shock, but her face quickly turns to disgust. Of course he has a perfect-looking assistant sitting outside his office. Sun-streaked blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun, crystal-blue eyes with thin black-framed glasses, and a low-cut top. Very low cut. She looks like she could do the whole sexy librarian turned seductress thing at any moment. Maybe that's what she does.

I can tell from the scrunch of her nose she finds me repulsive. I'm her polar opposite

in every way. We might both have blonde hair but it clearly ends there. My blonde is a brighter shade than hers, but mine is also streaked with pink and purple. The dye makes my eyes appear more purple than they really are. I can see her long legs under the desk, and shoes that probably cost what I make in three months. If she stands up, I'm sure she'll tower over my five three height. My black military-style lace-up boots give me no extra help in that department. She's thin and I can tell she puts time into maintaining herself. Total opposites.

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave," she squeaks at me in a voice that sounds like nails on a chalkboard. She reaches for her desk phone, I'm sure to call security, because I am after all half naked. I'm dressed only in a bra, black pants and my boots. No way was I letting that dipshit downstairs take fifty dollars out of my last check for my uniform, and I have no plans of ever seeing his face again. He had the balls, after firing me, to suggest I drop to my knees and he'd pay for other services if I needed the money so bad. When I started to unbutton my top the little fucker thought he was getting what he wanted. All he got was my shirt and apron thrown at him. Well, and a black eye. I can still feel the sting on my knuckles from the punch. Oh, yeah, his eye is going to be a nice black and purple come morning. Growing up in foster care, I learned how to throw a mean punch.

Seeing that my time has now become limited, I walk past her and push open both doors.

"Cindy I told you—" his words cut off when he looks up and sees me. Jaw clenching, nose flaring as he takes in my attire, or lack thereof. Today, like every day, he's wearing a three-piece suit, which is the same grey as his eyes. He's always so neatly put together. Even his stupid handsome face is all straight, perfect lines. Every time he came into the coffee shop I wanted to mess him up. I always want to run my fingers through his hair and give him that freshly fucked look. I thought about rubbing my lips across his neck, leaving a smudge of my lip gloss there so he didn't look so perfect. The first time he came in, he gave me a half smile and ordered a plain

black coffee. No cream or sugar. Not even a flavor. Seems that's how he likes everything. Every day he would come in and get his coffee and engage me in a little bit of conversation. I looked forward to seeing him. He was different than the other suits. Most either treated me like I could be a quick fuck for them, or gave me a look of distaste.

Then one day he came in with a woman. I had my back to him, but I could hear them talking. Taking a quick glance over my shoulder, I could see the woman with him was beautiful. She was elegant in a way I can never imagine being. She said to him, "She looks out of place. I'm shocked they let her work here looking like that." His only response was "I'm sure she would clean up nice if she actually tried." It had been a long time since I'd been hurt by someone's words and it pissed me off. So, that day, the games began. Gone were my sweet smiles and my excitement at seeing him. I know I look different. I like my pink and purple hair, my loud nail polish, and lip gloss. It's me. I stopped trying to fit into other people's molds when I left the foster system. I didn't have to pretend to be anyone but me.

I tried to make his life hell whenever he came into the shop after that. Maybe if I was a big enough bitch he would stop coming. I am pissed that I let myself believe that he liked me.

Glancing around his office, it's all so cold—glass and chrome. It makes goosebumps break out on my exposed skin. Everything in his office is perfectly in its place, just like him. I keep looking around, not wanting to meet his eyes yet.

"Well, Bray, I didn't know you hired entertainment for the meeting," says the man sitting across from Mr. Vanilla aka Bray. He never gave me his first name, but I kind of like it. Only after he pissed me off, and I started calling him Mr. Vanilla, did he tell me who he was. They'd poked fun at the way I looked, and I know it was childish of me, but I wanted to do the same to him. So when he asked me why I called him that, I told him "Because you couldn't be more plain and boring if you tried." That's when

he informed me he was Mr. Spencer. When I didn't respond, he added, "Mr. Spencer as in Spencer Holding, the man who owns this whole goddamn building." This still got nothing more from me than an eye roll. Like I gave a shit.

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I look over at the other man, and he looks just as put together as Bray. That guy seems more laid back, with a smile playing at his lips. He's attractive, but not as handsome as Bray. I'm starting to think no one is.

"I can be some entertainment for the right price, if that's what you're looking for. It turns out I'm in the market for a new job," I say, shooting Mr. Vanilla a hard look before turning back to the other man and winking.

"Is that right? I'd be more than willing to help out a woman in need," he says as he adjusts himself. I'm not a promiscuous girl. In fact, I'm a virgin. But I know how to use my body to get what I want. A little flirting can go a long way to getting things when you need them. I'm not holding on to my virginity, I just never had a reason or desire to give it up. I don't think I ever felt attraction until I met Bray. Then he reminded me he's just like the rest.

Glancing back over at Bray, I can see his mouth has fallen open in shock. When his eyes lock with mine his anger shines through. That's a first. This might be the most emotion I've ever seen from him. I want to push it. I want him as mad as I am. He comes into my job and gets me fired. Well, I'll come into his office and cause havoc. Maybe even mess up a business deal.

As I make my way towards the other man, I run my finger along one of the shelves that line the wall. One by one I start pushing things off the shelf with a soft shove. The trinkets hit the marble floor, their crashes ringing out in the room. Things break but I don't skip a beat.

A loud female gasp behind me lets me know that Cindy is back.

“Security is on their way, Mr. Spencer,” she squeaks in that same voice as before. How he deals with that every day is a wonder. He doesn’t acknowledge her, he just keeps staring at me while I continue my assault on his shelves. When I reach the end, I turn and make my way over to the other man, stopping when I’m standing between his legs.

I make my intentions known by raising my eyebrows and looking down at him in his seat. When he pats his lap I straddle him.

“Want a taste?” I ask huskily. “You know, before you buy it.”

I glance back over at Bray who is now white-knuckling his glass desk. He looks to be gripping it so hard it could actually shatter under his grasp. Turning back to the guy I’m sitting on, I lean in to kiss him. I feel his breath hit my lips, but before he makes contact, I’m in the air. I feel myself fly off his lap and land behind Bray, who now faces his friend. I can tell he’s enraged without having to see his face. His fists are clenched at his sides and I can see him taking long hard breaths as if he just ran a marathon.

“Out, Smith,” he growls.

“It’s like that?” Smith asks.

“Yeah, it’s like that. I’ve known you a long time, and I really don’t want to come to blows with you.”

“I know. That’s what so intriguing about this. You’re jealous over a woman?”

Did he just say jealous? Yeah, right. So jealous he got me fired from my job so he didn’t have to see my face anymore.

“All right, I’ll see you at the charity event next month. You’re bringing Chelsea with you, right?”

I hate the shot of jealousy that pierces me when I hear he has a date with another woman.

“Probably. I always do. I’ll see you then.”

I hear Smith exit the room but can’t see him with Bray blocking my view. Scooting out from behind him, I move to get away from him a little bit. A jolt of desire fizzed through my body when he grabbed me. I didn’t think he wanted me, but now I’m not so sure. Is he pissed that I’m causing chaos in his office? Or is he pissed I straddled his friend?

“She’s the one, right there. Get her. Call the cops. I’m sure Mr. Spencer wants her arrested. Look what she did to his office!” Cindy cries out like she can’t fathom what has just happened.

Two hulking men make their way towards me and I stumble back, almost slipping over one of the ornaments I knocked off the shelf. That would have been some insta-karma right there.

“Do. Not. Touch. Her,” Bray growls again. Now that I think about it, everything he’s said since I came into his office has been a growl—so different from his normally calm, self-controlled voice.

Both guards halt in their tracks. For once, I’m actually thankful for Bray’s presence. I don’t want two giant men manhandling me.

“Yeah, Hulk One and Hulk Two. Touch me and you won’t be able to piss for a fucking week,” I taunt.

“Cindy, I don’t recall asking you to call security.” Bray says in his usual controlled voice. He slips off his suit jacket and vest, and lays them over the back of one of the chairs. Then he starts unbuttoning his shirt. What the fuck?

“Sir, she barged in here and destroyed your office,” she trills.

“God, how do you listen to that voice every day? Are you a masochist or something? She must give grade-A head,” I wonder, while looking down to make sure my boobs haven’t popped out of my bra. Thank God I wore my nice one today.

“You, shut your mouth,” he barks at me. He flings his shirt in my direction and I catch it. Then he turns around. “And you,” he says pointing at Cindy. “Call the cleaning service, and then you can go home for the day.”

“But, sir, we still—”

“Enough! I gave you your instructions, Cindy. You’re dismissed.” Cindy shoots me a death glare but I just smirk. Dropping Bray’s shirt on the floor, I make my way over to his desk and flop down in his chair. I put my feet up on the glass, but not before I knock his computer mouse to the floor with my foot.

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Cindy huffs and stomps out of the room. Both security men just stare at my tits.

“Like what you see, boys? It just so happens I’m looking—”

“Out!” Bray yells, making us all jump a little. I can see the veins in his neck strain. Bray isn’t a giant like Hulk One and Hulk Two—he’s leaner with broad shoulders and a narrow waist—but those guys seem to be intimidated by him. It’s hard to see all of his body as he’s still wearing his tight white undershirt, but I can just about make out his shape. The shirt clings to his trim body like a second skin and I feel a little drool on my lip.

“Jesus, don’t you have any manners at all, Mr. Vanilla? You could ask nicely and I would leave— maybe,” I say breezily, but make no move to get up. I’m not leaving. I’m not done with him yet. He still owes me a job and I’m starting to really think he’s jealous. Why not just let security take me? This is something I can use.

“Not you. You keep your little ass in that chair.” Well, shit. It’s not as fun sitting in his chair if he wants me here. I sat here to further piss him off.

“You two, I want you out. Don’t ever touch her. Got it?”

“Yes, sir, we apologize,” they say in unison before turning and leaving the room. I can’t help but roll my eyes. Mr. Spencer barks an order and everyone follows. Probably how I lost my job. He went down there told them he wanted me gone and, bam, I’m gone.

“Well, now look what you did. You just ran off two more potential customers. You’re

just costing me all kinds of money today, and it's starting to really chap my ass."

"Are you saying you're a hooker, Rebecca?"

The use of my name throws me off. No one has called me Rebecca in forever. I hate that name.

"Well, desperate times call for desperate measures, not that you'd know anything about that, but I sure as hell don't want to go back to the shelter. My brother and I have to make rent and he's out of work right now." I inwardly groan. Why did I tell him that? And why am I embarrassed about it? I don't do embarrassed.

I see sympathy flash across his eyes.

"Don't," I put my hand up before he can turn this into a pity party. Of course, I wasn't going to sleep with those men, but when I saw the emotion he showed when I first joked about it, I couldn't help myself. I had to poke the bear a little. "I don't need your pity. I know how to get by on my own, and I've been doing it for years. What I really didn't need though, is you getting me fired. I liked that job." Okay, that's a lie. I hated that job, but it's the nicest job I've ever had.

"I didn't get you fired."

"Bullshit," I retort. He had something to do with it. "But what you're going to do is get me another job, or I'll keep making your life difficult. As you can see, I've got the time to invest in doing it." He has to have something for me to do around here. He owns a freaking building, for God's sake. Who knows what else he owns.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Twenty-three."

He shoots me a look that tells me he knows I'm full of shit. "Old enough," I finally say.

"Do you really whore yourself out?" he asks, making his way over to me. I'm shocked when he easily lifts me from his chair, sitting me on his desk and sliding himself between my legs.

"Why? You looking?" I ask. Why would he need a hooker? A couple of the girls from the shelter make easy money selling themselves. I've never been that desperate, but I understand why they do it. I don't judge them for it. My life hasn't been as rough as some of the other girls'. I lucked out. Might be shitty luck but it's still luck. I bet women fall all over him, so I don't understand why he would need to pay to get laid. Whoever this Chelsea is, I'm sure she'd give him some. "No. Honestly, I've never whored myself out, but maybe if the price was right. Maybe if I was desperate enough." Pausing, I look up into his eyes. He presses against me, and I can feel his cock is hard. "Does it make you hard thinking you could buy me? What do you think virginity goes for these days? Maybe I'm in the market to sell after all."

BRAY

My fists grip my desk on either side of Rebecca's legs, and I stand between them, with my thick cock pushing against her. My body is trembling at this touch, and I won't be able to last much longer. I've never been this close to a woman's body before.

Her words finally sink in and I realize, not only is she a virgin, but she's offering it up for a price.

"Are you seriously offering to sell your body to me?" I question, disgusted with myself for actually thinking about taking her up on her offer. I think about sliding myself into her and making her mine. I don't know where these thoughts are coming

from. I've never had these feelings before. I've always been able to suppress every desire I've ever had. She's different, and she doesn't understand that she's baiting me.

"Look, Vanilla," she snaps pulling me from my thoughts. "You cost me my job today, and the rent is due. The way I see it, your big guy down there is pretty interested in making a deal. So how about we talk numbers. Wanna make me an offer?"

Before I lose my temper completely, I let go of the desk and take a step back. I need some distance from her. The thought of taking her still playing around in my mind and her sweet smell aren't helping. "I will say it clearly, and for the second time. Rebecca, I didn't get you fired."

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“Liar,” she says, and leans back on my desk with her palms flat on the glass behind her. She’s smudging up my pristine desk and making a mess of my organization. She’s trashed my office and flipped my schedule for today completely upside down.

Getting to the position I’m in today requires rigorous control and scheduling. I just so happen to be a type-A who gets anxiety when my schedule is off even for a moment. I suffer from panic attacks when I feel a situation is beyond my control, but surprisingly, right now, none of those emotions are present. At the moment, I only feel raging desire, which is as unfamiliar to me as my current situation.

“You won’t call me a liar, Rebecca.” I’m breathing hard, but now that I’m not touching her, I can try to put together this mess. Maybe some of the blood flowing to my cock will return to my brain. I can do this. Just take it one step at a time.

“First, you need to put my shirt on.” I say, and reach down to pick it up off the floor. I approach her again, but I’m careful not to touch her when she takes the shirt from me. After it’s in her hand, I take a step back so I can distance myself from her pull.

“News flash, Vanilla, I’m not putting that shirt on. You can get over it or die pissed, it’s not happening. Now let’s talk about you getting me fired.”

“Fine. If you insist on not wearing anything, we’ll have this discussion like an adult talking to a child.” which seems ironic, because without a shirt she looks nothing like a child. Lush and curvy in all the right places.

“Oh, Daddy play! Now you’re talking.”

I clench my fists at my sides to keep some control. Who does she think she is? No one speaks to me like this. I stare at her for a split second and all I can think is how her pink, plump lips look so kissable that I want to trace them with my tongue.

I shake my head to clear the thought. “Rebecca.”

“If you’re going to call me a name, it’s Becs. Not Rebecca.”

“Rebecca, please don’t interrupt me.”

She rolls her eyes at me, sits up on my desk, and throws my shirt to the ground. I should be more upset about a thousand-dollar custom-made shirt being treated like trash, but I would use it to mop the floor if it meant just a taste of those lips.

I shake my head again to remove the crazy unfamiliar thoughts from my mind. I can’t seem to concentrate. What is wrong?

“Fine. You call me Becs, and I’ll call you Bray. Deal?”

“Rebecca,” I say ignoring her request. Becs seems like a name a friend would call her, and my intentions are far from friendly when it comes to her. “If you will please stop interrupting me, I’ll explain that I didn’t get you fired. I had a chat with your boss this morning about your performance at work. For the past few weeks, anytime I’ve tried to talk to you at work, you’ve been cold and distant, even rude. I was worried that something was wrong at home. I only spoke to him to clear things up. I never said you were a problem or that you should’ve been fired. I merely said that I’d noticed a change in your attitude at work and asked if there was any personal reason for the behavior.”

She gives me a skeptical look, and I wait for her judgement. I really was worried about her, she seemed so distant and I missed her sweet smiles. I ached to have them

back. I knew her smiles were all I would get from her, and when they stopped, it hurt more than I thought it would.

“Why should I believe that? Because the second I showed up today my ass was canned. Explain why.”

“I don’t know, but if you’d like, you can sit here while I make a call and have you reinstated. I was just checking in and I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

I should have been more careful when I was asking about her. Everyone is always so over-eager to make me happy that I’m sure the manager thought firing her was what I wanted. I wouldn’t have asked the way I had if I’d thought it would have cost her the job.

“Why would you check in on me? It was pretty clear you didn’t think I fit in there.” She throws the last line at me like an accusation, but I don’t know what she means.

I excel at a few things, and reading people is one of them. I look at her face and see the emotions in her eyes. She looks vulnerable, yet strong. I can see she wants to believe me but she’s afraid of it. Her body language shows me she’s confident, but her nervous fingers betray her.

“What do you mean I made that clear? When?” I try to remember ever saying anything like that to her and then it hits me. “Oh, God, no.” I whisper.

“Yeah, I caught that conversation. No big deal, Vanilla. It’s just good to know where I stand.”

“I never meant for you to hear that because it wasn’t true. The woman I was with that day is my ex-partner's wife. She set up a meeting with me to go over some final documents and believe me, if she had seen me show any interest in you, your life

would have become hell.”

She looks at me skeptically, but I see hope in her eyes.

“You don’t fit in anywhere.” I say, and see the defeated look cross her face. I don’t know why that would bother her. She’s a rarity. With her beautiful big eyes that are almost purple in color. Her short white-blonde hair with its color streaks of lavender and pink. A punk rock Tinkerbell is the only way I can describe her. I’ve never seen anyone so different, and breathtakingly beautiful.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean for you to hear that, but that woman is evil and I didn’t need her knowing how important you were to me.”

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A little smile plays on the corner of her mouth at my confession, and I could kick my own ass for admitting that.

I want to fix this situation. I want to go back to getting my sweet smiles when I get my coffee in the lobby, so I sift through my mental checklist on how to resolve this problem.

“Would you like your job back? I could solve this problem with one phone call, but you seem intent on making a scene and offering your body instead.” My cock jerks at the reminder that I could have her, that I could own her.

She hops off my desk and moves closer to me. “I don’t know how I’m supposed to go back to work for that asshole after he offered up a blow job for some cash.”

Rage floods my veins instantly and I take a step forward, putting us just centimeters apart. The emotion she can provoke in me in seconds is unsettling, and thrilling all at once. I’ve spent my whole life trying not to feel anything towards anyone. I can feel the heat coming off her body and I don’t know if my anger or desire is stronger. “He said what?”

“Don’t get your hundred dollar bills in a twist, Vanilla, I turned him down. I’m just not super sure I want to see what his next offer is going to be if I go back to work there. Why don’t you think about another job placement while we hammer out the details of my goodie sack?”

I mentally add firing the coffee shop manager to my to-do list today. He’ll be lucky if that’s all I’ll do.

“I need someone to clean my house.” I blurt out and I don’t know what on earth possessed me to say that. Number one, I clean my own house because I’m obsessive and like things a certain way. Number two, I don’t like people in my home. Only a handful of people even know where I live. The thought of strangers in my space makes my stomach turn, but I just offered it to her freely.

“Oh,” she says, and starts walking around my office again. I should be concerned about the items she broke, but when she’s near me I don’t know that I have any cares in the world that don’t revolve around her.

“Yes. And I need someone to cook for me as well.” What am I doing? My food is another control issue for me, and letting that go to her should have me crazy with anxiety. I don’t like to go out to restaurants because I’m terrified of the potential problems. I can’t handle the stress that comes with it. Yet here I am asking her to cook for me. It’s like my brain and mouth can’t get on the same page.

“So, I would go to your house to clean and cook? That’s it? How much?” she asks, eyeing me suspiciously. As she should. If she knew the thoughts I’ve had of her since I spotted her in the coffee shop, she would run. At first I was happy when she stopped talking to me and started up her rude attitude. Good. She needed to push me away, and it was for the best, but by the second day it was already wearing thin. I needed her smiles back. I craved them. Who craves a smile? Someone who could become obsessed, that’s who. Someone who knows what obsession could do to a person.

I mentally calculate what she was making before, and then throw that out the window. What’s she worth to me? That’s a question I haven’t been able to answer. I have to think about what I can reasonably offer her without looking like an asshole throwing money at her, and not have her turn me down.

“A thousand dollars a week.”

“A week?” she shrieks, and I immediately regret not going higher. I hurriedly revise my offer so she can’t turn it down.

“I heard you mention you have a brother staying with you at the motel. This deal will also include my paying the motel bill. However I’ll need you to stay in my home for the majority of the time so that I can ensure all of the work I need completed is being taken care of. I work odd hours, so having you at my disposal is crucial.”

I try to convince myself that I need her close. The idea of her staying at some rent by the week motel pisses me off. If I’d known that’s how she was living before I would’ve done something sooner. But she was so beautiful and perfect. I assumed she belonged to someone. Someone was keeping her safe from men like me.

I watch her walk around the room as I say all of this, hoping she doesn’t see through me. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. One second I’m telling myself to push her away, and the next I’m pulling her closer. I just asked her to sleep in my home. No one has ever slept there except me. What was I thinking? You’re thinking she yours, I hear the whisper in my head. No, not mine. I’ll just keep her safe. I won’t touch her. I’ll keep her at a distance but still get to see her. Maybe get those smiles back.

She stops her circle around the room and locks eyes with me. “Deal.” She says, and walks back over to my desk. A feeling of victory runs through me. She stands on the other side and crosses her arms. It pushes up her breasts, and my eyes go directly to her cleavage.

“But this price doesn’t include the va-jay-jay. Got it?” she says, and cocks an eyebrow.

I think she means her vagina. “Agreed,” I say, hoping that’s what she meant. No, I’m not going to touch her, so that’s not part of the deal. I just get to watch her. Keep her close.

“When do I start?”

“Today,” I blurt out and mentally reshuffle my to-do list. The sooner the better the voice in my head says. “Now, actually.”

“All right,” she says, and looks at me suspiciously. “I’ll meet you there. Write down your address for me and I’ll be there.”

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“I’ll text it to you. What’s your number?” I ask, pulling out my cell.

“Don’t have one. Just write it down and I’ll find it.”

I add getting her a phone to my to-do list. It will be a good way to keep tabs on her. I’ll always know where she is.

“I’ll have my driver take you. I insist,” I say, writing down my address anyway. I don’t know why but I really want her to have it.

“Don’t. I need to go home and get some things first? Maybe, like a shirt?” she says, and looks down at her bra.

“I can have someone retrieve your things, and give your brother the information on your new arrangement.” I look down at her cleavage again, and I know there’s no way I am letting her walk through the building like that. I also don’t want to risk her changing her mind. She agreed already, so there’s no going back.

“Whoa, calm down. I’ll just get my stuff tomorrow if it’s going to be a big deal.”

“Okay,” I agree hesitantly. I guess I have to make some concessions. “In the meantime, please wear my shirt so that you won’t have to walk around with only your underwear on.” It’s taking everything inside me not to hold her down and wrestle it on her myself. I don’t want anyone else seeing her like that. I feel my jaw clench when I think about her walking up to my office practically naked.

“Fine. But you didn’t win this round. I’m only allowing this because...well.

Because.”

I fight the smile pulling at my lips and retrieve the shirt from the floor for a second time. I walk over and she turns her back to me while I help her put it on. When she has her arms through the sleeves she turns, and locks eyes with me while she buttons it slowly.

My cock is still hard, but now I can feel my heartbeat in my pants. My face feels hot and I start to twitch again as she puts another button through a buttonhole. It’s as if she reads my mind when her little tongue comes out and licks her full bottom lip, leaving a trail of wetness behind. I look at her pink glossy lips and I know if I kissed her, she would leave sparkles all over my face.

“Pixie dust,” I whisper and she cocks her head to the side.

“What’d you say?”

I break the spell and take a step back, realizing I said it out loud. “Nothing. We should go. I have an itinerary to keep.” I say, and walk out of my office. I need to find the air in this building. Apparently there isn’t any left in my office.

“So, you’re like Patrick Bateman right?”

“Who?” I ask as I give Rebecca the tour.

“Dude. American Psycho? Hello. Super neat freak, corporate murderer. Just asking because I don’t really want to end up being chased down a stairwell with a chainsaw or anything when I insult your business card.”

I have no idea what she’s talking about so I just continue with the tour.

Rebecca rode in the back of the town car with me in silence. I think she was just as nervous as I was. It probably didn't help that I got on the phone with the coffee shop manager and fired him for sexual harassment. I'm sure she was happy to see him go, but she seemed uncomfortable being present while I did it. She's lucky I had an overwhelming desire to get her in my home or I would've paid him a visit.

As always when we reach my building, Hank let me out, and then went back to the vehicle. He knows that almost no one is welcome inside my home, so I assume any questions he has about Rebecca, he is smart enough to keep to himself.

I said hello to Claude, the daytime doorman and overall manager of the building's entrance. There are four other doormen who work here, but Claude is the only one I deal with. It is extremely unusual for him to see me twice in one day. Normally he's here at five a.m. when I'm leaving for work, but the night guard is who normally greets me on my way home late in the evenings. Claude has been a doorman for decades, so anything out of the ordinary is taken in stride. He greeted Rebecca and me with courtesy, as if this is an everyday occurrence and not an oddity. I added a mental note to email him and give Rebecca full security access. I also reminded myself to beef up his Christmas bonus. Professionalism goes a long way with me.

Once Rebecca and I are inside the penthouse, I show her through the place. When you first step off the elevator there's a foyer with two large double doors. I give Rebecca my spare key, and let her know to keep it close. Claude has a key that will work in an emergency, so Rebecca is the only other person besides Hank who has the ability to enter my home. People can get off the elevator and come to the front door, but access inside is limited.

I take Rebecca through the door and show her the open floor plan. The large living space is surrounded by windows with views of the city. I love this space, and it's a good thing, since I spend every moment I'm not at work in it. But for some reason I want her to like it too. I want her approval.

When I finish showing her the kitchen, dining room and gym, it's time to show her the bedrooms. I have apprehensions about this because I know I'll feel the tension of having her in my space. No one besides me has been in my bedroom, so I am preparing for the inevitable panic attack.

"So this is the dragon's lair?" she asks when I open the door to the master suite.

"This is where I sleep, yes," I say, and brace myself for the anxiety.

Rebecca pushes by me and walks over to my bed. The master suite is quite large, with the bed in the middle of the room. I wanted to be able to face the city when I slept and this was the only way I could control that. She makes a full circle around the bed and then eventually sits on the edge of it. She looks so comfortable in my space. Like she belongs here. I feel my chest warm, and I almost want to laugh. I've caught a fairy. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“What’s with that smirk?” she asks and crosses her legs.

“Just wondering if this is what Peter Pan felt like,” I mumble.

“What?”

“Nothing. We should get you...”

