



# Too Good to Be Wrong

**Author:** *Sam Crescent*

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## Page 1

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April Robinson stared across the table to look at her friend. Julia wasn't being her usual happy self. This was supposed to be a fun dinner date and shopping, yet her friend looked on the verge of tears.

"Are you okay?" April asked, concerned.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Julia turned away from her, stabbing her fork into the salad leaves on her plate.

Her friend wasn't as talkative as usual.

"Have you and Henry had a fight?"

"Why would we have a fight?" Julia asked, snapping out each word.

She held her hands up in surrender. "I'm sorry. I was only asking." April went back to eating her lunch. This was supposed to be fun, and it was anything but. She checked her watch to see the time wondering when she could leave.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't snap at you. Henry and I, we didn't have a fight. We're good. In fact, I think he's going to propose to me very soon." Julia flicked her blonde hair off her face and smiled. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yeah, it sounds amazing. Isn't that a little soon?" April went back to her salad, pushing the leaves around the plate. Henry Jones was Julia's boyfriend, and an extremely handsome businessman. Her friend and Henry had only been dating for a year, maybe a little longer.

“Yeah, I can’t believe it myself. I was so shocked. I didn’t even think he loved me, but I saw the ring.”

April saw Julia’s knuckles were white and tight as she held the fork tightly.

“You’re brilliant together.”

“Aren’t we just?” Julia said smiling. “I’m bored with this salad. Shall we go back home?”

“Sure.”

She placed their bill on the table leaving a nice tip to their waiter. April followed after her friend, not liking the way Julia kept her distance.

Once inside the car, Julia took out her cell phone and tapped away at the keys. April placed the seat belt over her and waited.

Julia gave a satisfied smile then pocketed the cell phone. “Teach him a lesson.”

“What’s going on?” April asked.

“Nothing.”

Driving out of the mall, Julia took the roads with care. The moment they opened up, Julia increased her speed, and April held onto the seat.

“Do you want to slow down?”

Julia didn’t answer her as she drove around the curves.

“Seriously, Julia, slow down!”

Her friend laughed and suddenly veered off the road. April screamed as she saw the tree they were heading toward. The car jerked, changing direction so that the driver’s side was in the line of the tree. There was no time, and the pain was instant as the car impacted the tree.

## Chapter One

“Why are you here?” Henry asked.

April stared at the man behind the large, intimidating desk. She’d always been scared of him. Just over a year ago Henry had met her best friend, Julia, and the two had become inseparable. From the sidelines April had watched the couple grow together, feeling like a total outsider. For some reason unknown to her, Henry hated her. Julia tried to convince her that it was nothing, but April knew the hatred shining in his eyes whenever he looked at her, wasn’t nothing.

“I wanted to see how you were doing after everything.” She glanced down at her hands, wishing with all of her heart that she hadn’t said anything or even come to him. Three weeks ago she’d gone out shopping with Julia. Henry didn’t want his girlfriend to go, but Julia had been determined. Looking back, April knew she should have said no. On the way home after eating a delightful lunch, Julia had run headlong into a tree, killing Julia instantly, and injuring April in the process.

She would never forget being trapped in the car, begging for Julia to respond to her. What felt like hours but was probably only minutes had passed, but Julia never responded to her calls. April had sat beside her friend begging for her to respond and nothing. Closing her eyes, April recalled sobbing as Julia’s cell phone rang.

Reaching into her dead friend’s pocket she’d answered Henry’s call. Telling him over

the phone that his girlfriend was dead would haunt her for the rest of her life. He'd gotten to them before an ambulance or anyone else. She'd never forget the look on his face when she saw him. Henry had surprised her by helping her first to get out of the car.

Pushing the memories aside, she got to her feet. "I'm sorry. I really shouldn't have come." She put the two crutches underneath her arms and gripped the handles. The accident caused her to break her leg, stopping her from working for the next couple of weeks. She worked as a checkout girl at the local supermarket. "I just wanted you to know that I was sorry."

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“Why the fuck are you sorry?” Henry asked, getting to his feet. He rounded the desk with speed and planted himself on the edge in front of her. “You weren’t the one driving the fucking car.”

His harsh language always surprised her. She’d grown up around men who cursed all the time. With Henry, she always expected something different. He was a successful businessman, so shouldn’t he talk differently?

She licked her suddenly dry lips and stared at him. “I don’t know what happened. I wanted to thank you for pulling me out of the car.”

The doctor who tended to her had told her if it wasn’t for Henry placing a tourniquet above her wound she’d have bled out and possibly died. The very thought of dying scared her. Her own thoughts made her feel guilty as Julia hadn’t survived. Julia’s funeral had been over a week ago. It had taken her this long to build up the courage to come and see Henry.

“I’m doing fine.” He reached out and touched one of the crutches she was holding. She tensed up wondering what he was thinking. “What about you?” he asked.

Easy conversation between them had never worked. Whenever they were alone, silence always worked better.

“I’m fine.” She stared at the ground. Her best friend was dead, and she didn’t know how to deal with the pain of losing her loved one. She didn’t have any family of her own, as they hadn’t liked her moving to the city to be near her friend.

“You’re not fine.” He stood, closing the small distance between them. Henry tilted her head back with a finger underneath her chin. “You don’t get to lie to me, April. Tell me the truth.”

The intensity of his blue gaze struck her hard. Her body, which worked against her, responded to the smallest of his touches. This was the guilt she hated. There was something about Henry that called to her. His gruff voice, the hard, chiseled features, even the day-old stubble he always sported, awakened something within her. Henry was her best friend’s man, and she’d curbed those feelings for so long she didn’t know what she believed anymore. His hatred of her sure stopped her from wanting anything to do with him.

“Everything hurts,” she said, gasping. “I’m sorry. I just needed to see if you were okay. I rang Julia’s phone today, and I remembered—” April stopped as a fresh wave of pain coursed through her entire body.

He cupped her cheek, pulling her against him. Without thinking, she released the crutches and held onto him. Henry smelled amazing. She didn’t know what he used, but it was heady.

Julia’s face appeared in her mind, and all the thoughts and feelings Henry inspired, she pushed aside. This was not her man. He’d never be her man. April withdrew, releasing a gasp as her balance almost gave out.

“Don’t do anything stupid,” he said. Henry held onto her waist as he leaned down to grab her crutches. Once the two sticks were back under her arms, she stared at him, conscious of the touch against the side of her breasts from the backs of his fingers. “You’ve got to learn to be careful.”

She nodded. “I will. I’m sorry for coming here.”

“You’ve got to learn to stop saying sorry. Not everything is your fault.”

Again, April nodded, turning away from him. Moving toward the door, April wished she hadn’t come to him. Staying at home with the memories made it hard for her to focus. Why did she need to come and see Henry? He was probably moving on to another woman. She’d seen the women around him even with Julia. They flocked to him as if they knew something about him.

Shaking all the unease from her mind, she went to the door about to open it when his voice interrupted his thoughts.

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Henry stared at April’s round ass, distracted by the tempting curves on display. He ran fingers through his hair as he stared at her retreating form. Seeing April with her dark brown skin, long black hair, and soulful eyes, the guilt returned once again. For the past week he’d been trying to avoid getting in touch with her. They both lost Julia, yet he couldn’t bring himself to go to her. Ever since he first met her, he couldn’t control himself around her. When he first met Julia, the attraction had been instant. One week after meeting Julia and becoming an official couple, she’d introduced him to April.

His well-organized world came crashing down around him. April inspired so much inside him, but there was no way for him to break up with Julia just to go with her best friend. The very thought repulsed him.

“Wait,” he said, unable to watch her go. She looked so damn pitiful with the crutches and the cast on her leg. All he wanted to do was wrap his arms around her, pulling her against him.



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Instead, he held onto the edge of his desk, watching her, like he'd been watching her for many years. She'd not been alone while in the hospital. When she fell asleep, he'd take the time to check on her. Henry couldn't bring himself to be apart from her.

"You're not going anywhere." Leaving his desk, he grabbed his jacket, seeing that it was indeed lunchtime already. "We're going out to lunch."

"Seriously, Henry, you don't have to stop what you're doing for me. I can take care of myself."

"Do I look like I'm giving you a fucking choice?" His words came out harsher than he intended. Gritting his teeth, he tried to calm down so he wouldn't give her cause to be alarmed. "I need to eat sometime, and you're here. I don't want to send you away."

Stepping closer to April, he waited for her to dispute what he said.

"Okay, I can handle some food. If you'd rather eat by yourself then I'm okay with that."

She looked at the floor again. Her long black hair fell over her face, blocking her beauty from his gaze. Reaching out, he tucked strands of her hair back. She jerked away from him touch.

Letting out a sigh, he withdrew his hand, wishing things were different.

"Come on, let's go and eat." He opened the door, waiting for her to pass before

closing it behind him. On the way to the lift he nodded at his personal assistant telling her he'd be back after lunch.

"How does the place function without you?" April asked, stepping onto the lift with him.

Staring at their reflections Henry did everything he could not to look at her. There were times she'd visit Julia that he found himself looking at April. Life, for him, was easier when he tried to believe she didn't exist.

This is all on you. She's nervous around you because of you.

He never tried to make her relax. The attraction between them was all on him. She didn't give him any indication that she wanted more from him.

"When are you back at work?" he asked, trying to turn the conversation to something else other than the increased attraction.

"I'll be going back next week."

"You'll still be on crutches."

"I know. I've got to get back to work. Staying in all day and doing nothing isn't my idea of fun. I've got to do something, as otherwise I'm going to go mad." April stared up at the numbers counting down at the top of the lift. He stared at the column of her neck. Would her skin be as silky as it looked? Henry wanted to close the distance between them, press her up against the wall of the lift and kiss her.

She's not yours.

"I don't like it," he said, turning his hands into fists at his sides. There had to be an

off switch to this attraction. She didn't feel anything for him, yet when he was in her company, all he did was feel for her.

"There's nothing you can do to stop it. I've got to eat, and they'll only keep my job for so long."

"You should be resting. Your leg broke, and you almost died." Hearing her sob over the phone after the accident twisted his gut. The only thing worse than the memory of her sobs was the visual he got every time he closed his eyes. The car wrapped around the tree, Julia's side a mess and the vision of April trapped within the car.

Again, he pushed the memories away, reminding himself that April was still alive. She didn't know that he and Julia had argued before she went out or what they'd been arguing about.

"Bills need to be paid, Henry. Not all of us are successful businessmen." She gave him a smile, which had his heart pounding harder in his chest.

Fuck!

He averted his gaze and breathed a sigh of relief when the doors opened. Waiting for April to take the lead, he followed close beside her. Every now and then he couldn't help but catch a glimpse of her glorious, full behind. She was so ripe and full. He knew once he got her naked that she'd fill his hands to perfection.

Once outside of his office, he could breathe easier. Loosening his tie, he made his way toward the car that always waited for him outside of his business. Opening the door, he gave the driver a pointed look. April did a little hop then shuffle before landing her ass in the car. "I really don't need to eat. I can wait."

Sending her a glare, he took the crutches, dumping them into the trunk. Glancing

around the city, he couldn't help but smile. He had April in his car, and now he got the chance to feed her. For once, his day was looking up.

Sitting beside her, he told the driver to take them to an upscale Italian restaurant that had opened up. He loved the food, and he wished to share the experience with April.

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The heat coming from Henry had to be all in her imagination. No one could generate heat simply sitting beside her in a car. Pushing some hair off her face, she forced herself to watch the city passing her by.

They were going for Italian. Did he pick the place because she liked Italian food? How did he even know what she liked? All of her thoughts were starting to confuse her, none of them making any sense as she thought about the kind of man Henry was.

The tension in the car mounted, and she made sure to keep her attention outside rather than inside. This was the first time she'd been alone with him. He seemed to be acting different. She didn't know why and would rather not overanalyze why he was suddenly behaving toward her with interest.

He didn't even ask what she wanted for lunch—he assumed.

Why are you getting angry? You're happy with anything.

Staring out of the window, she tried to get her thoughts into focus. Henry stayed quiet on the ride toward the restaurant. At times she found herself tracing over the cast that covered her thigh.

When they were outside, she opened the door and was shocked to find Henry standing with her crutches waiting for her. He offered a hand to help her to her feet. Staring at his hand, she wondered what she should do. She took the hand he offered, knowing in her heart that it would be ridiculous to ignore the help.

Henry stayed beside her as she got comfortable.

“Are you good to walk?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’m good now.” She offered him a smile then followed him as he entered the restaurant. There were no steps for her to battle. April hated steps with the crutches. There was no easy way to get to her destination when stairs were involved.

She stood slightly behind him as he made arrangements. The moment the maître d’ knew who he was they got a table within seconds.

“Wow, you know how to throw your name around.”

“I do own all rights to my name,” he said, teasingly. April couldn’t help but laugh at the smirk on his face.

The waiter approached their table holding a menu. Henry took the menu before she got a chance.

“I need to see that to order,” she said.

“No, you don’t.” He flicked it open and glanced down. “Get us two of your strong coffees with extra cream for the lady.”

April frowned. How did he know what she liked?

“I’ve been listening to you for the past few months, April. It’s pretty hard to miss what you like.”

She nodded, more confused that he knew what she was thinking.

The waiter came back carrying their drinks. They were handed another menu, and she looked toward Henry to see if she was allowed to take it.

“Order what you like.”

Glancing down the list of meals she noticed there was no cost.

“Erm, could I borrow your menu when you’re done?”

“No. Lunch is on me. Order what you like and I’ll pay for it.”

“I don’t need you to pay for me.”

Henry looked at her over the edge of the menu he held up. “You told me you were returning to work as you needed the money. Was that all lies?”

Heat filled her cheeks at his words. They were not lies, but hearing her own complaints spoken back to her hurt.

She heard him release a sigh. April chanced a look up at him.

“Lunch is on me. Don’t take it personally, April. I want to feed you, and you’re going to let me. I heard you mention to Julia that you wanted to come here. I’m making sure you get the chance. The food is wonderful.”

April smiled once again then looked down at the menu. She loved her food and took great lengths to try something new.

Settling on a dish, she told him what she wanted then sat back waiting. She tapped her fingers on the table and looked around the room. None of the people stood out, but the intimacy of the layout struck her. The tables were small with enough length to

fit two plates across from each other. Underneath the table she was sure she felt Henry's knees brush hers or it could be in her head. When she was around Henry, her imagination seemed to go into overdrive.

"You can talk to me."

Returning her gaze to Henry, she saw he was sitting back in his seat, staring at her.

"Why do you hate me?" she asked, blurting the first words that came to her mind. Biting her lip, she glanced down at her hands wishing she hadn't spoken.

Crap, great way to start the conversation.

"I don't hate you."

"Yeah, you do. You're always looking at me as if you don't approve or something. Ever since we've met and you found out I was Julia's best friend, you were always negative." She folded her arms over her chest wishing Julia was here now. The conversation would carry on at the table with whatever she could think of. Julia had a way about her that drew people out.



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“Do you take advice?” he asked, leaning forward.

His thick arms rested on the table. Did he work out? She was sure Julia said he did. Sitting behind a desk all day didn’t create arms that thick or a body more suited to the devil himself than Henry.

“Depending on the person giving the advice,” she said, glaring at him.

“Then take this advice, April. You’re not ready to know what I’ve got to say to you. This is new territory for you. Back off and I’ll tell you the truth when you’re ready.”

What did that mean?

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The waiter left them with wine and water for April. She told him she couldn’t drink wine because of her leg and the pain meds she was still taking. Feeling like an idiot, Henry ordered himself a water, too, not wanting the weakness wine would give him.

Staring across the table, he tried to find something to talk about. Whenever he was with her, all he wanted to do was stare at her. She was so utterly beautiful and yet she didn’t have the first clue about herself. There were many nights she’d slept over in the spare bedroom with Julia and he overheard their conversation between each other. Throughout their talks, he heard April snort when Julia would talk about her beauty.

She looked down at her lap and started to trace around her leg cast.

“I don’t want you working while you’re still in a cast,” he said.

“What?”

