

Bad Boy
PROTECTOR

G I A L A N E

Bad Boy Protector

Gia Lane

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Kira

About Author

Also By Gia Lane

To my late mother Marcia, who loved MMA fighting.

Chapter 1

Kira

I breezed into the building of Fighter's Only Magazine. The coolness of the air conditioning mixed with a flowery fragrance from the office welcomed me. My office always made me smile. Not everyone gets to see their dreams come true. I dropped my purse on my oak desk and stood by the window, contemplating the breathtaking view. Life had been going well for me lately and I was progressively rising in my career, a real up-and-comer.

I had fought hard to be the magazine's top MMA writer; it was no easy feat. I adored the sport, and the role had been my dream since I graduated college. On that particular day, Dwayne, my boss, was supposed to hand me a new task. I wasted no more time, I grabbed my notepad and pen and headed to his office.

He was on the phone when I entered, so I waited until he hung up the phone. "Hey, Dwayne," I said in a bubbly tone, my eyes bright with excitement. "I'm ready for that new project, give it to me."

He smiled, “You’re going to owe me after this one.”

“My god Dwayne, let’s cut to the chase.”

“Great, because I just landed you the first interview with Ricardo Matos. It’s his debut with UFC in the United States.”

My heart sank and my stomach tied into a knot. I zoned out from my surrounding and I felt myself slip away. Shocked, I croaked, “No way.”

Dwayne kept speaking, not noticing my growing anxiety. “Right. You don’t get a better opportunity than this kiddo, now go out there and get us a great feature,” he said. “You’re due to his locker room tomorrow night before the fight.”

I was speechless. I mean, it was a great opportunity, but there was no way I could interview Ricardo. The very idea made me sick to my stomach.

He finally stopped going on about how amazing of an opportunity it would be for me, for the company and looked at me.

“What’s wrong? Why aren’t you celebrating?” He mimicked me jumping up and down. I giggled.

“I just can’t do it,” I whispered shaking my head. That was true, even for a million bucks, I couldn’t do it. Just when I thought life was getting back on its tracks, reality leaps out to slap me in the face.

“What? Of course, you will. I have complete faith in you. I hired you for a reason.” He stared at me, comfort lingered in

his eyes, he probably thought I was nervous. I wished that was all there was to it.

“No, I mean, I can’t,” I looked him straight in the eye, trying to make him understand. “We have history, Dwayne... we were once close and things between us didn’t end well.” Dwayne averted his gaze and pinched his brow. “I don’t want to see him *ever* again. I can’t do it. Just have someone else interview him.”

Finally, we locked eyes. “Kira, you must do the interview. I have no say in this and neither do you. This is why you’re a professional. You must be able to separate your professional life from your personal life. Just interview him and settle your personal affairs later.” I nodded.

“Also, I know we are friends but that doesn’t mean you get to pick and choose your tasks. This is an important interview for all of us and I won’t hesitate to put a more capable writer in your position if you take my friendliness for weakness. So, please for the sake of our friendship and your job, get your ass to the fight tomorrow.”

Dwayne was being extra hard on me unlike any other time before. Though he was my boss, we ended up developing a friendship because of how hardworking I was. By the way he was talking to me it was clear that he really meant business.

I swallowed hard. Without another word, I left the office, my skin blazing. I wasn’t sure if I wanted to throw up or trash my office. What was I going to do? I could not imagine seeing Ricardo again. The love of my life. My very first love. Once

upon a time I could hardly wait to see him. I couldn't wait to be lost in his eyes or engulfed in his embrace. But the warm feelings of love were long gone. I couldn't wrap my head around the awkwardness of speaking to him ever again. He had been in Brazil for years now, and it hadn't occurred to me that he would be back in the United States to invade my world again. *Could it be payback? Was ruining my career his way of getting back to me? What was I going to do?* I paced around the office, starting to break out into a sweat. I needed a plan for tomorrow night. Ricardo couldn't - wouldn't - know he had that effect on me. I needed to keep my distance. *I can do this; I was a pro, as Dwayne pointed out. Right?*



“Seriously, Kira, what are you going to do?” Rebecca, my best friend, questioned me. She was the only one who could comfort me whenever I was down.

I felt like pacing. My body quivered and it felt like I was about to have panic attack. It was just like when I was in college. I rubbed my hands together as I moved from one corner of the room to another. The more I thought about my predicament, the farther I got to a solution.

I halted abruptly, long enough for Rebecca to hand me a glass of Ultra. I invited her over to my loft after leaving the office. I felt like drowning my sorrows. Alcohol was exactly

what I needed before entering the Lion's Den with Ricardo the following day.

“What am I supposed to do? I'm stuck. Just the very thought of seeing him makes my stomach churn. I have a terrible feeling about this. I can't let him ruin my career. I've worked so hard to get here, and I'm not going to throw it away over an ex.” I said, my face drooped. The truth is that I was afraid. I would be an emotional wreck. I just didn't want to spring up memories I tried burying for so long.

Rebecca stared at me. “Kira, what's the plan? Don't tell me you have none, because we both know you can't go in there without a plan.”

I gazed back at her. Her beautiful blue eyes always saw right through me. Defeated, I plunged into the couch and chugged my beer. Rebecca was right. Seeing Ricardo wasn't going to be easy, in fact, it could be life changing. I just knew it. The feeling made my skin crawl.

“Alright, let's brainstorm a way for me to get in there, do my interview, be as cool as a cucumber and get out unscathed,” my voice was firm, though my heart wasn't. *Fake it till you make it, right?* Wrong. That was one thing I couldn't do. Being a professional was a thing, however, pretending was a whole other story.

“I would rather help you come up with a plan to make his life a living hell.” she quipped.

We laughed. “I don't know, Becca. I mean, we both agreed to break up. He didn't cheat on me or anything. I hold no

grudge against him,” I brought my glance into the dark fizzy drink in my hand. Our past was as dark as my beer because Ricardo decided to let his fighting side control him. Things weren’t working out between us. I shrugged off the thought.

I saw her facial expression change. “It’s okay. Look, everything will be fine. It’s just an hour out of my life. I’ll get in and out as fast as I can. I will turn this whole thing into the best article of my career.”

Her soft face brightened; a smile played in her lips. “That’s my girl!” She put her hand up for a high-five. We toasted with our beers and started planning how I would interview Ricardo. I was pumped to take action. I knew what was coming and all I could feel was dread.

That night, after Rebecca had gone home, I locked myself up in my room, shedding tears as I remembered all the memories I shared with Ricardo. I got my journal and jotted my thoughts. It was a habit of mine and it helped me release bottled up emotions. I needed to get it out of my system. First, I wrote about my feelings for him, then about why us being together would never work. For all I knew, he could very well have a girl warming his bed right this instant. Perhaps it was silly of me to overthink about our past relationship that much. *Why now Ricardo?* I sobbed, unable to control myself.

Chapter 2

Ricardo

I stopped on the eighth round of heavy bags, when I heard the coach's alarm go off. I was drenched in sweat, as I pulled off my gloves. I tossed the gloves on the bench and walked over to the ring where my coach stood.

“It's time to go weigh in, make sure that we're good to go, and after that I'll be taking you for a feast.” Scott said with a wink.

Scott was more than a coach but a true friend. He truly wanted to see me succeed.

“A-ha, my favorite part.” I laughed. I was famished. I had been cutting weight for over a week to ensure I made my weight class for tomorrow's fight. On the last day before weigh-in, I drank a ton of water and didn't eat much. It was all part of the process of making weight, but by the last day, fighters were fed up with it. After weigh-ins, we were basically allowed to gorge ourselves to get energy for an upcoming fight. I was more than ready to rock my UFC debut in the United States. I had trained my whole life to get

accepted in the UFC, and I finally made it. I am thirsty for my first victory. My experience in fighting camp had prepared me for this moment. I can't wait to get in the ring and beat a guy up. I would never trade this moment for anything else. This is my chance to show everyone what I came here to do.

It's been a while since I arrived back in the United States, and it felt almost nostalgic. There were many memories tied to my last visit here; some memories were amazing, and some weren't that great. It was bittersweet. I met this one girl that still plagued my thoughts. She made me experience the best and the worst.

"Alright, Chief, let's get weighed in so I can get some food." The weigh-in was successful. Tomorrow I would make my debut in the UFC, and finally level-up my career. Hell, maybe I'd get to fight Conor McGregor! Okay, that was quite the stretch, but you never really know.

We were sitting at a local Bar & Grill, where I ordered baby back ribs and baked potatoes. My stomach growled ready for a meal. Thankfully I didn't have to wait much longer, as the waitress walked in with our food and drinks. She shot me a flirty smile. I was used to girls checking me out. It felt as if women could smell my success. I returned the smile and turned away before she lured me into something I would regret later.

Celebratory drinks would have to wait until after the fight. I had some water instead. The last thing I wanted was an upset stomach before my debut.

I could already see my coach inhaling his food. “This fight is just the beginning for you, Ricardo.”

I couldn't keep off the grin spread across my face. I liked that he had so much faith in me. Though, he looked younger than he truly was, I saw him as a father figure. After a few more moments, he finally looked up and motioned for me to eat as well. I nodded and I dived into the ribs, barbecue sauce dripped from my lips. I licked it all enjoying the rich flavors of the meal. My body craved for some protein. Although I was always hungry, I couldn't go around eating whatever I wanted. I had a full team of professionals guiding me on every aspect of my life. I had to follow many rules, and with food it was no exception. For the time being I was going to enjoy every single bite. Anyone who ever did long-term fasting would know exactly how I felt.

“Hey, I wanted to run something by you for tomorrow.” My coach said while scrolling on his phone. He was always busy with something, doing research, connections, and other things. I was actually impressed that a fifty-two-year-old man like him was tech-savvy. Many people his age struggled with technology. I was very lucky to have him.

I bit into another rib. “Yeah?”

“The editor for Fighter's Only called and requested an interview.”

My eyebrows raised. “Really? That's awesome.”

“That's what I thought too. Anyways, I've set up with one of their writers to come in tomorrow night before the fight.

You'll be interviewed in the locker room. It's a female, so no funny business." He wiped his lips and hands with the table napkin.

I chuckled. "You can trust me." I was never an easy prey to women. To get to the level I was in sports, you needed to focus on work and not women. I drank from my water glass, and then something occurred to me. "Who is the writer that's coming in?"

"Ahhh, let me see here, I forgot her name," He grabbed his phone from the table and started scrolling..

"Where is it again? Aha, here it is...Kira Taylor."

A slow smile broke out on my face.

"Wait? What's that smile for? Does that name ring a bell?"

"Yep, that's my ex-girlfriend."

"Jeez, are you kidding me, right now?" the coach said, rolling his eyes.

I laughed. "I really wish I was."

"Well, she certainly isn't a nobody. She's the feature writer. Usually, they give that job to a man, so she must be really good at her job."

"She is. She deserves to be where she is right now." I stared down at my meal, conflicted. She had grown so much in her career. A career we planned for the both of us but that she enjoyed on her own. I was glad she had the job of her dreams, that was all that mattered.

“You are sure you’re okay with this? We don’t need some angry ex looking for a vendetta.”

I smirked. “No worries, coach. She’s not like that. She would never do me dirty. She’s a true professional. There’s a reason she got that job.”

“Okay, I’ll take your word for it. Just don’t do anything to piss her off.” Scott placed a hand on my shoulder, giving it a small squeeze.

I laughed. “Dude, I have no intention of pissing her off. But we do have some unfinished business in our personal lives. Nothing for you to stress over though.” A smirk played on my lips.

“If she wants an interview, I want something in return.”

“What’s that?”

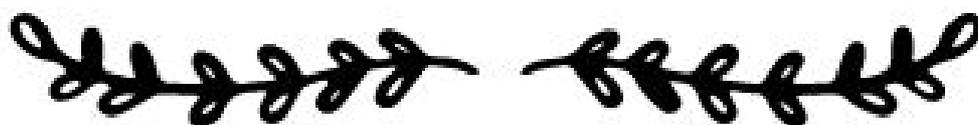
“Don’t worry about it. I’ll take care of it.”

Scott frowned, “Don’t do anything that’s going to make me regret this.” He stood from his stool, ready to leave.

“Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing.”

“I sure hope so. This could be the start of many interviews as you climb the ladder, or the beginning for tabloids. And that would crash your career before you even take off,” Scott said.

“Scott, just relax man. I won’t let you down.”



When I got back to the gym, I immediately went to my locker. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath rummaging through my belongings. Pulling my locker open, there was a neat stack of Fighter's Only magazines. I pulled out the heap and sat on the bench. I took one and flipped through it until landing on Kira's bio. Her photo smiled at me. My heart melted on the spot.

Each time I saw her picture, I had mixed feelings. I wanted to get to see her again. We needed to sort things out, we had too much history. And now, my wishes were coming true. But how could I control my feelings? I still loved her, I never actually *stopped* loving her. How would I handle seeing her again? I wanted to hear her unique voice, her beautiful giggles. This was not going to be easy for me. Just thinking of her made me hard but she was no longer mine. What if she was married? Just the very thought of another man being with her sickened me. After years of being apart, I wasn't ready to accept that she had probably moved on.

My eyes traced her writings; she was really good at it. I'm not a stalker or anything, but I have followed her career since she started at Fighter's Only Magazine and have read everything she has written. As soon as Scott told me I was being interviewed, I knew it would be Kira. I wondered how she felt about her upcoming interview. If I had to guess, she probably tried to talk her way out of it. She was good at talking herself out of good things.

I closed the magazine and set it on the pile of others. My thoughts went back to the memories we shared. *Why Kira?*

Why did you have to leave me? I thought. I won't answer your questions until you answer mine.

Chapter 3

Kira

I stared at myself in the mirror, judging everything I saw.

“Here, I think you need this.” I turned to see Rebecca leaning on the bathroom sink with a glass of champagne. I took it from her, a soft smile plastered on my face.

“Thanks, but maybe you should have brought a shot of tequila instead.” I said and took a sip.

She laughed. “What was I thinking?”

I laughed and sipped again. It was a joke to her, but I meant it. I needed something strong to keep my mind in place. I didn't need my emotions ruining everything. I glanced back into the mirror one last time. I needed to stop stressing over what Ricardo was going to think when he saw me. We were over, and he had probably seen so many beautiful girls by now. Maybe a different girl warmed his bed each night. He was a celebrity after all, with growing wealth and fame.

Rebecca sat down in the living room; I followed.

“Hey,” I said. She looked up at me. “Thanks for always being here for me.” I sat down beside her. “I needed the moral support.”

“And the liquid courage,” she said, laughing. “Of course. That’s what friends are for, right?” She continued.

I nodded.

“Plus, I understand these things. So, you always have my support, especially tonight,” she said. She was beaming at me. I knew then that Rebecca was, indeed, a special friend. I wished she could go with me and stand by my side; maybe could pinch me if I started misbehaving. This was my path, though. A path to my past, and I had to walk it alone.

“I’m feeling nervous, and I don’t know why. I’ve watched a dozen of his fights. Although lately I’ve been so engrossed in work that I haven’t paid any attention to him,” Kira said.

“It’s good you don’t pay attention to him. You do you, girl, so you can get over him. Then, after this interview, I am so setting you up with a blind date to get yourself out there,” Rebecca said.