Ding dong

I mentally go through my checklist for today and realize that’s probably Cindy for tonight's event. Fuck! How did I forget about that?

“Expecting company?” Rebecca asks and I can see the confusion on her face.

“My day was thrown off a little after I was interrupted. I forgot about a work function I have this evening,” I say, and move to leave.

Before I go to the front door I look at Rebecca sitting on my bed and realize I never had one second of panic. This is a first for me, and I don’t know exactly how to process it.

“Just stay here. I’ll handle this and be back in a few minutes.”

I make my way across the penthouse and answer the door. Cindy is standing there in a black cocktail dress. She’s always the easy choice for a work dinner. She doesn’t speak much, and knows which fork to use. I wonder how it would be if I took

Rebecca instead. I shake that thought off as I allow Cindy into the living room. She has been to my home a few times, but she's always remained inside the living area. I had forgotten, in all the chaos today, that I'd scheduled an early dinner with a potential investor and invited Cindy to attend with me, as the new client was bringing his wife.

"You're early."

"I know how you approve of punctuality. I tried to remind you earlier when you dismissed me for the day, but I assumed our dinner was still on. Our reservations are for four thirty, so I wanted to be sure we had time to prep before the meeting."

"Jesus, I thought I heard a cat dying."

I turn in time to see Rebecca walking into the room with her finger in her ear. I never noticed how annoying Cindy's voice was until she pointed it out.

"Rebecca, you remember my assistant, Cindy."

"What is she doing here?" Cindy accuses, and I snap around at her tone.

"She's a guest in my home, and if you can't show her some respect, the door is directly behind you," I say coldly. I know Cindy can be a little snotty at times, but I've never noticed it directed at someone before.

"I'll be in the bedroom if you need me," Rebecca says, and walks away leaving us alone.

"Are we still on for dinner?"

"Of course. I'll need to change. Please have a seat on the sofa and I'll be ready in a

few minutes.”

Everyone is trying my patience today. I’m going to snap soon. I can feel it.

I walk back to the bedroom and see Rebecca lying across the bed. I stop in my tracks and turn to shut the door behind me. For some reason this feels intimate. Cindy needs to leave the building. No one should witness this but me.

Rebecca looks at me, and then stretches like a kitten on top of the covers, completely messing up the neatly made bed.

“Mind if I take a bath in here before I get ready for bed? It’s been a long day and I see you’ve got plans tonight,” she says, but I swear I catch a dash of anger. Is she upset that I’m leaving her alone for the night? I would cancel but this potential investor is big, and I want the business.

I showed Rebecca the guest room with an en suite earlier, but I never clarified that it was her room. I think in the back of my mind I wanted to see what she’d do about sleeping arrangements.

“Yes. That’s no problem. Make yourself at home,” I say nervously. I don’t know what her next move will be, and I’m terrified if I stand here much longer, I won’t be able to control myself. That I’ll want to reach out and touch her.

I move to the closet and pull out a suit. I turn around to close the closet door to get dressed but Rebecca walks in. She’s taken my shirt off, and her pants as well. She’s wearing a hot-pink thong that barely covers her pussy, and I grip the hanger of the suit I’m holding to keep my hands to myself. My attention focuses between her legs, until she snaps her fingers and I blink.

“What?” I ask, having missed everything she just said.

“I said I need something to wear after my bath.” She props her hand on her hip and I blink while shaking my head, trying to figure out how to solve her problem.

“Yes. A shirt. I think I have one.”

“Ya think?” she says, and looks around my walk-in closet. It’s nearly the size of a room and everything is perfectly organized with shirts, jeans, suits, and anything else you can think of.

I walk over and grab a white undershirt, and then hand it to her. I try not to stare at her body while I do it, so I keep looking and then looking away.

“Thanks, Vanilla,” she says, and winks at me. She’s taunting me with her body and she knows it. I feel sweat break out on my forehead and then she turns to leave.

“Sweet God almighty,” I say as I watch her walk away. Rebecca has an ass like a Brazilian volleyball player’s. Big, lush, and bouncy. How had I not noticed this before? I guess her plain black work pants didn’t do her any favors.

I put my hand to my chest to try to keep my heart in place. I won’t survive this.

I close the door to the closet and move a chair from the vanity in front of the door, wedging it shut. I can’t risk her coming in here while I’m changing. I don’t know what I’d do.

I take off my clothes and I look down at my black underwear, feeling a little ashamed. I’ve got white precum stains all along the front from today. I look like a fifteen-year old who woke up from a wet dream. I take off the underwear and my hard cock bobs up and down painfully. It points straight up and I can’t help but stroke it a few times to try to ease the ache. She’s on the other side of the door, probably getting ready for a bath, and I wonder if I could look out and see her really quick. Just

take a small peek? <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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Against my better judgement, and everything inside me, I go over and scoot the chair away from the door. I silently crack the door open just half an inch and look out.

I stop breathing when I see Rebecca's back as she bends over the tub. She's leaning down, testing the water, and her ass is on full display. I can see the bright pink floss peeking out from between her cheeks, and I start touching myself.

I'm so ashamed, but I'm only looking. She walked around like this earlier, so it's okay. Right?

I keep stroking as I focus on that little pink string, and what it would look like if she pulled it to the side. Would she have to hold her ass cheeks apart so I could see all her holes? Would they be a pretty, soft pink like her lips? I wonder what she tastes like. Would she let me put my mouth there? I've never done anything sexual, but I think I could figure it out. I would do anything she'd let me, and I would make it so good for her.

I grip my cock so hard, that it takes me by surprise when I suddenly cum. I feel it shoot out of my cock and down my hands. "Oh God," I whisper as my cum goes everywhere. I wasn't planning on this, but God, it feels so good. I glance up and see Rebecca flip around. Before I can see her reaction, I slam the closet door and move the chair back.

"Just great," I say to myself and look at the mess I've made. I grab my ruined underwear and clean up while shame washes over me. I get dressed in an embarrassed hurry and try to tuck my still-hard cock into fresh underwear. "What is wrong with me?"

When I exit the closet the bathroom door is open, but I don't look in.

"I have a dinner to attend tonight," I say aloud.

"Yeah, I remember. I was there ten minutes ago."

I hear a little giggle in her voice and I'm mortified.

"I'll be back in four hours."

"That's very exact."

"I like to keep a schedule. Please make yourself at home. We can go over your duties tomorrow, so for tonight, just relax. You should find everything you need here. If not, please call down to Claude, and he will notify me."

"Have fun tonight. Hope you brought ear plugs."

I smile a little at her dig, and exit the bedroom. When I walk into the living room I see Cindy is standing and ready to go.

"Shall we?" she asks with a bit of annoyance in her voice. I guess she isn't used to waiting.

"Let's make this quick. I need to get back as soon as this is over." Who knows what that woman in my tub is going to do while I'm away.

BECS

Holy crap, I think I could do laps in this tub if I wanted. I don't think I've ever been in one this big before. Sinking lower, I let the warm water cover me completely. If I

could have gotten him to take me up on the offer of my virginity I could totally do the whole Pretty Woman scene right now. I can't believe he turned me down. People have offered to pay me for sex before. They see you coming and going into the shelter or a shitty motel and they assume. Why was I so disappointed that he turned me down? Would I have really done it?

Looking down at myself I know I'm not model pretty. I'm short and curvy all over. My hips are wide and my breasts are full and more than a handful. Maybe I'm just not his type. His world is order and perfection, I'm chaos and anarchy.

I should be happy. I landed a higher-paying job, I get to look at Mr. Vanilla's ass a lot more, and I have a solid place to stay for a while. But for some reason I only feel annoyed with myself.

Cindy. Even thinking her name makes me roll my eyes. She is so...freaking perfect. She fits in with his order and perfection. Why do I care so much? Oh yeah, because she's going out with my Mr. Vanilla. My? Fuck me. Yeah, like I ever had a chance with him. He thinks I'm strange, which isn't far off the mark. I clearly would never fit into his world.

Leaning back, I quickly rinse out my hair, and wash my body. Grabbing a couple of big fluffy white towels, I wrap one around my body and use another to dry my hair, dropping it on the floor when I'm done.

The bathroom is completely white, and bigger than my entire rent-by-the-week motel room. There's not one dash of color anywhere in here. Except for me. The water has remnants of purples and pinks from some of my hair dye washing out, as does the towel I dropped on the floor. Even the tile is spotted with droplets of hair dye, making it look like a unicorn pissed on the floor. For some reason it makes me smile. Maybe because I know that this will probably annoy him as much as I'm annoyed by his date with Cindy. Who knows, maybe it's not a date.

Who am I kidding? Between what she was wearing, and his putting on a fresh suit, they were obviously going somewhere nice. Probably some place so nice I couldn't get a job waiting tables there.

Grabbing the t-shirt Vanilla gave me off the sink counter, I slip it on. The shirt fits my hips snugly but still drops to mid-thigh, reminding me how tall he is. His body is lean and has more of a runner's build than that of a man who lifts a lot of weights.

I bet the shirt would be loose on little Miss Cindy, but I'd also wager she hasn't eaten all week. That thought reminds me I haven't eaten all day. Making my way towards the kitchen, I can't help but notice how bland everything is. The penthouse is beautiful with windows that let in the light from the city, but everything seems so emotionless. I walk over to a window and place my forehead against the cold glass as I look out. His place is on the top floor and it's hard to make anything out, being up so high. I feel my fingers twitch, and I would give anything to have a paint brush right now. It's been too long.

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Shaking my head at the silly idea of painting, I make my way into the kitchen. I should probably call my brother before he freaks out. It's still early and I don't want to forget. Grabbing the phone off the counter, I dial his cell.

It rings twice before going to voicemail, letting me know I just got the 'fuck you, ignore' button, but I'm not surprised. Sam never answers phone numbers he doesn't recognize. I wish I still had a cell phone so I could just text him, but I guess I'll just leave a message.

"Sam, it's Becs, just wanted to let you know I won't be home tonight. I landed a sweet new job that comes with room and board and pays a lot more, so I'll still be able to help with the rent. I'll come by around ten tomorrow morning so I can give you all the details. I love you and don't worry. See you tomorrow, and I'll bring breakfast. Be safe," I say before hanging up. I wish I could've left a number, but maybe he'll call back using the caller id of the number that came up.

I hate not being there to make sure he makes it home, too. If he lands himself in jail again, he has no way of getting ahold of me. Or worse, he could end up in the hospital. I love my brother, and though we may not be related by blood, he's still my brother. He has been for years. Since I was ten years old and he beat the shit out of our foster father when the bastard snuck into my room one night. Sam didn't come out unscathed. He spent a night in the hospital and had three broken fingers. We got transferred the next day to new homes, and luckily we ended up in the same house. We were always able to land in the same homes after that, until we were old enough to leave on our own. We've been jumping from shelter to shelter and the random motels over the past few months.

I've only been on the street for about eight months now, but most of the foster homes felt like living on the streets anyways. It wasn't a big difference, just with the foster homes you always knew you had a place to lay your head at night. We were just checks to most of them, though. Even the times when I tried to be perfect for them, they still didn't give a shit. That's when I stopped caring what people thought about me. My parents didn't want me, no foster family ever wanted to keep me, but I always had Sam. He's been my one constant since I was ten.

He's been getting himself mixed up in some bad stuff lately. There are certain people you just stay clear of, but Sam can't seem to do that. He likes to play with the wrong people, which scares the hell out of me. Nico is the worst. He gives me the freaking creeps with the way he looks at me. It reminds me of a few of my foster fathers' looks. I know he deals, and God knows what else, but Sam just can't stay away from him. Every time I bring up not hanging out with Nico anymore, he snaps at me. I think he might be doing jobs for him after Nico gave me the money to bail him out of jail. Sam made me get the money from him, and to say the situation of asking Nico for money was easy is putting it mildly. He practically threw it at me. Ever since then, Nico pretends like he has some claim on me. I keep trying to give him the money back but he won't take it. Now he randomly shows up to places I'm at. At least now he won't know where I work anymore.

I took a beating a few months back trying to find Sam at a known drug house I heard he was at. I hadn't seen him for three days, and I got so worried I went looking for him. It was dumb going in alone, but I had no one else to go with me.

I got cornered by a couple of guys, and while I was fighting them off, they got a few blows in on me. Luckily the cops showed up, and I managed to get away in the commotion. When I finally made it back to the shelter we'd been staying at, he was there, still strung out. I'm not sure how he got to the shelter, or who let him in. Usually if you look high they boot your ass out.

Soon after, I got us the motel room. I wanted to keep Sam clean and away from the shelters. It's easy to get mixed in with the wrong people down there sometimes, but I think he's still at it. Some of the girls give me shit for always helping him out, but I owe him this. He protected me for years and it's my turn to return the favor now that I can, even if it is just some crappy motel.

Opening the fridge, my stomach growls at the contents. All vegetables, fruit and...is that soy milk? I'm really going to have to go to the store if I'm staying here. I need some real food. Grabbing a bowl of grapes and a bottle of water, I pop a couple into my mouth and start searching the drawers.

Bingo. Finding a cookbook, I pull it out and shuffle through the pages, marking the corner of recipes that catch my attention. When I finally get to the end of the book, I look up and notice the sun has set. I can't believe how long I took going through that book. I've never had a kitchen all to myself to cook in before. I can't wait to try something out tomorrow on Vanilla.

Snatching my water and grapes off the counter, I head to my room. When I reach the end of the hall I'm unsure where to go. He didn't take me up on my offer to sleep with me so he likely wants me to stay in one of the guest rooms. With that thought, I make my way into his room. I set my water and bowl of grapes on the nightstand, throw the covers back, and crawl into his bed. This room is just as boring as the rest of his house. There isn't even a TV in here. Now that I think about it, I don't remember seeing a TV anywhere. Who doesn't have a TV? At least I have the view of the city from the bed, and that's not so bad.

The walls are off-white and bare. His closet door is open and I can see all his suits lined up in color order—the color order being gray, blue, and black. Crawling back out of the bed, I enter his closet. It's like the world's most boring dream closet and it's driving me crazy. One by one I move the suits around, disturbing the order. Let's see how he likes that in the morning. Maybe I'll wait up and pretend to be sleeping,

just to see his reaction to the bathroom and closet, and me in his bed. I don't know why I'm pushing my luck. He'll probably just fire me. But today in his office when I poked at him, and he got so worked up, I reveled in the emotion that crossed his face. I want to do it again. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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Lying back, I wait, and as the minutes pass by, I can't stop thinking what he might be doing with Cindy. Did he decide to go home with her because he didn't want to come back and deal with me? Some of the foster parents chose to just ignore you, and for some reason their silence was worse than the ones that screamed at you.

I feel like I'm on a cloud. I open my eyes, and it takes me a minute to adjust to all the light in the room. The bright sun bounces off the white walls, making everything brighter than it should be. Sitting up, I look around to see where Vanilla is. Maybe he didn't come home. The thought makes a lump form in my throat. Dragging myself from the world's most comfortable bed, I make my way to the bathroom to handle my business. I'm not his mother. I can't be upset he didn't come home last night.

Then I notice the towel I left on the floor is gone. I rush to the closet, I slide the door open, and all his suits are back in order. A smile spreads across my face. Not because he put everything back the way it was, but because this means he came home. I wonder if he slept with me too. The idea of him sliding into bed with me sends a thrill through me. I was sure I was going to be woken up and told to move my ass to another room.

I search the rest of the penthouse for him with no luck, until I spot a note on the kitchen counter. Next to the note is some cash, a credit card, and a cell phone. Swiping my finger across the phone, I see the backdrop is a picture of a fairy. Odd. Pulling up the contacts, I see there are two numbers saved. Bray Cell & Bray Office.

I snatch up the note and see his perfect handwriting.

Be home around 7. I left some cash for you to pay for the motel, and a credit card for

anything else you might need.

I'm disappointed at its simplicity. No 'call me' or a word about last night. His not acknowledging it bugs me.

I pick up the cash and count it out. Jesus, he left me a thousand dollars. Picking the phone back up, I hold my finger over Bray's cell number. I want to call him, but I don't want to seem needy or desperate or something. I hate how this is making me feel. Why am I like this with him? Shit. It's nine thirty already. I'm going to be late to meet Sam.

Quickly grabbing my work pants and sneakers, I slide them on, and tuck one of Vanilla's dress shirts into the pants. It's all I've got, and will have to do until I make it back to the motel to grab my stuff.

It only takes me thirty minutes to make it across town using a cab with the cash Bray left me. I have the cabbie drop me off down the street from the motel so I can grab some donuts at the coffee shop nearby. When I finally make it to our room, I'm disappointed Sam isn't here. Shit. I hope he got my message.

Dropping the donuts down on the bed, I pull out my new phone and call him, but it goes straight to voicemail. Double shit.

Heading to the bathroom, I start packing up my stuff. I guess I'll just leave him a note. Then it dawns on me that I can text him.

Me: It's Becs. Got a new phone.

Sam: Sorry I missed your call last night. Tried to call back but number came up unavailable.

Me: You coming home soon? Lots to talk about.

Sam: I'm busy. I got a job.

Me: Job?

Sam: Don't worry about it.

Lovely—the kind of job he won't talk about.

Me: Call me tonight?

Sam: Ya, going to Palm tonight. You should just come by. I'll be there at 9. Miss your face.

Me: I'm working tonight.

Sam: I'll call you or see you tonight. g2g.

Rolling my eyes, I slide the phone back into my pocket. He doesn't need to go to the Palm. I think Nico's family owns the place or something. He lets some of us sneak in the back because we aren't old enough to get in. I stopped going because Nico would just stare at me. I used to have a blast there dancing all night, but it got weird after a while.

Grabbing the rest of my stuff, I phone for a cab before making my way to the front desk and paying for the next two weeks' rent. I need to know that no matter what, Sam has a place to crash.

The rest of the day flies by. I loaded Bray's fridge up with all kinds of different foods. I may have gone a little overboard at the store but I was just so excited about

trying out some of the recipes I marked down last night. I found enough recipes to make dinner for the next five days.

Tonight I decided on crusted chicken with bacon and green bean casserole, and homemade mac and cheese. Then bread pudding for dessert. It's a meal of comfort food and I know that's something I could use right now. Setting the table, I bring all the food out at ten till seven, knowing he'll be home any time like his note said. Vanilla doesn't seem like someone who would be late for anything.

I went through and cleaned the penthouse the best I could, but there really wasn't much to do. Besides the mess I made last night—that he already cleaned up—all I could really do was dust. I had extra time, so I unpacked all my stuff, though to be fair I don't have much. I can't wait to see his face when he sees I unpacked it in his room, closet, and bathroom. I even put my giant glittery Tinkerbelle alarm clock on the side of the bed I slept on last night. He didn't really give me any details as to what I should be doing. I know he said 'dinners', but if he wants me here full time, there has to be more he needs me to do.

When the clock hits ten after seven I decide to call him. I try his cell first, but after one ring it goes to voicemail. What is with everyone ignoring me when I call? Jesus. Next I try his office line. Maybe he got stuck working late.

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“Spencer Holdings.” Cindy’s voice shrills into the phone.

“Is Vanill—, I mean Bray, in the office?” I ask

“I’m sorry but Bray and I are about to leave for the evening. We have a dinner reservation. Can I —” I hang up before she can finish. What the hell? He had a date but told me he would be home around seven. Maybe he didn’t plan to eat with me. The note didn’t say he did. But then why tell me when he would be home, and why say that I would be handling dinners?

Looking over at the table, I feel my shoulders drop. What’s wrong with me? I’m not his girlfriend. I don’t know how to be a girlfriend. Glancing down, I can’t help but laugh at the stupid blouse I have on. It’s the only nice thing I own, and I use it for job interviews. The dumb thing looks ridiculous with my multi-colored hair. I put it on for him. When I was cooking the dinner, all the food was turning out so perfectly, I wanted to feel like I fit at the table when we ate. I was doing something I told myself I would never do again—trying to fit in for someone else. I was trying to belong in a world that wasn’t mine.

Whatever.

Making my way to Bray’s bedroom, I undress and grab a pair of ripped-up skinny jeans, my boots, and a racer-back tee that reads ‘Polite as fuck’ across my chest. I grab my shit, and head out. Looks like I’m going to the Palms after all.

BRAY

I lean back in my office chair and look out at the skyline behind me. I tap my pen to my lips and think about Rebecca for the thousandth time today. I sit up angrily and throw my pen on my desk. "I can't work like this."

"Everything all right, Mr. Spencer?" Cindy's voice, that I never had a problem with before, is now grating on my nerves with every syllable she speaks. How did I not notice it until Rebecca pointed it out?

"Fine, Cindy. Please close the door on your way out."

"Actually I was coming in to let you know I made reservations at Bella Vita if you're ready to call it a day."

This was unusual. I don't eat out at restaurants unless it's unavoidable. For some reason, her presumptuous statement irritates me.

I look down at my watch and see that it's seven fifteen. I can't bring myself to go home and see Rebecca yet. My note said seven, but I'm taking the coward's way out and waiting until she's asleep. The darker secret, the one I'm not willing to admit to myself, is I'm waiting until she's asleep so I can sneak in and lie beside her again like last night.

"No, thank you. Please feel free to enjoy the reservation yourself if you want to. I'll be here a bit longer." I don't have the mental energy to deal with Cindy right now, so I let it go. With that I turn back around and face the city.

I hear her close the door behind me, and if I'm not mistaken she says something under her breath. I don't know what it was, but for some reason I feel like it has to do with Rebecca. Although every thought I've had today has been of her. I can't get her out of my head, and I'm ready to scream with frustration. I can't go thirty seconds without wondering what she's doing in our place. 'Our place'. My God. I turn around

to my desk and put my head in my hands. I've got it so bad.

I pull out my phone and check her tracker again for the tenth time in the past hour. I attached a GPS to her phone so I would know where she was at all times. I keep telling myself that was to keep her safe. I saw her leave this morning, but she only went to her old motel and then ran a few errands. I kept waiting for her to return home, and when she finally did, I could breathe a sigh of relief. That still didn't keep me from obsessing about her all day, in fact I think it made it worse. Knowing she is in my home and around my things should give me anxiety in the worst way, but all it does was make me excited to think she's becoming settled there.

I've always had lots of anxiety about keeping a schedule and to-do lists. It's my mind's way of keeping control, and something I've always needed. Growing up, I had very loving parents, and I always knew my father loved my mother very much, but I never understood the depth of it. I think I was seven years old the first time I caught on. My mother wanted to go to the store to buy some chocolate chips to make pancakes and my father refused. I remember thinking that was really strange. Why couldn't she go to the store? My father wouldn't let her leave the house. Instead he made her kiss him and say over and over that she loved him.

The next time I remember something strange was on my ninth birthday and my mother was late getting back from the bakery with my cake. My father made her put the cake down and go to the bedroom with him. I heard all kinds of noises, and would later realize they were having sex. When my mother came out of the room, her face was red from crying and she was limping.

By the time I was fifteen I knew what was happening between them. My father was so obsessed with my mother that he abused her sexually as punishment. I saw the way he looked at her. Like she was up to something, and he needed to know what. My mother was beautiful, and married my father, who didn't have much money. I think he always worried she would leave him for someone who waved bills in her face.

As the years went on, I felt like I had no control over the situation. The only thing I could control was me. So I became an excellent student and graduated at the top of my high school class.

By the time I turned eighteen, I'd saved enough money from mowing lawns and doing yard work to put a deposit and six months' rent down on an apartment three hours outside the city. I had everything in place to save her. I had it all planned out, and I was going to finally set her free. Then it all went to shit.

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“What the hell?” I say to my phone as I see Rebecca’s tracker moving. I stop. I don’t know where she’s going. I watch the phone for a few minutes and decide to wait and see what happens. I don’t want to jump to conclusions. Maybe she just forgot something at the store.

After about twenty minutes the tracker stops moving and I look up the address. “She’s at a club?” I say aloud, and I start pacing. It only takes me one lap before I’m grabbing my suit coat and hitting the elevators. I can’t stand the thought of her in a place like the Palms. That place has a reputation for being a dump full of drug dealers and junkies.

As I wait on the elevators I consider the possibility she went there for drugs. I shake that thought off immediately. Rebecca wouldn’t do that. I’ve watched her for months, and I see how hard she works. She was never late, always willing to pick up shifts. I checked all of that before I asked her boss about her change in behavior. But I knew it the first moment our eyes connected. She was pure. My little fairy wouldn’t do that to herself. She’s looking for protection and guidance, not trying to harm herself.

What reason could she have for going there? I flip through my mental lists, and can only come to one conclusion. Her brother.

I had my cop friend pull some records on this ‘brother’ of hers. I wanted to know what kind of obstacles were standing in my way, and it turns out I was right to be cautious. He’s been in and out of foster homes and juvenile detention since he could raise his middle finger. From what my source tells me, he’s got himself in debt up to his eyes with a drug dealer named Nico, who I know has ties to the bar my fairy is at right now. I don’t think Rebecca has any idea it’s as bad as it is. I’m just hoping it’s a

coincidence she's going to a club Nico's family owns.

Hank is waiting out front when I exit the building. It's going to be a nightmare getting across town in traffic, but it's the best option I have.

I slide into the back seat and watch my phone as we slowly creep down the street. Her tracker isn't leaving the building, and that both agitates and worries me.

I try to calm myself, and think about last night. When I walked into the house it was completely silent. My dinner with the clients went well, but I was ready to get home and talk to Rebecca. The clients ended up wanting to have more drinks and I didn't want to send up any red flags by rushing out. So by the time I arrived home it was after midnight. My anxiety peaked at not being able to get home when I said I would, but I was able to control it by focusing on who I was coming home to.

I walked into the bedroom and there was a soft glow coming from the nightstand. I walk over and see a Tinkerbell alarm clock and try not to laugh. I have no idea where it came from. She must have had it in her purse or something. It was quite fitting. Then I looked over and saw her in my bed, and my heart stopped. At first I was surprised to see her, and then I felt relieved. This is where I wanted her to stay and I was glad she wanted to be here too. I never specified where Rebecca would sleep when giving her the tour, but secretly I had hoped she would end up in my bed. I've never slept with a woman, even in the 'just sleeping' sense. So when I saw her there, I was surprised that it didn't trigger any panic, it just felt right.

She was in just my white undershirt and the covers had bunched around her ankles. Her short hair was a colorful mess, and her cheeks were pink with warm sleep. She looked so young like that. Too young to be making my cock hard. I looked at her curvy body stretched out and I couldn't help myself. I reached my hand out and let my fingertips lightly trace down her bare leg from hip to calf. That was all I would allow myself. I knew if I had more, I wouldn't be able to stop.