“There’s no way you’re fully recovered. I don’t want to think of you working all day. It’ll tire you out.”

“Henry, I need to work. Money doesn’t grow on trees.”

He gritted his teeth as he knew she’d refuse to listen to him. “Then you can work for me, from my home.”

April’s mouth dropped open with shock.

“What?”

She kept saying that word. Was he speaking gibberish?

“You’re not ready to return to work. The only logical solution is for you to come and work for me. Don’t worry, I’ll pay you.” He fired off a sum that had her coughing. Henry wasn’t stupid. The money he offered her was more than she made within a year at the supermarket.

“What exactly would I be doing? You live in an apartment. How is working for you going to be easier than getting to the supermarket? You don’t exactly live on the bottom floor.”

Henry sat back in his seat, liking his idea more and more. If he had her around, he wouldn’t spend a great deal of time worrying about her. He was tired of always worrying about her. Every chance he got, he was thinking about her, even when he wasn’t supposed to be worrying.

“Stay at my place. You can clean and organize my life, I don’t know. I’ll pay you to play housemaid. I don’t care, April. I just don’t want you going back there. It’s not right. Your leg needs time to heal.” He stopped speaking when the waiter placed their food in front of them.

“You want me to clean for you.”

“I don’t care what you do.”

She started to twirl her fork in the pasta. He didn’t know what else to say to her.

Shit, great way to get what you want.

“I’m so confused right now,” she said. “I thought you hated me. Why would you even want me to be near you?”

“I don’t hate you, April. I’ve never hated you.”

I’m a jealous fuck who wants you more than I want anything else.

She shook her head. “Even Julia knew what you thought. She told me not to take it personally.”

“I never hated you. I want to help you. Take my offer willingly, April.”

“Or what?”

He leaned back in his seat and stared at her. “Or I’ll take you back to my apartment and lock you in the fucking place every day.”

She gasped. “You can’t do that.”

“I can do whatever the hell I want, and I do. You’re not going to work for the supermarket. You’re going to work for me, and you’re going to do it with a smile on your face, remembering Julia.”

“Throwing my friend in my—”

“Julia would want me to take care of you. Stop being a hard assed fucking female and learn to live with it. You’re coming home with me. We’ll stop by your place first to collect some things.”

“I’ve got rent to pay. I can’t just leave.”

“I’ll deal with your landlord.” He dug into his food starting to make plans in his head. This was how it could work. She wouldn’t start to think of it as charity or anything else. He was concerned for her.

“Using Julia wasn’t right.”

“What do you think she’d say to you right now?”

Tears filled her eyes making him feel like the worst bastard in the world. He did love Julia in his own way. They were together for over a year.

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“Fine, I’ll come to work for you willingly. You better not talk to me like crap. I’m only doing this for her.”

For the remainder of their meal neither of them spoke. Henry didn’t mind the silence. He got the chance to simply watch her.

April got her tears under control after several minutes of looking away from him. He hated bringing Julia up. The woman who died in that car had touched both of them in some way.

Once their meal finished, he helped her back into the car then drove toward her place. Instead of letting her go inside, he took her key and entered her small apartment. Without wasting any time, Henry paid the landlord for the coming month’s rent. He had no intention of her being here to stay, but the amount was so small, he didn’t mind.

Inside her place, he gathered some clothes along with personal items. He noticed the photos of all three of them. Surprise struck him when he saw there were pictures with him. He ignored the memories and packed up two cases along with some personal items and made his way back to the car.

“I could have packed my own bag,” she said, folding her arms over her full tits.

“You wouldn’t have come back out. I’m not stupid, April. Don’t treat me like I am.” He gave the order for the driver to move away.

She stared out of the window, ignoring him. Her hands were fisted at her sides. What

would she do if he reached out to touch her? Her dark skin called to him to touch, stroke.

Fisting his own hands, he stared out of the window.

He needed to remember April wasn't his woman to touch.

## Chapter Two

The first few weeks working for Henry were a nightmare. Sleeping in the spare bedroom, she tried not to get in his way. Everywhere she turned, he was there. She found herself bumping into him when she tried with all of her might to avoid him.

She tried to get up a little later than he did, yet she'd find herself bumping into him.

Henry refused to go to work until he saw that she was fine. His actions were sweet, in an annoying kind of way. He would demand her presence at breakfast where she had no choice but to serve him.

The first few mornings she'd hated the intimacy of serving him breakfast. The days passed, and she found there was little to no intimacy involved in serving him. He made sure she ate breakfast with him before he set off for work.

The worst part of being alone in his apartment was finding something to do. His place was spotless. All she needed to do was dust over the counters with a cloth. When it came to dinner, she found her element. Henry didn't criticize her when it came to dinner. When he refused to tell her what to cook, she simply walked into the kitchen and allowed inspiration to take over.

He talked about his work, asked about her day, and then at night, they'd sit and watch a movie, forming a routine together.

Three weeks into her time at his place, April started to feel more and more at home. Pushing hair off her face, she turned to glance across the kitchen counter as he stood beside the window looking out onto the city with a glass of whiskey in one hand and a phone in the other. She didn't know why he even came home at times. All he seemed to do was work.

Stirring the tomato sauce, she added a dash of pepper before taking a taste. Satisfied, she dropped in the seafood giving it a quick stir. Once the seafood was almost cooked, she added the cooked spaghetti.

Serving their meal onto two plates, she grabbed her crutches and walked over to him. She had tried to master carrying plates to the table. The attempt caused a mess, stained his white carpet, and forced him to get a new one.

April tapped him on the shoulder, letting him know dinner was ready. He nodded, and she turned away to take a seat at the table. She placed the crutches beside her chair then waited for him to bring their food.

"I'm sorry about that. Business never stops."

"You own the company. Of course it never stops."

He paused with the fork in midair. "Why would you say that?"

She shrugged. "If I had my own company, I'd struggle to leave for an hour let alone a day. It must be hard getting some relaxing time."

"You're the first person to see it like that."

"I don't mind how many calls you have to make. We're not a couple. You don't need to explain anything to me." She twirled the spaghetti around her fork and stared at

him.

“This is good.”

“I do have one question,” she said.

“Go ahead.”

“If you need to still be making calls, why do you bother coming home? I mean, I know this is your place and all, but why come home if all you’re going to do is be on the phone?” She bit her lip when she realized she’d started to ramble.



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“My business is all over the world. I’ve got to be prepared to take a call at all times. When I’m here I can relax even though it’s still business.”

“Sorry.”

“No, I don’t mind your questions. You’re finally talking to me again.” He smiled.

The first few days she’d behaved like a child, refusing to give him an inch. She didn’t talk to him or even acknowledge his presence apart from to tell him when his food was ready.

“Yeah, sorry about that. I’m not used to people ordering me around. I’m my own person.”

“You’re still your own person,” he said. “I’m happier that you’re here. I’d hate for anything to happen to you.”

“You lost a white carpet and a couple of plates.”

Henry chuckled. “You were more concerned about the carpet than I was. I was more upset about the food being on the floor. I’d never in all my life considered eating off the floor until your food ended up there.”

She laughed along with him. “Fine.”

He carried their empty plates into the kitchen. She wouldn’t let him do the dishes. Why should he do the dishes when he hired her to do all the cleaning work? April

followed him into the kitchen.

“I’m going to make a couple of calls.”

She didn’t argue with him. April washed the dishes, and when she finished she made her way into her bedroom. She selected a long nightshirt before going into the bathroom.

When the cast finally came off her leg she was going to enjoy the luxury of bathing in the large tub. Sitting on the toilet, she filled the sink with water and started to wash the rest of her body. She wiped her leg around the cast. After she cleaned her body and face, she finished washing her hair. Wrapping her body in a towel, she made her way into her bedroom.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she dried her body while staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her curves stood out making her uncomfortable. Julia had been slender with only the smallest of curves.

Stop it.

Turning away from the mirror, she grabbed her nightshirt pulling it on in jerky movements.

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Henry gripped his cock as the water fell all over his body. In his mind he saw April, without the cast, on her knees before him. Being around her daily was wreaking havoc with his thoughts. Most nights he lay in bed, turned on knowing she was only a few feet away from him. The best part of his day was nighttime. She wore a thin shirt, which did nothing to hide her glorious full body from his view. Sometimes in the morning with the sun shining through the window her nightshirt became transparent.

All of her dark curves would be on display for him to see.

He worked from the base up to the tip, sliding his hand over his aching dick. Gritting his teeth, he imagined her opening her full, plump lips and taking him inside. Her mouth would be so fucking sweet.

The deeper his imagination got, the harder it was to deny himself. Crying out, Henry opened his eyes in time to see his seed washing down the drain. His orgasm left him unsatisfied like all the other ones he experienced. He turned off the shower, wishing he could pull them both out of this comfortable living arrangement. Part of him wanted to shock her by simply taking the kiss he craved while another part of him wanted her to come to him.

It was messed up. None of it made any sense to him.

Climbing out of the shower stall, he wrapped a towel around his waist then padded his way into the bedroom. He already heard the television blaring in the sitting room.

What movie would she want to watch tonight?

They'd gone through a large selection of chick flicks, and he'd even sat through the cooking channel a couple of times.

Quickly sliding up a pair of sweatpants, he threw the towel into the basket then walked toward the sitting room. April sat in a corner of the sofa, remote in hand, flicking through the channels.

"Do you want to pick a film?" she asked, glancing up at him. Her dark brown eyes struck him hard.

"You're not going to hog the television?"

“Nah, you’ve watched enough chick flicks to last you a lifetime.” She pushed some hair off her neck. He was drawn to that exposed flesh like a moth to a flame.

Pulling out of his craving, he walked toward his DVD collection. He settled on a horror flick.

Henry didn’t know why he liked horror movies, but they always intrigued him.

April groaned, grabbing the pillow that was behind her toward her front. Before the advertisements were even up for other films, she was cowering behind the pillow. “Trust you to pick a horror film.”

He chuckled, sitting back and pressing play on the film. Within twenty minutes, she was peeking over the edge of the pillow.

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“I can’t look.”

She still looked, clearly drawn to the story. He was busy watching her rather than the television screen.

When it got to a particularly scary part, she dove toward his side. Henry was so shocked, he tensed up. After several seconds passed he forced himself to relax against her touch.

He held her close as she jumped after each scary scene. Closing his eyes, he pressed his nose against her hair, breathing her in.

“How can you not be afraid?” she asked.

“I’ve seen it a thousand times.” It wasn’t much of a lie. Scary movies never bothered him.

Holding her close, he simply basked in the feel of her against him.

This is what he loved more than anything, being able to hold her.

Staring at his hand on her arm, he felt possessive. She was so much smaller than him.

Swallowing past the lump in his throat, he watched the remainder of the movie.

“You owe me a good movie now,” she said, pointing at him.

“Okay, I’ll watch one of your chick flicks but you’ve got to do something for me.”

“What?”

“You’ve got to stay with me, cuddled up against me.”

She frowned at him, looking confused. “Why?”

“I want you to.”

“And you’ll watch a chick flick.”

He nodded.

“What if I don’t?”

“Then I go to bed.” He hoped she didn’t call his bluff.

“Okay,” she said, settling back. “I can do that.”

He climbed off the sofa, changed the DVD then settled back beside her. The first few seconds of the movie were tense, but April finally relaxed against him.

Within the hour she fell asleep against him. Her face rested against his chest.

Henry stayed for the whole of the film, using the time to stroke her hair and bask in knowing she trusted him enough to fall asleep.

Don’t get too ahead of yourself.

Using the remote, he turned the television set off then worked his body so that April

slept on the sofa. Once he was standing, he tucked his arms around her body, fitting her against him. He lifted her up, loving the feel of her in his arms.

Reluctantly, he took her to her bedroom, tucking her into bed. She didn't wake or stir once.

He sat on the edge of the bed, looking down at her. She was so utterly beautiful, riveting to him.

"I'm going to take good care of you."

Turning off the light, he left her room before making his way toward his own bedroom. He rested his head on the door, wishing there was something he could do to stop these feelings rushing through him. They were driving him insane.

He didn't know how long he was going to last before he finally claimed April as his own.

\*\*\*\*

Two months later

April stared down at her free leg without any cast. There were no signs on her body that she'd even been in a car crash that cost her best friend's life. No lasting marks or visible memories on her body to remind her of all she'd lost.

Touching her leg, she winced even though there was no pain. Her leg had healed fine. She didn't need crutches or to worry about falling over. April hadn't told Henry about her doctor's appointment or getting the cast removed.

She placed both of her legs onto the coffee table wondering what to make of them.

Nothing stood out. It was like the car crash hadn't taken place.

Standing up, she made her way toward the kitchen about to start dinner. The apartment was spotless once again. She never did anything to make it dirty.

Walking without the aid of the crutches felt strange to her. She didn't realize how much she'd come to rely on those two simple sticks.

I've got to go home now.

She left the fridge and made her way into the bedroom. With tears in her eyes she packed away her few possessions wishing there was a way for her to stay. She loved Henry's apartment, cooking for him, sharing meals, watching television. It had all become part of her routine, and she loved it.

Yanking her bags toward the door, she took a seat on the sofa and simply waited for Henry to come home.

At five o'clock he walked through the door. "What the fuck?" he said, growling the words out.

Looking up, she saw him walking toward her. "What the fuck are your suitcases doing packed in the hallway?" He dropped his briefcase to the floor without taking his eyes off her.

"It's time for me to go."

"April, I'm not going to argue with you about—" He stopped speaking as she stood up. Tucking some hair behind her ear she smiled at him. "Your cast?"

"Yeah, I went to the doctor's today. It's awesome. They said it was time for the cast



to be off.” She gave him a twirl. “What do you think?”

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He didn't say anything, simply stared at her.

"You packed your bags." His gaze returned to hers.

"Yeah, there's no need for me to stay here anymore. I packed my bags. I was wondering if you could give me a lift back home. I really appreciate everything you did, taking care of me and all." She stopped talking as he'd not done anything but stare at her. "What's the matter?"

"You don't have to leave."

"Henry, I can't stay here. I've got a life."

"The job at the supermarket has gone."

"I'll get another job." She'd already had three job interviews lined up. One of them was working as a receptionist. "It's time for me to move on, and I think it's best you did as well."

She loved staying with him, but how could she continue to stay with him when Julia's death was still raw?

"I'll, erm, I'll pull the car around." He grabbed her case from the floor and turned away before she said anything else.

Taking one last look around the apartment she'd called home for the past three months, April was filled with regret. For a split second she'd actually thought Henry

cared about her a little bit.

She took her purse and made her way down to his car. He sat behind the wheel, and she climbed in beside him.

“I really appreciate everything you’ve done for me.”

“I don’t want to hear it, April.” He navigated traffic, cutting her off every chance she tried to speak to him.

“It doesn’t have to be like this,” she said, reaching out.

Henry shrugged her off him. “You went to the doctors without asking for me to come with you. I’m pretty sure I know where I’m not wanted.”

“Don’t be like this. Our friendship isn’t like that.” She was hurting inside. His attitude upset her with every second that passed.

He parked outside of her apartment building. Henry surprised her when he got out and actually helped her with the bags. Her landlord greeted her as she arrived.

Once inside her apartment, she stared around at the small space. Compared to Henry’s luxury living, her place was in fact a dive.

“You don’t have to stay here,” he said, standing by the door.

“I’ve got to get on with my life, Henry. You should do the same. Everything is still raw.” She was talking about Julia. Her best friend hadn’t been dead six months, and she was growing closer to her boyfriend.

“I understand.” He turned on his heel and walked out of the room. The sound of the

door slamming echoed throughout the small room.

She stayed looking at that door for several minutes before she started to put her clothing away. Henry had been through her place before to collect her stuff. He'd picked out her underwear, clothing, personal items, and not once did she miss anything he'd left behind.

It had to be luck that made him pick everything she held of value.

There were moments when they were together when she was sure he saw a lot more than he let on.

By seven o'clock April sat on the edge of her sofa wringing her hands together. The sounds of the city going by were easily heard through her thin windows. In Henry's apartment, there were no sounds other than stillness.

