

The
Billionaire's
Final
Treasure

CASSI HART

The Billionaire's Final Treasure

Happily Ever After Mountain

Cassi Hart

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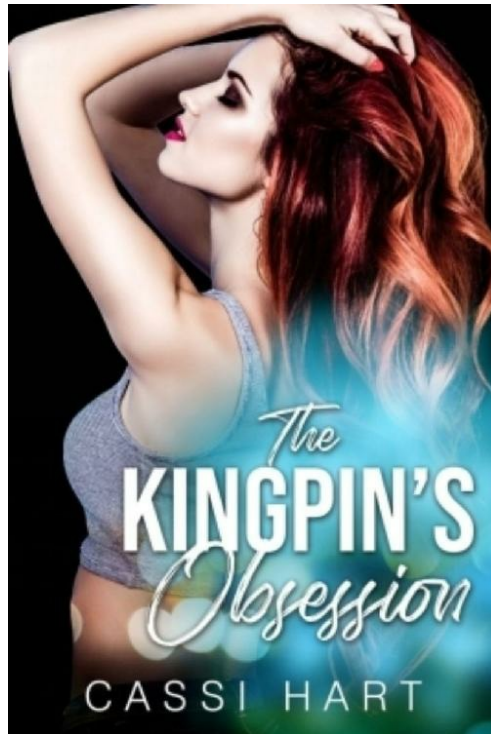
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*Dedicated to the girl that needs some inspiration. Things always change,
keep your head up sweetie! Thank you for your support, enjoy!*



Cassi H   nt

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Chapter 1

Kori

I drag myself into the posh old building I live in, one located on the better side of the city. I keep my head held high as I pass the doorman, only relaxing once the elevator doors slide shut and I'm out of his judgmental view.

We're not really like the other people who live here. For one thing, we're not rich. Not anymore. It's been so long that I barely remember not having to worry about money. My mother and I still live here, the only home both of us have ever known, because of a rent control law that was repealed some time ago. We're the very last family to cling to our better beginnings, whereas each apartment around us has gotten refurbished after the original tenant either died or got pushed out by shame, and then resold for outrageous figures we would never be able to afford.

I'm impervious to those feelings, no matter how much I'm shunned by the apartments' new occupants. I don't care if they're lawyers, presidents of corporations, or Broadway stars. I have more important things to worry about than their raised eyebrows and scowls that filth like me still clings to their building.

Instead, I worry about what kind of mood is my mother going to be in. I started cosmetology school just a few months ago and it's been the highlight of my life. It's a short bit of freedom to learn something that I've been passionate about since I was little, staying up past my bedtime to style my

doll's hair. When the scholarship I'd applied for twice finally came through, it was like new life was breathed into me. The only downside to it all was that it meant leaving home for a few hours most days. And that I had to leave my mother with a home health nurse supplied by the state.

As well trained as they are, no one can put up with her mood swings for long. I've had a lifetime of practice and it often drives even me to the brink. I hold my breath and open our door, stepping onto the faded parquet flooring and slipping out of my coat. My mother's sobs reverberate down the long entrance hall. As soon as the nurse sees me, she hurries out, not even bothering to give me an update.

"She's awful," my mother tells me, padding out of her room in a tattered silk robe. She tells me everything the nurse did wrong that day, before finally taking the time to look at me. Then she really freaks out. Her crying turns to screams as she lunges for my hair. "What have you done? Why did you cut it?"

My mother has long been obsessed with my hair. It hangs to my knees when it's down, but I never have it down when I go out.

"I didn't cut it," I assure her, unwinding the massive knot from the top of my head. To be honest, I love my long, pale tresses. I wouldn't want to cut any of it, regardless of how upset it would make my very ill mother.

I go over her medicine log, noting she refused to take two of her most important prescriptions. No wonder she's in such a state, imagining the nurse is trying to kill her and thinking I've chopped off my hair. I manage to get her to eat something and coax her into taking the pill that lets her sleep without fitful dreams. I sit at her bedside, waiting until I can escape to my room and look out at the city lights, wondering if he'll be out there again.

"You should stay home with me during the day, Kori. Like you used to," my

mother murmurs. Her eyes drift shut, but she forces them open again, waiting for me to answer.

“I need to finish school,” I explain once again. “So we can afford to live somewhere else once I get a job as a hairstylist.”

She scowls and tries to sit up, but the medication has its hold on her. “I hate the nurse,” she mumbles, finally falling asleep.

“I know,” I say.

But I hate it here more; it’s only a matter of time before they find a way to kick us out and make their profit.

In my room, I hurry onto the fire escape that I’ve turned into a balcony, complete with a chair and a potted plant. With my room lights off, the city comes alive, sparkling like it’s made of glittering jewels. I’ve lived here my whole life but so much of it is still a mystery to me. I never have time to explore, being almost as much of a prisoner to my mother’s mental illness as she is.

My eyes scan the nearby buildings, looking for the person I seek. It seems like he won’t show up for the third night in a row, and when the air turns chilly, I turn to head back in.

Then a flash of motion catches my eye. He’s back, once again dressed all in black, scaling the building across from mine as if he’s Spiderman. I know he’s breaking into apartments and stealing, but I don’t have much sympathy for my mega-rich neighbors. They don’t care at all about me, or my mother, or anyone else.

I grab my grandma’s opera glasses and hold them up, smiling after he comes into focus. His hands easily find the windowsills and balcony edges while his powerful muscles pull him up with ease. One moment he’s clinging to a

sliding door, the next, he's in the dark apartment.

I hold my breath as I wait for him to reappear, relieved I didn't miss my one bit of excitement.

Chapter 2

Finn

There's no reason to keep doing this. I have far more than I need in life, and yet, something's missing. I don't have everything I want, and yet, infuriatingly, I can't figure out what the missing piece is.

A year before, now I was at a party being thrown by a man I despised. This man had been embezzling from the investment firm that paid him a seven-figure salary, which had caused dozens of families to lose their retirement funds. Sick of his braying laughter, I'd wandered into the private part of his lavish home and lifted a few of his watches out of spite. It had been a high like no other.