I chuckled at the thought of being with another man. After my relationship had ended with Ricardo, I had simply buried myself in work: it was the best distraction and it paid off by sky-rocketing my career.

“It’s a pretty simple explanation: you dated him, and things got messy. Now you are forced to see him again. Of course, it’s going to be awkward. I would be freaking out right now if

I were you, and I think you're handling it pretty well," Rebecca said.

"Maybe. But what if I don't have this composure when I get there?" I downed the rest of the champagne and grabbed my bag.

"You will. Just relax," she said coyly.

I gave her a hug and exhaled. "Alright, wish me luck. I'm about to go into the Lion's Den."

Rebecca grabbed her purse from the couch and held up her phone for me to see. "I'm just a phone call away if you need to talk after. Just go in and get your interview."



As I drove into the arena, all I could think of was the last time I saw Ricardo. Had he gotten bigger? Grown more hair? Or built more muscles? He would definitely be more handsome; I had no doubt about that. My anxiety increased even more when I couldn't find a parking spot. Many people were arriving to watch the fight. I had to drive around the parking lot for a while before I found a spot at the end.

As I walked into the building, my mind was still on him. There was a time I believed I would spend the rest of my life with him. We were so young; too young to be as serious as we were. I had met him through my brother David, who was obsessed with MMA. The two trained together at a local gym,

and the first time I saw Ricardo, my heart slammed into my chest. He was so hot, even back then. My dirty mind conjured images of us alone, with his mouth on mine. Ricardo had taken my virginity. Although we were both somewhat inexperienced, he was pretty good at it. One thing we had never lacked in our relationship was amazing chemistry. Our love was always pure and beautiful, but the darkness of an unknown future looming ahead had pulled us away from each other. He had wanted to be renowned, travelling the world and winning awards, while I had sought a quieter life as a prolific writer. I wanted to have accomplishments too, but not grand fame like he had. The future had been bright for both of us in our individual careers, but at the time, we were just too different for our love to grow. Sometimes I wondered how things would have been if I hadn't cut things off. There were days when I felt like I had made a mistake.

Stepping into the arena, I showed my journalist badge and told them I was to meet Ricardo in the locker room. I hoped he would not be there alone; the awkwardness would be unbearable.

I took a deep breath and strolled into the locker room, my head held high, and my brain chanting positive affirmations. *You can do this. You can do this*, I thought. I saw him standing on the other side of the room, his back to me so he couldn't see me. He had his shirt off, his molasses skin glistening with fresh sweat. He must have just finished warming up with pad work. His back muscles stretched. His body lean, and I felt a

flutter in my stomach. I knew it even without seeing his face: he was definitely hotter.

He turned around and spotted me leaning against the doorway. He didn't smile, just stared at me, and my heart leapt into my throat. *Maybe he hates me. Maybe he doesn't want to see me. Why did I agree to this? I still have time. If I run, no one could stop me.*

But my gosh he was gorgeous. Tall, around 6'2, and all muscle. His six-pack rippled right before my eyes. He had dreadlocks, almost down to his shoulders, but he had them pulled back into a half-updo. Wow, he hadn't aged a bit. The last time I saw him, he didn't have the dreads, and I found them incredibly sexy. Damn, I am definitely in trouble.

"Kira, long time." His lips pulled into a smile. Maybe this could go well.

I swallowed hard. "Yeah, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm great." He raised his arms. "As you can see,"

"Yeah, that's why I'm here. We have an interview together."

"Is that right? You're the writer for Fighter's Only? I had no idea."

I narrowed my eyes. "Oh yeah, I am,"

"I don't really have time to read magazines. But I'm glad to know you're doing well. I guess congratulations are in order."

I rolled my eyes. "Don't worry about it. Why don't we get this over with? You do have a big night to get ready for."

He shook his head and half-rolled his eyes. “Some things never change, do they? Sure, we can do the interview under one condition.”

I groaned. “I wasn’t told that there would be conditions when I accepted the job.”

“Yeah, I came up with those on my own.”

“I really don’t have time for games. I have a feature to write, and you have a fight to prepare for. Why don’t we get this over with. It would be better for both of us,”

“You always knew what was better for both of us, didn’t you? I will do the interview, Kira, under one condition.”

I sighed. “Fine. What’s the condition?”

He smiled. “You tell me why you ended things between us.”

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. I closed it again.

“Well?” Ricardo said.

“You know why things ended between us.”

He shook his head. “No, I don’t. That’s why I’m asking you. After all these years, I still haven’t been able to put it together. I don’t believe for a minute that you just wanted to part ways because ‘we wanted different things.’ I want to know what really happened. Was there someone else?”

My mouth dropped open again. “Excuse me? No, there was no one else.” That was not even in the equation. *There was no one else and there never will be because I can’t get over you*, I yelled in my head.

“Then tell me the truth. We were so great together, and then you suddenly decided we weren’t a good match.”

Tears sprang to my eyes. I wasn’t doing this. I needed to get out of there. I did not come to talk about our relationship. I didn’t even know why he wanted to discuss it. We had been over this so long ago. Why dig it all up again?

“Are you going to say something?”

“No,” I croaked. I cleared my throat. “No. I’m here for an interview. Not to flesh out the past. Don’t do this right now.”

“Why should I give you anything, Kira? You left, and now you want me to help you further your career.”

“This is for you too!” I was shouting now, and the conversation was getting out of control.

“Then tell me the truth.”

“You have no idea what I was going through, enduring you as a fighter. We were young, you were breaking into this amazing career, and I just wanted to be a writer.”

“Enduring? Tell me, Kira.”

I swallowed hard. A man walked into the locker room and stopped suddenly. It was obvious he realized that he had just walked into something he shouldn’t have.

“Ricardo, is everything alright?”

“Yes, coach. Just ahhh... doing the interview.”

The coach facepalmed. “Yeah, it looks like it’s going well.”

“This interview is over,” I said as I turned and walked out of the room.



“What did I say to you when you left this office yesterday?” Dwayne shot me a mean look.

“Dwayne, please!”

“I don’t want to hear it, Kira. I told you that your office would go to another writer. I love you, kid, but I’m your boss, not just a friend.”

“It’s a complicated situation. I went there for the interview and all he wanted to talk about was our relationship. What was I supposed to do?”

He sighed. “Get me an interview, Kira; that’s what you were supposed to do. I don’t want to hear about your relationship problems.” Dwayne reclined on his big leather seat with his fingers massaging the stress-wrinkles on his forehead.

“Please don’t demote me. I love this job and I have worked so hard. I’m good at it, and you *know* no one else can do the job as well as me.”

“I can’t deny your talent as a writer, but you had a job to do, and you bungled it over a past relationship. It’s high school BS, Kira. We had an interview with *him*, and I don’t want another magazine to pull it out from under us,” Dwayne said.

“Fine, please let me fix this.” I didn’t know how, but I was willing to try. I was freaking out. I didn’t want to lose my job. *Gosh, I blew it.* My nerves were fried, and I felt like I would faint from a panic attack. I had spent years honing my skills, years grooming myself. I was at the peak of my career, and it was about to be snatched away from me because of one silly mistake. My eyes burned and my throat felt dry. Dwayne trusted me, and it took years to gain that trust. I couldn’t let it fade because of my past. I knew he would have fired me if I was anyone else. Dwayne doesn’t give second chances, and this was my third. If I blew it this time, there would be no escaping his fury. “Please, Dwayne. I can fix this. I promise,”

He sighed and got up from his desk. “You have just one shot left Kira, and I mean it. Don’t ruin it like you did last summer. I won’t be so nice if another magazine gets this gig.”

I beamed. “Thank you so much.”

“Don’t thank me yet. I spoke to the coach before you got here. He was pretty upset with the unprofessionalism of a writer leaving without doing an interview.”

I fought hard not to roll my eyes. Ricardo was really milking this for all it was worth.

“What are you asking me to do? When do they want me back?”

“The coach requested a feature, ‘A look in the life of an MMA star. He won the fight in case you weren’t paying attention.’”

I had been paying attention. I had gone home that night, opened a beer, and watched his whole fight on TV. He had been phenomenal, truly gifted, but I wasn't about to admit how impressed I was with him.

I rolled my eyes. "Of course, I watched it. It's my job to know everything about UFC fighters."

"That's fantastic news, Kira," he said sarcastically. "To get Ricardo back onboard, I've agreed to a feature article. You will follow the fighter for a few weeks, getting behind-the-scenes details to write the best article of your career." *What?* I thought to myself. I was already on thin ice, though, so I dare not refuse.

Dwayne stared at me with a look in his eyes that told me I better not make waves this time.

"So, what do I do when he forces me to discuss our relationship again? You've just stuck me with the guy for weeks on end."

He shook his head. "The coach and I have an understanding that whatever went on between the two of you in the past will not be held over your head as you write the article. Ricardo has been warned that your relationship is not to be discussed unless you want to."

I nodded, feeling relieved.

"I suggest that you get home and pack."

"Pack? Why?" Was I going to go live with him?

“Yes, you are due to be on a private jet tonight. He is going immediately into training camp for his next fight. You will be with him during the process. Don’t mess this up. Kira.”

I chuckled the best pretend laugh I could muster. Someone just kill me. “I wouldn’t think of it. Don’t worry, I’ve got this.” This time around, I was willing to fight. *The past shall remain where it is, in the past.*

I turned my heels and headed out the door, knowing that spending long periods with Ricardo to write an article would not be easy. I hoped things wouldn’t get any worse, but I knew that was too much to hope for.

Chapter 4

Ricardo

“**S**irena, are you ready to go? We have a plane to catch.”
I called out, my eyes browsing my phone. Social media was packed. Everyone was talking about my last fight and anticipating my next one.

A blonde vixen came out of the bathroom, fluffing her hair. I only called her a vixen because she was living fire. If you mess with her, you get burned. Sirena had been my assistant for the past two years, and she was a hellcat. As beautiful and dangerous as blue flames. We had never dated, and I had always kept it professional, even though I knew that Sirena would have jumped at the chance to date me. Sirena could be so unpredictable at times, and I couldn't control her. I am the type that always wants to be in control. Also, even though I was reluctant to admit it, I had never really gotten over Kira. Sirena would not understand the relationship that Kira and I had, and she definitely could never understand my love for Kira. Sirena's passion for MMA got her stuck with me, and I paid her very well, so aside from my coach, she was the best

employee I had. She would go to any length for me, anytime I needed her. She handled booking my fights and any publicity that I needed. She didn't let anyone get to me unless I requested.

There was a knock on my hotel door. Sirena answered it. Scott walked in, and he threw his hands up when he saw Sirena. "How do you always get here before me?"

"I brought coffee. What did you bring?" she said.

"My presence isn't good enough?" He said, laughing. He turned to me and stuck his middle finger out, before taking a seat opposite me.

"You, ok?"

"Yeah I am. Why wouldn't I be?" I smirked knowing where the conversation was going.

"Great. Kira will be on the jet, so I expect you to be on your best behavior. That stunt you pulled at the fight isn't going to happen again. This article is huge publicity for you, so don't screw it up this time."

I rolled my eyes. "Anything you say boss."

"This is a terrible idea. I can't believe you're allowing some ex-girlfriend of his to hang around the camp for weeks. It's just going to be a huge distraction," said Sirena.

"Well, she wouldn't have to hang around for weeks if Ricardo would have just let her interview him the other night. This is where we are, and I'm sure you're not gonna allow him to get distracted by some girl," replied Scott. Scott knew. We

all knew how Sirena could be. I hoped she would get along with Kira. The girl just wants an article. I blew it for digging up the past, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't like the outcome. I get to spend some weeks with Kira. I'm not expecting her to hug and kiss me but getting to see her every day for a few weeks felt like a refreshing idea.

“You bet your ass I'm not. I'm not dealing with any drama.”

“There isn't going to be any drama,” I said. “I promise I'll be good.”

Neither of them looked convinced. I wasn't sure how I felt about seeing the porcelain snowflake again. She was sexier than I remember. Damn, those curves of hers had gotten more rounded, and her smooth skin made my legs weak. Her copper hair had grown longer, to the middle of her back, and the black mascara she wore made me go nuts. It made her green eyes pop. And her glistening lips: so perky, so plump. So perfect. Who was I kidding? There would be drama over the next couple of weeks. Her tagging along would distract me. I should have just allowed her to do her job and then say goodbye. I was obviously not going to get an answer about why she left me in the past and forcing her into an uncomfortable position wasn't fair to her.

If a man had a weakness, Kira would be mine. She had an uncontrollable effect on me. I couldn't wait to have her around again. Maybe if she had some time to warm up to me again, she would be a little more willing to open up to me. I had never stopped thinking about Kira over the years, and I could

never understand why things had ended between us. Several times I day-dreamed about us on my private jet, cruising the world together. Our kids in the best schools, and she would have the biggest home library in the world. She loved to write. I didn't feel proud of myself for bugging her about the past, I just wanted to know why, and I thought she owed me that much.

I watched Sirena talking to the jet's pilot on the phone. She was making sure that my trip was as flawless as possible. I knew right away that she was not going to like Kira. I might have my hands full.

“All right, team, let's head to the airport,” Scott said.



Riding in the car to the airport, I put my headphones on and zoned out. My team was handling everything, and I could chill until we arrived. I couldn't help but drift back to the last time I saw Kira.

We were a pretty hot commodity when we were together. Light and dark together, her softness against my strength; it seemed we were the perfect couple for a while. If I had a soulmate, it would be her. We didn't even intend on being together at first. I knew her brother from way back when I first started training at the MMA gym back home. We were buddies, and he happened to bring his sister in one day. She was all spit and vinegar back then, and I was surprised that she could spew fighter stats as well as her brother. He and I used to go out and watch Bellator and UFC fights together over a few beers. We dreamed of being world-class fighters. I made it; he never did. After an injury in a fight, he had to end his career, while mine only soared. We were best friends when I met Kira and started dating, but I had his blessings.

"We're here." My thoughts were broken by the sound of Sirena's voice. I took off my headphones and mentally prepared myself to see Kira.

Chapter 5

Kira

I was running late. I hated running late. I had to get to the airport so my indentured servitude could begin. I couldn't even imagine what it would be like to hang out with Ricardo during his training camp. We had already started out arguing, and I didn't want that to happen again. I didn't know how to work under pressure, but there is a first time for everything, right? All I knew, is that I must write a killer article for Dwayne.

A driver was sent to pick me up and bring me right to the tarmac. I would be able to skip security. It was a good thing, as I was already late. I saw the private jet up ahead and shook my head. Ricardo was certainly doing well for himself. Not that I should be surprised. He deserved all the success that came his way. I wished I could have enjoyed this with him. But I had jumped ship because I was scared. Who gets scared to date? Who gets scared of good things? Me. I most certainly do.

I slid out of the car and trotted towards the plane, my suitcase trailing behind me on wheels. A long-legged blonde

stood at the foot of the stairs to the jet. She didn't crack a smile as I approached, and I wondered who she was.

I held my hand out. "Kira Taylor, I'm here to meet Ricardo."

The woman glanced at the watch on her wrist and looked back up at me.