She closed her eyes, wishing with all of her might that something could have been different. The love she felt for him had to be put elsewhere. He'd helped her overcome her problem with her leg, and that was all. She couldn't expect him to take over the rest of her life.

Rubbing at her temples, she tried her hardest to clear her thoughts. Nothing helped. In the last three months Henry had proven he was more than a cold, unfeeling ogre who hated her. She didn't really believe he hated her anymore. There's no way someone who hated another person would put up with them for three months.

"Ugh, get over it, April. It's all over, and you're never going to see him again."

\*\*\*\*

The following week April interviewed for three different jobs. The first was as a

receptionist at a law firm. She didn't like the look or sound of the woman hiring, so she turned that job down. The next job was for a library position in the city library. She hated the quiet and strict order of the work. Once again, she refused the job, settling instead for the third.

Waitressing at a restaurant five nights a week paid more than her supermarket job which she'd worked all day. She was surprised by the amount of tips she got as well. The clientele were more upscale than she was used to. All of the men reminded her of Henry, only not as handsome.

One week rolled into another week. She didn't make any friends and kept to herself. The owner, Marcel, was a chef with strict rules who forbid any of his employees to become overly friendly with each other or the clients. There were several strict rules in play while working. None of the employees could date each other. There could be no fighting. If Marcel saw any of them fighting inside his business they were instantly fired. He didn't like it and wouldn't care who he was hurting. The rules worked fine for her. She noticed early on that a lot of the employees stayed to themselves instead of getting to know one another.

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When two months had passed, April started to get back into the flow of living again. The death of Julia was fading. Even though she visited her grave regularly, she could no longer warrant being off work with emotional stress. The days of working in the supermarket were long gone. She went back to cooking in her kitchen, planning days out, and she even went to the movies the other night just to do something with her time.

She was putting her life back together little by little since losing her best friend, but Henry's absence really hurt. The love she felt for him never once died inside her. She'd be walking around the city convinced she saw him with other women.

"April, Antonio is trying to get your attention," Donald, the barman said.

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the host was trying to flag her down. Crap. She'd been so lost in her own little world that she didn't even see any of the new customers coming in.

"Sorry," she said, approaching Antonio.

"Never mind, don't let it happen again. Marcel has a friend in tonight. He wants him treated with respect and proper care."

"Why's he giving me the table? I thought Rachel got the good tables."

Rachel was another of the waitressing staff who'd been there a little longer than April and knew what Marcel wanted.

“Marcel said it’s your table and your time to shine. I’d do what he says.” Antonio handed her the menus and pointed in the direction of the table.

You can do this. This job is not hard. You’ve just got to keep your wits about you, smile, and pretend nothing is wrong.

“Good evening. I’m April, and I’ll be your waitress for this evening,” she said, smiling at the table. The smile on her face froze when she saw Henry sat on one side of the table. She had already seen the blonde woman with the fake tits and heavily made up face sitting opposite him.

“April?” Henry asked, frowning.

“It’s good to see you, Henry.” She gave them both their menus and continued to smile. Holding her hands in front of her she kept up the act by telling them about the specials. “Now, is there anything I can get you?”

“No thanks, honey. We’ll call you when we need you,” the fake blonde said, taking over.

Nodding her head, April turned away without looking at Henry. This had to be the hardest thing she’d ever done in her life. She went about checking her tables to make sure everyone was happy.

By the time she finished checking on her other customers, Henry was waiting.

“We’d both like your house special red wine,” he said. “Tell Marcel I want a word with him.”

Taking the drinks menu from him, she nodded, feeling a little sick. Was he going to tell Marcel to fire her?

“I’ll get your drinks and get Marcel.”

She told Donald the order then headed back to the kitchen.

“April, my beauty, why are you back here without an order?” Marcel asked.

“He asked to speak with you.”

Marcel glanced up from his fire filled saucepan to her. “What?”

“Your special guest asked me to get you. He wants a word.” Her palms were so sweaty with nerves. She actually liked the job more than anything. April got to be around food, see how the restaurant worked, and also she got the chance to have some semblance of a life.

“Okay, tell him I’ll be right out.”

“Sure, sir.”

She walked out, taking the red wine glasses and expertly carrying them. “Here is your house special red wine. Marcel will be out shortly, and please let me know when you’re ready to order.”

Antonio had already supplied the menus, so she didn’t have to worry about them. Ten minutes passed and she watched Marcel go to Henry’s table. The two men moved away out of her sight.

“Are you okay?” Donald asked.

“Yeah, I’m probably going to lose my job.”



She tapped her fingers on the counter watching the fake blonde primp her hair as if she knew what she was doing.

Five minutes later Marcel pulled her aside. “I want you to go back to my office.”

“Am I fired?” she asked, feeling the tears fill her eyes.

“No, sweet girl, you’re not fired.” He gave her a smile, which didn’t help her mood. His smile scared her even more.

“I love this job.” He escorted her to his office as she spewed out all the reasons why she loved this job.

“Stop worrying.” Marcel opened his office door and pushed her inside. “You’ve got nothing to worry about.”

The door closed without him even entering the office. Henry leaned on the desk, waiting for her.

### Chapter Three

Henry took April in. She stood beside the door with her arms folded highlighting her full, rounded tits. For the past couple of months he'd done nothing but dream about her. Spending time in his apartment was a bust seeing as every corner reminded him of her. He'd gone to the supermarket only to find that they hadn't taken her back into their employment. When he couldn't figure out where she worked he'd started to panic. He could have gone to her place at any time, but he wanted to give her space.

Of all the places to find her, he didn't expect it to be Marcel's place as a waitress. Not only did he find her here but he was on a date with Angela. The fake blonde hair and tits were supposed to be a distraction to take him away from thoughts of April. Seeing her in the flesh reminded him that he'd already spent a great deal of time using another woman as a replacement. Julia didn't deserve it then, and April didn't deserve to be put through this. Angela wasn't getting anything more than a good meal out of him.

April looked good, better than good. Her eyes were no longer dead with all the pain locked inside.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Please don't get me fired. I'm good at my job, and I like it here. It beats working at the supermarket, and I'm learning so much."

He held his hand up. "I'm not here to talk about your job, April." Actually, he was. Seeing the panic on her face, Henry knew he couldn't do anything to jeopardize her

workplace. Marcel wasn't an awful man to live with, but he demanded a lot of his employees.

"Then what are you here to talk about?" She held her hands behind her back, staring at him.

It took every ounce of willpower not to glance down and stare at her curvy body. Did she even know what she was doing to him? All he wanted to do was bend her over this table and fuck her. He couldn't do it. April wasn't his.

"I wanted to see how you were doing. The way I left things was appalling. I should have respected your decision to move back home. I guess, I missed your cooking already." He tried to make a joke, but it fell flat.

"You're dating," she said.

"No, Angela's not really a date," he said, lying.

April smiled. "I'm happy for you. It's what Julia would have wanted."

Why did everything they talked about have to come around to Julia? He didn't want her to be happy for him or to think better of him.

"I doubt we'll last beyond tonight."

She smoothed her hands down the black skirt she wore. He craved those hands on his own body.

"Was there anything else you wanted to talk to me about?" she asked.

"No." He shook his head.

“Can I go?”

“Sure, tell Angela I’ll be out in a moment.”

She nodded and left the room.

Seconds later Marcel walked back in. “If you want me to fire her, I will, but I’ll be pretty pissed about it, and I don’t like being forced to fire my staff. I happen to like her.”

“I don’t want you to fire her.” He couldn’t take that away from her. Henry wasn’t stupid or blind. April liked this job.

“Then why the need to speak with her? I don’t understand.”

“It’s nothing.” He stopped to look down at the ground.

“She’s Julia’s best friend?”

Henry glanced at his friend, gritting his teeth in the process. One drunken night at the restaurant he’d admitted his true feelings to Marcel. Since then, his friend had told him to come clean, to tell April the truth.

“She means a lot to me, Marcel. I need you to take care of her. You and I both know there are certain men who come here that take what they want without a care to how it will destroy them.” He’d seen many women falling for the customers, which was why Marcel implemented the policy of no dating.

“I understand. I’ll take care of her.”

Henry nodded and walked toward the door.

“One question, Henry,” Marcel said, stopping him in his tracks. “If you’re in love with April and have been from the first moment you saw her, why are you dating the blonde outside?”

“April doesn’t know how I feel about her. She believes I hate her, and I’m not prepared to change who I am to prove to her. Julia’s death wasn’t so long ago. How do you think she’s going to feel if I tell her what I really think was supposed to happen that day?”

“You can’t blame yourself for what happened, Henry. Time will pass, but these feelings will not. April will find a man, and when she does, can you live with the knowledge you could have been that man?”

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Henry left the room without saying a word. Over the months when April had gone on dates he was beside himself with worry. He hated the feeling of helplessness, of wondering if this date would be the one for her.

No, he couldn't bear to see her with anyone else, but he couldn't force her to be with him.

Sitting in his seat, he saw Angela look up. Her lipstick stood out to him. The thick red lips repulsed him along with the rest of her body.

"Are you okay, baby?" she asked.

Why did he even try to date this woman? She was the daughter of a colleague, nothing more.

"I'm fine. Have you decided what you're going to order?" He took a sip of his red wine searching for April. She stood at the bar talking with Donald. Her gaze kept returning to their table, waiting to see when they needed her.

I'll always need you, baby.

"I'll just have a salad with no meat or dressing. I need to stay in shape, and pounding on the calories is not going to cut it."

He tuned her out as she started to talk about her figure and how important it was to fit in. Her voice grated on his nerves, irritating him with every passing second. Couldn't the woman think of something else to say?

This is what you get when you try to avoid your true feelings.

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Serving Henry wasn't all that bad. Their orders were a little boring and predictable for her taste. What's the point of ordering something if you're going to remove half of the good stuff? Meat and dressing made the salad.

She took the order through to Marcel, who scorned it.

"What's the fucking point me even having a menu?" he said.

"I don't know. Girl doesn't know what she's missing that's for sure." He stared at her, and she placed a hand to her mouth. "Sorry, sir. I tried the salad when you were asking for tasters. It was so delicious." The salad had been amazing, and she'd been trying to recreate it at home.

"You've got good taste. I can appreciate a woman with good taste." He tapped her shoulder. "Go and do your work. I will cook up this poor excuse for a meal."

The meal went by smoothly with only Henry ordering dessert.

Antonio showed them out once they were finished. She went to get their plates when Henry returned.

"If you ever need me for anything please don't hesitate to call." He placed a card in her hand. She looked down as he left the room to see his business card with all of his numbers.

In all the time they'd known each other she'd never once asked for his number or his card.

Placing the card in her pocket she went about her work for the remainder of the night. The card held all of her focus even though she couldn't see it.

When she got back to her apartment later that night, she took the card out and stared at his name. Henry Jones's name was scrawled over the rectangle in fancy writing.

Get over yourself, April.

This means nothing.

She couldn't bring herself to throw it away and left it on the fridge under a magnet.

The days and weeks passed with her work at the restaurant. Her life slowly rebuilt as she began to decorate her apartment. Every now and then Henry would frequent the restaurant with a business partner or date. She never gave him much thought, and as time passed, she started to feel less trapped by her feelings.

April took the time to visit Julia's grave, replacing the dying flowers with fresh ones. There were times she missed seeing Henry, but like all things, distance seemed to help her focus on herself and her career. Marcel took the time to teach her certain techniques in the kitchen. His tutoring helped her with her own cooking, and he even placed one of her dishes on the menu, which gave her a buzz.

Her life started to change one night when she was walking around the grocery store. It was a Friday and her day off. She glanced down at her list of ingredients as she reached to grab a stack of bananas. Someone else had reached out for them and their fingers connected.

Pulling back, she glanced back into a pair of beautiful hazel eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said.



“It’s okay, love. My fault. I wasn’t watching where I was going.” He offered her a smile before reaching for the bananas and handing them to her. “A gentleman wouldn’t deny a woman some fruit.”

Her cheeks were heating, and she hoped he couldn’t see her blush. Tucking some hair behind her ear, she took the fruit he offered. “Thank you,” she said.

“You’re very welcome.”

For several seconds they stared at each other. “Erm, I’m going to finish shopping.” She waved the list in front of her feeling like an idiot.

## Page 13

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April weaved her trolley away from him, glancing behind her to see him still staring at her. Her heart raced much like it did whenever Henry was around, though not as intensely.

“Wait,” the banana man said.

She paused, waiting for him.

“I know this is going to sound insane, but I was wondering if you’d like to go on a date with me.” He left his trolley behind to walk up to her.

“You’re asking me out on a date?” she asked.

“Yeah, I know. I can’t even believe I’m asking you but there.”

“I don’t know your name.” She’d never before been asked on a date while at the grocery store.

“David Shaw.” He offered her a hand, which she took.

“April Robinson.”

He took her hand and placed a kiss on her knuckles. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, April.”

Withdrawing her hand, she didn’t know what to do.

“So, that date?” he asked.

“Erm, I’d love to.”

He took hold of her piece of paper and asked one of the passing workers for a pen. “I can see you’re nervous about me, so here’s my number. When you’re ready to go on a date then give me a call.” He wrote his number down. “I hope to hear from you soon, April.”

The pen was given back to the worker, and then he was gone.

“I don’t know about you, honey, but that man is a fine piece of ass,” the worker said.

She chuckled at the look of appreciation on the woman’s face. “Yeah.” April finished her shopping before walking the short distance home. She kept the list of her groceries.

April sat at her kitchen counter with a bowl of cereal in front of her. In one hand she held a spoon, in the other the list with the phone number.

It’s time to move on.

Glancing behind her at the fridge she saw Henry’s numbers waiting for her.

No, she couldn’t think about him in that way. He never gave her any belief they were more than mere acquaintances. She needed to move on, and David looked like a good place to start.

She picked up her phone and dialed his number.

“Hello,” David said.

“David, hi, it’s April. Do you remember me? Banana lady.” She bit her lip as the words just melded together

Shut up.

“I’ve been staring at my phone waiting for your call, baby. So, how about that date?”

\*\*\*\*

One month later

Henry stared at his computer screen wondering about April. He saw her regularly at the restaurant, but they never really got the chance to talk anymore. She hadn’t called him either, but why would she? He’d never given her reason to believe that he was looking forward to her call.

Closing down the document he was working on, he made his way out of his building. He wasn’t surprised to find that he was the last person in the building, barring security. They were there constantly on a rotation of staff. All of his employees went through rigorous training and thorough security checks before he allowed them to work for him. There were other companies out there who would steal his ideas and make life as difficult as possible.

He climbed behind the wheel of his car and headed toward the restaurant. It had been too long since he last saw April, and he needed to know that she was okay. Marcel gave him regular updates but they were not like seeing her in the flesh. He missed her constantly.

Entering the restaurant Antonio greeted him. “Would you like your regular seat, Mr. Jones?”

“Yes.”

The restaurant was booked solid, and Henry didn't feel any remorse for taking the only available table for two.

He couldn't see any signs of April and instead got a male waiter he didn't know.

“I want to speak to Marcel.”

“Sir, our chef is very busy right now.”

“I don't care. Tell him Henry's here to see him.” What a lot of people didn't know was he'd agreed to be the silent partner in this business. Marcel held all the talent in the kitchen, but at the time didn't have the capital to put up for the place. Henry didn't have the skills in the kitchen, but he possessed the money. They were friends, and so the restaurant was born and flourishing. He also got to eat whenever he wanted.

Marcel appeared beside him minutes later. “What can I do for you, my friend?”

“I wanted to know where April was.”

“Peter could have told you. It's her Friday off.” Marcel took a seat, looking frustrated.

“How has she been?”

“You really don't know what's been going on in her life?”

“No, I don't.” How did he admit to his friend that she hadn't called him once?

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: June 28, 2025, 9:56 am*

“Henry, I really hate to break this to you, but she’s dating someone and has been for the last month.”

He stared at his friend. “April’s dating someone?”

“Yeah, a guy by the name of David something. I don’t know his last name. I’ve seen them together. He picks her up after work. It looks pretty serious.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about this before?” he asked.

