



Twins for the Bratva (Morozov Bratva #14)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: I never let loose...until I spend one night with the Bratva and my belly grows doubly big...

I'm awkwardly celebrating my college graduation when my friends dare me to seduce someone.

I try to be brave, but when a much older Bratva guy takes me home, I'm in way over my head.

Especially after he finds out he knocked me up and gets super possessive of me...

I'm the awkward good girl. He's the Bratva's weapons expert.

If I thought I could escape him after our night together, I was sorely mistaken.

He tracks me down and spies on me obsessively.

He brings me to his mansion and swears he'll protect me.

I try to keep my head, but my hormonal urges are overwhelming.

He gives me fighting lessons, but I can't defend myself against him.

He carries me to bed, where he gets amused at my inexperience.

I know I shouldn't trust him, but I'm carrying his twins...

Will the obsessed Bratva guy claim me for good?

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Tying the knot of my boot, I walked to the mirror in my closet door. Opening the door, I turned, admiring the new look. I had not been out into the world as much as I had hoped. Between my studies and side jobs, my time was quite focused. But tonight, I was letting my hair down. I was cutting loose.

The dress was a loaner from one of my friends. It wasn't something I would wear. But they insisted that if I went out with them, I should at least look the part. Anucha assisted me with my make-up and hair earlier.

Recalling my chat with my cousin from overseas during the day, I was intent on making him proud. I wanted to show him he didn't waste his time and money assisting me with my college tuition. Or the extra money he sent to tie me over until I got a permanent job.

He even went so far as to get me my current part-time job. I didn't know how I would have coped without the extra income. I was fortunate enough not to have to work from the office all the time. I had only been in a couple of times, but most of my work I could do online from anywhere.

This gave me ample time to work and study, for which I was grateful. But now that I had graduated, it was time to find something permanent. I had always been good with numbers and had keen analytical skills. I would most likely look for work in those fields now that I have my bachelor's in finance and business analytics.

Smiling, I took another turn, watching as the skirt flared up and settled back against my thighs. Pushing my thoughts aside, I focused on my evening. All I want tonight is to unwind. I want to drink with my friends and have fun for a change. Staring at the

stranger in the mirror, I felt my stomach churning.

Shaking my head and grinning at the new me, I stomped my boots and headed for the door. The evening breeze was cool but welcoming as I stepped out into the street. Instead of going to the college bar they usually hang out at, Anucha let me know to meet them in town. There was a bar not too far that they had always wanted to try. She said, seeing as this was my first outing with them, it had to be special.

Luckily, it was only about five blocks from my place, so I decided to walk. Heading down the street, I greeted the guy on the corner walking his dog. Even though I had seen him many times before, and always greeted him, I still didn't know his name. I knew his dog's name, though. It was an old English Bulldog called Ruff.

Ruff licked my hand as I passed and barked after me. Turning at the next corner, I looked back. Ruff and his owner were still standing on the curb. I wondered if everything was okay but didn't turn back. Anusha said they would be waiting for me and not to be late.

I arrived at the bar just after eight. To me, this sounded very early, but not according to them. The place seemed decent enough. At least it wasn't one of those rundown scummy bars. On one side was a pizza place, and on the other side was a chicken joint. It was an older-looking establishment.

On the street were a couple of cars, but not too many. I was sure the place wouldn't be packed like some other bars I passed. I didn't like crowded places.

The sign on the wall read, 'Tomorrow's Dawn'. It was red with tiny white lights illuminating it. The building had three floors, but the bar was at the bottom. Outside were some tables and chairs. These were under the wide canopy that extended almost to the full capacity of the curb.

Entering through one of the three archways, I opened the door leading to the bar. Inside, the place looked completely different. The outside spoke of a calm, almost serene atmosphere. Inside was a big dance floor with tables around the sides. To the back was the bar area with more seating.

I noticed Anucha as she stood and waved at me from the bar. She was accompanied by three other girls. Two I knew from class, but the third one I had never seen before.

In the middle was a giant disco ball lighting the dance floor, and to the sides at every table was a different color light shining down on it. It was breathtaking. The bar counter and the chairs appeared to have been made of wine barrels.

The dance floor looked like it was made from dark redwood. There were two stages to the sides of the doors, and on one, a band was playing. Smoke hung in the air, which I would have thought would make the place smell. But the odor was more like cherry and chocolate. Most of the tables were empty except for three.

A bunch of young men filled a table by the stage. They were quite rowdy. I felt sure they had been drinking from early on. To the back were two couples seated at one table, enjoying each other's company. On the opposite side, about in the middle, sat four elderly men in suits. As I walked toward the bar at the back, they looked at me and greeted me.

It seemed like they were playing cards, which was a bit odd. But then again, I hadn't been to any bars and didn't really know what was normal. I lifted my hand and waved back. Passing the table with the two couples, they didn't even seem to notice me.

"Hey," Anucha exclaimed as she got up and put her arm around me. "We're so glad you could make it. I almost thought you weren't going to come."

"I made it," I replied as we sat down at a table close to the bar.

“This is my cousin, Alichia. You know Mary and Sophia,” Anucha added as she waved at the waitress. “What would you like to drink,” she asked, looking at me. “I’m buying the first round.”

Her family was wealthy, and she could afford to buy for everyone. At first, I wanted to decline as I wouldn’t be able to buy a full round. “I... I don’t know, I’ll get something in a bit,” I replied hesitantly.

I truly didn’t know what to get. I hadn’t had alcohol before and didn’t know what I would enjoy. I scanned the counter behind the bar, trying to see if anything jumped out at me.

“I’ll have a shot of wine,” I stated hoping to sound more knowledgeable than I felt. I had seen people order shots in movies and most women appeared to enjoy wine. So, I decided I would try it.

The girls burst out laughing. Anucha took my hand as she spoke. “Dear, you have no clue, do you?”. “Tell you what,” Anucha said, leaning toward me. “Let’s get a round of everything, and you test them. Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

Before I could reject the idea, she started rambling at the waitress. “First, I want a round of shots. Make it Tequila. Then, bring us one glass of vodka, one whiskey, one rum, and a brandy. Also, bring us two kinds of beer, a Martini, a Manhattan, and a Cosmopolitan. Make them all single and add the usual mix.”

“That’s way too much,” I protested as the waitress hurried back to the bar.

“Nonsense,” Anucha replied, giggling with the other girls. “You want to let loose, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” I replied, glancing at the others. It felt like my insides were suddenly doing

summersaults. They were all smiles. Yet, I couldn't shake this feeling that something was wrong. Glancing back at the door, I considered running.

Before I could decide, the Tequila shots had arrived. It looked very fancy and interesting. It was served in small glasses. The rim on each was covered in what looked like salt, and a wedge of lemon rested on top. They were accompanied by a bowl of lemon wedges and five small salt pots.

"Right," Anucha said as she handed each of us one and a saltshaker. I took it and could only hope the drink wouldn't be too strong.

As she continued to explain, she stared at me. I felt sure the others had done this before. Her explanation was purely for me. "Now you lick the salt from your hand, swallow the content of the glass in one go and then suck on the lemon."

Nodding, I glanced at the others. They were all waiting for me. Deciding there was no turning back, I licked the salt, tipped the contents of the glass into my mouth, and swallowed the hot burning liquid. Instantly, I started coughing as I drank. But I didn't want to look like I didn't belong, so I stuck the lemon wedge into my mouth, hoping the burning would subdue.

It eased a little, but my face disagreed with my choice. I felt all the muscles in my face pulling in all directions. Dropping the lemon into the glass, I took a deep breath and wiped my mouth. The girls around the table laughed.

"Alright," Anucha shouted as she rose and gently slapped my shoulder. "Let's get down, girl," she added.

Smiling up at her, I felt a small sting in my stomach. The waitress placed another tray down. This one was filled with a variety of colorful drinks in glasses of different sizes.

“These are cocktails,” Anucha said, placing them before me. “These are beers,” she added, placing two long glasses down. One was a light color, and the other one was dark.

On the tray were four more glasses. Lifting my hand, showing her to stop, I spoke up. “Wait, let me first taste these before you add them.”

Anucha shook her head. The girls all sat staring at me, waiting for me to taste the drinks. I started with the two tall glasses of beer. One was very bitter, and I almost spat it out. The other one had a lighter taste, but it wasn’t something I would drink.

Moving them to the middle of the table, I shook my head as I spoke. “No, I don’t like beer.”

Smiling, Mary and Sophia each took a glass. “No worries, we prefer beer,” they added, clinking the glasses before sipping.

The cocktails, as Anucha called them, were much better. The one with the olives was quite strong with a slightly sweet herbal taste. After taking a sip, I moved it to the middle of the table, shaking my head.

Next was the dark red one. This one tasted stronger than the other one, with a bitter aftertaste. “Nope,” I said, placing it in the middle of the table.

Picking up the last cocktail, I could feel a buzzing in my head. This one tasted much better. It was sweet with a hint of tanginess. Placing it down before me, I nodded at Anucha. “I’ll have this one, thanks.”

Grinning at me, she placed the other four drinks before me as she spoke. “Right, but you still have to taste these as well.”

I wanted to attest, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. Moving the cocktail to the side, I looked at the four drinks. One looked like orange juice and tasted sweet. "Yes, this one can also do," I said, shaking my head as I placed it down.

The next one was in a small, thick glass. It appeared quite interesting. It had a sweet, woody taste but was way too strong for me. Coughing a little, I placed the glass in the center of the table, shaking my head.

Once again, the girls laughed, but it was a friendly laugh. Catching my breath, I looked at Anucha as I spoke. "Do I have to continue?" My throat felt like it was on fire and then cold, I wasn't sure why, but my head also felt light.

"Yes," she said excitedly. "You have to try them. This way, you will know what you like if you go out by yourself."

The last one was in a short, fat glass again. It had a soft, spicy taste, which was interesting. Placing the glass down, I shook my head in agreement. "I might drink this as well," I said, glancing at the others.

"Excellent," Anucha stated as she and her cousin took the other drinks from the middle of the table. "Now we can get down to drinking."

They shook their heads, screaming excitedly as they clicked their glasses. They seemed to be connected. Grinning at them, I hoped to become part of their circle. I had spent so much time studying and working, I had never connected to them socially.

Yet, I was determined to change that. Looking around as more and more people arrived, I wondered what they were thinking as we appeared to be out of control. We had another couple of shooters. These were called a Jagerbomb or something in that line. It tasted quite horrible but made me feel more relaxed.

“How many guys have you slept with?” Mary asked out of the blue.

Glancing at Anusha, I felt my cheeks heating. “None,” I replied softly.

I heard the astonishment in the other three’s voices as they spoke almost like one.
“What, never?”

“Nope, I was focused on my studies, there wasn’t time,” I replied.

“Not even first base?” Sophia asked.

“In high school, there was this one boy,” I replied. “We kissed once under the bleachers.”

“Well, that’s a start,” Anucha added smiling. “Let’s see if you can go all the way?”

Shifting in my chair, I considered her words. Looking from one to the other, I agreed.

They looked at each other nodding as they mumbled. “Let’s play a game,” Alichia said grinning. “Truth or dare.”

I had heard of it and seen movies with it in. But focusing on my studies even at a young age, I had never played it. It was a fun way to get to know the others. Suddenly, I felt like one of them. It was amazing. However, my head felt light, but it was exhilarating. It was like forgetting all the things that plagued me daily.

A group of young men entered and sat down at the bar. Anucha leaned closer as she spoke, glancing at them as they ordered a round of beers. “Dare,” she whispered to me.

“I accept,” I replied. I wasn’t sure what she had in mind, but I wanted to fit in.

Looking me in the eyes, she pointed over her shoulder as she continued. “Pick one,” she said.

Glancing around her, I studied the men at the bar. “The one with the hair and leathers,” I replied excitedly.

“I dare you to seduce him,” she whispered.

Looking at the others, I realized this was serious. “Another round of shots first,” I said, accepting the dare.

The air filled with their joyous screams as Anucha waved at the waitress. “Irish Car Bombs all around,” she uttered to the skinny woman.

The waitress nodded and returned soon with a round of shots and half a glass of black beer. We all stood as we prepared to down our drinks. Shaking my head, I wondered how long I would still be standing as I felt quite dizzy from all the alcohol.

Looking at each other, we picked up the shots and held them halfway into the beer glass. “Ready?” Anucha asked, glancing at us.

In unison, we all replied ‘yes,’ then dropped the shot into the liquid. Picking up the glass, I leaned my head back and drank. It was the best drink I had all evening. Placing the glass down with everyone else, mine was the only one not completely empty.

“Come on, drink, drink, drink,” they all ushered me on. I drank the last bit and placed the glass down hard. Looking at the others, we all laughed. Straightening my dress, I turned and headed toward the stranger at the bar.

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Pulling up to the building and parking out front of the all-familiar establishment, I sat for a moment. I allowed the anticipation of the tension release I was about to experience to flow through me. Today had been a rough one. On days like this, I usually ended up here outside 'Tomorrow's Dawn.'

Here, everyone knew me. The owner was a close friend, and the place attracted the kind of women I preferred. Women like me, only interested in a good time, no commitments, no expectations, just fun.

As I prepared to go in, I thought back to the weapons upgrade job I had done today. Finding suitable replacements for outdated or old-fashioned guns wasn't the easiest thing. I replaced the client's M1911 guns with Desert Eagles, as most of the M1911 guns were quite damaged. He insisted they had not been used, but I had never seen guns in such a state.

His men loved the guns they had. Convincing them that the ones I now provided them with were worth it took some doing. I also had to find ten Remington 870 shotguns to replace the Benelli M4's they had. I didn't know what war the client fought, but the guns weren't cared for at all.

I told him I would be back next week to give his men training in gun care. If not, they would be replacing those in a couple of months. Grinning as I remembered the look of shock on his face, I got out of my car. I stared at the entrance, pushing all thoughts of the day's work out of my mind.

Glancing at my red Mustang, I pressed the button and listened for the lock before heading inside. There was only one bar and one club I visited regularly for

companionship. These suited my lavish lifestyle and need for precision. I liked things a certain way and this was one of the places I found that.

Entering I instantly noted the table of young men close to the stage. They were overly loud and way too drunk to still be out if you asked me. Ignoring them, I scanned the room as I walked towards the bar in the back.

The old men were at their table as usual. I greeted them with a handshake and half hug before passing. I didn't see my friend Machele, the owner with them but didn't ask about him as I wanted a drink. Starting a conversation with these men would keep me for hours.

Approaching the bar, I noticed a group of young women sitting at the table to the left. A couple of men were at the bar. Two of them appeared to be in a heated conversation. The one was a muscular man, maybe about thirty years old. His tattoos ran up his neck onto the back of his bald head.

I hadn't seen him or his companion around here before. His companion was much shorter than him with a full set of hair. Even though he wasn't muscular, his leather jacket gave him that appearance. He looked more like a dark-haired Ken doll out of place and clothing.

My regular spot at the bar in the right corner was empty, which was good. Taking a seat, the familiar brunette bartender approached me with her wide blue eyes and a big smile. She was blessed with luscious breasts and a perfectly formed hourglass figure.

"Hi, Konstantin," she said, leaning on the counter. "It's been a minute or two since you've been here. How are you?" Her seductive tone and obvious come-ons were something I had gotten accustomed to over the years.

"I'm good, thanks Jennifer. How are you?" I replied with a grin. She was a beautiful

woman, and I had to admit that I found her alluring. Yet, being the bartender, I felt acting on my impulses would make coming here harder. I didn't want feelings getting in the way of my routines or friendships.

Jennifer shook her head as she replied. "Nothing ever goes on around here without you."

Chuckling at her words, I replied in my most charming tone. "My usual, please." She nodded and turned to pour me a whiskey on the rocks. "I'm glad someone missed me," I added.

Returning with the smooth, dark golden liquid, she handed me the glass. She winked at me as she responded. "I always do, hun, I always do."

As I pulled the glass to my lips, I turned in my seat, studying the patrons. The place appeared quieter than usual. Glancing at my watch, I noticed it wasn't even nine yet. It would be another half hour plus before it got crowded. In the meantime, I would check out what was on display.

A young, skinny waitress called Ammy greeted me as she passed on her way to the back. She's been working here for about three years now. She always had a smile and never complained about anything. Once or twice, I had seen her with a guy, but she seemed to balance work and home quite nicely.

She was the type of employee a person wanted in such an establishment. People who could focus on the task at hand. The two men down the bar appeared to have resolved their issues. They were now seemingly having a drink in peace.

Hearing giggles coming from behind them, I focused on the table of young women. They were most likely all in their early twenties and quite beautiful each in their own way. Yet, as I sat studying them, one stood out more than her friends.

She was wearing a unique black dress. The tight top gently pushed her luscious breasts up, showing quite a bit of cleavage. It hugged her body but flared just above her hips. From there, the skirt flared halfway down her thigh. Her brown hair was pinned up on the sides, opening up her lovely face.

As she glanced my way, her eyes seemed to sparkle. They reminded me of a warm sunset, and I found myself a little intrigued by her. Watching them as I sipped my whiskey, I noticed she seemed a little out of place. They were drinking a variety of alcohol and quite a bit of shooters.

It appeared that they were celebrating. Even though I preferred more experienced women, I couldn't keep my eyes off her. At first, she appeared quiet, even a little awkward. After the second shot, I saw them taking I could see her behavior changing. She joined her friends in cheering on something that was said.

After a while, they were singing along with the band. They weren't very good at it, though. As I watched them, I found her quite amusing in her awkwardness. I could see she was clearly inexperienced and hadn't drunk much in her life. She appeared to be a happy drunk, though.

Then, they grew silent. They seemed to be whispering to each other as they huddled around the table. Then they glanced around, and the brown-haired beauty nodded at her friend while talking.

The friend waved her arm at Ammy, who obliged them instantly. She spoke to the arm-waving girl, returned to the bar, and took them another round of drinks. These I knew very well. If you weren't used to them, they could knock you out.

They all rose, called out 'yes,' and downed the Irish Car Bombs while standing. It appeared her glass wasn't empty as the others urged her on to down the rest. I noticed her swaying slightly as she drank. I felt sure she was way over her limit.

She glanced at me as she seemed to straighten out her dress. Then she turned and waltzed over to the two men at the bar. The way they turned to her, smiling, caught my attention even more. They didn't know her, of that, I was sure. I knew what men like that thought. She was about to become prey and she didn't even know it.

At first, their interaction was normal. I noticed her cheeks turning a slight red as they spoke. She laughed at something he said and glanced back at her friends. She lightly tapped the man on the shoulder as she lowered her head to the side.

She appeared to be flirting with the man. As she continued to speak to him, I could see her confidence growing. It was fascinating to see her changes. First, she went from a shy girl to a party girl. Now, she appeared to be changing from the party girl to the seducer.

It was reasonably amusing to watch her. Every now and then, she rocked lightly on her feet but caught herself before falling. Turning back to the Ken Doll, she leaned in and whispered something to him.

The smile on his face turned to a grin. One I knew very well. Something was about to happen. I felt sure his mind was full of sinister plans. The man grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her to him forcefully.

His friend turned to them and shifted his body on the chair. The way he was sitting was surely obscuring her girlfriend's views. Slamming my glass down on the counter, I stood up. She was unsteady on her feet, falling back slightly against the bald guy and then back against the Ken Doll.

She wasn't complaining or fighting them, but his grip on her arms appeared hard. I felt sure it would bruise soon if he didn't let her go. Glancing at Jennifer, I placed money for my drinks on the bar and nodded at her.

Slowly, I walked towards the girl and the two men. Looking around, I confirmed that they were alone. I saw no other strangers that could end up complicating the situation. She was young, attractive, and innocent. I was overwhelmed by the urge to protect her. I felt sure she was in no state to do so herself.

Stopping next to them, the bald guy looked up at me as he placed his hands on her hips. "I think you should let her go," I said calmly.

The Ken Doll glanced at me, smirking. "Step off, dude, she's with us."

Pulling his fingers loose from her arm, I tenderly pulled her towards me. "I don't think so," I huffed at him, bending his fingers slightly further than they were intended on going.

He slithered off the bar stool and went down to his knees next to it. "Right," he said between deep breaths. "Sorry, dude, sorry. I didn't know."

Letting go, I waited for him to grab his things and move past me. I kept an eye on him until he was out the door. Placing an arm around her shoulders, I held her firmly against me. Turning around, the bald guy had already gotten off his seat and was sneaking out.

With her still in my arms, I walked to the back corner of the bar. There were too many men like them in this world. I decided I would assist her in getting home safely so she didn't get into trouble.

Those guys might wait outside for her to leave, or for me to go. I had to make sure she was safe.

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I looked back at my friends as the man pulled me to the other side of the bar. My stomach turned as he pulled me with him. He made sure the other man understood I was not to be touched. It was weird as I didn't know him.

In fact, he felt more of a danger than the seemingly harmless guy I was flirting with. He had a mysterious and dangerous aura about him. Yet, I couldn't deny the sudden magnetism I felt towards him. However, I was sure it had to do with his appeal. He was the most handsome man in the bar.

Staring into his dreamy blue eyes it felt like I was about to melt. His strong, muscular features were very prominent. He could possibly be the most gorgeous man I had ever met. "Excuse me," I said, turning out of his arm. "What do you think you're doing?"

Pushing his hand through his blond hair, he leaned on the bar counter as she spoke. "Well, miss. I noticed those men were going to take advantage of you. I felt he was being a bit rough and only wanted to prevent something you may regret tomorrow."

His voice was smooth as butter melting on a hot slice of bread. Feeling annoyed that I might lose the bet, I smirked at him. "I'm capable of handling myself, thank you." I spat back.

"Miss," he said, reaching out and touching my shoulder tenderly. "I felt they were going to take advantage of you. I was only trying to assist." His tone was comforting and inviting but only provoked me more.

Shrugging off his hand, I glanced back at the table. Everyone was staring at us. I had

to achieve my objective. Turning back to him, I smiled softly. He would do even though he made me feel slightly uneasy. Yet, if he didn't want to, he had to understand that I didn't need saving.

Tapping his chest as I spoke, I felt my insides twisting and turning a little. His chest was firm and warm. My mind went spiraling as I tried to formulate my response. "You see my friends at the table behind me?"

He glanced around me as he replied. "Yes,"

"We have a bet, you see. I have to seduce a man, and what comes next, well..." My face heated as I tried to explain. "The idea is to get some life experience."

His lips pulled into a tender smile as I spoke. A sudden urge to kiss him flooded through me. Swaying from side to side, I tried to rid my mind of the thought. He was surely every woman's dream guy. But I couldn't shake this feeling that he was bad news.

"Alright," I added, clearing my throat. "If, you'll excuse me. Now that you've chased the other one away, I must look for another guy to seduce."

Turning to scan the bar for any reasonable men, I felt his hand close around my arm. He turned me back to him and took hold of my chin, lifting my face as she spoke. "I tell you what."

He looked over my shoulder at the girls giggling at the table, took a deep breath, and looked into my eyes. "I'll sleep with you. But not here. Not in the club."

Stepping back, I pulled out of his grip. His offer made me a little uncomfortable. I didn't know him or what his intentions were. The bartender came closer, smiling widely at him as she spoke. "Konstantin, you want another drink, hun?"

Looking at me, he raised his eyebrows as he spoke. “You want another drink before we leave?”

My head was still buzzing but I decided to have a drink with him before making up my mind. “Sure,” I replied.

“What’ll you have, seeing as you basically tested the entire bar list tonight?” he asked, grinning.

“I’m not sure. Surprise me,” I replied, sitting down at the bar.

He slid onto the seat next to me as he spoke to the skinny woman behind the counter. “My usual and a Pina Colada for the lady.”

The woman nodded and went about pouring our drinks. “Konstantin,” he said, turning to me and holding out his hand.

I found this gesture a bit odd, as he wanted to shake my hand, but I obliged him. “Dahlia,” I replied placing my hand in his. Instead of shaking it as in a usual greeting, he closed his hand around my fingers and lifted it to his mouth.

“Please to meet you, Dahlia,” he breathed out as he kissed my hand.

I felt a fluttering in my stomach as his hot breath moved over my hand before his tender lips touched it. He appeared to be a gentleman. Taking him up on his offer might not be such a bad idea, I thought as our drinks arrived.

Taking a sip, I had to close my eyes as my tastebuds tingled. It was divine and by far the best drink I had all night. Its rich, smoothy texture perfectly complimented the sweet taste of coconut. This, mixed with the slight pineapple taste produced a new taste sensation.

Lifting the glass and staring at it. It felt like I had fallen in love with it. Making a mental note to remember the name, I caught him staring at me. Placing the glass down, I gave him a soft smile.

“So,” I said, staring at the glass. “You live around here?”

“Yes and no,” he replied in a light tone. “And you?”

Glancing at him, I wasn’t sure if he was serious or not. Taking another sip, I turned to face him. “Actually, I don’t live too far.” I hoped to learn something about him before he whisked me off to where he called home.

His lips pulled up into a smile as he spoke. “I have a place not too far from here.”

Assessing his smile, I had to ask. “Is this place where you take all your women?”

At this, he chuckled as he responded. “Why aren’t you, Miss Smarty Pants.”

“Well,” I said, rolling my eyes, “I kinda am, even if I have to admit it.”

This brought on a total fit of laughter. Once he stopped laughing, he sipped his whiskey before replying. “Okay, I’ll bite. What’s a smart woman like you doing in a bar looking for life experience then?”

My cheeks instantly burned as I felt the blush radiate across it. Looking down, I replied in a softer tone. “I have a life. But it’s mostly consumed by studying and work.”

“Okay then,” he replied in his smooth tone as he lightly pulled me back to face him. “I could agree with that seeing as life experiences are also learning.”

This time, I laughed. Even though what he said made complete sense, it was funny. I felt my nerves calm as we talked. The feeling of danger and impending doom started lifting. He wasn't only handsome but also funny.

"You almost ready to get out of that tight number you're wearing?" he asked out of the blue.

I felt sure my face was glowing as the heat I felt a little while back intensified. My stomach was in knots as I smiled at him. My words appeared to have vanished as I felt my heart skipping a beat.

"Wouldn't you like that?" I inquired teasingly.

"Well, let's go to my place, and I'll show you," he shot back at me, taking the last sip from his glass. He placed it down and slid off the chair. Standing beside me, he held out his hand again.

I drank the last bit left in my glass, took his hand, and stood up. "Let me just tell my friends I'm leaving," I said as we approached the door.

He waited as I hurried over to the table. Leaning forward, we huddled in the middle. "I'm going with Konstantin to his place," I whispered.

They all appeared quite amazed and excited but didn't reply. Anucha squeezed my arm as I turned, heading back to him.

Konstantin took my hand, rested it on his arm, and walked me out. The evening breeze was much cooler than I had anticipated. The bar was nice and warm. It had a cozy feel to it. But feeling the night air outside, I had to pull my hand free to rub my arms.

Konstantin quickly took off his jacket. “Here,” he said, placing it around my shoulders and pulling me into his arm.

“Thank you,” I said softly, unexpectedly overwhelmed by his caring nature. We walked to a bright red Mustang parked in the street. As he opened the door, I looked up at him, astonished. “Is this yours?” I asked.

Judging by his shiny suit and crisp white shirt, I expected he had money. But this, the car. My mind was spinning out of control. I didn’t expect such a fancy car.

He grinned as he waited for me to get in before closing the door and getting in on the other side. The leather seats froze the back of my thighs as I sat down. I felt my breath catching but didn’t show it.

“The seats will warm up now,” he said as he started the car and pressed a button on the dash. “I know they can be cold.”

“Oh, okay, I hadn’t noticed,” I lied, trying to hide my relief.

As promised, they heated up quite quickly. We had barely pulled out when I felt the cold subduing.

My stomach turned. I wasn’t sure it was only from the alcohol I had as I felt a bit nervous. I felt like a naughty schoolgirl sneaking out of class. I was excited and scared at the same time.

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We hadn't been driving long when I felt her hand settle on my thigh. Glancing at her, Dahlia smiled provocatively at me. "You had quite a bit to drink tonight," I remarked.

She looked at my leg where her hand lay and traced little circles with her finger. Dahlia leaned closer as she spoke. I could feel her hot breath tickling my skin as she spoke. "How much longer?" She was swaying slightly as she sat back.

"I don't think you really want to do this, sugar," I added, taking another left. The apartment building wasn't far now.

"How would you know what I want? Didn't I tell you I want it?" she breathed out, moving her hand to my crotch. Her voice was laced with a deep need, which I felt sure was due to the excessive amount of alcohol.

Gently pushing her hand back down, I grinned at her. "Aren't you an eager young lady?" I replied teasingly.

Lowering the seat slightly, she leaned back in it as she spoke softly. "Won't you help me out of this dress?" Turning to face me, she placed one leg over the other, causing the dress to push up. Her silky-smooth skin called out to me as she pulled my hand down to her leg.

"Yes, I'll help you, in a minute or so," I replied, stroking her leg. I still didn't know why I felt so attracted to her. I wanted to protect her innocence, but she made it very hard for me.

Dahlia lifted her leg and placed my hand between them, pulling it up to her panties. "I

want to feel you in me,” she breathed out. Glancing at her, I noticed her cheeks were a dark shade of pink. Fluttering her eyes at me, I felt my cock stirring. She looked so adorable.

I was a little surprised at her sudden approach and readiness. But I loved the feel of her skin. Pulling my hand back, I spoke softly as I pulled into the underground parking lot. “We’re here.”

Once I had stopped, I hopped out and went to her side. Opening the door, she lunged at me, flinging her arms around my neck. I could feel she was still wobbly on her feet. So, I picked her up and carried her to the elevator.

As I leaned forward to press the button, she kissed my cheek. It felt like lightning entered my body and ran through every nerve. “I don’t think you’re sober enough to make this decision,” I said, stepping into the elevator.

“If we didn’t come here to complete my bet, why are we here?” she asked, looking up at me. As I left the elevator and headed to the condo door, I felt her fingers working at the buttons of my shirt.

Lowering her to her feet by the door, I swiped my keycard. She had undone the top three buttons. Her hand was inside my shirt, rubbing my chest as I picked her up again. “Dahlia, sugar, don’t you think we should wait?”

Walking to the chaise, I gently placed her down. I tried my best to fight the attraction, but she wasn’t letting up. As I pulled back, she grabbed my face and kissed me. Her lips were burning embers of passion.

I felt all resistance crumbling as her tongue slipped into my mouth. Her lips were like warm pillows. I felt my heart picking up speed as the sweetness of her cherry lip gloss lingered in my mouth.

Pulling her upright slightly, I breathed in deeply as I found the zipper at the back of her dress. Dahlia let out a small gasp as I pulled it down. “Sugar,” I breathed into her neck, lacing it with kisses. “You’re about to go to heaven.”

Her hands closed around my neck as I slipped the dress from her perfectly formed body. There was an inferno of lust running through me as I laid her back to look at her. I wanted to take in all she was. I had never felt such strong desires before.

She was sculpted by the best artist with curves in all the right places. Her hands came up grabbing hold of my shirt. Before I could move, she had ripped it open. Riding myself of the shirt, I stood and removed my shoes and pants.

Bending over, I picked her up into my arms, heading for the bedroom. She was more desirable than any woman I had ever met. Her legs wrapped around my waist as she breathed out into my neck. “Take me, baby.” Feeling her lips touching my ear, sent a shiver through me. I couldn’t handle it any longer.

There was no time to get to the room. I turned and pinned her to the passage wall. “Dahlia, sugar, are you sure?” I heaved at her, trying to catch my breath. I felt a tad conflicted. I had always been able to control myself. I was meticulous in all aspects of my life. Why was my body betraying me? I had no restraint with this angel in my arms.

“Yes, baby,” she replied, kissing my chest.

“Right,” I huffed. “Not here, though.”

Taking hold of her ass, I breathed in deeply, calming myself. I moved to the bedroom, and gently laid her down on the bed. As I stood to remove my boxers, I pulled her panties down and dropped them to the floor.

Moving back up, I covered her legs and stomach in a train of kisses. I could hear her breathing hard with every move. Her essence, soft skin, and every inch of her drove me insane.

As our lips met once again in a heated kiss, I lowered myself onto her. My cock was pounding, my body starving for her. Dahlia pulled her legs up allowing me full access. Gently, I penetrated her listening as her breath caught. I moved slowly until we came while teasing her with kisses.

Flopping next to her, I heaved as I tried to catch my breath. Sweat ran like streams down my chest. My mind was whirling as I reached out, taking hold of her hand. "Sugar," I breathed out loudly, gazing at her. "Stay the night."

My mind flooded with a yearning for her I couldn't explain. Dahlia smiled softly, shrugging her shoulders. Her skin was sparkling. Even though I knew it was due to the sweat, I thought she looked like the brightest star.

Getting up, I headed to the bathroom. Turning at the door, I glanced back as I spoke. "Wanna take a quick bath?"

She nodded before following me. After we had a relaxing bath, I borrowed her one of my shirts to sleep in. She was very quiet but didn't appear upset. "Are you okay, sugar?" I asked as I crawled in behind her, pulling her into my arms.

"Yes," she whispered.

Holding her, feeling her chest moving as she breathed, I knew I wanted more of her. This was the best sex I had ever had, and I was hooked. She was intoxicating, and until I could understand why these emotions had swept through me, I wanted her close.

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It's been just over four weeks since the passionate evening I spent with Konstantin. Sitting at the tiny table drinking coffee, I paged through the job pages on my tablet, looking for jobs I could apply for. I couldn't help but think back to that night.

He wanted me to stay the night, and I almost did. Letting out a deep sigh, I was glad I didn't stay. I was sure he only said I should to make me feel better. He was clearly not the type of man to commit. I wasn't the kind of woman who would force something on others.

Allowing my mind to wander, I felt the smile forming on my lips. Lifting my hand, I gently caressed them. If I closed my eyes, I could still feel his passionate kiss. That was an evening I will never forget.

Shaking my head, I tried to push out the memories. I had to focus on getting a job and starting my life. I sat drawing circles around possible opportunities.