People like to say their things are priceless, but everything has a price. I sold the watches, then left the money in his hapless victims' mailboxes in plain brown envelopes. It was a happy ending for everyone who deserved one. After doing that, I was hooked. It felt like I'd finally found a use for all these muscles, one that was far more thrilling and rewarding than pushing paper as a business executive.

Now I'm working in an upscale apartment building for the third night in a row. The original mark was one of my company's shareholders, a man whose wrongdoings are too many to list. Normally, I wouldn't return to the same

building twice, ever, let alone the very next day. But the previous night, I'd noticed someone watching me from a building across the way.

Slipping behind some curtains, I'd found her through my binoculars, straining to see where I'd gone. She had leaned so far over the edge of her fire escape to look for me that I'd held my breath, thinking she'd fall. Long, lustrous hair fluttered all around her in the breeze and even though it should have been impossible, she seemed to find me in the dark apartment, locking her intent gaze directly where I stood behind the curtain.

And yet, no one had called the police, so I was intrigued enough to go back the next night. Seeing her peering through old fashioned opera glasses made me laugh, but I made sure to put on a bit of a show for her. As I watched her from a new hiding place, I took in the lush curves beneath her thin nightgown, which clung to her as she leaned over the edge of the fire escape.

Why was she so entranced by a burglar? Why was I so entranced by her in return?

Sure enough, she's there again tonight, and I'm glad to see her, almost as if she were an old friend.

Sadly, this has to be the last night. I'm already pushing my luck. I take a moment to focus on her, smiling as she sweeps her opera glasses back and forth, biting her lip in concentration as she searches for me. I want to stay there and watch her for much longer, but I can't risk getting caught. Even if I've come to loathe it, I have a reputation to maintain, one that wouldn't withstand my little hobby coming to light.

I take a few pieces of jewelry and slip out the way I came, scaling my way down the building slowly to draw out her interest. As my feet touch solid ground, I turn to where I've parked my car in the shadows, but I can't make myself get in and drive away.

Instead, I slip across the street to stand under the long series of connected ladders leading up to where she sits. I jump up and pull the first one down, making the old, rusty metal creak and clatter above me.

I need to get a closer look at this mysterious woman.

Chapter 3

Kori

I lower my opera glasses with a sigh. He's finished for the night and has climbed down into the shadows where I can no longer see his dark form.

My chest is tight; somehow, I'm sure this is the last night he'll visit the building across the way. I close my eyes, imagining those strong hands of his climbing up my building. I turn to go inside, though I know it isn't the cool night air that has me shivering. It's longing. A wish I can't put into words to actually make.

Not that anyone's granting my wishes.

A clanging sound below makes me stop with one leg slung over my windowsill and I whip around to see two hands wrap around the metal railing. A moment later, the very man I've been spying on, dreaming about, pulls himself up and onto my fire escape. I'm too stunned to move, but I still manage to open my mouth to scream.

His big hand is just as powerful as I imagined as it clamps over my mouth. My heart hammers in my chest.

"I'm not going to hurt you." His voice is deep and low, a rumble that sends shockwaves through me. He looks down at me, towering over my frame, and

smiles a slow, curling smile. “Do you want to come on an adventure with me?”

He lets go and steps back as far as the tiny space will allow, his hands raised. Somehow, I know he won't harm me. With a wicked grin spreading across his handsome face, he points to the opera glasses on the windowsill and pulls out a pair of binoculars.

“Two can play that game,” he tells me. He knows I've been watching him and he's been watching me. “Do you want to keep playing?”

A warm, heaving feeling fills me as he traps me with his intense gaze. I take a step closer to find out the color of his eyes, but they're as dark as the night sky. Oh, I really, really do want to keep playing. Not just because he's so handsome he takes my breath away, but because his invitation to go on an adventure feels like a dream come true. I need what he's offering like I need the air I'm struggling to breathe in his presence.

“I can't leave my mother,” I say. “She needs constant care.”

“Fifteen minutes,” he promises. “Give me that much.”

I try so hard not to be bitter about my lot in life, but sometimes it all wells up anyway. I really don't have any freedom at all; I barely scrape up the time I need to go to school each day. If my mother can't get used to the nurses and keeps acting up, I may be forced to quit even that, the one bright spot in my life.

He won't let me look away from his intoxicating grin. “Fifteen minutes,” I answer, motioning for him to follow me through the apartment so we can take the elevator down.

He grabs my hand and pulls me close to him. “That's no fun.” The next moment, he turns and crouches down. “Climb up and hang on tight,” he tells

me.

After I wrap my arms around his neck, he stands and turns his head, our faces inches apart. His breath caresses my cheek and his low chuckle makes me tighten my body against him. He climbs down the fire escape easily, hardly winded when we land on the pavement a short time later. He hurries over to a nearby sports car, sleek and black, swinging open the passenger door with a flourish.

I sneak glances at him as we wind through the deserted streets to a pawn shop, where he sells the jewels, he has tucked away in the bag tied to his belt. I watch as the owner peers at each piece through a jeweler's loupe, trying to hide his excitement at how much they're worth. Once we're back outside, getting into the car, I realize I don't even know this my handsome burglar's name.

"Who are you?" I ask, not sure I'm even awake. This all feels too much like a dream for it to be real.

He pulls me close and dances me back to his car. "Finn," he tells me. "That's all you need to know."

I tell him my name, and he repeats it back as if he's tasting the syllables. I can't take my eyes off his mouth. "One more stop," he says. Before he starts the car this time, he leans close, our noses almost touching. "Having fun?"

"Yes," I breathe.

"Good," he says, before racing off into the night once more.

We pull up in front of a tenement building and he reaches across me to pull plain envelopes from the glove compartment. He divides the money from the pawn shop into the envelopes, before carefully sealing them. He smiles at me, nodding toward the dilapidated porch.

“The person I stole the jewelry from owns that building,” he explains. “She never does repairs and half the tenants don’t have heat.”

I follow him inside and watch him put an envelope in each of the mailboxes. We hurry back to the car as if that’s where he committed a crime, but before he starts the engine, I put my hand on his.

“That was really kind,” I say. I’m a bit in awe of him.

“No,” he tells me. “It’s only fair.”

I lick my lips as my eyes drop to his mouth. I lean closer, a helpless moth to his flame, and kiss him without thinking. His hand rises to my cheek, his touch soft and tender, until my mouth opens to his questing tongue.