"You might not take your job seriously, Miss Taylor, but I do. We are on a schedule and have places to be. You're only here as a favor to the magazine. Don't think for a minute that I won't send you packing." Harsh. They say that a first impression is the last impression, and this lady, whoever she was, wasn't making a good first impression. I knew I was late, but she didn't know me well enough to be making assumptions about me.

My mouth hung open momentarily. "Excuse me?"

"I've seen girls like you before, who want to screw around with their ex's lives, and I want to assure you, that won't happen here. I care about that man up there and won't stand for any drama."

"And you are?"

"Sirena Charlotte, his assistant, and right-hand man," she bragged.

"Noted," I nodded. I didn't have the energy to banter words with her. She was the least of my problems. I turned from her and walked up the stairs, not wanting to continue the

conversation further. I was already appalled, and I could tell that the time I spend with Ricardo would be extra unpleasant.

I went through the plane's doorway and saw Ricardo sitting near the back. His coach, Scott, was sitting nearer to the front. He got up immediately when he saw me and came to shake my hand. "Kira, so happy to see you again. We're looking forward to seeing what magic you will create with this article."

I took his hand; we lingered a bit. "Well, I will certainly do my best."

Sirena came up behind me and passed me in the aisleway. She continued to the back of the plane where Ricardo was sitting and sat beside him. Ricardo was shirtless, wearing only grey sweatpants. *God, help me*, I thought.

"Where shall I sit?" I asked Scott.

"Wherever you like. Let me get you some champagne. We like to celebrate on flights." He smiled. I wished only Scott was on the flight.

"Sure. Could we also go over Ricardo's itinerary for the next week?"

"Yes, of course, anything you need."

"Hi, Kira."

He was there suddenly, so close that I could smell his aftershave. Chills covered every inch of my body as I glanced at him.

"Hi, Ricardo. Sorry about the other night." I smiled.

Don't start apologizing now. Let's try to get through this without killing each other. How about that?" He stretched out his hand for a shake.

My heart pounded in my chest when I touched him. I can't do this. I can't pretend the spark wasn't there. I love this man, even though we are not meant for each other. I didn't want to break it off, but I felt the warmth of his hand leave me. This would be very hard. How does someone crave their ex so badly? "Fair enough." I replied, accepting his deal.

I was handed a glass of champagne, and I sat down in a chair beside Scott to go over the itinerary. I watched as Ricardo took his abs back to the seat at the back of the plane. I made eye contact with Sirena, who practically bitch-slapped me with her eyes. I wondered briefly if the two were sleeping together. I shook my head, not wanting to even think about it.

I focused my attention on Scott as he opened his calendar.



I woke up in bed, but not my own. I was caught up in the sheets. I rolled over, and Ricardo was lying beside me. Confused, I quietly got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet seat and waited. I knew something was coming, but I wasn't sure what it was. I heard Ricardo get up, and call for me, but I ignored him. I always did when I was in trouble, instead of asking him for help.

I glanced into the garbage can, and something caught my eye. I bent over and pulled it out. A pregnancy test. My heart started hammering in my chest. I was pregnant.

I gasped as I woke up from my dream, disoriented. I couldn't figure out where I was for a while. I glanced around and saw Ricardo relaxing in his seat as I looked around the jet cabin. I must have fallen asleep after talking to Scott. The dream was so vivid, like I was reliving the past all over again. One regret I had in our relationship was not telling Ricardo that I was pregnant. It was too late now; what was done was done. He would hate me if he ever found out I had kept that secret from him. I knew he would. Hopefully our conversations wouldn't venture into that area. I just needed to get the feature done and get out of his life as soon as possible.

The lights turned on, and I sat up. We must be getting ready to land. Vegas was going to be interesting. I had never been there, but many training camps happened there. I turned towards the back and saw Sirena massaging Ricardo's shoulders. I pinched the bridge of my nose. I don't know why it bothered me that another woman had her hands on Ricardo, but I immediately bristled. I couldn't be jealous over what wasn't mine.

"Alright, kids. Let's get going. We have a suite at the hotel," Ricardo glanced at me. "Don't worry, you have your own room." He smirked.

I nodded, wondering if Sirena had her own room as well. As we got off the jet, my mind affirmed repeatedly. *You're doing*

it for your job. You're doing it for your career.

Chapter 6

Ricardo

Day one of training camp was going well. We were two and a half weeks out from my next fight, and I could already sense my victory.

I had walked into the training center about 15 minutes earlier. Coach had messaged me and canceled my regular training session, so we were going to focus on a weight day. I didn't see him there yet, so I put my bag down and did some stretching before he arrived.

I did three minutes of shadowboxing in front of the mirror, working my techniques. I wanted to make sure of what I was throwing and how often my hands dropped. I also paid attention to my speed and accuracy.

The coach walked in and met me at the heavy bags. "Hey, man, your technique looks good. Ready to smash some weights?"

"You got it," I said, still throwing punches in the air. "Do you think I'm ready for this fight?"

“Sure man, you’re more than ready.”

I laughed, “Ya, ya, I know. I’m excited.” I *was* excited, but also nervous. My next opponent was Eric. The legendary Eric Rodriguez I had watched on television so many times before my rise to fame.

We headed to the weight area, and I planned for us to do bicep curls and tricep extensions. I could do 120 on each arm, and I loved seeing my veins pop. Including strength training in one’s MMA regime was essential so that your punches and kicks had power behind them. There was something about working out that made you feel unstoppable and powerful. I loved the feeling and, drunk with my own testosterone, I felt I had a chance to beat Eric.

We did three sets of each exercise, grunting through our progressions. I did drop sets next for bicep curls, starting at 100lbs, and did a set of 12 reps. I then went to 80lbs and finished with another 12 reps. I went from 60lbs to 40, and ended with 20, which at that point felt like it weighed 100lbs all over again.

“Those look sick, man, set me up for those as well,” Scott said. The secret to Scott looking young and handsome was that he worked out and ate like other fighters. He never fought. He was good at studying techniques and teaching them. It was something he did since his childhood years. But I believe Scott would have been a terrific fighter if he ever decided to fight. He knew a lot and practiced even more.

“Ya, I got you. What’s your max weight?”

“More than you.”

I laughed and set him up with 110. “No doubt, just don’t get too carried away.”

He jacked up his arms, and as he did his sets of 10, I lowered the weight for him. I kept pushing him to work harder when he was close to giving up. “Come on, man, one more set let’s go.” I set the last one to 20, and he killed it.

We continued with biceps and triceps and then moved on to shoulders. We did shoulder presses, chin-ups, and push-ups. I was exhausted by the time we were done, and we went to the water cooler to grab some Gatorade. Scott and I sat on the bench, lost in our own thoughts as we chugged our drinks. My mind flew back to Kira. The electric feeling that struck my hand when I shook hers. I would do anything to feel that again. I didn’t want to drop her hand, but I also didn’t want her being uncomfortable or seeing me as some creep.

Her hands were soft and delicate, just as she was. Just thinking about her coupled with my tensed muscles got me aroused. I wanted to touch all the delicate and soft parts of her.

“How are things going with Kira?” Scott teased.

“She’s not my girlfriend.”

“That’s not what I meant Ricardo, no need to get all sensitive about it.”

“Then, just drop it, alright?” I knew my response was a bit harsh, but I didn’t want anyone prying into my emotions. It’s not like he would understand if I told him that I’m still madly

in love with Kira, or that I get really aroused when I think about her. He would only judge me. I didn't want that. I wasn't ready to talk about Kira to anyone.

"I can't do that. I need to know that things are going well. We don't need her to start writing whatever garbage she wants to."

"I don't think she's going to do that. She seems fine now."

"Have you guys started working on the article?"

"She seems to be doing more behind-the-scenes stuff. She did ask me some basic things, but she seems to be avoiding me for the most part." I understood why she didn't want to talk to me, but it didn't make it hurt less. I remember times when she couldn't wait to talk to me, times when she would complain that I was giving so much time to practice, times when she would call me to rant about silly things. Now she was avoiding me.

"I'm not sure how she can write an article and not talk to you."

I shrugged. "I wouldn't worry about it. She's good at her job; you don't have to stress about it."

I looked around the gym. It was mid-afternoon. The place was really busy, and I felt weird about having that conversation with Scott in the middle of it all.

Just then, Kira came into the gym and waved at us. She didn't come over, however, she started talking to a few of the guys running the camp. She was probably trying to get

background information. I watched her from afar, feeling increasingly aroused just at the sight of her. It was like I had forgotten just how beautiful and sexy she was until I saw her again.

She finally came over, and Scott excused himself.

“Hi, do you think we could go over a few things?” Her smooth voice sent chills down my spine.

“Sure, why don’t I have a shower, and we can grab something to eat? We can talk over dinner. I’m starving after the workout.”

She stood there awkwardly. What made you hate me this much, Kira? What exactly did I do that was so wrong?

“It’s just a meal, Kira. It’s not a date.”

“Yeah, sure, no problem.”

“Okay, I’m going to have a shower, and then we’ll get going.”

I turned from her and headed to the locker room. I was going to try my best to connect with her over dinner and see if we couldn’t get past all the awkwardness. Or maybe...more? Goodness, was that crazy talk? Was it strange for me to hope we could return to where we used to be? I wanted to believe that it was possible. Having her back in my life was unexpected, yet it seemed like it was meant to happen. If there was a chance that these circumstances were meant to bring us back together, wasn’t it worthwhile to find out?

When I got out of the shower, I was surprised to see Sirena outside the locker room. “Hey, handsome, I thought we could grab a stir-fry somewhere.”

“Oh, normally I would be up for it, Sirena, but I’m going out with Kira. She has some things to discuss, and we’re just doing it over dinner.”

“What? You can’t be serious.”

“What?”

“I’m not sure that’s the best idea. You don’t want to give her the wrong idea, nor do you need any distractions before your fight.”

I shrugged. “I’m not really worried about that. She can barely stand to be in the same room with me most days. She’s been avoiding me like the plague.” I laughed.

“I really don’t think you have to worry about her getting the wrong idea; she’s not interested in me anyways.”

More like she hates me, really. As for the “distraction”, there was no need for anyone to worry. I was already distracted, and I would continue to be as long as she was here.

“I still think it’s a bad idea for you to have dinner together. Why don’t I come along and help break the ice?”

I laughed. “I don’t need you to break the ice. I’ve dated this girl before. I know her family. I’ll be fine, you don’t need to babysit me. Why don’t you go back to the hotel for the night. Take the rest of the day off.”

She frowned, looking disappointed. She recovered quickly. “Sure, I will see you there. Don’t stay out too late,” she said with a wink.

I waved as she left, and I walked back into the gym to where Kira was waiting.

“Ready to go?”

She smiled. “Absolutely.” That smile was what I had wanted to see all night. Maybe we could have some fun today.



We walked into the bar. It was the type of place that had pool tables and burgers.

We found a booth and sat down, and a waitress stopped at our table and recognized Kira.

“Oh my God, Kira. What are you doing here? I haven’t seen you since high school.”

The two girls hugged while I sat there dumbfounded.

“I’m here on a writing assignment. I work for Fighter’s Only magazine now.”

“You’re kidding! That’s amazing, girl! How’s your dad?”

“Same old, never changes. But overall, he’s doing great. I don’t think he would be complaining.”

She looked at me, and I smiled up at her.

“Who’s your friend here? He’s cute, but he looks like trouble.”

“Hey!” I said playfully.

Kira laughed. “This is Ricardo. I’m writing a feature about him.” She winked at me. “But you are right about the trouble part.”

I shook my head. Did I just see a wink? Whoever this friend was, she should stay if it would lighten Kira up for me.

“Well, what can I get you two?” she asked.

“How about a couple of beers to and two burgers to start.” I replied.

“Sure thing, sweetie, I’ll be right back.” The waitress sauntered off towards the bar, and I turned back to Kira.

“Well, I didn’t expect that.”

“I’m not going to tell people we dated Ricardo, it’s unnecessary.”

“I was talking about the wink.”

She froze. “Oh.”

She stuck her tongue out at me, and I realized that I had a damn sexy woman sitting across from me. The waitress came back quickly with our beers and left us to them.

“So, what do you want to get into tonight?” I asked as I took a swig of my beer. She also took a pull on hers as she watched me carefully. The girl had zero trust in me, but I wasn’t going to hold it against her. I probably deserved her mistrust.

“I just kind of wanted to go over your goals and your plans for the future.”

“Ugh, that sounds boring.”

She laughed. “Ricardo...”

Kira was always an interesting girl, but being there in that place with me threw me for a loop. It just felt natural being there with her, but I was pretty sure she felt the opposite. I liked the fact that she was being playful, though, and I hoped she would continue.

“Just tell me. I mean, your life is quite interesting,” she said, taking another gulp of beer. Mine was finished already, and I signaled the waitress for another pint. The waitress began moving towards our table. “Your burgers were just coming off the grill as you motioned me to bring you another beer. Here are the burgers and another beer,” said our waitress. I sunk my teeth into my burger as soon as it was put in front of me like I hadn’t eaten in forever. Kira looked at me downing my burger and started eating hers as well. We ate in silence for a few minutes and then I decided to strike up conversation again.

“You know Kira, on the outside it’s maybe interesting, but it’s not really how I feel on the inside. Don’t put that down though,” I said, regretting it instantly. I trusted she won’t do anything to hurt me, though, or to get bad critics from the public. It felt right to tell her. I needed her to know that I wasn’t doing well without her.

“Hope you are good?” She asked in her caring voice. To others it was sweet, to me it aroused my entire being and made

me stiff, so stiff that it was uncomfortable to move. This was what I wanted, us talking about life, not about article stuff. Just us. I might be crazy, but I wanted to spend time with Kira, not for the writing, but for all these the years I have missed her.

I gazed at her. “Yeah, I’m fine,” I gave her a small reassuring smile, which she returned. Her smile melted me, and I wanted to see more of it before the end of the night. “Eh, what do you say we have a little wager? We’ll see just how good you are at playing pool. The loser buys shots.”

She laughed, “We’re not going to get anything done.”

“Who cares? Just live a little, Kira. I have the day off tomorrow, let’s get drunk.” *please agree, please agree, please.* I prayed in my heart.

She paused as if she was considering whether it was a good idea.

“Are you scared you’re going to lose?” I said with a smirk. That was all it took.

“Okay, you’re on, but I hope you’re ready to put your money where your mouth is.”

We walked over to the pool table, and she racked the balls just like a pro. I grabbed a stick, put some chalk on it, and did the same for her. I passed her a stick and allowed her to break.

She cracked into the balls so hard they went all over the table.

“Wow, great break,” I said. She sunk a few different balls, so she got to choose between solids or stripes.

“Solid,” she announced.

We kept taking turns making shots for the win. Before long, it was obvious that I was getting my butt whipped. Although I felt like I was a strong player, she wiped the table with me. I still had four balls to sink. I laughed, “Well, that didn’t go as planned,” I said.

“Pony up! Or would you like to lose again?” Kira said.

I let out a chuckle and said, “No way! Let’s try our hand at darts this time. I doubt you’re as good at darts as I am.”

The waitress came over to replenish our beer, and I asked her if she could bring over a couple of shots of tequila. She headed off in search of it.