“You never asked.”

“I care about April, and you didn’t think to tell me that she was out there dating someone.”

“Henry, this is not my problem. I told you what would happen if you left it too long. Guess what? I was right.”

Henry shook his head. “I’ve got to go.” Standing up, he shook Marcel’s hand. “Thank you for keeping an eye on her.”

“I’ll never stop, Henry. She seems happy.”

“I’m going to go.”

“You’re not going to stay for dinner?”

“No. I need to go and see this for myself.” He left the restaurant without a backwards glance.

Without any thought to his actions he drove toward her apartment. He was knocking on her door before he stopped himself.

What are you doing?

No answer came to his own question. April’s apartment door opened, but she wasn’t the person staring back at him. A tall man with sandy colored hair and hazel eyes opened the door.

“Can I help you?” the man asked.

“Yeah, I’m looking for April. Does she still live here?” He checked the door wondering if she moved elsewhere.

“David, who’s at the door?” April asked, appearing behind him.

She wore a pair of short shorts and a white vest top. Her clothing revealed more skin than he’d seen on her in the years they’d known each other.

“Henry, what are you doing here?” she asked.

“It’s been a long time since we last talked. I thought I should come around and make sure you were okay.”

“Do you know this man, baby?”

He hated David instantly.

“Erm, yeah I do. Henry dated Julia when she was alive.”

“Oh man, I’m so sorry. April told me all about that.”

Henry didn’t look anywhere but at April. Her gaze was focused on him.

“Yeah, it has been a hard time. Can I talk to you?” he asked, looking at April.

“What do you want to talk about?”

“April, baby, he clearly needs to see you.” David touched her cheek. “I’ll go and make a coffee.”

David was gone in the next second leaving them alone.

“What do you want?” she asked, folding her arms.

“You’re dating him.”

“What business is it of yours?”

He struggled to think with all of her dark skin exposed. Seeing her body through the sheer nightgowns she wore was nothing compared to this. Henry wanted to reach out and touch her, pull her against him and simply hold her close.

“You didn’t call.” He spat the words out through gritted teeth.

“Why are you so angry? You’re moving on, and so am I. Do you even go to Julia’s grave?”

“Yes, I do.” He went every Sunday for a chance to see her. God, he was such a



fucking pussy. What the hell had happened to him in the last few years? There was a time when he first saw her, when he'd have gotten rid of Julia and taken her. From the moment he saw April he'd been floored by her beauty then later, angry at himself for not laying claim.

"We're friends, Henry. I appreciate everything you did to help me."

"What do you know about this guy?" Henry asked.

"I know that he makes me laugh. I like being around him, and he's sweet."

He shook his head. "You're making a mistake."

"And you know that how? You don't even know him."

"I know people."

"You're acting like a crazy person, Henry. Stop this." She reached out and touched his arm. "Please, stop."

Henry couldn't do this. Turning on his heel, he left the apartment to try to clear his head.

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April watched Henry walk away feeling her heart pound. He looked so strange that she couldn't point to what he was feeling. She rubbed at her chest trying to relieve the pain that had suddenly gripped her.

"Baby, what's the matter?" David asked. He squeezed her shoulder, and she leaned against him.

“Nothing. I don’t know what got into him.” She closed the door hating the echo throughout the room.

“You’re sad.”

She shook her head. “I’m just going to the bathroom. Do you want to set the movie up and I’ll be back in a moment.” April kept her head lowered as she moved toward her bedroom. Closing the door, she entered the bathroom and sat on the toilet. Resting her head in her hands she focused on the floor.

Think, April, think.

Dating David was fun, but she didn't want to develop anything else between them. They were good friends, and yes, they shared a few kisses even though they didn't blow her away.

There really wasn't a relationship between her and David.

"April, are you okay?"

Seeing Henry brought back all the feelings she thought she had stopped. He made her heart race and her pussy pulse with need. The kisses shared with David didn't leave her on fire while a short time with Henry and she was soaked.

"Honey, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm coming out."

Flushing the toilet, she washed her hands splashing water to her cheeks.

Opening her bedroom door she saw David leaning against the wall.

"You look a little flushed."

"I'm fine," she said.

Together they walked toward the sitting room. She settled on the sofa while the DVD

started to play.

“I don’t have any diseases,” David said.

“What?” She frowned, looking toward him.

“You’re far enough away.”

“Oh, sorry.” She slid across the sofa and cuddled up against him. He stroked her arm while she stared at the screen. She enjoyed his touch.

He’s not Henry.

She kept her focus on the screen, wishing for her thoughts to be different.

When the scenes became heated and the two main characters were grabbing each other ready to have sex, she jerked out of David’s arms.

“I’m going to get a soda.” She didn’t offer him one and rested her head against the fridge.

“April?” David touched her shoulder and turned her around. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing. Nothing is going on.” She did her best to smile.

He stroked her cheek then sank his fingers into her hair. She gasped as he tilted her head back. Within seconds his lips were on hers and his tongue plundered her mouth.

She moaned, touching his arms.

The kiss deepened, and she opened her eyes to watch him. What had Henry done to

her? David had pushed all of her buttons until she saw Henry again. Now, the chemistry was non-existent between them. Had she made it up in her head?

April withdrew, licking her lips.

“There’s something going on between you and Henry.”

“No, there’s nothing going on.”

He sighed, pulling away. “Since he stopped by tonight you’ve not been with it. There’s something going on, and it doesn’t have anything to do with me.”

She went to open her mouth, but he pressed a finger against her lips.

“I’ve not got a problem, but you need to make a choice.”

“David, seriously, nothing is going on.” She fisted her hands at her sides.

He stroked her cheek. “I like you, April. I enjoy spending time with you, but I’m not going to be second best. Before we go any further between us I want you to focus on what you want. Whether you think there’s nothing or not, I don’t know. I’ll be waiting for your call.”

April watched him leave. She followed him outside of her apartment and wished there was something she could say.

Great, just great.

She closed the door then took a seat on the sofa staring at the television. The sex was still in full swing, and she turned the whole thing off. She refused to watch another couple making out, finding love when she couldn’t find any love of her own. Rubbing

at her eyes, she got to her feet and went into her bedroom.

Settling into bed, she stared up at the ceiling. She liked David. He felt safe to her after the years she'd spent pining for a man she couldn't have. It sucked.

She turned to her side and gasped as she saw a picture of her, Julia, and Henry. They'd gone to the beach for a day. Julia had asked a passerby to take a photo. Henry stood behind them pulling them both in to him.

Reaching out, she grabbed the picture and stared at it. Julia had given her the picture on their last Christmas together. She didn't dwell on the image as seeing the couple always struck her hard.

Turning on the night light she stared at Henry's hands. She recalled the photo being taken and hadn't given it much thought. His hand was on Julia's shoulder, casual, friendly even. She looked at his hand on her.

April swallowed as heat swelled between her thighs. His hand was on her shoulder, but the tips of his fingers stroked her neck. The possession within the photo was clear to see. The way he held her to him should be how he held Julia, not her.

His head was turned toward her rather than Julia.

Getting out of bed, she quickly threw on some pants and a shirt and called a cab. Twenty minutes later she was on the road heading toward Henry's place. The doorman nodded at her, and she gave him a quick smile. In her pocket lay the photo. She banged on his door, waiting of him to answer.

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Her heart raced, and she banged on his door again.

“What the fuck?” Henry asked, opening the door. Her mouth went dry as she saw him dressed in a pair of pants. “April?”

### Chapter Four

Henry didn't have time to move out of April's way as she barged past him into his apartment. He closed the door, following her. She threw her jacket onto the sofa and whirled around to face him.

“What is this?” she asked.

In her hand was a picture frame. Taking it from her hands, he glanced over it seeing an image of the three of them. “It's the day we went to the beach.”

“No, look closely. Why are you holding me like that?” She pointed at his hand. “Why are you holding me like that, but you're barely touching Julia?” Her finger landed on Julia and where his hand was.

“This is insane. What are you doing banging on my apartment door like that? It's late. Where's David?” How he got the other man's name out without cursing or sounding disgusted, he didn't know.

She laughed. “He thinks there's something between us and refuses to have anything more to do with me until I figure this out.” She held her hand up between the two of them. “I tried to tell him nothing was going on, but he wouldn't believe me. I think

this is crazy, but then I saw this picture and I needed to know.”

“My hand landed funny that’s all.”

“Why were you around my apartment tonight? Why did you look miserable when you saw David?”

April kept firing questions at him.

“I was worried about you, and then I realized I shouldn’t be worried. You’re a grown girl. You don’t need me to worry about you.” The lies fell easily out of his mouth.

“There are a lot of things that don’t add up, Henry. Your attitude when it comes to me. You blow hot and cold. One moment I think you hate me, but the next you’re telling me I’m not prepared for your feelings or how you feel about me.”

“What do you want from me?” He placed the picture on the coffee table taking a step toward her.

“I want you to start making fucking sense.” She shoved his chest hard. He didn’t move. April didn’t compare to his strength at all. “You confuse me all the time. Julia’s dead, and the one connection between us is gone. Why do you keep entering my life and doing this to me?” she yelled.

He stared at her, and something snapped.

Reaching out, he grabbed her wrist tugging her close. She tripped and fell against him. He sank his hands into her hair, gripping the length in his fist.

Henry took what he wanted for a damn change. When he slammed his lips down on hers, April tensed in his arms. He waited for her to push him away, but she simply



stayed frozen.

Sliding his tongue along her bottom lip he coaxed her lips open moaning as her tongue touched his.

Time passed. He didn't know how long it took for her to respond, and he didn't care. Something changed within April. She wrapped her hands around his body, holding onto his shoulders. He pushed her up against the nearest wall, consuming her lips as she wrapped her arms around him.

This was what he'd been craving all those months but kept secret. April filled his thoughts, forcing him to want something he didn't think he was allowed to have.

“Henry?”

“No, stop talking,” he said, kissing down her neck, sucking on her pulse. He needed to taste her, to devour every inch of her.

“We can't do this. Julia—”

“Yeah, we're doing this, and she doesn't matter. It was over with Julia.” He tugged on the hem of her shirt drawing it up over her body. He revealed her full, brown tits with a darker shade to her nipples. Her body was beautiful. Henry went to his knees before her, sucking one of her nipples into his mouth. She cried out. Glancing up, he saw her head thrown back against the wall.

She gripped his arms arching up against his touch.

He glided his hands down her full curves, memorizing them. Releasing her nipple, Henry pulled her sweatpants off, revealing her sweet pussy to view. Her mound was covered in pubic hair. He opened her thighs, sliding his fingers up to the lips of her

sex.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Henry didn't say a word. He held her sex open and sucked her clit into his mouth. The taste of her exploded on his tongue, taking him by surprise. She tasted sweet and musky.

Moaning, he caressed down her slit to plunge into her tiny cunt. She was soaking wet. Her cum slid into his mouth, and he swallowed every drop, loving the taste of her.

When tasting her wasn't enough, he pushed his sweatpants down, gripped his cock, and started to work his shaft.

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He tongued her clit, circling the bud then sliding down to plunge into her sweet pussy.

“Henry, please.”

She tugged on his head, and he expected her to stop him from doing anything more. April moved away from him but instead of going toward the front door, she walked in the direction of the bedroom.

Kicking his sweatpants all the way off his body, he followed her into the bedroom, desperate for more. She stood at the foot of the bed. He didn’t give her the chance to speak as he wrapped her in his arms and claimed her lips once again.

She gasped, opening her lips, and he took full advantage.

“Fuck me, Henry,” she said in between kisses.

He shoved her to the bed, gently. She sat down on the edge staring at him.

“Open your legs. I’ll fuck you all in good time. I want to taste you. Before I put my cock inside you I want you to come on my tongue.” He went to his knees before her and slid his hands up the outside of her thighs before going inside.

April lay back on the bed, opening her thighs wide for him. For the longest time he simply stared into her eyes before returning his attention to her sweet pussy.

Using his fingers he opened her lips and started to suck on her clit. She cried out,

jerking into a sitting position on the bed.

“Are you tender there?” he asked.

“Yes. No one has ever, erm, gone down on me before.”

“It’s their loss.” He wasn’t going to give her any reason to hate oral. Henry was already addicted to the taste of her in his mouth. “I love the taste of your pussy.”

He flicked his tongue over her clit before licking down to tongue-fuck her pussy. She gripped the bedding on either side of her. Her hands went into fists as he drove her closer and closer to orgasm.

Henry kept her at the peak of pleasure refusing to let her over the edge until he wanted her to. Leaving the lips of her sex, he teased her opening with one hand while the other held onto her stomach to keep her in place.

She squirmed in his hold.

He pumped two fingers inside her, sucking her clit into his mouth. That was all it took to have her climaxing. He wouldn’t release her until he was sure she was over the peak.

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April cried out as her orgasm took her completely by surprise. His tongue was wicked, in a good way. She collapsed to the bed, but he wasn’t finished with her yet. He budged her up the bed until she lay amongst the plump pillows.

She watched him lick his lips, and his mouth glistened with her cream. “You taste so good,” he said.

She reached out to touch him. This couldn't be real, yet it was. Henry was naked above her, touching her, bringing her to orgasm. It didn't seem true to her. She touched his face sliding down his chest.

“Touch me, April. I'm all yours.”

He sat back on his heels, and she took the time to caress him. His body was rock hard beneath her fingers. The hours he took working out must have been worth it. She never liked working out and saw no use for it other than to give people jobs.

They were both naked, and she sat up. His cock stood out long and hard. He was the biggest man she'd ever seen. She gripped the length of his shaft working from the root down to the tip. The foreskin peeled back to reveal the mushroom head.

“Fuck,” he said.

Henry covered her hand with his, speeding up her actions. He wanted her to hold him a little tighter and move her hands faster. The way he touched himself looked painful, yet the look on his face showed something else.

For several minutes she touched his cock, finding out what he liked and what it would take to please him.

“That feels so fucking good, April.” The way he said her name was like an erotic moment all in itself.

A fresh wave of arousal hit her hard, and she continued to touch him.

“As much as I hate to say this you're going to have stop.” He pushed her hand away.

“Why?”

“I don’t want to come all over the sheets for our first time together. I want to feel this tight pussy around my dick.”

She groaned as he rubbed the tip of his cock against her clit.

“You’re so wet for me, April. Tell me you want this.”

“I want this. I want you, Henry.” They were not hard words to find.

He pushed the head inside her, and she gasped.

“Fuck, you’re tight.”

April had had sex before, but with her infatuation for Henry, she’d not been with another man since then.

When the tip of him was inside, his hands went to her hips, and with one long thrust he was completely within her.

She cried out. Henry wasn’t a small man. The length and thickness of him filled her completely, pushing her to the verge of pain.

He took her lips in another searing kiss. “Heaven,” he said.

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Gripping his arms, she started to move her pelvis. “Do something.”

The torture was too great. She needed him to move or to do something to take away the burning within her.

“Your wish is my command.” Henry pulled all of the way out of her until only the tip remained. She stared up into his eyes and lost herself.

Her feelings for Henry hadn’t been those of an infatuated girl. She’d been in love with Henry since the moment she met him. He wasn’t hers though, and never had been.

Cutting those thoughts off, April knew she’d deal with those feelings tomorrow. Instead, she was going to bask in having Henry all to herself.

“You feel so fucking good.”

He slowed his pace down until she felt every inch of him going in and out of her. The arousal built within her, and she clenched her inner walls to make it tighter for him. Henry growled in response and thrust into her over and over again.

After several rough slams within her, he took hold of her hands and pressed them beside her head. She was held captive to his need. He closed the small distance and locked his lips with hers. His tongue slid inside her mouth, deepening the kiss. Each touch aroused her further.

She was so close to the peak that she didn’t know how long she’d last. Henry

changed from slowly fucking her to roughly pounding inside her. She saw his teeth clench seconds before he apologized. "I'm not going to last."

His cock jerked within her, and his orgasm washed over him. She didn't know how, but April followed him with an orgasm of her own. They collapsed together on the bed. The only sounds to be heard in the bedroom were the sounds of their heavy breathing. She stared up at the blank white ceiling, loving the feel of him in her arms and wishing it could have been different.