After I allowed myself that one indulgence, I went to the bathroom to get ready for bed. I smiled when I entered the room and saw the mess she had made. I think I smiled the whole time I was cleaning it up, because I loved having her in my space for some unknown reason. I know she probably did it to spite me, but it had the opposite reaction. Normally my obsessive behavior won't allow me to be calm until things are clean and in order, but I found that even while wiping up the rainbow drops on the floor I was feeling light hearted. Once I had the bathroom cleaned I went to the closet and saw she'd played in there too. I just smiled and shook my head while I put things back the way they were. My little fairy likes to be mischievous.

I stripped down to my underwear and slipped into bed beside her. I didn't allow myself to get close to her, because I knew I would reach for her in my sleep. My subconscious wants her so fiercely that the moment my eyes close, I'll wrap her in my arms. Instead, I slept on the edge of the bed, looking at her beautiful face, and wishing I could hold her. I was already tempting fate by being in the same bed with her, and I could feel my obsession rising. I couldn't allow it to take over and become like my father.

We pull up outside the club, and I don't wait for Hank to open my door. He gets out and I meet him I'm about to walk in.

"You sure you want to go in here?"

"If I'm not back in twenty minutes..." I say, as Hank interrupts me.

"I'll give you fifteen, sir. This place is shady."

Nodding at Hank, I walk up to the doorman and he eyes me up and down. He starts to protest my entrance, but I slip him a few hundreds, and he opens the door. It's times like these when you let the money do the talking.

The club is just as seedy as you'd imagine. There's hardly any light, the music is deafening, and it reeks of scents I'm trying not to think about. As I make my way around the perimeter of the dance pit, I see a group of couches roped off in the back. Must be their VIP. I get a feeling in my chest that's the direction I need to go in, and I walk over. Another bouncer stops me, but again, my money is the only thing they hear, and he lifts the ropes to allow my entrance.

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I take two steps inside and see her.

Rebecca is standing in the back and Nico is in front of her. I saw his face in the pics my source sent over and it's definitely him. He's about as tall as I am but that's where the similarity ends. He's wide and big with jet black hair and dark tanned skin. He looks like a Samoan wrestler, and I can't say I'd get in a ring with him. He looks worse in person than he does in the pictures. I wonder if he's using the product he's been slinging. I look through the fog of the club, and I see his hand is gripping her chin. Rebecca looks at his face with terror in her eyes, and I see red.

My body is in motion before I have any thoughts as to what is about to happen. I'm over where they are standing in half a second and I'm taking control of the situation before I know my next move. I grab Nico's arm and push him backwards behind me. Rebecca's well-being is my only focus. As soon as Nico's hands are off her, she locks eyes with me and starts to cry.

I see her tears, and scoop her up in my arms. I have a natural instinct to protect this little fairy from all the evil around her.

When I turn to leave, I see Nico being helped up by his people, and he's eyeing me.

“You put down my property, and we don't have a problem, Suit.”

I don't really feel like getting into a pissing match with a drug dealer in his own club, so I try to make peace. Getting Rebecca to safety is the only thing I'm concerned about.

“I’m a friend of hers and she wants to leave.”

“Becs, you tell this guy you’re mine, or you know the consequences.”

Rebecca picks her head up and looks at me with wide tearful eyes. She’s pleading for me to make this situation right, to fix what’s broken.

“How much?” I ask, never looking away from Rebecca.

“A lot,” she whispers.

“I didn’t say I wanted your money, Suit. I want the girl,” Nico says, and I can see we’re at an impasse. I’ve got all the money he needs, but he wants Rebecca. He can have her when he walks over my dead body to get her.

I look over at Nico, and I can bet he’s willing to kill me for her. I have to try to think of how to resolve this. “Fine, you want the girl, you can have her.” I feel Rebecca stiffen in my arms, and then she starts to squirm.

Nico has a smug smile on his face, and he looks at Rebecca, victory in his eyes.

“But here’s the thing,” I say, halting her movements. “She owes me too. So until I finish taking out what I want, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait your turn.”

Nico looks pissed, and just as he reaches into the back of his pants, Hank walks in with four of his men. Most people think I keep Hank around because he knows the city and is a good driver. The real reason I keep him is he’s good at getting his hands dirty at a moment’s notice, and can hide a body or two without questions. Hank and I go way back.

Nico sizes up what I brought to the party, and comes up short on his end. He rethinks

his claim to Rebecca and gives me a chin lift. It's a sign for me to get the hell out of his club, and I take it. I'm not a coward and I don't run from a fight, but I won't ever put Rebecca in danger.

Once we are outside of the club, I get in the back of the car, still holding her to me. Hank says a word to the other guys and they all disappear into the night. I'm holding Rebecca to me when he gets in and takes us home.

I look down and lock eyes with my little fairy. "Thank you," she whispers and puts her head on my chest.

I walk out of the bathroom and see Rebecca sitting on the bed. She's dressed in a tiny pink tank top and white shorts. She must have taken a shower in the other bathroom while I was getting ready for bed.

My body is still on an adrenaline high and my hands are shaking. It's been over an hour since we got back home and I haven't said a word to her for fear of saying something hurtful.

"I'm sorry," she says, and looks at me with those big violet eyes.

"I'm aware, Rebecca."

"Please don't be upset with me. I only went to meet up with my friends and have a good time." I can hear the soft plea in her voice but it's not enough to soothe my anger.

"A good time? Is that what you call that?"

"No. Thank you for stepping in. I didn't know what to do."

“Just get some sleep. It’s late, and I have an early meeting tomorrow. I’ll be in the guest room.”

As I start to walk past her and out of the room she stands up and catches my arm.

“Please don’t go. You’re so upset. Let me make it better.”

“I don’t know how you could possib—”

I stop speaking when her other hand reaches down and brushes the front of my shorts. I’m wearing jogging shorts, but no shirt and having my skin this close to hers is terrifying. I’m hard as a rock, and it’s obscenely clear from the large tent in my shorts. If she keeps this up, I don’t know that I’ll be able to control myself.

“I think I could come up with an idea on how to calm you down.”

I clench my jaw, still unable to form a word.

She lazily strokes her hand up and down my hard shaft over my shorts, but I feel it in every cell of my body. Her fingers trace their way up to the waistband and I feel the tips of her nails graze my stomach.

“Rebecca,” I say, but I don’t know if I’m pleading or scolding.

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“Just a little touch. That’s all,” she whispers and leans into me.

I lock my arms at my sides and don’t move an inch. If I touch her I won’t be able to control myself. I’ve never felt a woman's intimate touch, and I’m afraid of how I will react.

She reaches her hand down inside the waistband of my shorts and at the first touch of her skin against mine, I shiver. Being touched there by a woman for the first time is confusing and wonderful. I feel her fingers on my cock and my hips jerk. My heart races and I break out in a sweat. Rebecca moves her fingers and I can’t hold it any longer. My cock starts pulsing and I start to cum. I feel her fingers smear the cum around the head of my cock and down my shaft as I empty inside my shorts. I close my eyes, and let the amazing sensation hit me as she rubs me to completion. Having her get me off is like heaven, and it’s better than anything I’ve ever dreamed of.

Once I'm drained I feel the shame wash over me. I can’t believe I just came in my pants like a teenager. I’m a grown man, and I’ve never experienced anything sexual. I’m so embarrassed and angry with myself.

I grab her wrist, take her hand out of my pants, and storm out of the room. I can’t face that humiliation.

BECS

My fingers are coated in his cum. Looking down at them, I rub the warmth between my fingers. Slowly I bring them to my mouth, and out of curiosity I take a taste of him. The saltiness hits my tongue, and makes pleasure shoot through my body. I

wonder what it would be like to taste it directly from him. Would he let me? I'm not sure what came over me in that moment. Every time he showed emotion I reveled in it. I got off on it. Whenever Bray came into the coffee shop, he was almost robotic in nature. I've noticed he doesn't seem to let people get too close to him, but tonight he let me lie on his lap in the car. Then he let me touch him. Whenever he touches me it's over before it even begins. I want to touch him more.

I've always been a forward person, but I've never touched a man so intimately before, nor had I wanted to. Maybe I was just thankful that he saved me from Nico tonight. No, that can't be it. Sam has saved me before, and I've never once had any feelings for him beyond sisterly affection.

I just felt so safe with him tonight. When I saw him at the Palms, and saw the look on his face, I knew he wouldn't let anything happen to me. I may not be out of Nico's hands yet, but I have shelter with Bray for now—a man I'm not sure how to handle. He's different. Something about him draws me in. He brings out feelings I've never had before.

I've thought boys were cute before, but I've never wanted more. Bray makes me crave more. The only other time I wanted more was when I wanted a family. When I tried to fit in but failed. But sometimes Bray looks at me and I see hunger. Could he want me as I am or would he want to change me? Would I have to change who I am to fit him?

When he pulled me out of club, I was terrified. I'm not sure how he found me there, but thank God he did. I went looking for Sam. Pissed at Bray for never showing up for the dinner I made him, and even more pissed that I cared. When I got there I couldn't find Sam, and it wasn't long before Nico was on me. Normally he just makes snide remarks, but tonight he held nothing back. He was making demands that made my skin crawl. Saying Sam owed him a lot of money but he was willing to let me work it off for him. That I didn't have to worry, he'd be the only one who would

get to use me. Like that was a fucking bonus or something.

Thinking about it again makes me want to vomit. But if Nico doesn't get what he wants, he made it very clear what would happen to Sam.

I go to the master bathroom and wash the remnants of Bray off my hand. I can't believe how fast he came. I may be a virgin, but I'm not naïve about sex. A few of the girls I'm friends with at the shelter sell themselves for money. Hell, I've thought about stripping before, I just always thought I might be a little too chubby to get a job doing it.

I look in the mirror and notice my eyes are bloodshot and swollen from crying, and my brain feels fried from everything bouncing around in it. What am I going to do about Nico? Where the hell is Sam? I feel almost defeated. Stripping off my clothes, down to just my underwear, I wash my face and make my way back into the bedroom.

I took over Bray's room to get a rise out of him, but I would be lying to myself if I said that was the only reason. I want to be in that bed with him. I've wanted him from the moment he walked into the coffee shop and looked at me like he wanted me. The man in the fancy suit wanting the girl who looked like she belonged on the other side of town, which I did.

But more than anything, after what happened tonight, I want to feel safe. And I felt utterly safe when I laid my head on Bray tonight. Did he sleep in the guest room last night too? He came home so late and was gone before I woke. I can't fix anything with Nico and Sam tonight, but I can get that feeling of safety back. It's just across the hall.

Before I change my mind, I head for the guest room. When I slowly open the door, I can make out a form in the bed. I slip in and shut the door behind me, and crawl onto

the bed.

“Bray,” I whisper. But he doesn’t respond or move. Gliding under the covers, I can feel he’s on his back and he’s only wearing underwear. I press into him, my warm body to his, but I want to be closer. Sliding my leg so my inner thigh rests on his hard stomach, I wrap one arm around him and bury my face in the side of his neck. He still hasn’t moved.

I can’t help but breathe him in. The smell of him mixed with the smell of vanilla. A giggle slips from my lips at the thought of him smelling like vanilla. Did he always smell like that, I wonder, or is it something new he used? Does he taste like it too?

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Licking my lips, I press them to him, but it isn't enough. Tentatively I slip my tongue out from between my lips. The moment my tongue touches his neck, I feel his body go solid, and a groan escapes him. Smiling against his neck I whisper, "Are you pretending to be asleep on me?"

"I don't think anyone could sleep with you pressed against them," he says, but it sounds like he's speaking through gritted teeth. Is he mad I'm in here? Surely if he wanted me to leave he would tell me or ask me to leave.

"Does that mean you didn't sleep with me last night?"

"If you're asking if I climbed into bed with you last night and wrapped myself around you the answer is no, that's highly inappropriate."

"You think I'm inappropriate?" I ask, grabbing on to his earlobe with my teeth and giving a little bite.

"I think you're testing my control, Rebecca," he breathes out, like a warning. The idea that I could do something to this man's control only makes me want to do it more. I want to see his control splinter at my touch.

"Maybe that's what I want. Maybe I want to see your control snap, and shatter all that perfection you hold onto so tightly. What would happen then?"

"I can promise that you don't want me to lose my grip on it. You don't want to know what I want to do to you, what I've wanted from you."

“And what is it you want from me?”

“To keep you, and make you mine in every way.” His words set my body on fire. I feel my nipples go hard and I’m sure he can too with them pressed into his side.

“What if I want that too?” I question. The idea of being only his sparks a longing in me I thought I lost a long time ago. I can hear his breathing grow deeper, but he doesn’t respond.

I crawl on top of him, and I straddle his hips so I can look down at him. My eyes have adjusted more to the darkness. Only the moonlight, coming through the windows that run the length of the entire wall, illuminates the room. His eyes are closed tightly, as if he doesn’t want to look at me. He has to feel that I am almost naked. Both of our sexes only separated by underwear.

“You don’t want me?” I question, feeling a little uneasy that he hasn’t so much as touched me back, and now he isn’t looking at me.

“I want you more than my next breath, but sometimes the things you want most in life are the very things that can destroy you.”

The idea that I could destroy this man is laughable. No one has ever needed me in such a way. But the way the words are ripped from him, as if they’re almost painful, and it makes me want to ease his pain.

“Touch me,” I whisper as I start to work my hips, rubbing his cock against my panty-covered clit.

“No!” he growls, gripping the sheets tighter, as if they are rooting his hands to the bed.

“Fine, I’ll do it,” I moan, as I start to work myself against his hard cock. I cup my breasts and pull at my nipples. White-hot need grips me almost down to my soul. His name is on my lips when I moan, and his eyes fly open to lock with mine. Just for a moment part of his controlled mask falls. The sheer intensity behind it causes my undoing, and my orgasm hits me. It’s hard and fast and I can’t hold myself upright. I feel its intensity and collapse onto his solid, broad chest. Pleasure courses through my body, and all I can do is ride out the wave.

I feel my breathing start to even out, but his breathing is just as heavy as before. His chest moves up and down at a quick pace under my cheek, and I know he’s trying to hold on to his control. His cock jerks against my over-sensitized clit and it causes me to wiggle. He makes a pained sound low in his throat, but I can’t help how sensitive I am.

I barely hear his voice when he says, “You’re even more beautiful when you cum,” as if he didn’t mean to say it aloud. His words cause the sharp sting of tears to hit my eyes. I don’t think anyone has ever called me beautiful before.

“Wow, Vanilla, I think you just gave me the best orgasm I’ve ever had.”

“I didn’t do anything.”

“How about you keep not doing anything,” I respond and slowly start to slide down his body. I want another taste of him, but this time I want it to come from him. When I reach the waistband of his boxers I toy with them. I’ve seen cocks before, but never this close up. I touched him earlier, but now I’m going to get to really see him. Nervous excitement shoots through me at the thought.

“Do it,” he commands, making me snap my head up. We lock eyes and I give a little nod. This is the first time he has initiated anything. He still isn’t touching me, but I feel like I’ve won some little unspoken battle. I grab the band on his underwear, and I

feel the slight shake of my hand as I slowly pull them down.

“Touch me,” he says while his fingers tighten on the sheets, making the muscles in his arms flex.

With a soft tug, his cock springs free, and I can’t help but stare for a moment. He’s so much bigger than I imagined. I lift my hand and slowly wrap it around his cock to caress the smooth skin. I cautiously bring him towards my mouth, unsure of what to do. The moment my tongue makes a wide circle around the tip of his cock, I get lost in the sensation.

“Fuck!” The word flies from his mouth, and I’m shocked he said it. Suddenly, I can feel the shift in him, and his intensity is brought to the surface.

“Suck it, my little Tinkerbell, take it all the way in your mouth.” The nickname surprises me, but I find myself blushing and enjoying it. The order is harsh around the term of endearment, his tight control cracking. I’m chipping away pieces of it as I suck his cock. He’s so silky smooth in my mouth that a moan of pure pleasure escapes me. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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I take him deeper into my mouth and suck him from root to tip, working him faster each time. His hips start twitching, and it's almost like I can feel his control is in a fragile cage and at any second could break free.

"Fuck. Your mouth wrapped around me is almost hotter than watching you cum, Tink." His words make my pussy clench. I wish he would drag me up his body and thrust inside me. The intense ache I feel is only growing and my clit starts throbbing once again. Taking my free hand, I slip it into my panties and start circling my clit. I can feel the juices from my last orgasm.

"I'm gonna cum," he grunts, and I wonder if he'll try to pull me off. He has yet to touch me. I suck him faster, wanting him to cum in my mouth. Another growl rips from him, and his whole body stiffens once again. His warm release fills my mouth and the erotic pleasure of having him there triggers my own orgasm. I feel the intense pleasure spread through my body as I greedily suck him down.

Licking my lips, I crawl back up his body, grab on to his chest, and shove my face into his neck. I cling to him as the last of my orgasm fades.

Not long after, my body is taken by sleep. But not before I feel him lift the fingers I used to play with myself to his mouth.

I wake up this morning like I have every other morning for the last two weeks, alone in Bray's bed. The battle of the wills has been playing out since that night, and it's utterly delicious. Every evening, Bray comes home for dinner and we eat and talk for hours. He seems to like to listen to me ramble on. I told him about going into foster care when I was ten. How I went to the hospital when I was really sick with the flu,

and my mother just left me there—a threat she'd been making for years. I tried to be the daughter that she wanted, but in the end I wasn't enough for her to want to keep me. I also told him about how being an older kid in the system makes it hard to get a permanent home, even if you try to be what they want. It always seemed like I was just getting shuffled off somewhere else. For the past few days he's started to open up to me. I know he lost both his parents and things weren't always great. He works hard for everything he has, but I can hear the hate he has towards his father.

It seems each day he opens up more and more to me, and my mind is consumed with ways to get him to laugh. The first time I heard him laugh, he came home early and busted me singing and booty dancing in the kitchen to Britney Spears. It wasn't my proudest moment, but I would have done it all night to make him laugh again. It feels like the smiles and the laughs are coming easier.

I still spend my nights baiting him to touch me, but he hasn't. I can touch him all I want but he doesn't return the favor. Surprisingly, he has started telling me what to do. Last night when we went to bed he made me strip all the way down naked, lay across the bed and masturbate while he touched himself. He made me make myself cum twice before he released a splash of semen across my stomach.

I crave his lips on me. I want a kiss from him more than anything, but I will not be the one to do it first. For some reason I need this from him. I don't want this to be something I pull from him, I want it to be something he gives to me on his own.

Pulling myself from the bed, I go through my normal routine. First calling Sam, who I still haven't heard from other than a couple of random 'I'm fine' texts but nothing more. I feel guilty for not trying to locate him, but for once I just don't want to get wrapped up in Sam's mess. If he needs me, I'll come, but until then I'm going to give him his space. At least I know he has a place to stay. I wanted to go pay the rent on the motel for the next few weeks but Bray was adamant that he would handle it. He doesn't want me going down there. I thought it was silly, but maybe he is right. I

don't want to risk running into Nico.

Cleaning up from the previous night's dinner, I plan what I'll make tonight and do some prep work for it. There isn't much more to do around here and when I informed Bray of this, he asked me what I would like to do. I told him I could do anything he needed but his response was, "What do you want you do, Tinkerbell?"

"Paint," I said. Something I hadn't done in a long time. Something that was only a luxury I would do when I was in school. The next day one of the spare rooms was filled with paints and canvases. At first I just started stacking my pieces when had completed them. Then Bray started hanging them on the walls, adding color to his once-cold home. It doesn't seem so cold anymore. It makes me feel like he wants me to be a part of his home. Like it is becoming mine too.

I don't feel like painting today, I want to see Bray. Plus I haven't been out of the condo in over a week and I'm getting cabin fever. Maybe Bray will take me somewhere. It's the first day of spring and it looks beautiful out. Maybe we can find somewhere with an open patio to have lunch.

Going to the bedroom, I slip on the one dress I own. It's a dark violet sundress that I've always loved. It shows off my curves and makes me look like a perfect hourglass with how it falls on my hips. The color makes my eyes glow a lighter shade of purple, which works well with my pink- and purple-streaked hair. Grabbing my chunky, studded, ankle-high boots, I slide them on and make my way across town in a taxi. I can't help but hope Bray will have me lie across his desk, make me lift my dress and put on another show for him.

When I reach his office Cindy is on the phone but gives me a puckered face like she swallowed a lemon. I roll my eyes and stroll past her right into Bray's office.

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“Hey you can’t—” Cindy shrieks but I just ignore her, pushing the doors to his office open.

“Vanilla, you gonna take me to lunch?” I ask, making my way over to him, plopping down in his lap, and ignoring the two men in his office staring at me with smirks on their faces. But none of their faces beat Cindy’s, who looks like she might die of shock.

Bray’s hands lock onto my hips and squeeze. A soft moan escapes my mouth, because it’s the first time he’s really touched me and it caught me off guard. I hear Bray growl behind me.

“Sir, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, Cindy,” Bray says, cutting her off. “I actually could use your assistance with Rebecca if you don’t mind.” His words make my stomach clench. The idea of having to do anything with Cindy makes me want to pound my head up against the nearest wall.

“It seems she doesn’t have a proper wardrobe.”

I feel shame hit me and I’m sure it shows on my face. All my fight seems to leave my body. I should have some smart comment, but I probably look as shocked as Cindy did moments ago, and now she has a smirk on her face.

Maybe I’ve read far more into Bray and I than we really are. Over the past few weeks I came to think he liked the way I am. I haven’t felt like this in a long time. This

feeling that I'm not meeting someone's idea of what I should be. That who I am isn't good enough. To make it more painful, I thought I was past caring what others thought. But for some reason it's worse coming from Bray than when it came from my own mother or one of my foster parents. I guess it's okay to slum it with me in the privacy of his own home, but not in public where people could see.

I try to stand so I can get away from him, because the touch I was craving moments ago now feels like it burns me. He locks his hold on me, and I give a hard pull to yank myself from his grasp. I nearly trip over my own feet, and increase my embarrassment.

"I didn't know there was anything wrong with my clothes," I snap, refusing to look at him. I focus my eyes on the far wall, not wanting to look at any of them, but I can feel all four pairs of eyes on me.

"It's inappropriate," is all he says in his cold controlled voice. Not the voice that I've heard for the past few weeks, the one that fought with me over how many towels I use when I take a bath. Or the voice of the man who came into the guest room and worked on his laptop so he could watch me paint.

"Sir, it's fine. I'll call your personal shopper and have her set something up." Eyeing me up and down with distaste, Cindy adds, "It's probably best we have her come to Rebecca, so we don't have to drag her into all the formal shops."

"That's a wonderful idea. Set it up." Nodding in approval, Cindy turns and leaves the office.

I have the urge to flee as well. No point in sticking around for another group chat of 'why Rebecca isn't good enough'. Without looking at him I make my way to the door.

“Rebecca,” he calls after me. A spark of hope lights in my chest. Maybe he sees how big an ass he’s been. How he just embarrassed me in a room full of people, one who might even be his side piece. Maybe you’re the side piece floats through my head, but I push it away. Maybe he’s going to apologize.

“I’ll be late tonight, so don’t have dinner ready until eight.” His words are almost worse than a physical blow. I nod my head and make my way back out of his office.

Cindy is leaning up against her desk as if she’s waiting for me.

“Looks like he’s going to try and clean up the trailer trash. He can try all he likes, but don’t hold your breath. You can’t hang on to a man like Mr. Spencer. He’ll be back to his weekly dinner with me in no time.” The way she says ‘dinner’ lets me know it’s so much more. I wasn’t sure if they had something going on, but that just confirms that they have at one time. Or maybe they still do.

“Well, I’m done sucking his cock, it’s all yours,” I force out around the lump in my throat, making my way to the elevator. I was stupid to think Bray could ever want me. I bet he touches Cindy when they are together. I bet she doesn’t have to pull him out to play with her.

At least I won’t have to worry about avoiding him. I thought he enjoyed our dinners together, but maybe he was just being polite. Maybe that’s all any of this has been. Fine. From now I’ll clean his house, make his dinner, keep my fucking mouth shut, and stay out of his way until I can find myself a new job.

BRAY

I watch as Rebecca leaves my office. I’m agitated that she came in wearing such a revealing dress. She looked so sexy, and all I wanted to do was bury my aching cock inside her. Her hair was so perfect, with its wild pink and purple color. I know it’s

different, but that's the reason I've fallen for her. She isn't like anything I've ever seen. Her waist is tiny but her hips are wide, and with the size of her breasts, she looks like a petite pin-up with all those curves. I can't get enough of looking at her, but I can't allow other men to see what I see. I don't want thoughts of my Tinkerbell in anyone's mind but mine. She's pure and untouched, and I won't have dirty eyes roaming all over her perfect body. I quickly push those thoughts from my head, feeling my anger grow. I need to breathe and get my agitation under control.

My fairy flew in and blew my order out the window. I smile a little because I realize it never bothered me. I should be in a state of panic at the interruption, but all I can do is wish she'd come back through those doors and say something sassy to get me all worked up <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Where were we?” I say, and the meeting continues after a few smirks from my colleagues. My concentration drifts, which is completely unlike me. I’m normally more than attentive but today, like most days recently, my mind is on my fairy. I lean back in my chair as one of the project managers goes over the next quarter’s goals, and I think about the other night.

I finish getting ready for bed and walk out of the bathroom. Rebecca is under the covers and from what I can see, she doesn't have a shirt on. She's sitting up so the sheet is just under her hard nipples. My already aching cock gets impossibly harder, because I know what she wants. She looks at me expectantly, but I can't be the one to initiate it. I can't let go of my control. I don't know what I'll do to her if I truly allow myself to have her, and those thoughts terrify me. Instead, I walk over to my side of the bed and get under the covers with her. This has been our routine for the past few nights. Her teasing me, and then attacking when I don't respond. She seems to like when I tell her what to do, so maybe tonight I can do that. Rebecca leans over and traces her hands across my chest and I try to control my breathing. Just her simple touch is enough to undo me.

“Scoot down to the end of the bed and spread your legs for me.”

I see a blush blossom on her cheeks, but she bounces around excitedly in anticipation. She goes to move down and then looks back at me over her shoulder.

“Panties on or off?” she says, batting her long eyelashes at me.

“Off,” I command, already feeling my body grow tight with anticipation.

I've never seen her naked pussy. It's always covered by her panties whenever we fool around. I've never seen a pussy in real life at all actually, just pictures or videos when I was hard up enough to google some porn. I'm hoping I don't just attack it when she shows it to me.

She steps off the bed and removes her panties, then climbs on quickly before I can see anything. I sit up and push the covers down to my hips and slip my hand in my shorts. I'm so turned on by what's about to happen, I could probably cum with just this tease.

She goes to the end of the bed and leans her back against the footboard. Her face is now bright red, and I know she's probably a little embarrassed to be so open and exposed. She takes a deep breath and then slowly spreads her legs, pulling her knees up as she goes.