With a moan, I press closer. His fingers tangle roughly in my hair, pulling my head back to take what he wants from me. I press my knees together, straining to stay in my seat and not crawl into his lap. We’ve known each other for ...

With a gasp, I pull away. “It’s been much longer than fifteen minutes. I have to get back.”

Guilt and worry tug at my heart as he drives back to my building. When we arrive, I realize I don’t have my keys or my phone. I’d rather die than wake a neighbor to let me in, since the new tenants are anything but neighborly to me. Finn sees the look of horror on my face and taps my chin.

“Did you think I’d just leave you at the door?” he says with that smoldering smirk of his.

He parks under the fire escape and once again I climb on his back, clinging to his broad shoulders and burying my face in his neck. Back on my landing, I’m so worried that I hurry through the window and race to my mother’s bedroom, forgetting to thank him or say goodbye.

I find her fast asleep, with no signs she woke up at all while I was gone. Breathing a sigh of relief, I straighten up her blankets and go back to the fire escape, much too worked up to go to bed.

“Surprised?” Finn asks when I gasp at the sight of him sitting in the chair I keep on the fire escape. “If you’re too tired, I can leave.”

I shake my head, falling onto his lap when he holds out his arms. “I’m not even close to tired.”

We end up talking until the first hint of dawn peeks through the densely clustered buildings and the darkness begins to evaporate. Because of it, I can see that his eyes aren’t the same color as the night, but a deep, rich blue. A faint hint of stubble stands out on his chiseled jaw, and his chocolate brown hair has a few silver strands at his temples.

“You have school,” he says, standing up, letting my body slide down his until my feet hit the fire escape grate.

My classes were just one of the many things we’d talked about all night, and I reluctantly agree I need to get ready. He looks down at me, taking my face in his big hands and gives me a rough kiss before swinging over the side.

“I’ll be back tonight,” he promises. “Be ready.”

I lean over the railing, watching him climb down until his feet touch the ground. I’m already counting the minutes until I get to see him again.

Chapter 4

Finn

Being with Kori is even more of a rush than stealing from assholes and returning the money to the people they've screwed over to get it. It's certainly more exhilarating than running my branch of the company, but I go into work anyway, counting the hours until I can see her again.

She's so sweet, yet adventurous. Who else would have climbed down a fire escape with a stranger like that? It makes me curious about what kind of lonely life she leads, tucked away in that tall building.

Her long, golden tresses, the eager fire in her green eyes, and those lush curves are all a bonus. It's a long day at the office, spent thinking about what I'd like to do with that body of hers. The feeling of her lips still strong in my memory. It's so powerful my assistant almost catches me in a compromising position, my cock rising against the front my suit pants at the very thought of Kori.

The time finally comes when I can climb the long series of ladders to see her again, but when I arrive on her landing, she isn't there. Her window is locked, not that a little lock has ever stopped me before.

It takes only a few seconds to break in and carefully slide the window open.

Her bedroom is large, but simply decorated. The blankets on her bed are threadbare, the colors and patterns faded. She keeps a small notebook on her tidy desk, but her vanity table is covered with hair tools, bits and bobs I can't name. Sketches of intricate hairstyles are tacked onto the wall all around it. My girl is talented as well as gorgeous.

A moment later I hear an anguished scream, as if someone is being tortured, and run to see what's happening. The terrible screeching gets louder and more desperate by the second. I stop outside the next bedroom door to see Kori trying to soothe her mother, whose face is red and tear-streaked, her gray hair standing up in short tufts all over her head. She tears at her robe, leaving angry scratches on her chest.

Kori is too caught up in keeping her mother from seriously hurting herself to notice me, so I step back into the shadows. I fear that a stranger would do more harm than good, otherwise I'd jump in to try to help her. It takes what seems like forever to calm the woman down and get her to stop clawing at herself.

"Would you like to brush my hair, Mom?" Kori asks, patting her shoulders as she rocks back and forth on the edge of her bed.

Her mother's eyes light up and she eagerly but carefully reaches for the knot on top of Kori's head. A moment later, her cascade of hair flows down past her shoulders and the old woman begins to gently run her fingers through it. Kori waits patiently and soon, her mother's eyes grow heavy and she falls back onto the bed, asleep.

I hurry back to Kori's room to wait for her. When she sees me, her exhausted eyes light up. But just for a moment. Then they fill with tears that break my heart. Her fire has been extinguished.

"I really can't go out tonight," she explains. "My mother's in a bad way. It

was a different nurse again and it takes her so long to adjust. I may not even be able to go to class tomorrow.”

She told me how important her cosmetology classes are and the thought of her missing out on something she loves makes my fingers curl into fists. How can I fix this for her?

What I really want is more time with her now, not later. I eye the monitor in her hand. It has a tiny screen on it that shows video of her mother’s room.

“How far is the range on that?”

She shrugs. “I don’t know, maybe a couple hundred yards. I’m so sorry, Finn, but all we can do is sit on the balcony. That is, if you want to ...”

The fact she seems unsure of how much I want to spend time with her almost makes me laugh. I don’t care where we are ... I want to give her another adventure, even if it’s just a little one. This poor girl needs some time away from this suffocating apartment.

“Give me twenty minutes,” I say. “Then meet me on the fire escape.”

The hint of fire is back in her eyes and I slip out her window with a smile.

Chapter 5

Kori

I stare after him, yearning to follow him out the window. He's even more handsome than I remember. The shock of seeing him in my room sent a wicked thrill up my spine before I remembered that I'm trapped here tonight. What does he have planned for me in twenty minutes' time?

More than anything, I want more time with Finn, but my mother is worse than usual. I should be responsible, because she's certain to wake up in the night, disoriented and upset. If I don't get to her side within minutes, all hell will break loose. I was lucky that I got her calmed down so easily before. I wish the home health service could get it together and send her someone with the proper compassion for someone so mentally ill, but I know they're stretched thin to begin with. It's not as easy as to care for someone like my mother compared to someone with a broken hip.

Oh, I'd love another whirlwind time like last night. Sitting out on the fire escape will have to do, and I'm relieved he's willing to do it. Someone as adventurous as he is will surely get bored soon, so I better make the most of this all while it lasts. I change into my prettiest dress; a gauzy, black halter dress that has a low-cut front, but still hangs to my knees. Alluring but demure.