After lunch, I submitted my resume to as many of them as possible. I was still working part-time at the firm my cousin hooked me up with. But I knew I had to find something more permanent. The company didn't have space for extra employees at the moment. I knew I couldn't be a casual worker forever.

Early the next morning, I received two calls for interviews. I was overjoyed at the prospect of being able to hopefully start working soon. I would be able to pay my cousin back all he invested in me. But I would also be able to show him his time and money weren't a waste.

Not wanting to sit still, I called Anucha and scheduled to meet for lunch. I couldn't

wait to share the good news with her. It was just me and her now. Her cousin went back to England, and our other two friends moved away. Over the last two weeks, we had grown closer.

It was nice, as I now had someone to share with. We had a set lunch date for twice a week. But I couldn't wait until tomorrow to tell her. I had to do it today. After rinsing the handful of dishes and throwing my clothes into the dryer, I headed out.

She was interning at a law firm. After she started there three weeks back, she found this cute little coffee shop about halfway between my house and her work. It became our spot. Their coffee was excellent, but the pie they served was to die for.

"This would have to be a quick lunch," Anucha said as we sat down. "I have a heap of paperwork to get through."

The waiter brought us our usual pie and coffee. "No problem," I replied, nodding at the waiter. "I just had to see you, I have two interviews," I blurted out excitedly.

Anucha's smile spread across her face as she squeezed my hand. "That is fantastic news, I am so happy for you," she said. "I really hope you get one."

I was practically jumping up and down in my chair from excitement as I responded. "So do I, but I'm feeling very positive. Especially about the second one. It's for a big computer company."

Anucha smiled and nodded as she waved at the waiter. "Please wrap up the last of my pie to go," she said as he came closer. "I'm sorry," she added looking at me. "But I really have to go."

I nodded at her as she rose and stood up. "I understand," I said hugging her. Her schedule had become tighter and tighter as the caseloads she worked with increased. I

was just glad we got to have a chat.

Waving to her as she left, I turned and headed home. On my way, I felt a slight nausea pushing up. I wondered if the pie had upset my stomach. It was strange as I had been having pie there for the last couple of weeks. I never had any issues.

Arriving home, I felt tired and suddenly out of breath. I hoped I wasn't getting a cold or something. After taking a long hot bath, I decided to rest. I was positive a good long rest would clear up the issue.

I woke up early the next morning feeling worse. The nausea hadn't subdued but had increased. I had to run to the bathroom as I couldn't keep anything in. My back was aching, and I still felt lethargic. I slumped through the day, barely able to eat or drink.

By the next morning, I had to cancel my interviews as I wasn't feeling any better. I called Anucha's doctor and made an appointment for the afternoon. After taking another long bath, I dressed and headed out.

I met Anucha for lunch before going to the doctor but couldn't get myself to eat. The look on her face was worrisome. "What's the matter? Why are you looking at me in such a way?" I asked as I sipped some orange juice. It was the only thing that seemingly didn't make me vomit. But it took its toll on my stomach.

"I'm worried. Could you be pregnant?" she whispered.

Laughing at her, I shook my head as I replied between breaths. "Oh, no. I'm sure it's only the flu or something. Once I've seen the doctor, I'll let you know."

"Okay, please do," she replied, still looking as if she feared the worst.

As she left for work, I headed to the doctor's office. I had to take a cab as it was on the other side of town. I exited the cab and looked up at the large five-story building. The doctor's office was on the third floor.

At first, I wanted to take the stairs. But as I got to them, I decided against it as I felt a little out of breath. Instead, I took the elevator. Stepping out on the third floor, I looked at the three offices before me.

One was for a financial advisor. The other one had a sign that read 'Simon and Son' but had no description of the business. The last door led to the doctor's office. Entering the office, the smell of cleaning materials mixed with medicine antagonized my nausea.

The receptionist looked up as I walked to her desk. "Yes, miss?" she said in a quiet tone.

"Fitzer, Dahlia Fitzer for Doctor Pappanhau."

She paged through a large book before her, scrolled with a finger down one page, and nodded as she replied. "Very well, miss. Take a seat there on the right. The doctor will be with you shortly."

Looking in the direction she was pointing, I noticed three chairs to one side of a closed door. I smiled at her and went to take a seat. The reception area was tranquil. There were only two other people seated at another door on the left.

My stomach turned as I leaned back in the chair. Placing my head back against the wall, I closed my eyes. I was feeling drained, which I couldn't understand. I slept well the last two days. But I was still exhausted.

The door next to me opened with a loud creaking sound, making me jump. Looking

up, I saw the doctor. She smiled and waved for me to enter. Standing quickly, I walked past her into the office.

It was a normal doctor's office as I am sure most are similar in appearance. The walls were painted white. The floor was covered in a cream-colored rug. To one side was a table covered in books, a computer, and some papers. There were chairs on both sides.

On the other side was a thin, long bed, and next to it were two machines. The one looked like a heart monitoring device, and the other a scanner of sorts.

"Have a seat," Doctor Pappanhau said, waving at the one chair as she sat down behind the desk. I pulled the chair further from the table and sat down. "Now, then, Miss Fitzer, how can I help you today?" she asked in a friendly tone.

Smiling softly at her, I tried to convey my issues as clearly as possible. "I'm not sure what is wrong doctor. I've been feeling ill for a couple of days now. I have nausea, stomachache, back pain, and I can't seem to be able to keep anything in."

She nodded, wrote something in the file, and then smiled at me as she spoke. "May I ask if you've been sexually active recently?"

My cheeks heated as I thought back to the evening with Konstantin. I couldn't get a word out as my throat closed up. So, I simply nodded.

"Okay, I am going to do some tests. Then we can see what the issue is." She added as she stood up.

She opened the door and called the nurse, who took me down a short hall. Opening a door to the side. I noticed it led to a toilet. She handed me a small beaker and gently pushed me inside. "Place it on the tray by the door when you're done. Then return to

the doctor's office," she instructed before closing the door behind me.

I did as I was told and returned to the office. The doctor wasn't there when I returned, so I sat down and waited. I didn't wait long before the doctor returned. She walked in and sat back down. She was smiling broadly, which made me a bit uneasy.

"Good news," she said. "You're pregnant."

I swore my heart stopped as the words left her lips. My skin felt cold, and my breath disappeared for a second. Good news, my mind shouted. How could she think it was good news? She didn't even know me.

I sat staring at her as tears welled up in my eyes. They burned, threatening to burst out should I open my mouth. I was stunned. I wasn't equipped to raise a child. No work, no income, no support. My mind was running a marathon as I tried to absorb the news.

"Are you okay?" I hear the doctor saying beside me. I had not even noticed her getting up. Glancing at her, I shook my head, indicating I was fine even though I was exploding inside.

She patted my shoulder as I stood. "If there is anything you need to know, simply ask," she said as I headed for the door. I had to get out; I needed fresh air. It felt like the walls were closing in and was about to squash me like a bug.

Opening the door, I turned back to her. "Thank you," I breathed out before leaving.

Suddenly, I was standing on the curb, hailing a cab. Glancing back at the building, I shook my head. I couldn't recall how I got outside. I jumped into the cab as it pulled up and hastily gave my address to the driver.

As he pulled away, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. This couldn't be true. It can't be happening, I told myself, feeling my insides shatter. The cab came to a sudden stop.

"That'll be twenty-three dollars fifty, miss," the driver said, looking back at me.

Taking money from my wallet, I paid him and got out. I didn't know how long I had been standing on the curb when I felt a hand closing around my arm. "Hey, sweetie, are you okay? What did the doctor say? You never called?" Anucha huffed next to me.

Looking into her eyes and seeing the concern, I could no longer keep the tears in. "I'm pregnant," I uttered between breaths as my tears flowed.

Anucha pulled me into her arms and hugged me tight. As my tears flowed, I shook. My heart was heavy, and I didn't know what I was going to do. Once I started calming down, we went inside. She made coffee and sat with me for a while.

We didn't speak; we just sat and drank our coffee. She rinsed the cups and promised to check in on me the next day before she left. It was dark outside and inside by the time I snapped out of my trance. I wasn't sure how long I sat at the small table. But I knew my body didn't appreciate it.

As I rose, I felt my muscles cramping; everything was sore. I took a bath and crawled into bed. Once the sun came up, I would figure it out, I told myself as I fell asleep.

By the time I woke up, it was almost noon. I was about to put my clothes in the washer when I found a folded paper in the pocket. It was a prescription from the doctor for vitamins. I couldn't recall when she gave it to me, but took it with me.

After pouring a glass of juice, I sat down at the table with a pen and paper. I was still

upset as I felt I had let my cousin down. I had failed his expectations of me. How was I going to explain this, I thought.

Collecting myself, I knew I had to make the best of the situation. I had to move past my shock and devise a plan for my future. Looking down, I placed my hand on my stomach. And for my child's future.

After weighing the pros and cons I decided not to even bother looking for Konstantin. I was sure what we shared was merely a one-night stand. I would find a suitable job with good benefits and support us on my own.

Thinking about Konstantin brought back an array of feelings. The sex was phenomenal, and I battled to push him out of my mind. But for my own sanity, I had to focus on the important things now.

After collecting the prescription from the pharmacy, I called Anucha to let her know I was going to be fine. She came over for supper every day for the rest of the week. I started taking vitamins, and medication for nausea. Plus, the other tablets the doctor prescribed that same day.

By the weekend, I started feeling better and resumed my job search. It was around the middle of the next week when I received a strange call. A woman named Alyssa called to confirm an interview with me. I didn't recognize the company name and felt sure I had not submitted a resume to them. But I couldn't be picky, so I agreed to the interview.

Friday morning, I got up early and had a good solid breakfast. After doing the dishes, I washed and got dressed. I wasn't sure if the company had a specific dress code, so I wore a plain summer dress.

Arriving at the address she gave me, I felt underdressed. The building was huge with

glass walls. Walking up the short set of stairs, I admired the architecture. It had a modern design mixed with some Roman and Victorian styles.

As I came to the door, it opened automatically. Stepping in, I felt my breath catching at the immensity of it all. The reception area was as large as a five-star hotel. Walking to the two sets of security scanners, I surveyed the area.

There were glass doors on each side of the reception desk at the back. I also noted two elevator doors on both sides. Next to these on each side was seating, for what reason I didn't know. But they were fancy, comfortable-looking red and gold chairs. Between each set was a small round table with flowers on it.

The floor was covered in red, gold, and cream-colored tiles. The place appeared to be sparkling as if brand new. I was speechless as I stepped through the security scanner on the guard's orders. Slowly, I moved to the desk. The red-haired woman behind the desk looked up at me, holding out a finger as she spoke on the phone.

Once she finished her call, she smiled at me. "Hi, how can I assist you today?" she asked in an overly friendly tone.

"I..., I have an appointment with Mr. Smirnov," I replied. My mind was traveling about a thousand miles an hour. A company like this would surely have great benefits. I couldn't believe my luck ending up here.

The receptionist glanced at her computer screen. "You are Miss Fitzer?" she questioned, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes," I responded, feeling my stomach turning.

"Right, have a seat by the elevator. Someone will be down shortly to take you up," she said, pointing to the right.

I walked to the first elevator on the right and sat down on one of the chairs. Now I knew why they were here, I thought as I rubbed the velvety texture of the seat. Hearing the elevator ‘ping’ as the doors opened, I jumped up, turning to it. I was ready for this. I would make a good impression as I needed a decent job.

A young, skinny man with short brown hair stepped out. He was wearing a grey suit that appeared a size or two too big. Smiling, he extended his hand as he spoke. “Miss. Fitzer?”

Shaking his hand, I nodded, unable to speak suddenly. It felt like my words were choking me as I tried. Luckily, he didn’t appear to notice. He turned to the elevator, extending an open hand towards it as he continued to speak. “This way, please.”

Stepping into the elevator, I felt my breath catching. The walls were made from mirrors. As I turned, I saw myself everywhere. I took a deep breath and knew I had to calm my emotions as this interview was vital.

The elevator stopped on the eighth floor. With another loud ‘ping,’ the doors opened. There was another reception desk a couple of feet from the door. Behind it were a couple of tables with chairs and people seemingly scurrying left and right.

The young man stepped out and turned to me as he spoke. “Please follow me.” He turned to the left and started walking.

Shaking my head to clear the onset of nervousness and excitement, I followed. There was another large double glass door. Walking through, we entered a hallway. There were doors on both sides as far as I could see. He walked to the end of the passage and opened the last door.

Holding the door open, he motioned for me to enter. “Please wait here; Mr. Smirnov will be with you shortly.”

As I entered, I heard the door behind me close. It looked like a meeting room. There was a big oval-shaped table in the middle with chairs all around. To the one side were a whiteboard and a huge screen. On the other side was a cart with what looked like a kettle, coffee, tea, sugar, and cups on it.

I felt the lump in my throat growing as I sat down. “You got this,” I told myself as I swallowed hard. Hearing the door opening again, I stood quickly and swung around. I felt my skin turning to ice as I stared at him. My hands, moving of their own accord, flew up to my mouth as I gasped for air.

This couldn’t be true. How could he be here? How did this happen? My mind flooded with questions as I stared wide-eyed at Konstantin standing in the doorway. The tumbles in my stomach turned into a hurricane as shock overtook me. I felt numb and sure I was about to faint.

Stepping back, I grabbed hold of the chair and side of the table as my legs gave way under me. I flopped down into the chair as he stepped closer, a wide smile decorating his face.

“Dahlia,” he said in that smooth tone of his. “I’ve been looking for you?”

“Me?” I heard the words leaving my mouth before I could even think about it. Seeing him again made my heart race and my stomach turn.

“Yes, you said you were qualified in finance and business analytics. We have an opening, and I am sure you would fit right in here.”

Shaking my head slowly, I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. I tried to hide the emotions that were creating havoc within me.

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She was all I could think of since that mind-blowing night four weeks back. Waking to an empty bed was not what I expected. I tried forgetting her and moving on. But I couldn't. As the first couple of days passed, I became obsessed and had to find her.

I had to deep-dive to find her as I didn't know much about Dahlia. But after I found her graduation details, the rest came quite easily. She was working a side job but applying to a variety of companies. This gave me an idea and I had Alyssa assist me in setting up a meeting.

Finding her took some time, but I did. And now here she was. I was ecstatic walking into the conference room. However, I couldn't allow her to see her impact on me. I needed to keep this interview professional.

Walking closer, I could see the shock on her face as clear as day. Her gasp told me that I was the last person on earth she expected to see. Dahlia watched me intently as I moved.

Pulling out the chair at the end of the table, I sat down before talking. "Miss Fitzer, did you bring all your documents?"

She stared at me as she pulled a folder from her bag. "I didn't apply to this company. Can you tell me what's going on?" she asked as she pushed the folder towards me.

Clearing my throat, I pulled the papers from the storage pouch. Paging through it, I spoke in a calm, collected tone. "We ran a check for people in your field searching for employment, and your name came up."

I placed the papers back into the pouch, before pushing it back towards her. As our eyes met, I felt my heart skipping a beat. The sun coming in through the wall-to-wall window highlighted her every feature.

Her brown hair looked like strands of silk. The golden flecks in her eyes sparkled like diamonds. She truly was a unique beauty to behold. I was entranced, and for a moment, I couldn't breathe.

"Dahlia," I said after a brief uncomfortable silence. "Tell me about your work experience. I see you are currently working. May I enquire why you are looking for other employment?"

She shifted in her chair and glanced out the window as she pushed a strand of hair back behind her ear. Looking me in the eyes, she spoke in that alluring, tender tone. "It's only part-time; I am looking for something more permanent."

"Good," I replied, wishing I could reach over and kiss her. I hungered for her touch, the taste of her lips, and to feel her breath on my neck. Shaking my head vaguely, I continued. "We have a lot to offer."

"You or the company?" she abruptly enquired.

"The company, of course," I replied, smiling. She appeared to notice more than she was saying. I was caught a bit off guard as I didn't expect it. "Our company can offer you a very competitive salary. We also have exceptional benefits. These include medical, pension, spending account, paid holidays, and more." I said, leaning back.

Dahlia smiled faintly while placing the pouch with her papers in her bag. As she rose from the chair, she spoke out clearly. "Thank you for your time, but I do not think this position is right for me."

I felt as if I was hit by lightning as a quake ran through my veins. I was fleetingly numb by her rejection as shock vibrated through my being. Dahlia was halfway out the door when I finally found my feet and rose sharply.

Something else was wrong. How could she reject the best offer she will ever get? I was unable to comprehend her reasoning. “Wait,” I huffed as I moved to the door. “I don’t understand.”

Dahlia lifted her hand as if to stop me from coming too close and stepped away from me. I noticed the determination on her face but couldn’t understand it. “I’m not interested, thank you.” She breathed out and left. She was hiding something from me. I felt sure of it. I stood frozen as she walked to the elevator and disappeared.

Filling with a desperate need to know what was wrong, I went back to my office. We didn’t come in much and usually worked from home. But over the years, we have noted the importance of having an office. This need grew once Leon moved out. We needed a place to hold meetings and consult with clients.

Alyssa and Cindy also assisted in the office from time to time. It was a perfect way to keep in touch. We rented out most of the floors as we only needed one for our operations. On one floor was a law firm, on another a science lab, and one even held doctor’s offices.

Sitting at my desk, I knew I had to convince Dahlia that this job was what she needed. I scrolled through her social media accounts again, and everything I could find on her. But nothing hinted at what she could be hiding.

Knowing I needed assistance and being purpose-driven, I went to find Mila. Her office was empty, so I headed home. I was confused, irritated, and feeling angry at Dahlia’s rejection.

But I would get to the bottom of it.

Entering the house, I found Mila sitting at the kitchen island, munching on her favorite snack. “You know those potato chips are going to make you fat someday,” I said, grinning.

“Yeah, but who cares? We only live once, right?” Mila replied. Stopping mid-air as she was about to consume another, she glanced at me. “Didn’t you have an interview or something this morning?” she inquired, raising her brows at me.

Rubbing my neck, I sat down opposite her as I spoke. “I did; that’s actually why I’m here.”

Mila pushed the packet of chips to the side. Sitting up, she looked me in the eyes. “So, tell me, dear brother, how can I be of assistance then?” she asked, grinning.

I cleared my throat, considering the best way to convey the information without judgment. “This woman I had the interview with,” I said, holding her stare. “She rejected my offer, which was more than reasonable.” Hearing my tone drop, I glanced away as I continued. “I need to find out what she is hiding from me.”

“You want me to spy or research her, right?” Mila replied. I could hear the laughter in her tone.

“Well, I tried, but I couldn’t find anything. And I’m glad you’re finding this funny, sis.” I said, rising. “If you don’t want to assist, just say so.”

“No, no, don’t get me wrong Konstantin. I will assist; you stirred my curiosity,” she said, grabbing my arm as I moved towards the door. “Who is she? What’s her name? Let me look.”

Looking at Mila, I noticed she was sincere. But there was a flicker of something else. I didn't feel like dealing with her jokes or ridicule, but had no other option. "Dahlia Fitzer," I said, pulling free from her grips and heading out. Turning at the door, I glanced back at Mila as I spoke. "Let me know if you find something. Thanks, sis."

Mila smiled and nodded. I headed out to look at the company she worked for on and off. I needed to know more about them and her. Somewhere, I would find answers. Parked down the street from the bookkeeping firm, I sat and surveyed them.

At first, everything appeared normal. Just as I was about to leave, I noticed two men entering. To most people, this would not have raised a second thought. But I wasn't like most people, and in our line of business, you learned to see the tells.

After taking some photos with my phone, I returned to the mansion. I was sure that Mila would be able to tell me more about these men in their suits. I would not have picked up on it if it wasn't for the guards.

Mila was still in the kitchen, snaking while deep-diving Dahlia. "Hey," I said as I walked to her side. "Found anything yet?"

Turning to me, Mila smiled. "Yes, I have, but may I ask why you're so interested in this woman?"

"Later, I'm sending you some pictures. Can you find out who these men are? I have a bad feeling about them." I replied as I sat down.

Mila eyed me for a second and then returned to her laptop. Her fingers flew over the keys. She suddenly sat back and gasped. She looked like she had seen a ghost. Shaking her head lightly, her skin appeared to turn white as milk.

"What's wrong?" I asked, walking to her side.

“They work for the Dubow Bratva, Konstantin.” She breathed out. “The two men in the picture.”

Staring at her screen, I felt my blood heating as I realized Dahlia could be in trouble. I was sure she didn’t know who she was working for. Grabbing Mila by the shoulders, I spoke, hearing the intense need in my tone. “What was the other news?”

Mila shook her head, glanced at the screen then back at me before she replied. “I searched for any documents, notes, and files on her. This woman you had me look into, she is pregnant.”

I stepped back, letting go of her shoulders as I tried to process what she said. Looking up, I noticed the way Mila was studying my reaction. Clearing my throat and straightening out, I spoke in a calm tone. “Can you tell me how many weeks or months?”

Mila studied me for a second before turning back to her laptop. She tapped the keys and then stopped. “According to this, she is about four weeks, I think.” Turning back to face me with raised eyebrows, Mila continued. “Can you tell me what’s going on Konstantin?”

I felt the blood draining from my face as I stared at her. The baby was mine. I was certain of it. Turning swiftly, I headed for the door. I heard Mila calling after me as I was about to step out. Turning, I smiled at her. “Later, I promise, but I have to go.”

I found out where she liked to go for lunch during my research, so I headed there. I needed to talk to her; I had to confirm it. I saw Dahlia sitting down with her friend from the bar as I arrived.

Getting out of my car, I felt my heart skipping a beat. Something about her made all my senses work overtime. As I walked over, I had to rub my hands on my pant legs,

feeling the excessive sweat build up in my palms.

“Hi there, ladies,” I said as I stepped up to the table. The two women looked up. Dahlia was shocked to see me as her eyes widened, and her mouth fell open. Her friend smiled but appeared uncomfortable with me there. “I’m sorry to interrupt your lunch, but Dahlia, I was hoping you would have lunch with me.”

She was about to protest, but I continued speaking as I wasn’t going to take no for an answer. “Please, I have something to tell you, and I can’t do that here. Please trust me on this.”

The two women looked at each other. I noticed the friend smiling and nodding her head towards me. Dahlia rolled her eyes before looking up again. “Okay, just this once.”

Feeling relieved I would have another opportunity to talk to her privately, I took her hand as she rose. “Thank you,” I said, glancing at her friend as we walked to my car. We drove in silence to my condo. I wasn’t sure how to start but felt it would be best to do it once we were both comfortable.

Dahlia spoke as we pulled into the parking bay. “I thought we were having lunch?”

“The information I have is sensitive,” I replied, getting out. Opening her door, I continued. “I thought it best to do it in private. But we will have lunch as well.”

As we headed up, I placed an order with room service. Not sure what she would like, I ordered a selection of dishes. “Can I get you a soda, tea, or coffee while we wait for the food?” I asked as we entered the condo.

“Fruit juice if you have it,” Dahlia replied, looking around.

“Have a seat, sugar,” I said, heading to the bar fridge. I decided I would wait for the food before asking her about the company she works for. There were two bottles of fruit juice in the small fridge. Taking one and a glass, I walked to the sofa where she sat.

Handing her the glass and juice, I couldn’t take my eyes off her. She appeared to be glowing. She was a vision I wanted to behold every day. I swallowed hard as I was about to ask her about the pregnancy, but then I heard the doorbell.

Opening, I allowed the waiter to push the trolley in. “Place it there by the sofa, thanks,” I said. The young man smiled and nodded. I tipped the man as he left and went to join Dahlia. Taking a seat on the opposite sofa, I lifted the lids and placed them on one side.

“So much?” Dahlia asked as I held out a plate to her.

“I wasn’t sure what you wanted,” I replied, smiling at her. She was so innocent. I couldn’t see how I wasn’t the father of her baby.

I watched as she dished up and sat back. “Dahlia,” I said softly. As she looked at me, I felt my stomach making wild turns and tumbles. “Is the baby mine?”

Her eyes widened as she stared at me. She returned the plate to the trolley and shifted on the sofa. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” She said, staring at the trolley between us.

“I know you’re pregnant, and I’m positive I am the father. I just want you to be honest with me,” I added, pushing the trolley to the side.

The look in her eyes as she glanced at me was unsettling. There were tears in them but also determination. I wanted nothing more than to pull her into my arms and let

her know everything would be fine.

She shook her head, cleared her throat, and spoke harshly. “Yes, but you don’t have to worry about anything.”

“Worry,” I breathed out. “No, you don’t understand sugar. There is no way I am backing down. I will be there every step of the way. I am going to help you raise our child. I cannot have you or the child suffer in any way.” I needed to find a way to keep her close.

Dahlia rose sharply and headed for the door. Moving quickly, I stepped in before her. Leaning against the door, I offered her a tender smile. “I’m sorry, please stay. There is more we need to discuss,” I said.

“I don’t need your handouts. We’ll be fine,” she retorted.

Taking her shoulders, I looked into her eyes as I spoke. “Dahlia, there are other things we also need to talk about. But I want to be part of the child's life.”

She stepped back, pulling free from my hold. Turning, she went back to the sofa and sat down. “So, talk,” she added.

Standing closer, I tried to formulate my sentences so the news wouldn’t upset her. “We also looked at the company where you work part-time.” I started. This caught her attention. Dahlia stared at me, clearly furious.

It looked like she was squinting, and her lips tightened. I was sure she was biting back her words, allowing me to say my peace first. “The company is a front business. Their dealings are...,” I wasn’t sure how to continue but knew I had to find the words. “Well, let’s say they have many illegal dealings.”

Dahlia blinked a couple of times before speaking. “What do you mean illegal?”

Taking my seat, I took a deep breath. “After extensive research, we found that the business is a front for Bratva. The Dubow Brava family.” As the words left my mouth, I studied her reaction. I hoped the news would sway her to take my offer.

Dahlia stood up, glaring at me. I could see she was thinking hard. I knew she would have to process what I had said, but I hoped she would stay here while I did so. I also rose but didn’t want to step closer, fearing I would make her run from the situation.

I waited for her to react.

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I was stunned by the words flowing from Konstantin's lips. First, he practically insisted I stay. He was the father, but I felt the baby was mine. I would decide who could be part of the child's life.

It was amazing what lengths this man would go to, even lying to me just to keep me close. I couldn't believe my ears. Did he really think I would believe my cousin was mixed up with Bratva?

"You are talking about my family," I spat at him. "You don't know what you are talking about. I can guarantee you that."

Konstantin spoke softly as he replied. "I'm sorry. I am sure it is hard to accept. But I have proof."

"I need to talk to my cousin. You are wrong!" I demanded, stomping my foot on the ground.

"Okay, we can do that. Or..."

I waited for him to continue, feeling my blood boiling. My cousin was a respected businessman, and I wouldn't let him ruin his reputation. He just stood there looking at me. He was waiting for me to react, but I wouldn't give him any satisfaction. Placing my hands on my hips, I met his eyes, daring him to continue.

"You can come with me, and I will prove it to you," he eventually added.

I felt enraged as his words filled the air around us. If I ran, he would surely follow.

He was studying me, waiting for me to react. Deciding to wait until he let his guard down before I left, I sat back down.

Seeing him relax slightly, I knew he was feeling more comfortable with me sitting. “Can I ask my sister to come over and bring the proof?” Konstantin enquired as he took out his phone.

“If that’s what you want,” I replied, looking at the clear sky outside. I wasn’t going to stay around for this sister of his. I was sure she would be bringing some falsified papers or documents. I waited and watched as he dialed a number and moved towards the other side of the room.

I had to find the right time to get out unnoticed. I would wait for his sister; maybe while they’re busy, I would find a gap. Turning back to me, he smiled. “She’s on her way,” he said, walking to the chair. “Sit, I promise you won’t be disappointed.” He added, sounding quite sure of himself.

It wasn’t long before the woman he called Mila arrived. She was quite the opposite of him and nothing like I had imagined. I assumed that because it was his sister, there would be a resemblance. There was none.

She had curly red-blond hair and wore jeans with a leather jacket. She had knee-high boots on. By the helmet she had in her hand, I assumed she drove a motorbike.

Mila stood looking at me as if I was something the cat had dragged in. She pulled a file from inside her jacket and handed it to Konstantin. “Here’s the file,” she said in a flat tone. I was sure that somewhere inside was a friendly woman. But the one standing before him in his apartment made me think of a wicked stepsister.

Konstantin turned to me, smiling. He held up the folder as he spoke. “Here it is, sugar, all the proof you need.” He held out the folder to me, and I took it reluctantly.

“Konstantin, can we talk?” Mila asked, still standing by the door.

“Sure thing,” he said, glancing back at her. Facing me again, he smiled broadly as he spoke. “I’ll be right back, sugar. You read the file so long.”

The two of them moved down the short passage and disappeared. This was my opportunity, I thought as I placed the file down and headed for the door. Opening it softly, I looked down the passage. I presumed they were in the bedroom as I didn’t see them.

Stepping out of the apartment, I closed the door as quietly as possible. Turning, I decided I wasn’t going to wait for the elevator. I ran down the steps, taking them two at a time. Once I was back in the lobby, I walked at a fast pace until I was outside.

Looking back as I entered the street, I was relieved to see neither of them were there. I hoped it would take some time before they noticed I was gone. Hailing a cab, I jumped in and gave the driver my address.

My heart was pumping a hundred miles an hour. Taking a couple of deep breaths, I tried to calm the shaking in my hands and legs. The cabby kept glancing at me in the mirror, making me more nervous.

As we rounded the final corner, I spoke up. “Please stop here, thanks.”

He pulled up to the curb. Ruff and his owner were outside, walking up the street. I paid the cabby and got out. I was relieved that I wasn’t alone. Ruff barked as they came closer. Smiling, I rubbed his head and nodded at the man.

I waited for the cab to be out of sight before walking towards my place. Hearing Ruff barking, I turned to see what was happening. His owner had just entered the house, but he was standing on the porch barking at me.

This was new, I thought as I took out my house keys and waved at the barking dog. Before I could turn back, I felt a hand closing over my mouth and another around my middle. I tried screaming, but my voice was muffled by the big, rough hand.

My keys dropped to the floor as the man lifted me from the ground. He turned and headed to my house as another picked up my keys. There seemed to be four men in black suits. I had never seen them before and didn't know what they wanted from me. The street was empty. Except for Ruff barking, no one saw me being abducted.

The man with my keys unlocked my house, and they all entered. The man holding me whispered as I felt his hands relaxing. "If you scream, we'll be forced to take drastic action, do you understand?"

I nodded, feeling my intestines knotting. My mind was whirling; I didn't know what they wanted or who they were. As the men let go, I quickly moved forward and turned so I could see them.

They all had black suits and hats on. Two of the men were quite large. They were well-built and filled their suits nicely. Another was skinny; his clothes hung on him like bags. And lastly, there was the one who picked me up. He was as big as a full-grown oak tree.

Except for their size difference, they had a similar look about them. Their hair appeared to be equal in length. I felt sure if they removed their hats, they would all have the same cut. Aside from a small cluster of hair on their chins, their faces were clean-shaven.

On their necks, I saw a tattoo. It ran from behind their right ear down into their shirts. The parts I could see were circular, with what appeared to be lightning bolts through them.

Walking backward to my bedroom door, I spoke. My voice cracked as fear settled in my heart and mind. “Wha..., what do..., do you want?”

“The boss wants to see you,” the big man stated. “You can come willingly, or we can take you forcefully. The choice is yours.”

“Choice?” I spat. “There’s no choice in that.”

“Is there anything you would like to take? I suggest you get it so we can go.” The skinny man added. His voice was extremely high-pitched. It almost sounded like a siren going off.

Shaking my head, I tried to comprehend what was happening. I looked from one man to another, scanning their faces. “Who wants to see me? What’s going on here?” I demanded.

“Please don’t make this harder than it needs to be,” the fat guy said, stepping closer. “If there’s nothing you need, we must go.”

As he reached out to take hold of my arm, I swung around and opened my bedroom door. Once inside, I shoved the door closed, trying to keep it closed. But the men outside were much stronger than I was. I jumped over the bed, hoping to get out the window.

Falling to the floor on the other side of the bed, I realized there was no way I was getting out. I felt the hands closing around my wrists as two of the men pulled me to my feet. With no other option, I started screaming at the top of my voice.

It all happened so quickly. One moment, I was being pulled to the door. The next moment, I was in the corner of my small home, watching Konstantin fighting. The skinny man didn’t stay for the beating. As the others fought, he ran out the door.

I was sure he would be making some calls and getting back up. Konstantin swung right and left; he kicked this one and that one. I was sure there were knives as well and what looked like nun chucks at some point. It didn't take him long to floor them all.

Still shaken and unsure about what I witnessed. I felt his arms closing around me. He picked me up and carried me out. The skinny man was nowhere to be seen. Konstantin placed me in his car, and we drove off. Stunned, shocked, and overwhelmed, I stared out the window, trying to process it all.

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Pulling up to the gate, I glanced at Dahlia as I pressed the button and waited for the gate to open. She was looking out the window. She had been extremely quiet, and I wondered what was going through her mind.

I parked in my usual spot. As I got out, I still felt my anger boiling. Pulling open her door, I tried to calm my voice, but my words came out harshly. "Get out." She glanced up at me with fear in her eyes.

She was scared of me. I knew I had to get a grip on my emotions. But around her, I was unable to control my feelings. I didn't intend to scare her. Looking down at the floor, I took a deep breath and sighed.

"I didn't mean to scare you," I said, holding out my hand. "Welcome to my family home." Dahlia placed her small hand in mine and stepped out. I put her hand on my arm and walked to the kitchen door. The house was quiet. I knew Mila was out. But I wasn't sure about Piotr and Alyssa.

I led her to the living room. Since Leon moved out, we rarely used it anymore. But I felt the openness of the room may put her a bit more at ease than the kitchen. "Please have a seat," I said, letting go of her arm.

Dahlia sat down, glanced around, and then looked up at me. Seeing the tears building up in her eyes made my heart ache. Taking a deep breath, I went down on my knees before her. "I'm sorry, I didn't want to hurt or scare you, sugar."