Her perfect little pussy looks so pink and tight. Her labia are shiny with her passion, and her clit peeks out from between them, just begging to be touched. I lick my lips, my focus between her legs as I stroke my cock harder.

"Touch yourself."

"Bray, I can't. Let me sit on your lap and rub your cock until I get off."

"No. Use your fingers. I want to watch you masturbate. Finger yourself with one hand and touch your clit with the other."

I watch her put a finger to her mouth to wet it, and then move it down to her clit and start rubbing. I finally get frustrated with my own restrictions and push the sheet and my shorts off completely. I spread my legs wide and really start working my cock—one hand on my shaft all the way up and down as I watch her other hand move to her pussy.

I start to rub my palm across my nipples and chest, imagining it's her hand. I'm rubbing and jerking off when she cums for me. I see her body tense up and she throws her head back with a cry. She slowly rubs her clit as her legs lock up and her hips move in time. I see her pussy pulse around her fingers, looking for something to grip, and my cock leaks precum, wishing it was inside her.

After a moment, her breathing evens out and she gives me a shy smile of satisfaction.

“Again.”

“Bray...”

“Again, TInk. Now.” I can hear the pleading in my own voice but I don't care. I need to see it again.

She spreads her legs wider and begins to rub again, my demands turning her on even more. The second orgasm doesn't take as long, and in a few minutes she's cumming.

Watching her pussy clench around her fingers again is all I can stand. As her orgasm takes her over, I get on my knees and go to the end of the bed. I have the sudden barbaric need to mark her. Have something of mine touching her.

“Lie back,” I demand and she moves into position.

I haven't stopped rubbing my cock since she took off her panties, so it only takes me two hard pumps before I'm cumming on her. Big thick streams of cum splash across her soft belly, and the sight of it makes another round of cum shoot out. By the time I've finished squeezing all the cum out of my cock, her sweet little tummy is covered.

“Mine.”

“What was that Bray?” Mark asks, and I blink my eyes, trying to focus on where I am.

“Excuse me?”

“You just said ‘mine’. Did we misinterpret the ownership area?”

“No, sorry. I thought we were discussing something else.”

Mark gives me a quizzical look as if to check to see if I’m dying. This would be accurate since I’ve never misunderstood anything we’ve gone over.

At that moment my phone buzzes.

“Hank is here to see you,” Cindy says, and I’m thankful for the interruption.

“Gentlemen, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got another meeting I need to attend.” I stand and the team exits. Just a second after the last man is out, Hank comes in.

He’s a big guy, but blends in and comes across pretty nondescript. Average height, average face. Pretty much the perfect person to not draw attention to himself—including attention from law enforcement.

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We walk over to the small couches that face one another and both take a seat, one on each.

“So, give me the update I know you’ve got,” I start. It’s best to just get to the point with Hank.

He pulls a manila envelope out of his jacket and opens it up. He’s written a report and provided pictures. “I’ve been keeping a guy on Sam for the past few weeks, but from what I can tell, it hasn’t turned up much. He’s checked back into the motel she was at a few times, but mostly stays at a Nico’s warehouse over on Queen Street. He seems to be pretty far under his thumb, running deliveries and sticking close to him.”

“I don’t care about what Nico is up to, I just want to make sure he isn’t coming after my girl.”

“Your girl?” Hanks says, giving me a half smile.

I give Hank a look that says he’s crossing a line, and he goes back to the report.

“I asked around and found out some interesting information you might like to know. Apparently brother dear was so deep in debt with Nico he had no way of paying it back. So he either had to work it off or come up with another offer.”

“What do you mean ‘another offer’?”

“Nico is in to some bad shit. Arms dealing, drug manufacturing, and there are whispers of sex trafficking.”

My heart stops beating at his last words, and I feel all the blood leave my face.

“Yeah. It’s what you think. Nico wants Rebecca. I think he set up bad deals for Sam in order to have him so far in debt, that was the only way out. From what I hear though, he isn’t looking to sell her, I think he just wants her. But my advice to you is you should cut your losses now before you get tangled in this. Nico isn’t a guy you want to get in the way of.”

I glare at Hank and he just shakes his head.

“Thought you’d be like that. Look, I’m not going anywhere, and if it comes to it I know we can handle it, but what kind of friend would I be if I didn’t warn you?”

“I understand,” I say as I nod my head. It’s the only response to what he’s telling me. I can’t let Rebecca go. Not yet. Not ever.

“I’ve done as much research on Nico as I can, and it seems to me the best option we have is to offer him something else he wants just as much, or take him out. I’ll keep looking for other options, but so far this is it.”

I have no doubt Hank would take Nico out without a second thought. “What else could he want more than her?” I question, because I can’t think of one thing that would be more valuable than her. How often does one find a fairy?

“I don’t know. But if this gets ugly, you ready to go down that road?”

I nod my head, and it’s all the confirmation Hank needs. He grabs the envelope and puts everything back in his jacket and walks out. There’s no way I could let Nico, or anyone for that matter, get their hands on my Tinkerbell.

After he shuts the door behind him, I sit on the couch with my elbows on my knees

and my fingers steeped against my lips. I think back to everything I've done to get to where I am now and what I would do in order to keep my life how I want it.

I sit like this until the sun sets and Cindy walks into my office telling me she's leaving for the day.

"Goodnight," I say, and check the time. It's almost eight and I need to get home to my fairy.

"Tink?" I say as I walk through the penthouse. When I walk in the door the first thing I see is one of Rebecca's paintings and it makes me smile. My home never felt bare before, but seeing her art on my walls makes it a happy place to come to at the end of the day. I want every inch of my walls bathed in her. The smile her painting gave me freezes on my face when I walk into the kitchen. I only see one place setting, and it's on the breakfast bar, instead of two place settings together in the dining room where we normally eat.

I walk all over the penthouse looking for Rebecca and calling her name. I finally go to the gym as a last option, and I find her on the treadmill. She's in tight yoga pants and a hot pink cropped shirt. I'm instantly hard looking at her sweaty body, and think of all the things I want to do to her.

"Are you not joining me for dinner?" I ask, but she doesn't look at me.

"No."

I'm surprised by her tone. "Is everything all right?"

"Everything is fine, Mr. Spencer," she spits at me, but still doesn't make eye contact. She stomps on the treadmill like it personally offended her, and I have no idea what's happened.

“Why are you calling me that? What’s happened Rebecca?” My anxiety ratchets up, and I go through my mind, trying to think of what’s happened since I last saw her.

Finally she glares at me and answers. “Nothing. Everything is just peachy. Go eat your dinner.”

A rage comes over me and I can’t take her attitude anymore, not when it’s pushing me away. I don’t think about my control or the fact that this situation is out of my hands. I just react. I reach around to the front of the machine and pull the emergency stop button.

For a second I panic, thinking she might fall, but she rights herself and gets off of the treadmill, pushing past me with her shoulder.

“Rebecca, don’t speak to me like that and don’t walk away from me.”

She turns around before she exits the room and gives me a look that would take lesser men to their knees.

“I won’t ever change for you, and I sure as hell won’t apologize for being who I am. If I’m not good enough to be yours in public, then I’m not good enough to be yours at night when your dick is hard.”

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I walk over to touch her because the need to comfort her is consuming me, but she takes a step back.

“No! You don’t get the privilege of touching me ever again.” She turns and walks out of the gym, and I let out a frustrated grunt. What just happened?

I follow her to the master bedroom and see her coming out of the closet, carrying a bag.

“What are you doing?” I ask in a panic. My stress levels are peaking and I don’t know what to do. This can’t be happening.

“Moving my stuff to the guest room. Don’t worry, I’ll be out of your hair just as soon as I find another job.”

My panic spikes even higher and I’m in motion. I rush over and grab the bag out of her hands, throwing it on the ground. I wrap my arms around her waist and carry her over to the bed. I’ve finally allowed myself to touch her, and I did it without thinking. My anxiety isn’t grabbing ahold of me. Instead it feels natural to go to her and stop her from leaving by any means necessary.

“What are you doing, Bray? Put me down!” she yells while I carry her across the room, her arms and legs flailing.

“We are going to clear up whatever has gotten in your head. And we are going to do it right now.”

I throw her on the bed and then climb on top of her. I pin her arms and legs down, because she's still trying to attack me, and I don't want her hurting herself in the process. In the back of my mind, I tell myself over and over not to hurt her. I'm not my father and I will die before I ever punish my fairy that way.

I need to calm her down and have her tell me what's wrong. "Talk to me," I say, and she turns her head away, not looking at me. "Please, Tink," I plead. I can't remember the last time I used the word 'please'.

Then I see her tears.

"What did I do? Please, whatever I did, I'll make it right." My heart aches at the sight of her tears and the thought that I've done something to hurt my precious Tinkerbell.

Her chest rises and falls as she fights her sobs. "You were so ashamed of me," she whispers, and more tears fall.

"Oh, Rebecca, why would you say that?"

"Because of today. When I came to your office. You said I needed new clothes." She turns her head and makes eye contact with me and I can see all the hurt and anger she's been holding back. "In front of everyone."

"Oh, my sweet Tinkerbell, no. I didn't mean it that way. I'm so sorry. I was just so possessive of you, and having those men see you dressed so sexy made me angry. I can't stand the thought of someone seeing you like that." I feel her soften a little at my statement, and I keep going. "You're mine and what we do together is private. I've never had anything like this with anyone before, and I don't want to share it. It's my own selfishness that reacted today. It wasn't anything you did."

"Whatever," she says in response and rolls her eyes. "I'm sure you've had a good

time with people you've messed around with before."

I take a deep breath and admit what I've been too embarrassed to tell her until now.

"I haven't messed around with anyone before."

"So you just fuck other women but not me? I guess I'm not good enough for that either, am I?"

I tighten my grip on her wrists when I feel her start to pull away.

"No. That's not what I meant." I take another deep breath and try to get her to understand. "I mean...what I need to tell you...what I'm trying to say is...I've never done anything before you."

I feel the blush on my cheeks and she looks at me curiously.

"You're a virgin?" she asks, her eyes searching my face.

I nod my head and wait for her to laugh at me.

"What? Why? How? Are you kidding me? How old are you?"

"Don't act so surprised. You're a virgin too. And for the record I'm thirty-two. Are you going to tell me your real age now?"

It's her turn to blush and avoid eye contact. I release one of her wrists and touch her chin so she's looking at me again. "Eighteen," she whispers. But I already know this. It was part of the paperwork when she was hired at the coffee shop, and I looked into that before I ever spoke to her boss about her change in behavior.

“What we’re doing is new for both of us. And it’s easy to misinterpret things I say, because sometimes I’m an idiot. I’m sorry, TInk. Please forgive me.”

She smiles at me and nods her head. “You’re not mad at me I lied to you about my age?”

“No, little fairy, I knew how old you were. I just needed you to trust me. And to be honest, I needed to trust you. There’s a big age difference between us, but you’ve lived a lot for a young woman. And since meeting you, I feel alive for the first time.”

I feel the tension leave her body and I can’t help but think about how beautiful she is laid out on our bed. Her cheeks are flushed and her hair is spread out behind her. She’s the most gorgeous thing I’ve ever seen, and in that moment, I finally let go. I’m not my father and I never will be. Rebecca is mine to protect and cherish, but never harm. I’ll always have the fear in the back of my mind, but I won’t let it stand in the way of what I want with her. Never again.

I lean down slowly so she knows my intentions, and softly place my lips on hers. It’s my first kiss but I don’t tell her that. Some things are better learnt through experience.

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Her lips are full and soft. I'm surprised at how warm her mouth feels against mine, and when her tongue comes out to lick my lips, I feel her body melt against me. I let her lead the kiss and I begin to mimic how her tongue moves. Her sweet taste is heavenly and I think I just became addicted to kissing.

We kiss and kiss and kiss. I don't know how much time passes, but I could spend a lifetime just kissing my sweet Tinkerbell.

After some time I feel her move under me, and then her legs are tangling with mine. Her hands, which have been on my chest the whole time, move around my back and she pulls me completely on top of her. I move so some of my weight is on my elbows, and we continue fusing our bodies together through this kiss and her touch.

"Take off your clothes, Bray."

It's then that I realize we're both still fully dressed. I was so consumed with her lips that it didn't occur to me until she pointed it out. Now the only thing I can think of is being skin on skin.

I jump off her so fast she lets out a little giggle. As I pull at my clothes hurriedly. I watch her sit up and take off her crop top and sports bra together, and watch her breasts jiggle from the motion. I stop in my tracks and just stare at her.

"We're really about to do this, aren't we?" I ask, and there's a slight tremble to my voice.

"Yep," she says, and her smile is huge. She bounces with excitement and starts to

remove her yoga pants and panties. In seconds she's on the bed completely naked and I'm half undressed, just watching her.

She tilts her head to the side and gives me a soft smile. "It's okay, Vanilla. I'm a little nervous too."

Hearing her say my nickname makes me smile, and I realize that this moment is special for both of us. I've been waiting my whole life for her, and I aim to enjoy every second of this.

I finish undressing and crawl up the bed. I run my hands up her legs as I move, but pause and stare down at her pretty pussy. I gently push her knees apart and lean down.

"Bray?"

"Shh, Tink. Just relax. I loved kissing your lips so much, I want to kiss these lips too." I lean down and put my nose against her mound, and just breathe her in. Her smell is so deliciously perfect. Better than anything I can imagine or describe. It makes my mouth water and I lean in to get a taste.

As soon as her flavor hits my tongue I realize I might be addicted to kissing her here too. I kiss her pussy how she kissed my mouth. Slow tongue strokes with little nibbles in between. I feel Rebecca's body responding and I keep doing it. I've never done this before, but I want to get her off. I want to make her feel as good as she makes me feel.

I lean up and she sits up, looking at me.

"Tell me what you need, Tink."

“More, Bray. Don’t stop.”

She brings up both hands, grips my short hair, and puts my face back on her pussy.

I hum with pleasure and go back to loving her body. I remember from watching her masturbate how she likes to get off, so I gently insert my fingers inside her and suck on her clit. Within seconds, she’s gripping me and moaning my name. I want to give her more orgasms like this, but right now, I want to be inside her more.

I give her sweet little pussy one last kiss before I move up her body and get on top of her. I have a fleeting thought about birth control, but then I think about what getting her pregnant would mean. She would be mine, no matter what. Forever. She could never leave me.

The thought makes my aching cock even harder and I kiss her possessively. I can still taste her pussy as I kiss her mouth and it drives me wild. I pull back and try to breathe in some much-needed air before I say what I need to.

“I don’t want anything between us.”

I don’t give her time to answer before I’m kissing her again, and she wraps her arms and legs around me.

My cock is so hard and leaking everywhere. I move my hips just a little and I can feel the warm entrance of her pussy hugging my tip. Her pussy pulses, and it feels like she’s giving me a kiss with her opening.

I love you, I think, but don’t say it out loud. I can’t bear the thought of not hearing it back right now. It’s so sudden, and so soon, but it’s what I feel inside for the first time in my life.

Instead of telling her that, I look into her eyes, and watch her face as I enter her for the first time. She closes her eyes tightly as if in pain, and I nearly black out from the sensation. I've never experienced something so wonderful in my entire life. She's so tight and hot that the pressure squeezes cum out of my dick. I have to take big gulping breaths of air to keep from losing it on the first stroke.

I shake my head a little and try to focus on her pain. "You okay, Tink?" I ask and lean down to kiss her lips softly.

She's breathing normally now and gives me a little nod but it seems uncertain. "Just go slow, okay?"

I nod and pull back a little before slowly pushing back in. I have to fight my way into her tight pussy and with each thrust, more cum leaks out of me. I try not to think about leaving lines of semen inside her untouched pussy with each stroke. If I think about how at any second I could get her pregnant, every last drop of me will fill her up.

After a few more thrusts, my little fairy has relaxed and moves her hips with me.

"You're so perfect, Tink. So little and tight. Your pussy is everything I've been waiting for. Thank you."

She giggles a little. "You're thanking me?"

"If you had any idea how good this feels, you'd understand. I'm going to send your pussy a fruit basket tomorrow."

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She giggles again, and then it turns to a moan when I thrust harder.

We are both on the edge within just a few moments and I know I'm closer than she is. I reach between us and rub her clit while I take her mouth. I feel her body tense and start to shake, and she's right there with me. As I feel her pussy clench, I finally allow myself to let go of the orgasm I've been denying myself. She breaks our kiss to throw her head back and shout her release, and I thrust hard one last time, emptying my cock inside her ripe womb.

With any luck my seed will stay, and she won't be able to leave me. The thought brings a huge smile to my face and, as my little fairy comes down from her orgasm, she locks eyes with me and matches my smile.

Cum leaks out from around my cock and down her ass, and she wiggles a little at the feeling. I start to thrust again and a look of surprise crosses her face.

"You didn't think once would be enough did you?" I ask and claim her lips again.

I don't remember how many orgasms it takes before I finally pull out but when I do, I hold her until she falls asleep. She thinks it is because I want to hold her, which I do, but I also want to make sure my cum stays inside her as long as possible.

BECS

I wake up as a warm tongue circles my clit, slowly teasing and flicking my bud repeatedly, sending zinging vibrations through my body.

“Bray,” I moan, lifting my hips to push my pussy further into his mouth. His hot wet tongue latches onto my clit. The sensation makes my body bow off the bed. Both of his hands grab my hips in response and press me back into the mattress so I can’t move.

He growls around my clit, pushing his mouth tighter against my pussy. It’s always like this with him. As if he can’t get enough of me. He always seems to want to be deeper inside me, no matter if it’s his fingers, his cock, or his mouth. His intensity scares me at times, but I’ve never felt more wanted in my life. Utterly safe, nothing can touch me but him. This is how I’ve felt since the control he was using to keep a distance from me shattered into a thousand pieces. Too many pieces to be put back together again. My body is his, his to control or use how he desires.

Grabbing at the bedspread, my fingers claw the material as if I’m trying to anchor myself. It’s so easy to get lost inside this and forget who I am. He takes my clit into his mouth, sucking at a near frenzy. The sensations shoot to my brain, making my thighs drop farther apart to give him all of me.

“Don’t cum yet. Wait just a little more, Tinkerbell, I want to enjoy it.”

Closing my eyes tighter, I fight against my orgasm. I can feel my breathing grow more ragged, my pussy aching to be filled.

“Eyes on me, Tink. I want you to watch me own you.”

Looking down my body at him, the intensity of his eyes has me squirming, despite my pinned hips. He runs his mouth over my folds, sucking them gently, dragging his teeth against my clit, and then roughly lapping at my slit while never breaking eye contact.

The feeling is too much and I try to close my legs, but he leans forward, blocking me

with his broad shoulders.

“Mine!” he growls, fully putting his mouth against me, attacking my clit. It’s as if he thinks I might take it away from him.

I come with his name on my lips, tremors wracking my body. I’m still gasping for air when Bray rises to his knees and pulls my ass onto his lap, sheathing himself inside me in one hard thrust. My back arches off the bed from the ache finally being filled. I feel his body shudder in response to my pussy clenching around him, and the feeling is delicious.

Gripping my hips once again, he starts to thrust. Slow but hard. I can see him fighting his own orgasm. The look on his face is deadly, but I know it’s the one he has when he’s fighting for control and I’m making him lose it.

His eyes focus on my breasts, and with each thrust they bounce at the motion. In the past few weeks it’s like I’ve become his addiction. He can’t seem to stop touching me, looking at me, or making me tell him I’m his. I should be running, but I love it. I crave making him want me more, and baiting him into losing control.

“You going to cum again for me, Tink? I want to see it this time. Show me your clit.”

Reaching down, I spread my pussy lips, fully exposing my clit to him.

“Don’t touch it,” he growls and I know he’s talking about my clit. It’s ironic how he used to like to watch me make myself cum, but now he seems to get jealous when I touch myself. He can’t stand that he’s not the one giving me pleasure.

“Look at it,” he says, referring to my clit as he continues his thrust into me.

“It’s begging to be touched, full and engorged just for me,” he mumbles, talking more

to himself than me, staring down at my pussy watching his cock disappear inside me, my clit begging for him.

“Please,” I beg, needing just a little more so I can cum again.

“Ask and I’ll give it to you, my little fairy.” I moan at his words. “I know what you want. You want me to cum deep inside you.”

“Please, oh God, please give it to me. Fill me Bray.”

Then his thumb is on my clit giving me the pressure I need, and I come again. My orgasm is long and sweet, my pussy grips his cock like I’m trying to pull his cum from him to fill me.

Bray lowers his body over mine, burying his face in my neck. He thrusts deeper, grinding himself inside me, and cumming like a madman. I can feel the strength leave his body as I take on most of his weight.

We both lie there for a long while. I’m dreading his leaving for work because I won’t be seeing him again until tonight. He calls me throughout the day now, but it’s not the same. Even though he’s apologized about my last visit to his office, I still haven’t gone back. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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He kisses me on my neck, and slowly slides down my body and off the end of the bed. He pauses and looks down at me, my legs still open from his morning assault. The sight of his half-erect cock covered in our juices makes my pussy clench, already missing him inside me. When he pulled out, I could feel his cum run down my folds to my ass.

He stares, captivated. Bracing one hand on the bed, he slides his fingers up my thighs and onto my pussy.

“Don’t wash this off. I want you to walk around all day with me coating you. When I get home tonight, I’m going to bury my face between your legs, and you better still smell like me. You understand, Rebecca?” He phrases it like a question but his tone says otherwise.

“Maybe I’ll just stay right here all day. While you’re at work you’ll know I’m in bed, legs spread, waiting for your inspection,” I say, trying to bait him into staying home with me. The man works too much. Even on the weekends.

His cock jerks at my words, and is fully hard again in half a second.

“I’m sorry, little fairy, but you have a full day today.”

I moan at the reminder. Tonight Bray has a work charity event he’s taking me to.

“Don’t you want to go?”

“No, it’s fine,” I breathe out, but the look on his face makes me think maybe he

would rather take someone else. “Do you not want to take me?”

“No it’s just— Never mind,” he says, running his fingers through his hair, something he does when he’s frustrated. I want to question him, but I’m not sure I want to know why he’s second-guessing taking me.

“The stylist will be here at one, and I’ll be home around six.”

“Stylist?” I ask. “I’m sure one of the dresses in the closet will be fine.” Over the past few weeks the closet has slowly started to fill up with clothes I didn’t put there. I haven’t worn any of them, but I know I would have to use something in there for the event. Nothing I owned would be formal enough for tonight, and it seems like half the closet is filled with evening dresses.

“Hair and makeup,” he says simply, as if it’s normal to have someone do your hair and makeup. I color my own hair with boxed stuff, and just kind of splash the purple and pink everywhere. Maybe he doesn’t like my hair. I also don’t own any makeup, and it’s a bitter reminder I’m not like the other women in his world. But, for tonight, I can try. It’s just one night, and I haven’t left this penthouse in what seems like forever. Every time I need to go do something, I find Bray is taking care of it for me. Sometimes I think he doesn’t want me to leave the confines of this place.

“Good,” he says, and heads to the bathroom. I hear the shower turn on, and I roll over to reach for my phone. I have one message.

Sam: I need to see you.

Dread fills my stomach. I’m not sure why. I’ve been trying to get ahold of Sam for weeks without any luck. I’ve been worried but I’m also relieved that I haven’t had to chase him all over town to make sure he is okay. I haven’t had to make sure he isn’t hanging out with the wrong people, but maybe all I’ve done is left him to his own

devices too long, and now he could really be in trouble.

“What’s wrong?” Bray says, interrupting my thoughts. I must have been lying here worrying for longer than I thought. He has a towel wrapped around his waist, and I regret not joining him in the shower. It’s something we haven’t done yet, but is mostly definitely on my new over-sexed to-do list.

“Just Sam,” I reply, and his face turns cold. I ignore him, because whenever Sam’s name comes up Bray gets more pushy than normal. He thinks he’s being sly, offering to take care of things when it comes to Sam. Like dropping off money for him, or paying the rent, but I know he doesn’t like me hanging around him. I also know that if I broach the subject it will probably be a fight, something Bray and I haven’t really had before, and I’m not itching to try it out. I like the new Bray, he’s sweet and doting, and I’m not inclined to have the cold looks he seems to give everyone else directed at me.

He continues to just stare at me, waiting for me to give him more information.

“He wants to meet up.”

“No.”

I narrow my eyes at his response. No? Like he can tell me what to do.

“I’ll go see him if I want,” I say, getting angry that he thinks he can boss me around like he does everyone else he speaks to. He doesn’t understand how many times Sam protected me from things that could have shattered me, some of the beatings he took for me. If I can protect him now, then I have to try.

He takes a step back and I can see he’s thinking about his next words carefully. If he says the wrong thing, I might bolt, and he’s right. I could. I don’t like being caged

and that's the feeling I'm starting to get. He thinks he can control what I can and cannot do, and he's mistaken.

"I just meant not today," he finally says, and I'm not sure I believe him. He walks over to me and cups my face with his big hands, pressing his forehead to mine.

"We have a lot going on today, can't we deal with this tomorrow? I have three meetings, and the benefit tonight, Tink. I don't want to have this on our plate today as well."

I soften at his words. He's saying it as if our days are intertwined and anything on my plate is also on his. It's nice to think that someone else is with me, that I'm not having to worry about them but they are worrying about me.

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“Okay,” I say, placing my lips to his for a soft kiss. Bray pushes his tongue into my mouth, deepening the kiss until he’s on top of me. I reach to pull his towel away, but he grabs my wrist, stopping my movement.

“I have to go,” he says through gritted teeth. I let myself go lax against the bed and try to hide my disappointment. I’ve been trying to get him to work less, tempting him to stay home with me more, but it never seems to work. I wonder if he’ll always be like this, but I squash that thought as soon as it enters my head. I won’t always be his. This is just temporary. A girl like me doesn’t end up with a man like Bray. But I’ll always hang on to the fact that I was his first.

Placing one last kiss on my lips, Bray pulls himself from the bed and finishes getting ready.

“Tomorrow, right, Rebecca?” he asks before he heads out the door. I know when he uses my real name I’m either in trouble or he’s being totally serious.

“I’ll call him tomorrow,” I confirm, not wanting to get into it right now. He’s right, we have enough going on today.

Nodding his agreement, he’s out the door.

Hours later the stylist shows up and starts her makeover. Immediately I can tell from the look on her face that she isn’t too happy with what she sees. In fact, she’s pissed that she’s going to have to dye my hair.

“The pink and purple have to go,” she says, eyeing my hair.

“No, I like it.”

“Fine, if you want to embarrass Mr. Spencer at the benefit, have at it,” she says, and I feel my stomach knot. Maybe she’s right. It would be best to blend in and get this night over with. I can’t seem to look forward to dressing up and going out because I’m so nervous.