Do I really want to be demure around Finn, though? The things I want from him almost scare me. They feel so right, but it also feels too big too soon.

He's out on the fire escape right on time, stirring me from my thoughts.

When I climb out to see him, he tells me to get on his back.

"No questions," he says, giving me a look that has me pressing my thighs together.

He takes the monitor from me and tucks it in his jacket. I climb on, clinging to his muscular shoulders and breathing in his spicy, expensive scent. This time, we go up instead of down. My hair flows all around us as he climbs over the ledge to the roof.

My heart melts and my eyes light up once I see what he's pulled together. Several candles surround a blanket spread out on the roof, with a bottle of wine and an array of snacks from the bodega around the corner.

"Not bad for twenty minutes," I say, beaming at him.

He takes the monitor out and hands it to me. Sure enough, it's still working and my mother is restless, but still sleeping. It only took three minutes for him to climb up here, so I can relax. If she wakes up, we'll be able to get to her in time.

"Thank you," I say, gratitude flooding me at the chance to be free again.

He taps on his phone and soft dance music begins to flow from it. With a grin that has me already leaning toward him, he pulls me into his arms. We dance around the rooftop with my beloved city lights as a backdrop. His hard body feels perfect close to mine, as if I belong there, pressed against him like this. His hands roam up and down my back, making my breath catch in my throat. Soon, he whirls me to the blanket and we settle down to sip a little bit of the wine and nibble on the cheese and crackers.

“Thank you,” he says.

“For what?” I ask, stunned.

His slow smile makes my center shift. “I love dancing with a beautiful woman.”

My cheeks heat up, but the look in his dark eyes tells me he’s sincere. He pulls a small bag from his pocket and shakes it out over the blanket. Sparkling jewelry tumbles out and he places an emerald choker around my neck, his fingers gliding along my throat and raising goosebumps that he smooths away. He takes my wrist and slides a thick gold bangle on, then adorns my fingers with rings until I’m laughing at the silliness of it.

“I’m not keeping any of this,” I say. “But I’ll wear it to look pretty.”

He frowns and begins taking it all off again. “Nothing can make you more beautiful than you already are, Kori.”

I lean closer at the same time he does. Our lips meet as his fingers tangle in my hair. I’ve been waiting for this moment, lost in dreams about his mouth all day. Finally.

I crawl even closer, leaning against his chest as his tongue parts my lips. Oh yes, this is what I want, and I open my mouth to him. He eagerly invades it, pulling me roughly onto his lap. My legs part and I pull up my skirt so I can straddle him as he leans back on the blanket. The hard bulge in his jeans pushes against my most tender spot and he grips my hips to slowly move me up and down along the thick length of it. Moaning at the burst of pleasure that courses through me, I start to shake.

I need more of this, so much more. I bite his lower lip in my frenzied need. He holds me tight, stilling my motions. “Slow down, little one. There’s plenty of time.”

But is there? And what if he rejects me when I tell him ...

He pushes me back and takes my chin in his hand. "What's wrong?"

I take a deep breath, his eyes dropping to my breasts with the same lust consuming me. The heat I feel gives me courage.

"I'm a virgin," I whisper. "But I want you to show me ..."

His eyes shoot back up to mine, dark and unreadable. Disappointment nearly knocks me over. In the blink of an eye, I've ruined my chance at a real adventure.

Chapter 6

Finn

Her admission has me floored. Her shy invitation makes my hands curl into her soft hips and I yank her close to erase the uncertainty on her pretty face. “Let me show you how good you can feel,” I told her, swiping my tongue across her full lower lip.

Running my hand in her luxurious mane of hair, I gently tug her head back to kiss my way down the pale column of her throat. Her skin is silky, and the faint scent of her intoxicating perfume fills my nostrils.

“Yes, show me,” she murmurs, her fingers grabbing at my shirt jacket.

I lean back long enough to shrug it off, taking in the blanket I grabbed from my car, the candles and cheap food from the corner store. She deserves a four-star hotel, but I’m not sure I can hold out with her eager sighs reaching my ears. Everything about her is a temptation, harder to resist than cracking into one of my enemy’s safes. And much more precious.

“You deserve the world,” I tell her. “Not a rooftop.”

She pulls away from my kisses to shake her head, looking all around her. “I love the city lights surrounding us, the stars shining down, the breeze ... and

you. All I really need is you.”

My cock tries to burst through my zipper at her words and the earnest look in her eyes. I press her onto my shaft, and she moans and grinds against me. Pushing away her silky skirt, I see her little pale pink panties bunching between her thighs as she tries to appease the desire there.

“Let me touch you,” I say, caressing her through the thin fabric. When my fingers swipe over her clit, she jumps, gripping her knees tight against me. I smile and watch her eyes fall shut as I move up and down along her slit, the panties soaked. “You’re so wet already,” I marvel. “Just from rubbing against my cock.”

She shivers as I move the edge of her panties aside and slip my fingers underneath. “Finn,” she moans, making me push harder at the sound of my name coupled with the need in her trembling voice.

I find her swollen nub and ease her juices up to tease her there until she’s shaking on my lap, about to tear my shirt to pieces. Holding on for her life. Her breath quickens as I circle her tender clit.

“Has anyone ever touched you here?” I ask, increasing my pressure. I want nothing more than to shove her backwards, spread her legs and plunge my throbbing cock deep inside her little virgin hole. But not until she screams, then begs me for it. “Has anyone ever played with your body before? Made your pussy this wet?”

Her panting sobs make it hard for her to speak. Come, little girl. Come so I can fuck you.

“Tell me,” I command.

She shakes her head, looking at me with glazed eyes. “Only you. You’re the only one.”

“Good,” I say. “Good girl.” She smiles at me, knocking me off kilter. She’s so incredibly beautiful. “Haven’t you ever touched this sweet little pussy of yours? Do you know what’s going to happen soon?”

“It’s never been like this,” she admits. “Never so good.”

Imagining her innocently reaching between her thighs to finger herself nearly makes me come before she does. I hungrily push my fingers inside her.