I took her hands in mine and squeezed them softly as I continued. "You could have died tonight. What if I hadn't shown up?"

She sat in silence as tears slowly started rolling down her cheeks. As I waited for her to find her voice, I wondered why they would be targeting her. Why now? She's been there for a couple of years without issues. She's so innocent, and angel, if truth be told.

All I could think of was that she was seen with me, and they thought she was compromised. Although I was sure, she didn't know much about the company. She wasn't even aware that it was a Bratva front.

The attackers had to be sent by the Bratva family. I could see no other logical explanation. She needed to know the truth; she had to face the facts. I considered my options but knew nothing I could say would convince her as it was family.

The front door flung open before I could say anything else. Mila waltzed in in one of her cheery-odd moods. "My lovely mischievous brothers, I'm home!" she hollered.

I knew this meeting wasn't going to be a subtle one. As I rose, she stepped into the living room. Mila glanced from Dahlia to me and back at Dahlia. Her face fell, and I knew the look that flickered in her eyes. Stepping closer, I placed a hand on her shoulder. "Mila, wait, please," I breathed out softly.

Even though she was younger, she's always been very protective of us all. I was sure it had to do with the fact that she was the only woman between us. I felt the fire burning inside her as she glared at me. "Can I talk to you!"

Glancing back at Dahlia, I offered her a warm smile. "I'll be right back, sugar," I said, pushing Mila towards the kitchen. Dahlia nodded but didn't move.

Mila walked to the kitchen island, stopped, and turned to face me. Her silence was enough for me to know that she was furious. "Mila," I started saying in a calm tone. I hoped she wouldn't hear the sudden desperation in my voice. "Things happened, and

I had to bring her here. Please give me some time, and I'll explain it all to you."

"That's the woman you had me spy on, isn't it?" she spat back at me.

"Yes, but you don't understand, later please, sis," I replied, wanting to explain, but I didn't feel the timing was right. I needed to get back to Dahlia and make sure she was okay.

As I turned to head back, Mila spoke loudly behind me. "She's part of the enemy, you know; she could prove dangerous to us all!"

Turning back, I clenched my jaw, feeling the heat pushing up into my face. "She's innocent. She has nothing to do with them!" I heard my rage coming through in my tone as I practically shouted at her. I believed what I said even if Mila didn't believe me. I wouldn't allow her to treat Dahlia like an intruder.

Entering the living room, Dahlia sat staring at the kitchen doorway. I wondered how much of our conversation she had heard. Bending down before her, I noticed her trembling. "Dahlia, sugar, I'm sorry you had to hear that. But I promise you, you're safe here."

Closing her eyes, I heard her swallowing hard. Tears were still running down her cheeks. I wanted her to stop crying; I wanted her to be happy. Watching her, I felt my heart crumbling as I had more to tell her. I knew I had to tell her everything if I wanted her to believe me.

Pulling a chair closer, I sat down before her. "Dahlia, I have something I need to say," I said softly. She opened her eyes and looked at me. "Please let me finish before you say something, okay?"

She nodded and allowed me to take her hands in mine. I took a deep breath and

looked her in the eyes as I spoke. “I’m part of a secret organization called the Ungodly Brothers. We specialize in many things. We also work for the Morozov Bratva,” I felt her tense up as I spoke.

Dahlia started pulling back, her eyes growing larger. But I needed to finish. I needed her to know we weren’t dangerous. “Please, sugar,” I said, leaning forward and holding her hands tighter. “The Morozov Bratva is the lesser evil of the Bratva families out there. They fight the good fight and help people from all walks of life where they can.”

Slowly, she started shaking her head, and I knew I was about to lose her. “Dahlia, please let me finish.” Getting back on my knees before her as she lowered her head, I lifted her head slightly. “Look at me, please, sugar,” I begged.

Dahlia lifted her eyes. They were still filled with tears. “The people that were after you are most likely from the Dubow Bratva. From the company you work for. But I can protect you and our unborn child. You will never have to look over your shoulder again ever.”

All I wanted was to keep her close. I would do anything she wanted if she would just stay. Dahlia shook her head lightly as she closed her eyes and swallowed hard. The tears kept strolling down her cheeks. Wiping her cheeks, I continued to speak. “Just think about it. It will take some time, but please stay here until you’ve decided.”

She shook her head, but I knew she didn’t believe me. I didn’t care as I would have time to make her see. I would have time to change her mind. Pulling her closer, I wrapped my arms around her, hugging her tenderly.

“One day,” she whispered before pulling back. I could hear some reluctance in her voice but felt sure she would come around.

“You look tired,” I said, standing. “Would you like to lay down for a bit?”

Dahlia nodded as she stood. I was about to lead her upstairs when Mila stepped into view. “We’re not done talking,” she breathed out. Her tone was laced with anger. She tried her best to stay calm but wouldn’t succeed if you asked me.

“I’ll be back,” I replied, heading to the stairs.

Mila grabbed my arm as we reached the bottom of the stairs. Glancing back at her, I could almost feel the fury radiating off her. “I’ll get you in the hallway!” She spat at me.

Pulling out of her grip, I shook my head as I led Dahlia to the room opposite mine. I noticed her looking around as we moved through the house. “Tomorrow, I’ll show you around,” I said as we headed down the passage.

Opening the door, I allowed her to walk in before me. I heard a small gasp as she stopped just inside the door. The room was one of the most lavish in the entire house. I loved the finer things in life. Piotr preferred the simple things, and Mila was between the two of us.

We each had our own rooms and split the spare rooms. So, this was one where I chose the décor and furniture. Growing up with shared rooms and bathrooms, we made sure to build extensively. There were more rooms than we could ever use, and each room had its own bathroom.

“Would you like to take a bath first or go straight to bed?” I inquired, walking around her. She looked at me with shock on her face. I was sure she felt vaguely embarrassed as she dimly smiled and looked away. “I think I’ll lay down for a bit,” she responded quietly.

Walking with her, we sat down on the bed. “I’m feeling a little tired. I didn’t realize it until now,” she added.

I nodded and rose. “It’s fine; I’m sure today was a bit hectic.” Dahlia lifted her legs onto the bed and pulled the pillows closer. Covering her with the fleece blanket at the feet of the bed, I watched as she closed her eyes.

“I’ll be back shortly,” I whispered. Heading out to face Mila, I glanced back before closing the door. Turning, I saw Mila leaning against the opposite wall. Her hands were perched on her hips, and her look spoke a thousand words without her having to say anything.

The door had barely closed when she started. “Have you lost your marbles, brother?”

“Mila, calm down,” I said, stepping closer.

Lifting her hand and placing the palm on my forehead, she continued in her loud, obnoxious tone. “Do you need a doctor’s check? How could you reveal so much about us without consulting us?”

“Can we take this downstairs?” I spat back, feeling my anger flaring.

Mila swung around and stomped off. I followed her down the stairs. As she took the last step, she spun around, standing her ground.

“Calm down, Mila,” I said, trying to regain my composure. It wouldn’t do anyone any good if we were both outraged. “You worry too much. But know this,” I said, lifting a finger at her. “If I have to, I will protect her without the family!”

The shock on Mila’s face was evident as her jaw dropped and her eyes widened. “That’s not what I said. Don’t turn my words around.”

“You don’t know everything, even if you think you do,” I said in a lower tone. “It’s late. Can we continue this discussion in the morning?”

Mila shook her head at me, then headed for the kitchen. I stood until she was out of sight before I returned to Dahlia’s room.

Dahlia was asleep when I entered. I sat on the couch, watching her sleep. I didn’t want to disturb her. She was so amazingly perfect. The evening air coming in through the open window was cool but not cold yet. It was actually soothing.

At some point, I fell asleep. I wasn’t sure when. I woke startled as something in the room fell over. Jumping up, I surveyed the room, ready to kick ass should anyone try and touch her. But there was no danger. In fact, there was no one in the room.

I noticed the bathroom door was closed. That must have been the noise I heard. “Dahlia, sugar?” I called out softly as I walked to the bathroom door.

“Yes,” I heard her reply as I touched the handle.

“I’m just going down to get some coffee. Can I bring you a cup?” I enquired through the door, placing one hand flat on its surface.

“Tea, please, Chamomile, if you have it,” she responded.

“No problem,” I said, rubbing the door. Walking out, I looked at my hand. What was going on with me? I was acting stranger, and stranger the more time I spent with her.

Shaking my head, I grinned as I entered the kitchen. Mila was seated at the island, drinking her morning coffee. “Good morning,” I said in a light tone.

Mila grunted, rose, and stormed out. Ignoring her, I poured myself a cup and made

tea for Dahlia. Armed with the two cups, I headed back to my room. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, Mila spoke behind me. “What’s going on with you, Konstantin?”

Turning, I tried to assess her mood but couldn’t get a read on her. She looked upset but also drawn back. “Mila, please. Isn’t it a bit early for fighting?” I said, turning back to the stairs.

“You know this is going to start a feud,” she added.

“No, it’s not,” I said, glancing back at her.

“This mess,” she said, pointing a skinny finger at me. “This mess that is coming is all your doing. You need to stop thinking with your dick and start using your brain!” She stomped her foot, turned, and walked out.

“I am thinking with my brain,” I shouted after her. How dare she say things like that. Not that I really cared. I found a way to keep Dahlia close. To me, that was all that mattered. I stood for a while, calming my anger before heading back up.

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Stopping in my tracks as I was heading down, I listened. Konstantin and Mila were having a heated conversation at the bottom of the stairs. I found myself smiling with an odd satisfaction, hearing them fight.

Shaking my head, I berated myself. This situation was impossible and surely not funny. If Konstantin was right about those men being Bratva, I now had no options. I would have to stay until they had forgotten about me or moved on to someone else.

Deciding this would be the safest place for me and my baby, I would stay. Turning, I headed back to the room before anyone saw me. I was standing by the window when Konstantin returned. He calmly walked to me and handed me my tea.

“Thank you,” I said, taking the cup. “Can I call my cousin to let him know I’m okay?” I added as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

Konstantin studied me for a moment before he replied. “Sure, when you’re done, I can show you around. I will also send someone to collect your things at home if you want.”

I nodded and looked out the window. In the distance, I could see the city. Once we were done, we headed down together. After breakfast, Konstantin showed me around. We started inside the mansion. It was a magnificent place. It boasted many rooms, libraries, practice rooms, and more.

We strolled through the vast garden, passed the pool area, and explored some of the surrounding woods. There was a sauna room and an outside jacuzzi. Plus, there was a magical-looking gazebo surrounded by the widest selection of flowers I had ever

seen.

After lunch, Konstantin went out. Sitting on the couch in the room with the sun heating me as the rays fell on me, I called my cousin. “Aleksandr,” I said as he answered.

As he spoke, I could hear the worry in his voice. “Dahlia, I’ve been worried. Where are you? Are you okay? I couldn’t get hold of you.”

“I’m fine. You worry too much. I’m calling to let you know I got a job and won’t be able to assist at the company anymore.”

There was a strange silence before he replied. “Oh, okay, what’s the company’s name?”

This was an awkward question and one I couldn’t answer as I never caught the name. “Oh, I only went for the interview yesterday. I’ll let you know once I’ve received my contract. It should be later today.” I hoped Aleksandr wouldn’t hear the deception in my tone. I didn’t want to involve him in the mess I found myself in. I was sure he had nothing to do with it. I didn’t want him to worry about me.

“Are you sure, Dahlia?” he inquired. I could hear some concern still present in his tone.

“Yes,” I replied, trying to sound excited and upbeat. “I’ll be fine. I have to go, but I will call you again. Have a great day, Aleksandr.” I waited for him to say goodbye and ended the call before he could come up with other questions.

I pulled my feet onto the couch and relaxed as the sun baked me. At some point, I must have fallen asleep. I heard Konstantin’s voice, yet it sounded far away. Feeling a hand on my shoulder, I jumped as I woke.

Looking around, I saw Konstantin smiling at me. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. Were you dreaming?”

I wasn’t sure; it felt like it, but I couldn’t remember. I shook my head, clearing the fog. “I’m good, thanks,” I said, rising from the couch.

“You ready to meet the family?” Konstantin asked, sounding excited. “Oh, and I placed your things in the bathroom that my men brought.”

“Thank you, Konstantin. Can I take a quick shower or bath before we go down?” I asked, heading to the bathroom.

“Sure thing, sugar,” I heard him saying as I closed the door.

I decided to wear a tracksuit as I wasn’t sure what their dinner wear would be. I always felt comfortable in my tracksuits and longed for comfort. My life had turned upside down in less than a week. I needed some normality.

Konstantin was seated on the edge of the bed as I returned to the room. “Alright,” he said, standing. “You look nice. Ready?”

He held out his hand to me. I nodded and placed mine in his. Heading down, I felt nervous. I didn’t know what to expect, but I was sure things wouldn’t work out if the rest of his family was like Mila.

As we entered the room, the family rose. “This is Piotr,” Konstantin said as the man held out his hand. He had long hair tied in a ponytail and intense grey eyes. I noticed the tattoo running up his arm as we shook.

“Welcome,” Piotr said.

The petite, curvy, dark-haired woman stepped to his side. “This is Alyssa, Piotr’s wife,” Konstantin added as the woman smiled and hugged me.

“Good to meet you,” Alyssa said, pulling back.

They seemed very different from Mila. I wondered about the family dynamics. Mila was seated on the other side of the table. “You’ve met Mila,” Konstantin added as he pulled out a chair for me.

“Thank you,” I said as I sat down. Piotr sat at the head of the table with Mila on one side and Alyssa on the other. “Glad to meet you,” I added, smiling at Piotr and Alyssa. Konstantin sat down next to me, grinning.

The three had no similar traits, and once again, my mind wandered. Halfway through the meal, I cleared my throat and spoke up. “May I ask how you are related? It’s just...”

Before I could finish, Konstantin interrupted. “We don’t look alike, right?”

Smiling at him, I nodded.

“We’re not,” Piotr added. “We grew up together in an orphanage. As we aged out, we took care of each other.”

“Yes, then we decided to start our own family and changed our last names,, taking on one for us all.” Konstantin chipped in.

“You’ll still meet Leon, our other brother,” Piotr added. “He is also married. They decided to get their own place and moved out. I’m sure Konstantin and Mila would most likely also do that someday,” he finished smiling at the other two.

“Say, why don’t you come to the office with Konstantin tomorrow then you can meet Leon and Cindy?” Alyssa added.

“Great idea,” Konstantin replied, squeezing my hand.

The calm atmosphere was broken as Mila rose abruptly. She started clearing the table but didn’t say anything. Alyssa rose and started helping, so I followed. Once the table was cleared and the dishes rinsed and packed, we all headed to the veranda. We had a last cup before heading to bed.

Konstantin slept on the couch as he had done the previous evening. I found this very noble and intriguing. It was nice to meet a man that respected a woman.

We rose early the next morning. Konstantin was in a rush as he had a meeting. So, we skipped breakfast with the family. We stopped for coffee and muffins on our way to the office. He introduced me to the receptionist and some of the other staff before leaving me in his office.

After finishing my breakfast, I decided to explore a little. It’s been more than an hour since Konstantin left for his meeting. I noticed the conference room was empty and wondered where he went. Strolling through the hallways, I read the names on the doors.

There was an office for Piotr and one for Leon. I passed a breakroom, kitchen, and men’s and ladies' restrooms. I found a door leading to a stairway at the end of the second hallway. Just inside the door were two signboards.

One pointed up and read, ‘Roof Access.’ The sign pointing down read ‘Practice Rooms.’ I found this intriguing and decided to head down. Curious, I had to see what they meant.

I felt my heart racing as I descended. I hoped I wasn't intruding and didn't want any trouble. But no one expressed any areas that were off limits. When I finally reached the bottom, I looked up. There were a lot of stairs, and I felt sure I was on the bottom floor.

My first time here, I saw that the first and second floors held offices for other businesses. However, seeing that the stairs went down the side of the building, I was positive that this section was still part of their business.

There were only two small lights, and the hallway was darker than any of the others. It appeared there was a light shining from the wall further down. I could make out three or four doors to the sides of the hallway. As I moved forward, I kept looking back, expecting someone to jump out at me at any moment. But no one did.

Glancing through the window, the first room was dark and appeared empty. I now knew the light I saw shining through the wall had to be a window to one of the other rooms, and it was the only one on. Thus, it had to be the only room currently being used.

I moved slowly and quietly towards the light. Peeking around the side of the window, I saw Konstantin. He was standing at a long table with his back to me. Before him on the table appeared to be a variety of weapons. As my eyes traveled across the table, I noticed that one side held a variety of guns, and on the other end were knives.

He had changed his clothing at some point. He was wearing black tracksuit pants and no shirt. Konstantin suddenly turned sideways, throwing a small knife at a board to the side of the room. His powerful chest glistened in the light. I noticed his muscles tense and release with every throw.

I couldn't pull myself away. I felt entranced by his masculinity. His form was perfect. As I watched him, I felt a stir in my stomach and smiled at my reflection in the

window. He moved so effortlessly, switching to what looked like a sword. He rolled forward and stabbed at the board with one fluent movement as he came up.

As he turned, I moved back from the window. My heart was beating strongly as desire filled my veins. I had to get out before he saw me. Creeping, I started back towards the stairs. It felt like I was suddenly boiling as my body heated up.

Shaking my head, I reprimanded myself for feeling so turned on by him. I had barely taken ten steps when the door behind me swung open. It collided with the wall. I stopped in my tracks as the loud ‘bang’ echoed through the hallway.

Turning slowly, I saw Konstantin standing in the light of the open door. “Hi, there,” he said, grinning. “What to come in?”

I knew I was blushing from being caught and was glad I was standing in the dark. “Hi,” I replied, swallowing the lump threatening to block my throat.

“Come in, and I’ll show you a couple of things. I could teach you how to use some weapons if you want?”

I considered it and decided it could be a good thing. It could come in handy should I ever get in a situation like before. Nodding, I followed him into the room.

The floor was covered in thin foam-like mats. To the right, the side I couldn’t see peeking around the window were what looked like life-size dolls. To the back, the long table with weapons, and to the left, different sized boards.

Following Konstantin to the table, I couldn’t stop my mind from wandering. The lines on his back forming his muscles were inviting. It was like his body was screaming at me to touch it.

He stopped at the table, turned, and studied me for a moment. Turning back, he picked up a knife. He held it out to me with the handle towards me and the tip pointing to him. Stepping forward, I took the knife from him. It was heavier than I thought.

He stepped in behind me as my hand lowered from the unexpected feel of holding a weapon. I knew it was only a knife. But in my mind, it was more. I had never even squished a bug, let alone hurt another person.

Konstantin lifted my arm and wrapped his hand around mine. I felt his breath tenderly touching my ear, sending shivers through me. His chest was firm and hot against my back.

I fought the urge to turn in his arms and kiss him. For a second, my mind was all over the place. Taking a slow, deep breath, I calmed my twisting insides and tried to concentrate.

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Taking hold of her arm and wrapping my hand around hers to steady her hold, I felt my breath catching. Dahlia's skin was like silk. She seemed to glow, and I could feel the heat she gave off.

The tiny dagger was an ideal fit for her petite hand. "This is called a stiletto dagger," I whispered as I corrected her hold. "The two tapered edges make it ideal for stabbing." Stepping back and pointing at the row of practice dummies, I continued. "Take a stab; keep your arm at your side. Walk to the dummy and stab out straight."

She appeared hesitant at first but walked to the dummy. She glanced back as she stopped before it. "It's fine, go ahead," I encouraged her. Dahlia stabbed the dummy. I noticed she didn't do it with too much enthusiasm. "Are you sure you want to learn?" I asked as she walked back to me.

Dahlia turned her gaze down as she handed me the dagger. "Yes...", She stood swaying from side to side as she took a deep breath. "I've never done something like this," she added.

This revelation only confirmed my ideas on her innocence. "It's okay," I said, placing an arm around her shoulder. "It's just so you know how. In case you ever get into a sticky situation. It could maybe save your life."

Kissing her forehead, I placed the small dagger down and grabbed a slightly bigger one. "This one is called a Jambiya, its origin comes from Yemen. It's better for slicing or slashing but can also be used for stabbing."

Standing behind her again, I took her hand and wrapped her fingers around the hilt.

“We’re going to move it left and right, understand?”

Dahlia nodded as I placed my hands on her hips. “Move your legs slightly apart for better balance.” Once she put them about a foot apart, I tightened my grip and swung her hips. There was a soft gasp as I moved her body. I felt her tighten. “Relax, sugar,” I breathed out over her shoulder.

Her curves fitted perfectly into my hands. It was like they were made for me. Taking a deep breath and trying to clear the cobwebs from my mind wasn’t a good idea. As I inhaled her sensual fragrance, my mind whirled out of control.

I was still swinging her hips left and right when she spoke. “Are we only going to do this for the rest of the day?”

Snapping out of the trace I was in, I stepped back. “No,” I said, walking around her to stand between the dummies. “Come closer.” My heart was racing, and I would rather have been doing other things with her. But I knew the timing wasn’t right.

Dahlia moved to stand before the dummy on my right. It was the same one she stabbed earlier. “If someone attacks you and swings a fist, you can slash at the person's hands. This will surely get them to back off and seek medical attention immediately. In most cases, this won’t kill them.” I said holding out my fist to her. Using a finger from my other hand, I drew a line across my fist.

I continued to speak as I drew a line across the dummy's stomach. “If you slash someone here, you would also cripple them.” Pointing at the neck, the inside of the thighs, and the upper arms, I continued. “These places would most likely kill the person, so try staying away from these.”

Dahlia nodded and watched me intently as I moved to her side. Moving forward, I showed her some easy slash and escape moves. Coming to stand next to the dummy

again, I smiled at her. “Now you try,” I said.

She stepped forward, swung at the dummy, and attempted to turn and move away. Her footing was wrong, and she fell forward to the mat. Fortunately, she let go of the dagger as she went down.

“Are you okay?” I asked, kneeling next to her. Dahlia rolled to her back, laughing. I couldn’t help but smile even though my insides were all knotted. “Okay,” I said, standing and holding out my hand. “Let’s try again.”

After assisting her, I knelt in front of her. “You need to move your feet past each other as you turn,” I said glancing up at her as I moved her feet slightly more apart. As I continued, I took hold of her hips, turning them sharply to the right. “As you turn, try using your hips. Twisting them will get the right momentum.”

Dahlia inhaled sharply as I turned her hips. I had to show her a couple more times, but she started getting it. We took a water break after going through the same movements a couple more times.

“Right then,” I said, walking back to the table. “We’ve done the small straight double edge Stiletto, the curved Jambiya. This one is a basic hunting knife.” I said, handing it to her. “This one can be used in many different ways. It can also be used to stab or slash.”

After going through the basic handling tips, I also showed her how to block knife attacks. Using a dummy knife, I pretended to stab at her. She lifted her arms and blocked nicely with one hand and her forearm. I also showed her how to block using her wrists.

As we moved through each block over and over, I couldn’t help but feel every touch. She made my heart race and my insides twist. Her touch was warm and soft. I

realized that I had to put some distance between us as my desire for her grew uncomfortable.

“Let me show you how to clean and keep your knives sharp,” I said, walking to the table. I pulled out a long, flat bench from under the table and sat down. Patting the surface next to me, I invited her to join me. “Have a seat, sugar.”

After showing her how to wipe the blades down, I turned on the bench facing her. Our eyes locked, and I couldn’t resist anymore. Leaning forward, I felt her breath touching my lips. They barely grazed when she pulled back and stood up.

“I’m feeling a bit tired. Can you take me home, please?” Dahlia breathed out as she headed for the door.

Looking down at the bench, I took a slow, deep breath, feeling my mood fall. “Sure,” I said, standing and following her out.

The trip home went quickly. “Thank you for today,” she said as we walked into the mansion.

“No problem, tomorrow I’ll teach you about guns if you want,” I said as she headed upstairs.

Dahlia turned and smiled before disappearing on the steps. Every move she made brought me joy. After grabbing a cup of coffee, I headed up to my room. I showered and sat on my bed, waiting for her door to open. I had an intense need to be with her every moment of every day.

It was almost supper time when I heard her door opening. Jumping up, I casually exited my room as she closed her door. “Heading down,” I asked, holding out my hand.

Dahlia smiled softly, placing her hand in mine. I thought about how gentle and magical she was as we headed down. After supper, we strolled through the gardens before heading to bed.

Staring at the ceiling above my bed, I wondered if I could spend every day with her. I could teach her all I knew. We could even learn some new things together. Grinning, I closed my eyes and drifted off.

Sitting up, I glanced at the window. “Shit,” I mumbled as I scrambled out of bed. I overslept. Feeling pissed at myself, I dressed hastily and headed downstairs. I had to find Dahlia.

Dahlia was in the kitchen. “Good morning,” I said as I slid into the room, almost losing my footing and hitting the side of the island with a loud bang.

“Good morning,” she replied, grinning. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes. Why?” I huffed, turning away so she couldn’t see my face pulling into a knot. After pouring a cup of coffee, I turned back to her. “You ready to learn some more?” I asked casually.

Somehow, just seeing her calmed me. She smiled and nodded. “Let me just get my bag,” she said, slipping off the chair and heading out.

I watched her every move as she walked. She was wearing shocking orange tracksuit pants with a black top. Her hair was tied up with two strands framing her face. She was a vision of perfection. I was staring off into space when she returned.

“Are you ready?” she asked, speaking slowly.

Shaking my head, I smiled at her. “Sure.”

As we pulled out, Dahlia spoke. “Could we stop for breakfast?”

I nodded as I replied. “Sure, or I could have something delivered to the office. What would you like?”

“Waffles and ice cream.”

Glancing at her, I noticed the shine again. She appeared to be sparkling today. I called the receptionist and had her arrange Dahlia’s breakfast. We arrived at the office at the same time as the waffles and ice cream. While she enjoyed her meal, I caught up with clients and my emails.

Once she was done, we headed back to the training hall. This time, I took her to the room used for indoor shooting practice. It appeared similar to what one would find at the police or FBI training centers. There was also a built-in armory with a selection of guns.

After inspecting the guns, I removed the Glock 19. Holding it out to her, I spoke clearly. “This is one of the best guns for women or someone who hasn’t handled guns before. The recoil is a lot less than most others.”

Dahlia nodded as she took the gun from my hand. “It’s not loaded yet; we will do that once we have gone through safety and stance,” I added as we walked to the first booth.

After showing her how to hold the gun and put the safety on and off, I loaded it. I assisted Dahlia with her stance before we put on our earmuffs. Standing behind her, I placed my hands over hers. After taking three shots, I took the gun and pressed the button for the board to come closer.

“Nice,” I said as we stared at the board. All three hit the target. They were mostly on the outer sides but on the board. Standing back, I handed her the gun again. “Aim for the middle of the board,” I added.

Her arms shook lightly as she took her stance and aimed. After the first shot, she glanced back at me. She spoke as she lowered the gun. “This is harder than it looked.”

Stepping in behind her again, I assisted in steadying her aim. Dahlia leaned back into me as she took another shot. “Good, now go again,” I said encouragingly. Feeling her move slightly against me caused a stir in my pants.

She stepped back, moving firmly into me as she took another two shots. I felt her pressing harder against my front. I loved the feeling of her up against me. After a couple more shots, she hit a bullseye. In her excitement, she turned and flung her arms around my neck.

I embraced her and instantly, it dawned on her what she was doing. I could see the realization in her eyes as she pulled back. I kept my hands on her hips and squeezed softly, holding her in place.

Staring into her hazel eyes, I could feel the joy turning into sexual tension. The air surrounding us was electrified. I leaned forward and lightly touched her lips with mine. Dahlia didn’t resist. I could feel her gripping my shirt. Her hold tightened as our kiss deepened.

I was loving the attention I was receiving. I pulled her closer, feeling her body against mine. I wanted to devour her, all of her. I took hold of the bottom of her shirt and slowly started pulling it up.

Her lips parted slightly as she gasped. Tenderly, I played with my tongue over her

lips. Dahlia's mouth opened, allowing me entrance. I felt her body stiffen as I moved to unclasp her bra. My breathing was just as jagged as hers was.

Before I could get her bra loose, Dahlia stepped away. "I want to go back, please," she said softly, lowering her gaze to the floor.

Tenderly, I lifted her chin as I spoke. "Okay, but can I first take you to meet some people?" I knew she still didn't trust me fully. But with some space, she would see I wasn't the big bad wolf.

She nodded and walked to the door. Dahlia stood waiting as I quickly disassembled the guns and packed them away. As we left, I took her hand and led her back upstairs. I headed straight to Leon's office. I knocked and waited for a reply.

"Come in," Leon's deep voice came through the door. Pushing it open, I let her walk in first.

"Leon," I said as he rose and shook my hand. Cindy was sitting in the chair by the window. She also stood and came closer. "Leon, Cindy," I added. "This is Dahlia. Dahlia, this is my other brother and his wife."

Leon nodded at Dahlia and smiled at me. Cindy gave Dahlia a quick hug, and the two women started talking. Cindy has always been good with people. Glancing at Leon, I nodded my head to the side as I walked to the other end of his desk.

"It's not the same with you out of the house," I said.

Leon chuckled. He lightly tapped my shoulder as he spoke. "I bet you're driving them up the walls."

"Not quite," I replied, looking at Dahlia. I noticed she was fidgeting with her dress

and seemed slightly uneasy. I didn't want her to be uncomfortable, I wanted her to be happy. Sure, she wanted to leave, I shook Leon's hand as I spoke. "Well, I just wanted to introduce you. We'll be going now, but see you later."

I kissed Cindy on the cheek as we left the office and headed out. The drive home was quiet. I could see Dahlia was uncomfortable. I knew I had to give her some space, but I didn't know if I could cope with it.

Dahlia headed to the kitchen once we arrived home. She made a pot of coffee and poured herself some tea. Keeping in mind that I needed to give her some space, I let her go on her own course.

My newfound revelation of giving her space didn't last very long. I found myself checking up on her every five to ten minutes. I would just pass by where she was or hide around a corner, making sure she didn't know I was checking on her. I gave her the space she wanted.

Over the next week, I would see how things went. If I wasn't around and couldn't check up on her, I kept an eye on the surveillance cameras. There were enough of them throughout the house. Except for the bedrooms and bathrooms, I knew where she was at all times.

It was torture watching her. I didn't sleep much and felt my anger rising every day. My mind was constantly filled with her, images of her, her smell, her smile, everything about her.

By the weekend, I was a hot mess, grumbling at everyone. I was sure soon she would come around. I hoped she would ask me to teach her more about my skills. It would give me more time with her alone in close contact. I realized, I felt empty somehow when she wasn't around.

Friday evening, we had supper on the veranda. I assisted Mila in clearing the table once everyone was done. Piotr and Dhalia headed to the kitchen to put the kettle on and ready the cups. As I walked back in with the last dishes, I heard Dahlia speaking. “Piotr, will you please teach me to fight?”

Her words stopped me dead in my tracks as a mixture of anger, jealousy, and despair shot through me. I could feel my blood starting to boil. Stepping closer, I spoke harshly. “I’ll teach her.”

Both turned, looking at me with surprise. “I think it’s better I do it with the pregnancy and all,” I added. Locking eyes with Piotr, I gave him a look that I knew he would understand. It said back off, she’s mine.

Piotr rose from his seat and walked up to me. As he shook my hand, he leaned in and spoke softly. “I would never hurt her brother, but have it your way.” Turning, he spoke to Dahlia before walking out. “Konstantin can also show you the basics.”

For a moment, I felt unsure of her reaction. She smiled warily and looked down. Moving closer, I held my hand for her. Dahlia took it and rose from the table. “Let me walk you up,” I said tenderly. My feelings for her grew stronger with each day. I just wanted to hold her and keep her safely in my arms.

Looking at her as we headed upstairs, I felt I had to say my peace. Stopping at her room door, I spoke tenderly. “Dahlia, I might not be an expert. But I know a lot about most of what my colleagues can teach you. I know I can offer you the training you need in all the fields. Will you give me the chance to do so?”

She bit her lower lip as she lifted her eyes, thinking. “Sure,” she replied softly.

If she only knew what she was doing to my body. My desire to kiss her was flooding my mind. Shaking my head, I leaned in, placing a soft kiss on her cheek, I whispered

to her. “Sleep tight.” She just stood there smiling as I turned and entered my room.

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Opening my eyes, I stretched out and lay staring at the ceiling. The sun was barely peeking in, and shadows still danced on the walls. Turning, I slid out of bed. I was excited to learn how to fight. After taking a quick shower, I dressed as comfortably as possible.

Heading to the kitchen, I found Mila seated at the island. “Good morning,” I said entering.

The air between us was still thick but I was sure she was warming to the idea of having me around. “Morning,” Mila mumbled as she rose and left.

I wasn’t going to allow her to spoil my mood. I went to sit on the porch. The sun had just started greeting the world. The sky was filled with striking yellow, orange, and blue hues.

The door opened as I rose from the chair. Konstantin came waltzing out. “Good morning, sugar, you ready to go?” he enquired in a light tone.

“Yes, I am.”

I ran up and grabbed my bag. I felt excited about learning more. Konstantin was waiting for me in the car. We drove to the offices in silence. My mind was flipping through the types of fighting I had seen in movies. I wondered if he would teach me some of those.

Once we arrived at the office, he quickly checked his schedule. After clearing his meetings, he smiled at me. “Right, let’s go,” he said, holding out his hand.

Konstantin took me back down the stairway leading to the rooms in the small corridor. This time, we went to another room. The floor in this room was covered with thicker foam flooring. It was much softer and harder to walk on. We removed our shoes at the door so we wouldn't damage it.

There were no tables in this one. In the middle of the room was what looked like a puffed-up scarecrow. The arms were out to the sides. The entire thing was covered in cloth. On both sides of the room were similar apparatus. However, the one was made of wood with no covering. It had wooden sticks protruding from it, facing different directions at varying heights. The other one looked a lot like a punching bag with a ball to the side and one for a head.