Kira made a face at me. “Now you didn’t have to go and order the nastiest shot available.”

“Hey, I’m the loser. I can pretty much do what I want. If you want to pick the shot, then I suggest you lose.”

She laughed, “Not going to happen.”

The waitress came over with the shots and set them on the table. I looked up at her as she walked away, and gently retorted, “Hey, where’s the lemon and salt?”

She started laughing as she walked away. Apparently, they didn’t serve that stuff with tequila.

“I told you that you shouldn’t have ordered it.”

“Well, I didn’t expect that they were uncivilized here.”

She giggled, “Well, man up, sunshine. Let’s do this because you have another game to lose.”

We picked up our shots and downed them together. As soon as it hit my throat, I gagged. Thankfully, I wasn’t the only one, or I may have lost my man card permanently.

“Yikes, that definitely wasn’t Patron.”

She laughed boisterously, “Let’s go.”

We headed over to the dart board, and she took the darts off the board and handed me ones that were a shade of yellow. She kept red ones.

We started taking turns throwing the darts, and, once again, it became obvious that Kira is a strong player. It was like looking at this girl for the first time. I already thought she was everything, but not only was she cool, but she was also a pool shark and darts pro. Although I felt like I was a pretty good player in darts, I hadn’t played in forever, and the girl smoked me long before I realized she would win again.

When she threw the last dart, which stuck straight in the middle, I couldn’t help but laugh. She turned to me with a huge grin on her face.

“So, what are you buying me this time?”

I walked right up to her, wishing that I could kiss her without worrying that she might slap me across the face. I wanted to taste the shots on her mouth. I was torn once again, wanting to ask her what had happened to us, but I was scared

that she would shut down again. I was enjoying us, and I didn't want that to end.

“Well, I'm avoiding tequila this time. Let me think about it.”

I left her there at the dartboard and made my way over to the bar. When I saw the waitress, I ordered a couple more beers, told her I wanted two shots of whiskey, and made sure to specify that I wanted Crown Royal.

“Ohhhh, a fancy guy, aren't we?”

“Well, my dear, you almost killed me with the last poison you brought to our table.”

She gave me a sweet smile.

I took the beers while the waitress returned the shots to our table.

Kira met us there, “What, you don't want to play any more games with me?”

“No way, you're whooping my butt. I will play a drinking game with you because I'm pretty sure I have you beat on that front.”

She laughed in a way that made me doubt my confidence. I asked the waitress for a deck of cards, and she promptly brought them over. We ended up playing Blackjack. It was one of my favorite card games, and we started going drink for drink. We played a solid good five rounds before she started whooping my ass again. I groaned; she had only let me get that

far to make me feel safe. How could I have been so stupid? The girl was a shark through and through.

“Let me guess: your dad taught you how to play Blackjack?”

She nodded. “Poker too.”

“Of course. Brilliant. How did I not know this about you?”

We continued the game for the next hour, laughing together, forgetting about the article, for which I was grateful. I didn't want the serious professional Kira: I wanted the fun-loving and laughing Kira. That's one thing Kira and I did well: laugh together. We always seemed to have such a great time with one another. We were getting decidedly drunk at that point, and I was worried that she might end up throwing up if she drank anymore. I had held her hair back a time or two when we were dating. Or maybe I was just worried that I would throw up. We had been doing rounds and shots all night, and at that point, I couldn't even taste them anymore.

“Well, haven't I just kicked your butt all night? How does it feel, Ricardo, to have your ass handed to you?”

“Well, I'm not impressed if that's what you're asking.”

She giggled. She had entirely embarrassed me when it came to winning any games that night, but I had a hard time caring. She looked so happy, and that was worth losing any game. There was no way either of us were driving home either, so we needed a new plan.

“Well, darling, I think I’m tapping out for the rest of the night. So, let’s grab a cab back to the hotel. I can have Scott come and get my vehicle tomorrow.”

The waitress returned to the table, and I asked her for the tab. When she returned, I realized that we had spent over \$100 in booze that night.

I left her with a \$75 tip, and her mouth hung open for a moment. I realized she probably got some terrible tips regularly.

“How are you kids getting home? You’re not thinking of driving, I hope.”

“No, we’re just going to grab a cab.”

Kira nodded. We hailed a cab and headed back to our hotel. I was planning on inviting her to my room and totally expecting her to say no.

Kira and I headed up the elevator then walked down toward our rooms. “Do you want to come in for a nightcap?” We were close now, and she was looking up at me. There was something in her eyes, and I wondered if she was feeling the same heat I was feeling.

“I will come in for a water.” I felt high with excitement. I couldn’t imagine that she would accept. Whatever was happening shouldn’t stop. I wished the night wouldn’t end, scared that the next day she might become grumpy and distant again.

I chuckled. “Fair enough; water it is.”

I unlocked the hotel room door, hoping there was no staff on the other side. The room was clear for a change. Such a relief. She went and sat on the bed, and I closed the door behind us. I went to the bed as well and sat beside her.

The alcohol was rushing through my veins, but when I looked into her green eyes, my mind replayed all the memories we shared together. Without thinking, I crashed my lips on hers. I didn't care what she would do. I wanted to taste her one more time. I expected her rejection, but it never came. Instead, Kira kissed me back with intensity. I couldn't control myself, even though I wanted to stop. I didn't want to take advantage of her because we were both wasted, but my adrenaline pushed me further, and I was glad she accepted. Her tongue entered my mouth, and I liked the way it felt against my tongue. Goodness, I had missed kissing this girl. Our kisses grew more passionate, and I had one hand in her hair, and the other was fondling her breast. She moaned, and it set my nerves on fire. The more I kissed her, the more I remembered us, and it felt like she remembered too.

Her hand grabbed my dreads, and I lost control. If there were anyone, I liked to lose control to, it was Kira. I was running out of breath, but I didn't want to stop. She might not want to kiss me again. I pressed her body to my chest, and she called my name. I couldn't control the strong bulge in-between my legs. I felt her breath panting faster as I sucked on her lips. I tasted the beer, the shots, but best of all, I tasted her.

She stopped me, and I fully expected her to get up and leave. I couldn't believe we had gotten that far already without

her slapping me.

“I just need a moment, okay?” She said as she got up to go to the bathroom.

Oh boy!

Chapter 7

Kira

“**W**hat are you doing, Kira?” I chastised myself as I stared into the mirror. My thoughts were fuzzy, but I was aware of what was going on. The truth is, I wanted him. I missed him and wanted him; from the first time I saw him in the locker room. I wanted him to touch me and take control of me. My whole body ached, and I was warm and tingly for him. I slapped myself in the cheek to gain full consciousness. I wasn’t thinking straight. What is this alcohol doing to me? Is it my longing desire for him? Or is it a combination of both? I need a clear head to make the right decision and leave before things spiral out of control.

My legs wobbled as I went back into the room. I made up my mind to leave but he was standing there, looking like a hot model ready for a photo shoot. My gaze went to his swollen lips, I imagined many things, and wanted to do all of them. *Snap out of it, Kira. This isn’t right!* My eyes drifted to the door, I had to escape. I didn’t have much self-control left because of my desire for him, and because of the alcohol. As I

approached him, he grabbed me by the waist and his lips found mine. I couldn't resist his kisses and the way our tongues danced in sync. We kissed, our tongues finding one another. He sucked on my tongue a little, and I moaned softly, unable to catch my breath. All my senses were drained, but I didn't care. *No, no, no, this isn't right. He can't just come into my life like nothing happened.* "Ricardo, what are we doing?" I whispered, panting. I knew what we were doing, but I wanted to know if he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

He flashed me a devilish grin that made me tingly all over. "I want to make you feel good Kira, please let me make you feel good again."

I gasped. He pulled me into him and caressed my body. "Let me touch you, Kira. I want to make you scream my name." His words were driving me mad and made me want him even more. Everything about Ricardo was intoxicating. I couldn't get enough of his lips, and his voice was enchanting. Everything was so familiar. I missed how good it felt to have him touch me. I was hypnotized by him, by his lips, by his touch, and by his voice.

He bent low and lifted my face to meet his, his hand wrapped firmly around my neck, and his mouth claimed mine once again. He tasted sweet and alluring. I could still taste the shots from his lips. His mouth was hot, and I almost moaned again from his kisses.

His kisses were becoming more passionate by the second. I touched his face, and my hand caressed his cheeks. I let out

another quiet moan and he chuckled as though he knew the effect, he had on me. “Oh Ricardo,” I said softly.

I took his hand to my breast, and he kneaded it softly. “Touch me, please.” I had lost control. There was no going back now. He began pulling off my t-shirt and tossing it aside. He stopped kissing me momentarily to look down at my breasts which were dying to be released from my bra. He looked back up at me with a smile on his face. I didn’t want his lips away from mine, I needed that distraction, or I might run away, though I knew I had gone too far to back out now.

“You are so beautiful, Kira,” he said. His words made my lips curl up. As much as he admired me, I also wanted to see him...without clothes. He unclasped my bra and carried me up to the room desk. He pushed me back until I was lying down on it. His mouth found my nipple, and he sucked, nipped, and licked it. I whimpered. The sensation flushed my body with pleasure and made me wet. I moaned softly as he replaced his mouth with his fingers and pulled on my nipple. He rubbed it in circles. I opened my mouth to moan but no words came out. Every action he took caused an ache between my legs. I closed my legs together to lessen the throbbing pain, but he widened it, stepping in-between my thighs as I squirmed. He continued playing with my nipples, causing me to moan as the pleasure built up in my body. My hand reached down to rub myself, but he held me. “Let me help you. You want to rub it? I’ll rub it in circles for you.” His dirty words only made me more aroused.

“Ric– Ahhhh,”

His hand slipped into my panties, and I arched my back with a moan. “My gosh, Kira. You’re so wet for me.” He went lower to my opening and plunged his hand a bit, teasing me, then he brought his hand up to my clit. I grabbed his hand because the pleasure was killing me. He kissed me and rubbed his finger on my clit in circles. I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. “Should I go slow?” he said.

I nodded, still speechless by the things that came out of his mouth. “No baby, I want to do you fast. I want to release that fire inside you,” he whispered, and gently nibbled my ear. He moved faster, and I felt like I was going to die as I arched my back and held on to the desk tightly. I felt wanton around him. He possessed me, and my body needed him like my lungs needed air. I craved his touch like a drug, to have him please me, to give me what I wanted. That’s all I could think about. He stopped and began to move up and down, slowly. He went down to my soaked opening and took some wetness up to my clit.

His hands moved in circles again, slow, and steady. I couldn’t take the pleasure. I panted and moaned, and my eyes shone as I bit my lower lip trying to control how loud I was becoming. “Stop biting your lips baby and moan. I want to hear you moan.”

“Ricardo, please,” I croaked. Though I wasn’t sure what I was begging for. He smiled and brought his hand to his mouth, licking off my wetness, then he kissed me.

“Will you help me too?” He whispered in my ears and immediately, I knew what he wanted, so I nodded. He undid his button and pulled the zipper on his pants down. I went on my knees and waited for him. He brought his pants down to his knees and slid his underwear down with them. His hard dick bounced before me; he was *massive*. Staring at him increased my aching.’ I was soaked. I took his dick into my mouth and sucked on it. His eyes closed above me, and I sucked hard while I massaged his balls. My tongue began to swirl against his shaft and then around his tip. I rubbed his tip with my tongue. “Kira,” he gasped. I removed my mouth and used my hands. He moaned with eagerness, and I stroked him even faster. “Yes, Kira. Keep going, yeah,” he moaned as I watched his eyes go up his eyelids.

I took his dick again into my mouth, I was deep-throating him nice and hard. I moved up and down rhythmically until my thrusts became fluid with him in my mouth. His moans aroused me, and I felt my pussy become even wetter. “Kira, baby.” He held my head as I continued to suck. “Stop baby, please. I don’t want to cum now.” He pulled his dick out of my mouth and undressed himself, tossing his shirt aside. “I want to do things to you.” I followed suit and undid my jeans and slipped them off. I was only wearing a thong underneath, so it was easy to dispose of. He watched me undress and couldn’t take his eyes off me.

He carried me up on the desk again and his lips took hold of mine. His hands found my clit and I moaned into his mouth, wrapping my hands around him. “Yes baby, let me make you

feel good,” he said. He kissed my breasts and my stomach. Then he spread my legs wide and a cool breeze made my clit tingle. He kissed my clit and sucked on it. I held onto the desk and squeezed. His tongue licked away my feminine juice. “Damn it Kira, you’re dripping.” He took my clit in his mouth and sucked on it, causing me to moan loudly as my juices flowed. He flicked my clit with his tongue, and I thought I might lose my mind.

“Oh Ricardo...please...,” Again, I didn’t know what exactly I was begging him for, but it felt right at the moment.

He looked up and smiled, “Did you like that?”

“Ahhhh, uhmmmm,” That was all it took for him to do it again, faster this time. His tongue went up and down my clit, then he shoved his tongue into my opening. I whimpered.

My pussy was drenched, and he was licking it up, tasting every inch of me. I felt the build-up coming. I was going to cum right there in his mouth.

“Oh wow, I’m going to cum.”

“Come for me baby, I want to taste you,” He sucked on my clit and he buried a finger inside my pussy and started pumping away. It was too much, too much all at once. “Oh, oh, oh, Ricardoooo,” I cried out loudly as I had an orgasm, so delicious that I wanted even more. I needed him, all of him.

“How was that?” I responded with a wide grin spread on my face. I had sobered up. The effect of the alcohol had lost its power, but I still couldn’t leave. I didn’t want to, not now.

He grabbed my legs and pulled me off the desk. Once my feet hit the floor, he spun me around to face it and pushed me against it, and I bent over. He slapped his hand on my ass and his fingers hit my opening, I gasped. I held my hair and looked back at him.

“I’m going to fuck you so good you won’t be able to walk right for a week.” I grinned, loving the sound of his words. I was in position and waiting for him to plunge his dick inside of me. He was pushed right up against my ass, and the feeling made me about lose my mind. I held the desk. My finger went to my clit, but he held my hand. “I’m in charge of giving you pleasure tonight, Kira,” he licked my ear.

I was rendered speechless as he started moving slowly. He felt fantastic and started pounding his smooth dick even harder inside me. He was moaning softly as well, and it was making me lose control.

“Kira.”

His body pushed against my ass, and I looked over my shoulder. He looked so sexy fucking me, and I smiled up at him.

“Mmmm, you sexy girl. You feel delicious. You should see my incredible view of your sexy little ass.”

I moaned. His voice, his words, his dick, were all driving me mad. And just when I thought it couldn’t get any better, he reached around and started playing with my clit. “Ricardo, Ric-,” my mouth flew open, but no sound came. It was almost too much to bear, I couldn’t get enough. I moaned his name

several times at the top of my voice, begging for more but feeling already possessed by him. My pussy was so wet, he was driving me wild. “Oh Ricardo. Ahhhh, Ric–Ric–Ahhhh.”

“Just relax, sweetheart,” he said panting. I gasped as pleasure coursed through me. He continued pumping his dick inside me as an orgasm again took hold of me.