“So tight,” I mutter, sliding in and out as her cries of pleasure increase. “I can’t wait to sink inside this tight, juicy cunt.”

“Please,” she begs, pushing hard against my hand. “Please.”

The moment I touch her clit again, she rears back and screams. The sound echoes back to us and disappears on the breeze as she falls forward into my arms. She keeps writhing against me, still hungry, still needing more.

I’m starving, and I have plenty more to give her. Cradling her shaking body, I lay her back and ease her panties down her sleek thighs, shoving her skirt up her body. The halter top falls open and I take a moment to admire her perfect tits, teasing each nipple to a tight peak.

“Yes,” she says, finding enough breath to speak.

I spread her legs and she wraps them around my hips, drawing me close.

“You know exactly what you want, don’t you, little girl?”

She nods, meeting my eyes boldly now that I’ve awakened her. Her hands reach for my shirt, unbuttoning it to run her palms down my chest. I take it off and toss it aside, a smile on her lips as she looks me over.

“Untie your top and pull it down,” I tell her. “I want to see your tits bounce as I fuck you.”

She giggles nervously as she does it, then reaches for my waistband. “Let

me,” she says. With shaking hands, she undoes the button and slowly lowers the zipper. My cock is ready to be freed and she wraps her hand around my shaft, tugging it from my boxer-briefs.

I suck in a breath, loving her innocent, somewhat clumsy touch as she strokes me up and down. I close my eyes so I can hold on. I want her to experience everything she wants for her first time being fucked, but God, I need to be inside her.

I push two fingers deep into her wet heat and my cock jumps in her hand. “Does this mean you want me?” she asks, a hint of mischief in her voice.

“I want you so much it feels like I’m being torn apart,” I admit.

“Then take me,” she sighs.

I don’t need another invitation. I take her hand away and slide her body closer to me, centering the tip of my cock at her tight opening. She arches her back as I press her hips down to the blanket, leaning over to kiss her mouth as I push my way inside her virgin hole. She’s even tighter than I imagined and she gasps and clings to me as I drive home, deep inside her. She’s like a vice around my cock and the urge to rut until her tight cunt sucks me dry is almost too strong to resist. My arms shake as I hold myself still so she can adjust to my size. I don’t want to hurt her.

She wriggles underneath me, whining and pulling on my shirt. “Finn, please, I’m ready. I want more—more of what you gave me already.”

With a growl, I begin with slow strokes, in and out, watching her eyes roll back as she sighs. “You want me to make you come?” I ask her. She nods absently, her hips lifting with my movements. “When you can’t take it anymore, I want you to beg me,” I say, watching with fascination as she bites her lip, the way her hands glide down her body to grip my hips. “Oh, little girl, you’re a natural at taking a man’s cock.”

Her eyes fly open and she blushes. “Just yours,” she says with a pout.

“That’s right. You’re mine now. Only mine.” Strangely enough, I mean it. This isn’t a game for me. The idea of any other man getting anywhere near her now brings me to a murderous rage.

“I love being yours,” she says. “I love taking your cock.”

I bite back a roar, thrusting harder. Everything about her makes it difficult to hold on. Sliding my hand down her body, I find her clit as I pound away inside her. Her hands fly to my shoulders, her short nails digging into my flesh.

“Tell me what you want. Beg me,” I remind her.

Her head thrashes back and forth on the blanket, her long hair spreading out in every direction. I move my hand away and she gasps.

“No, don’t stop. You make my pussy feel so good.”

I catch her gaze and don’t let her look away. “I love making your pussy feel good, but you need to beg me for what you want, Kori.” I lean down to kiss the side of her neck and whisper near her ear. “I can fuck you all night long, little girl. Again and again.”

“Please,” she shouts. “Please, please, please make me come.”

I slip my fingers between us, pushing harder and deeper as I touch her tender, swollen nub. Her screams are almost deafening, but so satisfying. Her pussy spasms around me and I can’t hold on any longer, spilling my seed inside her. I continue to rock against her body until my cock is drained dry and I finally fall on top of her, just as sated as I’ve made her.

“What are you doing to me,” I wonder aloud. How many women have I been with before this moment? As of now, it may as well only be the one who’s panting beneath me. It’s as if she’s erased the others from my memory.

“I can’t believe how good that was,” she says. “I thought it would be awful, I thought it would hurt, but you made me feel ...”

“I know,” I say, kissing her soft lips. “You made me feel just as good.”

A wide smile is my reward for admitting how special she is, and her eyes fill with happy tears. “Really? I really wanted to.”

I roll off her and gather her close under the stars. “Like I said, you’re a natural at being fucked.”

Her eyes widen then and she anxiously looks around. “The monitor.”

I find it just a foot away and show her everything is fine in her home. “Why doesn’t your mom live in a care facility?” I ask.

She sighs and is silent for a long time. “No money,” she finally says.

“But this place ...”

“Rent control. We’re one of the last holdouts. We have a small income from my late grandmother’s estate, but we have next to nothing is left over after bills.” She seems ashamed, but has no reason to be.

“You’re doing the best you can,” I tell her. “You should be proud of yourself.”

We snuggle together, talking about this and that, both of us shocked when the sun comes up. We spend the whole night together but it seems like hardly any time has passed at all.

I carry her back down to her fire escape, hating to let her go. “I’ll see you again soon,” I promise, trying to ignore the disappointment in her eyes that she has to go inside again.

Chapter 7

Kori

Going back inside after the most magical night of my life is the hardest thing I've ever had to do. All day long I think about Finn, wondering if and when I'd ever see him again. I get so distracted I almost flunk an important dye technique test.

After school finally ends, I walk outside and head toward the bus stop, shocked when a familiar voice calls my name. Am I still daydreaming? Finn is pulled up to the curb, waving for me to get in his car. Some of my classmates look curiously between me and his luxurious sports car as I hurry over and slide in next to him.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"I'm driving you home," he says, almost as if it's obvious. As if it's an everyday occurrence.

A smile almost breaks across my face. I'm thrilled to see him again so soon, but as we drive toward my building, I wonder why he's really here. Does he feel the same way as I do? Did he also think about me all day? My heart will be torn to shreds if this is all just fun and games for him, but he's surely going to get bored with my limitations eventually. It may be exciting for a

little while, but no one wants to hang out on a fire escape or a roof all the time.