Konstantin walked to the center of the room and turned to me as he spoke. "Ready to start?"

I felt slightly nervous. Yet, I was excited and maybe a little scared as well. As I stepped closer and nodded, I felt my smile running from ear to ear.

Konstantin smiled back at me as he spoke. "First, I'm going to show you how to get out of a rear naked choke hold."

I couldn't contain my amusement. The name of the hold was absurd. I burst out laughing. As I bent over, gasping for air, Konstantin stepped in behind me. He placed a hand on my shoulder and his other arm around my throat, pulling me up against him.

"Push your head and lower your chin as much as you can," Konstantin breathed over my shoulder. "Now grab my arm with both hands. Hold my arm on the sides under your cheeks."

I took hold of his arm, feeling his muscles tense as I held him. A fresh, minty odor

flowed over my shoulder. Closing my eyes for a second, I felt my stomach knotting.

“Now, lift your feet into the air while holding tightly and swing back down. As you land, bend forward and turn. Try to go down on one knee and twist me to the side.”

Lifting my legs fast, I got enough movement. As I came back down and kneeled, I bent my head down and twisted out of his grasp. Konstantin went down to the mat with ease. Stepping back, I clapped at myself. “Yes,” I huffed. “I can do this.”

“Slow down, sugar,” Konstantin said as he stood back up. “Remember you’re pregnant, and you must take it slow.”

“I totally rocked that move,” I huffed, feeling excited. “What’s next?”

“Let’s move to the punching bags,” he said, walking to the side where there were three different kinds of bags. One was a round ball hanging from the ceiling. Next to it was a long bag also hanging from the ceiling. The last one was also a long bag with a big ball at the top. It also appeared to have arms of sorts. To the sides were thin straps with round balls on the ends.

We went through some basic kicks and practiced punches on the bags. Once we covered this, it was lunchtime. Konstantin ordered chicken wraps and had the food with fruit juice delivered to the practice room. We sat on the mat, having lunch.

After lunch, he showed me how to get out of another chokehold. This time, we were on the floor. Konstantin softly sat over my thighs and leaned forward, gripping my neck. “If someone sits over you and tries to choke you, there are a couple of things to keep in mind,” he said, smiling down at me.

My mind drifted slightly feeling his breath pass over me. Nodding my head, I listened as he continued. “You can grab at my wrists and pull my hands to the side while

lifting your butt to push me forward.”

I did as he instructed but only managed to lift him. “Right,” Konstantin said. “Now, once you have your assailant in the air, roll over to one side and get up.”

He repositioned himself over me again. This time, I moved with force. I heard him breathe out hard as he rolled over, and I got up. “Very nice,” Konstantin commented as he stood. “You can also jab the person in the throat or the solar plexus.”

We did two more simulations so I could practice before we started sparring. “Place your feet about a foot apart. The best is about shoulder-width apart,” he said, looking down at my feet. “Good, now take half a step forward with your dominant foot.”

Konstantin watched as I did what he asked. “Bring your hands up bending your elbows so your hands are before your face,” he lifted his as he spoke. I couldn’t help but notice the muscles popping on his arms as he did this.

“Now you are ready. Turn your hands so your palms are facing me. This way, you can stop a hit with the least impact.” He made a fist and slowly imitated punching me. As he brought his fist closer, he continued to instruct me. “Use your palm to stop my blow, or you can also turn your hand and slap the inside of my forearm. This way, you will be hitting my fist away from your face.”

We did this several times until he was sure I was doing it correctly. “Now, when you want to hit someone, you simply close your hand into a fist.” He was still talking when I swung my fist at him. Grabbing hold of my hand, he laughed a little. “Slow down. You need to form your fist correctly, or you will break your fingers, sugar.”

He gently pulled my fingers open. His touch made my stomach turn. I felt my lips pulling into a smile as he showed me how to close my fist properly. We started sparring but I noticed every hit and touch he made was soft and light. Most of the

time, he barely touched me. I wanted him to touch me, I wanted to feel his skin against mine.

As we practiced, I felt my anger growing. I wasn't made of porcelain. I wasn't going to break. I wanted a real practice. I needed to get rid of the stress building up inside. He either dodged every swing I took or grabbed my wrists and moved out of the way when I swung at him. I wanted to fight. I had to work off my frustration, but he wasn't allowing me to do so.

He was handling me like a child, and it drove me up the wall. Pulling all my strength, I made sure the next hit landed hard. I struck him center just below his ribs and must have hit his solar plexus. Konstantin puffed as he bent forward and gasped for air.

I wanted him to take me seriously. But he straightened out and carried on as if nothing happened. I would swing at him, and he would step past me and tap my arse. By the third time, I could feel my blood boiling.

As he stepped past me and turned to tap my rear, I swung around. I threw an uppercut at his jaw. I was slightly stunned as his head bobbed sideways. Looking back at me, I noticed a flash of anger crossing his eyes. He shook his head and grinned at me.

Stepping forward, I lifted my leg and kicked out. He stepped back, still grinning, which only made me angrier. As I swung at him again, he softly took hold of my arm, and in a swift move, he turned me around, pulling me to his chest.

Placing his arm around my neck and the other around my waist, he whispered in my ear. "If I had a knife, you would be dead, sugar. Anger doesn't help in a fight."

He let go and gently pushed me forward. Spinning back around, I tried to get another knock on his jaw. I was determined to show him I could do this.

Konstantin blocked my fist and grabbed both my wrists. He was ready for me this time. He pulled me closer. I could feel his breath touching my lips as he spoke. “Calm down, sugar.”

Calm was the last thing on my mind. My hormones were up and down, my emotions were on a constant rollercoaster ride, and I felt like I was losing my mind. As he let go, I pushed him back with force. Konstantin fell back on the mat. I could see the surprise on his face as his eyes grew larger.

“What is up with you?” he enquired as he stood.

“I’m not a baby; you can really take the gloves off.” I huffed as I turned and headed for the door. “No,” I added as I glanced back. “Never mind, I’ll ask Piotr to teach me.”

As I reached out for the door handle, I felt his arm closing around my waist. He lifted me into the air and swung me around. Facing the mat again, I felt him let go and shove me forward. Before I could find my footing properly, he pulled at my feet. I went down to the mat like a bag of vegetables.

Konstantin was still holding my ankles and swung me around to my back. He came down on me at an amazing speed. He pinned my hands above my head as he lightly sat over me. “What is up with you, sugar?” he breathed out over my lips as he looked into my eyes.

His gaze was penetrating. I felt a fire lighting inside me. I couldn’t pull my eyes from his. “Nothing is wrong, or up with me,” I replied softly. My voice wavered as I spoke; it felt like my throat was suddenly tightening. A range of emotions surged through me.

I had to get him off. I tried shifting sideways and pushing up, hoping to shove him

off. But nothing worked. The more I struggled, the warmer I felt.

“You appear upset, sugar. Is something bothering you?” Konstantin whispered into my ear as he leaned down.

I didn’t dare speak. My voice would surely not hold. My insides were churning. I felt like I was swimming in the purest ocean, staring into his blue eyes as he pulled up. His blond hair was like the ocean floor, and his lips seemed to scream at me.

As I studied him, skimming his body, I wondered how he could not notice the desire in my eyes. I needed to release some of the tension driving me up the walls. I wanted him more than I could have imagined.

Lifting my head, I grazed his lips with mine, speaking softly. “I don’t know what is happening.” Lowering my head, I turned my gaze away. “My hormones appear to be all muddled up.”

I felt his lips touching my neck and shivered. “I know what you need, sugar,” he whispered. “Please don’t fight me anymore or push me away. I promise you won’t regret it,” he added before letting go of my hands and shifting his weight off me.

Glancing up at him, I nodded as I spoke. “Okay.”

I lay watching him as he moved to one of the tables. He cleared the equipment from it and placed one of the mats on the table. Walking back to me, he smiled. He held out his hands for me as he came to stand by my feet. “Ready to relax?” he asked tenderly.

Placing my hands in his, he pulled me to my feet and lifted me into his arms. He walked with me to the table and laid me on the mat. Konstantin stood between my legs that hung off the side. Leaning over, he kissed my cheeks, then my neck, and finally came to my seeking mouth.

His lips burned with passion, and I welcomed his sensitive kiss. I felt his hands on my sides moving down as our lips toiled. Konstantin pushed his hands in under my top and moved it up. I felt the air touching my stomach, then my chest, as he pulled it up and over my head.

Our lips parted only for a second as he pulled my top free and dropped it to the floor. His touch woke all my senses. Konstantin moved from my mouth down my neck to my chest. His kisses grew more intense as he moved. I felt my body reacting to each. Closing my eyes, I allowed my body to take what it wanted.

He affectionately cupped my breasts as he kissed my nipple. I let out a gasp while arching my back. My skin felt like it was tingling. As he sucked each nipple, it felt like I had entered a warm, soothing whirlpool. My body ached for more of him.

I breathed out slowly as shivers ran through me. His hands moved down my sides and stopped at the seam of my pants. As he slid his fingers into my pants, grabbing hold of it, I let out another gasp. Konstantin kissed my stomach, making it turn as he slid my pants down my legs.

I felt him pulling my sneakers off and then removing my pants. Moving back up, Konstantin kissed one leg from my foot up to my knee and then the other. His hands moved slowly back up to my panties, with his kisses following closely. His warm kisses on my thighs made me wiggle as he came back to my stomach.

He kissed my belly just above my panties before pulling them down. There I was, lying naked on the table before him. A storm was raging inside me. I craved his touch, yet I felt a bit shy as well. He softly pushed my knees apart, opening my legs.

Glancing up at him, I spoke softly. "What are we doing?"

Konstantin smiled warmly at me as he replied. "Relax, sugar, you'll enjoy this."

He stepped in between my legs. Leaning forward, he kissed my forehead and my eyes. Then, our lips met again. This time, there was a fury in them. A hunger I couldn't describe. As he pulled back, I inhaled deeply. My mind and body were spiraling out of control. I could feel the heat growing between my legs as moisture built up.

Closing my eyes, I absorbed his touch like it was all I needed to live. I felt him step back. His breath was hot on my thighs, and his lips were tender as he kissed them. Breathing hard, I grabbed hold of the sides of the table.

As he moved up, I felt his hands locking my legs in place. His sensuous kisses moved up the inside of my thighs. As his lips met my pussy, my senses shot through the roof. Feeling his tender kisses up and down my pussy, I softly started moaning.

Konstantin tenderly bit at the top of my pussy. I squirmed and moaned harder. Then I felt his tongue licking my pussy from the bottom to the top. My body ached as I gasped. He was right; this felt so good.

I glanced down as he stopped. He was smiling up at me as he spoke. You want me to stop sugar?"

Grinning, I turned my gaze to the ceiling as I replied. "Please don't." I felt his head lower back between my legs and closed my eyes.

There were a couple of soft and hard kisses before I felt his tongue moving up and down my pussy again. My stomach was turning as he moved faster and faster. I felt his fingers crawling up and joining his mouth.

He opened my pussy hole and pressed his tongue into me. My body shook as he made circles with his tongue inside me. The sensation streaming through every inch of my being was phenomenal. He pulled back slightly, and I could hear his breathing was

labored.

I felt his mouth surrounding my pussy as he kissed it with his mouth open. His tongue moved in quick strokes up and down. “Oh, baby,” I heard myself moaning. It felt like I was swimming in clouds.

His mouth closed a tad, and I felt him sucking my clitoris into it. He moved one hand up my body and started massaging my breast. As he sucked soft and then harder and soft again, I squirmed. I was tingling all over and knew I was almost there.

As I groaned, he slid a finger into me, and I let out a soft scream of pleasure. I pressed my fingers through his hair as my body started to shake. His finger was moving in and out as he nibbled and sucked my clitoris, bringing me to climax.

My entire body shook and shuddered as I came. Gasping for air, I tried not to scream and allowed the loud moans to escape me. Konstantin took hold of my hips and tenderly kissed my pussy, my stomach, and my breasts as he moved up.

Every touch of his lips sent a new shiver through me. I lay with my eyes closed, enjoying the euphoria as he worked his way up.

“I believe you are feeling better, sugar?” he breathed out into my neck before pulling up and looking down at me. I nodded with a smile. It felt as if the smile on my lips was stuck there. I couldn’t get it away. Konstantin kissed my forehead before helping me to sit up.

He helped me get dressed without a word. My stomach was still whirling from the butterflies, and my jagged breath. Konstantin held out his hand to me once I was dressed. Taking his hand, I noticed the smile on his lips. This was something new to me and I wasn’t sure if I should say anything.

“Ready to go home?” he asked as we headed up the stairs.

“Yes, please,” I said, looking down as we walked.

He told his secretary to forward any emails and calls before we went to the parking lot. The drive home was also spent in silence as I still didn’t know what to say. Back at the mansion, I went upstairs. After taking a long relaxing bath, I dressed and headed to the kitchen to see if I could assist with supper.

As I came down, I heard voices. I stopped and listened. Piotr, Leon, and Konstantin were talking. All the siblings were present. I wondered what the big meeting was about. I didn’t want them to know I was there, so I quietly moved to the passage wall. Standing in the shadows, I listened.

“We have to get to the bottom of this. We must stop the Dubow Bratva before they get what they are looking for.” I wasn’t sure, but it sounded like Leon was talking. “Two of our sources have now come forward. They’re tapping our connections for her whereabouts.”

“Are you sure?” Konstantin asked.

“I’ve had someone from outside look at our connections,” Piotr added. “I must say more than the two have been neared. The rival Bratva family wants to get to her. We have to speak to the Morozov family.”

Biting my nails, I quietly moved back upstairs. I had to warn my cousin. He could be in danger. I needed to find a way to warn him without telling him what was going on. After all, he was innocent, and the truth could hurt him as it did me. I had to keep him in the dark.

Sitting on the edge of my bed, I sent him a text.

Hi, Aleksandr. I hope all is well. I am fine, doing good, actually. Just wanted to let you know. Please stay safe, love Dahlia.

I wanted to tell him everything but feared if he knew the truth, he could end up getting killed. Laying back on the bed, I could only hope he was safe.

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Pulling into the garage, I felt the spasms running through my muscles. It had been a while since I had fought so many men at once, and my body was complaining. The job didn't go as planned. We walked into a whole lot of trouble.

But being us, we handled it and walked away without a scratch. Exiting my car, I grinned at my reflection in the window. Once before, I had felt like this. Thinking back, I remembered a time when Piotr was still part of the underground fighting. We had a similar walk-in with some hotshot fighters who wanted to take him out.

Of course, that didn't happen either. However, I had to admit that my muscles were screaming. A long soak in a salt bath would cure them in a hush. Yet, I wanted Dahlia. She was constantly on my mind these days.

Entering the house, an eerie silence surrounded me. I wondered where Mila had gone and if Dahlia was with her. The house was too quiet for comfort. I quickly walked through the rooms on the bottom floor, but they were empty.

I called out as I moved. "Dahlia, Mila, you here?" But there was no answer.

Heading to the second floor, I checked the reading nook in the library, as I had found her there before. This floor was also void of life. Heading up, I felt my stomach turning as concern entered my mind. I moved to her room as it was the only other place she could be.

The door was open, so I walked in without knocking. Scanning the room, I found it also empty. Dread filled my body, and I felt it turning cold as ice ran through my veins. If Mila had taken her somewhere, she would have left a note. Thinking back to

all the rooms, I didn't recall seeing one.

I stood frozen as my mind muddled through a million ideas. Hearing a whiny gurgling sound followed by a cough, I was pulled from my deep, dark thoughts. Turning, I noticed the bathroom door was closed. I was so focused on finding Dahlia that I had not even noticed the door was closed.

Stepping closer, I listened. There it was again, that awful gurgling sound. New pangs of worry shot through me as I shoved open the door and walked in. Dahlia was sitting on the floor next to the toilet. Her face appeared whiter than the sheets on her bed.

I rushed to her side. My mind whirled with new thoughts. But these were even more disturbing than the previous ones. "What's wrong? Must I call the doctor?" I huffed out. Without waiting for a reply, I continued to answer myself. I was freaking out. "Of course, you need to call the doctor! But first, get her to the bed."

Something was wrong with her or the baby. Grabbing the hand towel, I dampened it and wiped her face. "Dahlia, sugar, let me help you up," I added as I placed my hands under her arms. I couldn't lose her, I thought, looking into her eyes.

"Stop," Dahlia said softly, squeezing my shoulders. "Slow down, Konstantin, I'm fine."

"No, no, hold on, sugar," I breathed out. She was now standing before me. Without thinking, I placed one arm under her arms and lifted her legs with the other. I picked her up and headed for the bed. "Hold on, we'll get there soon. You're going to be fine."

Dahlia started laughing as I walked to her bed. Hearing her laughter calmed me slightly. I felt her warm hand on my cheek as I lowered her to the bed. "It's only morning sickness. No need for a doctor. It's normal," she whispered.

Pulling back, I tilted my head a little as I spoke. “What do you mean, sugar? It’s no longer morning. How can you have morning sickness?”

Dahlia giggled. “It’s called that, but you can get it any time of the day. It’s the changes in the body that cause morning sickness, and it’s normal for pregnancy.” She breathed in deeply, smiling at me. She continued in a sweet, soft tone. “If something feels wrong, I will tell you, I promise.”

Feeling the stress leaving my body, I remembered my aching muscles. But my main concern was still with her. “Are you sure sugar? Is there anything I can get you?” I inquired as she lay back.

“No, Konstantin. Stop stressing; all is good. I don’t need anything. But thank you.”

I saw something in her expression that made the little voice in my mind stand on edge. There was something she wasn’t saying. “Okay,” I replied a little reluctantly. “But I am going to stay in your room, at least until you fall asleep,” I pronounced, flopping down in the chair by the window. I didn’t want to leave, I actually wanted to cuddle next to her and hold her in my arms.

Dahlia didn’t seem pleased with my revelation, but I didn’t care. There was no room for arguing. My tone of voice made this clear. I could see she wanted to argue; she was searching for the right words but couldn’t seem to find them.

Before she could, I decided to clarify my previous statement. Clearing my throat, I spoke with authority. “I can see you’re not happy with my decision. But if I don’t stay here, I will check in on you every couple of seconds. That way, neither of us will sleep. But if you prefer, I can do that?”

I could see she was considering all I had said with care. After a while, she looked at me and gave me a weak smile as she spoke. “Okay, but then we’re not just going to

sit here in silence as I am not tired yet.”

There was a strange glistening in her eyes as she spoke. “Okay,” I replied warily. “What would you like to do then?”

Lifting her hand, she placed her chin in her palm and tapped her cheek with her fingers. At that moment, it looked like she was up to mischief. Lowering her hand quickly, she smiled at me. “Tell me about your life and what you do, as I don’t really know you all that well?”

“Okay,” I replied cautiously. “But you have to tell me about yourself.”

Dahlia shook her head in agreement. Her eyes narrowed slightly as she sat thinking. Small lines formed on her forehead, and I couldn’t help but smile. She was such a beautiful woman.

“Well,” I started. “I grew up in an orphanage with Piotr, Leon, and Mila. It was a small orphanage of about twenty children. Most were varying in age from two to fifteen. I like to think that fate brought the four of us together. We were the closest in age, and we found comfort in each other.”

Taking a deep breath, I looked out the window as I continued. “Piotr was a wild one,” I chuckled as I remembered all the fights he dragged us into. “He had a habit of starting fights. But, if not for that, I don’t think any of us would have been so good at what we do as we are.”

Glancing at Dahlia, I noted the soft smile on her luscious lips. She was twirling a strand of hair between two fingers as she listened. “Leon,” I said, continuing our story. “Well, he was a different breed. He could make anyone tell you their deepest, darkest secrets. You see, he has a trusting face. But somewhere inside, he holds a mean streak. Kids were a little wary of him.”

Shifting my position in the chair, I swung my legs over the side for a more comfortable position. “Mila was always trying to escape. She has always been a handful and hard to control. She has a strong will but is exceptional in hacking, seduction, and spying.”

Sitting up, I leaned forward. “I am the weapons expert. I have always liked to take things apart and build stuff. Thus, weapons were my choice in trade. Growing up wasn’t easy, but we had each other. We survived and managed to build our empire using our skills.”

Dahlia sat smiling at me. “Any questions?” I asked.

Swinging her feet back off the bed, she moved to the edge. Reaching out, she took my hands in hers. Her touch was warm and loving. “Was the transition from the orphanage to being here difficult?” she asked softly.

Looking into her eyes, I could see she was intrigued to learn more. “We got into loads of trouble. We were young when we decided to run away, and the street was hard. But thinking back, it was better than where we were. At first, we stole, and Piotr took part in underground fighting. But after we almost lost him, we decided to get our lives in order.”

“This is when you started the organization?” Dahlia asked.

Grinning at her, I replied in a lighter tone, not wanting to create a sorrow-filled atmosphere. “Yes, we changed our names and sought out paying jobs we knew we could accomplish. This is how we ended up working for the Morozov family from time to time.”

“So, if I understand you correctly, Mila is a hacker and spy. Piotr is a fighter. Leon, I’m not sure about and you sell weapons?”

“Kind of,” I replied, grinning. “But it’s not all we do. We do planning, training, and analysis for companies. We retrieve items, gather information, and more.”

Dahlia shook her head as if she understood, then turned it sideways. Her eyes narrowed; she smiled and then spoke in an upbeat tone. “So, the company you have is a front?”

Laughing, I shook my head from side to side. “No, our business is legit. But enough about us. Tell me about you.”

Dahlia shifted back onto the bed, pulling her legs halfway under her. She turned her gaze down and fumbled with her fingers in her lap as she spoke. “Well, my life isn’t half as interesting as yours.”

She breathed in deeply but didn’t look up. “My mother died the year I finished high school. It was difficult, and I had no one to help me. I never knew my father or any other family. My friend, Anucha, helped me through.”

Dahlia looked up and stared out the window. I could see the sparkle in her eyes dimming as she sat thinking back.

“I’m sorry,” I said, moving to sit next to her on the bed. My heart ached to see her in pain. I wished I could take it all away. Placing a hand on her knee brought her attention back.

She took my hand and squeezed it. “Thank you,” she whispered as she took another deep breath. “I applied to college, and a couple of months passed. Just before I received my acceptance letter, I also received a call. It was from Aleksandr, my cousin. He said his father had passed, and he found my details between some of his things.”

Dahlia gave me a soft smile before continuing. “He came through and met me. We discussed the family, and he offered to assist with college and a part-time job. I don’t know how I would have gotten through if not for him.” She shook her head lightly and smiled at me. “That’s me!” she said.

Before I could say anything else, she continued. “Tell me more about the jobs you all do, the missions?” Dahlia pulled her face into a scrunch as she spoke, making me laugh.

“Well,” I said, moving back and turning to face her. “We don’t call it missions but jobs. Different ones are depending on what the client requires.”

“Okay, what are you working on now?” she asked, raising her brows.

Grinning, I considered my answer with care. “We have to retrieve documents for a client. There is a party at this place tomorrow. Piotr, Leon, and I will be going in and collecting the documents. Mila and Alyssa wait in the van. They are usually our ears and eyes.”

Dahlia looked like she was jumping up and down on the bed as she bounced. She spoke excitedly. “Can I come, please, please? I am bored out of my mind here. If I don’t get out, I’ll die. I promise not to cause any issues.”

“Slow down, sugar. I don’t know; I’ll have to speak to the others as well.”

My words were barely out when she jumped onto her knees and took me by the shoulders as she spoke. “Please, Konstantin. I will just sit in a corner of the van and observe; please say yes, please.”

She pushed her lips out in a pout as she flickered her eyelids. I couldn’t help but smile and agree. “Yes, okay, it’s fine, sugar. You can come.”

“Thank you,” she exclaimed, kissing my cheek. Her breath was hot, and her lips felt like velvet. As she sat back, I moved to the chair, feeling my emotions running wild again.

“You ready for bed?” I asked, watching her.

Dahlia got into bed, smiling from ear to ear. Nodding, she spoke in a light tone. “Yes, sir, I am.”

“Right, I’m going to turn off the light. But I will be sitting here until you fall asleep, okay?”

Dahlia nodded as I moved to the door. After switching off the light, I sat in the chair watching her. She was smiling widely as she turned and turned. After two or three turns, she finally calmed down and lay still. I sat until I heard her breathing change.

Rising slowly, I walked to the side of the bed and whispered. “Dahlia, are you sleeping?” I waited, but there was no reply. Deciding she was asleep, I headed for the door. Turning back, I looked to make sure she wasn’t stirring.

“Sleep tight, sugar,” I said before going to my room. I lay awake for a long time thinking about all we talked about. Sleep evaded me for most of the night. The sun was rising when I finally fell asleep.

The sun was high when I finally woke. Jumping out of bed, I was shocked. I had never slept in before. I rushed through the shower and headed to the kitchen. Everyone was present as I stormed in, sliding on the floor and almost falling over.

“Slow down, sleepy head,” Leon said jokingly. “You still have some time before we have to go.”

“Morning, everyone,” I huffed out after finding my balance.

I felt my cheeks heat up as the room filled with laughter. “Have a seat and some coffee, brother,” Piotr added, pulling out the chair beside him. “The planning has been done. Relax for now.”

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Staying in the van with Alyssa and Mila wasn't as exciting as going to the party with the men. But it beat staying at home. We were the surveillance team, as Konstantin had called us., their eyes and ears.

I stared at the monitors as the three men entered the party. Mila hacked into the security system of the building, and we could see all the cameras captured. Piotr was in the lead as they entered the party with fake IDs. Inside somewhere were important files that they needed to retrieve for the Morozov family.

Alyssa and I were wearing earphones so we could hear them. Mila only had one earpiece and she communicated with them on their earpieces. After entering, the three split up to search for the documents. Konstantin stayed close to Piotr as he would be the distraction should something go sideways.

Keeping a close eye on Konstantin, I noticed him nearing two women. They were a couple of feet from a door with a board that read 'Offices.' Piotr was close on his heels, and I assumed they wanted to gain entry to what was behind the door.

"Evening ladies," Konstantin said in a smooth voice as he started to pass them. Then he stopped and turned to face them. The two women were now standing with their backs to the door. That was clever, I thought.

Both wore yellow-green evening dresses. The one with the short blond hair appeared distracted by someone walking towards them from behind Konstantin. The other woman had long red hair and focused on him as he turned to them.

"Hi there," the one woman replied, smiling widely at him. "I haven't seen you here

before, handsome,” she added, stepping closer to him.

“This is my first party here, I have to admit,” Konstantin answered. He seemingly didn’t care that she was practically standing on top of him.

The woman reached out, taking hold of the fold of his dark blue suit. She moved her hand up and down the fold as she spoke. “Would you like to buy me a drink stranger?”

Instantly, I felt my anger rising. It was such a quick change. I couldn’t stop the words from tumbling out of my mouth as I stared in awe. “How dare she, no, how dare he ?” I felt my face heat up as it surely turned crimson.

“Calm down, honey,” Alyssa spoke next to me. “He’s only doing his job.”

The blond woman stepped past him and greeted the couple who had approached them. I watched in horror as Konstantin took the woman’s hand and approached the bar. “I can’t watch this,” I uttered as I sat down.

I pulled the building plans closer and studied them, trying to distract myself. Looking at the plans, I turned them sideways. There was something between two of the offices that didn’t look right. Turning to Mila, I tried to keep my tone even as I spoke. “Do you have any other plans for the building?”

Mila turned her head sideways as she pulled her eyes together. I was sure she was scrutinizing me, and there was no time for it. “Mila, are there other plans? Something is off here.” I shouted as I rose and walked to her.

Mila held up a folder. As I grabbed it from her, she uttered under her breath. “Nothing’s off, dear.”

Ignoring her comment, I sat back down and quickly scanned the plans. Yes, there it was. “Piotr is in the wrong place,” I said, glancing back at Mila. “Tell him not to proceed; he is going to get caught.”

“What do you mean?” I heard Leon whisper into the earphones. I had spoken so loudly that they could hear me.

“Stop,” Mila said, holding up a hand at me. “You don’t know what you are talking about, so stop interfering.”

“Mila,” I huffed as I rose, holding the building plans in my hand. “There is a fake wall to the other side of the building.” This I said as loud as I could without screaming. I had to make sure the men also heard me.

“Can you explain?” I heard Piotr asking quietly.

“It’s like this. Looking at the plans, I can see where you are heading now, which is a fake wall. This is usually utilized for traps.” Before I could continue, Piotr interrupted.

“Mila, give her a two-way earpiece. I need to hear her clearly.”

Mila gave me a distasteful glance as she handed me the new earpiece. Removing the earphones, I placed the earpiece in and cleared my throat.

“Great,” Piotr boomed over it. “Now tell me what’s happening here.”

Grinning, I turned back to the monitors and the table below them where I had the plans laid out. “As I said, the fake wall you are about to visit is a trap. There could be guards waiting for you. The documents you are looking for aren’t even in that area.”

“What do you mean?” I heard Leon huffed.

“I have analyzed the plans for the building and the modifications,” I added, pleased with myself.

“How have you done that? We have all been over the plans, and none of us picked this up!” Leon declared, sounding angry.

“Explain your findings and do it quickly,” Piotr said.

“During my time at the part-time company, they had me analyze more than numbers,” I admitted, feeling a little rushed. “They also wanted detailed analysis of buildings they were planning to buy. There was also some test analysis on data of companies and buildings. I know what I am doing, guys,” I breathed out.

The lines were silent. Biting my nails, I turned and looked at Mila and Alyssa. Their mouths hung open and their eyes seemed as big as saucers from the shock at my revelations. Shrugging at them, I smiled, hoping I didn’t say something wrong.

“Okay, that was unexpected,” I heard Konstantin speaking over the earpiece. “Please tell us what you see.”

“If Piotr is where I think he is, according to the cameras, he is about to enter a room with a fake wall. This is most likely a trap. He should head back and take the stairs down one level. There will be three doors. One will enter the underground car park. One will lead to storage rooms and the other to a long passage.”

I could hear my tone changing as I spoke. I hoped I didn’t sound pushy, but they had to listen. Mila grabbed the plans from me and studied them. I saw concern on Alyssa’s face as she studied the camera angles. “There’s no camera once you enter the passage,” she proclaimed, looking at me.

“I expected that,” I replied confidently. “Most of the time, this is the place you need to search. According to the plans, there should be only one door down that passage. It may have a padlock entry.”

“Piotr, move now,” I heard Alyssa speaking in a rushed tone.

Glancing at the monitors, I noticed the two men heading his way. “Men are coming towards you from the front. Turn and head back to Konstantin.”

We held our breaths as he moved back through the hallway and stepped back into the room. Konstantin was waiting at the door, keeping anyone heading that way distracted. Leon also joined them as he spoke up. “So where to Dahlia?”

“The next door leads to the stairs. There should be a sign showing the parking area on it.” I replied.

Everyone in the van was silent as I directed Piotr and Leon through. Leon waited at the door as Piotr entered the hallway. “Just keep going,” I said. “In front, there will be a single door; let us know if it has a padlock.”

Alyssa and I kept our eyes glued to the monitors. Leon looked nervous as he shifted from leg to leg. Konstantin stood at the door leading to the stairs, smiling and greeting everyone who passed him.

“Right, I’m here,” Piotr whispered. “The door has a silver pad with numbers on it.”

“Spray it with the color spray; only the recently used numbers will color as they don’t stick to dust,” Konstantin added.

“The numbers are two, four, five, and nine. It’s a Simplex,” Piotr replied.

“Good, it’s a four code,” Mila added.

“Try the numbers in order,” I added, not knowing where that idea came from. I felt sweat building up on the nape of my neck. I had never felt so nervous and excited at the same time. Working with them was thrilling.

“I’m in!” Piotr exclaimed. “Just give me a second to find the files.”

We heard rustling and drawers opening and closing. “Found it,” Piotr eventually said.

“Great stuff, now get the hell out,” Mila huffed. “Take your seats, ladies; we’re heading home. See you on the other side, guys.”

“No problem,” Konstantin answered.

As we secured everything in place, I noticed the three heading for the doors. We sat down and buckled in before heading home.

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After our near escape, my body was pumping with adrenalin. I wanted nothing more than to get home and hold Dahlia. Things could have turned out very differently if it wasn't for her meddling.

We ended up retrieving the files from a completely different location. What she did was quite amazing. Leon took the documents, and would deliver them to Ashan. Piotr followed to ensure they weren't followed, and I headed home.

Mila, Alyssa, and Dahlia headed home in the van as we exited the building. They knew better than to hang around. As I drove, all I could think of was how remarkable Dahlia had been in coping with this mission. My sweet sugar saved our asses.

She was everything I could have asked for and more. Overcome with feelings of gratitude, my emotions were wreaking havoc. I was completely turned on by her brilliance and intended to show her.

I rushed into the house, wanting to embrace her as soon as possible. The three women were in the kitchen. "Dahlia," I said as I walked in. "Can we talk?"

She nodded and followed me to the next room. Once I knew we were out of sight of the others, I reached out and pulled her into my arms. "You were so," Before I could continue, she pushed me away.

"No, you don't get to do that," she said sternly before turning. She walked back to the kitchen without another word. My chest tightened. I didn't know what I had done wrong. Why was she suddenly acting like this?

I followed her, wondering how to approach the situation. She sat down next to Alyssa. Walking around the island, I went to stand before her on the other side. I smiled at her, hoping to get her attention.

Dahlia seemed to ignore me as she spoke to Mila. "If there is anything I can assist with, please let me know."

"Dahlia," I said a bit too harshly. Smiling, I tried to control the sudden fear pushing up in me. "What is going on? What did I do?"

"Thank you for the tea, Mila," she said as she pushed the empty cup forward. "I think I'll go lay down a bit."

Dahlia slid off the chair and started for the door. "Dahlia, what did I do?" I asked again loudly. My heart was pounding. It felt like my lungs were collapsing as they sought air. I was trying to control my breathing, as I watched her move away.

She stopped in the doorway, glanced back, and made a 'Pfff' sound before speaking. "You should know. You men are all alike."