The guilt started to take over.

In her mind she hadn't just fucked Henry Jones the man. No, she'd fucked Henry, Julia's boyfriend. The pain was instant, and she didn't know what to do.

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The following morning Henry woke up reaching out for April only to come up with empty space. Lifting his head from the pillow he glanced around to see that she wasn't anywhere. He climbed out of bed, grabbed a robe and moved from room to room. There was no sign of her. The sweatpants and shirt he removed off her body last night were gone. There was no sign that she'd even been in his apartment. Moving to the sitting room he found the picture frame with a Post-it note covering her face.

Last night was a mistake. A

The words filled him with dread. Last night had been the best night of his entire life. April was with him all the way. What had changed between last night and this morning? He ran fingers through his hair as he started to get agitated. This shouldn't be happening.



He grabbed his cell phone from the kitchen counter and dialed Marcel's number.

"This is too early for me to be dealing with whatever you've got going on."

"Is April in today?" he asked.

"Well she was, but she called in sick this morning."

Henry cursed.

"What's going on?" Marcel asked.

"April was with me last night. She sneaked out of my place leaving me a note to say it was a mistake."

"Maybe you should let her be. She clearly knows what she's talking about," Marcel suggested.

"I can't leave her alone." He'd tasted her, been inside her, and knew what heaven was all about. No, he wasn't letting her get away from him. He'd fight her and do whatever it took to prove to April that he was serious about what he wanted.

Within half an hour he was dressed and in his car. He started by going to her apartment only to find no one answered. Next he went to Marcel's only to be told she wasn't there. The only place he hadn't checked was Julia's graveside.

Crap. What was he going to do if she was crying next to her friend?

Bracing himself, he drove to the grave and climbed out. In front of Julia's stone marking her resting place there was a bench. April sat in it wrapped in a jacket.

His heart pounded as he entered the gate then took a seat beside her. April tensed but made no move to leave.

This is the last place he wanted to be. When it came to Julia he possessed a secret of his own that he never wanted April to find out.

“You left without waking me up,” he said.

“I’ve never been good at the morning after routine.” She kept her hands locked together in her lap.

“Why did you leave this?” He showed her the note she’d left.

“I thought you’d take the hint and not try to follow me today. I’m not in the mood to do this with you.”

“You’re going to try to ignore me?” He turned to look at her.

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He saw the tearstains on her cheeks, and he hated them.

“I was going to try and put some distance between us, Henry. Last night, it shouldn’t have happened. Whatever is going on shouldn’t have happened.” She licked her lips, and he wanted to reach out and touch her. He couldn’t do anything as she kept to herself. April didn’t turn to look at him.

His heart broke a little at the pain clearly in her eyes.

“Why?”

“Don’t pretend you don’t understand,” she said.

“I don’t. You’re not making any sense to me.”

“Please, shut up.” She glanced at him.

“No, I’m not going to shut up. Last night was fucking amazing like I always knew it would be.” She shook her head and got to her feet. He refused to let her leave. “You can’t cut me out. I didn’t use a condom, and I bet you’re not on the contraceptive pill.”

“My God, how low will you fucking go?” She tugged out of his hold. “I don’t care what you think. I am on the pill, but I didn’t give it a thought last night.”

“We were both in the moment.”

“It was a mistake. A big, gigantic mistake.” She went to turn away.

“Why? Is it because I belonged to Julia, is that it?”

“You were Julia’s boyfriend. I betrayed a friendship.”

“I was never Julia’s to belong to, and she knew it.” He took a step closer to her. “That picture says it all, but you’re too afraid to admit the fucking truth.”

“You hated me!” she yelled.

“Hate is the furthest thing between us, and I never hated you.” He gripped her arm and pulled her close. Henry stared into her eyes, soaking her in like he always did. Why did she have to have so much power over him? “Julia saw it, and she was fucking jealous of you.”

She shook her head. “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

He fought with himself, but the truth he wanted to keep from her had to be told. It’s tell her or lose her. “Julia knew how I felt about you. From the first moment I saw you, I wanted you. When I started to get to know you, I knew I wanted more. I fought it because I couldn’t do that to Julia, and I knew if I hurt her I’d lose you. I’d rather get the short bursts of time with you than nothing at all.” He cupped her cheek, tilting her head back. “Then she saw the picture I kept of you that day.” His hands shook a bit as he recalled their argument.

“What?” she asked.

“I left my wallet on the dressing table. She found the picture I kept of you for my own pleasure. It’s one of you smiling with the sun shining down on you. Julia started screaming at me for cheating.” He didn’t want to say anymore, but he started it. “I

told her I never touched you and that you didn't have a clue how I felt. You two were going out shopping, and there wasn't any time to mend fences. She left with you, and it was only later that I felt real pain."

"The day of the accident, she found out you cared about me?" Tears were falling down her cheeks.

"I got a text ten minutes before your call. She asked me a simple question."

She opened her mouth and then closed it.

"Julia asked me if I'd be able to love her if you were dead."

April gasped. "No, Julia wouldn't do that."

"Ten minutes later you called, April. She was trying to kill you but killed herself in the process."

"No, you don't know that. Julia wouldn't do that."

He held her tightly as her tears fell harder than ever before.

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His words made no sense, yet April knew he spoke the truth. That day Julia had been withdrawn, and she simply hadn't seen it. Her friend had been particular about her driving until that day.

"How do you even know this? It could have been a complete coincidence."

"I got an investigator to check out the crash site. There were cameras in the area. His

investigation told me all I needed to know. Julia aimed for your side of the car. What she didn't anticipate was the pull of the curb that changed her aim so that she was the one who took the impact killing her instantly."

"Julia tried to kill me?"

"Yes."

She pulled out of his arms and started walking away.

"April, don't walk away." He went to grab her again, but she dodged his arm.

"No, you've just told me that the best friend I thought I had was going to kill me because her boyfriend had a picture of me."

"I'm in love with you."

"You don't know what love is. When you love someone you don't date another person who's their best friend."

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“I did what I had to do to keep you in my life. You wouldn’t have let me be part of your life if I dumped Julia.”

She stared at him feeling her world crumble. “You shouldn’t have stayed with her, Henry. She thought you were going to pop the question.” She sobbed the words out. “Julia loved you so much that she was prepared to get rid of me.”

“I’d never let it happen.”

Staring past his shoulder at the grave April shook her head. “I need some space.”

“Don’t, April. Don’t cut me out.”

“You’ve just told me my best friend wanted me dead. This is too much. Please, give me space.”

She turned away and started walking away.

Henry didn’t let her get too far. He tugged her into his arms, spinning her to face him. His fingers sank into her hair as his mouth drew closer. She closed her eyes as his lips sealed over hers. Gasping, her body awakened under his touch.

The fire she missed with David was present all the time with Henry. Her emotions were in turmoil, and Henry had the ability to make her feel.

“I love you, April. I’m not going anywhere.”

This was more than she ever hoped for. She rested her head against his. “I need some time.”

Reluctantly she pulled away leaving the graveyard behind.

Julia, what the hell did you do?

There were no answers to her question. Henry loved her. He’d been in love with her from the first moment he saw her. How did she not see it? She always thought he hated her.

Entering her apartment she took a seat on the sofa and stared around the room with picture of Julia, Henry, and herself.

She quickly removed her coat and gathered all the pictures. With fresh eyes she started to look at them.

In one picture of Henry and Julia, she saw her friend looking at him adoringly, but he was smiling at the camera. She’d been the one taking the picture. His arm held Julia, but there was no real passion to the hold.

She moved onto the next photo, a Christmas one of her and Henry. April held up a novelty jumper to the camera. Henry was smiling down at her with his arm across her chest. At the time she thought he posed for the picture. She saw the need shining in his eyes. Each photo she picked showed Julia’s love while Henry paid attention elsewhere. There was not the same attention between the two.

Over and over she saw the same evidence in each picture. How did she not see this before? Julia hadn’t known, and when she did, she was willing to end April’s life. Getting up from the sofa she started to pace her living room. She couldn’t be here right now. April grabbed her jacket and headed out the door. She didn’t have any



girlfriends she could talk to. The only person she knew was David.

It sucked. The guy she'd been dating was also the same guy she trusted with this kind of information. She knocked on his door and waited for him to answer.

The door opened, and he smiled at her.

"Baby, what's the matter?"

"My best friend tried to kill me because she found out Henry was in love with me." She blurted the words out without giving it much thought.

David paused, staring at her. "I take it I'm out of the picture."

"I don't know what to think right now. I wanted to come and see my friend. Could we be friends?" Was she asking too much?

He stared at her for several minutes. "Sure, we can be friends." He let her inside his place, taking her jacket from her.

She followed him through to the kitchen, taking a seat at the counter.

"I take it you're a little lost for words right now," he said, grabbing a beer from the fridge. "And with what you just told me you can force yourself to have at least one drink."

April took the bottle from his hands and took a sip. The horrid taste did nothing to relax her. Her emotions were all over the place with Henry's revelations.

She'd also lied to him about the contraceptives. She wasn't on any medication at all.

“You’ve disappeared again,” David said.

“Sorry, I’m just, I’m all over the place.”

“I’m not surprised. Are you going to tell me everything?”

Taking in a deep breath, she spilled it all out telling him everything. By the end of her talking she didn’t feel better. She felt worse.

“Wow, erm, you really didn’t see how he felt when looking at the pictures?” he asked.

“No, why should I?”

“Baby, I saw it every time I looked at them. The man is smitten with you and has been for a long time.”

“How did I not see this?”

David shrugged. “Your friend stopped you from seeing it. I bet you were the loyal friend and wouldn’t do anything to hurt her.”

Tears sprang to her eyes and cascaded down her cheeks. “I had no idea.”

He rounded the counter and pulled her into his arms. “Julia didn’t deserve this kind of loyalty, and I see in your eyes that you feel like you shouldn’t love Henry. You’re wrong. This is not your fault.”

### Chapter Five

The whiskey wasn’t helping his pain in any way. Henry took another swallow of the dark amber liquid, wishing for something to stop the pain rushing through him. Seconds after he promised himself that he wouldn’t tell her the truth of what happened, he’d already spilled the truth to her. Pressing the glass to his forehead he stared in front of him at the television screen. The movie playing was steaming up, but he wasn’t interested in seeing a couple with no emotional attachments getting it on.

He’d long grown out of watching porn. Henry liked the real deal, and seeing people on screen pretending did nothing for him. Getting to his feet, he threw the remote on the table not caring as the batteries spilled out of the back of the device.

Rubbing his temples, he started walking toward the kitchen. The headache throbbed making it hard for him to focus. He opened the cupboard where he kept the first aid kit, and he swallowed down two pills and poured the alcohol down the sink. He didn’t want to die and probably shouldn’t have taken the pills.

Henry filled his glass up with water then padded his way to his bedroom. On the bed lay the photo album Julia created that he hadn’t thrown away. Inside Julia’s smile

stared back at him.

“Why did you do it?” he asked.

When she’d seen the picture in his wallet, he hadn’t felt guilty. In fact, he felt relieved that she finally knew about his true feelings. Then April entered their home, and the guilt turned to fear. He couldn’t tell her not to go shopping with her friend. If only he’d opened his mouth and told April to go home while he dealt with Julia maybe none of this would have happened. Julia tried to murder her friend!

What were her thoughts when she swerved off the side of the road heading for the tree? None of his questions would get answered.

“I’d never love you, Julia. I cared about you, but I couldn’t love you. If you killed April, I’d have hated you and done everything in my power to make your life hell.” He knelt on the floor beside the bed, wishing something would clear his mind.

For months he’d tried to think of ways of getting out of his relationship with Julia that kept him close to April. Nothing worked, so he’d continued a relationship, having sex with a woman while imagining another woman underneath him.

Running fingers through his hair he let out a breath.

“What the hell am I going to do?”

Again, Julia smiled back at him. He slammed the photo album closed and shoved it away from him. The book offended him, and seeing Julia’s smiling face angered him.

He collapsed on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. April’s scent surrounded him, and he closed his eyes remembering the feel of her.

Reaching for the pillow she slept on, he buried his head against the soft material. He'd made love to her throughout the night, never able to take his hands off her. Even with his need to possess her, she still pulled out of his arms without him realizing it. He always did sleep heavily.

Closing his eyes, he remembered the sweet sigh on her lips as he licked her pussy. The way she tightened around his cock as he slammed in deep making them both crave for more. He'd taken her three times that night without wearing a condom. The chance of her getting pregnant was high, yet there was no chance of getting her pregnant.

The very thought filled him with regret. April would look amazing swollen with his child.

Henry closed his eyes wishing for something to finally go right in his life when it came to his woman.

Sleep claimed him, and the following morning he woke up with the worst kind of headache. He took another couple of pills and made his way out of his apartment toward April's. Henry needed to see her.

On the way toward her place he stopped by the graveyard to see Julia's resting place. Sitting on the bench like April had done the day before, he stared at the stone, feeling the guilt start to claw its way back inside him.

Rubbing at his eyes, he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

"Everything always seems worse than it is," an elderly woman said, taking a seat beside him.

He looked up as she took a seat next to her. She lowered herself beside him and

rested the trolley style bag beside her. “My Bertie is resting over there. I’ve seen you and your lady friend coming here often to see this girl. She must have been a special kind of girl to have a constant visit.”

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Henry didn't know what to say as the woman settled beside him. She let out a sigh.

"You look like you carry the weight of the world of the world on your shoulders. That's not the way to be," she said. "Life's too short to worry about strange little things."

She kept on talking, and Henry simply sat, listening to her.

"Well, are you going to tell me what's troubling you?" she asked.

"It's nothing."

"Sweetheart, you're precious. No one sits in a graveyard when they've got a fine looking woman. I saw your woman."

He let out a sigh. There was no way to get this woman to leave him alone. He decided to settle on the truth.

"I fell in love with my girlfriend's best friend. When she found out the truth of my feelings—I didn't cheat—she was going to kill her, only the accident she caused killed herself instead."

"Nasty business, jealousy. I've never been one to like it myself." She scrunched her face up and shook her head. "So, the girl you keep coming to see is also the woman who tried to kill the woman you love? Wow, she's getting way more attention than she deserves."

Henry started chuckling. He couldn't help himself. The woman beside him made sense.

"Your feelings of guilt are understandable. You fell in love with a woman but continued to deceive your girlfriend."

"I told April the truth yesterday. She didn't know what happened on the day of the accident. I told her the truth."

"Then I don't see what the problem is. Guilt will eat away your soul, son. This guilt has got to stop. She's gone, and whatever happened isn't going to repair itself. At least you and April are still alive." The older woman let out a sigh. "I'd trade anything to have my Bertie back. He was my other half, my heart, and soul. We had the most amazing life together. We were lucky. We met when we were young and didn't stop there." She smiled. "We were married within three weeks of meeting, and then the rest of our lives were our own. His dying hurt. We had all our lives together, and you know what it taught me?" she asked.

"What?"

"Life, no matter how long we have on this little round ball, is too short to let guilt take over. You're free, son, and so is your girl. The business that went on is nasty, but you're alive. Don't waste a moment just because you feel guilty about your feelings." She patted his knee. "Think about that while you're wasting the minutes or hours staring at her grave." She stood ready to leave. "Ask yourself something, son. If it had been April there, would Julia be sitting beside you or would she be in a prison cell for what she did?"

Her words rang in his head as he stared at the inscription on Julia's grave. It was time for him to move on, not only from Julia but also from the guilt. He didn't cheat or even flirt with April while he was with Julia.



Being guilty for the woman he craved no longer mattered.

He stood up and said a final goodbye to Julia.

\*\*\*\*

April woke up to the scent of coffee and bacon filling the apartment. She wiped the sleep from her eyes and saw it was a little after ten. Last night she'd stayed at David's not wanting to return home after the confession she made. Wearing one of his old ratty shirts that went to her knees, she used his spare bedroom to sleep.

Pushing hair off her face, she climbed out of the bed and walked toward the smell.

"You're awake?" David said.