Nodding, she gets to work and doesn’t say much as she does my hair. She decides on a dress while my new color is setting, before she does my make-up—something about matching my make-up to my dress. I don’t understand all of it. She goes to the closet and after a few moments comes back with a floor-length, strapless navy-blue dress.

Four hours later, I barely recognize myself in the mirror. I do look pretty, beautiful really, but I don’t feel like me.

The freckles that sprinkle my nose are gone, due to the layer of foundation, blush, and bronzer she put on me. I didn’t ask what anything was, but I think the woman wanted to educate me as she worked. My eye make-up is heavy and it makes my eyes seem a lighter purple. The make-up is flawless, but it’s not what I’m used to, and I look much older than my eighteen years.

She ended up stripping the color from my hair, so I’m as close to my natural color as I’ve been since before I started coloring it. My bright blonde locks are twisted at the base of my neck in a tight updo, and my part is sleek to one side. It’s not really painful, I just don’t think I can turn my head without turning my body in the same direction.

I was reluctant about the dress, because my boobs are so big, but whoever bought the dress nailed it. It fits well under my arms and holds me snug. It’s fitted but not too tight and, I have to say, looks great on my curves. I’m not sure how I’m going to make it more than an hour in the matching heels without killing myself, but at least

the dress gives me a little bit of confidence.

I wonder what Bray will think. If he'll like this look on me or not. Part of me wants him to love it and the other part hopes he hates it. That he sees this isn't me and that it's not someone I want to be. This whole thing makes me feel like a liar and I hope he's able to see that.

The stylist leaves just before six, and as I inspect myself in the mirror I hear the front door open. I make my way to the front living room and I hear a woman's laughter. Rounding the corner, I see a smile spread across Bray's face as he watches the unknown woman laugh.

"Is that so? I bet you the Byron's account that you're full of it," the woman says, laughter still in her voice, neither noticing that I've entered the room. She's utterly stunning. She's almost as tall as Bray in her heels, with a slim waist and shiny black hair that falls to just above her shoulders. Her pale skin and dark hair are a bold contrast against her red dress. She's more classically beautiful than Cindy. Her elegance and poise flow without effort.

Normally when Bray gets home, the first thing he does is seek me out. No matter where I am he has me up against the closest wall, making me tell him how much I missed him. I remember his earlier promise of inspecting me when he got home tonight, but that seems to have been forgotten.

"I swear it. She's—" his words cut off when he sees me, and the smile that was on his face drops. He looks at me with angry eyes while the woman's smile from before grows even bigger.

"Well, aren't you going to introduce me, B?" the woman asks. Great, she has a nickname for him. I try to hide my eye roll of jealousy because she did just compliment me.

“My apologies. Chelsea, this is Rebecca, the woman I was telling you about.” I’m not sure what I am to Bray, but obviously he is telling this stranger who I am.

Chelsea comes forward and I reach my hand out to shake hers, but she surprises me and pulls me in for a hug. When she pulls back I have to look up to see her face because of how much taller she is than me, even in the heels I’m wearing. Her smile is so big I can’t help but return it.

“Cupcake?” she asks, holding up a little box of baked goods.

“Yes, please,” I say, realizing that I’m starving. Glancing over, I see Bray’s still standing there with a cold look on his face. It sends chills down my spine.

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“Scoot along, B. Let us ladies have a snack while you get your tux on.”

“I’ll just be a moment,” he says, but he looks like he doesn’t want to leave the room. After a few beats he turns on his heels and heads for the bedroom.

“You don’t mind if I ride with you guys, do you? Even if B isn’t my date, I still have to go to this charity thing tonight. Appearances and all that jazz.”

“Of course.” What else can I say? ‘No, I want Bray all to myself’? I know Bray said he hadn’t been with anyone before me, but their comfort together is unsettling. He seemed to be having a good time until he looked up and saw me.

“That’s very sweet of you. Chocolate or red velvet?” she asks, going over to the kitchen and pulling out plates and napkins.

“Whichever you don’t want.” I don’t want to seem rude, so I go to the kitchen beside her.

“B’s always got healthy stuff in his house,” she says, winking and passing me a chocolate cupcake. I take a bite and moan around it. I didn’t realize I needed this until I started eating.

“So how do you and B know each other?” she asks, sitting down at the kitchen bar. “He mentioned there was someone special in his life but he didn’t give any details.”

“I’m helping him out while I stay here. Cleaning, I guess.” For some reason I feel embarrassed that I’m the cleaning lady.

“Are you responsible for all these stunning paintings decorating the walls?” she asks, glancing around the room at my works of art. She doesn’t comment on why I’m staying with Bray.

“Yes, they're mine.”

“As in you brought them here or you painted them?” she questions.

“I painted them.” I feel a blush hit my cheeks at someone looking at my work.

“You have talent and they’re stunning, just like you. I love seeing all this life in B’s home. It makes me happy for him.”

I’m not sure what she means. But I just nod and take another bite of my cupcake. Feeling a little better that she likes my work. I hate how off I feel in his world sometimes.

“Rebecca, I want to be frank with you.”

“Please call me Becs.”

“Okay, Becs, I want to be honest.”

Oh fuck, here it comes. Maybe her politeness was just a mask like the one Cindy seems to wear. Whenever Bray is in the room she’s a freaking peach, but the moment he’s gone, the claws come out.

“You seem like a sweet girl, I just want you to be careful.”

“Careful?” I question.

“B’s world is harsh, and I don’t want you to get eaten alive. I’ve never seen him this happy, so whatever it is you’re doing, keep doing it.”

Before I can respond, or ask her what she means by that, Bray walks into the room. I’m not sure what to do. Normally he kisses and touches me, but now he seems to be keeping his distance and it makes me uncomfortable. Maybe he’s seeing that I don’t really fit in into his world after all—that in the light of day things aren’t so great.

“Ready?” he snaps in a cold hard voice.

“Maybe I should just stay home, and you go with Chelsea.” I’m really not feeling up to going now, and between Bray’s behavior since he walked in the door and Chelsea’s comment, I just want to crawl back into bed. Preferably the one this morning with Bray, where it was just us and nothing else. We could only live in our bubble for so long, and I’m starting to think there is no us outside that bubble.

Bray’s eyes light up at my comment, and I feel my heart break a little. He doesn’t want me to go. Even after the makeover and the stupid dress, I still don’t fit in. It’s like that day in his office all over again, only this time it’s a hundred times worse because over the past few weeks he’s made me feel like he wanted me, the real me. When it’s just us, that’s who he wants.

It’s foster care all over again. Me trying to be someone that I’m clearly not. Fitting into someone else’s mold and still coming up short.

“Don’t be silly. You look absolutely stunning and B is going to show you off.” Chelsea glances over at Bray shooting him a death look. “Aren’t you?”

“Chelsea,” he growls in a warning.

Rolling her eyes she turns back to me. “We’re all going,” she says, grabbing my hand

pulling me towards the door.

When we get in the limo Chelsea and Bray talk about work and things I can't begin to understand. They look like they fit so perfectly together. Why isn't he with her? Maybe now that he has tried sex he'll be more open to trying it with other people. The thought makes a sob rise in my throat, and it's all I can do to hold it down.

I can't do this. I'm falling too deeply into a world I can never be a part of. Into a world that Bray doesn't seem like he wants me in.

BRAY

We're in the limo on the way to the benefit and I look over to see Rebecca is on the verge of tears. I'm such an asshole. I didn't tell her she looked beautiful, even though she does. I'm just completely shocked by the transformation, and I don't like it.

We'd found a rhythm the past few weeks and I've never been happier. My world has been neatly lined and perfectly ordered, but I know tonight is going to change all that.

Chelsea has been extra chatty since she got in the limo because she's trying to ease the tension, something she does when she's nervous. She and I have been friends since elementary school, and though I care for her, my feelings have never gone beyond friendship. I've always looked at her more as a sister than as a woman.

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I've been so absorbed with my fairy lately that I completely forgot that Chelsea was coming tonight. Tink has consumed my every waking thought. Chelsea and I always go to this charity auction together because both of our investment firms donate generously to the children's hospital. We've had this standing date for over eight years, but this year it slipped my mind. It wasn't until Chelsea walked into my office wearing an evening dress that I remembered we were supposed to go together. I filled her in a little on the way to the penthouse but didn't go into details as my thoughts were so scattered.

I'm aggravated with myself because my life is organized and structured, and I don't forget things. I obsess and plan and I don't allow things to fall through the cracks. Tonight, I forgot about Chelsea and I can see how much it hurt Rebecca. She's looking out the window and taking deep breaths. She's trying to hold on to her tears with iron control, and finally I snap. I can't stand not touching her anymore. Which is insane because I've gone out of my way my whole life to not touch anyone, and now her touch is one that I crave.

I reach across the seat and entwine my fingers with hers. She flinches at my first touch and then closes her eyes, still facing the window. I run the tips of my fingers across her wrist and touch the large bracelet she has there.

Rebecca looks lovely tonight, classic, as if she belongs. Everything from head to toe is polished, except the bracelet. I smile at it while I touch her wrist because this has to be hers already. No way would the stylist have brought this in. So instantly, I love this bracelet more than anything in the world. It's a cuff around her wrist made of white plastic and covered in sparkles. It's the only thing on her body that looks like her, so I keep rubbing her wrist and looking at it.

Rebecca finally turns to look at me, and we lock eyes. Chelsea is still chatty, yet we've both tuned her out. In this moment, it's only my fairy and me alone in the world.

"I forgot to tell you that you look lovely tonight, Tink."

"Thank you."

"I'm sorry, I should've told you Chelsea was coming but I forgot that too. You seem to distract me."

With that, she gives me a small smile, and I feel some of the ice between us chip away.

"Please don't be upset with me. I can't stand the thought of hurting you."

She touches my cheek and gives me a little nod, telling me she's okay. She might not be over it completely, but I can sense she's trying to forgive me.

I look at Rebecca and I can't help but hate the way she's dressed up. She doesn't look like my Tink. She's wearing too much makeup, and her hair is all wrong. She took out the colors I love so much and I miss them already. Her clothes are too formal and the heels look uncomfortable on her little feet. I want to take them off and rub her toes. My chest gets tight and I can't get over the weird feeling inside me right now.

I take a deep breath and realize my anxiety is back. I go through my mental checklist and realize it's because I'm taking Rebecca into the snake pit tonight. There will be so many people who will judge her, and I'm a nervous ball of energy. I never want her around some of these people and I've tried to protect her as long as possible. I've avoided taking her out in public to keep her out of the press. There's always some paparazzi stalking me, trying to get the next big scoop, so I've hidden her to try to

keep that part of my life away from her. It's not that I haven't wanted her out in the world with me, it's just that I want to shelter her from everything bad in my life, including these assholes with more money than decency at this function tonight. These snobs love to gossip and I don't like giving them a new subject. My Tinkerbell is more precious to me than that.

After a moment of holding her hands and looking into her eyes, I notice Chelsea has stopped talking. I glance over to see she's playing Candy Crush on her phone, so she must have realized no one was listening. I look back at my Tink, and she reaches out to touch my face again. I lean into her hand, absorbing the comfort she's offering and my anxiety slows a little. I'm not ready to do this, but knowing that I can keep her by my side and as protected as possible assures me I'll be able to get through this without incident.

A few minutes later Hank is pulling the limo up to the front of the venue and the valet opens our door. I step out first and offer a hand to Chelsea, helping her out of the car. Once she's on her feet, I reach in to help Rebecca out and turn just in time to see her snag her heel on her dress.

"Oh, shit."

I grab her just in time, so she doesn't face plant on the concrete, but not before her knee hits the curb.

"Fuck!" she shouts and it echoes around the entrance of the museum. I look up to see a group of people have stopped and turned to stare, whispering to each other as Rebecca tries to untangle her feet from her dress. I see flashes out of the corner of my eye and realize a group of photographers are taking pictures of the incident. Anger floods my body and I start to shake. How dare they look at her like she's an accident on the highway.

I turn my attention back to my little fairy and try to help her up. Chelsea is there just as fast as I am and is gets Rebecca's dress untangled.

"There we go," Chelsea says, and helps Rebecca to her feet.

"Let's get you inside," I clip, and put Rebecca's arm around mine to help her steady herself as we walk in.

"I'm sorry," she whispers, and I hear the shame in her voice.

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“Don’t be sorry, accidents happen,” I say, and I can still feel my anger moving through me. I want to erase that moment from the memories of everyone who saw it, and I want to delete every picture taken that I know will be all over the internet before the night is over. No one deserves to lay eyes on my beautiful fairy. They don’t deserve to see her vulnerable and needing help. I try to breathe, relax, and hope that tonight goes well and as few people as possible saw it.

“It’s totally fine, Becs. One time I tucked my dress into my Spanx and spent three hours talking to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom before someone told me. You’ll live,” Chelsea says, and gives her other hand a little squeeze.

After about an hour of walking around the huge ballroom and mingling with as few people as possible, I feel Rebecca relax a little. I haven’t let her leave my side and I hold her hand and wrist close to me. Whenever I feel my anxiety peaking, I rub the bracelet on her arm and remind myself of who she truly is. She isn’t this made-up doll on my arm, she’s my Tinkerbell. My stolen fairy I’ve captured, and I won’t ever let her go.

“Well, well, this must be the foul-mouthed child Bray brought along tonight.”

I feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up and I clench my jaw. I turn around to see my former partner Charles and his wife Dedra sneering at Rebecca.

Charles was my partner when I first started in business, but then he met Dedra and our partnership dissolved. I ended up buying him out and he went to start his own investment company. Dedra is the reason we don’t work together anymore, and she’s also the one trying to make Rebecca look bad. Dedra is the type of woman who loves

gossip, stirs the pot any chance she gets, and is overall a terrible human being. If my partner is willing to bed and marry someone like that, I can no longer trust his judgement.

I feel Rebecca stiffen beside me, and I realize she remembers Dedra from the coffee shop that day and how I talked badly about her. I know I explained my side of the story, but I'm sure this is uncomfortable.

"Don't I know you?" Dedra asks and tilts her head to the side. "Although I'm sure it's impossible, judging from your language."

I open my mouth to defend Rebecca, but she beats me to it. "Yeah, I banged my knee like a son of a bitch on that curb outside. You know how clumsy kids can be. Speaking of, Daddy, I need to go potty. I'll be right back." She leans up and gives me a quick kiss on my open mouth and then turns to go to the bathroom.

I stand there shocked, but then I start to laugh. There's my Tink.

"What did she just say?" Dedra asks, outraged.

I look over and see she's got a shocked look on her face and I wish I'd taken a picture. Then I see Charles watching Rebecca walk away and he's got a lecherous look on his face. It turns my stomach just wondering what he's thinking, and I react.

I grab the lapel of his tux and he whips his head around in shock. I get in his face so only the two of them can hear me and I grit my teeth. "Don't get any ideas about my girl. And the next time your wife tries to embarrass her, I'll tell everyone in this goddamn room how much you love it when she puts on a strap-on and fucks you while you're wearing a dress. Or did you forget I walked in on that?" His face turns white, and I hear a small gasp from Dedra. "Yeah, I didn't think you did. I've just been kind enough not to mention it until now. You both keep away from her and from

me. We don't have anything left to discuss." With that I let him go and make my way through the crowd to find my fairy.

On the way to the bathroom Chelsea stops me. "She's in the bathroom. She was crying but I think she's okay now. I called a car for myself, and it's on the way. I suggest you get Becs home. She needs you."

"Done," I say, and start to walk away. Before I get two steps I turn around "Oh, and thank you, Chelsea."

"You kidding me, right? One day, I'll expect you to return the favor when my Prince Charming arrives."

"Will do."

After I finally get to the bathroom, I see Rebecca exiting at the same time. I reach for her as she reaches for me and we run our hands all over each other. It calms my anger and anxiety further and I lean down to kiss her lips softly. "Let's get out of here."

"You read my mind," she says, and grabs my hand, pulling me behind her through the crowd and out the front door. The limo is out front and I look around to see where Hank is. I spot him across the street putting Chelsea into the car she called for.

I'm glad he walked her out. I start to call him back over to take us home when I see him lean down and kiss Chelsea.

"Plot twist," Rebecca says on a giggle and I look down at her and smile.

"Yeah, I didn't see that coming."

"I like her."

“I like you,” I say, and lean down and kiss her again. We are lost in the moment when I hear a throat clearing, and I see Hank is back by the limo, opening the door for us. That’s his discreet way of telling us to quit making out in public.

“So, Hank, kissed anyone goodnight lately?” Rebecca asks and a blush blossoms on his cheeks. I don’t think I’ve ever seen the man look so sheepish, and I try to help him out.

“Get in the limo, Tink,” I say, and help her in the car before Hank has to answer.

I get in myself and he shuts the door behind us. What he and Chelsea have going on is none of our business. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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Once we are enclosed inside the limo I raise the glass between us and Hank. We're completely alone back here and I intend to make my fairy squirm. I look over at her and I feel the need to get my Tinkerbell dirty.

Taking her off-guard I lunge at her and pick her up. I feel the motion of the limo as I toss her to the bench and lay her down the long seat on one side. I lay my body fully on top of hers and look down into her big eyes. I've taken her by surprise, but by the reaction of her body, she's excited.

"You have a dirty mouth, don't you, Tink?" I say, and move down to bite her collarbone. Her strapless dress has left her skin exposed and I aim to take advantage of it.

She moans as my teeth find her skin, and I feel her heartbeat speed up.

"You do, don't you, Tink? You've got a filthy mouth and you don't care, do you?" I press my teeth against her a little harder and then lick the mark to ease the pain.

She moans again when my tongue touches her and then she tries to talk. "I don't give a fuck about any of those people," she says, and grinds her hips against my erection.

I won't punish her sexually, because I don't want to be the monster my father was, so I have to be careful when I do this.

"I think we need to wash that dirty little mouth of yours out with something so you learn your lesson."

I sit up and start to undo my belt and dress pants.

“Bray, what are you doing?”

“I don’t have any soap on me, so I guess my cum will have to do.”

“You’re going to wash my mouth out with cum?” she asks, and I nod my head.

Her eyes go wide, yet she licks her lips in invitation. I crawl up her body and put my knees on either side of her shoulders. The limo seat is wide enough to accommodate us for what I have planned.

“I’m going to fuck your mouth, and I want you to lie there and take it. I want you to remember this. The next time a curse word comes out of your mouth, my dick is going in it.”

“Bray, you know this is a terrible teaching method, right?”

“Let’s see if you say that after I’m finished.”

My cock is hard and already dripping precum. I’ve been so turned on and hard for her since I left this morning. I can’t go seconds without thinking of her, and having her exposed and vulnerable tonight has put me on edge long enough.

She tilts her head back and, with a smile, opens her mouth to receive my cock. I brush the tip along her bottom lip and put my sweet cum drop there. She licks it off and closes her eyes on a moan. I can’t stand it anymore. When she opens her mouth again I push my cock past her lips and she begins to suck on it greedily.

I lean forward on the bench seat and put my hands down. I’m on all fours and she’s below me with my cock in her mouth. After a few seconds of her sucking and licking,

I begin to move. I push my hips forward and feel my cock go to the back of her throat as her hands go to my thighs. She squeezes them in time with my thrusts and I feel her slight panic when I bottom out in her throat.

“Oh God, Tink, that’s it. Open your mouth wider, I want you to take all of my cock.”

I feel her open up and I start to fuck her mouth harder. I throw my head back, close my eyes tightly, and keep thrusting my cock in and out. Her grip on my thighs is slightly relaxed so I know she’s taking what I give her. I feel her little moans of desire when I pull out and it drives me crazy with excitement.

“You’ve got such a dirty mouth, Tink. You’ll keep saying things like that just so I’ll face fuck you, won’t you?”

I feel her hum of agreement around my cock and it turns me on even more. Knowing how much she loves this, and knowing how turned on she is, kicks my orgasm into overdrive. I move faster and faster until I’m fucking her mouth just like I would her pussy and I feel her grip tighten on my thighs. My orgasm hits me as she squeezes my legs hard and I cum down the back of her throat. I feel her swallow and suck as I unleash my load and she loosens her grip a little.

After she’s sucked down every drop, I pull out and slide down her body. I move to the end of the bench and push her dress up over her knees to her waist. I barely notice her lacy panties as I pull them to the side and dive into her pussy.

“Bray!” she shouts in shock, and I keep eating her with enthusiasm.

I lean back just a little and say, “One little orgasm before we get home. Then you’ll be giving them to me all night.”

She moans loudly and grabs my hair with both hands, positioning my face against her

pussy again. I lick and suck her quickly because I'm not sure how much time we have before we arrive home.

I know her body well enough now that it doesn't take me long until she's cumming against my face. "That's it, Tink. Cover my face in your honey."

She grinds her clit against me and draws out her pleasure when I feel the limo come to a stop. I pull back, flip down her dress, and sit her up just as Hank opens the door. Rebecca is boneless as we get out of the car, so I pick her up and carry her through the lobby and in the elevator. When we reach the penthouse I carry her directly to the master bathroom and stand her up. I turn on the sink faucet and let the water get warm while I undress her.

I turn her around and jerk the zipper of the dress down, and rip it off when it gets stuck at her hips.

"Jesus, Bray, this dress was probably five grand, what are you doing?"

"I hate it. Take it off."

She lets the torn dress fall to the floor and kicks off her shoes.

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“Wash that crap off your face too. I can hardly see your face under all that makeup.”

She grabs the hand soap by the sink and starts to wash her face. While she does that I pull the pins from her hair so it's not so perfectly styled anymore. I miss the color, but there's not much I can do about it right now. Tomorrow I'll have someone come in and fix her hair so it's back to the way it was.

After she finishes washing her face and is toweling it off, I strip off my tux and leave it on the floor with her torn dress. I don't know who those people were tonight in those clothes, but they weren't us.

I take her by the hand and pull her to the bed. She reaches down to remove her bracelet and I notice it's still on. It was the one thing that was still truly her tonight. I grab her hand and stop her movements.

“Leave it on. I love it.” Just like I love you.

I'm still annoyed by how she was made up tonight, but I look her over, and she's finally back to being my Tinkerbell.

“There you are,” I say, and take possession of her mouth. Her hands go to my chest and she starts to rub and pull at my body. I feel our passion shift and suddenly it's as if we are ravenous for one another. It feels like I haven't had her in years, instead of just minutes before in the limo.

I grab her and climb on the bed with her, never breaking our kiss. I cover her body with mine and push her legs apart with my hips.

God, I love kissing her.

My mouth never leaves hers as my cock finds her warm entrance and I push past her slick folds. We had enough foreplay in the limo that she's primed and ready to go again for me.

I feel her tight walls squeeze me as I enter her, and it's as if her pussy is giving me a welcome-home hug.

I break our kiss and look down at her. Her face is pink from washing off all the makeup and from her excitement. Her hair is wild behind her and when she reaches up to touch my face the sparkles in her bracelet catch the light. "You've never looked more beautiful than you do right now, Tink."

She gets a little teary eyed but I don't understand the emotion. I lean down and kiss her lips and then look into her eyes.

"You okay? Am I hurting you?" I ask as I slow my thrusts a little.

"No, don't stop, Bray, please, don't stop."

I put my face in her neck and kiss and lick her there until I feel her getting close. Her body tenses up and I feel her climax take ahold of her. Her legs lock around me and she lets out a shout on her release. I feel her tight pussy grip around my cock and it sends me over the edge with her.

I thrust hard one last time and hold my cock in her as far as it will go while I cum. My orgasm drains all of my strength, but I have enough left in me to turn us over and have her lie on my chest. I'm still pulsing inside her and my cock is still rock hard, so I thrust a little and her hips start to move.

“You’ll keep cumming for me all night, won’t you, Tink?”

She leans up and gives me a sassy smile, all of the sadness from earlier has vanished.

“You got it, Vanilla.”

BECS

Bray’s deep breathing lets me know that he’s asleep. I’m wrapped so tightly in his arms, it’s as if he’s scared I could disappear any second. He always has to have one hand on me, like he’s reassuring himself I’m still there. One arm is wrapped around my middle with his hand cupping my mound, and the other hand is cupping my breast. His breath tickles my neck, and I have no idea how he manages to fall asleep with his face pressed there. My hair is always in the way, but he doesn’t seem to mind.

The night plays through my head over and over again. This man confuses me. One minute he looks at me like I hang the moon, then the next it’s like he doesn’t want to be seen with me. One thing is clear: I don’t fit in here and I don’t belong. If I stay I’ll only fall deeper in love with him. Because I am in love with him. I need to get out now.

He makes me feel things I’ve never felt before. When it’s just him and me, it’s like I’m his everything. It feels like I’m his oxygen and he needs me to breathe, but when the outside world seeps in, I feel like I’m his dirty little secret. Maybe even his addiction. But is he addicted to me or the sex?

The men I’ve known all my life would do anything for sex. They’ll lie, steal, cheat, buy it, and even take it. This arrangement started off with me being his live-in cook and house cleaner, which is ridiculous because the only messes I seem to clean are my own. If Bray got takeout or delivery, it would cost way less than what he’s paying me every week. This arrangement makes me his whore. No, not his whore; in this

world I would be his mistress.

When I first presented that idea to Bray in his office that day, to sell him my virginity, I did it to make him mad. I don't think I would've really done it, but they say everyone has their price. But then he shot me down and I was relieved. Relieved that he wouldn't do that, that I was worth more to him. We are kidding ourselves though, because that's exactly what I am now.

He works all day, comes home, eats dinner and fucks me all night. Then the next day he's gone. He never takes me anywhere, nor does he seem to make an effort to be with me more than just at night. He slides me in when he has the time, placing me at the bottom of his list. Now that I've got a taste of what passion can be and what love can feel like, that's what I want. And I want it from Bray. That's a silly dream though. Girls like me don't end up with men like Bray. Women like Chelsea end up with him. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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The worst part is I can't say one bad thing about her. She is utterly likable in every way. Not only that, but she fits in with Bray. When I tried to fit in, I failed. The look on his face tonight when he saw me was crushing. Not until he could see that I was upset did he try to correct the problem. And I can't help but think it was just to soothe me so I'd be more docile for the evening.

I tried for him, something I told myself I'd never do, and it still isn't enough. Why do I keep doing this to myself? Try to be something I'm not. Never once has it worked. We can't change who we are, it'll always bleed through. And I don't want to change how I am. I love who he is, and smudging his straight lines, causing havoc in his world is what makes me love him more.

The morning light starts to flood through the large glass windows, casting light across the room. The remnants of my dress lie destroyed on the floor. Now the dress doesn't seem so 'not me' anymore. He told me he hated the thing when he ripped it from me. It also seems he didn't like me out in public with him. I tried to fit into his world, to be what he wanted, instead of just plain old me. It wasn't enough and it's time for me to go.