My mouth dropped to the floor as her words entered my mind. I stood watching in amazement as she turned and left the room. I was perplexed as I had no idea what happened or when.

Mila and Alyssa started giggling softly behind me. Turning to them, I was ready to tear their heads off. I needed to know what I did. It appeared they knew something. "What the hell," I huffed at them.

Before I could continue to interrogate them, Mila spoke up. Her voice was calm yet had a sharpness to it I knew well. She was enjoying my pain. "She's jealous."

Flopping down on the open seat next to Alyssa, I tried to wrap my mind around this revelation. “Jealous?” I heard myself mumbling.

Alyssa took my arm and squeezed it lightly. “At the function, you spoke to the flirty girl and didn’t reject her come-ons,” she said softly.

Glancing from Mila to Alyssa, I felt frustrated. I hated that she thought I would be interested in other women. “Thanks,” I said as I stood and went to find Dahlia. I had to explain to her. She had to understand and see that it was only part of the assignment. She was my everything now. I didn’t want anyone else.

I caught up with her as she was about to enter her bedroom. Lightly taking hold of her arm, I spoke as I turned her to me. “Dahlia.” My heart was still beating a hundred miles an hour.

She looked at my hand on her arm and pulled back from me. “Wait, please let me explain,” I said, letting go. She didn’t move but wouldn’t look at me either. Cupping her chin, I softly lifted her head as I continued. “You are an amazing woman, sugar. Plus, you are carrying my child. Do you even know how special that makes you?”

Dahlia diverted her gaze to my side. “I was doing what I had to do for the assignment and the job. It is part of my character. I stopped flirting after I brought you here. You are the only woman I want to touch, hold, and kiss. Please forgive me.”

I wasn’t sure why I asked forgiveness, but it felt right. A lonely tear rolled down her cheek. Wiping it tenderly, I pulled her into my arms. “I will never do anything to hurt you, sugar.”

“Do you promise?” she asked in a quivering voice.

“Yes, Dahlia, yes, I promise,” I said, hugging her securely. I felt crushed knowing I

had hurt her. “I would not have accepted any invitation or taken that woman anywhere. She can stand naked before me. I wouldn’t touch her.” I confessed in a firm tone.

Pulling back just enough to lift her face, I studied her brilliant hazel eyes. I decided I would show her the difference between flirting for the jobs and my real flirting style. This way, she could know when something was up.

“Can I show you what my real flirting looks like?” I asked, kissing her cheek.

Dahlia tilted her to one side and then the other as she considered it. Looking into my eyes, she nodded. Taking her hand, I led her to the study and had her lean against the table. “Now let me know what you think of this and what you saw me do,” I said, taking a couple of steps back from her.

Turning away, I shook my head and focused on what I wanted. Turning back, I met her gaze. Smiling seductively, I scanned her body before focusing my gaze on her lips. I could see Dahlia knew the difference as she bit her lower lip.

Casually walking towards her, I undid the top two buttons of my shirt. “It’s hot in here,” I said, coming to stand before her. I noticed her fingers twitching as she fumbled with her clothing.

Lightly touching her cheek, I spoke again. “Your name must be Sugar, as I have never seen anything sweeter.”

Her cheeks instantly turned crimson. Caressing her skin, I moved my fingers down the side of her neck, over her shoulder, and down her arm. “Your skin feels like velvet, I wonder if you taste like honey?” I add as I lean forward and kiss her shoulder.

Dahlia's face was glowing as her smile stretched from ear to ear. Moving at a snail's pace, I neared her face. Turning her head up, she met my lips with hers. It was a blissful moment. Taking hold of her hips, I pulled her closer. My emotions flared up as my senses tingled.

I felt her hands taking hold of my shirt. Her grip was solid as she pulled back, looking into my eyes. "I know you can do better than that," she huffed. Turning out of my grasp, she took a step back. Glancing to her side, I noticed a twinkling in her eyes.

"Now it's my turn," she said, walking to the couch. Patting on the seat, she continued to speak. "Have a seat, sir." Dahlia took hold of her top with both hands. As I walked closer, she pulled the top down a tad, stretching her shoulders. This exposed the top of her breasts, waking my body completely.

Standing by the chair before her, I grinned. If she only knew how crazy she was making me. Dahlia placed her hand solidly in the center of my chest and shoved me back. I flopped down onto the couch. Tapping the side, I spoke softly. "Come sit with me, sugar."

Dahlia sat down on the arm and placed her foot between my legs. Holding her leg, I looked up at her, smiling. Looking at me, she drew a slow line across her lips with her tongue. I felt my dick pumping in my pants as my body wanted to taste her. She drew slow circles on my arm.

Her tone was low, and her voice was more seductive as she spoke. "I think it's time we had a private conversation."

My heart felt as if it was about to bounce out of my chest. I felt my lungs shrinking as she leaned closer and moved her fingers across my pants. I could feel her touch through them. My cock turned rock hard.

Kissing the brim of my ear, she whispered. “What would you like to do, sir?”

Without thinking, I heard the words leaving my mouth. “Get on your knees and suck my dick.”

Dahlia warmly kissed my neck before sliding down between my legs. She was surely the better seducer. But I wasn’t about to share that with her. Sitting on her knees, she unbuttoned my shirt and drew tender lines over my chest.

Pushing my head back onto the couch, I breathed out hard. Her touch made my body shiver. I loved the feeling surging through me and felt alive. She carefully unzipped my pants with her teeth. This was surprising, but I loved it.

Lifting my butt, I allowed her to pull my pants down to my knees. My dick popped up as it left the constraints of my underwear. It bobbed up and down twice before settling. Dahlia licked her lips as she pushed my pants down to my ankles.

“You sure about this sugar?” I whispered, hoping she wouldn’t change her mind.

Moving closer, she wrapped her hand around the shaft. I gasped, feeling her touch. It was invigorating. She was so very desirable at that moment. Dahlia moved her hand up and down slowly a couple of times. I watched as she leaned closer and quickly kissed the head.

Grinning, I spoke tenderly. “It doesn’t bite sugar.”

She smiled shyly at me before opening her mouth and taking my cock into her hot moist mouth. My body shook, and my breath disappeared as shock ran through me. I loved her audacity, and her willingness to try anything.

I felt her sucking as her hand moved up and down. Lightning ran through my senses

as she moved. I felt like a sparkplug that was about to explode. Moving her hand down, she played with my ball sacks. Each move sent new shudders through me.

Dahlia moved her head up and down my dick slowly. Taking hold of her hair, I pressed down lightly until she had all of me in her mouth. Letting go, she moved back up and glanced at me. I lowered her head again and felt her swallowing as she had all of me in her mouth.

I moaned as pleasure ran crazily through my senses. Hold the couch arms; I opened my legs more and pushed my cock out. Dahlia started moving faster up and down as I moaned and groaned. "I'm about to come," I groaned as my body shook.

I slipped my hand through her hair, thrusting my hips up as she came down over my shaft. Glancing at her, I was sure she was enjoying every moment of it. My mind was swirling. I had never found a woman who enjoyed it. She drove me wild.

She came up for air and smiled seductively at me. "Oh, sugar, you are sweet," I breathed out.

Taking the tip of my penis in her mouth, she swirled her tongue around it in circles. I moaned as I tried to catch my breath. Dahlia swiftly moved down my shaft and swallowed as my entire dick filled her mouth.

There was no stopping me now as I felt every muscle in my body shuddering. I came into her mouth. Dahlia swallowed the cum and licked up the strands that ran from the sides of her mouth. "Oh, sugar," I huffed. Taking hold of her head, I tenderly pulled her up to me. "Your so fucking hot."

Kissing her passionately, I knew she was the only one I wanted. Rising from the couch, I picked her up into my arms. I laid her down on the bed. Getting onto the bed next to her, I kissed her deeply.

She smiled as she turned and snuggled into me. “I’m tired now; sleep well.” She whispered.

I couldn’t sleep. I lay watching her for most of the night, thinking how lucky I was. If I had not stopped that night. I was glad that I had insisted she come home with me. If not, I would never have known her.

As I finally drifted off, I swore to never let anyone get close to her or our child. I would protect them with my life.

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Finally, being accepted by Mila felt amazing. Alyssa has been nice and friendly since day one, but getting into Mila's good books has taken some time. As I headed down to the kitchen in my prettiest summer dress, I had a bounce in my step.

They were taking me out shopping and Konstantin had given me his personal card. He told me to buy whatever my heart desired. I felt like a schoolgirl going shopping for a prom dress. There was nothing that could spoil my mood.

Mila and Alyssa were in the kitchen as I entered. "Good morning, Dahlia; sleep well?" Mila asked.

"Morning, yes, thanks," I said, taking a seat next to Alyssa. "So, what is our plan of action?" I asked.

"We are going to the mall on the other side of town. It's the biggest one. Today is all about shopping," Alyssa replied, smiling.

Grabbing our bags, we headed out. "Has everyone else left already?" I asked as we got into Alyssa's truck.

"Yup, they have a meeting with Ashan this morning," Mila responded.

We chatted about color preferences and clothing types as we drove. Pulling into the parking area, I noticed the mall was enormous. I had never been here even though it wasn't far from where I used to work.

It had multiple entrances and was six stories high. "This place is amazing," Mila said

as we headed inside. “You will love the baby stores on the third floor.”

“I don’t think I’ve even been here,” I replied as I scanned the giant building.

“Oh, you have so much to see. We love shopping here,” Alyssa added as we entered. “The bottom two floors are basically furniture, appliances, and food stores. From level three up is all about clothes and specialized things.”

The two glanced at each other and giggled. “Is there something else up there as well?” I enquired, puzzled at their sudden childishness.

Mila took my arm as she leaned closer and whispered. “There are some adult shops on those levels as well.”

“Oh,” I said, feeling my cheeks heating up.

This made them laugh even more. “Don’t worry,” Alyssa added as we took the elevator. “We won’t take you anywhere you don’t want to go.”

Feeling a bit relieved, I smiled and nodded. We started at the top floor and made our way back down. They were right, the shops were amazing. I bought some more summer dresses, pantsuits, and lingerie on the top floor.

On the fifth floor, we stopped at a small tea garden. We had a late breakfast before doing some more shopping. I found a pair of booths that I have always wanted and bought them. We also stumbled upon a lovely boutique specializing in pregnancy wear.

They had the most unique clothing. I didn’t know that pregnant women had such a wide selection of clothing. I purchased a short blue dress without sleeves. It sat perfectly and looked quite sexy.

Once we had scoured all the shops on the floor, we moved one down again. This floor was more suitable for selective modes. There were shops for cosplay, Emu clothing, dark mode, and even shops displaying fairy clothing.

It was astonishing what people were into. I felt out of place on this floor. It also held four stores with more adventure's clothing, such as special lingerie for men and women. Before heading out, we stopped on the second floor at a sweet delight shop. It was filled with an assortment of snacks.

I chose some exciting delights that I had never tasted before. Once I was done, we headed out. I couldn't wait to get home and play dress-up for Konstantin. As we got to the car, Mila started acting strangely. She was walking around the truck checking underneath and looking around the parking area.

"What's wrong?" Alyssa asked.

"Something feels off," Mila replied, still scanning the people and cars around us. "It's probably nothing; let's go," she said after a bit.

We got into the truck, and Alyssa pulled out. I was rummaging through the bags, bubbling about the clothes we bought. Looking up, I saw we had turned onto the long road home.

"I think you were right," Alyssa said suddenly. She glanced at Mila. "Look, we're being followed."

Turning in the back seat, I saw two vehicles behind us. One was driving really close. The other one was about five or six car lengths behind it. "How do you know they are following us? Maybe they are also heading in this direction?" I asked, feeling my stomach turning.

“They pulled out behind us as soon as we left the parking lot,” Alyssa responded.

“Are you good to do this, or must we switch?” Mila enquired, glancing back.

Alyssa looked at her with wide eyes as she spoke. “I don’t know. I’ve never done this before.”

Mila turned on her seat, sitting on her knees and looking back. “Okay, we need to be sure though. There is a garage just a way up ahead. Pull in, get out, and get in on the passenger side.” Mila looked at Alyssa. Her face was pulled inward as she continued. “Alyssa, can you do that?”

“Yes, yes. Stop, get in on the other side. I got it.” She sounded distressed as she spoke.

Glancing back, I felt a knot growing in my throat. I had never been in such a situation.

Looking at Mila, I was sure she knew what was going through me. “We’ll be fine,” she said. Reaching out, she tapped my shoulder.

“Here it is,” Alyssa announced as she pulled in next to the fuel pump. I watched as she jumped out and ran around the front of the truck. By the time she opened the passenger door, Mila was already seated behind the wheel.

Looking back, I noticed the two cars slowing down. The one right behind us was pulling in as well. We were being followed. There was no doubt in my mind. Mila glanced sideways as Alyssa slammed her door shut.

“Buckle in, ladies!” she spat as she pulled out. The car behind us followed, and the other one came closer quickly. They knew they had been spotted. Mila took a sharp

turn on a gravel road. I bounced up and down on the backseat as she sped through what looked like corn fields.

The two cars were still behind us. I felt my heart racing and my lungs burning. I tried to stay calm, but my mind wouldn't let go. One of the cars pulled up next to us and hit the back. The truck jerked as it made contact. We swerved left and right, but Mila managed to keep the truck on the narrow path.

"Call Konstantin," Mila huffed as I felt the truck picking up speed. "Let him know I'm heading to the bush hideout."

I was bouncing up and down so badly that I battled holding onto my phone. Deciding not to call, I sent him a message. Mila took a sharp left. As I grabbed hold of the seat and the headrest, my phone went flying to the floor.

Her sudden turn was a good thing, though. Looking back, I saw the one car driving into the corn and tipping to its side. "Only one left," I managed to say between breaths.

Mila took another sharp turn. I slid across the back seat, this time slamming into the door. "Are you okay?" I heard her asking.

"Yes, yes, just get us out of these fields," I replied softly. My chest and throat felt completely clogged up. I was gasping for air as my mind tried to convince me that I was about to die.

The truck steadied out as Mila turned onto a road. Looking back, the other car was still behind us. I noticed movement in the back, and something was coming out of their window. As I stared at it, I realized it was a gun.

"They have guns," I screamed, feeling my heart jumping into my throat.

“Stay calm, Dahlia,” Mila replied in a firm tone. She slammed on the brakes as the car got closer. It swerved behind us, not wanting to hit us. Mila sped up again and took another detour. This time, I was chattering on my teeth. The road she took was very narrow. On both sides were lines of trees.

Shots started flying past us as the car tried to follow. Mila must have known the road well as I saw the other car slowing down. The turns and twists were too unpredictable for them. After a couple more turns and twists, the road split into three.

Mila turned down the right and then took a left at the next split. She slowed down as we were all sure they wouldn't be able to find us anymore. I tried finding my phone. But it must have slipped in under the seat as I couldn't find it. I could only hope my message went through.

We drove quite a distance before the trees started thinning. As we left the confines of the trees, I saw a small wooden cottage ahead of us. It was a lovely little place. There were flowerbeds right around and a porch with two rocking chairs. It seemed the ideal place for a couple of old people to relax.

Mila rode around to the back. She stopped before an old barn. Alyssa jumped out and opened the doors so Mila could pull in. We gathered our belongings and headed to the house.

As Mila closed the door behind us, she looked at Alyssa and me. “Are you two okay?” she asked.

“Yes,” Alyssa said, walking to the kitchen.

“I think so,” I replied.

We also went to the kitchen and sat down while Alyssa boiled some water. “Whose

place is this?" I enquired curiously.

"It's an org hideout. It belongs to all of us," Mila replied.

As the kettle started to whistle on the gas stove, we heard a car nearing at an incredible speed. Mila jumped up and ran to the window by the door. Peeking out, she let out a sigh. "It's Konstantin, driving like a maniac as usual."

The cottage was covered in a cloud of dust as he came to a shrieking halt outside. The door swung open, and Konstantin barged in. "Are you all okay?" He yelled at us, glancing around frantically. I was relieved and also excited to see him.

"Yes, we're okay, Konstantin," Mila replied. "I think it's that other Bratva group you mentioned."

Konstantin rushed at Mila. "Yes, I'm sure it is. How dare you go out without protection. I thought the two of you would be smarter by now!" He spat, looking from Mila to Alyssa. "I gave consent to go shopping. But I didn't know you needed instruction as well. You know she's in danger; you should have taken some guards."

Before he could continue his rampage, I stepped closer and placed my hand on his chest. His heart was pounding against his chest and his skin felt hot. "Baby," I whispered. "It's not their fault."

Placing a hand on his cheek, I turned his head so he could look at me. "Breathe in deeply, I'm okay. Mila saved us." Raising to my toes, I placed a tender kiss on his lips. "The guards would have just spoiled our trip, and I had so much fun," I added.

Konstantin took my hands in his as he breathed in slowly. "Let's get home," he said, kissing my fingers.

“Agreed,” Mila added from behind me. “We’ll take the truck.”

Konstantin took me out front. We waited for the other two to come around in the truck before heading home. I held his leg all the way home. My hormones were raging. All the adrenaline had caused an uproar I was battling to control. As we pulled in, I spoke up. “I bought some special items.”

He smiled at me as he got out and came around, opening my door. Konstantin held out his hand. Taking it, I got out. “You can go in so long,” he said, kissing my cheek. “I’ll bring up your things, sugar.”

Nodding, I replied softly before heading in. “Meet me in my room?” I swayed my hips from side to side and smiled seductively at him.

“Okay,” he replied, laughing.

I had barely sat on the bed and removed my boots when Konstantin came in. He wobbled slightly, his hands overflowing with bags. Taking some of the bags, I took them to the bathroom. He followed with the other bags.

Handing him the bag with snacks, I tapped him on the chest as I spoke. “Now go back to the room and wait; I have some things to show you.”

“I will look at anything you have to show me,” he replied, taking the box and closing the door.

First, I dressed in a mint-green pants suit. It was the most concealing out of the clothing I bought, but I loved the way it pressed my breasts. It showed a bit of cleavage but just enough to prickle the imagination.

Walking out, I headed to the side of the bed. Konstantin was sitting on the bottom

edge. He watched me intently as I moved. “This is the first one,” I said. I turned and walked back to the bathroom.

“Very nice sugar,” I heard him replying.

The second outfit was more revealing. It was a light blue nightie. Two triangles covered my breasts. These were held up by thin blue strings running over my shoulders. More strings were running down from there, holding the triangle bottom that barely covered my ass and pussy.

I made my way out of the bathroom, moving slowly. I walked on the tips of my toes, placing one foot before the other, swaying my hips. Konstantin smiled as I neared him.

“Now, this one,” he said, wiping his forehead. “This one is nice.”

Stopping before him, I leaned forward and unbuttoned his shirt. As I pushed it off over his shoulder, his hands moved to my hips. Slapping his hands away, I shook a finger in the air as I spoke. “No, no. Not yet, sir.”

I walked halfway back to the bathroom and stopped. Turning halfway, I bent over and dragged my fingers up my legs. As I stood back upright, I slapped my rear, glancing at him. His smile was now stretched across his face.

“Dahlia, sugar,” he breathed out. “You’re killing me.”

Grinning, I went back to the bathroom. It was time for the icing on the cake. I sorted through the outfits, looking for that special one. Holding up the shocking pink lingerie, I wondered if it wasn’t too much. Shaking my head, I decided to wear it.

It had three pieces. Putting on the see-through push-up bra, I admired my breasts in

the mirror. Slipping on the see-through g-string, I wondered what his reaction would be. Lastly, I pulled on the mesh stockings tied to a strap around my middle to keep them up.

I opened the bathroom door and leaned against the wooden post. Konstantin shifted on the bed. I heard him gasping as he licked his lips. "Sugar," he breathed out.

Placing my finger into my mouth, I sucked it. I spoke as I pointed at him. "Move up, baby."

Konstantin darted to the top of the bed. Moving slowly, I walked to the bed. Leaning slightly sideways, I dragged my fingertips on the bed as I moved toward him. As I moved, I scanned his hunky abs and chest. As my gaze fell on his pants, I could see he was already stiff.

Moving back to the bottom of the bed, I crawled up towards him. Sitting on my knees between his legs, I undone the button and zipper of his pants. His breathing was labored. "May I?" He asked, lifting his hands.

"Sure, but take it slow," I replied.

"At your pace, my lady," Konstantin breathed out as his fingers drew lines up and down my arms.

Standing on the bed, I spoke in a demanding tone. "Take off your pants!"

As he rushed out of his pants, he scanned my body, licking his lips. "You are amazing," he breathed out, dropping his pants on the floor next to the bed.

I kept standing as he sat up. His hands caressed my legs as he moved them up to my panties. Leaning forward, Konstantin kissed my pussy. I gasped as my body shivered

from his touch. Taking hold of the panties, he pulled them down slowly. His tongue licked at my pussy.

“Oh, baby,” I moaned, stepping out of the panties.

He dropped them to the floor as well. Bending back down, I lowered myself until my pussy was pressing hard against his dick. Rubbing my hands through his hair, I kissed his neck. Moving to his mouth, I took hold of his bottom lip with my teeth. I pulled gently.

Konstantin let out a soft moan. Pulling back, I noticed him pulling his bottom lip into his mouth. Sitting up, I pushed my hands through my hair. Moving slowly, I went down my body with my hands.

I placed my hand on his chest, just under his chin. Using my nails, I dragged my hand down his body to his cock. Shifting back on his thighs, his dick popped up. It was stiff and pumping. I could see he was enjoying every touch. He softly held my hips as I moved.

Grabbing his cock with one hand, I lowered my head and sucked the head a couple of times. Konstantin arched and groaned as I moved. Lifting my head, I smiled at him as I sucked my finger. Pulling my wet finger out of my mouth, I used it to wet my pussy.

Konstantin moaned some more as he watched me. I could feel his grip tightening on my hips. Moving back up, I positioned my pussy over his cock and slowly sat down on him. We both moaned as he fully entered me.

I moved my hips forward and back at a slow pace. Perched on him, I took hold of my breasts, squeezing them and massaging them as I rode him softly. Konstantin assisted with the movement as he held my hips tighter.

Throwing my head back, I increased my speed. The energy in the room was heated; I could feel our bodies moving as one. We were in sync. It was amazing. Konstantin lifted me a tab from him as he took over. Using his hips, he drove up into me with more power than I had.

As he moved, I felt his rhythm increasing. “Oh, baby,” I breathed out, feeling my body tingling. “Give it to me, please.”

In one smooth movement, Konstantin had flipped us over. He was now on top of me. Thrusting harder, he spoke through jagged breaths. “Tell me how much you want it, sugar.”

Grabbing hold of his shoulders, I spoke between deep groans of pleasure. “Give me all of you, baby. Push me over the edge.”

Konstantin leaned in and kissed my neck, nibbling slightly as he moved down. Taking hold of my nipples, he pulled them while squeezing lightly. I couldn’t stop the moans as my body shook, and I came.

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Dahlia was no longer in bed. Jumping up, I dressed and headed downstairs. I found her seated at the kitchen island, chatting to Mila.

“Good morning, sleepyhead,” Mila said, grinning.

Nodding at her, I kissed Dahlia on the cheek. “Good morning, sugar. Did you sleep well?”

Dahlia smiled at me. Her eyes sparkled, and she had that amazing glow about her. “Yes, thank you,” she replied in a light tone. “I was wondering,” she added.

Before she could talk further, I interrupted, feeling sure I knew what she was about to say. “Can you please stay at home today and rest? I want you to have a calm and relaxing day after all that has happened.”

I noticed the displeasure as she lowered her gaze to the table before her. She wasn’t happy with my decision. But she needed to get rest. Rubbing her back, I leaned closer as I spoke softly. “Stress isn’t good for you or the baby, sugar. I am asking, please?”

She turned to me, taking my face in her soft hands as she replied. “Okay, I will stay home and rest.”

Pulling her into my arms, I hugged her tightly as I spoke. “Thank you, sugar.” Pulling away, I kissed her sensually. “Have a nice day,” I added as I headed out. It was my fault. All the stress she’s having is due to me. If only I hadn’t allowed her to be part of the job, she wouldn’t have gone out shopping with the others.

Pulling out of the garage, I scolded myself for placing her in harm's way and causing her more stress. But I was determined to fix the situation. I headed to the office as my brothers would be there, and I needed their assistance.

I was plagued with the belief of being the cause of Dahlia's stress. I needed to fix the mess I created. This other Bratva family had to be stopped once and for all. Entering the building, I headed to Leon's office.

Knocking twice, I waited for a reply from within. "Yes," I heard Leon call out. Opening the door, I peeked inside. "Hey there," Leon said, looking over his laptop. "Come in; you know you don't have to knock."

Entering, I walked to the chair on this side of the shiny wooden desk. As I flopped down in the chair, filled with dread, I spoke. My voice sounded unfamiliar even to me. By the look on Leon's face, I knew he heard the anxiety. "I need to protect Dahlia."

"Konstantin, you know we are here for you. Whatever you need, just name it," Leon replied as he rose from behind the desk.

"Yes," I replied, staring past him out the window.

Feeling Leon's hand on my shoulder brought me back from the vast emptiness I was drifting into. Glancing up, I nodded. "We need to find these people," I added as I stood.

"Let's see if Piotr is in, and we can make a plan," Leon said as he walked out the door. I followed him to Piotr's office. My mind felt as if it had been disconnected from my body. Twice now, I could have lost her. I could not allow that to happen.

Piotr was on the phone with a client. We sat down and waited for him to conclude his

call. “Well then, brothers,” he said, placing the phone on its stand. “Did I forget a meeting?”

Loen smirked. “No, but Konstantin needs our help with this other Bratva family,” he said.

“What do you need from us, brother?” he asked without hesitation.

Taking a deep breath, I tried to assimilate my thoughts before speaking. “I must stop these people who are trying to harm Dahlia.”

“Right,” Piotr replied, rising from behind his desk. “Let’s see if Mila has come in yet.”

We moved down the hall to Mila’s office. Piotr was about to open the door when we heard her speaking behind us. “Morning, guys, looking for me?” She pushed past us, opened the door, and entered her office. Mila’s office was nothing like any of ours.

All our offices spoke of authority. They were organized and could be classed as work-orientated. But not Mila’s office. This space was hers, and so was her room. Nowhere else could you see her personality more prominently displayed.

She had a mixture of badass posters, ornaments, and sayings all over the place. Yet, there were always one or two things in bright colors that stood out. I called these her unicorns.

“Right, boys,” she said as she turned to us and sat on the edge of her desk. “How can I help?”

“I need information on the Bratva family targeting Dahlia,” I huffed. My patience was thin, and I wanted to get moving before anything else happened.

“Great stuff,” Mila replied in a chipper tone, moving to her computer. Her system was amazing. There were three screens against the wall behind her. Leo and Jamie had come through and assisted in setting up her system. It had the latest hacking programs with the best blocking and tracing capabilities. “What am I looking for? Searching for the name Aleksandr or Dahlia doesn’t give me anything. We know the company is a front, and Aleksandr is on the board. More than that I couldn’t gather last time. Remember?” Mila added, groaning.

“Try searching for any links to the company she worked for,” I said.

Everyone turned looking at me. “Give me a second, okay,” I added, trying to remember the name. “It was Folcan Industries, right?” I finished, pleased with myself.

Mila turned her head sideways, grinning broadly at me. “Yes, but are you sure they have something to do with Bratva? Last time, we made up a lot of the information as you wanted to convince her, but there was nothing real there.”

“It was the company she worked for. Her cousin got her the job. I know they are Bratva; I feel it in my gut. So, yeah, I’m sure.” I said confidently.

“I’m surprised you remembered the company name,” Leon said, smirking.

“Yeah, yeah, stop teasing me,” I retorted.

“Go grab us some coffee, guys. Let me work my magic,” she said as she started typing in code.

I felt frustrated. I wanted to grab her and shake her until I got answers. But I knew this wasn’t going to work. She needed space to do what she does. I followed Piotr and Leon to the lounge. As I walked, I clenched my fists and then shook them out. My

nerves were shot, and I wasn't sure coffee would cure what I had.

We had just sat down with our coffee when Alyssa arrived, bringing gifts. She had stopped and bought some delights for breakfast. I watched as my brothers dug in, stuffing their faces. My stomach was a tight knot. I couldn't even think of eating.

Turning to my brothers, I could hear my anger surfacing as I spoke. "Once the information comes through, we need to make contact. Whether this turns from peace talks to war, I know I can rely on all of you."

"We will always be there no matter what, you know that," Leon replied calmly. "Even if you are annoying," he added, smiling.

Walking towards him, I felt my anger subduing slightly. Punching him lightly on the arm, I smiled as he spilled his coffee onto the table. Placing down his cup, he turned to me, holding his shoulder. "That hurt, bro," he said, rubbing it.

Maybe that was harder than I intended, but I was sure it wasn't. Piotr laughed as he spoke. "You know we always have your back. But let's first try and sort this out in a civilized way, okay?"

"I would never put any of you in harm's way or in danger without good reason," I replied snootily.

"Yes, yes," Piotr replied, grinning. "But that is why we'll decide together on a plan of action."

I saw the skepticism in both their faces as they looked at each other and back at me. I flashed them my middle finger and walked to the window. After a while, I sat back down. The waiting was eating at my insides.

An hour later, Mila came storming in, swearing like a sailor. “I tried,” she spat. She grabbed the sides of her hair, clutching her hands full, and pulled them as she continued. “I can’t penetrate their network. I did find Aleksandr on their board, though. His last name is Dubow.”

Mila walked to the double couch by the window and plopped down into it, putting her hands over her face. “I can’t get any other details.” Looking up at me, I could see the anger in her eyes.

This information was worrisome. It could only imply that they were bigger than I had thought. It meant they were powerful, but I still needed the information. Pacing up and down the room, I tried to think of another way to gather the details required.

“We could ask Leo, Evelina, and Jamie if they could assist,” Piotr suggested.

Stopping in my tracks, I turned to him. I felt like grabbing his face and kissing him. That was a brilliant idea. “Yes, I’ll give them a call,” I said, heading out to my office.

“Wait,” Mila called after me. Stopping in the doorway, I raised my eyebrows at her as I asked. “Yes?”

“This family is powerful, and they could be dangerous. Let me talk to them. I can share what I have tried. Maybe they could just give me better directions as to what to do,” Mila spoke as she walked toward me.

I watched as Mila headed back to her space. Glancing back at the others, I spoke calmly, feeling slightly better. “I’m heading home to be with Dahlia. Let me know if they find anything.”

Arriving home, I found Dahlia in the practice room. “Hey sugar, what you up to?” I asked, walking in.

Dahlia smiled at me. It felt like I had just walked into a ray of sunshine as the room lit up. “I thought some exercises would ease some of the strain in my back,” she said softly. “I was practicing some of the punches you showed me.”

“Nice,” I replied, kissing her cheek. “How about a soaking bath? That is sure to relax your muscles.”

“Mmm, that sounds tempting,” she replied, taking my hand.

“A bath it is, then,” I said as I scooped her into my arms and headed upstairs. I placed her down in the chair in my room. “Just sit tight while I draw the bath,” I said as I walked to the bathroom.

I added some lavender oil and a relaxation bomb to the tub before heading back to the room. Holding out my hand, I waited for her to get up. Dahlia took my hand and followed me to the bathroom. “Your bath awaits, my lady,” I said, closing the door.

Dahlia turned. Taking my face into her soft hands, she kissed me passionately. I couldn’t resist pulling her into my arms. As we kissed, I felt her hands fumbling with the buttons of my shirt and took hold of them. Pulling back from our deep kiss, I smiled at her as I spoke. “I want to pamper you.”

I assisted her in ridding herself of her clothing and watched in awe as she got in the bath. Bending next to the tub, I lathered her in soap and bubbles. I washed her back, her legs, and feet. She giggled as I did this.

Her laughter filled the room. I felt like I was surrounded by exotic birds in a rainforest. She was so special. I wondered if she knew what power she had over me. Once she was done bathing, I picked her up and wrapped her in a large fluffy gown.

I carried her to my bed and laid her down. Sitting next to her, I grabbed the massage

oil. “Turn on your stomach for a bit,” I said, opening the bottle. I massaged her back, legs, arms, and neck.

“I can get used to this,” she whispered as I was about done.

“Rest, sugar,” I said, kissing her cheek. “I have something to check on. I’ll be back in a bit, though.” I added as I left the room.

I had to follow up with Mila and the others. Hopefully, Dahlia would get some sleep and feel better once she woke up.

Mila had just arrived home as I entered the kitchen. “Any update?” I asked, pouring two cups of coffee.

“Leo and Evelina are looking into it for us,” she replied, taking her cup. “Leo said he’ll give us a call in the morning.”

“Thank you, Mila,” I said, walking out to the porch.

I was about to rinse my cup when Piotr returned. “Hey, how are you two holding up?” he asked.

“Good, thanks, but I feel tired, I think I’ll turn in for the evening. See you in the morning.”

“No problem, sleep well,” he replied as I walked out.

I slid into bed beside Dahlia, trying my best not to wake her. I felt calm, holding her even with everything milling around my mind.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

I must have been totally worn out as I slept right through the night. Stretching out, I glanced around. The room was empty; Konstantin had already left. The sun shone in through the open window, warming the end of the bed. I wondered what time it was.

Getting up, I checked the clock. It was still early. I headed down to the kitchen. As I walked in, greeting everyone, Konstantin got up for his seat. He rinsed his cup, kissed my cheek, and left.

“He’s in a rush,” I said to Mila.

“Yeah, I think he wants to follow up on this job. I also have to go. See you later,” she said as she headed for the door leading to the garage.

Being alone at home, I spent my morning in the garden and the library. After a stroll through the garden, I put on a movie and relaxed. Rubbing my tummy, I thought about all the changes my body was going through. I had put on some weight over the last couple of months.

Yet, the pregnancy wasn’t even showing clearly. It looked more like I had gotten fat. It felt like it as well. I had some fruit and cream for lunch and took a swim. Before I knew it, the others had started arriving home. Mila was the first, followed by Piotr shortly after.