"Yeah, it seems it." Her head pounded. "How much did I have to drink last night?" she asked.

"Four bottles of beer, and that's stuff's light. You really don't drink?"

"No, and if this is any sign of what happens the day afterward, I'm not drinking again." She moaned at the throbbing in her temples. "Man, it hurts."

"I've got the perfect cure." David placed two white painkillers in front of her with a cup of coffee, black. "Strong coffee, two painkillers, and one decent breakfast of bacon, eggs, and bread, lots of bread."

The smell of the food made her stomach growl. "Yeah, I think breakfast sounds pretty good."

He chuckled.

She took a sip of the coffee, wincing at the strong, bitter taste.

“I know it tastes awful, but trust the master. You add milk or cream and that stuff will turn nasty.”

“Thankfully I’ve got all my memories of last night. I’ve heard people forget what happens the night before.”

David laughed. “Yeah, I’ve had that mistake. Your memories shouldn’t be affected. You had so little alcohol I’m surprised you’ve even got a headache.”

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She watched him flip the bacon then go back to a glass bowl with lots of eggs. “We’re having a large breakfast?” she asked.

“Trust me, baby. Eggs and bacon is the cure for all ills.”

April drank her coffee and thought about last night.

“David, about last night—”

He held his hand up, turning to face her. “Don’t worry about it, April. We’re friends, and with the way you were talking about Henry, I get it. We’re going to remain friends.” He smiled at her. “I’m pleased you didn’t lead me on or anything. The last month had been amazing, but I also knew you were not all there with our kisses. Some things are not meant to be.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. We’re not in love with each other. I wanted it to be more, but we can’t have everything we want.” He went back to cooking breakfast.

“We’re still friends?”

“Always. Besides, you’ve got to find some way of getting me a hot date. That’s your payoff.”

April laughed. “Sure, I’ll do my best to get you a hot date.”

They shared a nice breakfast together before she dressed in the clothes she'd worn last night.

"I'm going to walk you home," he said.

"No, you don't need to worry about taking me home. I can walk on my own."

"We're walking home, April. I need to know you got home safely." He followed her out of the door. The headache she'd had earlier had all but disappeared. "So about this date, I expect to hear your call soon."

"I'll do my best. I don't know many people. Your request means that I'm going to have to talk to the girls at work."

"Whatever you do, I leave my love life in your capable hands."

She couldn't stop laughing as David did everything to cheer her up. The smile died the moment she saw Henry sitting on the steps outside of her apartment building.

If looks could kill, the one he shot David would have.

"I've been waiting for you," Henry said.

April turned to David. "Thank you for walking me home."

"Don't forget our deal," David said, tapping her shoulder. He left her alone with Henry seconds later.

"You're wearing the same clothes as yesterday."

"I spent the night with David."

The fire in his eyes blazed. “I never took you for the kind of woman to jump from one man’s bed to another.”

April recoiled as he spat the words at her. “How dare you? I didn’t sleep with David. After everything you told me yesterday I needed to talk to someone, anyone who’d listen.” She ran fingers through her hair, staring at him. “I wouldn’t do that. David knows the truth.”

Henry looked remorseful. “Shit, I’m sorry. I saw him and you, and you’re wearing the same clothes. I jumped to conclusions.”

“Then don’t. I’m not like other women you’ve dated. I can’t just jump from one bed to another.” She brushed past him, opening the door to her building with the key.

He stayed close behind her as she went to her apartment.

“I’m sorry. I was jealous, okay? I saw him and I knew you were dating him.”

“I didn’t sleep with him. It takes a lot for me to jump into bed with a guy.” She bit her lip, knowing she’d jumped into bed with him quickly. “It’s different with you.”

“April, we’ve known each other a long time.”

“Still, it was different.” She closed the door, throwing her jacket onto the chair. “I’ve eaten breakfast. Have you eaten?”

He shook his head.

“I’ll make you something.”

In the doorway between the sitting room and kitchen she turned back to look at him.

“David is my friend. I’ve also agreed to find him another date.”

She didn’t give him a chance to respond before she entered the kitchen and set about making something for him to eat.

Pancakes were all she could come up with. Tying her hair back she saw there was a message on her machine. She quickly pressed the button and listened to Marcel talk.

“Hey, April, I wanted to make sure you were all set to work tonight.”

Before she started whisking up the mix she called Marcel back to let him know she’d be in to work.

Henry joined her as she was hanging up. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt revealing his thick muscles. “You’re going into work?”

“I’ve got to.”

She didn’t want to lose her job. Working for Marcel gave her everything she’d been searching for in her life.

“I can take care of you.”

April gazed at him. “I don’t want you to take care of me.”

He spoke her name, to which she shook her head. “No, I don’t need you to take care of me.”

Henry didn’t argue with her, and she made him a pile of pancakes, which he devoured.

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One week later

Henry watched April serve a table across from him. The table of businessmen were drinking a little too much for his liking. His companion, a business associate with a new venture into computer games, kept talking. He wasn’t listening, more concerned with his woman dealing with the rowdy crowd.

Marcel wouldn’t let her serve him as April had requested it. For the last week she’d kept her distance, and they still hadn’t discussed his admission to her. He spent time around her place, and she rarely spoke to him.

Giving her space wasn’t helping their situation. If anything, he felt her distancing herself from him.

“Excuse me a moment.” He cut the man off and walked toward the kitchen. Marcel

was singing as he cooked. The staff around him was joining in when they could, and the spirit within the kitchen was good. “Marcel, I need a word.”

“I’m busy.”

“I want April moved from the table.”

“Can’t do it, Henry. She has to complain for me to move her. Dealing with rowdy men is her deal.” Marcel didn’t look up from the vegetables he was flipping.

Spinning on his heel, Henry saw April glaring at him in the doorway.

“A word,” she said.

“Take my office, kids. I don’t need the customers to see a fight,” Marcel called after them.

April walked toward Marcel’s office, and Henry closed the door behind him.

“What the hell are you doing? This is my job, and Marcel has rules about dating customers.”

“I’m part owner of this restaurant.”

She paused. “That makes it worse. You’re my boss.”

“Cut the crap, April. I’ve got a right to care about you. Those men are assholes.”

“They’re paying customers, and I like working here. Stop trying to interfere with my life. I like working for Marcel. I’ve already seen the way the other members of staff are looking at me because of your little outburst.”



“We knew each other before you worked here.”

“You don’t get it, do you? I need some space, and you can’t give it to me.”

“I’ve given you space, a lot of space,” Henry said, taking a step toward her. “We’ve not talked about what happened. It’s time for you to stop running.”

She snorted, the sound so unladylike that it made him smile.

“I’m not running. I’ve not been running for a long time. You’re out of your mind if you think I’d run away from you.”

Reaching up, he cupped her cheek. Her plump, dark lips called to him. She was so fucking beautiful, and she made him ache to touch her.

Dropping his head, he took possession of her lips, sliding his tongue within her mouth. She moaned, her fingers sinking into the flesh of his arms.

For several seconds she stood frozen.

April pulled away, shaking her head. “We can’t. Julia—”

“Tried to murder you, April. She was going to kill you. We can do this. Life is too fucking short to deny what we need. I want you.” He pressed his temple against her head.

Her hands were no longer pushing him away. She wrapped her arms around him, pressing her lips against his.

Henry walked her back, lifting her up in his arms and placing her onto the desk. She gasped and he deepened the kiss, sliding his tongue into her mouth.

April cupped his face, moaning.

Kissing down her neck, he sucked on the flesh of her neck. Her uniform prevented him from going any further down.

“Please, Henry,” she said. “No, wait, we’ve got to stop. This is Marcel’s office.”

“It’s partly my office.” Henry shoved her skirt up to her waist, reaching for his belt. “I need to be inside you.”

She leaned back, opening her thighs for him to see her covered pussy. He tore the panties from her body as he freed his cock. There was no time for him bring her to orgasm. He needed inside her more than he needed anything else. Rubbing the tip of his cock through her creamy slit, he moaned at the instant shot of pleasure through his system. She felt so damn good.

Sliding his cock to her entrance, he thrust just the tip inside her before gripping her hips within his palms and slamming the last couple of inches all the way to the hilt. They both cried out together.

Her tight heat wrapped around him. The little flutters of her inner pussy walls drove him crazy. She squeezed his cock, making it a tight fit.

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“Please, fuck me, Henry.”

Withdrawing from her tight heat until only the tip of him remained, he stared into her eyes and plunged back inside her. She bit her lip to keep in her cries. He took her mouth, swallowing down her screams as she gave them to him.

He fucked her on the desk, loving every second of her in his arms.

Over and over, he staked his claim on her body wanting her to feel for him what he did for her.

Henry changed from kissing her lips to looking down at where they were connected. The lips of her sex were open revealing his cock sliding in and out. He’d forgotten the condom, but it didn’t matter. She was protected.

A small spark of pain struck from knowing she was protected against the possibility of them conceiving a child.

Reaching down, he pressed on her swollen nub feeling her body convulse at his delicate touch. April splintered apart in his arms, and he followed her into bliss, crying out. He wrapped his arms around her body holding her close.

His orgasm started to ebb away, and all he wanted to do was take her back to his place to make love to her well into the night.

Instead, he stared into her eyes. “There’s something between us, and you need to realize I’m not going anywhere.” He pressed a kiss to her lips. “Tell someone else to

serve those men, April. They're getting worse, and they'll start trying to maul at you."

He took some tissues out of the box Marcel kept on his desk. Henry cleaned the seed from the lips of her sex and thighs before wiping their residue from his cock. Tucking himself back into his pants, he helped her off the table.

"I'm worried about you."

She nodded. "I will."

Henry dropped a kiss to her lips. "We need to talk."

"Not tonight. Please, give me some space tonight."

For several moments he stared at her wanting to deny her. "Fine, I'll take you home and give you tonight, but tomorrow we need to talk."

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"He doesn't know?" David asked, taking a seat beside her.

April shook her head. "I lied to him, and now I think I might be pregnant." She bit her lip as the truth spilled from her lips. After Henry dropped her off, she called David and asked if she could talk to him. She'd been surprised he was awake, but he worked nights like she did, only he worked at a nightclub.

"You've got to tell him."

"I can't. He'll hate me."

“That man is in love with you. You’ve got no chance of him hating you and more chance of him being over the moon. Have you taken a test yet to see if you are?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Tell him and come clean. This can only be hard for the both of you.”

The tears she’d kept at bay suddenly released, and she couldn’t help but cry. “I can’t stop feeling guilty.”

David held her close as the tears kept falling. “You’ve got to stop feeling guilty. Falling in love is nothing to be guilty about. What happened was awful, but you’ve got to realize what you’ve got in front of you. Henry is an amazing man. Give him a chance and allow yourself to fall in love before you lose something wonderful.”

April stared up at him, wiping the tears from her eyes. “You’re a wonderful person,” she said.

“Thank you. I try to be as wonderful as possible.” He pulled a funny face, making her laugh.

“You are.” She rifled through her pocket and pulled out a little piece of paper. “I know it took some time, but I found a woman for you to date. This is Kate’s number. She’s beautiful and sweet. Take care of her. You’re her first date in over three years. She was hurt, and she wants to have some fun.”

He took the paper from her fingers and pocketed the number. “You’re too sweet. I was only kidding about the date thing.”

“No, you weren’t.”

“I’m going to head home for the night. Talk to Henry and you’ll see there’s nothing to be afraid of.”

“I will. Thank you.” She saw David out and gave him a wave. It was late, and she was tired. As she took one last look around the sitting room, the blankness of it struck her hard. Since Henry’s revelation about Julia she’d removed all the photos that contained all the memories. Her apartment was bland with no personal affects.

Shaking her head, she went to bed determined to come clean to Henry the following day. She set her alarm for seven, and once she woke up, she headed toward his favorite bakery. With coffee and a baked bun, she made her way to his apartment building. The guy working the door remembered her and allowed her inside without alerting Henry. She took the elevator not needing the morning workout. Her diet hadn’t been all that good over the last couple of days.

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The morning sickness had already claimed her, and she could only just control herself from throwing up over her purchases. The scent of coffee left her feeling nauseous.

She knocked on Henry's door and waited for him to answer.

He was on the phone and paused in his speech when he saw her waiting. "I'll call you back." Henry hung up the phone and stared at her. "April."

She held up the bag of baked goods along with the coffee. "I brought you breakfast."

"Come in."

Stepping over the threshold into his place, she removed her jacket placing it with his in the corner.

"This smells so good."

April moved behind him, admiring the view of his ass.

The awkward silence didn't sit well with her. She stood facing him as he took a seat on the sofa. The same sofa they'd spent nights watching movies snuggling together.

"Was the call important?" she asked, pointing to his pocket where he put his cell phone.

"Not as important as you. Sit down, April. We're not strangers to each other."

She tucked some hair behind her ear as she faced him. "I can't. What I've got to say to you has to be done standing up." April rubbed her temples trying to find the right words to convey her thoughts.

Get it out, April. It can't stay a secret.

"I lied to you the other day." She licked her lips. "I'm not any protection. I was scared, and you were there, and I don't know why I lied."

Henry stayed silent staring at her.

"I, erm, I could be pregnant. I don't know if I am, but I've been getting sickness in the morning." She wrung her hands together trying to think of something else to say. Henry stayed on the sofa, staring at her.

"Do you think you're pregnant?" he asked.

"Yes. I think I'm pregnant."

"Then we need to take a test." He stood up.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the pharmacy to get a test. Please, stay here. Don't run out of me."

"You're not angry?"

"Why would I be angry? You were scared. Our relationship hasn't exactly been the easiest, but I'm not going to be angry at you for needing time. This is a huge step for everyone." He stepped close, cupping her cheeks. "I'm just pleased you finally came to me." He dropped a kiss to her lips then moved toward the door. "I'll be back



shortly.”

The sound of the door closing echoed around them. The scent of the coffee turned her stomach. She grabbed the cup and tossed the liquid down the sink before throwing the cup in the trash.

To calm her nerves she continued to clean his apartment for something to do with her hands. She didn't venture into the bedroom that started all of this.

You can do this, April.

In the back of her mind she still couldn't believe that she might be pregnant by the man she loved.

## Chapter Six

Standing in the pharmacy, Henry felt his hands shake as he picked up one test after another. There were so many for the same thing. How hard was it to tell if a woman was pregnant or not? Running fingers through his hair he settled on the test that seemed the most simple and straightforward.

April could be pregnant with your child.

The thought rang through his head. Weeks ago the thought of April being pregnant had filled him with joy. If she had his kid then that gave him an extra benefit in claiming her. He'd always be present for his child and would provide both the mother and child with a good life. April wasn't just any woman. She was the woman he'd denied himself because of Julia.

He paid the money, and the woman working the till congratulated him. Henry thanked her, pocketing the test then making his way slowly back toward his

apartment.

The joy that had filled him was turning into fear. Women still died of pregnancy, and there was no guarantee that she'd survive it all.

Stop thinking about the crap.

They needed to get past this first stage. If she was pregnant then he was marrying her.

Entering the building he asked if anyone had entered his apartment or tried to leave. The man on the door told him April hadn't left the building. Feeling relief, Henry went back to his apartment. He found her on the floor, scrubbing.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I needed to clean. I couldn't sit around waiting for you to get back." She didn't look up. Her ass gave a little shake as she moved her body to clean. Gripping her arm, he tugged her to her feet.

"You could be pregnant, and you shouldn't be doing this. It could damage you and the baby."

April shook her head. "Don't be ridiculous. Pregnant women work all the time, and we don't even know if I am pregnant."

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He held up the test. “We’ll find out. If you are we’re going to need to have that talk without any arguments.”

She nodded then looked at the kit. He saw her hands were shaking as she took the test from his hands. “Can I take it in privacy?”

“Yeah.”

Henry followed her through to his bathroom. He took a seat on the bed and waited as the bathroom door closed.

You could be a Daddy.

The idea of fathering a child filled him with excitement and fear.

Would she accept his marriage proposal? He wouldn’t give her the chance to deny him.

The bathroom door opened seconds later.