I sneak a glance at him, admiring the way his strong hands grip the wheel, remembering the way he'd used those hands on me. I suppress a shiver. Am I really falling in love with a this man? A mysterious thief I know almost nothing about?

What he does is noble, but it's still illegal. Even if he has enough money to afford a car like this, it can't protect him forever. What will I do if he gets caught one day? Take our children to visit him in prison? Am I really thinking about our nonexistent children? I need to get it together.

After he pulls up in front of my building, I really don't want to leave him, but I can't leave my mother with the nurse she hates any longer than necessary.

"I'll see you tonight," he says in that commanding tone that makes me weak.

"I can't," I say regretfully. "I can't leave my mom again. And I really need some sleep."

His grin is intoxicating. "How about just dinner, then? You have to eat."

"Finn," I protest, yearning to give in.

He leans over to kiss me, then nudges me out the door. "I'll see you tonight."

I watch him zoom away, stunned. Will he really show up on my fire escape again? Will I have the will to turn him away if he does?

Inside my apartment, it's strangely calm. Yet another new nurse hurries to introduce herself to me before she rattles off a long list of credentials. Well ... That's certainly never happened before. Even stranger, she doesn't seem in any hurry to race out the door. Mom is sitting at the kitchen table, peacefully brushing a doll's hair. She looks up at me and instead of instantly complaining about her horrible day with the nurse, she only nods serenely

and goes back to brushing.

“Well, thanks,” I say, smiling gratefully at the nurse. “Have a good night.”

She shakes her head. “I’m the night nurse. Go on and do whatever you need to do. Your mom and I will be fine.”

Night nurse? Since when?

Suddenly, I get a strange feeling she wasn’t sent by the home health agency. But then ... who sent her? I race to my room, only to see Finn hanging out on the fire escape. I fling open the window and lean out.

“I can’t accept this,” I say. “It’s too much.”

“It’s not up to you,” he says with a grin. “Now, are we going to dinner or not?”

It’s hard to believe I finally have a bit of freedom, at least for now. My head spins at the opportunity to do something different and fun. To be with Finn.

I jump out the window and into his arms, and he effortlessly swings me onto his back and down the fire escape.

“Where do you want to go?” he asks once we’re back in his car. “Anywhere at all.”

Overwhelmed by all the choices, I realize there’s only one place I want to go.

“I’d like to see where you live,” I say shyly.

He nods. “You’ve got it.”

Just like that, he’ll do anything to please me. And God, can he please me. During the whole drive uptown, I remember the feeling of his fingers on me. By the time we get to his lavish apartment, I can barely keep myself from attacking him.

His apartment is huge. Beautifully decorated with comfortable, modern

furniture, with a sweeping view of the river and the skyline. Everything seems shockingly new and shiny after living so long in our rundown place with our threadbare things. How on earth does he afford a place like this? He must be an even bigger criminal than I thought to be able to afford it ...

Maybe he's in the mob?

What am I doing here?

His hands settle on my waist from behind, his hard body pressed up against me. Oh, right, this is why. My worries dissolve at his touch and I turn in his arms, tipping my head back for a kiss. The slightest touch of his tongue against my lip sends a shock of lust straight through me. I need him to work his magic on my body again.

I whisper his name as I pull him closer, rubbing against his hard bulge.

"Finn," I say louder, wrapping my legs around him as he backs me toward the couch. The thick shaft finally touches me where I need it, and I grind against him.

"Tell me what you need," he says, cupping my bottom.

"Touch me," I plead.

"Where, little girl?"

I push my backside against his palms and he slides his hands lower, his fingers splaying me and finding all of my sensitive spots. "There," I gasp.

He slides his finger up and down, but through the material of my jeans, it's nowhere near enough. I shove away and yank open the fly before shoving them down and kicking them away. He grabs my shoulders and looks down at me in my tank top and panties, then turns me and presses me over the side of the couch.

He rests his hand on my back while he spreads my legs and rubs his palm

along my pussy.

“God you look good, bent over like this in your cute little panties,” he says, his fingers brushing my clit.

I gasp as my hips twitch upward, eager for him to keep touching me there, drawing out that exquisite pleasure. But instead he traces the edges of my panties, making me pant with anticipation. Finally, he shoves them aside and leans over me, finding the spot where I’ve been dying to feel his fingers. Holding me down, he doesn’t let me wriggle or writhe; he just keeps working my body until I’m nearly crying.

“Do you like it like this?” he asks.

I nod and twist around to see him smiling at me. “Can’t you feel how wet you’re making me?” I want him to be as desperate as I am. “Isn’t it going to feel so good when you ram your cock inside me?”

He chuckles and pushes his fingers deep. “So good,” he agrees, but still not giving me what I need.

I wrestle my top over my head and drag his free hand to my breast. His fingers circle my nipple as he teases my clit and I moan. I want it to last forever, and at the same time I need release, now.

“What do you want to do to me?” I pant. I never used to have such cravings.

He leans closer to my ear. “I fucked you senseless before,” he growls. Finally I can feel his cock between my legs, rubbing along my slit where his fingers were a second ago. “And I’m going to fuck you senseless again, little girl.”

He rams his cock into me and starts pounding my pussy, deep, hard, and fast. I grab the nearest cushion and hold on, moaning with each delicious thrust.

“You’re so big,” I gasp. “I love the way you fill me up.”

“And I love the way your tiny pussy is like the sweetest vice on my cock. God, Kori, I love this tight little hole of yours.”

He wedges his hand under me and slips his fingers between my slick thighs. I arch into him as he finds my clit and makes me senseless, just like he promised. He draws out my orgasm until he finishes, slowing his movements. His satisfied roar as he comes inside me turns me to jelly beneath him.

He takes his hand off my back and gently lifts me to stretch out on the couch, where he snuggles next to me. I shift my thighs together, slick with his seed. With his arm around me, I sigh happily against his chest. I feel utterly complete.

Chapter 8

Finn

I suppose it was foolish to hope that having her again would get her out of my system. I've known all along that this was bigger than some random fling. It feels too real for that. She was all I could think about today, but taking her wild, sweet body again only makes me more sure of what I've already planned. I wanted to take things slow, but I need her like this every night.