“Oh Ricardo, yes. Oh, yes,” I was on the verge of crying. His hand went to my breast, and he grabbed it. I held his hand, but he squeezed tighter. He pulled his dick out of me and turned me around. His dick aroused me just by looking at it. I wanted to be fucked by him desperately. I didn’t even want to wait for a new position. I was delirious from pleasure, and I couldn’t believe how much sexual chemistry Ricardo and I still had together.

He caused my body to throb immensely until I wanted to beg him to release me from that feeling. I wanted to be fucked repeatedly by this man. He lifted me up into his arms, and I gasped as I circled my arms around his neck. He plunged me down on his dick, and my eyes rolled back into my head. His hands were underneath my ass, and he used it as leverage to move me up and down on his dick.

I moved slowly with him; my body weakened from pleasure. He gripped my ass hard and slowly moved me up and down him, and I gasped at how deep he went.

“Wow Kira, you’re so tight. I want to fuck you all night long,” he said. The level of deepness in our current position was insane. He moved faster and deeper.

I leaned my head back against the wall, delirious with pleasure. He fit inside me perfectly, and I got a wave of pleasure every time he moved inside me. He began pounding me even faster, causing me to moan loudly. “Ricardo, mmmmmm, Ricardo.” His dick was perfect, and with the position we were using made him hit my G-spot repeatedly. My body built up again, and I knew that he would cause me to cum all over his dick.

“Cum for me, I can see it on your face. Cum all over my dick.”

I exploded, screaming loudly. I was spent, and yet he kept fucking me. “You have such a nice ass; you should feel what I have in my hands.” He slipped outside my pussy. He used his dick to rub my clit. I cried out as pleasure overtook my body. He must have been exhausted from holding me up, and yet he didn’t say a word. I was on my back against the wall, but he positioned me so that his hands grasped under my ass, and he lifted me up and supported my weight. He slid back inside me, and I hugged him tightly. My legs were still wrapped around his waist, and I held on for dear life. I moaned, enjoying every inch of his dick as he pounded me repeatedly. He kissed my breasts as he moved inside of me. I cried out, realizing I had never experienced anything so sexy in my entire life. He pumped into me harder, waves of pleasure rolling over me. I smiled down at him and moaned loudly as another orgasm ripped through me. He was such a good lover that I could easily achieve multiple orgasms.

“You’re so tight Kira. Gosh, you’re perfect, I don’t want to stop fucking you.” He said panting.

I moaned, loving how he was making me feel, but even more so by how he talked to me. Dirty talk won a lot of points with me. I just loved the way it sounded.

He carried me back to the desk and laid me down again. He pulled out of my pussy and bent down for a kiss on my stomach. Then he slid his fingers into my pussy and finger fucked me for a bit, he was making me wet all over again, although, at that point, I was pretty soaked from all the fucking. He took two fingers in, and his other hand found my clit. I screamed his name. “I want to take you from behind again, Kira, would you like that babygirl?” I nodded with a smile, and he pulled me down from the desk once again. He wouldn’t stop fucking me. Could he go all night? I was starting to think he could. Talk about a marathon lover.

I slid down the desk and positioned myself, so I had my back to him again, and he slid his dick inside me.

“There we go, darling, we are going to go easy. That feels good, doesn’t it?” I moaned in agreement.

“Okay, here we go, stay relaxed. You feel incredible, Kira. Nice and deep.”

Gosh, I had wanted him so badly, and I still did. I would probably always want him; he was such an incredible lover that I wanted to fuck him all night. I was so sexually satisfied, but yet so horny at the same time, that I would have let him do just about anything to me. I was aching inside with want of

him. I hadn't realized the pleasure that could be brought to me by such a man. Ricardo wanted to bring as much pleasure to my body as he could. He loved bringing me pleasure, and I certainly loved taking it.

He pumped his body against my ass, and his dick gave me such delicious sensations that spread all over my body.

“Oh yes, Kira, you feel so good.”

“Uhmhhh. So good,”

He certainly felt huge when he was going in doggy style. I felt full with him in my pussy, but I loved every moment. He then lifted one of my legs up the desk, exposing my clit, his hands held my waist as he moved me to meet his thrusts onto his dick. Air tickled my clit. I thrust back against him, and he went even deeper, he stopped moving and just went deeper and deeper. “Ricardoo,” I cried his name, and he responded by rubbing my exposed clit. I moaned loudly and he wrapped his hand on waist and picked up the pace again, his smooth dick gliding inside and out.

“Are you enjoying it?”

“Yeah,” I replied but my voice was squeaky as though I was crying.

“I love hearing that, sweetheart.”

“Keep fucking me, don't stop.”

He rocked into me, continuing to meet my thrusts. I started rocking into him faster, letting the waves of pleasure crash into me repeatedly, not much break in between. I loved it, I

couldn't get enough of this man. I wanted to have him every waking moment that I could. How could I ever be apart from this man? He was too good. The sex was just too good ever to pass up.

“Mmmmmm, Ricardo,” I moaned.

He reached around and felt for my pussy. He rubbed against my moist clit, giving me some added pleasure while he moved his dick inside me.

“Yes Kira, I'm going to fuck you really good.”

I thought I would lose my mind with the words coming out of his mouth. He was sexy and experienced, and he showed me such pleasure.

The whole length of his dick slowly pushed inside me, causing me to let out a slow and powerful moan. There were so many different feelings and sensations going through my body at once. I was lost in a sea of pleasure and wanted to let go of another orgasm.

“I want more.”

I heard him chuckle, and he started pumping me as I thrust into him. I was delirious with the pleasure he was giving me; I needed it, I needed him.

What I didn't expect was for my pussy to become so wet. I was dripping, and I felt a build-up again tighten my stomach. I couldn't believe I was about to cum again.

“Ricardo, it feels good; it really feels so good,”

“I know, baby. I love to make you feel this way.”

“Yes,” I gasped, “I’m coming again.”

My whole body shuddered as I came. He continued pumping inside of me, breaking all reason inside my mind. He was glorious; all of it was so incredible. The best sex of my life was happening in his hotel room. I didn’t care whether that was a good or bad thing, I didn’t care. As I felt myself build up for another orgasm, the shudders ripped through my body, causing me to ache and scream his name.

“Oh, Kira, I’m ready too, baby. I’m going to fill up your pussy with my cum. Here it comes, Kira!”

I moaned, loving how sexy he was with his dirty talk. He spilled inside of me and collapsed against my back, exhausted. He was finally spent.

He slid slowly out of me, his dick wet from our lovemaking, and I knew for certain that I was going to be very sore the next day. The sex was well worth any soreness I would feel. Yes, it will have all been worth it. He walked into the bathroom and retrieved a towel for me. I laughed.

“Sorry, it’s all I have,” he said, smiling.

“Its fine.” I really didn’t care about anything else. It didn’t matter to me what I cleaned up with. I was with him: the love of my life, and it made me happy. My brain rained insults on me. *I was helpless and weak. I had no control.* How could I forget our history because of one night of sex?

I cleaned myself off as best as possible and slipped into my thong and jeans as I watched him rummaging around for his clothes that had fallen to the floor. We both had smiles plastered on our faces. Finding his clothes, he quickly slipped into underwear and jeans, pulling his t-shirt over his head.

I looked up at him as I slid into my bra and put my t-shirt back on. Everything was a little more rumpled than I would have liked. I couldn't wipe the grin off my face, though, so maybe the whole world would know what I had been up to. My hands shook from the toll the orgasms had taken on my body. Ricardo was watching me dress, and he smiled when I looked up at him. He was so handsome, and the look of him made me want to start all over again. But it was time for me to leave and battle with my conscience. I did not want to sleep here, nor did I want anyone on his team to know what had happened between us.

I fixed my eyes on his. "I think it's time for me to go," I said. My conscience was hammering my mind.

"No, I don't think so, I want you beside me in bed," he replied.

"Ricardo, I don't think that's a good idea."

He spanked my ass softly and said, "Oh, I definitely think it's a good idea. Please." He looked at me with puppy eyes. I smiled; I couldn't help myself. What was done was done.



I woke up in the middle of the night, turning over to see Ricardo nuzzled into my side. My brain was a mess as all we did last night ran through my mind. I cringed with all these thoughts going through my mind. *How could I let this happen? How will our relationship change now that we had been intimate again? Would we go back to being a couple? Is he even interested in being in a relationship?* My mind stopped with the questions and immediately put the blame on the alcohol we had consumed the night before. If I hadn't been drunk, I wouldn't have ended up in his room, and other temptations wouldn't have titillated my mind. I enjoyed what we had done, but I also regretted it. What if he wants something more, like to get back with me again? Or what if he doesn't want to go ahead with the article? *Oh, I'm so stupid. I've ruined it. I've ruined it all.*

I had to leave. It wasn't the best plan, but I couldn't wake up next to him in the morning and pretend we didn't have a past. I stared at his handsome face and well-defined jawline. He looked beautiful while he slept. All the feelings I had tried so hard to bury throughout these years surged in my veins. *What happened to us? Why did I leave?* I knew why I left. It was because of his rising career, and starting a family hadn't been part of our plans back then. I cussed my job; I cussed going on this trip. I wanted to stay and cuddle up beside him, wrapping my hands around his strong muscles, but I couldn't. I was here for business and not for pleasure. I couldn't let my feelings get in the way.

I slowly got up from the bed, careful not to wake him. My heart sank into my stomach. I could pretend last night never happened, but could he? *I'll lose my whole career because of one night of sex.* If he refuses to write this article, then I'm done. Back to square one. I face palmed myself. Why didn't I think of all this before I allowed him to pound me? I hurriedly got dressed and slipped out of his hotel room, returning to my own.

Chapter 8

Ricardo

I rolled over and stretched out my hand for Kira. I wanted to pull her into my arms and never let go. My hand reached out further but found nothing. I opened my eyes and glanced over to the other side of the bed. She was gone, I was all by myself.

“Fuck!” I sat up and looked around the room. Thinking maybe she had gone to the bathroom, I got up from the bed and went into the ensuite. It was empty. I left the bedroom to look around the suite, but she was nowhere to be found. I sat down on the couch in a slump. I couldn’t figure out what had happened. *I thought I made her happy. Wasn’t I enough? Hadn’t I pleased her enough?* Everything had been fine, amazing, even before we went to bed. She smiled at me, she laid in my bed, and I held her all night long. I couldn’t believe she just got up and left during the night. It didn’t add up. I got up from the couch and went back to the bedroom.

I laid back in the bed and took a deep breath. *What was I expecting? Did I think I could fuck the emotions out of her*

mind, so she wouldn't remember we were broken up? Was I expecting her to give me a morning kiss and tell me how great I was last night? I didn't know how to handle the situation. I just couldn't pretend last night didn't happen. I refuse to believe that she didn't enjoy it. Just the very thought of what we did last night made me aroused all over again.

I didn't want to scare her off, but I also wanted an explanation for her behavior. It actually pissed me off. Was I doing something wrong? I thought she loved it from the way she screamed my name. Were all those moans fake? Didn't she enjoy us being together again? This was very much like her, what was I expecting? It's not as if things were going back to what they used to be. Well, I better snap out of that. She always disappears leaving me confused. My body ached for her, I wanted to hold her against my chest again, I wanted to hear her voice begging me to kiss and roam her body all over again.

I picked up my phone off the nightstand. My heart was broken. Maybe it was a bad idea for her to spend the night. I should have let her have interviewed me and then just bid farewell. It took me a long time to process our break-up. I couldn't handle it. I stared at my phone for a while, I looked at her number, at her profile picture and it all just made me angry. After some time, I finally build up enough courage to text her.

Kira, where are you? Why did you leave me like that, again? I wanted to call her, but I knew she wouldn't answer. I wanted to send her a voice message, but my voice would

either be too sad or filled with rage. She should have just left before anything else happened between us last night.

I watched as the message immediately got marked as read. I saw the three dots appear and then disappear and not return. Sighing, I set the phone on the nightstand and laid back on the bed. I couldn't be more frustrated and had no idea what to do about that whole situation. Everything was perfect last night, so why was she being flake now?

My phone beeped, and I leaned over and grabbed it. I instantly saw a message from Kira. My heart skipped a beat.

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bail on you. I can't do this. Last night was a mistake. What did she mean by a mistake? Maybe I was taking things too seriously. Maybe I should give her more time. Or maybe I should just let her go for once and for all.

"Fuck!" I shook my head, setting the phone back down. I saw red. Her face, when she cried, moaned, smiled, screamed my name out loud. I remembered the games we played at the bar. *Why is she acting this way?* I couldn't believe she was doing this again. I knew exactly what she was doing. She was pushing me away, just like she did the last time for no reason. I didn't know how to get through to her. But I wasn't able to stop her from leaving me the first time. What could I do now to make things any different? I needed to talk to her, but I didn't know what to say. Trying to work out our issues had never been a strong route for either of us. She pushed me away and I usually let her go. But I didn't want her to disappear all

over again. I tried to forget her, to erase her from my thoughts and heart. I even dated other women, but it didn't take my mind off her. How could I be so in love with someone who did nothing but push me away?

I knew she felt the same way, but I couldn't figure out why she fought it. My thoughts went back to why she broke up with me. I believed there was something more, something bad must've happened, and she must've been afraid to tell me back then. I needed to find a way to get through to her. Find out what had happened to us the first time and make sure that whatever it was, it wouldn't happen again.

I heard a knock on the door and jumped out of bed, hoping it was Kira coming back. She could have changed her mind, right?

I swung the door open to find Sirena on the other side. I frowned.

"Gee thanks. It's nice to see you too." Sirena said rolling her eyes.

I smiled. "Sorry, girl. My day has already started off on the wrong foot."

It was her turn to frown. "Sorry to hear that. You can tell me about it over breakfast. I brought you an egg white omelet and black coffee."

"I could go for some hangover soup."

She smiled. "Damn, so could I! Yum. But sorry, that's not part of your current meal plan."

“Bummer.” We walked to the suite’s dining table and sat down. She handed me a container with an omelet in it. My stomach rumbled as soon as I opened it. My hangover could have used some grease, but I would have to settle for what I had because I couldn’t risk gaining too much weight while competing. I had a long wait before I would need to worry about cutting weight, but there was no need to take on extra calories if I didn’t need to.

Sirena set a coffee cup in front of me, which was the first thing I went for. It could help bring me back to life. I sipped at it, noticing Sirena staring at me.

“Quit looking at me like that. It’s my day off. I can have a fun night every once in a while.”

She rolled her eyes. “Don’t start acting innocent with me now. You forget I know you went out for dinner with Kira. So, I’m guessing you both are on better terms now?”

My face burned. “Yes. It was a pretty stoked night.”

She didn’t look impressed. “Yeah, I bet. So, why do you look miserable now if that’s the case?”

“She bailed on me after our fun-filled night.”

“You have got to be kidding me.”

“No.”

“Who does she think she is?”

“Don’t start, Sirena.”

“Don’t start? I told you to stay away from her in the first place. You didn’t listen, and now look what happened. Why do you keep doing this to yourself? You deserve so much better than this, Ricardo. You deserve a girl that really appreciates you.” I looked at Sirena, she was an attractive woman, hardworking and she genuinely cared about me. I just couldn’t look at her the way I looked at Kira. I didn’t want any girl to be crazy about me, I wanted Kira and Kira alone.