Where’s Konstantin?” I asked as we started preparing supper.

“He’ll be back soon,” Piotr said, grabbing a beer and walking out to the patio.

We had just dished up when Konstantin came in. He greeted us as he walked to the fridge. He gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and joined Piotr outside. Holding my cheek, I wondered what had changed.

Today, he appeared to be distant. I wondered if I had done something wrong. I played more with my meal than I ate. I suddenly didn't feel hungry. I sat staring at him as he spoke to Mila.

My mind wandered off. Why was he being so distant? What did I do to push him away? I couldn't make sense of it. Looking down as I held my tummy, I sighed. It had to be my body. I was getting fat, and he surely disliked what he saw.

Snapping out of my thoughts, I noticed everyone had left. Only Konstantin was still at the table. He glanced at me, got up, and cleared the table. I assisted in rinsing the dishes and packing the dishwasher.

Konstantin grabbed another beer and headed upstairs without a word. I wondered where the other two had gone. Looking on the porch and out the back, I didn't see them. They might have turned in for the evening.

Taking a bottle of juice from the fridge, I went upstairs. I found Konstantin in the entertainment room. He sat on the couch watching a movie. I entered and sat down next to him. He moved to the side, creating some distance between us.

I couldn't contain my confusion anymore. I felt hurt and like an outsider again. Standing, I placed my hands on my hips as I spoke loudly. "What's wrong with me? Why do you keep moving away? Don't you want to touch me anymore?" I had to know what was happening. Not knowing was eating me up from inside.

With everything going on and all that had happened, I was already emotional, stressed, and uncomfortable. I couldn't take this distance he was causing.

“Nothing’s wrong with you. I didn’t say I didn’t want to touch you,” he said calmly. For a moment, we just stared at each other.

Konstantin turned his attention back to the television. Looking at him in disbelief, I felt a flash of anger surging through me.

Stomping my foot, I blurted out. “Well, then, I must be ugly now that I am getting bigger. Now, my body is changing. It seems you are no longer attracted to me.” I heard my voice cracking as I said the last part. Glancing down, I blinked rapidly, not wanting him to see the tears welling up.

Konstantin rose from the couch, his full attention on me. Moving closer, he put his arms around me. “Sugar,” he said softly. “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You are perfect, and so is your body. Please don’t ever say you are ugly.” He softly lifted my face and looked into my eyes.

“Why are you avoiding me?” I whispered, trying my best to swallow the lump of sand accumulating there.

He kissed my cheeks tenderly. First one, then the other, before wiping at the lone tear strolling down my cheek. “Why are you avoiding me?” I asked again softly.

Rubbing his head, Konstantin let out a sigh. “I haven’t been avoiding you, sugar. I have only been keeping my distance to keep myself in line. I didn’t want to feel tempted by touching you. You have enough on your plate.”

I stood amazed at what he just said. I watched as he turned, lowered his head, and went to his room. Knowing he wanted me made me feel a tad better. But I wanted his touch. Walking to my room, I decided I would make him lose control.

Opening the closet, I stared at the clothing. My eyes landed on one of the skimpy

clubbing dresses I bought. Taking it out, I held it up, studying it. “Yes, this will do the trick,” I said to myself as I walked to the bathroom.

Once dressed, I turned, looking at myself in the life-size mirror. I had to admit it was a bit stretched, but I looked edible, I thought. The bloodred dress was tight over my enlarged breasts. The opening between the breast and stomach exposed quite a bit of the bottom of my breasts.

Grinning, I like the way it sat better with my extra weight. It wasn’t very long and barely covered my ass. The slits on the sides ran up to my hips, where my thighs now protruded clearly.

Konstantin’s door was open. Walking in, I saw him sitting by the window reading a file. Kicking back, I listened as the door slammed shut behind me. He turned and gazed at me, his mouth hanging open. This was the reaction I wanted. Feeling happy with myself, I walked over to the bed.

Before I reached it, I made as if I had dropped something. Bending over, I made sure my rear was exposed. I heard him shifting on the couch. Standing, I walked to the edge of the bed closest to the sofa.

Sitting on the corner, I opened my legs slightly. Moving my head fast, I flipped my hair over my shoulder, placed a finger on my lips, and batted my eyes. He smiled but didn’t move.

Picking up one leg, I placed my foot on the couch between his legs. Bending forward, I moved my fingers slowly up my leg. Still, he didn’t move. I knew he wanted me as the bulge in his pants spoke a language I understood. But he was not reacting as I wanted him to. Standing, I sat down over his legs, running my fingers through his hair as I leaned in.

Kissing the tip of his ear, I breathed out heavily before speaking. “I want you to fill me...”

Before I could finish my sentence, his hands were on my hips. He stood up with me in his arms and placed me back on the corner of the bed. Bending forward, he squeezed my legs just above my knees. “No sugar, not now,” he said before sitting down again.

What was wrong with him? “Please give me a valid reason!” I spat at him, folding my arms across my chest.

Konstantin lowered his head and held it in his hands. He let out a deep breath. Looking up, I noticed he seemed plagued. His face was kind of scrunched, and his eyes looked sad. “I feel so bad that I dragged you into this dangerous life,” he breathed out. “I can’t even keep you safe; look at what almost happened.”

Standing, I stepped closer. Placing my hands on his cheeks, I smiled. “Baby, you don’t have to feel bad about anything. I chose to stay even after knowing the dangers. I want to be part of your life.”

Konstantin looked into my eye as if he was searching for something. Sitting down on his lap, I continued. “I’m able to handle myself. Please believe me when I say, I want to stay. I choose you and all the risk that comes our way.”

Taking my face into his hands, Konstantin kissed me. His kiss was hard but became softer the longer it lasted. Konstantin took me in his arms and stood up. Turning, he lowered me onto the couch and got on his knees before me.

As we kissed, our tongues played. I felt his hands move in under my dress as he pushed my legs apart. He played with his finger over my panties. Bending slightly, I pushed my hand into his pants, taking hold of his dick and balls.

We both moaned as we rubbed each other. Konstantin laid kisses down my arm as I leaned back, catching my breath. As he went, he unzipped my dress and gently pulled it down. He kissed my neck, moving down to suck on my breasts.

Arching into him, I dug my hands into his hair, moaning. Pulling back, he stood and quickly removed his clothing. As he came down onto his knees between my legs, he grabbed my hips and pulled me forward. My rear was now on the edge of the couch.

Konstantin lifted my legs to his shoulders. Removing my panties, he kissed each leg from my feet up to my thighs. Lowering my legs, he moved forward. Smiling, he kissed my stomach. Looking up, he spoke softly. "You are so gorgeous, sugar."

Shifting closer, Konstantin kissed and nibbled at my breasts. I gasped as I felt his finger pushing into my pussy. With his thumb, he played with my clitoris. "Oh, baby," I moaned as shivers rampaged through me.

My body shook as vibrations ran through my senses. Lifting my ass, I pushed his fingers deeper inside. "Oh, baby," I screamed as I shook from pleasure. Konstantin moved closer and put his stiff cock inside me. Pulling me lower on the couch, he shoved into me hard.

Biting my lower lip, I grinned at him. I was almost sitting on his lap. Only my back was still on the couch. After a couple of hard and deep pumps, I could hear his breathing becoming louder.

"Baby," I said, lifting my head. "Take me from behind."

He smiled tenderly at me and nodded. Konstantin helped me turn around. With my knees on the floor before him, I could lean on the couch with my arm. I felt him moving back and giving my pussy a couple of quick licks. Lifting my head to the ceiling, I groaned.

Shifting closer again, he gently penetrated me with his hard cock. He started slow but increased the pace quickly. His grip on my hips was soft yet firm. As he moved, I arched back, growing with pleasure. “Don’t stop, baby, fuck me, please,” I heard myself saying.

Konstantin slapped my rear lightly. I felt a jolt of electricity shoot through me and moaned louder. Grabbing my hips again, he increased the pace even more. I was about to come for the second time when I felt him stop. He turned me back around on the couch and softly pushed into me.

As he moved at a much slower pace, he kissed my breasts. Moving up, he captured my mouth in his as I let out another moan of pleasure. He massaged my breasts while kissing me passionately. I felt him pinching and turning my nipples lightly. My body shook as another surge of ecstasy flooded me.

I pushed my fingers through his hair, moving to the nape of his neck. I wrapped my legs around his waist as I felt my body jerking, and I came. Looking into his eyes, I knew we came at the same time.

Gasping for air, I smiled. I suddenly felt drained of all life. Konstantin kissed my cheeks. Picking me up, he walked to the bed. He gently lay down with me in his arms. He played with my hair as we lay staring at each other.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I glanced back. Dahlia was still sleeping. She looked so peaceful. The cool breeze coming through the window was refreshing. I sat feeling the sun's gentle rays warming me.

Thinking back to our conversation, I felt conflicted. I wanted her to be happy. But my need to protect her was stronger. She wanted to be a part of our operations, which scared me. Forcing her to stay and just caring for her wouldn't make her happy. I would feel better as it would keep her safe. But I was sure it wouldn't do.

I would have to increase her skills if she wanted to join the organization. I had to give her more training in weapons and martial arts. Plus, I must heighten her ability to see when things are taking a turn for the worse.

Rising slowly, I entered the bathroom. I dressed in a simple black tracksuit. If we were going to train, I had to be comfortable. Coming out of the bathroom, I noticed the bed was empty.

Heading down the passage, I saw that her door was open. I popped my head inside, but she wasn't there. She must have already gone downstairs.

Entering the kitchen, I found her seated at the island. Kissing her cheek, I greeted everyone. Mila and Piotr just smiled and nodded. "Did you sleep well?" Mila said, handing me a cup of coffee. "You seem cheery this morning."

"I did, thanks," I replied before sliding onto the seat next to Dahlia. "Would you like to train some more? If you're up for it," I whispered, leaning towards her. I tried stating it as plainly as possible. I didn't want her to know that I needed to know she

could protect herself.

Dahlia looked at me, puzzled. Her eyes narrowed slightly but seemed to fill with joy. At that moment, I knew I had made the right choice. Her smile lit up the room. Her beautiful face filled with excitement. I felt sure that I had fallen for her. She was the one that made my world turn.

Once we finished our drinks, we headed to the office. She wore a black gym-type short skirt combination with a baby blue shirt. Her clothing was suitable, and there was no need to change. Driving to the office, she couldn't stop talking.

"There was this movie I saw," she said enthusiastically. "The guns in it were larger than the ones you had on the table." Dahlia fell silent, and I glanced at her. She was turning her head and squinting her eyes; I almost laughed. I felt sure she was thinking very hard.

Looking at me, she smiled. "It looked kind of heavy. But he swung it from his side like nothing. He shot at the group of people continuously. It was interesting." She concluded. I nodded and smiled. The kind of guns she spoke of were mostly only used in movies.

Once at the office, we headed to the training rooms. As we approached the first door, Dahlia turned to me and stopped. She spoke in a sweet, smooth tone as she wrapped her hands around my neck. "Can we practice with the guns first, if you don't mind?"

Smiling warmly at her, I replied as I kissed her cheek. "Sure, anything you want, sugar. I just want you to be able to protect yourself. How you do that is up to you."

Turning and heading to the weapons room, Dahlia appeared to have a skip in her step. I felt my heart swelling with pride. She was an angel, and she was mine. Opening the door, she glanced back at me. "Thank you for taking the time to teach me some

more.” She said and walked in.

She stood by the table waiting as I took the gun she had used before from the safe. Placing it on the table, I spoke softly. “I think it is important that you learn the parts of a gun and how to clean it properly.”

Dahlia nodded, her smile stretching across her face. Placing the gun on the table, I explained to her how to take it apart. After explaining all the steps and showing her twice, I handed her the gun. “Now it’s your turn.”

I observed as she dismantled the gun. She only got stuck twice, which was very good for the first time. Once she had it in parts, she started to assemble it again. She looked at me a couple of times. She turned her head and waited for me to nod. She was making sure she was placing the parts correctly in the designated spots.

She was almost done when she suddenly stopped. Her eyes widened as she looked at me, and she placed her hand over her mouth. I laughed, knowing she realized one of the parts needed to go in before the one she had in her hand. Dahlia quickly undid the two previous steps and placed in the missing part.

Once she had fully assembled the gun, she placed it down and grinned. “Feeling good?” I asked, shoving her gently.

Her head bobbed up and down as she responded. “Yes, I did it.”

“You sure did,” I added. “Now let’s see if it still works,” I joked as I walked to the safe and collected some bullets.

Turning back, Dahlia was standing with her hands on her hips. “Did I do something wrong that you think it won’t work?” she inquired.

“One never knows with these things,” I said, handing her the bullets and mag.

Dahlia loaded the mag and slid it into the gun. We walked to the small range. After putting on our earmuffs, I pointed at the board, showing her how to fire. She stood uncomfortable, and I had to move closer to correct her stance. Once I felt she was in the right position, I stepped back.

After about an hour of practicing, Dahlia started hitting the target nicely. At least one in every three or four were body shots. I could see she needed a break. Her hands were lightly trembling. Taking the gun, I spoke gently. “Come, let’s take a break.”

Turning, she didn’t hesitate. She walked to the bench in the corner and sat down, rubbing her hands. Placing the gun down, I collected a bottle of muscle oil I always kept around. Sitting next to her, I poured some into my hand. “Here, let me,” I said, taking her hand.

I started slowly and softly massaging her hand. I stretched out her fingers and made sure they were loose. Moving to her shoulders I could feel the tension in her muscles. This was surely from the recoil of the gun. For an inexperienced person, it could strain the muscles even though it was minimal.

After a while, Dahlia glanced up at me. “So, what gun do you prefer to use?”

Smiling, I reached under my jacket, pulling my gun from its holster. Before handing it to her, I ensured the safety was on. “It’s a Desert Eagle, the gun that started my love for weapons.”

She looked at it fascinated, studying it as if she had never seen a gun before. “It is beautiful. But it weighs more than the other one,” she said, grinning.

“Would you like to fire it?” I asked, holding out my hand.

Dahlia nodded profusely. She handed me the gun and rose quickly. We walked back to the range, and she took her position. This time, her stance was perfect. Looking at me, she held out her hand.

“it’s got a kick, so hold firmly,” I said, giving her the gun. Moving in behind her, I stood close. I didn’t want her to lose balance or get frightened by the loudness and kick.

She aimed and took her first shot with a bigger gun. Her hands lifted a tab as the recoil kicked. Turning to me, her eyes were wide. “You call that a kick?” she asked, taking a deep breath.

Taking my gun, I placed it back in the holster. “Are you okay,” I asked as I removed the earmuffs.

She shook her head but was smiling. “Wait here,” I said as I bounced back to the table. Coming to her I held out the gun she practiced with. “Shoot this one again,” I said.

Dahlia took the gun from me and turned back to the target. She took three quick shots. The third one hit the bullseye. She stared at it for a second before turning. Overflowing with excitement, she jumped up and down. Taking the gun from her, I placed it on the small stand.

She grabbed my face and kissed me. But it was over before it barely started, as she was still jumping from excitement. “Did you see,” she huffed, turning halfway and pointing at the target.

“I saw,” I replied, pouting my lips. I hope she will feel sorry for me and kiss me again. It didn’t work, though. All it did was make her laugh. Calming slightly, she took my face in her hands again. “Aww, sweetie, did you want more?” she teased.

Pulling her into my arms, I kissed her neck. “Oh, my sweet woman,” I huffed. “You have no idea how much I want you right now.”

Dahlia burst out laughing. She was so sexy as she shook in my embrace. Giving me a quick kiss on the lips, she whispered. “Then why don’t you show me you stud?” Her tone was teasing, and her eyes sparkling. She turned out of my arms and stepped backward.

“No, you don’t,” I said pulling her back. Resting one hand on the small of her back, I gently took hold of her hair with my other one. Pulling softly, I leaned in and kissed her passionately.

Kissing her like there was no tomorrow, her sweet floral scent entered my nostrils. Closing my eyes, I allowed my mind to drift off. She filled me with a love I couldn’t explain. As our tongues met, it felt like they were dancing to music we couldn’t hear.

Dahlia pulled away, taking a deep breath. “Slow down, tiger,” she said as she gasped. Finding her breath, she licked her lips as she continued. “Let’s go home.”

Once we got home, we decided to do a bit more training. We headed to the home gym. We went over everything I had taught her about hand-to-hand combat and practiced for about an hour.

Laying on the mats, breathing hard from the excursion, we stared up at the ceiling. “Want to go for a swim?” I asked after a bit of silence. Rising, I held out my hand and assisted her to her feet. “Meet me at the pool,” I said as we went to change.

“Sure,” Dahlia replied, entering her room.

After changing into my swim trunks, I went to the kitchen. Grabbing two juices and some fruit salad, I headed out. Dahlia was sitting on the edge of the pool with her feet

dangling in the water.

“Is it cold?” I asked as I handed her a juice.

“It’s refreshing,” she replied.

Sitting down next to her, I lowered my feet in. The water was a tad cold. But she was right. It was refreshing. She was wearing a black and gold one-piece bathing suit. It was fitted with a short skirt that made it almost seem like she was wearing a dress. The hints of gold brought out the flecks in her eyes. It complimented her well.

Dahlia leaned forward and, with her hand, flung cold water at me. “Oh, you didn’t,” I breathed out. She giggled as she lowered herself into the water. “I’m coming for you,” I said, standing up.

She turned and started swimming away. Diving in, I swam forcefully underwater to her. Taking hold of her legs, I pulled her under with me. She turned and twisted in my hold. Coming up, we both laughed. “Now, that was fun, right?” I asked after catching my breath.

She nodded as she held me around the neck. We swam a couple of laps before deciding it was enough. I carried her up to her room. Placing her down, I took her face in my hand and kissed her.

“Sugar,” I said, letting go. “Can we sleep in the same room from now on?”

Dahlia lowered her head. I didn’t want to pressure her, so I waited. The last couple of times we spent together were magnificent. I wanted to wake up next to her every day.

Finally, she looked up and smiled. “Yes, I think we can,” she whispered.

Filled with love, I picked her back up and headed to my room. I went straight to the bathroom before lowering her. I ran a bath and filled it with bubbles. Turning to her, I bent over as I spoke. “My lady, your bath awaits.”

Dahlia giggled as I stepped closer. I pulled the swimsuit’s straps down her shoulders, kissing each one as I went. Moving slowly, I went down her body, kissing as I pulled it to the floor. Dahlia stepped out of it and got into the bath.

Jumping in with her, I welcomed the hot water. After bathing her and myself, I felt tired. I could only imagine how she was feeling after all the day's activities. I ordered some take-out and put on a movie. After dinner, we snuggled into bed.

I still wanted to chat, but she was asleep as I wrapped my arms around her. Closing my eyes, I smiled. I was the luckiest man alive. I would show her how much she meant to me, I thought as I drifted off.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Konstantin had already left when I got up this morning. After having breakfast, I decided to catch some sun on the porch. I was traveling through a world of strange events in a book when I heard someone clearing their throat next to me.

Turning my head swiftly, I found Konstantin standing in the doorway. “Is everything okay?” I asked. I had been so deep into the book. I had not even noticed him coming home.

He smiled at me as he bent down. “Sugar,” he said. “Nothing’s wrong. I was wondering, though, would you like to get out a bit? Go on a date with me?”

I felt my face brighten as excitement flooded me. Beaming at him, I replied quickly as I rose. “Yes, when do you want to leave?”

“How about an hour from now,” he said, glancing at his watch. “Is that fine with you?” I could see he was also excited to go out as his smile stretched from ear to ear.

“Yes, baby,” I whispered, kissing his cheek before heading in. I found it adorable that a man could get excited about a date.

Standing in front of my closet, I scanned my clothing. I had no idea where we would be going, so, I went with something neutral. Taking out a white, flowy summer dress, I held it up. After getting dressed, I turned, admiring the look and feel.

I didn’t like a lot of makeup, so I only added a little. Once I was done, I headed downstairs. Konstantin was leaning against the kitchen doorframe. Licking my lips, I couldn’t believe how handsome he looked in his dark blue suit.

His crisp white shirt with the thin gold lines appeared to be shining. His hair was perfectly styled. He had a sparkle in his blue eyes. It made him look a little mischievous. Taking it all in, I wanted to be in his arms and feel his warm love. I suddenly felt underdressed.

Stepping up to him, I placed my hand on his chest as I spoke. “Hi sexy, I’m ready whenever you are.”

He gave me a once-over and smiled. “Shall we go then?”

Nodding, I took his hand and followed him out. I felt happy and excited. I realized as we walked to the car that I wanted to be with him. He made me whole. As we pulled out, I had to ask. “So, where are you taking me?” It was too early for supper, so I felt sure there were other plans.

Konstantin gave me a sparkling smile but said nothing. After driving a while, going up and down small, quiet streets, he stopped. It looked more like a small suburb than any business area I had ever seen. Getting out, he took my hand and led me to a slightly larger building than the rest.

There was no name or sign on the building. I felt my stomach turning as we entered. I was intrigued by the secrecy of it all.

After entering, I noticed the counters and stands filled with jewelry. A young man in a grey suit led us through two rooms. He stopped by a thick, solid wooden door. Taking a keycard from his pocket, he swiped it through the slot next to the handle. The door clicked, and he opened it.

Stepping to the side, he waved us to enter. There was a table in the middle of the room. On one side was a single chair, and on the other, two more. Konstantin pulled out the one, and I sat down. He sat down next to me, beaming.

An old stocky man can through a door on the other side of the room. He was carrying two golden boxes. As he placed them on the table, he nodded at Konstantin. “As you requested,” he said, sitting down.

Konstantin pulled the two boxes closer and opened them. Turning to me, he spoke softly. “Anything you want sugar?”

I glanced at the glittering jewelry covered in diamonds. There were earrings, necklaces, bracelets, some rings, and pendants. “This is too much,” I said, looking at him in astonishment. I couldn’t accept such lavish gifts.

Konstantin’s smile faded, and he looked hurt. I didn’t want to offend him, but felt overwhelmed. Smiling at him, I decided on a pair of earrings I was sure would be the least expensive. They were pure gold covered in small diamonds shaped like a heart.

“Excellent choice,” the man said, taking out a small box and placing them inside. As he handed the box and slip to Konstantin. As he scanned it, I noticed the price. I thought my head was about to explode. No man in his right mind would spend that kind of money on jewelry.

“No,” I said quickly.

Konstantin looked at me, puzzled. “Don’t you want the earrings? Is there something else?”

“No,” I said, taking a slow breath. “That is too much.”

He smiled at me and signed the slip before handing it back to the man. Grinning broadly, the man rose. He took the two boxes and left the room. As we stood, the other door opened, and the young man was there to lead us back out.

I wasn't used to such luxury and would prefer it if he kept it simple. But I didn't know how to tell him without hurting his feelings. I got back in the car without a word. I was trying to find a way to gently let him know how I felt.

He smiled as we pulled out of the parking and headed down the street. Next, we stopped at an ice cream parlor. This was more suitable for me, I thought as we entered the shop. We sat in a corner booth, and the waitress brought two menus.

"So," he said after studying the menu for several seconds. "What are you having?"

"They all sound amazing, I can't decide," I replied, wishing I could have them all. I had been craving ice cream the last week. I had Mila buy me a small tub every day. I suspected she had told him, and that was why he had brought me here.

"Let's test a couple then," Konstantin replied, waving at the waitress. We tried several different flavors before deciding which ones were best. There were two flavors I truly enjoyed. As I ate them, I let out a low moan. The taste sensation was purely delightful; I couldn't help myself.

"I wasn't expecting that," Konstantin mumbled as I closed my eyes. I was absorbed by the taste. Opening my eyes, I noticed his grin. I felt my cheeks heat up as I blushed. Feeling slightly embarrassed, I lowered my gaze.

Reaching across the table, Konstantin lifted my head before continuing. "Sugar, that sound is honey to my ears, don't hide it."

I smiled at him but felt the red glow spreading. Even my ears were on fire. By the time we left, I was overflowing with sweetness.

From there, he took me to a private book reading by my favorite author. There were only a handful of people present. It was held at the author's house. It had cost him a

pretty penny to get in here. I was thrilled to be there but felt he was spending a lot of money on wildly lavish things.

I got to meet the author and get a signed copy of her latest book. I loved it and was overcome with pleasure, but it was all too much. “Konstantin,” I said as we headed to our next destination. “I love everything we’ve done so far. But you don’t need to spend so much.”

Grinning at me, he replied enthusiastically. “Sugar, there is no price on happiness.”

We stopped at a private deep-sea aquarium. No other people were around, and I suspected he had booked the entire place. I felt a little guilty knowing he had spent so much money on me. The day was marvelous, but I realized I preferred the simple things in life. I didn’t need all this lavishness.

We spent two hours roaming the dark hallways, looking at the wonderful creatures. As we headed back to the exit, Konstantin smiled at me. “Ready for dinner?” he asked.

As I responded with a yes, I hoped dinner would be more normal. I hoped he didn’t go overboard with that as well. Not that I was complaining. It was nice to be spoiled. But I didn’t want him to spend so much to impress me.

I sat watching him as we drove to our next destination. He seemed overly happy. He appeared to be singing under his breath as he moved his head from side to side. I had never seen this calmer side of him, and I was fascinated.

We pulled into a dark alley, and I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. “Where are we?” I asked as he stopped.

“Don’t worry, it’s a friend’s place.” He replied, hopping out.

I was astonished as I got out to find the alley clean and quiet. There were no people, no trash lying around, or sprayed saying on the walls. Most alleys I've seen were horrid. It was a place to stay clear of.

A door on the side of the building opened and flooded the area with light. "Dinner awaits, my lady," Konstantin said as he took my hand and led me inside. We entered the place through the kitchen. The staff all greeted us cheerily, and the odors were divine.

My stomach growled, and I realized I was actually starving. As we walked into the dining area, I gasped. The lights were turned down low. In the middle between all the empty tables was one with candles lit on it. Between the tables on the floor was a line of candles leading to that table. It was all so romantic.

We walked through the deserted restaurant to that table. "Konstantin," I said as we sat down. "You didn't have to."

"But I wanted to, my sugar," he replied, waving his hand in the air. The waiter came over with our drinks and starters. "I hope you don't mind, but I already chose the meals."

Shaking my head, I didn't know what to say. I felt overwhelmed by everything. We shared a delightful three-course meal. The food was to die for.

As we left after the best dinner I have ever had, I smiled at him as he opened the door. "Can I drive?" I asked.

Konstantin's mouth fell open, and his eyes seemed to double in size. "What," he uttered.

Grinning, I continued. "I want to take you somewhere."

He fumbled in his pocket and held out the keys to me. I was stunned he didn't argue or resist. I knew how to drive; I just didn't enjoy it much. He could have told me to give him directions, but he didn't.

Pulling out, I went slow. I headed to a secluded piece of beach I had found during high school. It was my favorite place to just clear my mind. Stopping on the street, next to a row of trees, I turned to him before getting out.

"Baby, thank you for a lovely evening, but I think you went a little overboard. I'm not one for lavish or fancy things."

I could see the worry in his eyes as he responded in a shaky tone. "Was it a bad date? Did you like anything?"

"No, no, don't get me wrong," I said, taking his hand. "It wasn't bad, that's not what I meant. I just want you to dial it down a bit."

He smiled softly and nodded as he spoke. "Understood."

"Follow me," I said as I got out. I led him down a narrow path through some trees and bushes. Stepping through the last trees into the clearing, we were on the beach. I heard him gasp. The view was blocked by the trees, but it was spectacular.

The sun had started setting. It was throwing an orange glow over the ocean. Taking off my shoes and carrying them, I started towards the water. I loved walking barefoot on the sand. Glancing back, I saw Konstantin jumping around on one leg, trying to get his other shoe off.

Laughing at the sight of him, I stopped and waited. "You think that's funny," he shouted as he ran towards me.

Sprinting towards the ocean, I hollered back at him over my shoulder. “I do.”

I was almost in the water when I felt his arm closing around my waist. He softly pulled me to a stop, and we tumbled over. For a moment, we lay laughing in the sand. Getting up first, he held out his hand and pulled me to my feet.

Pulling me into his arms, he kissed me. I felt all expectations flowing away as the ocean lapped at the beach behind us. “How did you find this place?” he asked as he let go of me.

Holding his hand, I moved to the edge of the water. We stood with our toes in the water. Every time the waves came in, our feet would disappear and reappear as the water pulled back.

“I stumbled upon it one day while roaming around after my mother’s passing.” Swallowing hard, I felt his hand move across my back as he pulled me closer. “I have been coming here for years now. Every time I felt alone or needed comfort, I came here. It calms me. The sound of the waves crashing, the water rumbling. It’s nice to be here.”

Glancing up, I noticed he was looking at me oddly. Bending over, I cupped my hand and splashed him with water before taking off. He dashed after me again. Luckily, we didn’t tumble as we were in the water.

We kicked water at each other for a bit and ran up and down the beach. Before we were completely soaked, I stopped. Konstantin pulled me into his strong embrace, looking out over the ocean. Leaning back against his chest, I felt safe. “This is nice,” I whispered as we watched the sunset.

Turning in his arms before heading back to the car, I kissed him passionately. “Thank you,” I breathed out over his lips.

“Look,” he whispered, pointing out to the ocean.

Turning back, I saw the most amazing thing ever. A group of dolphins were jumping in and out of the water. “That is something you don’t see every day,” I replied softly. We stood until they disappeared into the night.

Konstantin put on the heater as we got in. The night air was cooling quickly. Leaning over, I kissed his cheek. “Thank you for an amazing day,” He took hold of one side of my face as he kissed me back. For a moment, our tongues tangoed with each other.

He moved his seat back and pulled me onto his lap. Placing my hands on his chest, I could feel his heart racing even through all his muscles. His hands moved up and down my legs. His touch was tender and warm. I felt my insides stirring.

While we kissed, I felt his hands move over my back down to my rear. He pulled me closer as our kiss intensified. His hands moved back up and into my hair.

Shifting on his lap, I caressed his chest and abs as I moved down to his pants. Pulling his shirt out of his pants, I placed my hands on his abs. His skin was sizzling as I moved over those perfectly formed abs to his chiseled chest. I loved the feeling of him. He moved his hands around, grabbing hold of my breasts. I moaned as he squeezed them tenderly.

The weather outside was very cool, and the car windows started steaming up with the heat we were giving off. Konstantin kissed my neck softly, pulling my head back as he moved down to my breasts. He came back to my neck. I nibbled on his ear as I breathed out heavily. “Baby,” I whispered.

His mouth found mine, and his kiss was hard but sensual. My stomach was making waves as my body tingled. Nibbling his lower lip, I felt his love for me growing. Tugging gently at his bottom lip with my teeth, he shifted under me. Konstantin

accidentally pressed my body back as he moved.

The next moment, the quiet night air was filled with the loud hooting of his car horn. We stopped and glanced around as I shifted off the steering wheel. Looking at him, I knew we both got a fright. I started giggling as he hugged me.

Konstantin took hold of my face, staring into my eyes he spoke softly. “You are my world. But I think we should be getting back. I don’t want you freezing and getting ill in this night breeze.”

Placing my hand on his cheek, I kissed him passionately before getting back into my seat. He got out and took off his jacket. “Here, put this on,” he said, getting back in and starting the car.

Our drive home was spent in silence but wasn’t uncomfortable. I welcomed the bit of silence as it gave me time to think. Today was a special day, one I will never forget. Staring out at the stars starting to accumulate in the sky, I felt calm.

I loved everything Konstantin offered. Yet, I didn’t want to depend financially on him or his family. I had to be able to provide for myself. As we pulled in, I smiled at Konstantin as I spoke. “Do you know when Piotr will be returning?”

Konstantin gave me a sideways glance before getting out. He opened my door and waited for me to get out before he replied. “I think they’re getting back tomorrow or the day after. Why do you want to know?”

“It’s just been a while since I’ve seen them, is all,” I replied. I felt drained from the day's activities and was glad to be able to go to bed.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

I was happy to greet my brother at the door to our offices. Piotr and Alyssa had been abroad for a while now. It was great to have them back. Even though Leon and I coped with the daily running of the business, I missed them around the house.

They were perfect together. I hoped Dahlia and I would be as happy as they were one day. After exchanging hugs, we moved to the lounge-type kitchen. Mila had ensured there were snacks and something to drink.

Sitting down, we quickly ran through the business dealings and events. Once the business was concluded, we could relax.

“How have things been with Dahlia?” Piotr asked, smiling.

“It’s been okay. She is good, as far as I can tell. I just have to keep fighting this urge to wrap her in bubble wrap and place her in a bulletproof room.” I replied, grinning.

They burst out laughing. “Wanting to keep her safe is good,” Alyssa said. “But be careful of pushing her away.”

“Yes, I know. Thank you.” I replied. “I guess you are aching to get home?”

“We are, in fact,” Piotr replied, rising. “See you there?”

“Yes, I just want to wrap up some things. See you in a bit.”

I watched as they left before heading to my office. Once I had made some calls and checked my emails, I also headed home. Arriving home, I found Mila and Dahlia in

the kitchen. They appeared to be in a serious conversation. I wondered what they could be discussing.

Entering the kitchen, I kissed Dahlia on the cheek. “Hi there,” I said. The two women smiled at me as they each picked up a bowl.

“Supper is almost ready,” Mila responded as they walked to the living room.

Following them, I found the entire family gathered. “Wow,” I said. “What a surprise. A family dinner?”

“Yes, we thought it would be nice to have a meal together with everyone home,” Leon said, shaking my hand.

“Indeed, it is,” I replied, taking my place. It felt different, with the table practically filled right around now. There was only one place still open. That would be for Mila’s partner if she ever found one.

All seemed peaceful at first. Everyone dished up, and we listened to Piotr and Alyssa tell us more about their trips. There was a lot of laughter and teasing, even during dinner. The mood was light and calming.