I feel a light kiss on my neck and Bray slides from the bed. It's Saturday but I'm sure he's going to work. He works every day without exception. I've tried to bait him to stay home a few times but my efforts are fruitless.

I lie there, pretending to be asleep while I listen to him do his morning routine. I haven't spent much of the money he's given me over the past month. I have over five grand stashed because he's been paying me in cash. That's more than enough to hold me over for a while, until I can find myself a job, maybe even a little apartment.

The thought of never seeing Bray again rips at my heart, but if I don't do this sooner rather than later it will only be worse. It's better to make a clean break, fast and quick. I'm sure he'll find someone else to take my place. Now that he has this craving for sex he can't seem to sate, he'll also find out that I'm nothing special. A warm body is a warm body, and maybe he can find one that isn't so embarrassing. One that he can take out with him in public, and that he doesn't have to hide away in his home.

When I feel his lips press to mine, I open my eyes and deepen the kiss. It's my last taste of Bray and I want to remember it. Or maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I've misread everything and I'm throwing away the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Pulling back I look up at him.

"Stay home with me today," I plead, showing everything I feel in my eyes. "Maybe we can go out, get some lunch, and go to the park or something. It's been forever since I went to a museum. I saw the Salvador Dali exhibit is in town. I would love to see it." He raises his eyebrows as if he's contemplating it. I silently beg for him to stay. Show me that I mean more, that you aren't embarrassed to be out with me.

"Not today, Tink. I'm sorry I have—"

"A million things to do. I know," I say, cutting him off. I don't try to hide my disappointment.

He just stands and stares at me as if debating something.

"Maybe I'll stop by and bring you lunch?" I ask, trying to hide the pleading tone in my voice. Now I'm just grasping for a reason to stay. As if that would really show me he wants me here.

"I can't do that either, I'll have people coming and going in my office all day."

“Well, I can wait. Maybe slip in between people or something.” Jesus, I’m pathetic. Begging for an extra crumb of his time.

“I’d rather not have you just sitting outside my office.”

And there it is. He doesn’t want people to know about me. Why did he take me to the event last night? I feel my anger rising and I can’t stop the question from coming out of my mouth, though it doesn’t matter at this point. I’m leaving either way.

“Why did you take me last night?” I snap out.

“Tink,” he says, leaning in and brushing his fingers through my hair like he’s looking for something. “I’m sorry for how last night went, but I promise I won’t take you to another event, so don’t be angry with me.”

I can’t help but let out a little laugh at that. He thinks I don’t want to go because of how people treated me? No, I can deal with snide looks and judgmental attitudes, because they mean nothing to me. It’s his that bothers me. It’s always been his since the moment he stepped into that coffee shop. His judgments and comments rip at my heart. I can tell other people to shove it up their asses, but when the looks come from him, I feel like a chastised child who can’t meet the standards.

“Thanks, Vanilla. I appreciate it,” I say, sliding from the bed. “It’s fine. If you’re busy I’ll just meet up with my brother today.” Making my way to the bathroom, I realize I don’t have much stuff here that’s really mine. I can be out the door in ten minutes.

“You’ll do no such thing,” he growls from behind me. I turn to see his face is hard and he’s gearing up to fight me on this. But what’s the point? I’m leaving either way and he’ll never understand. How can I abandon the one person who has always been there for me? When I was hungry would give me that last bite of food, protect me

when I needed it. Sam might not be doing that now but now I was capable of doing it for him I had to. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Okay.” He eyes me suspiciously, but I keep my face impassive.

Eating up the distance between us, he cups my face in his big hands.

“You’ll stay in this condo today. We clear on that, Tink?”

I just nod my head. I’m going to miss being called that.

He places his forehead to mine and closes his eyes as he takes a soft kiss from my lips.

When he pulls back he looks calmer than he did moments ago when he thought I was going to go out. Another reason I should get out of here. Not only doesn’t he take me out in public with him, but he doesn’t want me to leave his condo at all. In fact, now that I think about it, I haven’t left in weeks. Everything else he’s been having delivered, even the groceries. Is it so bad he really doesn’t want anyone to know I’m here, or is his addiction to sex worse than I thought?

“Keep your phone close,” he says, placing one last kiss on my lips before leaving the room. I wait until I hear the front door click closed, then I start to pack my things.

It doesn’t take long to get what few items I have together. Counting the money I confirm I have a little more than five grand in cash. The only thing of Bray’s I have is the phone, and I don’t want to be accused of taking something that isn’t mine.

I scroll through the phone until I find Sam’s number and press call. It rings once and the voice on the other end makes my skin crawl.

“Becs, I’ve been waiting for your call,” Nico says into the phone.

“Where’s Sam,” I shoot back, not wanting to talk to Nico. I’m sure he’s still pissed about the whole club incident.

“Is that any way to treat your man? I’m going to have to teach you some manners.”

“Fuck off, Nico. I would never take you up on your deal.”

“Oh, Becs, I think you’ll do whatever I tell you if it keeps Sam breathing.”

His words snake up my spine and I can feel the blood rush to my ears.

“I can pay.”

“Yes, you can,” he says in a tone that implies I won’t be paying with money.

“With cash, Nico,” I grit out. I grip the phone so hard I’m surprised it hasn’t cracked.

“I have enough cash. I have something else in mind.”

“First, where is he?” I need to know how much time I have. Does he already have Sam or can I stall?

“Oh, he’s safe for now. The cops have him in custody but when they’re done with him, I’ll take his life or I’ll take you. I need collateral to make sure Sam keeps his fucking mouth shut and you’re going to be it.”

“Collateral?” I question.

“Sam let himself fall into the cops’ hands, and he knows a little too much for my

liking, but I'm guessing he'll keep his mouth shut if I have you."

"Fine. Just don't hurt him," I say, but no way am I going to let Nico have me. Maybe I can get Sam out of jail and we can run. I have the five grand. We can start over somewhere else.

"Good. Come to the club tonight," he says before the line goes dead. Typical Nico, he doesn't question if I'll be there because he thinks I will be, and maybe I will if I can't get to Sam first.

Dropping the cell phone onto the nightstand, I look around to see if I'm forgetting anything. My bracelet is lying next to the phone but for some reason I want to leave it. Bray said he liked it. I want something of me to stay with him, because I'll always keep a piece of him with me.

Sliding my backpack on, I make my way to the front door. The call only confirms that it's better that I leave Bray behind. If he found out about Sam and Nico he would never let me go. It's time to stop pretending like Bray's world is mine. No that's not true, he didn't let me pretend to be a part of his world. We can't stop the real world from seeping in anymore. It's time to face reality.

BRAY

I slide into the back of the town car and Hank pulls away from the curb. I look back at the building and touch my finger to my lips.

I have a lot happening today, and my mental checklist is full. I start to go through my day, but my little fairy keeps coming to mind. By the time I'm at the office, I'm annoyed with my inability to concentrate around thoughts of her. I can't get Rebecca out of my mind, and I have this overwhelming feeling that I need to go back to her.

My job is demanding and it's all I've been able to do to spend the hours I can with her. I hate every second I'm apart from my fairy, and I'm realizing that work isn't as important as it once was. The drive I once had for it isn't as strong.

Cindy has been in and out a dozen times with files and notes and reminders of meetings. I know I should have all this already mentally prepared, but I can't focus on anything but my Tink. The last time she walked in I just snapped at her to get out, not even letting her finish her sentence.

I lean back in my chair and look out the window to the city below.

"What am I doing?" I ask myself. The only place I want to be is by Rebecca's side. I saw the pleading look in her eyes this morning, but I was selfish and could only think about my meetings. Nothing in the world is more important to me than my Tinkerbell, and I made the mistake of not showing her. In my quest to try to control my feelings for her, I've distanced myself, and that's not what I want. I'm scared to death I'll end up obsessed like my father was, but I have to let her know how I feel. I have to tell her I love her. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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I've already made more money than I could spend in a lifetime, and I have enough staff to take over my responsibilities. Frankly, it's time. My obsessive behavior has created a controlling monster and I'm ready to let it go.

Spinning my chair around, I get back on my computer to send some emails. I create a memo and send it to all my project managers, letting them know I'll be out of the office for an extended amount of time and informing them of who they need to report to. It only takes me about an hour to get all my ducks in a row, and then suddenly my to-do list for the day contains one task: Rebecca.

I grab my suit coat and leave my office. On the way out, I hear Cindy behind me asking questions about the email she just received from me, letting her know she's being relocated to another manager. I don't take the time to explain everything to her, because it's in the email, so I just redirect her to my second in command. The doors to the elevator close as she's still speaking, but the only thing I hear is the beat of my heart. For the first time in my life, I feel alive.

When I step outside and Hank is waiting on me, I'm bouncing with excitement. As I climb in the back seat, I get the urge to check Rebecca's GPS on her phone. I don't know why the feeling has come over me, but when I see that it hasn't moved I relax a little.

I have Hank stop on the way home so I can buy Tink flowers. Then we make another stop at the drugstore and I buy her boxes of the hair dye she uses.

I can feel the smile on my face as I enter the building and head up to the penthouse. I'm going to find her and tell her I love her the second I see her. And before I lose the

nerve. I can do this. I can give my heart to her. I can make up for every hour I was away from her, and never leave her side again. I can tell her how perfect she is, and how scared I am of these feelings. I will tell her everything about my past. Everything.

I burst through the elevator and feel elated. “Rebecca!” I shout and go to the master bedroom.

“Tink! Where are you?” I sing and start to walk around the house. I walk through every room, even the gym, and my panic starts to rise.

“Rebecca!” I shout again, but this time it’s angry.

I walk back to the master bedroom again and go to the closet, looking around for her things. Her clothes are gone. I go to the bed, and when I spot her cellphone and bracelet on the nightstand, my heart starts to beat out of my chest with panic. I pick up her phone and look through the call log, seeing she called her brother an hour ago. I hold the phone in a death grip and all my anger comes to the surface.

“Motherfucker!” I scream and throw the phone across the room, watching it shatter into a thousand pieces as it hits the wall.

I pull out my own phone and hit Hank’s number. I don’t wait on his greeting before I start barking orders into the phone.

“She left about an hour ago. The last call was to her brother. The phone is useless now, so don’t ask about it. She may have been taken, but it doesn’t look like there was a struggle. I don’t know but I want her home and I mean by tonight. You got that?”

“I’ll take care of it,” Hank confirms and ends the call.

I pick up her bracelet off the nightstand and squeeze it in my hands. I want to smash it into pieces as well, but I can't. I love it because it reminds me of my Tink. I sit on the edge of the bed and hold it in my hands as if it were my fragile fairy. I close my eyes and hang my head, because I know what this means. If she were coming back I wouldn't hurt like this, because in this moment I feel it in my soul.

She's left me.

BECS

Three months later

"Spread your fucking legs. I want in there," Nico says before I hear the headboard start to hit wall.

I've been here for maybe thirty-six hours but it feels like an eternity. I'm actually thankful for the loud banging and moans coming from the next room, it keeps the sleep at bay. It reminds me of being back in the foster system, only this time when I fall asleep there's no one to protect me. The irony of it all is the one person who used to be my shield is the reason I'm trapped in this room. Sam. I'm not sure where he is, and I haven't seen him for days.

"Clean yourself up. You're working the VIP room tonight." The woman huffs at Nico's words, and I hear them moving around in the next room.

When I hear Nico's door open I hold my breath, hoping he won't come in here. That hope dies moments later when the door to my room swings open, with Nico filling the doorway, shirtless and with his jeans still undone. His jet black hair is tousled, as if the woman had been running her hands through it. The idea makes me cringe.

"Finally quit all that vomiting shit?" he says, strolling into the room. I can't help but

push myself further into the corner as he takes up more space. The bed is pressed up against the wall and I'm only cornering myself more, but there's nowhere else to go. The only thing in the room is the full-size bed, a sheet, and some little pillows that have seen better days. The only window in the room has been sealed over with bricks, which looks to be a freshly finished job. I'm not sure where I'm at or if it's day or night. All I know is how I got here, and that's only in pieces.

Things had been going okay for Sam and me. I found a little studio apartment in a decent area of town. They wanted me to fill out all this paperwork, but I talked the manager out of it by paying six months' rent up front. I used the money I had from working for Bray all those months. It took a big chunk out of it, but I picked up a job doing paperwork for a construction company shortly after. The lady in the office just paid me in cash under the table, and I did odds and ends around the office for her.

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Sam has been clean since I bailed him out of jail. We just needed to stay low until Nico forgot about us. But it seems Sam ran right to him when he needed a fix. When Nico found me walking home from work he slammed my head up against the side of his car and he pulled me into the vehicle. When I finally came to, I was in this room and couldn't stop vomiting. I'm still not sure if it was the impact of the blow that made me so sick or the morning sickness. I thought I was past that stage of my pregnancy, but I guess not. At the thought of my baby, my hands protectively cover my little baby bump.

Nico follows my movements, and a sinister smile spreads across his face. The look makes my heartbeat accelerate. He's been leaving me alone for the most part, but he let me know Sam gave me up without so much as a fight. His words feel like an axe through the heart, because I never thought Sam would betray me.

"Now don't be like that, Becs. That baby is going to make us a whole lot of fucking money," he says, taking a few steps closer to me. I push back against the wall in a pointless attempt to get more space from him. Which only gets me a glare.

"You're lucky, you know," he says, grabbing the sheet from the bed and tossing it to the floor. "If that baby wasn't his, I would get rid of it. You were supposed to be mine. But then I found out who he is, and what he is really worth. He's not just some rich boy. Nope. You went and snagged yourself a billionaire. I'm betting he's going to pay big money to get you or that baby back."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that if I was you," I whisper, bringing my knees up to my chest, trying to physically disappear. Without the sheet I have no protection from him at all. After I had thrown up on myself, he gave me a shirt to wear. His. It smells like

him and I can't stand it, but it is better than nothing.

"If I was you, Becs, I would be singing another tune. Without him, I have no reason not to do what I want to do to you." Reaching into his already-open jeans, he pulls his cock out and starts to stroke himself. "I could still use your body though." I can feel his eyes run over my body as if they're actually touching me.

"I'll fight you," I snap out. "Too much stress and I could lose this baby. All that money down the drain," I say with as much force as I can, so that maybe he'll believe me. I'm not sure I would put up much of a fight if there was a danger any harm would come to my baby. I would endure anything to protect my child.

He continues to just stare at me while he strokes himself. I turn my face so I don't have to look at him.

"Look at me." His growl pulls my eyes back to him. Why does he do this? I know for a fact he just fucked another woman in the other room. I've been to his club and I know women throw themselves at him.

He starts pumping himself fast, but I see something move in the doorway and it catches my attention. It's the woman who's been bringing me food. I also think she's the one he was fucking moments ago, judging from the state of her undress. Her hair is wet, and she has a towel wrapped around her body. When our eyes meet, all I can think is if looks could kill I'd be a goner.

Glancing over his shoulder, Nico nods for her to come closer. She smirks at me as if she has won some battle that I don't want to be a part of. She drops the towel and struts towards him like she's on the runway. She's pretty enough to be. Why someone like her would choose to be with Nico is beyond me.

When she reaches him, she leans in to take a kiss, but he grabs her by her long, wet,

chocolate brown hair and pulls her back from him.

“You know better,” he snaps at her. “God knows where your fucking mouth has been.” Forcefully releasing her hair, he pushes her and she falls to the floor, letting out a squeak.

When she starts to get up he stops her with a shake of his head. “Crawl over here and do the only thing you’re allowed to with your mouth.”

I wonder if she is going to do it. When she starts to crawl towards him, I see a smile on her face. What the fuck? Getting on her knees, she takes him into her mouth. Looking back at him, I see he’s just staring at me.

“Spread your legs.”

I close my eyes and shake my head no.

“Becs, don’t make me come over there. I promise it will hurt if I have to do it. I can’t fuck you yet, but I’m going to look at the pink pussy while I get my cock sucked, and you better hope it curbs the craving for what I want to do to you.”

Shakily I extend my legs back out and spread them, hoping he won’t make me remove my underwear.

“More,” he growls as he starts to pump himself into the woman’s mouth. Sucking noises fill the room and it makes me nauseous.

Spreading my legs a little further apart, I watch his eyes lock on my covered pussy.

“Pull them to the side,” he commands, licking his lips.

Fearing that he'll actually make good on his threat to come over here, I tentatively grab the side of my panties, pulling them over so my pussy lips are showing. I start to close my eyes but I know he'll just make me open them again.

“Ah fuck, Becs,” he moans, taking a fistful of the woman's hair, pushing her further down on him while he pumps into her at the same time. “Fuck, I can't wait to get into that pussy. I'm gonna fill your cunt with my cum. You'll take every drop of me until I can't cum anymore. My balls will be completely empty.”

His words make my stomach turn, and I try to focus on a spot beyond him. If I have to watch anymore, I might throw up again.

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“I never came in a pussy before, Becs. I’ve always wrapped up, but for you, for you I would give you every load of it, paint the inside of your cunt with it. You want that?” he asks, but I’m not sure if he’s expecting me to really answer. I just keep staring past him. I hear the sounds of the woman, moaning like she’s enjoying it. Thankful he’s using her and not me.

“Becs!” he snaps out and I know I’m going to have to answer him. I try to say something but I can’t push the words out of my mouth.

Meeting his eyes, he looks almost wild, like his control could snap, like he could snap.

“Nico,” I whisper trying to maybe calm him down.

At the sound of his name, he cums. Pushing his cock all the way into the woman’s mouth, his hips give little jerks while he’s fully sheathed in her. His eyes are still locked on my uncovered pussy. Releasing my hand, the underwear snaps back into place and I bring my legs back up to my chest.

With his hand still locked in the woman’s hair, he pulls her up with it so she’s standing. She doesn’t protest any of his treatment.

“Get dressed and bring her lunch,” he nods at me. “Then get ready for your shift tonight.” He lets her go and she glares at me again. I can tell she wants to say something, but stops herself. I’m sure she’ll let me have it when she comes back with my food. Food I will not be eating. This bitch is clearly crazy. I’m not sure if I should be more afraid of her or Nico.

Putting himself back into his pants, Nico sits on the bed with his back to me.

“I want you to be straight with me, Becs. Don’t make me bring your brother in here to get answers to my questions.”

I’m not sure what I’d do right now if I saw Sam. I want to know he’s okay, but I also know he’s the reason I’m here. I want to scream at him until I lose my voice. I had him clean for almost four months. We were safe.

I should have known when he hadn’t been home in a few days that he was back with Nico. I just couldn’t bring myself to believe he would tell him where I was. But now it’s not just me he put in danger, it is my baby too. Sam may not be my real brother, but he is the only family I’ve ever known. The only person who never tried to change me. Shaking my head at my thoughts, I make myself answer him. Maybe the sooner he gets the info he needs, the soon he’ll leave me to be alone again.

“What?”

“Does he know?” I know what he’s asking, but for some reason I play dumb. Maybe because I don’t want to say it out loud.

“Know what?”

“Becs,” he growls, and I can hear him losing his patience with me. God knows I don’t want him to knock my head against something again. I can still feel a throb in the side of my skull from the last time.

“No, he doesn’t know,” I admit. I was going to tell him, but I just hadn’t worked it all out yet. I am scared. What if Bray tries to take the baby from me? He has more money than God. I’m sure he would have no trouble doing it. I don’t want to keep the baby from him, but every time I start to think of the million ways he could respond to

finding out, I get so freaked out. I've never had a family before, and with this baby, I do now. It is something I've always wanted, something I've dreamed of. I want to give this baby a home like I never had. It may not be fancy, but he or she will feel loved. Every day they will know I want them. That I will never cast them aside like they mean nothing to me.

"What will he do when he finds out?" Nico asks, turning to look at me.

The million dollar question. I'm not sure how to respond because I'm not sure what he'll do, but I think Bray will want our baby. I'm just scared of how pissed he might be at me. If he'll take the baby from me, or if we'll do this together. Maybe he wants us both, but I push that thought from my head. Bray showed me that he'd never be happy with me. I don't fit in his world. Maybe a baby won't either. Where would the workaholic find the time?

"I'm not sure, to be honest with you," I admit, wringing my fingers in my hand. Sam tried to pressure me a few times for answers, but I'd just skate around them. I've only known for a little while that I am pregnant, but when a tiny bump started to show there was no hiding it from everyone else. At first I was excited to always have this piece of Bray, that we would forever be tied together, but once my mind got the best of me I was pretty fucking scared.

"Guess we're going to find out how much he'll pay for the thing," he says, standing from the bed.

I flinch at the word, 'thing'.

"What if he wants me too? Or doesn't want either or us?" I question. Bray may not want me as his, but I don't think he'd let harm come to me. Maybe he'll be pissed about the baby, or think that I am going to keep it from him.

“Not part of the deal, Becs. I’m willing to ransom off the baby, but I’m not giving you to him. But trust me, he’ll want the baby. As much as he’s been sniffing around for you, I think he’ll take any piece he can get.”

Butterflies erupt in my stomach, but I try to hide my joy at hearing Bray’s looking for me. I know when I left he wanted me, but not in the forever kind of way. I only left because I knew it would never last, that I could never be what he wants, nor do I want to change. When I did try to mold to his world it only ate at me inside. I’d loved people in my past that couldn’t love who I am, even when I tried to be what they wanted. I seem to be unlovable.

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“Why are you doing this to me? Get your money and let me go! I don’t want you.”

Before I get the last word out of my mouth, Nico is on me, nose to nose. I can feel his hot breath on my face. “I never fucking asked what you wanted, Becs. Is that what the other guy did, played nice? Well you took off from him, so I’m thinking you don’t like nice so much. I take what I want. Get used to it or life will be real fucking hard for you.” He skims his nose along my cheek, then I feel his wet tongue lick up the side of my face “Or you do what you’re told, and life can be a whole lot easier.” Leaning back he looks me in the eyes. It takes everything in me to not look away.

A smile spreads across his face. “God, I can’t wait until you’re fully mine. But make no mistake, you’re mine now. That stupid fuck let you slip through his fingers, but I’ll never release you.”

I can see in his eyes that he isn’t lying. His dark eyes are so cold, they send a chill down my spine.

“If I was you, Becs, I would get used to the idea of us. Because I’m not sure I’ll be able to keep my hands off you until you pop that baby out.”

With that he turns and leaves, but not before he calls over his shoulder, “I’ll be back tonight to play a little more with you. Maybe I’ll use your mouth next time instead.”

The door slams and I hear the lock click in place.

BRAY

“Where the fuck is she?” I grit between my teeth and land another punch to the side of Sam’s face. I’m through playing nice.

I’ve been searching for Rebecca for months and there’s been no trace of her or her brother. Hank has been on top of Nico’s activities since the moment I realized she’d left, and two days ago something finally changed. All of a sudden, Sam pops up at the club. After months of nothing, he comes out of nowhere, and the first place he’s spotted is at Nico’s side. It doesn’t take someone as smart as me to figure out what’s happened. I knew when she left she was going one of two places—to her brother or to Nico to find her brother. She must have gotten to Sam before Nico did, but looks like her brother couldn’t shake his addiction, even at the cost of his sister's life.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. She took off,” Sam says around a mouthful of blood. I let go of his shirt and he falls back into the chair. I’ve taken him to a warehouse I own near the docks. I need some privacy for what I have planned.

“I guess if I had a bag of heroin, you’d give her up just as fast as you gave her up to Nico. Wouldn’t you?” I’ve got six men watching Nico’s club, and no one has seen him leave in the past two days. I know she’s in there, but I need more information before I go storming in, guns blazing. As soon as Sam cleared the club I was there to grab him. I know he is going to be my best resource in getting Rebecca back.

“Aren’t you supposed to be some pansy-ass CEO who doesn’t get his hands dirty?” he wheezes, rubbing the side of his ribs. I’m guessing I broke a few already picking him up.

I’ve loved one other woman in my life besides Rebecca. That’s my mother. I killed for her, and I have no problem doing it again for my Tinkerbell. She’s worth everything to me.

I feel the sinister smile spread across my face as I lean in and get to eye level. “I’ll let

you in on a little secret, Sam. These hands were dirty long before she came into the picture. You have no idea what I'm capable of, and that's the reason you should fear me. You tell me where she is and I'll let you live, but if you don't start giving me the information I want, you're going to find out what true pain is."

He audibly swallows and sits up in the chair. "She's at the club," he whispers. He takes a deep breath when I don't respond.

"What else?"

"As far as I know he's got her locked in one of the floors under the club. It goes down two levels, but I've never been through them all. Some of the girls who dance at the club have rooms there, but mostly it's Nico's space on the first level. The one below it is where he cuts most of his drugs, so it's impossible to get inside. Just give it up, man."

"So you think he's got her on the first level? The floor he's staying on?" I try not to let my mind wander to what it is he could be doing to my fairy. I can't allow my brain to go there yet. I have to stick to my plan and mentally organize myself or I'll have another breakdown.

"Yeah, but listen, you can't get in there. He won't hurt her. He swore it to me. All the times I tried to give him his money back, he always just wanted her. From the beginning, something about her made him crazy, and he had to have her. He'll take care of her, I wouldn't have told him where she was if he would have killed her."

Rage like I've never felt boils through my body and I react. I ball up my fist and backhand him out of the chair and halfway across the room with one strike. I walk over to where he landed and grab him by the back of his shirt, dragging him back to where we were. I pick him up and toss him back in his seat and lean down again so we are eye to eye. He's having a hard time focusing on me, so I grab his face and

make him look at me.

“You betrayed the one person in this world who ever loved you.” Tears start to well in his eyes, and then he’s full-on sobbing while I hold his face. “Listen to me, Sam. When I find her, if there is one hair on her head out of place, I’ll show you what it’s like to beg for death. Do you understand?”

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He's still crying like a child but nods his head in agreement. "I'm so sorry. I was doing so good, but then the cravings hit and I needed a fix. I thought I was doing the right thing." I let go of him and he drops his head in his hands, his body shaking with his sobs.

I walk out of the warehouse and leave him sitting there. When I exit the building, Hank is leaning against the car waiting on me. "She's at the club, isn't she?"

"It's what we expected. I need a layout of the building and exit points. It's happening tonight."

"Just us two?"

"I'm prepared to go alone."

"But lucky for you, you don't have to." Hank winks at me and then gets in the car. I slip in the backseat and mentally shuffle my plan. I have to have this perfect before we go in.

I take a deep breath and recheck my weapon before we enter the building. We are trying to blend in, and looking as normal as possible helps our cover. Hank and I are dressed in suits with only one gun each. We've got silencers on them just in case we run into trouble, but from what I've calculated, this should be a casualty-free event.

It's a wonder drug dealers make it so long, because the people they surround themselves with can be so easily bought off. A few hundred bucks and we found out when the guard's shift change is and, more importantly, where my fairy is being held.