“Don’t worry, I washed my hands.” In her hand she held a white stick. “It’s, erm, it’s not turned yet, but I thought we could sit and watch it together.” She sat beside him on the bed. “Here’s the box for you to look at.”

He read through the instructions to see what each result meant.

The stick shook a little in her hands, and he covered her wrist with his own. “Don’t

worry about anything, April. I'll take care of you and the baby. I look forward to spending the rest of my life with you and loving you both."

"Please don't say stuff like that."

He pushed some hair off her shoulder, exposing her neck. "I'm not going to lie to you, April. I love you."

Her lip wobbled. "I know I shouldn't, but I love you, too."

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes, I've loved you for a long time. I tried everything to stop these feelings, but nothing stopped it. I've been in love with you for a long time, and this scares me. It's all too new and fresh."

He silenced her with a finger to her lips. "We'll take it one step at a time. I love you, April. I'm not going to risk losing you." He pressed a quick kiss to her cheek.

She glanced down at the stick, and he followed her gaze.

It's positive. April's pregnant with my kid.

"Wow, erm, I don't know what to say," she said, chuckling.

Taking the stick out of her hand, he threw it onto the floor, cupping her cheeks. "We're going to have a baby." He slammed his lips down on hers, the elation getting to him.

April chuckled, touching his face. "We're going to have a baby. I don't know what to say." She kissed him back.

“You’ve got to move in here,” he said. “And you’ve got to quit working for Marcel.” He pressed a hand to her stomach. “I’m not having you put your life at risk.” His child, son or daughter, was nestled in her stomach, growing.

“Whoa, Henry, back up. I’m not going to quit my job. I’m going to continue working through this pregnancy, and I’m not moving in with you.”

He withdrew. “You’re in love with me.”

“So? I want us to take some time. It’s too soon.” She looked at him, waiting. “I’m not running away. We’ve barely spent any time together. When I was here with Julia, I spent time with her, not you.”

Henry knew she spoke sense, yet he couldn’t help but be annoyed. As usual she was holding back from him. He was tired of her holding back. Julia came between them like all the other times before, and it pissed him off.

“I’m not running away from you, Henry. I’m asking for time.”

“I understand, but there’s got to come a time when you stop taking time, and make a decision.”

She pressed a kiss to his cheek. “I do love you.”

“I don’t know where to go from here.” And he didn’t. What did she expect from him?

“We’re dating.” April licked her lips before pressing them to his. “And I’m excited about having your baby.”

She took his hand, pressing his palm to her stomach.

A lump filled his throat at what she held within her body. Their child, their son or daughter, was nestled within her.

Wrapping his arms around her, Henry closed his eyes, sending a prayer to the heavens that everything would be okay.

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Against Henry's request April went back to work for Marcel. It didn't take him long to inform her boss of her new pregnant state. She hated being treated with kid gloves. The good news about returning to work, was that Katie and David hit it off and were officially regularly dating. She had a new friend in Katie, who did nothing but talk all the time.

The silences at work were few and far between. April liked listening to Katie talk. The other woman knew how to make her happy. When she wasn't at work she spent a great deal of time with Henry. They talked constantly about the future. He didn't like to see her in the restaurant, and when he visited during her work hours, he watched her like a hawk. The thought thrilled her that he cared so much. On the other hand, he drove her crazy. If there were men who seemed to be into her, he intervened. Marcel got pretty pissed if he started to affect their business. The interference had Marcel threatening to ban Henry access to the restaurant. Just because he was a silent partner didn't mean he couldn't be barred from the club.

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“This sucks,” Henry said, as she walked out of the back of the restaurant that night. Katie had left with David thirty minutes ago while she helped Marcel plan the following week’s menus. It had been four weeks since she found out she was pregnant.

There were no obvious signs to her body that she’d be expecting in the future. Her nipples were a little tender, and she still suffered with morning sickness. Henry was there to hold her hair out of the way and rub her back.

“What does?” she asked, taking a seat beside him. She toed off his shoes and rubbed her heels. The only downfall to working as a waitress was being on her feet for hours at a time.

“Marcel. He gave me another warning, refusing to listen to reason. You’re going to have to talk with him.”

She raised a brow, looking at him. “You’re crazy, right? Marcel is my savior right now. He’s the only one who can stand up to you.”

Henry pulled away from the restaurant and glanced at her. “You’re seriously not bothered by the male attention?”

Resting her head on the back of the seat, she chuckled. “I’ve only ever been interested in one man, and he’s proving to be a little difficult.” She put her foot back on the floor, rubbing it.

“I’ll massage your feet tonight.”

“Aw, really?” she asked.

“Yeah. I’ll pamper you.”

“It’s late. Don’t you have work tomorrow?” She smiled as she watched him. If she reached out to touch him, he’d turn toward her allowing her. The whole experience was surreal to her.

“The good thing about being the boss, April, is I can take whatever day off I want. We’ll take some time together, and you’re going to be treated if you like it or not.”

“I’m not going to argue with you.” She rested her hand on her stomach. April found herself doing that more and more just lately.

“Is everything okay?” he asked. His hand landed on her stomach covering hers.

“Yeah, everything is perfect.”

“Why are you touching your stomach? Are you in pain?”

She shook her head. “You need to stop reading all those pregnancy books about what could go wrong.”

“And you need to start reading them. There are always complications with giving birth.”

“I’m not going to read something that will freak me out.” She removed her hand from under his. He stayed holding her stomach. Slowly, his palm moved down her stomach to her thigh.

Her heart raced at the smallest touch of his hands.



“What are you doing?” she asked.

They’d been sleeping together, but they’d not had sex since finding out about her pregnancy. Henry refused to touch her until he knew everything would be fine.

No matter what she told him about sex being fine, he didn’t believe her. He wanted to wait for the doctor to confirm if they could have sex or not.

He glided his hand underneath her uniform.

The doctor he wanted to use wasn’t free until next week, but she’d been put on folic acid. “I spoke to the doctor on the phone,” he said. “He asked if you were spotting and explained to me the dangers to look out for.”

Henry moved her panties out of the way touching her slit.

She cried out, closing her eyes as he stroked from her clit down. “Open your legs. I want to get as much cream as I can.”

“You shouldn’t be doing this. You’re driving.”

“And I’m taking a lot of care.”

April gasped as he plunged two fingers inside her. Opening her eyes, she watched him suck the cream from his fingers. The sight had her pussy tightening.

“Beautiful.”

He couldn’t drive fast enough for her to get home. Within twenty minutes they were entering his apartment. She wrapped her arms around his neck, wanting him to touch her like he did back in the car.

“No, I don’t think so, April. You’re going into the bath, and then I’m going to give you that foot massage I promised you.” He pressed a kiss to her head. “Go on.”

“What? You’re seriously turning down sex?”

“Not turning it down. I’m postponing it.” He kissed her lips before moving her toward the bathroom. “Now, do as I ask. I promise I’ll make it worth your while.”

She went into the bathroom, taking the time to run herself a bath. April relaxed into the water, staring up at the ceiling as she thought about Henry. He’d been attentive, the perfect gentleman with her. She really did love him, and in her mind an image of Julia flashed in her mind. The guilt returned, and she sat up touching her chest.

Julia tried to kill you. You don’t owe her anything.

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You have a right to be happy. She can't take that away from you.

Tears filled her eyes, and it took every ounce of strength not to let them fall. She balled her hands into fists to achieve her goal. There's no way she'd cry for a woman who'd had more than enough tears out of her.

Why did you do it?

Julia wasn't around to answer, and it was time for her to move on. April knew she couldn't keep living in the past with Julia.

Her child deserved to have a life filled with love and joy, not guilt.

She finished her bath, wrapping her body in a white robe before she left the confines of the room.

Entering the bedroom she saw it bare, but a trail of pink petals led her out the door. Frowning, she followed the petals into the sitting room. The sofa had been moved, and in the center of the room was a massage table.

Henry stood on one side. He was completely naked, waiting.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"Come and lie down." He tapped the top of the table.

"I'm nervous."

“Why?”

His cock swelled as he looked at her. “You’re going to need to remove the robe.”

She touched the tie holding the robe together. “How did you do all this?”

“I worked really fast and quiet.”

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Lucky didn’t even begin to cover what Henry felt in that moment. Her body had changed in the last couple of weeks. To him, her hips were a little rounder while her breasts looked a little on the heavier side. His cock sprang to action at the sight in front of him.

“Come and lie down.” He tapped the top of the chair. The tension in the room mounted. He stared in her eyes, waiting.

She moved, slowly, turned her back to him to slide onto the table. “On my front or back?” she asked.

“Whichever way makes you comfortable.” He cleared his throat. The desire to grip his cock was strong. He fisted his hands as she moved onto her front.

“I don’t know how long I’m going to have lying on my front,” she said.

He chuckled. Henry looked forward to the nights and days touching her beautiful blossoming body.

He slid a fingertip down her back, watching her body shake as he touched. Did she feel the electricity that he felt at the touch of their skin? No woman left him feeling

like this.

He reached for the oil and poured some on her back. The clear fluid pooled at the base of her back. Henry smeared his hands in the oil working from the base out to the rest of her body. She moved her hands beneath her head as he started to caress her. April slowly started to relax underneath his touch.

Using the oil, he smeared it all over her body taking careful attention to the rest of her.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Your hands feel so good.” She groaned as he started to work out the knots in her shoulders.

He took his time lavishing her body with each touch and caress. Her dark skin called to him to touch, taste, and explore. She fascinated him in the most exquisite way. Running his pale hands along her body, Henry was amazed that she let him touch her.

The love he had just continued to grow. April was the love of his life, and they’d already wasted so much time. He moved his hands down to the base of her back staring at the rounded globes of her ass.

“This feels so good.”

“I can give you this every night,” he said, rubbing her ass. He filled his hands with her fleshy skin.

She groaned, pressing her butt more firmly against his hold. “What do I have to do?”

Henry chuckled.

“What makes you think you have to do anything?” He smoothed the oil down her thighs and glided back up taking his time to explore every inch of her legs as butt.

“You’re a businessman. You won’t throw suggestions or temptations like that unless you’ve got an ulterior motive.” She moved her head, and he glanced up to see her staring back at him. “What’s yours?”

“I want you to marry me.” He kept her gaze as he worked on her body. The scent of the oil didn’t hold a flame to the sweetness leaking out of her pussy.

“You’re proposing to me?”

“I’m in love with you, April. I’ve been in love with you for a long time.” He stopped touching her body and took a seat on the stool beside the table. She sat up on the table, staring at him. “You’re pregnant with my baby here.” He reached out and placed a palm on her stomach. “We’ve wasted so much time. I know I’m making the right decision. You’re the only woman I want. I don’t want to let you slip through my fingers.”

“Henry, I love you, too. You don’t need to propose to me to keep me around. I like being with you and spending time with you.” She covered his hand with her own. “We’re having a baby.”

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“It’s not enough for me.” He stood, sinking his hands into her full hair to hold her head. Henry used his grip to get her to look at him. She opened her thighs, and he slid between her. His cock bumped her stomach. Even with the seriousness of their conversation, he wanted her, craved her in the most divine of ways. “I want you to have my name.”

“Is this about your kid being born a bastard or some weird kind of crap? It’s the twenty-first century, Henry. Your kid doesn’t need your name.”

He smiled. “I don’t give a shit about my kid’s name. I need to own you, possess you, and know that everyone who ever meets you will see that ring on your finger and back the fuck off.”

April tilted her head to the side to stare at him. “Are you staking your claim?”

“Yes.”

Her smile widened. “Well, I never picked you for a Neanderthal.”

Dropping a kiss to her lips, he rubbed his cheek against hers. “When it comes to you I’ll do whatever I have to in order to claim you.”

“I’m not going anywhere.” She gripped his arms.

“Why are you always fighting me?” he asked. “You’re in love with me. We’re going to have a baby, and you’re not giving in to what we both want.”

He watched her lick her lips and visibly swallow. What did she have to be nervous about?

“I guess, after everything that’s happened in our lives, I’m scared you’re going to marry me and after the baby’s born, you’re going to regret it. You were once with my best friend, and that same best friend tried to kill me. I’m just—I’m scared, Henry. I’m so scared.” She nibbled on her lip. Her insecurity touched his heart.

Touching her hip, he took her lips, plunging his tongue inside her mouth to taste all of her. She moaned and her nails sank into the flesh of his arms. The slight bite of pain was a welcome relief against the panic that she always caused. April was the one woman he wanted more than anything, yet she constantly found ways to pull away from him. He hated that he couldn’t catch her.

Henry knew deep in his heart and soul, he’d never stop trying to catch his woman. April completed him.

Breaking the kiss, he ran a thumb along her swollen lips. “When it comes to you, April, I’ll never have any regrets. I love you. Marry me and make me the happiest man in the world.”

Tears filled her eyes, and he hated seeing them.

“No more tears.” He kissed each tear away tasting the salty drops on his tongue.

“For the longest time I thought you hated me,” she said, whimpering.

“Never.”

“It’s surreal. I loved you from afar, and I stayed away thinking it was useless and now I know it wasn’t. I’m so happy,” she said.



“Why are you crying?” he asked.

“I don’t know.” She started to laugh. “Yes, I’ll marry you, Henry. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

In the next second she squealed as he picked her up in his arms.

“What are you doing?”

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April wrapped her legs around his waist, holding on for dear life as he carried her through to the bedroom. Henry’s possessive streak excited her. She’d never known a man be so desperate to claim her.

I’m getting married.

She gave a little squeal. “We’re getting married.”

“Yes, we are.”

“I’m going to be a fat bride if we don’t get married soon. It’s going to look like we had no choice but to get married if we wait to long.”

He kicked open the door to his bedroom and placed her on the bed. She shuffled back toward the pillows as he followed her up. Henry didn’t say another word as he tugged her close, opened her thighs, and gripped his cock. There was no need for words. April gasped as he ran the tip of his cock against her core. He bumped her clit causing an explosion of sensation. She thrust her pelvis against him, needing more contact.

“Please,” she begged.

Henry always had her on the point of begging him. The pleasure was always too much for her. The tip of his cock moved down to her entrance. He eased the first inch inside her.

“We’re going to get the sheets all greasy.”

“I can afford new ones.” He took her hands in his pressing them either side of her head. She moaned as with one long thrust he impaled her with his thick length. Their moans echoed off the walls in the room. “I don’t care how swollen you get with my kid, April, but I’m not waiting too long to marry you. We can have a small ceremony.”

“Weddings take time,” she gasped as he pulled out of her only to slam back inside, his cock more swollen than his first entry. He kissed her hard, stopping her from speaking.

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“No more talk of what we can’t and can do. I love you, and we’re going to make this happen. I don’t need all the fancy crap, and I know you, April. You’re not fond of big crowds.” He paused in his thrusts to stare down at her. “We’ll invite a couple of friends, a priest, and we’ll have a simple ceremony—unless you want something lavish.”

She stared up at him, shocked at how much he knew about her. April never liked large crowds, nor did she like to be the center of attention. “How do you know?”

“Julia organized you that birthday party the year we met. You walked into the room, and I watched you.” He dropped another kiss to her lips. “You looked like you entered into your own version of hell.”

“You saw that, and she didn’t.”

He bumped their noses together. The affection he displayed caught at her heart. “I was always looking, April. Every little detail of you fascinated me. I wanted to know what you were thinking, feeling, yearning for. I needed to know the answer. Watching your reaction told me a lot. You stared around the room at all the strangers you’d never met and looked ready to run. When you saw Julia, you forced yourself to stay, even though you didn’t want to.”

She held onto his hand a little more tightly. “I can’t believe you saw all that.”

“I cared. You were so uncomfortable, and all I wanted to do was take you out of there. She even forgot that you didn’t drink. I left the party long enough to grab a case of soda.”

“You were the one who got it?” she asked.

Each new revelation made her fall in love with him a little bit more.

“Yes, I saw how miserable you were. Everyone was drinking, having the time of their life apart from the main woman. It was your night, and you should have enjoyed every second of it.”

His cock pulsed inside her, and she stared up at him feeling the love and the warmth surround her from his touch alone. “We’ve wasted so much time,” she said.