We were basically done when Dahlia drew everyone’s attention. “Piotr, as you know, I have great analyzing and data-gathering skills. As I have proven to you all.” She glanced around at us as she continued. “I know I can be useful in the organization if given a chance. I would appreciate it if you could consider letting me join. I want to earn my own income.”

Anger filled me as I listened to her talk. Taking a deep breath, I clutched the sides of my chair to stay seated. I knew I had to stay calm. As I felt my temper starting to settle, Piotr replied.

“I will admit that your skills can be of great help. What you offer is unique and has helped us before. But it is not a decision I can make alone. You understand that, don’t you?” We all need to be in agreement.”

It looked like Dahlia was about to say something when Piotr raised his hand, silencing her. “Once we have talked about it, we will inform you of our decision,” he added calmly.

Dahlia nodded and smiled at him. Every bite after that tasted like sand and mudpie. I couldn’t get another bite in. I felt tense and slightly sick in my stomach. Once everyone was done, we started clearing the table.

After taking away the last dishes, I leaned closer to Dahlia and whispered. “Let’s talk.” Instead of going back to the table, I walked past the stairs to the passage below. I heard Dahlia excusing herself and knew she was coming. Stopping where I knew no one could hear us, I turned and waited.

“Why didn’t you tell me you wanted to join the org?” I asked, anger dripping from my voice.

“Because I knew you would say no. This way, everyone knows how I feel.” She retorted.

Clenching my fists, I took a deep breath before speaking. “Dahlia, sugar, I only want to keep you safe.”

Dahlia placed her hand tenderly on my chest as she continued. “I don’t want to rely on anyone, baby. I know you can provide. But I want to be financially independent. I want to be with you, and this is the solution.”

Taken aback by her words, I stood for a moment as her words played on repeat in my

head. I felt a strange feeling of satisfaction replacing my anger. She wanted to be with me is all I could think of.

The joy didn't last very long as my protective side started setting off alarms. There was a war raging within me. I wanted her to be happy, but I also wanted to lock her away from the world and keep her safe. "Our work is dangerous sugar, and you are pregnant. Have you considered the consequences?" I said in as calm a tone as I could muster.

I noticed a slight frown forming on her pretty face as she thought. Shifting on my feet, I tried to calm the rampant emotions running wild within. My feelings and instincts were in great conflict. As I waited for her to respond, my mind kept throwing me with images of her getting hurt.

There was nothing I wanted more in that moment than to lock her up. Yet, I knew she would hate me if I did. It felt like my mind was going to explode. I had to do or say something. Lowering my gaze, I focused on the floor, hoping she would see the anger I was concealing.

Dahlia took my face in her soft hands. She lifted it so she could look into my eyes. She spoke in her silky, soft tone. "I wouldn't do anything dangerous. Not while pregnant." She paused for a moment before continuing. "Even after the babies come, I will most likely never get into a conflict situation. You know my work can be done away from the actual dangers of the job. Just like the one we did."

"Babies?" I spat at her. "What do you mean babies?"

Dahlia grinned then glanced down as she spoke. "I had another doctor's visit. Apparently, we're having twins."

Considering this, I felt the war inside calming a little. I was overwhelmed with joy.

Pulling her closer, I hugged her and kissed her cheek. “Dahlia,” I said in a raspy tone. “I don’t know what I’ll do if anything happens to you. You have become a big part of my life, and I think I’m falling.”

Her face lit up like the Fourth of July fireworks show. She kissed me hard. She licked my lips as she spoke into my mouth. “I think I love you too.”

Swinging her sideways, I held tight as I lowered her upper body, staring into her eyes. “Sugar, you are something,” I breathed out before kissing her tenderly. I was sure it was the softest kiss we ever shared, but it was magical.

Pulling her back up, I hugged her as I whispered into her ear. “Okay, let’s give it a try. I will speak to the others. You will work from here and in the van, nothing more. But if anything goes wrong, it is over.”

Dahlia nodded profusely as I let go. She was beaming as she turned and headed back to the table. My heart felt whole seeing her so happy, and I knew I made the right choice.

After our last cup, we went upstairs and took a relaxing bath. Dahlia sat before leaning against my chest, drawing hearts on my thighs in the bubbles. I felt calm and at peace.

Laying in bed, I held her tight as we fell asleep.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

The Morozov family hired us to repossess a family heirloom that had gone missing. They suspected one of their workers but had no proof. We found out it was actually a friend of one of their workers. He was working for another Bratva, and we had to infiltrate.

I ran the analysis and directed our operations from the van. I led the men in, straight to the package, and back out without being noticed. It was phenomenal.

“That was so awesome! When do we get to do that again?” I asked, jumping up and down in my seat. I was stoked. The job went off without a hitch.

“Calm down, sugar,” Konstantin replied, laughing. “We will get other jobs you can assist with. Just give it time.”

Glancing around, I noticed we were driving up a mountain. Konstantin pulled into an open space on one of the cliffs and parked the car sideways. “What are we doing here?” I asked, a bit confused. The view was stunning, but I thought we were going to celebrate.

“We are celebrating your first successful job, sugar,” he said as he got out of the car. Konstantin opened my door and led me around to his side. I noticed the pillow on the seat as he opened the backdoor on his side of the car. “Sit here. I’m just going to get something from the trunk.”

I sat down and stared at the view as I waited. The sky was clear and appeared bluer than usual. The sun shone down hot. As it hit the buildings and trees, everything appeared to glitter. I felt like I was living a dream and didn’t even notice Konstantin

returning. As he touched my leg, I jumped.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to scare you,” he said softly, holding up a bottle and two glasses.

“You know I can’t drink with the pregnancy,” I said as he handed me the glasses.

“I know,” he smiled. “It’s non-alcoholic champagne.” Holding out the glasses, he filled them both. Taking one, he lowered himself and sat between my feet against the car.

“The thrill and excitement of the job was such a rush,” I said as we sat staring at the beautiful world. “I could really see myself doing this full-time.” As I spoke, I noticed the pitch of my voice rising.

Placing my hand over his shoulder, I continued to mumble on about how amazing the job was. Konstantin took my hand, kissed it, and smiled at me over his shoulder. He got on his haunches and turned toward me, kissing me passionately. I immediately fell quiet. It was so unexpected but nice.

Staring into his eyes, I placed my hands in his hair at the base of his head. Shifting forward on the seat, I kissed him back with force. Konstantin pulled the pillow out from under me and lowered me on the back seat.

Konstantin hovered above me holding himself up with his hands on the front seat and back seat. As my belly grew, so did the space between us. Even so, he made sure I always felt his presence. It always felt as if we were up close. He kissed my cheeks, forehead, and neck before shifting back out.

Standing next to the car, he pulled my panties off and pushed my dress up. A hot breeze blew in through the open door, prickling my exposed pussy. After taking off his clothes, he lifted my ass and placed the pillow under it. This raised my pussy and

opened my legs a bit more.

Glancing down, I saw him pouring some of his champagne over my pussy. The coolness made my stomach turn, and I gasped. “Oh, baby,” I breathed out, feeling my senses tingling. Bending forward, he placed his head between my legs and licked my pussy. My body shook lightly as I was already burning for him.

After a couple of quick flicks of his tongue, making me shake, he grabbed my hips and pulled me closer to him. He lifted one leg, placing my foot on the rubber just inside the door. After doing the same with the other one, he had me nicely spaced open. Konstantin held my hips as he slowly pushed his stiff cock into me.

He started moving slowly. Every third penetration, he would shove into me with power. I licked my lips as I moaned. The fire between us burned hot. As he started increasing the pace, I felt my desire growing. “Baby,” I huffed out between jagged breaths.

Pulling back, Konstantin pulled me out of the car. Turning me around, I went back in on my hands and knees. Konstantin pushed my head down so my back arched up as he tenderly penetrated me again. My legs were close against each other, and he was standing with his on the outside.

“Sugar,” he breathed out as he moved faster and faster. “You feel so heavenly. Your pussy is warm and wet; I like it.” As he moved, he rubbed and lovingly slapped my butt. Gripping my hips firmly, he went faster.

Lifting my head, I growled. “Oh, baby, don’t stop,” I breathed out, feeling my body light up with delight.

It only took another three or four hard pumps for me to climax. As I arched my back and let out a low moan, I felt him shaking and knew he had also reached the blowing

point. Konstantin helped me out. After we got dressed, we shared another glass before heading back.

He had barely started the car when his phone rang. It was Mila wanting to know where we were. The meeting with the Morozov family was about to start. Konstantin assured her we were on our way.

As we pulled in, Ashan also arrived at the office. “Hi, how you doing?” he greeted.

“Good, and you?” Konstantin replied as we walked up to the board room. Mila was waiting at the door. Konstantin leaned closer as we got to her. “Could you take Dahlia home? She needs to rest,” he asked, smiling at me.

“Yes, I need to rest,” I said, slightly worn. I could do with a soaking bath, I thought. I kissed Konstantin and went with Mila.

The drive home was quiet. As we rode, I realized that I was feeling a bit sleepy. Milla stopped in Konstantin’s spot, and we headed in. “You want some tea?” she asked as I headed past the kitchen, wanting that bath.

Glancing back, I replied, “Sure, but I’m taking a bath first.”

Mila nodded and went about making coffee and tea as I headed to the room. My bath was about half over when my phone rang. Looking at the screen, I didn’t know the number, but I answered.

“Dahlia, Dahlia,” Aleksandr’s voice came over the phone. “Can you hear me?”

“Aleksandr?” I replied, not sure what was happening.

“Dahlia,” he said again. “Please come quickly. I need your help. I will send you the

address. Please hurry.”

Before I could reply or ask anything more, the line went dead. I stared at the phone as I closed the taps. I couldn’t do anything; he was my cousin and had done so much for me. But I knew how the family felt about him. If I told them, they would surely stop me from going.

My phone pinged as I debated what to do, and an address came through. That must be it, I thought. I was worried about my cousin and decided I would sneak out. I didn’t want to bother anyone and would handle this by myself.

Sneaking out through the patio door, I hoped no one saw me. I was about halfway towards the gate when Mila spoke up behind me. I jumped into the small bush next to the driveway. I had not even heard her coming. “Where are we going? she asked, staring at the gate.

“Jeez...” I breathed out as I stood holding my chest. “You want to give me a heart attack?” I breathed in slowly and deeply, trying to calm my racing heart.

“Why are you sneaking around? You know I can take you anywhere you want to go. Or, you can wait for Konstantin,” Mila rubbed her head. She looked confused. “Why are you not waiting? You are sneaking off; what is going on?”

Sitting down on the gravel, I sighed. “My cousin called,” I said, looking towards the gate. “He sounded scared and said he needed help.”

“You know we can help you,” Mila said, getting off her bike. She stood with her arms folded across her chest.

“I thought I would go and see what was happening before speaking to you all,” I replied.

“Let me take you; it will be much quicker,” she offered.

“No,” I replied, standing up. “It’s my cousin. I know him, and I am in no danger. He will not harm me. There is no need to come.”

Mila shook her head as she responded. “I don’t like the sound of this. I think I should come just in case he is in trouble. I insist, or you can wait for the men.”

Knowing I had no options, I nodded. I didn’t have time to argue and knew it wouldn’t make a difference. I showed her the address and got on the back of her bike. It was quite a distance to go, which I didn’t know. As we arrived, I was grateful that she had come. I wouldn’t have been able to walk the distance.

Mila stopped on the opposite side of the street. She studied the building. Looking at me, she was frowning. “I don’t like this,” she said. “The place seems deserted.”

The street was dark, and most of the homes were in ruins. It was also way too quiet. I also felt slightly uncomfortable but wasn’t going to show it. “Let’s just go inside and check it out,” I pleaded. “Maybe he was knocked unconscious.”

Mila nodded, and we walked across to the house. We tried to enter quietly, but the door creaked. “Aleksandr,” I called out in a whisper. Hearing a scuffling behind me and a muffled call, I turned on my heels. There were about ten men of varying height and width. The biggest one had Mila in his arms. One hand was over her mouth, and the other was around her stomach.

She was wiggling fiercely in his arms. I stepped back, drawing the gun Konstantin had given me. “Let her go!” I screamed at them. My hands were shaking so badly that I was scared if I pulled the trigger, I would shoot Mila.

The big man placed her down and let go. Mila came storming towards me. “We’re

surrounded,” she whispered.

“We don’t want to harm you,” The big guy said. “You were supposed to be alone. You must come with us.”

“Where’s Aleksandr? Where’s my cousin,” I managed to ask in a shaky voice.

“Come quietly, and you will see him,” the man said as they started closing in on us.

“No,” I heard Mila saying as she took the first swing. I took a couple of shots but was firing everywhere I wasn’t supposed to. I realized that I wasn’t as ready as I thought. Mila put up a good fight, but eventually, we got caught.

They put us in a van and drove off. I noticed Mila moving side to side for a bit, leaning down over her legs. Shifting closer, I whispered. “Are you okay? I’m sorry.”

Sitting back up, she grinned at me. “It’s going to be okay,” she whispered. “I sent word.”

I felt a little relieved, knowing that help would be coming. But I wasn’t sure how they would find us. We didn’t even know where we were going or who had taken us. No one knew we were going to meet my cousin. I wondered if these people had taken him as well. Maybe we got there first, and then they took us instead.

My head was spinning with all the questions flashing through my mind. When the van came to a stop, I wondered if this was the end of the line for us. The doors opened, and the men dragged us into a casino I had never been at before.

Glancing at Mila, I was sure she didn’t know it either. “Where are you taking us?” Mila asked sternly as she tried to break from their hold.

“Calm down; our boss wants to see you.”

Their boss, I thought. I knew there was another Bratva out there. Konstantin and Mila warned me about the danger. The danger I was in for some reason. As we walked through the building to the back, we were ushered into a room. As we went spiraling through the door, I saw Aleksandr.

He was surrounded by a lot of men as well. As I found my balance and managed to stay on my feet, I spoke out. “Cousin, were you also captured? I’m sorry if something I did got you into trouble.”

As I neared him, he held out his arms. We hugged as he spoke. “My dear Dahlia, I wasn’t captured.” He let go of me and waved his arm around the room as he continued. “These are my men.”

“Your men,” I exclaimed as I stepped back from him. “I’m confused; what is going on here? Aren’t these men Bratva?”

Aleksandr smiled softly. “My dear, I am sorry for keeping you in the dark for so long.”

I could see Mila was in just as much shock as I was. Her mouth dropped open, and her eyes appeared as large as saucers. I was sure mine looked just like hers.

“We are Bratva,” he said, stepping closer.

With each step he took towards me, I took one backward. “Dahlia,” he said. “I will not harm you, and neither will my men.”

Glancing over my shoulder, I spoke harshly. “Then let Mila go. Why do your men still have their hands on her?”

Aleksandr walked past me to her. He caressed her face as he spoke. “She’s a wild one, no?”

Mila tried to pull away as she screamed at him. “I’ll show you wild; just let me go.”

“I like her,” he said, turning back to me. “But you are right. She can’t stay.” Rubbing his chin, he looked back and then at me again. “I tell you what. You stay, and I will have my men release her in town safely. How’s that?”

Looking at Mila, she pulled her face up in a strange way. I wasn’t sure what was happening but would do anything for her safety. “Agreed,” I said. “But only if she goes unharmed.”

“You have my word, precious Dahlia.” He stated before showing the guards to remove her. As they were dragging a fighting Mila out, Aleksandr spoke again. “I promise she will be safe, my sister.”

Swinging round to face him, I almost fell over. Glancing at Mila, I saw that she was also trying to see. “My what?” I asked, stunned.

“I am not your cousin. I’m your half-brother.”

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Hearing my phone chiming next to me, I picked it up. Swiping over the screen, I saw a text from Mila. I read the message.

“We are surrounded by the enemy Bratva. Dahlia’s cousin texted her he needed help. So, I offered to go along. But it was a trap.”

Jumping out of the chair, I saw red. The chair went flying across the room. My blood was boiling. How dare anyone touch the woman I love, and my sister. Filling with rage, I swore they would regret their actions. I felt sick to the pit of my stomach. The world turned for a second before I could move.

As I stormed past Piotr on my way to the armory, I almost walked him off his feet. “Whoa there, slow down, champ. What’s going on?” I heard him calling after me. I had no time to explain and was in no state to be lectured.

Opening the safe, I grabbed my silver Desert Eagle and a box of bullets. I added my two favorite knives to my belt and slipped on into my boot cuff. Today, blood was going to flow.

Turning on my way back out, Piotr grabbed me by the shoulders. “Brother,” he breathed out. “You will not do what I think you are without us! Tell me what happened; what is going on?”

I was shaking from the rage running through me. I couldn’t form any words, so I handed him my phone. Piotr’s eyes widened as he read the text. “We have to get Leon,” he huffed. “We must go in prepared; we need a solid plan.”

Piotr turned and left, taking my phone with him. I struggled to find my feet. Everything felt numb as I tried to understand what was happening. After the job this morning, she was so excited. Things were coming together, and now this.

Glancing at my watch, it was almost time to head home. Why didn't they wait for me? I could have gone with them to protect them. They both knew the dangers. Walking slowly, I headed back up and went to Piotr's office.

He was on the phone as I entered. "Love, are you with the twins?" he asked Alyssa. I couldn't hear her reply, but as he continued, I knew she was. "We need their help to find the Dubow head office now! We need to know every building and business they own. Trouble has come our way. They have taken Dhalia and Mila."

The door opened behind me, and Leon stepped in. He took hold of my arms as he spoke, and I didn't hear what Piotr was saying. "Don't worry, brother, we'll get them. Come help me gear up."

We headed back to the armory. Leon made sure we had bulletproof vests, enough guns, and ammo. After packing the carry case, we headed back up to see if there was any news. I felt slightly better staying busy and knowing we were making plans. As the brain fog started clearing, I could think straight.

Piotr glanced at us and then spoke in his serious tone. "You will also be wearing a bulletproof vest; I won't be losing your reckless ass today. Do you understand?"

I nodded, hearing him and not wanting any arguments, I agreed. "Yes," I said. "I move faster without it. But I want to be around when my babies are born. I just need to get Dahlia back. I need my family." I realized that if I took this on lone wolf style, those things might not have become a reality.

As we headed to the cars, Piotr's phone rang. Leaving all the vehicles, we decided to

take Leon's truck. We headed to meet Alyssa and Cindy at the location the twins gave. Across the street sat one of the most expensive clubs in the city. I couldn't believe it was one of theirs.

"Right," Alyssa said, opening the building plans on the table. "This is the staff entrance, and our best point of entry," she added, pointing to a small door on the side.

As we got out, guns ready, the front doors opened. Two guards walked out. They were holding up a woman between them. They glanced at us as they pushed her into the road. She lifted her head and we saw it was Mila.

Running over, Piotr and Leon took hold of her as we walked back to the van. I was ready with my guns aimed at the door. As they helped her in, I had to ask. I couldn't wait. "Where's Dahlia? Is she inside?"

"Slow down," Mila said, spitting out some blood. "I'll explain in a minute." Her face was swollen on one side, and she looked quite beaten up. I didn't like what I was seeing.

Once we were all in the van, Alyssa and Cindy checked her wounds. "They're all superficial. She'll be fine, a bit drugged but fine."

Anxiety filled me as I sat watching her. I didn't like the fact that only Mila came out of there. I needed the information she had to rescue Dahlia. "What can we give her to bring her back quicker?" I asked, hearing the fear in my tone as it fluctuated.

"Maybe an adrenalin shot," Cindy replied. "However, depending on what they gave her, we could do more harm."

Piotr tapped my shoulder as he spoke. "Give it a second, please."

Stepping out, I paced up and down the side of the van. My mind was traveling at the speed of light. I felt my insides making knots. After a couple of minutes, Leon knocked on the side, and I got back in.

Mila's color was slowly returning, and she looked slightly more awake than before. As she spoke, we couldn't believe our ears. "Her cousin isn't her cousin."

"What do you mean? You're not making sense, Mila," I replied, feeling frustrated as it appeared the drugs hadn't worked out.

"Dahlia's cousin isn't her cousin; he's her half-brother and leader of the Dubow Bratva," she finally spat.

Shaking my head, I replied as calmly as possible. "I still have to go get her. She might be scared or think I abandoned her."

As I turned, Piotr grabbed my shoulders and spoke in an even tone. "Don't be reckless. We know nothing about them, not even how many of them there are. We need a plan. Let's take a breath and do this right."

Feeling my anger turning into rage, I shook loose from his grip. "I have to go get her. I have to save her!" I spat at him.

Trying to push past him, I felt Mila taking my hand. Glancing down, I saw the tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I'm so sorry. I tried, but there were too many. I had nothing I could leverage either. They took her away from here, I don't know where."

Bending down, I hugged her. "No, don't do that. You did what you could. You are not to blame." I whispered. My heart felt like it was breaking in two as she sobbed on my shoulder.

Before I got up, I heard Leon speaking behind me. “For now, we know she’s safe; she’s with family. I don’t think they’ll hurt her bro. We need to find out where she is, regroup, and make a plan.”

Looking up at him, I nodded. There was a large ball of clay stuck in my throat, which I had to swallow before I could speak. “Okay, but if we don’t come up with a solution soon, I’m busting in.”

Leon and Piotr grinned at each other. “Then we’re coming with,” they added in unison. We headed home so Mila could get some rest.

After I felt a little calmer, I went back to the office. There was work to be done. Still feeling restless, I couldn’t even sit down. As soon as I did, my legs would bounce and shake. My every thought kept going back to Dahlia, no matter what I tried. Then it struck me: I loved her. I could not imagine a life without her in it.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I looked at the bland brown walls. The room was lovely and neat. It was comfortable, but it wasn't home. I didn't get a good night's rest. I felt tired, and not having Konstantin around didn't feel right.

My heart was longing for him. Everywhere I turned, my mind was searching for him. I couldn't help but wonder what he was doing. Feeling the sadness crawling through me, I decided to look for Aleksandr. I had to take my mind off the loneliness I was experiencing. I wanted to learn more about the family.

Opening the door, I was greeted by the guards. I have to admit, Aleksandr had a beautiful home. But I didn't know how anyone could find their way around it. It had to have been double the size of the Smirnov mansion. I kept on getting lost every time I left my room. If not for the guards, I would never find my way back.

They weren't very friendly or helpful, though. But they hadn't prevented me from going anywhere in the mansion. After strolling through another section I had not been in, I finally found my way down to the first-floor breakfast room.

Walking in, I found Aleksandr seated by the window, reading the newspaper. There were two tables in the room. One large table in the middle with ten chairs and a smaller one by the window with only two chairs.

The bigger one was only used when the family came together. Aleksandr looked up as I walked in. "Good morning," he said. "Come join me." He got up as I approached and pulled out the other chair for me to sit.

In the corner was a door leading to the elaborate kitchen. Two maids stood there

awaiting orders. Aleksandr glanced at them, making them scurry towards us. He ordered another pot of tea and an extra cup for me.

“That’s not needed,” I said, rising. “I can get it myself if someone can just show me around the kitchen.”

“Please sit down,” Aleksandr replied. “Dahlia, you will not need to make anything yourself in my house. I pay them to do these things.”

Sitting back down, I felt out of place. Silence filled the room as he returned to reading his paper. Turning to the window, I studied the garden outside. It was peaceful here, I thought.

The maid brought the pot of tea and poured me a cup. I thanked her and watched as she resumed her place by the door. After a couple of sips, I cleared my throat before speaking. “Aleksandr,” I said and waited for him to look up. “May I ask you something?”

“Yes, dear, ask anything you want,” he replied, placing the paper down.

Looking at him, I had to know. There were so many unanswered questions. “Can you tell me why you never introduced yourself as my half-brother when we first met?”

Aleksandr sat back in his chair, staring at me for a couple of seconds. He picked up his cup, took a sip, and placed it back down. “I didn’t know about you growing up,” he started. “And our other sibling doesn’t truly know who you are yet.”

He took a deep breath and stared out the window. For a brief moment, it seemed like he had vanished into the garden. When he spoke again, he sounded distant, as if he was talking to me over a broken radio. I only learned about you after my father passed, and I took over.”

Snapping back to reality, he looked at me as he continued. “Sorry, our father. Once I reviewed the finances and the monthly bills, I picked up on the regular payments. I didn’t know the name or the account. Fitzer!” As he pronounced my last name, it seemed that he disappeared again.

Shaking his head, he smiled at me. “Well, as I dug around some more, I found your mother’s name. I couldn’t find any mention of her in our history, though. But I kept searching through my father’s things. It wasn’t like him to give strangers money.”

He took another sip of tea before he went on. “I found that the woman had given birth, and that is how I knew about you. But I still couldn’t put it together. I was about to cancel the monthly payments when I came across a stack of letters.”

Aleksandr looked at me. “It was letters your mother sent my father. The first was to inform him of the pregnancy. She said he was the father, and she was keeping the baby. But she would understand if he didn’t want to be part of your life. My father wasn’t that kind of man, you know.”

I nodded not that I knew but didn’t want to interrupt him. He sighed, closed his eyes, and spoke further. “At first, I was angry at my father. How could he have cheated on my mother? I was so upset that I called our financial manager and stopped all payments. How could he?”

Opening his eyes, I could see the pain in them. “The next day, I read some of the other letters. There was one a year. Each was sent on your birthday with photos of you as you grew. Then I came to the last letter.” Aleksandr blinked, giving me a wary smile. “It was the last one. The one where she told him about her illness.”

He looked down and then back at me. “This is when I decided to meet you. I was too late to meet your mother, and I felt bad. Then I was angry that he had kept you from us. I felt so bad; I wasn’t sure what to tell you. So, telling you I was a cousin seemed

more humane. I didn't want to hurt you."

I wasn't sure how to react. I was stunned and confused. My feelings were a whirlwind of conflict. As I sat without words, he continued. "As I grew to know you, I realized you were innocent and pure. I didn't want to get you mixed up in this dangerous life. I felt it would be best to keep you as far away from Bratva as possible."

As he breathed out the last word, I noticed his mood, his attitude, and his whole manner change. He seemed to go from cuddly, caring brother to monster brother in seconds as rage shot through him.

Getting up, he slammed his fist on the table. "If it wasn't for that..., that horrible family! You would still be safe and innocent!" Aleksandr was practically screaming out of anger.

He started pacing back and forth while I sat watching. I didn't know what to say or do. Glancing at the two maids, they stood frozen like statues. I wondered if he had regular anger tantrums like these.

After a minute or two, he appeared to calm down. He sat back down and stared at me. "Dahlia, I'm so sorry you got pulled into this life. I wish I did a better job protecting you. Of keeping you clear from the Bratva life." He took my hands and squeezed them lightly. "But now that you know everything, you can come live with me. I will teach you all I know. We would make a great team. That way, I can keep you safe, and no one will ever harm you. What do you say?"

I sat back, staring at him in disbelief. I was unable to form any words, and even if I could, I didn't know what to say. After a moment, I realized he didn't know I was pregnant. I wasn't really showing even though I was more than halfway and carrying twins.

Aleksandr had not seen me in years. I supposed he thought I had only picked up weight. I was pulled from my thoughts as he spoke again. “I know this is a lot to take in. Think about it, and we can discuss it later, okay?”

I nodded as he got up and headed to the door. Stopping, he turned and smiled back at me. “One last thing,” he said. “Our siblings are coming over later to meet you. They are all looking forward to getting to know you.

Breathing out hard, I sat back and watched him exit the room. I felt a little dizzy and sick suddenly. Pushing my hands through my hair, I wondered how I was going to tell him about the pregnancy.

He made it very clear that he had no love for the Smirnov family. How was he going to react when I told him I was having Konstantin Smirnov’s baby? This could prove to be a bigger issue than I had thought. Rubbing my tummy, I felt a pain in my chest. I missed Konstantin.

Getting up, I felt weak. I knew the stress wasn’t good for me or the pregnancy. Walking over to the maids, I asked them to bring me some plain yogurt to my room. I knew the yogurt usually soothed nausea. Heading to my room, I decided to take a shower as well. I hoped to feel better by the time the others arrived.

After eating and showering, I felt better. I spent the morning exploring the gardens to pass the time. Just before lunch, Aleksandr called for me. I followed the guard back to the house. I saw Aleksandr talking to someone in the entrance room. He saw me and signaled me to come closer.

The man nodded and left through the front door as I got to them. “Alright,” Aleksandr said, squeezing my arm. They are all waiting to meet you.”

I breathed out heavily. My heart was suddenly racing a hundred miles an hour.

“It’ll all be fine; just relax,” Aleksandr said as he led me to the meeting room.

This room also had a reasonably large table in the middle with chairs right around. A couple of couches and a bar were on one side of the room. My new family were all huddled around the bar and seated on the couches. They were talking and laughing.

As we neared them, an eerie silence filled the room. They all turned and looked at me. Never in my life had I ever felt so uneasy. “Family,” Aleksandr thundered. “This is Dahlia, our half-sister I told you about. Please make her feel at home.”

They all smiled lightly and nodded. “Let’s sit at the table as lunch is about to be served,” Aleksandr added.

Everyone jumped up and took their place at the table. I waited on one side for them to take their places so I could see where I was supposed to sit. But then Aleksandr raised his voice. “Move to the back chair. Dahlia will be sitting here for today.”

We had barely taken out places when the maids brought out the food. Aleksandr waited for them to leave the room before he spoke again. “Dahlia, as you know me, I will start. I’m the oldest of us all.”

Aleksandr was interrupted as a younger sibling spoke up. “Yes, old man. Time to step down and let one of us take over.” Looking in the direction of the deep voice, our eyes met. For a moment, we just stared.

Then Aleksandr continued. “Dahlia, let me introduce you to the others. He got up and moved around the table as he spoke. He stood behind each one as he told me their names. Aleksandr started at the end of the table with the rude one.

“The rude one is called Anton,” he said. Anton glanced up and smiled.

“Here we have Abram; next to him is Tasha, and next to you is Akim.” He said as he sat back down. Each nodded and greeted me as they were named. “Is there anything you would like to ask?” he added.

Before I could put a stop to my mouth, my words spilled out. “What does each of you do?”

Tasha grinned and was quick to answer me. “I’m the hacker of the gang!” She was proud of what she did, and it showed in her attitude. Smiling, I nodded.

Before anyone else could continue, Anton interrupted again. “Wait, wait, wait a minute.” He huffed. “We aren’t a gang, and don’t tell strangers what we do. What’s wrong with you?”

Tasha turned her head to the side and shrugged. “We barely know you,” Anton added as he sat back, folding his arms across his chest.

Abram said something I could not make out under his breath, and then Akim. Before I knew what was happening, the whole bunch was arguing.

Aleksandr tapped his fork against his glass, silencing the room. “Can we all please stop this. Dahlia is new and doesn’t know our way. Please be patient with her.”

Abram cleared his throat before speaking next. “Please understand that we don’t know you. Once we do, we’ll open up gladly. We prefer to keep our identities a secret from most people. It’s safe for business.”

I felt Aleksandr touching my shoulder and looked at him. “For many years we have practiced how to act and do things so we can blend in with normal people. So, when we are in public, people won’t know we are Bratva. This is important. Tasha also assists with the safety of the business. She has extraordinary computer and hacking

skills.”

We completed lunch and spent the rest of the evening getting to know each other. It was fun having my new family around. Getting to know my siblings and my heritage. But I missed my other family, the family I got to know and love. My mind kept going back to them.

When all my new siblings had left, Aleksandr came to me before I went back to my room. “Dahlia,” he said. “Sorry to bother you. I was wondering. We are having a small get-together in a day or two. Would you like to accompany me?”

Smiling at him, I nodded. “I would love to, thank you.”

“Yes,” he responded. “It would also be a great way to introduce you to our world.”

I kissed him on the cheek and returned to my room. After a quick bath, I prepared for bed. As I lay in bed looking out at the night sky, I thought about ways to contact Konstantin.

The party might be my only way. Aleksandr has guards everywhere. They followed me around and watched my every move. I felt almost like a prisoner. But I knew somehow, I had to make contact with Konstantin.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

I listened as Leo and Evelina explained the situation and what they had found. “We didn’t get very far before their hacker kicked us out, but we got enough. Actually, Mila got most of the information,” Evelina sighed.

“She’s being treated very well, like royalty,” Leo added. “Konstantin, I know you care for her, but she’s not in any trouble.”

I felt my stomach turning in knots. I couldn’t imagine her being happy with them. “Take some time to think about it,” Evelina said as she stood up. “Has she contacted you?”

Shaking my head, I knew they could be right. But I wanted her back. My life was a mess without her. I had fallen in love, my heart ached for her. But I would consider all the facts before acting. I thanked them for their assistance and walked them out.

Returning to the living room, Piotr and Alyssa were still seated. “Mila went to make coffee,” Piotr said. “Come sit and tell us what you want to do.”

After hearing everything, I wondered if she would rather be with her blood family than me. I felt my heart breaking, imagining a life without her. Why had she not made contact? Was she truly happy there? I couldn’t get the questions to stop.

My mind was running a marathon against my heart, and I feared both might give out soon. Taking a deep breath, I flopped back into the chair. There was no space left, even for my anger as sorrow filled my entire being.

“Konstantin,” I heard Alyssa talking. Looking up, I saw they were both staring at me

with worried expressions. “Are you with us?” she added.

Nodding my head, I tried to wipe the fog from my mind. “With all our digging,” Piotr said. “We understand why Dahlia didn’t know Aleksandr was Bratva. They did a damn good job at hiding it. On paper, his name is as clean as a white sheet of paper. There are also no ties we could find on his Bratva connection. This search was trying, bro.”

Mila came in and placed our cups on the table before taking her seat. “We also found that Aleksandr has been providing and protecting Dahlia since he became head of the family. It’s been years now, and such a bond can be hard to break.”

I felt my insides twisting as she spoke. I hated to think my sweet Dahlia would prefer to stay with those people. The more I heard, the deeper my hate for Aleksandr grew. I wanted to kill him even though he was her half-brother.

Looking up at my family, I spoke clearly. “I don’t care. I want her back no matter what. She is carrying my children.” I burned with a deep determination, and no one was going to change my mind.