“It’s time,” I say, and give Hank a nod. I lead the way through the back alley and through one of the secret entrances. The door has been ‘accidentally’ left ajar and this is our sign that all is good to go.

A few hundred dollars more got us a map of the building, so Hank and I know where we are headed. Through several hallways and down a dark set of steps, we come to the end of a long hall. The lights are set to low and we can hear the sound of women talking. We are on the right floor, and we need to make this fast before the guard we paid off has to flip the cameras back on.

I count off doors as we reach the end of the hall and come to a door with the deadbolt on the outside. This is her. I look back and Hank nods at me, signaling he’s ready. He draws his weapon to cover my back and I pull my gun, ready for whatever is behind this door. I silently flip the lock and turn the knob. When the door is just a few inches open, it’s jerked out of my hand and a metal tray is swinging towards my face.

I duck down, so the tray barely misses my eye, and catch it before it bangs against the wall, giving our position away.

“Bray!” Rebecca shouts, and Hank and I fall into the room, shutting the door behind us. Hank pulls the door back open just a crack to keep watch and see if anyone heard her. I’m scooping her up in my arms and holding her to me as I scan the room for danger. “Oh God, oh God, Bray. I didn’t think you’d come for me.” She clings to me and weeps in my arms.

“Shh. Not now, Tink. Let’s get you out of here.” I look to Hank and he looks back, giving me the all clear. I want to take time to find Nico and take him out, but my priority is always getting my fairy back to me. I shift her up higher on my hips and she locks her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck. “Hold tight, Tink, we’re going home.”

Hank leads the way out as I carry Rebecca and keep watch behind me for anyone following. As we reach the dark stairs, I catch a glimpse of a woman out of the corner of my eyes. I look over and point my gun at her, but she doesn't make any move towards us. She's got long dark-brown hair and her eyes are wild with anger. Rebecca tenses in my arms, and I know something is wrong.

"This going to be a problem?" I ask the woman. She looks at Rebecca and then looks at me, and shakes her head. She turns the corner and slowly starts walking down the hallway as if she never saw us. I feel Hank behind me and I know we are cutting it close. "Four minutes," he says, and we start to move again.

Exactly four minutes later the secret entrance door closes behind us and we are running down the alley. I'm still holding my fairy when we reach the side street and pile into the getaway car. Hank starts up the car and pulls away from the curb as I'm shutting the door. Once we're enclosed in the back seat, I allow my fear to fall away. I've got her back and that's the only thing that matters. Whatever else happens I can deal with, as long as she's with me.

I feel her tears start again and she cries into my chest. I don't know how to help, so I just rub her back, arms, legs. Anything I can run my hands over, I touch. I kiss her hair and make soothing noises while she cries her stress out against me. We have plenty of time to talk about everything that happened and why she left, but in this moment, I feel her relief to be back in my arms. I can feel it, because I'm relieved too. It felt like our souls were ripped apart and are now finally being put back together.

When we arrive in the underground garage of my building, Hank pulls up to the private penthouse elevator and opens the door for us. I get out of the back seat, still holding my fairy, and carry her to the elevator and up to our home.

When we enter the house I walk straight to the bedroom and to the master bath. I set

her up on the counter of the sink and lean back to finally look her in the eyes. Her face is red and blotchy from crying, and she tries to wipe away her tears. I touch her cheeks to stop her movements, and hold her face, just looking at her. “God, how I’ve missed you.”

“I missed you too,” she says, and reaches up to touch my face. “I’m sorry, Bray, I—”

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“No. I’m sorry, Tink. This was all my fault. I should’ve never left you unprotected. You’re so small and the world is so big. I hate myself for not being in more control of your safety. I should’ve never left you. I should’ve stayed home when you asked me to. I should’ve stayed home every single day since the moment I met you. I’ll never make that mistake again. I’ll always choose you. I was only trying to protect you.”

I lean down to kiss her lips, but she pulls back and jumps off the counter. I watch her as she goes over to the toilet and start to throw up.

Panic starts to take over, because all I can think is I tried to kiss her and she started throwing up. I don’t know what Nico did to her, but my imagination runs wild. I shake myself out of my fog, and grab a washcloth. I run some cold water over it, go to Tink, and lay it on the back of her neck. I pull her hair away from her face, but it looks like she’s only dry heaving. I pull out my cell phone and send a quick text, while trying to do everything I can to help.

“I’ve got a doctor on the way, Tink. Just hold tight for a few more minutes and she’ll be here. Did Nico give you any drugs? How long has it been since you’ve eaten anything?”

She takes a deep breath and pulls herself away from the toilet and leans back against the bathroom wall. She pulls the washcloth from her neck and uses it to wipe her face off. “I don’t think he gave me any drugs, but he hit my head pretty hard when he took me.”

I feel so much hate at her words that I know I’ll make Nico pay for that. I clench my fists and kneel in front of her to see if I can spot any signs of concussion. “Be sure

and tell the doctor that when she gets here so she can make sure you're okay."

"Honestly, Bray, I think it may just be more morning sickness."

All of a sudden it feels like I'm in a tunnel and I can't hear what she's saying. I look down and see her hand over her round belly, and then what she just said hits me. "You're pregnant?" I ask and it sounds like my voice is far away.

"Yes," she whispers, and rubs her belly more. "I wanted to tell you before, but I didn't know how."

I blink, and then I'm in motion. I pick her up and carry her to the bed and lay her down so gently. "You stay right here and don't move a muscle. The doctor will be here soon and I will take care of everything."

I look down and seeing her laid out like this shows just how pregnant she is. I kneel beside the bed to get a closer look. I reach over and pull her shirt up a little to expose her baby bump, then I feel myself leaning in and I can't help but place my lips on her tummy where our baby is. I feel the smile spread across my face from ear to ear and I look up to lock eyes with her.

"I love you."

BECS

"Bray, please I need to take a shower," I plead, trying to get up from the bed. When he said he loved me I just froze up. The only other person to have said those words to me before is my brother, and it's only when he is trying to get something from me. I'm also terrified because I'm not sure if Bray is saying it to the baby or me. I can see the hurt on his face when I don't acknowledge what he said. I want to say it, because I feel it, I'm just terrified of letting the words out of my mouth.

“Just stay in bed until the doctor can have a look at you,” Bray says, placing a hand on my shoulder and trying to push me back down onto the bed. Using his kneeling position to my advantage, I shove up harder causing him to fall on his ass. His suit jacket slips open and I see the gun he has tucked in his pants, reminding me that I really know nothing about this man.

When he burst into the room tonight it took me a minute to realize who it was. The surge of adrenaline rushed out of my body only to be filled with utter relief when I saw him. The look he had on his face is one I’ve never seen before. Deadly. Nothing like the man I’d gotten to know during the months I was staying with him. When I first saw him I thought his rage was directed at me.

I thought Nico had already called and told him about the baby. That he is pissed that I let myself fall into this position and endanger his child. I can’t blame him. I am dumb for not staying away after Sam didn’t come home that first night. I should’ve gotten myself a hotel room or something until I knew it was safe. I probably should’ve reached out to Bray, but I was scared.

Either way, I know Bray will never hurt me, and that was confirmed moments later when he lifted me into his arms. With him so close for the first time in months, the dam just broke. I couldn’t stop the sobs. In that moment it didn’t matter why he was there, to save me or the baby, I didn’t care. I just wanted to burrow into him and stay in his protective arms forever.

Before today I would’ve never thought to see him carry a gun. But what do I really know about him? Except that I’m in love with a man that I know nothing about.

When he sees my eyes on the gun he makes a motion to conceal it with his jacket. I roll my eyes at him before making my way to the bathroom. Like covering it up will take away the fact that I saw it. But this moment is a reminder. Something I need to draw me back to reality. It’s so easy to slip into the protective bubble Bray likes to

put around this penthouse. He keeps me here like his little pet, only showing me a part of him. I don't want pieces of Bray's life, I want it all and I want him to want to give it all to me. To include me in it.

“Damn it, Tink, just wait. You can take a shower after the doctor checks you over, she should be here any minute, she actually lives in the building.”

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My heart warms at his calling me Tink, but that's quickly washed away at the mention of some other woman he knows living in the building. I have no right to be jealous, because he isn't mine, but it wreaks havoc inside, wrapping a fist around my heart.

I slam the bathroom door, clicking the lock into place, like a child throwing a temper tantrum. I should be thankful he came for me after I left without so much as a word, but being back here is fucking with my head.

"Rebecca, unlock the door right now! I won't have something keeping you from me ever again," he snaps while banging on the door. My level of immaturity drops another degree when I quietly mimic his words back to myself.

The banging stops and for a moment I think he has given up. "Tink, please, just unlock the door. What if you fall when you take your shower? It would slow me down getting to you. Think about your safety, the baby's safety. You have a head injury, you could get dizzy or lose your balance." I melt at his soft plea, and I rub my hand protectively over my belly.

I unlock the door and Bray opens it, but he makes no move to come into the bathroom. His eyes sweep over me and I can't decipher the look on his face. It's then I realize how disheveled he looks.

Bray is always so put together, but right now, while he still looks utterly handsome, he looks worn down. It doesn't look like he's slept in days, with the dark circles under his eyes, or shaved for that matter. He looks like he's lost a little bit of weight, and his clothes look like he slept in them a few times. He looks defeated.

Seeing him like this, he's still the most perfect man I've ever laid eyes on, and as terrible as it is to think, I can't help but hope that maybe I've done this to him. That he has missed me so much that life has been unbearable. That I wasn't suffering alone in the loss of us.

I can't stand the distance between us and before I know it I'm right in front of him, reaching up and cupping his face, rubbing my thumb across his lightly scruffy beard. He leans into my touch, closing his eyes, like the contact is utterly soothing to him.

"Bray," I whisper while still rubbing him with my thumb. "I love you. I'm sorry I left, and I'm not trying to push you away."

He opens his eyes and softens at my confession. It feels like this is a big moment for the both of us since this is the first time we've both admitted our feelings. It's scary to have the words out there, just sitting between us, but at the same time, it's the most honest we've been.

Bray is always weighing the outcome of every situation and I can tell he's still reluctant to put space between us, even if it's only for a moment.

"Just let me take a shower. I haven't bathed in days and I know it will make me feel better. I want to be clean for the doctor so she can get a good look at me." When he still looks hesitant I say, "I'll keep the door open," and that seems to be enough.

When he nods his head, I start to drop my hand, but he grabs it, brings it to his mouth, and places a soft kiss on my palm. The simple touch of his mouth awakens my body in ways that I haven't known since that last time I was with him.

"Okay, Tink," he says, releasing my hand and stepping back.

I remove the shirt, thankful to finally be rid of it. Next go my panties, and I have the

strong urge to burn both the items. When I glance over, Bray is still standing in the door, his eyes on my belly. A smile spreads across his face, giving him an almost boyish look.

At that moment, the doorbell chimes indicating that the doctor is here, but Bray makes no move to go and see who's at the door.

"Bray?" I question, wondering if he's going to get it. He looks towards the bedroom door then back at me as if he's torn between not wanting to leave me, and knowing he has to let the doctor in. "I'm fine, I promise," I say, trying to get him to go but he still just stands there. The doorbell chimes again. "Sweetheart, I'll be right out, okay? I'm here and I'm not going anywhere."

I see some of the tension in his body leave at my term of endearment, and for him it's confirmation that I'm not leaving.

"It's not like I could slip out without you seeing me, Bray. I'm not really a fairy, I can't just fly away off the balcony," I joke, but the look he shoots me is not one of amusement. His face has turned hard, making me miss the boyish grin he had moments ago. I kick myself for the stupid joke and for trying to lighten the mood.

"No, you won't be flying anywhere, Rebecca. Consider your wings clipped," he grits out before stomping from the room. His words have a dark promise to them. I like the idea of being stuck here with him, but not caged. The more I'm around Bray, the more I feel the walls pushing in.

It's hard for me to tell who Bray is at times. Still a virgin at thirty-two, holds a gun like he knows what he's doing with it, and runs a company worth God only knows how much. Knowing all that, I still want him. Maybe being caged wouldn't be so bad, but the thought makes me anxious.

Shaking away the thoughts, I turn the shower on, scrubbing my body almost raw. I want every trace of Nico's place off me.

I need to take one thing at a time. I'm getting ten feet ahead of myself, when I just need to think about finishing this day. Reaching for the shampoo, I notice it's still mine he has in here. Glancing around the bathroom through the glass shower, I notice that a lot of the things Bray bought for me when I was staying with him are still where I left them. Untouched. Then I notice fresh bottles of hair dye sitting out on the sink, and I smile at how the bright colors contrast with his white bathroom. I'd taken the color out for the charity event thinking that was what Bray wanted. I was so bitter about it all, that shortly after I left him I put the color back in. If he bought me more dye, it must mean he likes it. Maybe I've been misreading him. The bottles are there, like they are waiting for me to come back, or maybe they're for someone else.

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My jealousy rises once again. I've been gone for three months, and I wonder if maybe he's moved on. Did he realize that sex was his thing and now he wants to make up for lost time? I still don't know why he was a virgin. One thing's for sure, if he wants me to stay here with him I'm going to get some answers about who Bray is.

I laugh at that thought. Who am I kidding? I might not have any choice but to stay here. The clipped wings comments is still floating around in my head, and I'll stay anywhere if it keeps me and my baby as far away from Nico as humanly possible.

Rinsing the shampoo out of my hair, I turn off the shower, grab a towel and dry my hair. The pink and purple bleed onto his big, fluffy, white towel and it makes me smile. I see my robe still hanging next to Bray's, but the idea that someone else might have used it has me reaching for his instead. Sliding it on, I quickly brush my teeth and comb my hair before heading back to the bedroom.

Bray is pacing beside the bed like a tiger, and a woman is standing in the entrance of the bedroom, looking out of place.

When no one says anything, I give an awkward, "Hi." The tension in the room is high and I'm not sure what to think of it.

"Let's move this to the living room," Bray says in a clipped tone, and I'm sure it's because this new person is standing where she is. I've learned a lot about his weird behaviors, and this is one of them. I want us all to be comfortable, so easing the tension right now is what I need to do.

"Sure. Lead the way," I say to Bray, and I can see him visibly relax a little. He takes

my hand and we show this new person to the living room.

“Rebecca, I’m guessing,” says the petite woman, reaching out her hand and giving me a soft handshake. She doesn’t look old enough to be a doctor, her wavy strawberry blonde hair barely hits her shoulders, and her green eyes look large and innocent. Maybe she’s just intimidated by Bray, or maybe they have a history. She looks over at Bray and when her eyebrows rise, I look over at him too. He’s started pacing again, but looks less tense.

“Yes, I’m Rebecca, but please call me Becs,” I say, dropping her hand.

“I’m Dr. Grange, but you can call me Samantha. I’m in pediatrics, so most of my patients call me that anyway. I’ve met Bray a few times, but didn’t realize you lived here as well. Sorry to meet under these circumstances, but let’s see what I can do to help you.” She gives me a soft smile and I feel a little more at ease. I give a small nod in agreement, and she continues.

“Okay, Becs, why don’t you have a seat on the couch and tell me what happened,” she says while sitting on the coffee table in front of me.

I give her a watered-down version of the story about getting my head knocked into a car door and not really eating much the past few days. As I recount some of the details, I see Bray stop pacing and come over to where we are seated. He sits beside me, but then it’s as if that’s not close enough, and he moves behind me on the couch, engulfing me in his body. I melt at the wonderful sensation, and let my body mold into his.

The doctor looks over my head, and smiles a little. After she looks me over, she pulls out her medical bag and draws some blood.

“How does your head feel right now? Tender at all? Headaches or dizziness?”

“No, not since yesterday. I keep getting nauseous but I’m not sure if that’s from my head or the baby,” I respond, absently rubbing my belly. Something I find myself doing a lot of now.

“And the baby?” she asks, reaching out to touch my stomach, but I feel Bray tense up behind me. She must have caught his response too because she pulls her hand back, and makes an apologetic face.

“Sorry, that was forward of me. Being a pediatrician and all, I can’t get enough of babies.”

“No, Samantha, it’s fine. I’m just a little on edge tonight, I apologize.”

Nodding her head, making her strawberry blonde waves bounce, she starts to pack up her bag.

“You seem fine, but I’m going to go ahead and send your blood work in to make sure everything is fine. Just let me know which OBGYN you’re using and I’ll send the info there. I want you to go to that doctor tomorrow and I’ll make sure your labs are there before you arrive.”

“I don’t have one,” I say, trailing off and feeling embarrassed that I’m this far along in my pregnancy and I’ve yet to go see a doctor about it. I picked up vitamins at the local pharmacy, but beyond that I haven’t done much.

I feel a soft kiss at my neck. “Dr. Lily Long,” Brays says against my neck.

A small laugh sounds from the doctor as she stands, “I thought you might say that. Always the best for you, Bray.”

“I’m glad to hear you approve,” Bray says before getting out from behind me and off

the couch.

“If not her, I would have recommended Dr. Tomas. He’s known for—”

She is cut off by a growl that makes the doctor laugh again. The laugh shows off a dimple in her left cheek, making her look even prettier. I probably look like hell. These pregnancy hormones are making me crazy jealous.

“Long it is. I’ll have everything sent over first thing in the morning, get some liquids in her and something to eat. Make it a light dinner.”

I say goodbye to the doctor and make my way back to our bedroom.

When I hear the front door shut, I take off my robe and climb under the covers. I second guess myself if I should do this or not. Bray hasn’t invited me to stay in his bed but, hell, that’s never stopped me before.

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“Rebecca,” Bray says, and I open my eyes to see him staring down at me with a tray in his hand. “You need to eat,” he says, and puts the small tray of food on the nightstand beside me. He sits on a chair beside the bed, not joining me under the covers.

“We need to talk,” I say, because my head is bouncing everywhere and I need to know what’s happening here. At least enough so I can sleep tonight. With so many questions rattling around in my head I know I’ll never pass out, even as exhausted as I am.

“I know. Eat, then we’ll talk. Then I’m going to chain you to the bed, and fuck you until you can’t move. I’m going to fuck out every idea you have inside that pretty little head of yours about leaving me. Then when I’m done doing that, I’m going to eat your pussy until you remember who it belongs to.”

BRAY

I can tell by the widening of her eyes that she’s both terrified and excited by this idea. She doesn’t understand what she’s put me through these past months, and now that she’s back in my bed, I’m dead serious about holding on to her. No matter what it takes. She’ll never leave me again.

I pull the tray from the nightstand to my lap and move to sit beside her on the edge of the bed. “I’ll feed you,” I say, and spoon out some of the chicken soup I made for her. She gives me a strange look but some possessive part of me wants to do this. I want to give her what she needs, and I know in this moment I can.

She opens her mouth, licking her lips before taking the spoon into her mouth. My cock hardens at the innocent act. How can her eating soup turn me on so much? I know we have a lot to talk about but I feel like my body is on fire for her. I need to reassure myself she is here. Get myself under control, but first we have to talk.

“First, I want you to know that I love you, and I was wrong for putting work before you. Nothing is more important than you, and I think I was too scared to admit that, so I buried myself in work. The day you left, I realized that and I ran home to tell you how wrong I’d been.”

“Oh, Bray, I’m so sorry.”

“No. You don’t have anything to be sorry for. The past three months have been miserable and I made some changes. I retired and turned my company over to my vice president. He’s been looking to take over for years and I was more than willing to let it go. Also, you were right about Cindy. The manager I turned her over to when I left hated her voice, but also caught her selling client information, so he let her go and pressed charges.”

She gives me a smug look at that admission and I take it as a good sign and continue.

“I pushed you away and kept denying my feelings because I was terrified of what I could become.” She gives me a quizzical look, but I know I need to tell her. I have to explain my fears.

“I told you my parents died when I was eighteen, and only part of that is true.” I take a deep breath and tell her the rest. “My father was obsessed with my mother so much he sexually abused her as a form of control. That’s the reason I never had sex before you. I didn’t trust myself, and it was my way of controlling my fear.”

She nods her head in understanding, but I haven’t gotten to the bad part.

“When I turned eighteen, I had everything set up to take my mom and run away. I guess my father had sensed something coming and the day I graduated high school, he came home early from work. We were in the kitchen with our bags packed and about to leave. My mom tried to get in between us, but he wasn’t having it.”

I take a deep breath and continue.

“He tied me to a chair and choked her to death right in front of me. He made me watch everything. Everything, Tink.”

I hang my head in shame and she reaches out to take my hands.

“Chelsea and I had been friends since elementary school. She kind of knew my home life wasn’t good, so when I didn’t show up for graduation she knew something was bad. She walked in just as my father was untying me. I have no doubt he was planning on killing me next. But seeing her walk in the house caught him off guard and gave me enough time to grab a knife off the kitchen table and stab him in the chest.”

Rebecca gasps and puts a hand over her mouth in shock.

“He didn’t die right away, so I must have just punctured a lung. But I stood over his body and watched him die without a single regret.” I give the hand still holding mine a little squeeze and tell her the rest of the story.

“Chelsea is from money, and her family had a few guys who worked security for her. She knew one she trusted enough to help clean up the mess.”

“Who?”

“Hank.”

“Oh, Bray,” she says, and I see tears in her eyes.

“He’s been with me ever since. He helped make the scene look like they killed each other in a struggle, and Chelsea backed up my story about the years of abuse because of my father's obsession. When I got older and started making a lot of money, the story came back out in the news, and since then I try to hide away from the scandal as much as possible.

“I never realized the connection between the three of you.”

“I told you this story, Tink, because I need you to know how afraid I was I would become that man. Why I need control and order in my life. You blew up my perfect plan and changed everything about me, inside and out. I never saw you coming, and damn, did you make an entrance.”

She smiles a little at my joke, but it’s nothing but the truth.

“I love you, Tink. And though I have fear, I want you beside me every day for the rest of my life.” <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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I finish feeding her the whole bowl I made and I take the tray away and set it on the nightstand. I need to bond our bodies and I can't wait a second longer. "Pull back the covers, Tink. I need to see you."

She hesitates for a second before scooting down and pushing them off of her body. She's absolutely the most perfect woman I've ever seen and seeing her belly round with my baby makes my hard cock even harder. Her hips even seem fuller, making me picture myself grabbing onto them as I drive my cock inside her.

Her eyes trail down my body and stop at my noticable erection trying to bust out of my pants. She's got a longing in her eyes, and I know she wants to taste me as much as I want her to taste me. I look down and see there's a wet spot on the front of my dress pants where my precum has leaked through. My clothes suddenly feel too tight and I can't breathe with them on. She keeps her eyes on me as I strip down naked and climb on the bed. I feel like my heart is going to pound out of my chest. I've been without her for months and I finally have her again.

I'm not sure she realizes how much I really meant about chaining her to the bed. The dark thoughts I've been trying to keep at bay are pushing into my mind. I can't be like him, but I'm not sure there is any turning back at this point. I've gone past the point of no return, I'm not sure there ever was a chance of it from the moment I saw her. I just have to learn to control it.

I can feel the soft shake of my body. Like I need my next fix and I've finally got what I need in my hands. It's right here for the taking. Maybe not allowing myself to find relief these past few months wasn't the best idea. Every time I would start to stroke my cock, my mind would flood with images of the things I'd done with my Tink.

Eating her pussy until she begs me to let her cum. Her thighs shaking around my face while I eat her like a starving man. I was starving. I still am starving for her. Nothing is ever enough.

The thoughts are intoxicating and painful all at once. I wouldn't allow myself to do it. I'm not sure if it is because of the pain of missing her or if I am punishing myself for letting her slip away. Now I'm second guessing myself, because my control is razor thin.

“We need to make up for lost time, and I won't last long with the way I feel right now. I haven't cum since the last time we were together, and I need you to help me take the edge off so I can be good for you. I'm so full of cum, I'm not sure you can swallow all of it.”

I look down at her sweet mouth and press my lips gently to hers. Trying to calm myself. Her touch somehow calms me but also makes me feel things I've never felt before. Chaos. That's what she is. What I need. She makes me feel alive. “I can take all of you however you want me to,” she says, and begins to kiss me back more aggressively.

I break the kiss and tell her what I need. “Just lie back and let me use your breasts. I'll cum on you, and then you can take me in your pussy.” I need this to take the edge off so I can be gentler with her.

She nods her head, and I give her another kiss on the lips before moving up to straddle her chest. “Thank you, Tink.”

Making sure I'm up far enough on her body that I'm not hurting her, I line my cock up between her big beautiful tits. They're more than a handful and her big pink nipples are rock hard. I can tell they are aching for attention and soon enough they'll get it. My cock has pearls of cum falling off the end already and I use it to smear a

trail on her chest. I'm dripping so much that lube isn't necessary and she's slick within seconds. "Now push your breasts around my cock, Tink. That's it, make it nice and tight around me." I lean forward a bit and grab the headboard as she pushes her tits together. I rock my hips a little and watch as the tip of my cock peeks out from the top as I thrust forward.

"Oh God, that's it, Tinkerbelle. I'm so close." Just seeing my cock fuck her is enough to make me cum, but my fairy does it one better. She leans up a little and licks the end of my dick the next time it peeks through, and I lose it. "Fuck!" I shout and feel my balls tighten. I haven't made it ten pumps before I'm cumming. Her one little lick was all it took to send me over the edge, and I'm cumming all over her creamy, plump tits and neck.

I continue thrusting my hips like it is her pussy I'm fucking, so my cum is all between her tits and rolling down her chin and neck. I've completely marked her, and the sight of it has me cumming more.

My cock is still hard even after cumming all over her. I climb off her chest and within seconds, my hips are between her legs and I'm pushing my still rock-hard cock inside her tight, dripping pussy. She shouts in shock and pleasure and throws her head back, exposing her cum-covered neck.

The sight of me all over her makes more cum shoot out of my cock. I start thrusting hard, claiming her body again, but carefully because now she's pregnant with my baby. The sight of my cum on her, and the knowledge that my seed is growing in her body has me rabid. I use the palm of my hand to rub the cum into her body, around her neck and all over her breasts. I want her surrounded by me, and only me. When I completely rub it into her skin, I lean down and suck her nipple, tasting myself on her and driving my obsession with her to the point of insanity.

I lean up and look into her eyes, not stopping my hard thrusts. "Tink, tell me you'll

never leave me again,” I growl and move a hand down to where we are joined.

“I’ll never leave you again,” she says breathlessly.

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“Never,” I say more firmly, and rub my thumb on her clit.

“Never!” she shouts and I feel her body tensing up. She’s about to go over the edge, and I’m right there with her.

“You’re mine,” I growl and thrust hard one last time, holding my hard cock inside her as I empty my load. I rub her clit as her legs lock up and she shouts her release. A beautiful blush blossoms across her body and all I can think is how my perfect my fairy is.