I chuckled. “I appreciate that the thought Sirena, but she’s not a bad person, she has this thing about pushing me away.”

“Don’t make excuses for her. Learn from the first time and let her go. She’s obviously a hot mess that you definitely don’t need right now.”

I just nodded as I started digging into my omelet. Maybe Sirena was right. Maybe it’s about time I *really* forgot Kira. She might be more trouble than she’s worth. I was in Vegas to focus on my career, not to get tangled up with someone who didn’t want me anyway.

“What do you say we find a pool bar today and chill out?” she offered with a smile.

“That’s the best idea you’ve had so far.”

Chapter 9

Kira

I made my way to the hotel pool and sat in one of the lounge chairs. I had my computer and notepad and was trying to get as much of the feature together as possible without talking to Ricardo. No matter how much I tried, I couldn't get myself to focus on the task at hand. My thoughts kept going back to last night and it turned me on. *I think I'll shift to journaling and get these thoughts and feelings down from my night with Ricardo.* My journal always allows me to work through my inner thoughts and it had been that way since I was a young girl. It was therapeutic for me because I didn't always know how to work through my emotions. I allowed myself to write in my journal for a few minutes before I turned my attention back to the feature.

If I could get it done once and for all, then I could forget Ricardo for good. I pushed aside my journal and opened my notepad. I wasn't sure I had enough information to finish the article. I made notes on my pad. I had his training schedule down and what it was like to travel with him. I also knew what

kind of fighter he was. What else would I need to write in order to get the article complete? The idea of having to spend *more* time with Ricardo now to finish writing made me cringe. What had I been thinking when I decided to get into bed with him? All those tequila shots sure didn't help. What was I thinking?

I closed my eyes and thought about Ricardo inside me. I saw his face, his smirk, his beautiful smile. I heard the several times he moaned my name, all the dirty talk buzzed in my mind. The times he begged to fuck me. I loved it and instantly warmed up and felt my cheeks start to blush. Gosh, it had been so good. His body was perfect against mine. We had a great deal of passion and chemistry, that alone created magic inside and outside the bedroom. He knew when and where to touch. I had to admit that he had gotten more experienced over the years. Though, I didn't want to think about him doing all the things he did to me to other women.

I felt terrible because I knew that I had hurt Ricardo, and that wasn't my intention. I hadn't come here looking to get involved with him. I had a job to do, and I really needed to focus on that. My job was on the line and Dwayne kept texting me to check up on how things were going so far. My job definitely did not include sleeping with Ricardo to get information for the article. What would I write about? He is a great lover. But I needed to talk to Ricardo about the article. I couldn't finish it without some *actual useful* information from him, but I was scared to meet him, ashamed even. I couldn't face him. I had hurt him, and I wasn't sure he would want to

talk to me again. He could get upset and refuse to do the article. How would I explain that to Dwayne? I slept with my ex, and he refused to go on with the article. That sounds great, very professional! Maybe I should stop fighting this and just accept that I may have lost my job.

I shook my head, trying to rattle those terrible thoughts out of my head. I needed to focus on the feature article. I had been with him for a few days already. There was a chance that I had enough information that I could string a feature together and get the hell out of Vegas before any more damage was done.

I scribbled in my notepad and glanced up just in time to see Sirena walking towards me.

Great.

I wondered if she knew. I didn't have to wonder long as she sat in the lounge beside me.

“Hi, Sirena. What can I do for you?”

She had daggers in her eyes. “I'm not sure what kind of shit you're trying to pull here, but I thought I made myself clear before you joined our team.” Why does she always have to be so aggressive? Ricardo's coach is not like this, if not I'll say the sport is seeping into her blood.

“I don't know what Ricardo told you but...”

“It doesn't matter what he told me. I told you to stay away and you couldn't help yourself from getting in Ricardo's good graces and toying with his feelings one last time, could you?”

I sat there agape. “Excuse me? Toying with his feelings? What the hell, Sirena?”

“I happen to care a lot about Ricardo, he’s like family to me. I’m not letting you string him along and hurt him.”

I hung my head, she knew. “I don’t intend on distracting him. Ricardo and I had a great time last night, but I am not here to play games with him.”

Sirena’s face softened, “Look, I know how it can be with feelings and all, but you are here for work. I don’t want Ricardo losing his focus.”

I nodded. “I get that. I don’t want to stay here longer than is needed. My article is almost done, once I finish, I’ll leave.”

She shot me a warm smile. This was the first time she was smiling at me since I arrived. Maybe she’s not an enemy, she’s just looking out for Ricardo. “Alright great. I’m trusting you on that one.” With that, Sirena got up and left.

My breath quickened when she left. My life was a mess. I couldn’t possibly get back with Ricardo, but my heart wanted otherwise. I didn’t want to conclude the article without him. Beads of sweat formed all over my skin.

I wasn’t sure what had me more freaked out: the idea that I could get into a relationship with Ricardo, and it could blow up in my face again, or the idea that I couldn’t stop thinking about being pregnant once with his child and him not knowing about it. Every relationship had challenges but mine was something else entirely. I always wondered if I should have

told him about our baby. I wasn't sure that it would have changed anything. I didn't want him to be hurt any more than he already was.

I never got over him. We were perfect together, but life got in the way. Maybe I should have fought harder for our love. I just let him go. How can one night of sex ruin me so much? It has brought so many emotions that I don't know how to control that.

I looked down at my phone when it beeped and saw that it was Ricardo. He was blowing up my phone, asking if we could talk. He didn't want things to fall apart. I didn't know what to do. I was completely torn up inside at the very idea that I would never be with him again. But it was the right thing to do, wasn't it?

The least I could do was offer him an explanation. Tell him that the best for us was to move on instead of repetitively hurting each other.

So, I went ahead and agreed to meet him.



Making my way up to his hotel room, I wondered if I was *truly* making the right decision. What if we made last night's mistake again? I had promised Sirena I wouldn't toy with Ricardo's feelings and lead him on again. I am in control of my actions and sober this time around. My mind and thoughts are completely clear. It would be the best thing for both of us.

Instead, I knocked on his door, and it was only moments before he answered. He held the door open for me, and I stepped in.

“Hi. Look, Ricardo...”

“Why Kira? What did I do this time?” Ricardo looked defeated, his voice sad.

My heart melted, I wanted to hug him and kiss him. I wanted to tell him that I was here now and that I would never leave. But I simply couldn't. “Please tell me this time. I want to know, because the suspense is killing me.” I shook my head and looked away from him, but he walked up to me, cupped my chin, and brought my face to stare at him. “Why did you leave me last night? Why did you ever leave before? Tell me if I did something wrong, I will always apologize, you know.”

He hurt me with that tone. I knew he would apologize but it was different then. Boxing had eaten him up, it was all he thought about, and we both wanted different things.

“I don't know.” Actually, I knew what to say but I didn't know how to explain it all. I was never good at giving explanations.

“You did nothing wrong but...”

“But what? Just tell me, please.” He wrapped his hands on my arms and looked right into my eyes, even when I wanted to avert my gaze.

“You were so engrossed in your sport and your dreams. Plus, the more you fought, the more aggressive you became.

Remember that one time when we had an argument, and you punched the wall behind me?” I choked out, tears building up in my eyes.

“That was one time, and you know I would never hurt you! I do recall that I was becoming more aggressive, but you could have told me, I would have changed. Even now, I have changed. I could never hurt a fly outside the ring.”

It was true. The old Ricardo would not always say please, the old Ricardo was slightly proud and cocky. Maybe he really had changed but I couldn't really tell.

“What about your dream of traveling around the world? That is not the life I want,

Ricardo. I need to settle down and focus on my career also.” I pressed my fist together to suppress my tears from rolling down my cheeks. All this talk did nothing but bring painful memories back.

“I have traveled the world and I don't want that anymore. That life is too busy, and I would prefer a quiet one surrounded by the people I love.”

Ricardo picked a loose strand of my hair and tucked it behind my ear. “Please, give me another chance. I will be whatever you want me to be.”

I didn't know how to reply, before I could speak, his lips pressed against mine, I fought to be free. “Tell me you don't feel anything for me Kira. Tell me you no longer feel that spark.” He pressed harder until I gave in.

No, I can't let this happen. I must be logical and *not* emotional. What if something happens in the future and we break up again? I couldn't handle it. It's better we go our separate ways now before we get in too deep and burn ourselves further.

"I don't." I lied.

"You're lying," he said crashing his lips on mine again. He held my hair and closed the gap between us. I moaned, feeling my body ache for more of his touch. My breathing was erratic.

"Just give me one more chance to make it up to you, Kira." he said still devouring my mouth. Ricardo deepened the kiss, not giving me time to breathe. His tongue was so tactful that I let out another moan.

"I want you too, baby. So, so much." I wrapped my hand around his neck. He lifted me up and I crossed my legs on his waist. He pressed me against his strong muscular body, and I knew there was no going back now.

Chapter 10

Ricardo

She didn't leave this time. We spent all day in the hotel suite, making love and ordering food. I ignored the nonstop calls from Sirena, knowing she would have plenty to say to me about the situation. Not to mention, I had left her at the pool bar alone. I didn't care. It was my day off, and I was going to spend the entire day with Kira. As long as she would have me. I was scared that if I left her alone for a minute, she would decide again that she didn't want to be with me. Now wasn't the time to get into any serious conversations about the past or the future. It was time to enjoy each other, explore our bodies, and be with one another in the present moment.

I stretched lazily in the bed and rolled onto my side. The evening had come, and I could see the sun setting out the hotel suite window. It was breath-taking. Today had started out on the wrong foot, but I was enjoying the way it was ending.

“We really made the most of this day.”

Kira giggled beside me, and I wrapped her in my arms. I didn't want to let go for a second. I loved her giggling, and

gosh the way she looked at me. I wanted today to play on repeat forever.

“What do you want to do tonight? I can take you somewhere.”

“No, I don’t want to go anywhere. Let’s stay here and enjoy being alone. Tomorrow is business as usual, and I want to enjoy this while I can.”

I frowned. “What do you mean? You’re not ending things again, are you?” My heart sank deep into my stomach.

She smiled softly, looking up at me. She was one of the most beautiful women that I had ever laid my eyes on. Again, I felt mixed feelings of love, admiration, and passion for her. I wanted her badly.

“No, Ricardo. But I’m here for a reason, I have an article to write. I need to be professional. The last thing I need is for your coach to tell my boss that I spent most of the time in your hotel room.”

I laughed. “He would never do that. He doesn’t care that much as long as you write a good feature.”

“Yeah, that’s the point. I don’t want your team to think I wrote a good piece because I was doing you.”

Laughing, I said, “Doing me?”

“You know what I mean.” She rolled her eyes. And your assistant, Sirena, hates me.”

“Sirena hates everyone. She’s a hellcat. Don’t worry about that.”

She didn’t look convinced. “Look Kira, I don’t care about any of that, or what people think. First of all, they know that we have a history. It’s not like you’re some woman that I brought home from the bar.”

“Oh, and how often have you done that?”

I put my finger to her rosy lips and shushed her. “C’mon now.”

She laughed. “Fine, but let’s take things slow, please. We have a lot to work out.”

“That’s fine by me.” I hugged her tightly, knowing I would do everything in my power to ensure she felt safe with me. I kissed her forehead then went to take a shower.

When I finished in the bathroom, I left to go to the bar to get a bottle of champagne. To Kira’s delight, I returned to the bedroom and popped the cork. I felt butterflies in my stomach. She stayed; at some point I thought I would return to an empty room, but I found her sprawled on the bed.

I poured her a glass and handed it to her. I poured myself one next. “What would you like for dinner, so I can order it?” My plan was to make her happy, give her everything she wanted, so she wouldn’t leave. I needed to show her how much she meant to me. She deserved it. She was perfect.

“Remember how you used to keep me grounded in MMA? You were always good at keeping me centered on my career,

all while being able to blossom in your sports-writing career. I haven't met someone since you that can bring out the good in me, both in my professional and private lives. I miss us being a dynamic duo," Ricardo said.

"Yes, Ricardo I remember the awesome times we had together when we were a couple. You always tried to be in control, but I admired you for how you were gentle with me in the beginning and allowed me to grow into our relationship at my own pace. I miss the caring and patient side of you, even though I know I was guarded at times," Kira said.

"How about you have me for dinner?" She said with a wink. I growled and downed the champagne, returning to bed with her. One word from Kira was all it took to make me hard. I kissed her, but she stopped me.

"What's wrong?" I whispered; my dick was throbbing. She was killing me slowly. She pushed me onto my back and climbed on top of me. Woah, she wanted to be in control this time. I hadn't seen her like this before, but I liked it. Kira used to be the shy one in our relationship. It took three months of dating her before she allowed us to kiss. I had had a little sexual experience from my teenage years, but Kira had been a virgin back then. Although Kira had lost her virginity to me, it had taken several months for us to become intimate. I had to watch and read a lot to learn how to do it right, so she wouldn't feel much pain. These years have given her more boldness. Although, I couldn't bear to think she had done it with someone else. "Babe, what are you doing?"

“I want you Ricardo,” she said, her soft voice was making me crazy. I wanted to flip her over and enter her deep until she screamed her lungs out. But I controlled myself. If she wanted to do me, then she had my permission to do anything she liked with me. Her lips smashed on mine. I tasted the champagne on her lips. “You like that, don’t you? There’s a lot more where that came from,” she giggled. Who is this girl? I was confused because Kira never dirty talked. I usually spoke dirty because she once confessed that she liked it, and that it turned her on. I couldn’t believe she was teasing me, but I didn’t want her to stop.

She licked my chest with her silky tongue and flicked my nipple. “Kira,” I called out with a gasp, and buried my hands into the sheets. Her hand flew to my dick and squeezed. “Kira! Damn, baby.” She chuckled. She liked the effect she had on me. I looked at her beautiful face. She had such a sexy smile.

My pants were unzipped, and she pulled down my shorts. Her tongue danced on my tip. I felt like I was going to die. My eyes flew to the back of my head. I wanted to grab her head and control the movement of her mouth. I wanted her to suck me faster, but I held myself. She licked down to my balls and sucked on them. “Baby! What are you doing to me?” I almost cried.

She smiled and took my dick into her mouth, further and further, deeper, and deeper. I grabbed the sheets of the bed and moaned. She started moving, slowly at first, but picking up the pace. I moaned loudly, going crazy with her every move. Her other hand rubbed my balls as she kept her mouth moving. I

was about to cum. “Baby,” I choked. “I’m going to cu—.” She knew and pulled her mouth away. The pain from my dick missing her mouth was immense.

I had been with other women after we broke up. After all, I had travelled around the world in my increasing fame. However, no girl ever made me feel the way Kira did. “How was that?” She asked with a proud smile. My brain couldn’t process her words, I was lost in pleasure land. I watched her slowly, playfully strip until she was naked. She sat still and allowed my eyes to drink in her beauty. Then she climbed over me and inserted my dick into her. We both let out a gasp.

I held both sides of her ass cheeks and she rode me wildly. Both of us were moaning, though she was moaning louder. I loved it. She cried my name in every thrust, moving faster and faster. She was so tight and warm. “Ricardooo.” I knew what it meant. She was about to cum and so was I. We came together and she collapsed onto my chest, panting. My dick slipped out, glistening with her cum and mine. I was immensely satisfied, and we fell asleep immediately.