“I take it I get to have a simple wedding with the woman I love?”

“You can have whatever you want so long as I’m the one who gets to keep you for the rest of my life.”

Henry leaned down so his lips were beside her ear. “You’ve got me, April. Nothing is going to take me away willingly.”

She tightened her hold on his hands never wanting to let you go. What had started out as a guilty craving had changed into something beautiful, life changing, and April never wanted to let it go.

“Make love to me,” she said.

With his lips on hers, Henry started to move inside her. He went slowly, taking his time. Every inch of him worked her pussy so easily. She moaned, wrapping her legs around his waist. “I love you, April.”

He released her hands and circled them around her back. Henry turned them so she straddled his waist. “Now, it’s your time to take over.”

April moaned as her arousal increased in the change of their positions.

“You look so fucking beautiful,” he said.

Henry cupped her breasts. She glanced down to see him pinch her sensitive nipples. The tight pinch drove her wild, and she started to thrust harder onto his length.

“Fuck, baby, take all of me.”

She whimpered with the depth of his penetration.

His hands went to her hips as he guided her over his shaft. April bounced on his length feeling him fill her to the verge of pain.

“Ride me.”

Staring into his eyes, April lost herself to the heat of the moment. The love she had for him would never disappear or darken. They were perfect for one another. Henry was more than she could have imagined. His sweetness touched her heart, and she never wanted to be anywhere else but with him.

One of his hands left her waist going to the hard bud between her thighs. He stroked her clit, drawing her orgasm from her. She gripped his arms, crying out in pleasure from the touch of his hands.

“Fuck, you’re tight. I can feel you, April.”

Her orgasm rode her, and his cock jerked deep inside her.

Throughout their climax, Henry told her how much he loved her. She collapsed over him, and he wrapped his arms around her back, holding her close.

She caressed his chest, amazed at the pure beauty of the man beneath her.

“I know I’m going to die a happy man.”

Tucking some hair behind her ear, she glanced up at him. He touched her cheek, pushing more strands of hair off her face.

“What?” she asked.

“Nothing, I just like looking at you.” He skimmed his fingers down her face. “You’ve no idea how utterly beautiful you are, do you?”

“You’re being a charmer again.”

Henry smiled. "I can live with that."

His smile had her tightening down below, and he groaned.

Yes, she could live with a lifetime of love with Henry.

### Chapter Seven

Henry married her a month later while her stomach was slightly swollen from their unborn child. Watching April walk down the aisle filled him with such joy and love. Marcel stood beside him as he waited for his woman to come to him.

"Are you sure about this?" Marcel asked. "There's no backing out."

"I'm not backing away. She's perfect."

He took her hand when she made it to him, and they stood before the priest to say their vows. The day should be for women, but for Henry, this was the best day of his life. Seeing April possess his name made his cock swell. He couldn't wait to get her alone in their bed that night. They were staying at his place for the night, and then in the morning he had a special trip to the Caribbean planned. There was so much he wanted to do with her.

Once he got her on the dance floor, April smiled up at him. "It's official. We're married."

"I know."

“Any regrets?” she asked.

Tightening his hold around her, Henry smiled. “The only regret that I’ve got is I let you take some time away from me.”

“What do you mean?”

The rest of the small reception fell away. He invited a few business associates, and April had some of the people from Marcel’s as her guests. None of them mattered to him in that moment. The only person he loved was in his arms.

“When your leg was broken and I took you back to my place, my original plan was to get you to fall in love with me. I saw how nervous you were around me, and I hated it. I took my time, knowing you’d get comfortable with me.” He spun her around, drawing her back to him. “The best moments of my life were at night when we’d watch a movie. Slowly, you started to rest against me and then you fell asleep on me.”

Wrapping his arms around her, he drew her close so she felt the length of his cock pressing against her stomach. She let out a gasp, and he dropped his head to kiss her lips.

“I planned on you falling in love with me.”

“Then you came home to find me packed up and ready to go,” she said.

“I know. Seeing that case and the determination on your face, I knew I couldn’t win.” He let out a sigh. “I promised myself I’d give you time.”

April chuckled. “We’ve not had an easy start.”



“This makes it all worth it.” He touched her cheek as they danced. One song led into another. Henry didn’t let her go and glared at Marcel as he approached to dance.

She laughed, poking him in the ribs. “You can trust me around other men.”

“Not this day. This day is ours.” They cut the cake, danced some more, and listened to several people talk. He put up with it for April’s sake.

When he could stand no more of their attention, he made their excuses and took April out to the car. Along the trunk he saw the “JUST MARRIED” sticker attached with several cans leading from the car. Laughing, he helped April into the front before taking his own seat. He took hold of her hand as he drove home.

The man on the door offered his congratulations.

“Thanks, Paul,” Henry said.

“Certainly. I’ll make sure the staff knows to call you Mrs. Jones, now.”

Hearing her name turned him on more. He had her in the elevator and at the threshold of his door within minutes.

Opening the door, he kicked it open and then picked April up into his arms.

“Henry, what are you doing?” she asked, squealing as he carried her into their apartment.

“I’m following tradition.” He kicked the door once again, walking toward the bedroom.

He placed her on the floor in front of his gift. April hadn’t seen it. She was too busy

looking at him.

“You’re acting strangely,” she said.

Picking up the envelope, he handed it to her. “This is my gift to you.”

“Henry, we agreed to no gifts.” She took the envelope, looking angry. “I didn’t get you anything.”

Touching her stomach, he shook her head. “I don’t need anything but you. You’ve given me the best gift of all.”

“You’re being all sweet and charming again.” She looked at the envelope.

“Open it.”

April let out a breath and opened the single white envelope. She pulled out the tickets reading them. “We’re going to the Caribbean? I thought work couldn’t let you go.”

“I’m the boss, remember? I can go anywhere. Yes, I’ll be taking my laptop and phone, but for the most part, I’ll be with you.”

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She wrapped her arms around his neck. “I love you.”

“I know. You’re going to be spoiled rotten.” He pressed a kiss to her neck, inhaling her scent. “There’s something else.”

He waited while she took out the next gift. There were three keys in the envelope.

“What’s this?”

Sitting on the edge of the bed, he took the remote in hand and pointed it at the screen. “Watch.”

Henry sat watching her as the house he’d bought the week before came onto the screen. He’d had the realtor take a video of the property so that he could show her.

Tears glistened in her eyes as the camera moved from room to room.

“Is that our house?” she asked.

“Yes.”

She turned to look at him.

“Are you being serious?”

“I never joke about anything, April. I’ve been waiting for the right house to come along. This has a big enough garden for kids, possibly a few dogs, a future.”

April stopped him from talking by kissing him. The tickets for their honeymoon fell to the floor as she took his lips.

“I love you,” she said. “I don’t know how I got so lucky, but I’m never going to let you go.”

Henry pushed the strap of her wedding dress from her shoulder. “Good, because you’re mine.”

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Seven months later

The honeymoon had been a dream, and when they got back their house was waiting for them. April would never forget her wedding to the most amazing man in the world. Henry was more than she ever imagined. He knew how to make her feel loved, desired, and cherished.

Their belongings were waiting for them inside the new country house he’d bought. For the last seven months, April had done nothing but redecorate their place. His apartment went up on the market, and she finished off the lease in her own. She stared in the kitchen, putting her own touches to the room. Henry wouldn’t allow her to spare any expense and demanded that she get exactly what she wanted. The appliances were top of the range, and he made sure Marcel helped her design the kitchen. She no longer worked at the restaurant, but she hung out with Marcel in the kitchen from time to time, to try his new recipes.

When the kitchen was finished, she moved into the sitting room. The days stretched into weeks, and those weeks into months. The morning sickness ended, which she was thankful for. She couldn’t drink coffee, but the smell no longer had her running for the toilet. Throughout it all, Henry stayed by her side, loving her. The sickness

was worth it to have his hands on her, rubbing her back and holding her hair away. She loved him.

His only complaint during her decoration was for her not to overdo it. He paid several decorators to do the heavy work, and when she wanted heavy lifting, she called him to come home. She loved it when he came home. He always took payment out in the most illicit of ways. His touch ignited a fire that only he could put out.

“Where is that doctor?” Henry screamed.

April smiled as his panic drew her out of her memories. She’d been putting the finishing touches in the nursery when her waters broke. Instead of panicking, she grabbed her cell phone and stayed in the same place as she called him. They didn’t know what sex they were having and wanted it to be a surprise, so she’d settled on neutral colors for the nursery.

“Don’t worry,” she said, groaning as another contraction took over. She tightened her grip on Henry’s hand as the pain increased, making it hard to stay quiet.

When she called him, he’d been talking about plans for that evening. She silenced him with the news that her waters had broken. April smiled recalling the instant he understood what she said. He broke speeding laws to get to her. She’d been cleaning up the mess she created when he walked into the room.

“What the hell are you doing?” he asked, shouting.

“I made a mess, and I’m cleaning it up.” She hadn’t been in any pain, and there wasn’t even any sign of a contraction.

“You’re insane.” He didn’t let her walk to the car. No, Henry carried her all the way to his vehicle even though she must be the size of a tank.

“Okay, it hurts now,” April said, gasping at the pain.

“Shit, baby, I’m so sorry.”

The next contraction happened ten minutes later. There was no holding back the agonized screams. There’s no way childbirth is natural.

“I’ve got you, baby,” Henry said, stroking her hair.

“You did this to me!” Perspiration dotted her brow. She’d promised herself she’d never lose her cool during child birth. Sobbing, April stared at the man she loved. “I’m sorry. I love you, but this hurts.”

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“Call me whatever you want. I watched the videos and planned for this.”

The doctor and nurse walked in seconds later. She flung her head back on the bed, screaming at the sudden wave of pain.

“I hate this. Give me something.”

The contractions were no longer minutes apart but seconds.

“No, I can’t. She’s too far gone. We need to deliver this baby now,” the doctor said. One of the nurses threw a gown on him, and April whimpered throughout the pain. It was just a long stream of pain, refusing to let up. “Are you staying, Mr. Jones?”

She stared at her husband. He’d gone pale.

“You’re so not leaving me,” she said, crying.

“I wouldn’t leave you.” He kissed her head, taking a seat. Henry took both of her hands as the doctor called for extra help. “No matter what happens, Doc, you make sure she survives, do you understand me?” Henry said.

“Sir, it’s not going to get that bad. I see the crown. This is going to be a simple delivery, but I’m not going to lie, it’s going to hurt like hell.”

April whimpered, hating that piece of news.

The doctor didn’t lie. She was asked to push, and she pressed her head against

Henry's arm as she begged for a reprieve.

"I promise, April, one last push and that's all."

"I can't," April said, moaning.

Henry kissed her head. "I love you, April. You can do this."

She shook her head, closing her eyes. Exhaustion was a horrible thing.

"You listen to me, April Jones, you will push one last time or I will make sure you don't come for a month." He whispered the threat against her ear so only she heard.

Sobbing, she sat back up, holding onto Henry. With one last push, she heard the most precious sound in the world.

Gasping, she watched as the doctor worked and then her baby was wrapped in a blanket. She didn't see any of the blood or anything else.

The nurse handed the baby back to the Doctor.

"Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, you have a beautiful healthy baby boy with a nice set of lungs on him." He handed her son to her, and all the exhaustion and pain swept away as she stared down at the most precious, beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

Henry kissed her head. "You did it, baby."

She looked up at him, smiling. "We did it." She gripped his neck, drawing him down for a kiss. "Look what we did," she said.

"I know. We made a beautiful baby boy." Henry touched his cheek, and her son's



gaze looked between them. She knew from the books he couldn't make them out, but it didn't matter. "You were amazing."

"I was awful." She kissed the top of his head, smiling down at the tiny person they created.

"We're not going through that again," he said.

April chuckled, knowing in her heart they were going to have more kids.

## Epilogue

Twenty-five years later

"Sure, honey, you can call whenever you want, but if you're driving home, warn us first," Henry said, talking to their daughter, Michelle. "Why? Well, I'm making up for lost time with your mom. We could be in a compromising position."

April chuckled as she imagined their daughter vomiting over the line. Henry knew exactly what to say to get what he wanted. If he didn't want to have any unexpected visitors he knew what to say to give them plenty of warning.

"You're bad," she said when he hung up the phone.

"Our daughter is an hour away at college. She could make it here every day. I've not been looking forward to this day since her birth for her to spoil my plans." He joined her on the sofa, kissing her hard.

Her body melted against his touch. Her pussy awakened, and she wanted Henry deep inside her. The last twenty-five years had been pure bliss. They were still happily married and the loving parents of five kids. She didn't know how she got him to get

her pregnant not once but five times. After the birth of Blake, he'd seemed reluctant to get pregnant again. When Leon came next, he made her wait a whole year before he'd even consider another kid. For their third child they were blessed with June. Henry wouldn't budge on the name. April hated her name, but he loved it.

Their next two kids came not long after, Shaun and then their last, Michelle. April would have happily had more kids, but the doctor advised for her to stop. Her body wouldn't take more kids, and if she wasn't careful, she may not have survived another delivery. Michelle's birth had been complicated and stressful. From three months, April was ordered on bed rest as she'd been spotting and almost lost their daughter. If she was stressed, that didn't compare to the pain Henry went through. She knew he'd ended up on anti-depressants for a few months during her last pregnancy. He was her rock even if he fell apart a little. She didn't push him though and took all the precautions the doctor advised.

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Their life was still perfect even without any more kids. Michelle became the most spoiled of all of the kids, her brothers and sister helping to take care of her while Henry was away on business.

“You’ll love Michelle visiting,” April said, staring into his eyes.

“I know I will, but I’ve got plans for you, dear wife.” The lust sparkling in his depth couldn’t be mistaken for anything else.

“Oh, yeah, and what might those plans be?” she asked.

He reached out to unbutton her shirt. After all the years together she was no longer firm but had aged well, or at least she thought she had. Her breasts were heavier, her hips a little wider, but Henry still couldn’t resist her.

“Most of them involve you being naked or possibly on your knees.”

She moaned at the picture he painted with his words. “Do you know what you’re doing to me?”

“Exactly what I’m doing to myself.” He took her hand, placing it over the evidence of his erection.

Within minutes they were tearing each other’s clothes off. April needed him inside her. The passion and chemistry hadn’t died between them. In fact, over the years they’d been together, their passion had only gotten stronger.

Henry had her on the floor and was inside her minutes later. They cried out together. Their first time together in a house without children was frenzied. They were in desperate need of each other. April held him close as he took her hard. The carpet burned her back, but the pain was worth the pleasure he created.

“You’re so perfect, so beautiful and perfect.” He kissed her lips, going down to suck on her neck.

She melted against his touch, needing more.

“Touch yourself, April. I’m not going to last.” He pounded inside her like they hadn’t spent a lifetime of making memories.

April touched her clit, stroking herself to orgasm. Henry groaned, coming seconds later. They collapsed onto the floor. Glancing at the clock across from them, April chuckled.

“I never knew we could do this in ten minutes,” she said.

“Shit, is that how long we took?” he asked.

She nodded. “Yep, I think we set a world record.”

“We didn’t even have kids to interrupt us.” He stayed still inside of her. “I’m not going anywhere. There’s no need to rush.”

Taking her time, April caressed his body. “The last twenty-five years have been amazing,” she said.

“I’m so looking forward to the next twenty-five.”

Staring up into her husband’s eyes, April smiled. Through her mind ran the memories

of their time together. The way he stood beside her each time she gave birth. He'd been her rock when she needed him most. She remembered the humor when he finally got even with Blake. April always found it strange that Henry thought it was good to have some payback and be a cock-block, as he called it.

Either way, it was fun to watch the humor between father and son.

"You're thinking again," he said, kissing her between the eyes.

"I know. I'm thinking what a wonderful, amazing life we've led so far."

"April Jones, you were best guilty craving I ever had and have been the great love of my life."

He leaned down taking her lips. April couldn't find a reason to fault him. Their life had been perfect, and she knew it would continue to be so for the next twenty-five years.

The End