I felt sure everyone could see the determination on my face as Piotr lifted his brows and spoke in an even tone. “What if she doesn’t want to come? What would you do?”

Pausing, I considered his words. The fog was clearing, and I could think. “I will show her how much I care and love her. I will spend the rest of my life making her happy.” I breathed out.

Mila’s phone rang as I rose from the table. I stood waiting as she answered. Hanging up, she grinned. “Well, bro,” she said. “You might just get that chance. That was Leo. They found out that the Dubow family is hosting a party tonight. They will all be there, Dahlia, as well.”

This was fantastic news; I felt like jumping and screaming with joy. But instead, I nodded and returned her smile. “It is good news.”

“We can infiltrate the party as we usually do,” Mila added. “Alyssa and Cindy can do surveillance from the van with Leon and Piotr. Plus, if we need assistance, they will be close.”

Grinning, I nodded. I knew they would always have my back. I was sure Mila was burning for some action.

Then Piotr interrupted. “No, Leon and I will be going in with you. Mila will stay in the van. They already know what she looks like.”

Mila gave Piotr a questioning look but smiled. I wondered if she was truly fine with staying in the van. But there wasn’t time to debate, and Piotr was the leader. Agreeing, we went to get ready.

The girls drove in the van to the location. They parked across the street so they could be close. We didn’t want all the vehicles nearby, so I parked about two blocks away and drove with Leon. Leon parked one block away, and we walked from there. Piotr went on his motorbike. He entered the parking area and stopped close to the door.

Leo was waiting for us on the other side of the door under a broken light. After we received our fake ID cards, we entered. Glancing around, I spotted two pairs of men carrying. Lightly tapping Leon, I indicated to the men. He nodded and informed Piotr.

To our left was a dance floor with tables arranged around the edges. Against the furthest wall was a stage with a band playing. Before us, against the wall was the bar. It led right around the right side. It was the longest bar counter I had ever seen. There were about twenty bar men and women serving the crowds.

Between the bar and us, on our right, were another couple of tables. There was a big screen television mounted on one wall. I assumed they used this when there were sports matches on.

The place was fuller than I could have imagined. Staying together, we moved to the right side and scanned the room. We ordered beers and moved to one of the tables. I checked everyone entering and leaving, searching every corner, but couldn't find Dahlia. After about ten minutes, I started feeling irritated.

"Let's split up and see what we can find," she huffed, rising from the table. I hadn't even taken a sip of my beer; my stomach was upset enough. I waited until my brothers got up and went in different directions. They had barely left when I spotted her. My heart jumped into my throat, and I had to sit back down.

All of a sudden, my legs felt like Jello. I wanted to run to her and pull her out. But there were four new guards just a little way behind her. Dahlia was wearing a long dark blue dress with silver stripes. She looked incredible; I couldn't peel my eye away.

I waited and watched. At some point, I would be able to find her alone. I just had to be patient. Looking left and right, I couldn't see my brothers. Pressing my hand to the earpiece, I whispered. "I have her in sight."

"Don't do something stupid," Mila spat back.

Before I could reply, I noticed Dahlia entering the bathroom. "I need a distraction, guy," I whispered as I got up. Walking towards the bathroom, I kept my eyes on the guards. Piotr and Leon came into sight. I felt relieved. I was ready to take them on if needed. But I preferred to do this as quietly as possible.

Leon and Piotr walked up to each other and started arguing. This caught the attention

of the guards. As they moved away from the bathroom door, I walked closer. I stood against the wall next to the door, waiting for her to come out.

As the door swung open and Dahlia stepped out, I pulled her into my arms. “Sugar,” I breathed out heavily. “I have missed you and needed to see you.”

Her arms wrapped around my neck as she embraced me. For a moment, we just held each other tightly. Pulling back slightly, she spoke in her sweet voice, filling me with immense pleasure. “I was looking for a way to contact you. I couldn’t get through, but I am so happy to see you.”

Hearing her voice breaking on her last words, made me angry. How dare these people keep her from me. I held her tight and spoke softly. “I never stopped searching and never would.”

Taking hold of my face, she spoke softly. “I love you, baby. I never want to be away from you for so long.”

Leaning closer, I whispered against her lips. “I think I’ve been in love with you for some time. I don’t want to spend another minute without you in my life.” As our lips brushed. I prepared for a deeply needed kiss, closing my eyes. But we were pulled apart before our lips could truly meet.

Hearing someone clearing his throat behind me, I swung around. Before me stood Aleksandr. His grin pulled his face in, making him appear slightly scary. He was a tall, well-built man with black hair. He had a unibrow and dark eyes. They appeared almost black.

If not for his thin mustache, his face would resemble a skeleton with skin over it. That was what I was seeing, but it could be my mind playing with me. I felt the blood in my veins turn to ice as I stared at him. I couldn’t see any family resemblance. Dahlia

was a ray of sunshine, an angel. This man before me looked like the devil.

I was ready to take him on if needed. Forming my hands into tight fists, I allowed my anger to heat me again. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw a guard holding Dahlia back from me. “Let her go,” I snarled.

I could hear his authority as he spoke in a smooth, deep tone. “In a minute. I was wondering whether one of the Smirnoff family would show up. I suspected one of you had fallen in love with my baby sister.”

Looking over his shoulder, I saw the guards coming our way with Piotr and Leon. “We found these men snooping around,” The one said as they shoved my brothers toward me.

“There’s no need to be rough,” I spat, stepping closer to Aleksandr.

He chuckled as he waved at more guards to come closer. “My dear, what do you take me for?”

Feeling my anger now fully flooding me, I tapped him on the chest as I spat back. “I’m no one’s fool and surely not your dear.”

Aleksandr stepped back, dusting my touch off his shirt as the guards took hold of us. “I set you up, dear,” he said, turning. I threw this party to draw you all out. I even allowed your beautiful hacker to access our systems.”

Piotr and Leon struggled in the grip of the guards, they wanted to get a hit in on this guy as much as I did. “Calm down, boys,” Aleksandr said smoothly. “For my sister’s sake, I even let your little hacker escape. I needed to draw you here.”

We all stopped struggling as his words settled. “Don’t look so surprised or serious.

Come on, guys, I just wanted to get you here to sort out the problems.”

“Okay,” Piotr replied slightly hesitantly. “Let’s talk then.”

“Not here,” Aleksandr huffed, walking toward a door behind the bar. The guards pulled us along. Stepping through the door it felt like we had entered another world. The warehouse we were now in looked a lot like one of the Morozov places.

These were used for getting rid of unwanted people and things. This couldn’t be good, I thought as we were dragged towards the back. As we neared the back door, it opened. More guards entered, pulling Alyssa, Cindy, and Mila with them.

“I thought you wanted to talk?” Piotr said loudly.

Aleksandr turned and looked back at us with that crazy grin of his. Waving a hand, the guards let us go. The women joined us as the guards made a tight circle around us. Standing behind Mila and Alyssa, I was able to take out my phone.

I wanted to send Ashan a text but decided not to. “You wouldn’t be so bold without your guards,” I said, stepping past the women. “Let Dahlia go; let her make her own choices.”

Aleksandr glanced around and waved his hand again. The guards moved back to the sides. They were still there but didn’t seem as intimidating. We can do this, I thought, looking around. They hadn’t removed any of our weapons, so he surely wanted a fight.

The guards holding Dahlia also stepped back, letting her go. Walking towards Aleksandr, I was ready to pop a bullet into his head. But out of respect for Dahlia, I would refrain from doing so.

I stopped practically on top of him before I spoke. “She’s mine!” I spat at him.

Aleksandr shoved me back, but I stood my ground. I wasn’t about to let this scarecrow take my Dahlia away.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Fear pushed through me as I watched in horror the scene unfolding before me. Walking forward, I stood between the Smirnov and Dubow family. Raising my hands, I shouted at the top of my voice. "Please stop, please."

The room filled with silence. "This is no way to be acting. Also, keep in mind, I am not property to be owned!" I said, looking sternly at Konstantin. I could see the confusion flooding his face.

Turning to Aleksandr, I continued. "I have a say in my life. If I choose to stay with Konstantin, you can't stop me." I wanted to be with Konstantin.

"You know nothing of these people. How could you want them in your life?" Aleksandr spat back. "I have looked after you. What has he done?"

I flinched, stepping back from him. Konstantin must have realized what I felt as he stepped in front of me. "Hey," Konstantin spat at Aleksandr. "That's no way to speak to her."

This fired up Aleksandr's anger. He took two big steps forward, coming to stand before Konstantin. The two stared at each other. I swore flames were coming out of their eyes and ears. The tension in the room was thicker than a rainforest.

They started moving forth and back as they shoved each other. "You know nothing about me or my family!" Konstantin spat. "How dare you try to drag our name through the ditch!" He had his finger in Aleksandr's face.

Aleksandr didn't look pleased. Before I could act, he raised his fist and punched

Konstantin. Konstantin went spiraling backward. He fell to the ground but was instantly back on his feet.

Moving quickly, I placed myself between them again. I was just in time to stop Konstantin from hitting back. My heart was racing, I felt sweat breaking out. I couldn't let the two men I cared for most in this world attack each other. I thanked the stars as his fist stopped inches from my face. I could see the two of them were about to tear out each other's throats.

On both sides, the members of the families were getting ready for a fight. "STOP!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. This caught everyone's attention. Turning to Aleksandr, I spoke loudly so everyone could hear me clearly. "I'm pregnant if you haven't noticed."

He took a couple of steps backward, scanning me from head to toe. The room appeared to have calmed vaguely. Moving to Konstantin's side I took hold of his arm as I continued. "Konstantin is the father and has been providing for me for months now."

Konstantin placed his arm around me. Glancing at him, I could see his protective instincts had kicked in. Smiling at him, I spoke softly. "Baby, I'll be fine."

Walking to Aleksandr, I lowered my head to the side, smiling. As I stood before him, I took his hands as I spoke. "I will forever be grateful for all you have done and given me, brother."

He squeezed my hands. "I can support you and the baby. You will have a good life," he said, glaring over my shoulder.

"Babies, Aleksandr," I said, catching his attention.

His eyes widened as he looked down at my belly. “You are having twins?”

“Yes,” I said, nodding. My smile broadened, pulling up my cheeks. “I want to be with Konstantin. I want my babies to grow up knowing their father. He is a good man, Aleksandr.”

Aleksandr placed his hands on my stomach as he looked into my eyes. “Are you sure this is what you want? You aren’t being pressured into this?”

“Yes, I want a big family,” I responded cheerily. Once the words had left my mouth, I noted a couple of raised eyebrows and head shakes from those around us.

“I’m not sure...” Aleksandr had barely started his sentence when I interrupted.

Taking a step back, I rubbed my belly as I spoke. “Please, for me and the babies, accept my choice.”

Aleksandr let out a big sigh, lowering his head. “There is so much we could all offer each other if we work together,” I said, glancing around. “With so many bright minds and skilled people in one family, just think of what we could accomplish?”

Everyone started looking around at each other. “Please, Aleksandr. Want to go home with Konstantin. But...,” Moving back to him, I continued. “But I promise I will come visit. Yet, I don’t want any troubles between my two families.”

Aleksandr pulled me into his arms, hugging me softly. “Okay, but please keep in touch, and if there is anything, I mean anything,” he said, looking over my shoulder. “I’m just a call away.”

“Yes, I know. I love you.” I replied, walking backward to Konstantin. Aleksandr nodded, lifted his hand, and waved it as he turned. The Dubow family turned and

moved back. I could leave safely with the Smirnov family.

As we left the building, Konstantin spoke. “We’ll not be coming home; I think it’ll be safer for tonight.”

Piotr nodded as they got into their vehicles and left. “We’ll be staying at a hotel,” he said, opening the car door for me.

I nodded as I got in. If it made him feel better, I would go along. Once we arrived at the hotel and were safely in our room, Konstantin pulled me into his arms and hugged me firmly. “I was so worried. I missed you,” he said, kissing me.

“I missed you too,” I replied, returning his kiss with a more passionate one.

He lifted me off my feet and walked to the bedroom. Turning, he shoved the door closed and placed me on the small counter against the wall. Grabbing hold of his shirt, I pulled it up over his head. Dropping it to the floor, I felt his hands unbuttoning my blouse. Pushing it to the sides and exposing my breasts, he smiled. The bra I wore had a zipper between my breasts at the front.

He took hold of the zipper and slowly pulled it down. As he pulled it apart, exposing my breasts, he leaned in, kissing each. Konstantin grabbed my arse and pulled me forward to the edge. As I moved, I felt my skirt staying behind.

Konstantin took hold of my one breast while he sucked and nibbled at the other one. His tongue lapped at my erect nipple, sending a pleasurable sensation running wild. Leaning back on the counter, I pushed my breasts out more. Holding myself up with one hand, I took hold of his head as I moaned.

Moving up, he kissed my neck and then found his way to my lips while he was undoing his pants. I heard them drop to the floor as he moved down my body.

Grabbing hold of my hips, he placed my legs over his shoulders. Gently, he wiggled my panties down and pulled them off.

Glancing at him, he smiled at me before placing his head between my legs. Throwing my head back, I waited in anticipation of his next move. I felt his mouth closing over my pussy as his tongue moved slowly up and down. Moaning with pleasure, my body arched even more.

Grabbing the sides of the counter, I breathed out heavily. “Oh, baby, how I’ve missed you,” I said between jagged breaths as he sucked my clitoris in between his lips. Coming back up, I felt his finger on my clitoris as he penetrated me.

As we made love, I felt his finger moving up and down, and around in circles. My body was shaking as ecstasy filled every inch of me. Taking hold of my hips, he thrust hard into me. The moan escaping me was louder than usual. Konstantin leaned forward, covering my mouth with his.

Our tongues met as our lips played. Feeling my body heating up as I came closer to climaxing, I wrapped my legs around him. He increased the pace, and I felt him climaxing at the same time.

Konstantin picked me up and lowered me to the floor, breathing heavily. My legs were a little shaky, but I managed to walk to the bathroom. We had a relaxing shower and got dressed. I sat outside on the balcony gazing at the stars while Konstantin ordered hot chocolate and something to snack on.

Soon, he joined me and handed me a steaming cup of delight. There were cream and tiny marshmallows on top. I looked and tasted great. “It’s so peaceful here at night,” I said. “The stars and city light are shining brightly, I love it.”

Putting his cup down, Konstantin moved around the table and knelt before me. “The

stars and city lights may be sparkly,” he replied. “But they are nothing compared to your glittering beauty.”

Setting my cup on the table, I stared at him wide-eyed.

“Dahlia,” he said, taking my hand. “Will you please do me the honor of being my wife?”

For a moment, I couldn’t find the words. I felt frozen in place. My heart was beating so loud I was sure it could be heard down in the street.

“Dahlia,” Konstantin breathed out heavily. “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” I managed to get out eventually.

“Yes, you are okay, or yes, you will marry me?” he asked. His voice was shaky as he spoke.

“Yes, I will marry you,” I finally managed to say as tears streamed down my face. Flinging my arms around his neck, I hugged him. “I love you.”

Konstantin stood, picking me up as he did. “I love you more,” he whispered, holding me in his arms and swinging softly from side to side.

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

Standing before the mirror, fastening my tie, I grinned. Today was the day. Then I heard a knock at the door. Glancing back, I wondered who it could be. "Come in."

Mila, Piotr, and Leon all came barging through the door. "Now, don't you look fine. The color really suits you," Mila said, grinning.

Looking back to the mirror, I nodded. Leon came to stand beside me, scanning my reflection. "Calm down, bro; before you know it, the day will have passed us by," she said, bumping me lightly.

Turning to him, I pushed back softly as I spoke. "I am calm, man. Smooth as a cucumber, stop stressing about me." I was a wreck inside, but I wasn't about to admit that to them. It felt as if I might faint. My skin was cold and clammy. Looking down, I was sure my legs were shaking, but they appeared normal.

Mila and Leon each hugged me before leaving. "It's time," Piotr said as they disappeared. Piotr walked with me to the front of the ceremony. Ashan had arranged for us to use the stretch of beach where we ended our date night. I knew if Dahlia could choose any place in the world, this would be it.

With her wanting a simple wedding, I decided to take control and surprise her. I knew that, traditionally, most women did all the planning. But Dahlia didn't seem interested in doing so. When I offered to do it, she welcomed the suggestion.

I noticed more guests arriving while standing in the sand at the front. Next to me was Piotr, Leon, and the priest. They sat down at the back. I couldn't make out who they were at first.

The music started playing, and everyone rose. Dahlia came towards me on Mila's arm. I noticed their reactions to the latecomers as they reached the last row. Dahlia's face lit up, and Mila's was filled with confusion and surprise.

It could only mean that the Dubow's had come even though they never replied to the invitation. This realization made me slightly uncomfortable. Yet, I was relieved that they showed for Dahlia's sake. She was clearly delighted by the sight of them.

Watching her walk toward me, I froze. It felt like time and space had stopped. My heart started pounding so hard my chest felt like it was going to implode. I battled to catch my breath. I wanted to run to her and sweep her off her feet. I wanted to take her in my arms and disappear together.

She was an angel gliding towards me. A light brighter than any sun could ever be. Drooling like a puppy, my mind flooded with delight, knowing she was mine. Her hair was braided into a bun, but a couple of loose strands framed her sensational face. The make-up was natural-looking, clean, and professional.

The emerald-green eye shadow used made her hazel eyes glisten golden. Even without any jewelry, she was a vision. As she approached, the stunning pure white with a hint of pearl mermaid dress flared out, catching my attention. It fitted her like a glove, showing every sensational curve.

Her shoulders and neck were exposed. The diamond-shaped body of the dress framed her perfectly. The tail dragged about a meter behind her. In her hand, she held a bouquet of white roses with hints of ivory mixed in. I was so lost in her beauty that I didn't realize she was standing right in front of me.

Feeling her touching my hand ripped me from my thoughts. I squeezed her hands as I smiled. "You are gorgeous," I whispered.

“Konstantin, are you okay?” she asked, sounding faintly frightened.

“Oh, yes, sugar. Your beauty has entranced me.” I said, leaning in and kissing her cheek.

Clearing his throat, the priest drew our attention. I barely heard anything he said as I could not keep my eyes from Dahlia and my mind focused. Whenever Dahlia squeezed my hands, I replied, “I do.” The ceremony went quicker than I thought it would.

As the priest started saying, “I now pronounce,” I had wrapped my arms around her and was kissing her passionately. I never wanted to let her go again; I wanted to keep her in my embrace for eternity.

No matter how many times we had kissed before, it still felt like fireworks were going off between us. We melted into one, and everything around us vanished. As we pulled apart, gasping for air, the people rose and started clapping.

Glancing around, I realized the ceremony was done. Taking her hand, we turned to our family and friends. “We’re married!” I shouted.

Dahlia giggled beside me. Glancing at her, she smiled and shook her head. I winked and picked her up into my arms. Carrying her, I walked back through the people to the reception area.

The beach was decorated with palms and other plants to simulate an oasis of sorts. Instead of tables, picnic blankets, and baskets were placed around the area. Our spot had two loungers covered in pillows and rose petals. Lowering her to one, I kissed her cheek. “I’ll be right back, sugar,” I said before heading to the bar.

I collected our drinks and headed back to my angel. As I moved, my eye caught the

Dubow family heading her way. Putting a trot in my step, I hurried back. I made it just before they got there. After everything, I wasn't going to allow them time alone with my bride.

Dahlia's brother Aleksandr stepped forward and held out his hand. As I shook it, he spoke. "Congratulations on the marriage." I was flabbergasted and struggled to find my words.

He stepped over to Dahlia and kissed her cheek. "I'm so glad you found happiness," he said. The other siblings followed suit. As they congratulated us, I noticed Leon and Mila heading our way. All the activities surely caught their attention.

Standing beside her, I squeezed her shoulder. "Thank you for coming; I know it means a lot to Dahlia," I said.

Aleksandr glanced at the family around him as he cleared his throat. "Well, seeing that we are now all family," he started. "Why don't we create an alliance for Dahlia's sake? What do you say?"

Before I could even consider his words, I felt a hand on my shoulder. My mind was still trying to absorb what he was saying as he continued. "We can make this work for both families."

I understood that he truly cared for her. But this wasn't a decision I could make alone. It was indeed a family matter. Aleksandr pulled back as Mila and Leon moved to my sides. Looking past him, I saw Piotr was assessing our situation. Waving at him, I showed him to come closer.

"We'll give you a second," Aleksandr said. Holding out his hand to Dahlia, I nodded, and she took it. She walked with them to the bar.

I wanted to shake his hand and accept his offer. If not for Mila and Leon at my sides, I probably would have without thinking twice. But I knew it was not only my decision to make. Piotr joined us looking at me with wide eyes, expecting me to tell him something.

My mind was still wrapped around the fact that I hadn't just accepted it there and then. Mila quickly filled Piotr in on our conversation. He looked back at the family crowding the bar. "For Dahlia, I think we can make an exception," he said.

"Agreed," Mila chipped in. I was surprised at her quick response but appreciated the support.

Lunging forward, I embraced him in a manly hug. "Thank you, I will make sure things run smoothly," I said, stepping back.

"We must be wary of what we share until we know more," Piotr added.

We all agreed that each of us would spend time with them and assess their intentions. "Now, for heaven's sake, can we enjoy the wedding?" I asked, heading to the bar. I didn't wait for a response. I only wanted to be with my bride.

Walking up to Dahlia, I hugged her tightly. "Want to cut the cake?" I asked, turning her to see the cake being brought in. I waited until they placed the three-tier cake on the stand between the blankets before guiding Dahlia to it.

We held the knife together as we cut a big piece of cake. Placing it on a plate, we fed each other a bit. Dahlia went first and smashed the piece into the side of my mouth. She giggled as everyone laughed.

"Is that how it works?" I asked lightly. Picking up the remaining piece from the plate, I softly pressed it into her face. I avoided her eyes but caught her nose, cheeks, and

chin. We laughed as we licked each other's faces. After visiting the bathroom and cleaning ourselves, we had a round of drinks with each family.

We saw Mila and Aleksandr having a drink at the bar. They appeared to be enjoying each other's company. Maybe the alliance wasn't such a bad idea.

After taking a couple of bites from our picnic basket, I felt ready to leave. Kissing her neck, I whispered. "Sugar, want to leave with me?"

Smiling back at me she nodded her head as she replied. "Yes, take me away. Anywhere, wherever you want to go, baby."

I took her hand and led her to the car. We slipped out while everyone else was busy eating. I had arranged with Piotr to handle the after-party. He knew we would be leaving early but didn't know when.

As we pulled away, Dahlia glanced back. "Aren't they going to miss us?" she asked.

"I'm sure they will, but it is time to go," I said, squeezing her leg.

"Where are we going?" she asked innocently.

"To the airport, sugar," I replied, smiling at her.

Once we arrived at the airport, I collected the two bags I packed. As we stood in the line, I turned to her. "Pick a number from one to five sugar."

Dahlia looked at me, stunned. "What do you mean pick a number?" she enquired.

"Don't worry, it's not dangerous. Just pick one," I urged her on.

I watched as she rubbed her ear. She always did this when she was about to make a hard choice. “Okay, number four then,” she said.

“Great choice and just in time,” I said as we stepped up to the counter. “Two tickets to Hawaii, please,” I said to the lady behind the desk. “First class to leave as soon as possible.”

The woman nodded, typed on her keyboard, and smiled at us. I paid and collected the tickets. “You board at gate five in ten minutes; enjoy your holiday,” she said.

Glancing at Dahlia, she appeared shocked. Her eyes were wide, and her mouth hung open. I felt sure she wanted to say something, but nothing was coming out. “Sugar,” I said, dropping our bags. “Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

“Hawaii,” she uttered. “Are we going to Hawaii?”

Flooding with relief, I picked up the bags as I spoke. “Yes, sugar. We are going to Hawaii.”

Dahlia held my arm as we moved through the people to gate five. Once we boarded the plane, I could relax. We were on our way to our honeymoon. Tapping her leg, I spoke softly. “Get some rest, sugar. I will wake you before we land.”

The flight was peaceful and pleasant. I sat staring at Dahlia the entire time. She was so perfect, and she was mine. I woke Dahlia as the pilot announced our landing. We collected our luggage and rented a vehicle. Driving up and down the street, I let her pick a hotel.

After checking in, we headed to our suite. Dahlia was amazed as he giggled and turned in circles through every room. Flopping down on the sofa after her exploration, she sat down and smiled at me. “Would you like to explore the island or

rest some more?" I asked, sitting next to her.

"Exploring," Dahlia said, jumping up.

"Alright, I heard of this lovely stretch of beach we should check out," I said as we headed out.

We drove a short distance and parked the car. The sun was starting to set, and the island felt alive. It was the most magnificent sunset I had ever seen, and she agreed it was perfect. Sitting on the white sand, we were greeted by the early evening breeze, like an old friend. It brought along the fine smell of fruit and flowers adding to our relaxing experience.

After a while, we headed back to the hotel. We shared a soothing hot bubble bath and settled in for the night.

The next morning, we were up early as we had a couple's massages scheduled. After that, we enjoyed the rest of the morning lazing around the pool. We explored some more of the island and ate supper at a small little shack on the beach.

Dahlia complained only about the swimwear that suddenly didn't fit as it should. We scoured every shop for two days until we found something she was comfortable in. Being able to swim every day made her happy. Most of our week proceeded similarly.

On day six, things changed. We had our usual breakfast and massage. Dahlia didn't want to swim but took a nap for the rest of the morning. As we sat on the beach in the afternoon having lunch, she smiled at me. She spoke as she took my hand, "Thank you for everything. For all you have done, and for this amazing honeymoon."

"Sugar," I said, kissing her. "I will do anything for you. Whatever your heart desires,

I will make happen.”

She seemed more uncomfortable than usual. “Are you feeling okay?” I questioned as we headed back to the hotel.

Dahlia gave me a tired smile as she replied. “I’m fine. I’ve been feeling bloated and more tired. But I am fine, baby.”

That evening, we had to take a flight back home as she was experiencing a variety of cramps, headaches, and nausea.

As we landed, Dahlia took my hand and squeezed. “I think I may be in labor,” she whispered. Watching the people leaving the plane, I felt a bit frantic. “Are you sure?” I asked.

“No, I could be wrong, but something feels different.” She huffed as we stood up.

Glancing around, I took a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves. “Would you like to go to the hospital?” I said as we got into the car.

“No, I think we can wait till morning; the pains have calmed,” Dahlia replied, grinning.

Early the next morning, we visited our doctor. Sitting in his office, we listened as he explained the situation to us. “It is time,” he said. “I am glad you came back early. Dahlia only has about a week to go, and the babies can come any day now.”

We headed home. I called Mila and asked her to prepare space in the living area downstairs. I didn’t want Dahlia to walk the stairs. The next two days were chaos. We went from a calm, normal family to one permanently screaming at each other.

Dahlia needed so many things, and with work in between, I was feeling drained. By the end of day two, I fell down on the couch next to her. “Sugar,” I huffed. “Can I get you anything?”

I felt her hand reaching out, but she didn’t answer. Turning, I knew it was time. Dahlia was biting her lower lip, breathing hard. “Mila,” I screamed, scrambling off the sofa. “Get the car, it’s time.”

Helping her up, we moved slowly to the car. I drove to the hospital at a record speed. Jumping out I almost fell over as I scrambled around the car to her side. After opening the door, I ran inside.

“My wife, my wife,” I blustered at the nurses. “She’s in labor.”

They were very friendly and quick. I was still struggling to catch my breath as they pushed her past me. We headed to the delivery room, and our doctor was called. Even though she had twins, the birth went without issues and quickly.

I stayed by her side and held her hand through the entire process. At times, it felt like she was crushing every bone in my hand, but I endured. I didn’t understand where she suddenly found such strength.

Once the babies were there, we could hold them for a short period. The nurses cleaned them before they were moved to the baby room. I assisted Dahlia to get up and take a shower. The doctor visited and asked that Dahlia and the twins stay the night for observation.

Once she was asleep, I headed home. I would be back in the morning with all she and the babies needed. I arrived early to take my precious family home. Once they were all settled, I sat with Dahlia, staring at our babies.

“I’m so proud of you, sugar,” I said, beaming. “I love you so much.”

Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 3:39 pm

My mind wandered as I lay in the tub staring up at the ceiling. I couldn't believe it's been over a year since that night at the bar. There have been so many life-changing moments. Since the birth of the twins, my life has been busier and fuller than ever before.

I felt grateful for the two loving families that have been supporting me. I must remember to thank Mila for handling all the party arrangements as soon as I see her today. Having both families at my birthday party is a treat. It's going to be mind-blowing, I'm sure.

It was great to see the families getting along. Getting out of the tub, I quickly dried and got dressed. Walking down, I admired the lovely décor. Mila truly went out of her way to make everything special. It felt like I had walked into a fairytale.

The railings were covered in flowers as was the archway in the door leading to the pool area. As I descended, I could see the colorful tables outside. Each appeared to have a different colored cloth. In the center rested flowerpots which were surrounded by platters of food.

As I took the last step, the entire Smirnov family came pouring in through the door. After greeting everyone and thanking them for their congratulations, I turned to Mila. Taking her hands, I leaned closer to be heard over the chattering. "Thank you so much, the place looks amazing."

"No worries," she replied as we hugged.

"Where's Konstantin?" I asked, turning to the crowd behind me.

“He quickly popped out but said he would be back in a jiffy,” Mila replied. “Oh, and he took the twins with him.”

Mila walked to the family and led them outside to the pool area. They had barely left when the Dubow’s arrived. Aleksandr walked in first. He gave me a bouquet and a small gift. “Thank you so much,” I said as he kissed my cheek. After a tight hug, he glanced around as he stepped back.

“Where are the twins? I really want to meet them.” Aleksandr asked. “Also, can you tell me where Mila is?”

I eyed him for a moment before asking. “Is there something I need to know?”

“No, no,” he said, glancing at the floor. “But we have been getting to know each other while you were out and off, busy with kids and not what.”

“Aleksandr,” I teased.

“No, it’s not like that,” he replied. “With the alliance, we have been working together.” He stopped and looked at me. “Why, have you heard something else?”

Before I could say anything further, the door swung open. Konstantin walked in with a baby on each hip. Babies appeared to be made from magnets as they always attracted everyone’s attention. It was magic as people were pulled to them.

Knowing everyone loved them almost as much as I did warmed my heart. Aleksandr took one and headed out. Konstantin kissed me as I took our other little one from him. “Happy birthday, my angel,” he said.

We walked out through the flower arch to where the family was gathered. It was astonishing to see them all gathered here. To the left, the bar had been decorated with a Hawaiian look. There were small and big umbrellas. On one side were funny-

looking glasses. On the other side were coconuts, fruit, and colorful drinks.

Around the pool were some loungers each with a towel and pillow. The place looked like it was cut from a fashion magazine. I had not realized until now how much style Mila possessed.

Alyssa came waltzing over and took the little one from me. Aleksandr stood at one of the tables with our little boy. The family was handing him around like he was a peace pipe. I grinned at my thoughts before realizing that Alyssa was doing the same with our precious angel.

Everyone took turns holding them, tickling them, or playing with them. Some simply hugged them. Konstantin poured us a sweet-tasting pina colada. Sipping it, I thought back to our first meeting. It was one of the drinks I had enjoyed the most.

Turning to him, I was about to tell him how much fun I was having when the bell rang. Konstantin headed in and came back with Anucha and our other three friends. How time had flown. We haven't seen each other in quite some time. Yet, none of them appeared to have changed at all.

The platters were phenomenal and consisted of all the foods I loved. As the day progressed, Konstantin and I missed each other constantly. I was either talking to my friends, and family or changing diapers. He was constantly running around making sure everyone was happy and that the platters and alcohol were sufficient.

When we did find time to get in a quick kiss or chat, it didn't last long. But I wasn't complaining; I was having fun. Every now and then, in the passing, he would grab my arse or give it a tender love slap between winks and kisses.

This led to exchanging seductive glances and secret smiles. As most of the people eventually started settling at tables, I took a walk-through. I was looking for Konstantin. Just as I was about to give up my search, I felt warm arms surrounding

me. Spinning around, Konstantin kissed me lovingly.

“I’ve been looking for you,” I said.

“Aw, sugar. I haven’t been far away.” He replied, grinning.

“It feels like we haven’t even had a moment to breathe all day,” I whispered as I leaned in for another kiss. Placing my arms around him, I hugged him tightly.

Konstantin lifted my chin and kissed me passionately. “Sugar, no matter where I am, or what I’m doing, I will always be with you.” He said, placing his hand on my chest.

Staring into her deep blue eyes, I floated in the sky. My heart filled with happiness, and my soul felt at peace. “Do you want to get out of here?” I whispered, grinning at him.

“Oh, hell, yes,” he replied, glancing around. Taking my hand, he led me around the side of the house. We snuck away quickly. The kids were happily laughing as some of the family entertained them. So, I didn’t worry as we headed towards the back.

Standing between the trees touching the house wall Konstantin pressed his body against mine. He unbuttoned my blouse and laid tender kisses on my breasts. “Wait, not here,” I breathed out.

Taking his hand, we moved further around the house. Sneaking into the garage, I felt slightly more at ease. Konstantin didn’t wait for an invitation. He pushed me up against the car and made quick work of my blouse.

Fumbling with the zipper of his pants, I finally got it. Lowering his jeans, I could take hold of his cock. “Oh, baby,” I said as I felt his stiffness.

Pulling down my panties, he lifted me onto the hood of his car. Laying back, I placed

my feet on the grill for support and opened my legs. His head instantly went in between my legs, and he started licking me. I moaned as my body reacted.

Standing up, Konstantin grabbed my breasts as he pushed into me. Having him inside me always made me feel good. This time, it felt exceptional. I couldn't help glancing at the door every now and then. I felt like a naughty girl. The added adrenaline of being caught heightened my senses.

Konstantin leaned forward and placed his mouth over mine as I was about to scream. Pulling back a tab, he smiled as he looked at me. "I love you, sugar."

THE END