Chapter 11

Kira

I woke up shortly afterwards and went out onto the balcony of Ricardo's hotel suite while he took a shower. The air was still warm. Even though it was now evening, the sun had set hours ago. The wind smelled salty, and I breathed it in deeply. The pool behind the hotel looked inviting, and the stress seemed to dissipate from my body as I just stood out there on the balcony. My thoughts were troubled despite having an amazing day with Ricardo. I was still confused. Though, I was happy about how I had pleased him. I just wanted to make him happy for all the time I had hurt him. Ricardo was a great guy, and if he truly wasn't being aggressive anymore then I'd love to give him a second chance. I missed him, and after all of the intimate time we had shared, I didn't want to leave again. If we were truly going to have a future together, I needed to start being honest with him about the past. I didn't want to have any secrets between us because our relationship would only fall apart if we did. It was time to be honest with him, and tell him about the baby. Only then could we truly move on and be together. I had to stop being

afraid of him, and the happiness he could offer. He was right: I always had a habit of pushing him away and sabotaging my own happiness, but I didn't want to do that any longer.

I went back into the house to see if Ricardo needed any help washing up. I didn't find him in the shower; he was already out and in the main living area of the suite. He was opening a bottle of wine as I entered the kitchenette area. A man after my own heart. "Do you need any help, Ricardo?" I was becoming bolder. With him, I was free.

He looked up at me and smiled. "No, I think I have this under control." He poured two glasses of wine and handed me one. I already had a solid buzz from sipping champagne all day, but I wasn't counting glasses.

"I had a wonderful day off with you, Kira. It met all my expectations and more. But tomorrow I'm back in training, so I might be less fun to be around."

I laughed. "I doubt that."

"I just mean that I have to cut down on my carbs and alcohol intake."

I smiled. "I know you do. I'm fine with that. You must do whatever you have to do. By the way, I never told you how extraordinary it was watching you fight."

His eyebrows raised. "You watched it?"

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

"I have a confession to make as well," he said.

“What’s that?”

“I’ve read every one of your features in the magazine. I kept every issue.”

I slapped him lightly on the arm. “You jerk! You made me think you’d never heard of me before.”

We burst into laughter together, and it felt amazing. “I had to keep my cool-guy vibes because you were blowing me off pretty hard.”

“Oh, poor you.”

“So where are we now, Kira?” He jumped to serious mode and fixed his eyes on me.

“What do you mean?” I asked, knowing what he meant.

“I don’t just want sex from you, Kira. I want to be back in your life, please.”

“Oh, so the sex wasn’t good. I didn’t pleasure you enough?” I teased him.

“What? No, the sex was great! I don’t want anyone else but you.” He held me and lifted my face to meet his.

“It’s okay, I was just messing with you,” I laughed, and he smiled. “Maybe we could try again,” I said.

I watched his eyes light up and his grin went from chin to chin. “Are you serious?” He

asked. I nodded. “Oh baby, I will do anything to make you happy, I promise. Just don’t push me away. If something bothers you tell me and I promise to—,”

“But I have to tell you something first,” I cut him off. Fear washed over him. “It’s nothing to be afraid of, just something from our past.” I gulped, laying the wine glass on the counter. My heart was pounding. I couldn’t breathe, but I needed to lay this on the table and clear my conscience so we could have a better relationship. I hated secrets.

“What is it? You can tell me anyth—,”

“I was pregnant, Ricardo,” His eyes shone, and his brows were upraised. “I had our baby in my womb.” I turned my gaze to the floor. He removed his hands from my shoulders. In silence, he turned his back to face the kitchen sink.

“Where is the child?” His voice was deep and emotionless. The room suddenly turned cold.

“Why didn’t you tell me? Why did you break up with me knowing that you were pregnant, Kira?” He yelled, and I trembled at the sound of his voice.

“Dead. The baby is dead,” I replied. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know what I was doing.” I reached for him and placed my hand on his back. He spurned my touch.

“Please leave.” His voice was cool and calm, yet it sent chills down my spine. Truly he had changed. The old Ricardo would have rained fire and thunder, but this Ricardo had more control. “I don’t want to talk right now, just...get out.”

His words slapped me in the face, but I deserved it. What was I expecting? I hid a major secret from him. Without

another word, I left the room. My heart was heavy, but I had to go. I needed to clear my head.



The next morning, I didn't want to roll out of bed, but I had to. I had work to do. I got ready and went to sit by the pool. Since I had spent the whole day with Ricardo yesterday, I had a lot to write on my feature. On my way to the pool, I caught a glimpse of Ricardo in the gym. He was punching those weight bags like they owed him money. I wondered who his next opponent was. Maybe he was just unleashing his anger on the bag.

After three hours of writing, I headed back to my room to rest. A knock rapped at my door. I opened it to see Ricardo standing there. My eyes shone; he was the last person I was expecting. I lowered my gaze, afraid of what he might want. I let him in and shut the door.

“How did the baby die?” He asked without allowing me to say a word.

“I had a miscarriage,” I replied, taking a seat on the edge of my bed. I watched his tensed muscles relax.

“Look, I wasn't upset with you.”

“No, you were Ricardo. Don't lie to me. And you have every right to be mad.”

“I just wanted to be there with you, and you cut me off. Kira, I care about you. I really do, and I’m sorry you had to go through all of that alone,” he said. I sighed. I wished I could turn back time. It was clear to me that I had made a mistake. I could have loved him even with his flaws. Even though he had been more aggressive back then, I still should have told him. I knew he would have tried to change for me. I should have let go of my desires and traveled the world with him. I felt bad. Who knew? Maybe our child would have lived.

“I’m sorry.” I was scared and confused. I didn’t see our future together because you wanted a life of fame, and I loved my quiet life. And I was scared your aggression would grow. I didn’t want to bring a baby into such a situation,”

“I understand.” He sat beside me. I felt the heat oozing from his body. “Did your brother know?” I shook my head. Nobody knew, except for me and my journal. Or as I like to call it, my book of inner thoughts. “But do you see a future with me now? I want to know now, because my heart can’t take you running off again.”

“I think so.” I sobbed and sniffed.

“Stop thinking for once and just feel. I want to be sure you want me as much as I do you.”

My heart thumped in my chest. “I mean, you’re calmer than I remember, and maybe I could try a life of fame,”

“No Kira, I want to try a quieter life for you.” His lips crashed into mine and I sucked them hard. I needed a distraction; I needed his comfort. He was like a drug, and I

was addicted to him, to his taste. We lingered like that for a moment, me breathing in his scent. Everything about that man was seductive.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry for everything,” It felt good to get that off my chest, because I was truly sorry.

He didn’t reply. He only deepened the kiss, and I moaned underneath. I needed him at that moment to erase all the pain and hurt I had experienced. I wanted him badly and kissed him hard to let him know what I wanted. He growled in response.

I stopped and looked into his face. He cupped my face and smiled as he looked at me. “I want to give us another chance, Ricardo.”

“Yes baby, let’s start all over again.” He was aroused. I could tell by his voice.

He kissed me again, and lingered, slowly slipping his tongue into my mouth. I accepted it and sucked on it gently, tasting him. His arms wrapped around me and his hands found their way to my ass. I kissed him even more intensely and began rubbing his dick through his pants. It wasn’t long before he was hard as a rock, a very big rock. He moaned with the friction my hand was causing.

“How do you like that, Ricardo? I got you nice and hard.” Dirty words were usually his thing, but I decided to try something else. It made me happy to see his facial expressions when I teased him. And all I wanted at that time was to please him the best way I could.

“I’m going to fuck you so good baby.”

I moaned, excitement igniting in me. He lifted me into his arms and carried me to the kitchen of my suite. He sat me on the countertop, and I giggled. I couldn’t believe he wanted us to do it in the kitchen. That was so naughty, but I liked it and it turned me on more. I wrapped my arms around his neck and brought him in for another kiss. I watched as he pulled his t-shirt off and tossed it aside. His pants went next, and then his underwear as I smiled deliciously. He looked so hot that I could barely contain myself. My panties were soaked and ready for him.

He came to me, pulled off my blouse, and unclasped my bra. He immediately took one of my nipples and sucked on it. I gasped excitedly, wanting his dick that much more. I lifted my bottom up and wiggled out of my shorts and panties. He watched as I spread my legs on the counter, revealing my opening. I was giving him the motivation to hurry up and fuck me. “Kira, you’re drenched. You’re dripping for me, baby.” He bent down before me and lapped away at my pussy. I moaned loudly, loving the feel of his tongue against my pussy. He was so good at oral that it was hard to want him to move on.

I moaned his name as he sucked on my clit. Up and down his tongue flicked around my clit, then he ran his tongue up and down my opening. I was losing my mind. Things between us in the bedroom, or lack of a bedroom in this case, had become pretty aggressive lately, not that I minded, but it was certainly a change from what I was used to. I knew that with a guy like Ricardo it probably had to do with his need to claim

me in his own mind, and I allowed it because it turned me on so much.

He sucked on my clit, slowly putting two fingers inside me. I gasped, and he pumped into me hard. He stopped with his tongue and rubbed my clit in circles with his thumb. My mind was swirling with the intensity building up inside me. I knew what was coming, and I wanted him to slide his hard dick into me right there on the counter and claim me once again.

As if reading my mind, he plunged in deep, and I screamed. The fact that we fucked anywhere we wanted, made sex between us that much more exciting. Ricardo was very well endowed, and it was always an overwhelming feeling to have him enter me, especially if he was going in hard and fast. It was all in a good way, no doubt. He hit every nerve inside me when we fucked.

He stood up and pulled me off the counter “Turn around, baby. I want to fuck you doggy style.”

He didn't need to ask me twice, and I immediately turned around and pushed my bum in the air. He used his dick to rub my pussy and flick my clit. “Mmmmm, Ricardoooo,” I cried.

That was all the encouragement he needed to plunge his throbbing dick inside me.

I cried out with the pressure of his size pushing into me. He pushed into me deeper, and I moaned loudly. Having him inside me drove me mad. I felt wanton with such a dick pumping hard inside me. I couldn't get enough of him; he was my strong man, and I literally needed his dick inside of me.

“Please Ricardo, faster.”

He pounded roughly against me, and I moaned with every thrust. He rubbed my ass, his most favorite attribute of mine. He slowed his thrusts, moving in and out of me slowly but going deeper inside with everyone.

“Ricardo, so good baby, so good.” I cried.

“Your pussy feels incredible, Kira. You’re so tight.”

He leaned over and reached around to my clit. My mouth flew open, but only a whimper came out. He liked giving me double the pleasure when he could. I think it was why he liked doggystyle so much. I moaned, feeling fulfilled in both areas. He rubbed my clit hard, and I started to feel dizzy from all the pleasure he was giving me. He was thrusting his dick into me hard again while he rubbed my clit.

He fucked me slowly again with his hard dick. I thought I was going to lose my mind there were so many delicious sensations going through my body.

He bent over further and bit me softly on the shoulder. I was delirious with pleasure and thought I would lose my mind when his full length started pumping into me slowly.

“There you go, baby, that feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Oh Ricardo,”

He found my clit underneath and rubbed into me as his pace picked up. I felt tension building inside me, and I knew that an orgasm was going to rock me very soon. It felt so good having him tease my clit while he fucked me.

“Oh Ricardo, I’m going to cum.”

He pumped into me until I came, and then he spilled himself into my pussy, releasing his orgasm. I felt full to the brim. If we keep up like this without protection, I am sure to get pregnant again. He pulled out of me, and I turned to him, wrapping myself in his arms.

We spent the rest of the day together. I had done enough writing and he had practiced for long enough. I enjoyed being with him. I wasn’t entirely sure, but no one is ever sure in a relationship. I just wanted to give him a try. Give us a try. No doubt I was softening up to him. I was allowing myself to feel things for him and it scared me a bit, but I was optimistic that things would end well this time.

Spending the day with him was the best idea we had; it was exactly what we needed to get things started between us again. To enjoy each other’s company and get to know each other better; I loved every moment of that. No worries, no cares, and we could start building the long-lasting love I had known would always be there between him and I. I was so excited that we were in Vegas together, and even more excited that Ricardo wanted a future with me. I couldn’t believe how lucky I was to be with someone like him. Just when I thought things couldn’t get better, he lifted me up again.

I would have been just as happy spending the few days locked away in the bedroom with Ricardo. Good food, a little wine, a gorgeous view, and to top it all off a handsome man in

my bed. Why leave the room at all? I became wet just thinking about it.

Plus, he always made me laugh. I would be laughing up a storm by his side all day, and it couldn't have been more perfect. He just made me so happy without any effort; we just fit together like a puzzle. Two pieces that had been lost finally found each other and perfectly fit together.

Life truly was good for me now, and I couldn't believe how much some things had changed from the past. It was truly a dream come true to be with Ricardo, and I was so excited about my new life. That man could bring so much happiness to my life. The sky was limitless when it came to the two of us.

Ricardo was getting ready to go to the gym. He told me about his new opponent. A guy double his size and with more experience. For once in his career, Ricardo feared a match. He always had to be in the gym, and I needed to get myself going as well. We were going to meet for dinner later and connect again. I imagined we would end up back in the bedroom, and I didn't have a problem with that.

I immediately changed into a swimsuit to head out to the pool. What a beautiful day it was, I had never seen anything so beautiful. I watched as Ricardo put on a pot of coffee and changed into his workout clothes. His molasses-toned skin aroused me as it rippled when he bent to get into his shorts.

I changed into the hot pink suit I had brought because I knew it would draw his eye, and I was right. I caught his eye as soon as I left the bathroom.

“I want to take you on a date tonight.”

“Oh really?”

“Yes. I think it would be nice to do something to make things official.”

I smiled. “A date would be nice.”

“Now, what are we going to do about this smoking hot bathing suit?”

I laughed. It might take me a little while to get down to the pool.

Chapter 12

Ricardo

I took Kira to the club in Las Vegas, and I was so excited to get her out for an exciting night out. He took me up to the bar, and we sat down. I stared at her, like she the best thing I had seen in my entire life. She loved the way I made her feel like she was the only important human being in my life. Aside from the private booth areas, it was the only seating available in the place. There was a good mix of men and women at the club, and everyone was having a really good time. The club was a hit so far. My muscles relaxed.

“What would you like to drink, babe?”

I smiled, “A martini straight up, two olives.” I liked that he called me babe. It made me feel like I was his.

“Wow, you got fancy. I remember when you were a beer girl. Didn’t take you for a hard liquor girl.” I had changed over the years. I read more erotic books and drank more to suppress my feelings for him. I had tried to forget about him, especially on days when I felt lonely.

“Well, maybe that’s because you don’t know anything about me anymore. I am partial to beer, there is no doubt, but this is not the place for beer.” I winked at him.

“No, it is not.” He said, looking at me intensely. He only broke his gaze so that he could order us some drinks.

I watched as he talked to the bartender. They hi-fived, and Ricardo put in our drink order. The bartender was quick and efficient, which I liked to see in the food industry. The business was only as good as the people who helped run it properly. If your staff was useless, you were doomed.