No more stolen moments. She deserves more than that.

I want to stay curled up with her, naked and satisfied, but I'm too excited to show her what I've done. I run my finger down her nipple, smiling when it tightens, then get up.

"One second," I promise when she reaches for me with a pout I can't resist. It seems I've turned her into a monster, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

I return with a blanket to drape over us, and the brochures I got today. I hand them to her. "These are for a top-of-the-line care home," I explain, showing her pictures of the bright facility, the smiling nurses, and all the activities available there. "I think your mom would love it. We can take a tour after your classes tomorrow."

I'd expected her to be shocked, maybe, but not angry.

She shoves the brochure back at me. “I can’t keep accepting expensive gifts from you,” she says. “The night nurse is already too much.” Her brows furrow as she shakes her head with frustration. “Why are you being so generous? Am I another one of your pity charity cases that you fund with all those things you steal?”

Alright, now I’m as angry as she is. “Those aren’t pity cases, Kori. It’s justice.”

We stare at each for a long time. Her anger doesn’t fade, but mine slips away. She doesn’t understand why I want to give her everything. I take her hand, not letting her jerk it away.

“How could I ever pity the woman I’m going to marry?” I ask.

Her face goes slack, her eyes full of confusion. “What? Who?”

I pull out the ring I’d carefully chosen this afternoon, unable to concentrate on work because my thoughts were consumed by her. “You, Kori,” I say. “I love you. Marry me. Make me the happiest I’ll ever be and let me give you the world.”

She looks at the ring for a long moment before pushing my hand away. “I can’t marry a criminal, Finn. I can’t waste my life away wondering if you’ll come home or if you’ll get caught. I’ve already been trapped enough by things I can’t control, and I won’t accept a stolen ring, no matter how much I love you.”

The only thing I really hear is that she loves me, then I burst into laughter. I get her anger now. This has all been a misunderstanding. I jump up and bring my laptop over to her, pulling up the company’s website and then my investment portfolio, pleased when her eyes widen.

“The burglary is just a hobby I started when my colleagues began to piss me

off with their corrupt abuses of the people who trusted them. But it really is just a hobby, and I promise that I never keep any of the money,” I explain. “It goes to people who need it. I’m more than happy to replace burglary with whatever you want me to do instead once we’re married.”

She looks so close to being convinced, but still doesn’t seem to believe how quickly she’s become the center of my world.

“I had a missing piece to my life,” I tell her. “I’d been looking for it blindly for a long time, but now I can see clearly that it’s you.” I lean over to kiss her soundly. “We will be getting married, Kori.”

For a moment, she seems awestruck. Her eyes search mine, before flitting to my computer screen and back. Finally, she laughs, her smile threatening to blind me with its sincerity and brightness. “Yes,” she agrees at last. “Of course we will.”

Chapter 9

Kori

As sure as I am about Finn and everything, I have to slow things down at least a little. But I only make it a week before I have Finn come over to meet my mom. He's soft spoken and patient with her, looking over all the different dolls the night nurse has brought for her so that she can brush their hair while I'm out. She seems taken by him and he even gets her to laugh.

Finally, he brings up the idea of looking over the care home, showing her all the pictures, which make her smile, an interested gleam shining in her eyes.

"But we'll have to leave the apartment," she says, running her hand over her short tufts of hair. As much as she loves mine, she has trouble not tearing hers out when she's at her most anxious. "The doorman always gives me a dirty look."

"No one's going to give you any kind of look when I'm around," Finn says firmly.

His fierce, protectiveness after only just meeting her makes my heart swell with love.

She still doesn't look convinced. "But I like Nancy," she says, talking about her night nurse. "Will they be as nice as her?"

“Nancy actually works there part time,” he says. “That’s where I found her. Everyone there will treat you like a queen, and if they don’t, all you have to do is tell me and I’ll take care of it.”

Mom’s worry slips away a bit more and she begins to smile again, still rubbing her head. “But I don’t look very pretty. I hate to meet new people looking so bad.”

Tears fill my eyes that my once beautiful mother has been brought so low by her illness. I hurry to my room and bring back a box from school. “Look at all these gorgeous hairpieces,” I say. “Here’s one that matches perfectly. What if I style it on you and you see how you feel?”

She’s open to the idea and I get to work while Finn calls and sets up a tour for that afternoon. I’ve been working hard at school on the test models and when I’m done styling the wig on her, I hold my breath as I show her the results in the mirror.

Please let her like it.

Her huge smile is enough of an answer. She tells me to get her best shawl and the fancy high heels that she hasn’t worn in ages. Finn follows me to her room as I look for them, his eyes full of pride.

“You have a lot of talent,” he says.

I shrug. “It’s just hair.”

He shakes his head, taking me by the arms. “No, it’s not. It changed her whole outlook. You did that.”

I don’t remind him that he’s the one about to change her life for the better, and mine as well. He seems to read my mind anyway, and pulls me close, kissing me sweetly.

“You two are my family now. My missing pieces. I’d do anything for both of

you.”

“Kori, let’s go,” my mom calls impatiently.

Finn and I share a laugh and the three of us venture out of the apartment together, all of us eager for an exciting new life.

Epilogue

Finn

Three years later ...

I finish my day and head to Kori's salon, located on the first floor of the building where I work. It's great being so close to her and it makes the occasional lunchtime quickie that much easier. Normally, she meets me at home because she prefers to keep the salon open later than normal business hours so that she can serve more people, but today we're going to visit her mom at the nursing home.

The difference in her mother since she's had full-time professional care is night and day. Of course, she still has her episodes but they're far less frequent now, and she has friends and activities she enjoys. Kori had felt guilty for a long time, sorry she couldn't do a better job on her own, but the therapists there had helped her see it's just her job to be a good daughter, not a be a psychiatric nurse on top of that.

As I push open the doors to the salon, I'm as proud, as usual, at everything she's accomplished with the place. She easily could have quit school and spent her days shopping after our wedding, but she continued to work hard. Now has this successful, upscale business. She even manages to do charity work with recovering cancer patients on the side.

A few of her stylists wave at me brightly and call to her that her husband's here. I grin, never tiring of being reminded that she's mine. My everything. The thrill I'd been seeking all along.