Our orgasms leave us heaving for breath, but I’m nowhere near finished with her. I kiss down her body as I pull out of her, and shoulder my way between her legs.

“Bray, I’m messy down there. Don’t do that right now,” she pleads and tries to cover up her pussy.

“Move your hands, Tink. I made this mess down here, and I plan on cleaning you up.” She reluctantly moves her hands out of the way, and I push her legs apart and up, making her knees rise and exposing all of her to me. I see our passion leaking out of her, rolling down to her asshole and run my fingers through it, following the trail. When I touch her ass, she flinches, and I smile to myself. “We’ll get here one day, Tink. But not today,” I say, and just run my cum-covered index finger around her tight pink ring.

With my other hand I penetrate her pussy and start to rub her g-spot. She holds her knees up while I finger her with one hand and press against her ass with the other. I can hear her moans of excitement and lean down to kiss her clit.

My fairy starts to rock her hips and it doesn't take long before she is begging for another orgasm. Her pussy is so pretty and swollen and I kiss and suck her lips to help ease the ache. I'm working all of her pleasure points with my hands and mouth and tongue, I want her to know how much pleasure I can give her. That I will do this and anything she needs if she stay by myself side. That is she wants to lay in this bed all day everyday with my face attached to her pussy I would gladly do it.

Before I know it's happening, she's cumming. Her body tenses up, her pussy pulses and she grinds her clit against my face. Tink is completely using me for her pleasure and my hard cock couldn't be happier about it.

Once I've wrung the last of her orgasm from her, I sit up and lean back on my heels. "Turn over, Tinkerbell, I'm not finished yet."

She laughs lazily and I help her roll over, and stick her ass in the air. My cock is still fully hard and painfully aching as if I haven't cum twice already. But seeing her like this, with her big round ass up and exposed, I don't think cumming one hundred times would make a difference.

I lie down on the bed under her and turn over so she can sit on my face. I want her to be comfortable, but I know in this position she cums hardest. I position her knees on either side of my head and gently pull her hips down so her pussy is directly over my mouth.

"I want you to cum on my face, Tink. I want you to ride it hard, use me for your pleasure. I'm going to finger you, and use your honey to jerk off with, so don't worry about me. I want you to cum as many times as you can before your legs give out, and then I'll hold you up so you can cum some more."

"Oh, God, Bray," she says shakily.

“Just Bray, baby. God isn’t getting anywhere near this pussy.” Tink lowers her pussy on my face and I get to work.

I lick and suck and finger her to three orgasms before her legs can’t hold her up anymore. I came sometime before the first orgasm hit her, and I came again on her sixth one without even touching my cock.

We are a sticky mess as we fall asleep and all I can think is I hope we are stuck together like this for eternity.

“Let’s take a look at the baby, shall we?” Dr. Long says. Normally this is done by a technician, but I have personally contacted her to make this appointment and explain that I want special treatment no matter what the cost. Money always seems to make people more agreeable.

I start to have a panic attack when we walk into the OBGYN’s office, but luckily Tink feels it, and just by holding my hand, soothes me. I have so many fears when it comes to her being pregnant and having a baby, but I know as long as she’s with me, I can do anything.

I sit in a chair beside Tink and hold her hand as the doctor puts the jelly stuff on her stomach. “You’re far enough along, Mommy. Would you both like to find out what you’re having?”

“No.”

“Yes.”

We look at each other and smile. “Tink, I need to know. There is so much that is unknown and I can’t stand any more surprises with this baby. I have to have control over something.”

She reaches up and touches the side of my face, and she sees all the anxiety I have in my heart about her and our child. I want to give her everything in the world, but I need this. She gives me a small smile and nods in concession. “Okay, let’s find out,” giving the doctor the okay.

After a few minutes of going through the motions and the doctor telling us our baby is healthy and growing like it’s supposed to, some of my anxiety leaves and I feel like I can breathe a little.

“Looks like there’s a stem on the apple. Congratulations, it’s a boy,” Dr. Long says, and I feel like the smile on my face is so big it could break records. I look over at my little fairy and she’s all tears and laughter. I lean over and embrace her and we have a quiet moment together of just being profoundly happy. I would been happy no matter what we are having, but finding out together is special and something I’ll always treasure. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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As we exit the doctor's office I don't see Hank's car. "That's weird," I say, and continue to search the parking lot for him. I feel the hair rise on the back of my neck, like someone is watching us, and wrap my arm around Tink, holding her tight to me. I feel exposed standing outside, and pull out my cell. "Let's go back inside and wait. It's not safe like this."

She looks up at me but nods her head in agreement as she uses her hands to protectively cover her belly. Just as we turn around, I spot movement out of the corner of my eye and I hear flashes going off. I look around and suddenly we are being swarmed with cameras and phones and paparazzi are everywhere. "Hold tight to me, Tink," I snarl and pick her up, all but running to the doors of the doctor's office. I have to elbow a few people out of the way and my panic rises as they crowd us and ask questions about who Rebecca is and how far along she is. I realize I'm holding my entire world in my arms and it's my job to protect them. I shut down my panic and do what needs to be done. When I make it through the doors, the nurses at the counter rush to help us. They take Tink and help her to a wheelchair and start questioning her. I see Dr. Long come out and she's over with her in an instant to make sure she is all right. The paparazzi are outside the building, but the windows are tinted so they can't see in.

Immediately, I pull out my cell and start calling Hank. When he doesn't pick up, I know it's bad. I try three more times just to be sure, and when there's still no answer I give up. I've got to get Tink out of here before I can worry about Hank. He's a big boy and well trained. If he's not dead, he'll find a way home.

"Here," Dr. Long says, and hands me her keys. "I'm parked in the private lot out back, take my car and get out of here safely. Rebecca is a little shaken up, but

otherwise okay to leave. I have no idea how the press found out you were here, but I'll find out and take care of it. I promise you this won't happen again. I can come to your home for visits from now on."

"That would be much appreciated, thank you," I say, and pick Tink up.

"I can walk, Bray," she whispers in my ear, but I ignore her. We both know Hank being gone isn't a good sign and if this is the only thing I can do right now to protect her, I will.

"This is why we don't leave the penthouse," I say through gritted teeth. I'll never get used to how bad the press can be and how harassing they are. I just get better at hiding in my tower and only coming out for work and certain events.

"Take us back, I'm scared."

"I've got you. No one will touch my fairy."

"Still no answer?" Tink asks from the tub.

"None. And his tracker is off. His phone must have been disabled. I've called a few people and they are looking into it." As soon as we got back I put her in a warm bath to relax while I made phone calls.

I talked to five of my guys that I use besides Hank and the last trace we can get is near Nico's club. I'm not shocked in the least. I'm also pretty sure Nico is the one who let the media know about the baby and where we were to cause a scene. I'm sure he's disappointed he didn't get Rebecca at the same time, and my rage boils at the thought.

"Maybe you should come get in the bath with me for a bit. I think you need to relax,

too.”

“You and I both know what will happen if I get in that bath.”

Tink giggles a little and spreads her arms wide as if in invitation. “That's the point, Vanilla.” It amazes me how easily she’s able to emotionally process things in a situation like this, but then I remind myself that she’s had a hard life too, and this isn’t the worst thing she’s been through.

“All right, but no funny business,” I say, and she gives me a wicked smile.

I strip down and get in the tub behind her, letting the ungodly amount of bubbles surround us.

“How many bottles of bubble bath did you use?”

“Don’t act like you don’t enjoy them. Look at all the fun we can have,” she says, and turns around in my arms. She’s giving me a big smile and then leans back a little at my questioning face.

“What kind of fun can we have with bubbles?”

“Well, for example, these are edible bubbles.”

“What?” I ask in confusion.

“I picked them up before I um...took off.” She hesitates at her own words but quickly covers it up. “And they are still here, so I thought I would use them.” I can see she’s hesitant to mention when she left me, but having her with me now takes away those dark clouds.

“So we can eat our bath? I love you, Tink, but that seems a bit much.”

She giggles and leans back a little more. “I love you too. Suit yourself, but I thought for sure you’d want a taste.” At that moment she grabs her breasts and pushed them together, letting the bubbles pile up in her cleavage. She leans down a little and licks the crease covered in bubbles and my hard cock is now at fully erect and at a painful level. I’m not sure if it’s gone down in the past twenty-four hours.

“Mmmm, Vanilla. Not bad,” she says, and goes back to licking her breasts.

I snap and pull her hands away, letting her breasts go. They bounce a little, and I lick my lips, needing to taste them myself. I pull her to me and make her straddle my lap, while my mouth finds her nipples covered in the sweet suds. I lick and suck and moan around her skin and I feel her lean down and put her tongue on my neck.

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“Fuck,” I moan around her nipple. “This is the best idea you’ve ever had.”

Before I know it, my cock is inside her and we’re kissing and tasting our vanilla-coated skin as I fuck her slowly. When we both finally cum, we decide to take a shower and rinse off the sticky mess. When the shower leads to more sticky messes we give up trying to get clean, and I put her to bed.

“Sleep for a little, Tink. When you wake up, I’ll have some food ready.” She’s barely conscious enough to nod her head against the pillow before I hear her even breathing.

BECS

“Wake up, my little fairy.”

I feel Bray’s warm lips on my cheek. I love when he wakes me like this. I crashed hard after our bath. I’m not sure if it’s the baby or the events that have happened over the past few days, but I was exhausted. Maybe it is a little bit of both. I can’t remember how I made it to the bed, or how long I’ve been asleep. Reaching out, I try to pull Bray to me, but he resists.

When I open my eyes, I can see the worry on his face. It’s such a big change from the man he was when I met him. Instead of ice-cold indifference all the time, he lets some of his feelings show. Maybe I’ve just learned to read him better, but either way it warms me to have that now.

“What’s wrong?” I question, sitting up in bed. The soft light flooding the room indicating I’ve only been asleep for a little while, because the sun is just setting.

“They found Hank. He’s fine,” he finishes before I can ask if he’s okay. But he can’t be fine from the look on Bray’s face.

“What’s wrong then?”

“They said someone knocked him on the back of the head. He’s been in the hospital and just woke up. They had no idea who he was because he didn’t have anything on him.”

“Oh my God! But he’s okay? Was it a robbery?” I pepper him with questions as I try to get up from the bed. We should get to the hospital and check on him.

“Tink, calm down, he’s fine, like I said. It’s just, I should go see him and—“

“Then let’s go. What are we waiting for?” I say, rising from the bed in search of clothing. I put on cotton pants and grab one of Bray’s Harvard University shirts before slipping on some flip flops. When I turn I see Bray sitting on the bed watching with a worried look still on his face.

Cupping his face I try to reassure him. I know Hank’s been with him forever. “Bray, you said he’s fine. There’s no need to worry.”

Pulling me into his lap he buries his face in my hair.

“It’s not just that. I don’t want to take you out of the here after what happened, and I also don’t want to leave you alone.”

“I promise I won’t run again.” I feel his body stiffen at my words. I know we still have so much to work through, but I want him to know that I won’t do that to him again. It only makes me miserable, being without him. I ran because I thought I couldn’t fit into his world but I don’t care if I do anymore. We can live in our own

world if that is how it has to be. I'd rather stay in the bubble he's made for us, than live outside it without him.

"You're never leaving me again," he says through clenched teeth and I can't help but smile.

"Never," I promise. I've never felt so sure of anything in my life. If Bray truly wants me here, then I'll be here. After my confirmation, I feel some of the tension leave his body.

"You can't keep me trapped up here forever."

"I know. Trust me, I've thought about it enough times, and I might have searched for a few castles I could hide you away in," he says, pulling back and looking at me. His clear gray eyes search mine as if gauging my reaction. What reaction, I'm not certain, but I do know he's not joking.

"Bray, if you'll feel better having me stay here, then I will. If you want me to go with you, then we'll do that. But like I said, I'm not leaving you," I reassure him once again. I know what he's saying is deeper than just about tonight. The way he's been acting since I've returned also has me rethinking a lot of things. That maybe I've been misunderstanding him.

"I think it would be best—" Bray's words are cut off by the sound of the front door opening. The sound is faint but it's the only thing it can be. I remember Bray giving me his spare key, and his telling me there's only a couple of people who have one. I've never known anyone to just walk into his home in all the time I've lived here.

"Stay here," he says, placing me on the bed and storming from the room.

Moments later I hear shouting.

“She’s not here!” Bray yells.

“Yeah, fucking right. I see the way you look at her. Trust me, I know that look.” Nico’s voice sends chills through my body. My stomach turns at the reminder of the time I spent with him. He’s freaking crazy. My priority is keeping the baby safe, so I try to think fast.

Picking up the phone on the nightstand, I call 911 and rattle off the address before hanging up, ignoring the woman's questions on the other end of the line.

“You want the ransom, you got it. I’ll pay it and you disappear,” I hear Bray say as I slowly sneak down the hallway to get a better look at what’s happening. Maybe I can give Bray a sign the police are on their way. I’m not sure if he knows just how crazy Nico really is. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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“Let me ask you something, Mr. Hotshot. What price would you take for her, if the tables were turned?”

“Nothing!” Bray snaps out instantly.

“Then you know how I feel.”

“I’ll never tell you where she is.”

“I thought so. But a couple bullet holes in you might change your mind, or she might just come out on her own at the sound of you screaming.”

Nico’s words are like daggers to my heart. I finally have a family and it’s about to be ripped from me. I got Bray into this, and now he might lose his life over it. If I can just stall maybe the police will get here in time. I can stop him from hurting Bray. I know he doesn’t want to kill me. Hurt me, maybe, but you never know with fucking crazy.

When I reach the end of the hallway, Bray is facing the entryway. His eyes snap over to mine, and we both know he just made a mistake.

“Come out, Bees. Or do you really want me to shoot him?”

Bray shakes his head at me, but I know I have to. What choice do I really have? Rounding the corner I see Nico standing in the entryway with a gun pointed right at Bray. His eyes look wild, and I can tell he’s using. His usually tan skin is now pale with a sheen of sweat. His dark hair is messy and unkempt, and it looks like he hasn’t

seen a shower in a few days. He's still as big as ever, but he's so twitchy from the drugs that it's like he's scarier. I've seen the same look on my brother's face.

"Nico, please," I plead, placing myself between him and Bray. "I'll come with you, just let me get my things." It's all I can think of to say in order to stall for time. But he shuts that down quickly.

"No, you don't need anything. Come over here and kiss me."

Jesus, he's fucking crazy. I think his obsession with me started because I was the first person to tell him no. I didn't fall at his feet and do what he said, so he saw me as a challenge. Now, with all the drugs floating around in his head, his fixation on me has eaten away at his sanity.

Bray growls from behind me, and I turn in time to stop him from charging forward. Nico laughs and points his gun at my head, and we both stop moving completely.

"Nico! Calm down," I say. "I'll leave with you. Please, just don't hurt him. I'll do whatever you want."

"Do that again and I'll shoot her." He glares over at Bray who looks like he might explode any minute, but puts his hands up. "In fact I think it's time for a lesson in manners. How about I let Becs suck my cock, and if she does it good enough, I'll let you live."

"Over my fucking dead body," Bray seethes. I can feel the anger roll off of him in waves, filling the room with it.

Nico aims his gun back over at Bray. "That can be arranged," he taunts, and I have no doubt he means what he's saying. He's looking for a reason to hurt Bray.

“You’re fucking crazy,” I yell, trying to get his attention back on me. Just a little more time, I reassure myself.

“I’m crazy? I’m fucking crazy? Did lover boy over there tell you his father killed his mother because he was so obsessed with her? Crazy is what you get if you stay here. I mean look at the guy. It will only be a matter of time before that happens to you.”

My heart breaks for Bray. I know what he told me was painful and having Nico throw it in his face must hurt.

“See, he didn’t even deny it, did he? You that obsessed with her?” Nico asks, drawing our eyes over to Bray. I can see the shame he feels at the question. But isn’t this the pot calling the kettle black? At least Bray’s obsession is loving and caring. Nico’s is just fucked up.

“You’re right, I’ll go with you like I said I would.”

“That wasn’t up for debate, Becs. What is up for debate is how bad you want Bray over there to live. I want a little payback for him taking you from me. Does he know you showed me your pussy? That I got off at the sight of it?”

Bray takes two steps forward at Nico’s taunt, making him point his gun back at me. This time it’s aimed at my stomach. “Tsk, ts,” he says with a smirk on his mouth. “Now, come over here and get on your knees, Becs. I won’t ask again.”

Before I can move, I catch movement behind Nico, causing him to turn. Suddenly, two shots ring out from the entryway. I panic and drop to the floor shielding my stomach, and I feel a body blanket over the top of me. I know instantly it’s Bray covering my body with his. His smell fills my lungs, and I try to focus on that instead of how scared I am.

“He’s dead.”

I jerk at the words, knowing who they came from.

“Sam!” I gasp, trying to break out from under Bray. He realizes my intentions and helps me up. When I try to go to Sam, he wraps an arm around me and holds me back.

Sam looks like he’s taken a good beating, and hasn’t slept in days. Almost a shell of his former self.

“I’m so sorry, Becs. God, I’m so fucking sorry. You’re all I have in the world and I did this to you.”

Before I can respond, the room is flooded with cops. They spot Sam holding the gun and he’s slammed to the ground. It’s then I finally notice the white marble floor covered with Nico’s blood, his unmoving body in the center of it.

The next hours are chaos. I’m never far from Bray’s reach as he gives me comforting touches, but he seems distant once again. He tells me he’ll hire my brother the best lawyer he can find, get him the help and rehab that he needs.

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It turns out that Nico got into Bray's place by knocking Hank out and taking his keys. All the information is a lot to take in but I feel relief in it all. It's all over with. What's done is done and the rest will have to play out, but I'm safe, Bray's safe, and most importantly our baby is too. Maybe some good will come out of this and Sam will get the help he needs.

I look over at Bray who stares at me with pleading eyes, like I'm no longer his. I can't wait for everyone to leave, because if Bray thinks I'm no longer his, he has another think coming.

Freshly showered, I sit in the middle of our bed, waiting for him to finish his shower. After everyone cleared out I excused myself to clean away the filth I felt was on my skin. I was in the shower for over twenty minutes before I realized Bray wouldn't be joining me.

When I finally came out he was just sitting on the end of the bed with his head in his hands. When I tried to brush my fingers through his hair he flinched away from me and mumbled that he was taking his own shower now that I was out. Thirty minutes later, he's still in there. I think he is trying to outlast me. Hoping I pass out before he comes out. Not happening.

"You're still awake? You should really get your rest, Rebecca." The use of my name only makes me glare at him.

"What. The. Fuck. Vanilla?" I whip back at him. I have no clue what his deal is.

"Let's not do this tonight, get some rest and we'll talk about it in the morning," he

says in a defeated voice. I'm tired as fuck, but I'm more tired of the 'we'll talk about it later' shit.

"No, now. You were hoping I would be asleep, weren't you? Just admit it. You didn't want to talk to me."

Making his way over to the bed, he sits down next to me, brushing a finger up my jaw before tucking my hair behind my hair.

"You need new color. This has washed out too much. I got you more dye. I left it on the sink. I checked, and it's okay for pregnant women to use."

I roll my eyes at his statement even though I want to throw myself at him and kiss him until I can barely breathe.

"Answer me."

"You're right, I wanted you to be asleep when I came out here," he says without telling me more. It looks like I'm going to have to pull it from him.

"Why?" I say, dragging out the word to show my annoyance.

"I wanted one more night. To hold you in my arms before you push me away."

"You're shitting me right now, aren't you?" It comes out harsher than I mean, but I wasn't expecting him to say that. I'm not really sure what I thought he was going to say if I'm honest with myself. Maybe that I am more trouble than I'm worth. It feels like he is pushing me away, but Nico's words ring in my head. 'He's obsessed with you.' The idea of Bray being obsessed with me thrills me. Hell, it turns me on.

I climb onto his lap ignoring the shock on his face. "Because you're obsessed with

me?” I taunt, letting a smile play on my lips. His eyes jerk up to mine and he just stares at me and says nothing. “Are you going to lock me in a room and never let me out?” I joke.

His face turns even more serious at my words. Maybe making a Nico joke wasn't the best idea.

“I won't lie, I've thought about it.”

I giggle at his words. “Good luck with that, Vanilla.” Leaning in, I place a kiss on his mouth. He returns it, harder than I expected. And before I know it, I'm beneath him.

“I'm not fucking around, Rebecca. I've become so obsessed with you, I'm not sure what I'd do to keep you. The lines I wouldn't cross. I'm not sure if you asked me to leave, I'd let you,” he confesses.

“But moments ago you said you thought I would in the morning.”

“Thinking and doing are two totally different things. I'm not sure what I would've done come morning.”

Placing a soft kiss on his lips, I mumble, “Okay,” because I don't really care. He wants me here, I want to be here, so what does it matter to me? When I try to pull him further into me, he pulls away.

“You're not taking this seriously. It's a real fear. My father was so obsessed with my mother he killed her. Aren't you scared I might do the same?”

“No,” I answer, simply because I'm not. He would never hurt a hair on my head. The idea is utterly ridiculous.

“You should be. I’ve fought this unexplainable craving I have for you from the beginning. I saw where it was leading. Haven’t you wondered why I’ve never so much as kissed someone before you? Because I couldn’t let myself be like my father. I couldn’t allow myself to become obsessed with something that way. But you pulled me in and you didn’t even have to try. You were just you, and I was mesmerized by everything that that you did. Just being near you was the first time I’ve ever truly felt alive. I couldn’t let you go, and now here I am, becoming the one thing I fought my whole life not to be.”

“Do you want to kill me, Bray? Would you, if I tried to leave you?”

“You’re not leaving me, and I would never hurt you.”

“Then what does it matter? I know you wouldn’t hurt me, and I never want to leave. I love you, Bray. Can’t you see that? You make me whole. We’re perfect for each other. My chaos to your order. I only ran because I thought you could never love me. But in reality you loved me so much it scared you. Look at us trying to push each other away because we fear the other will reject us. When in fact it’s those things that draw us together.” <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

“You mean that?”

“Every word. Feel free to become totally, absolutely obsessed with me. In fact I encourage it,” I say, smiling and nodding my head. Who doesn’t want the man they love consumed by them?

“Marry me?”

“I’d do it right now if there was a priest in the room.”

He makes a move to get off the bed, but I wrap my arms and legs around him and hold him to me. “First, do the thing where you give me so orgasms that I can’t move.”

I see him think about something for a second and then he looks down at me and smiles. “I’ve just cleared my to-do list for today. The only thing on my agenda is making my Tinkerbell glow.”

I let out a giggle and he buries his face in my neck, kissing me sweetly. One day I’m going to ask him about his nickname for me.

BRAY

Ten years later

I close the front door and I feel a wicked smile spread across my face. Our son Peter was picked up for his week-long summer camp, and now my fairy and I have the

house to ourselves.

We moved to the suburbs just before having Peter. The penthouse was wonderful, but we decided we wanted as normal a life as possible for our little boy. We bought a house with a backyard big enough for ten kids to play in, but unfortunately Tink and I couldn't have any more children. Dr. Long told us repeatedly what a miracle Peter is. Tink's little body could only carry him to thirty weeks before she started bleeding and I nearly lost both of them. After his birth she had to have an emergency hysterectomy, so getting her pregnant again wasn't possible.

I think it was harder on me than it was on Tink. I want her to have everything she ever wanted, and if she wanted more kids, I would give them to her. I didn't care if we had to adopt or use a surrogate, but she said she was happy with life just as it was.

Every day I look at her and our boy and I'm overwhelmed with how lucky I am. While I still have a small fear in the back of my mind over my level of obsession with her, I remind myself that I would never hurt her. There is a dark place in my head, and sometimes I want to go there, but then I remember how gentle and fragile my fairy is, and all I want to do is love her, and protect her.

"Oh, Tink," I sing-song as I deadbolt the door and set the alarm. I went to the store earlier today so we are stocked with provisions for a week-long hideout. I don't plan on taking one step out of this house, or allowing her to, for the next seven days. I don't plan on wearing clothes either, so I touch the buttons on my shirt, planning on getting undressed now.

I hear something to my right and I look over, but see nothing. The intercom system lights up and I hear Tink's giggle sound through the house. "Paging Mr. Vanilla," she says in some awful made-up accent.

I roll my eyes at the name. She doesn't call me that much anymore, but when she

does it's usually to annoy me and make me chase her. It works.

I go over to the intercom and hold down the button. "Is there a fairy loose in the house?"

"Oh yes, I believe she's being extra naughty and throwing pixie dust everywhere. You should probably find her and spank her."

"If she keeps calling me Vanilla, she'll get that spanking."

"Oh no, Vanilla! In that case, Vanilla, I'll be sure to tell her not to say 'Vanilla'. I'm sure she didn't mean to, Vanilla. That's so rude, right?"

"Tink," I say on a growl.

"Good luck finding me," she giggles and clicks off the intercom.

She thinks she's clever, but I know exactly where she is. I unbutton my shirt as I walk up the stairs, dropping it as I go. When I get to the top, I remove my pants and shoes, so I'm just in my underwear.

I walk to our bedroom and I whistle a little tune as I go directly to our master closet. I can hear her giggles before I open the door and I can't help but laugh too. She's caught but she's too bubbly to care.

"Come out with your hands up and your pants down if you want to live," I say.

A second later she pulls open the door and tries to run past me, completely naked. She squeals with delight as I catch her and throw her over my shoulder and head towards the bed. She lets out a shout when I throw her down and climb over her.

“How’d you know where I was?” she asks and starts kissing me all over my face and neck.

“Because you know how I like my side of the closet to be neat, and you’re determined to make me crazy by messing it up every chance you get.”

She giggles as she runs her hand down my body and pushes her fingers into my underwear, then around my hard cock. She leans up and whispers in my ear, “Every chance I get, Vanilla,” and licks my neck.

I growl again and lean back, taking her hand off my aching cock, and flip her over on her stomach.

“You’re just begging for a spanking, aren’t you, Tink?” She wiggles her round, fleshy ass at me and I give it one good spank. She lets out a squeak, but otherwise doesn’t protest.

“Spread your legs, I want to get at that pussy of mine while you take your spanking.”

She moans into the bed and pushes her ass up in the air while spreading her legs, and giving me access. I reach down and pet her pussy, feeling how soaked she is. “Looks like you’re needy, Tink. Anything in particular you want?”

“Do that thing you do where I cum a lot,” she says into the mattress, and I have to bite my lip to keep from laughing. I couldn’t love her more if I tried.

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“Anything for you, my little fairy,” I say, and with that, I pull my hand back and smack her pussy hard one time with the flat of my fingers. She shouts, and her body tenses up, but her ass rocks back, begging for more.

It’s going to be a long week, and I just hope my dick survives it.