Sure, I've been tempted to get revenge on some dirty businessmen over the years, but instead of stealing, I set up a nonprofit that offers free legal counsel so people can get their own justice. Being married to Kori supplies all the thrills I need. They haven't stopped since we met and never will.

Kori pulls me into the back of the salon to show off the new shampoo stations she just had installed. "Now clients won't have to wait so long," she says. "We've been so busy, these are going to help out so much."

"I hope you're as proud of yourself as I am," I tell her.

She blushes and bounces in place, seeming much too excited over the new sinks. She drags me further back to the storeroom where they keep their product backstock and closes the door behind us. A second later, her arms are around my neck, her mouth pressed to mine.

"Oh, okay," I say. I'm more than happy to oblige and nudge her backwards until she's backed against the wall.

I get my hand under her blouse and slide it up her smooth skin to cup her through her lacy bra. She sighs against my mouth and presses closer to me, grinding against my cock. As usual, it's rock hard and ready to go. Kori just gets sexier the longer we're together.

Friends and colleagues warned me I was jumping in too fast. Even Kori wasn't sure we weren't rushing things. But I knew the moment she gave herself to me that she'd always be mine. I was her first, and she's my last. My only.

I slide down her body and push up her skirt, nuzzling at the scrap of lace at the crux of her thighs. "Spread your legs," I tell her. She takes a wider stance, her hands running through my hair.

I want nothing more than to rip her panties right off her sexy body, but I only

push them aside. We're at her business and under a bit of a time crunch, but I can still make her crazy while we're fully dressed if I have to. I push my face between her thighs and swipe my tongue along her slit, gripping her ass to pull her closer to me.

Her pussy is already soaking wet as I start to lap her up. "Fucking delicious," I say, glancing up at her. Her head is tipped back, her full lips open. She grips my hair and aims me back where she wants me.

She hooks one leg over my shoulder so I can lick her pussy more thoroughly, rocking her hips with the motion of my tongue.

"Yes," she murmurs. "Deeper, Finn. Please."

I thrust my tongue inside her, drawing out her juices. Her legs begin to tremble and I think I'll have lost a bit of hair before I'm done. Worth it. I drag her closer and she gasps.

"I won't let you fall," I promise, circling her clit until her moans get too loud. She claps her hand over her mouth, bucking against me as I drive her over the edge. Even when she comes, I can't stop slurping her up. I'm as crazed as she is. She claws at my shoulders and I let her drag me back up. Her fingers work feverishly to get my pants down.

My cock stands straight out, pulsing, eager to get inside her body. She drops her head to my shoulder and wraps her hand around my shaft.

"I love this massive cock of yours," she says, running her thumb across the tip. "Love to touch it, taste it, but most of all ..."

She looks up at me and our eyes lock. "Most of all, you love it when I'm ramming it inside you," I finish, pulling her face close for a soul searing kiss.

"Yes, that," she pants once I let her lips go.

“Hang on tight,” I growl, pushing her against the wall.

She grabs my shoulders and wraps her legs around my hips as I slide into her wet folds, finding that tight little hole I love so much. She bites my shoulder as I pound into her, repeating my name over and over.

“How are you so fucking sexy?” I ask.

“It’s because I love you so much,” she answers, bouncing against me. “And because you adore me.”

Probably. Maybe it’s because she’s still, and always will be, the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. My hard-working, generous beauty. Sensing my urgency, she hands me a nearby towel, which I stuff in my mouth to stifle my roar as I shoot my seed inside her. She holds on until I have nothing left in me and we both slide to the floor in a sweaty heap.

She pulls her long hair out of its bun and I run my fingers through it as we recover. “You’re amazing,” I tell her. “Was this a random quickie or is there a reason I got to fuck you at your work?”

Her eyes get a gleam of excitement again and she can’t hide her smile. “I have good news,” she says, but then she frowns. “At least, I hope it’s good news.”

I think I know what she’s going to say, but I don’t want to get my hopes up. I’ve been dying for kids, and I know we’ll have plenty eventually, but she’s still so young and dedicated to her career right now. I get more comfortable and pull her onto my lap.

“Tell me,” I say, holding my breath.

“I’m pregnant.”

I don’t care who hears; I let out a joyous whoop and pull her close. “A baby,” I exclaim. “I’m so happy. How do you always find ways to make me so damn

happy?”

She shrugs, her wide smile showing she's as delighted as I am. “I guess the same reason you make me so happy.”

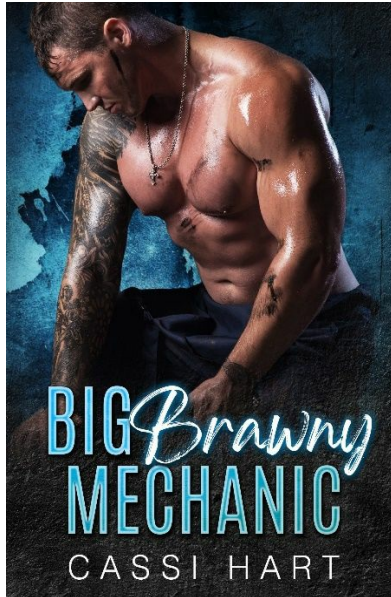
“I love you,” I say, running my finger down her cheek. “I love us.” Then I remember we still need to make visiting hours at the nursing home. “You know who else is going to be as excited as we are?”

She beams, her eyes filling with joyful tears. “Let's go tell her,” she says, but turns to me first, taking my face in her hands. “Thank you,” she tells me. “For changing my life.”

I lean in to kiss her. “Thank you for making mine complete.”

~The end

Up Next...



All my life I've come to expect lemons.

Lemon foster parents, lemon schools, lemon relationships, and now the car I spent my life savings on is indeed a lemon.

I am stranded on the side of the road when my best friend sends someone to save me. He is big, rough, tattooed, and everything I have ever wanted in a man.

Our attraction is instantaneous and I know he's the only man I could ever give my V-Card to.

It looks like my luck is finally changing.

The only problem is that our love is forbidden... because Jack Knight is my *best friend's Dad*.

Big Brawny Mechanic is a sweet and steamy instalove story starring a hunky mechanic and a beautiful college student who fall for one another despite being off-limits.

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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassi loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



Cassi H  *rt*