He handed me my drink, and I took a sip. “Delicious, thank you.”

“Anytime.” He smiled.

It looked like he had standard rye and coke, which I knew many guys tended to drink. It was a no-nonsense kind of drink.

“So, tell me something Kira...”

“Yes?” I asked curiously. I took another sip of my drink, enjoying it immensely. There was just something about martinis that made you feel like you were a complete badass for drinking it. And that was how Ricardo made me feel, like a badass.

“Did you think this was going to happen when you took this job?” He had a smirk plastered on his face.

I almost spit out my drink when he asked. Oh god, what was I going to say?

I blanched. “Well actually, it’s sort of–,” *The truth was, I never expected it to happen. I thought he hated me, and he had different women all over him.*

“Kira?” He said chuckling.

“Uh...yes?”

“I’m just screwing with you.”

“Oh, thank god.” I breathed out with relief and rolled my eyes. I wasn’t sure what kind of answer he was looking for, but I was sure he would be disappointed by my answer. Of course, I hadn’t planned on dating him again. I hadn’t even planned on being close to him. I wanted to avoid him throughout my stay.

Plus, my boss would kill me if he found out that I had got involved with Ricardo while doing an article about him. It was beyond unprofessional. To top that, Dwayne was constantly on my neck. If not for the daily drafts I sent to him, he would be ringing my ears about not messing things up. This article was the height of my career; it was also the peak of Fighter’s Only Magazine. Dwayne didn’t want to lose this gig, and neither did I.

He chuckled, “Excuse me?” He was surprised that I hadn’t even tried to fight it.

“Yeah, let’s not even go there.”

“Is that right?” He said, nodding.

“Yup. Well, I freaked myself out once already. Let’s try to make this second round go smoothly.”

He smiled, “Oh, I couldn’t agree more. Again, I was just kidding.”

I grinned, I liked that he was playing with me. “Alright, well I’m going to turn it around then. Did you think this was going to happen?”

He paused for a moment before talking. “Not at all.”

It was my turn to say, “excuse me?”

“I’m serious. To be honest, I thought you hated me. I was genuinely shocked when I found out that you even accepted the assignment. I would have expected you to pass it off to another writer.”

I blushed deeply. “Yeah right. I’m too ambitious for that. I’m not giving major stories to another writer and then watching their career flourish.” I smiled. “Believe it or not, I am a professional, and I was determined to come and do a job regardless of how I felt about you. And no, I never hated you, Ricardo.”

He laughed, “Oh yeah, so professional.”

I shrugged sheepishly. But it was time to get straightforward with Ricardo. “I’m serious. This is the first time I’ve ever been involved with a client. And really, you’re not an average client, we have a past.” He nodded. My eyes drooped and my mouth slanted down.

“But would you have liked me to refuse?” I asked. I feared his reply.

“Not at all. I always hoped to see you again. I wanted all these things to happen,” he tried to comfort me. “Hey, look at me. Don’t feel bad or anything. I love all that we’ve done, and I brought you out here for a night on the town. We should be having laughs together and creating new memories.”

I smiled and took a sip of my drink, hoping he meant what he was saying, because my heart clung on his every word.

“Well if it helps, as soon as I saw you again, Kira, I thought you were breathtaking. Definitely the best part of my day was having you walk in and ask me for an interview. I wanted more with you immediately, but again, I wasn’t sure how we were going to interact with each other after so much time.”

I laughed, “Oh really? Well, I’m very flattered, thank you.” I said in my professional voice, trying to sound seductive.

“Anytime, sweetheart.” He winked at me, and I laughed. He had a great sense of humor and seemed very good-natured about everything. He just went with the flow, not having a care in the world. My feelings for him were growing stronger by the day. He was calmer, polite, and sweeter than I remember. I was beginning to see a future for us. It could really work. We could make it work. Maybe we could just forget everything and move on with our future together.

My boss, however, would probably be furious if he found out I was there with Ricardo. But I couldn’t help myself; I was drawn to him. Forget about professionalism. I was getting my job done and that was all that mattered. Ricardo and I had such a strong connection which had pulled us back together. I

wanted to give in to the current and see where it took me. I didn't want to ignore Ricardo just because I was writing an article about him. It wasn't every day that you met someone that made you feel alive, and that was how I felt every time I was around Ricardo.

“What do you say we go do some dancing?”

I nodded; I loved the idea. Especially since it meant that we could get nice and close. The idea of Ricardo's hands on my body sent chills up my spine. I wanted him close to me all the time.

We got up from our seats and headed to the dance floor. I recognized a couple of famous people who were already out there dancing, so I made sure to steer clear of them. Vegas always had interesting characters, and being in the media I came across celebrities frequently. I wanted Ricardo all to myself, even if it meant being by ourselves the whole night. I wasn't sure when I would get another opportunity like this. When we got into the middle of the dance floor, Ricardo grabbed me suddenly and slammed my body against his body, causing shivers to run up my spine as I looked up into his eyes. He had beautiful brown eyes. I could get lost in them. I smiled up at him, feeling incredible in his presence. I sniffed his strong masculine cologne. This man enchanted me.

Ricardo brushed my hair out of my face and pressed me up against him, breathing me in. “You are everything to me and I never want to let you go,” he said. I zoned out from the world

around me, and went into my own little world, just me and him, together forever.

I felt a little dizzy being so close to him, but I wouldn't have had it any other way. He bent down and nipped my neck with his teeth. I gasped as electricity went through my body. I was so surprised that he had acted so aggressively in public. I looked around to check if anyone had seen what he had done, or worse, how I had responded. I hadn't expected that from him at all.

“Relax Kira, no one is watching us.” He chuckled. I smiled at him and wished he would do more to me. His hands found my hips again, and he held me to him. I could feel his excitement for me pushing against me. I was beginning to get turned on, knowing that he was becoming aroused just by dancing with me. As we moved, I felt his hardness rub against me. We were so close together that we could really be one person. The music was throbbing around us, and I was having trouble breathing. I longed for his lips and wanted to feel the heat between us. He didn't look at another woman all night; he had been focused solely on me.

“Do you have any idea what you're doing to me Kira, do you?” He whispered seductively.

“Oh? And here I thought you were the same guy I knew years ago. The guy who always wanted to be in control, and now I have control over you.” He laughed. Truly he was not that guy anymore. I could feel it.

I was surprised by the forcefulness of his voice when he spoke to me. He was so close to my face that he was almost kissing me, and I felt light-headed. *Kiss me*, I thought. I just wanted to be kissed. He was driving me insane. No man had ever made me feel so crazed. I just wanted to be possessed by that man who seemed to be able to thrill me with very little effort.

“Come with me.” Ricardo grasped my hand in his, and he pulled me off the dance floor. I followed him through the crowd and up a red staircase. He led me to the VIP lounge. I hadn’t realized that he had such a booth. He must have arranged it before we arrived. When we got upstairs, it was far fancier than the reserved booths downstairs. It was a special VIP area. I had no idea they had that extra room for VIP customers: I had assumed that it was just the booths below. I wondered how many people were aware of that, or more importantly, how many women he had brought there before me. I guess with enough money you knew where all the special places were. Ricardo must have a close good friend to be able to lock in one of the luxury booths. Some of the booths had curtains to allow for private parties in case you didn’t want to be disturbed by other guests. There were a few other people up there having their own private parties. It looked incredible, and it was the perfect place for someone who enjoyed the finer things in life.

Ricardo took me to one of the private booths, and we went inside. It was so elegant, I was impressed.

“Wow, these are nice booths. This club is bound to be successful with these for sure.” I really was impressed by everything I saw.

“Ya, it’s a nice place, isn’t it?” He looked around the booth.

A waitress peeked in the booth with a smile on her face. “Hi, guys! What can I get for you?”

She was a busty blonde with a bright smile, but Ricardo barely paid her any attention. It was really refreshing to see a guy not check out a girl’s rack.

“Yes, can we get a bottle of Bollinger Blanc de Noirs, please?”

She smiled, clearly impressed, as she should be since Ricardo had just ordered a \$400 bottle of champagne. I myself didn’t speak because I didn’t have the words. Was he trying to impress me? \$400 champagne was totally unnecessary. He did make a big bankroll with his last fight, and he was only going up from there, so he could afford it. I wasn’t going to complain, however, because it would be the best thing, I put in my mouth all night. Well, maybe not the best thing. Marilyn Monroe used to bathe in champagne that cost half that amount, so we were certainly living large that evening. “I’ll get right on that for you, Ricardo.” She disappeared and left us alone once again.

Ricardo got cozy with me in the booth. “So, when is my feature going to be ready, Kira? I’m dying to read it.” The fact that he was interested in everything about me refreshed my

mind. It wasn't just about sex to him. He loved me. Even without saying the words, I could see it right through him.

I smiled sweetly at him, "I'm almost finished with it. Just some little tweaks must be made. But you must wait until it's printed before you can read it."

"What? Why? Just let me read it now," he whined, sticking out his lower lip and looking like a helpless, pouting toddler.

I laughed. "Not a chance. First, it must be approved by my boss. And I don't want you to think that you have a say in anything that I write. Once you see the printed version, you won't have a say in what's printed."

"Why would I want changes? What are you planning to publish." He looked alarmed. He was practically breaking out in a sweat.

I smiled. "Down, boy. You look like you're going to snap. I'm not implying that you won't like the feature. But ego can come into play with these sorts of things. I don't want to spin anything a certain way. I'm just here doing my job."

"Have you been checking up on me?" He asked with a wink.

I stumbled on my words, "Oh...no, you just hear things. I always have some type of spin to my features."

"Well, I'm looking forward to reading it."

The waitress brought the champagne in a bucket full of ice. She set glasses in front of us and poured us both a glass.

“Thank you very much. We’re not going to want to be disturbed for a while, thank you. If I need another bottle, I will come and get you.” I gulped at the word disturbed. He had plans, dirty plans. I didn’t mind at all. Also, did he just say, another bottle?

The waitress’s eyebrows hit the ceiling. She was probably thinking the same thing that I was: Another bottle?! He was just so full of surprises.

“No problem, Ricardo. Let me know if you need anything!”

She disappeared again, and Ricardo picked up his glass. “What should we toast to?”

I smiled. “How about we toast to the upward swing of both our careers?”

“Sounds good to me.” He laughed. “And to new beginnings.” I nodded.

I picked up my cup, and we clanked glasses together. I brought the glass to my lips and took my first sip. It was like liquid sunshine going down my throat. It was crisp, smooth, and delicious. “Mmmm...that’s really good.”

“I agree,” he said.

He moved in quickly for a kiss. His mouth met mine, and the kiss sizzled between us. I almost moaned; he tasted so good.

“I like the way champagne tastes on your tongue, Kira.”

I grinned like an idiot.

He kissed me again; this time our tongues found each other, and we began making out like we were in high school again. His hands were in my hair, and our kisses became even more heated. I was breathless during our make-out session. He was addicted to me and I to him. We just couldn't get our hands off each other.

He got up from the booth and grabbed me, lifting me up. He lifted me onto the table and moved in between my legs. I was so incredibly turned on. I wasn't sure what he had in mind, but I was up for anything. I didn't care: I was going to allow Ricardo to take me wherever he wanted. My mind was racing as I watched him zip down his pants. Was he going to fuck me right there in the middle of the booth? I wasn't sure if it was the right thing to do, and each step he took made my feelings for Ricardo grow. How could I live without this man? There was no future for me without him. We were meant to be together.

My thoughts suddenly shut down when he dropped his pants and underwear. I gasped at his forwardness. "We haven't been using protection," I said, though I had zero issues with what was about to happen to me.

"Great, get pregnant for me again," he replied. I giggled. He wasn't afraid of such responsibility. Some other guys would be scared of being tied down with daddy responsibilities, but he wasn't. This was a big green flag for me. It showed me that he saw us together in the future, having a family of our own.

I spread my legs wide for him. His dick was hard, and it stood up ready for me. I fumbled with my dress, but Ricardo stopped me. “What?” I asked.

“I want to fuck you with that dress on. I love it on you. It makes you so damn hot,” He pushed up the skirt portion of my dress and revealed my lace panties. He slid aside my panties and felt my pussy. “Wow Kira, you react so good to my words. You’re so wet.” I had already grown wet with anticipation. I could see his dick, and I ached for it. I needed him badly, and just seeing his dick bob before me was enough to get me very excited.

“Your pussy feels nice, Kira, you’re soaked, dripping.” I moaned as he pushed a finger inside my pussy. He brought out his hand and I whined, missing the feeling. He licked his finger. “I love tasting you baby. After fingering you, I’ll eat up your pussy,” The words falling from his mouth, made me more wet. He pushed his finger into me again and rubbed my clit.

My eyes fluttered. Oh, it felt so good. I couldn’t think straight while he was touching me like that. “Mmmm, that feels so good, Ricardo.” His free fingers brushed on my clit and I screamed, trying to close my legs at the rush of pleasure. He widened my legs once again. I smiled and crushed his mouth with a kiss, searching out his tongue, and sucking on it. He moaned, and the sound thrilled me. I loved pleasing him, and I wanted to do more of it. I wanted to taste every inch of him, but we didn’t exactly have the room for it. I needed his dick, though, and I was going to enjoy every minute of it. He continued to kiss me as he played with me, and I was

bombarded with waves of pleasure from his fingers as I enjoyed his kisses. I moved in and kissed him passionately as he fucked me. His other hand grabbed my breast and played with my nipples.

He took his fingers out of me and put his hands on my bottom and squeezed it tight. I loved feeling his hands on me. It felt amazing. I couldn't believe how turned on I was by his touch. I kissed his jawline, nipping at his throat. He growled and I bit him a little harder. My hands found his dick as I played with his balls before I went down on him. I didn't have a lot of room, but I wasn't missing the opportunity to taste his dick.

He let out a long moan as his hands were lost in my hair. I sucked hard while massaging his balls. I loved the power that I had when his dick was in my mouth. I controlled the pleasure that he got at that moment. His dick hit the back of my throat. "Kira. Ahhhh, yes baby," he called out my name and pushed my head forward to suck him faster. Hearing him say the word Kira sounded so wonderful. It was more of a growl, and it was just what I needed to make me even more wet. I moved rhythmically over his dick. I squeezed my hands and massaged his balls, rubbing him everywhere. My mouth moved onto his dick slowly at first, and then his dick glided into my mouth. I was no longer in control. He moved in and out of my mouth, thrusting faster at times. He had my mouth full of his girth and length. I almost gagged because of how big he was. My mouth began to get a little tired because of how wide open it was, and

I didn't want to make him cum right away, so I slowed things down.

“Kira, so good, Kira” His eyes were up in his head.

I continued to suck him, twirling my tongue around his tip. His dick was hard in my mouth, and taking it in brought me so much pleasure. I could feel myself getting wet all over again.

“Darling, I need to be inside you. I don't want to cum in your mouth, but I do want to fill your pussy up. I'm going to fuck you so good. I want you on my dick.” The excitement got him talking and I didn't complain.

I gently slid him out of my mouth as he pushed me back on the table. There was a fire in his eyes, and I knew I was in for a night to remember. I lay back down on the table, spreading my legs for him. He looked at my pussy as if he was falling in love with it, and he climbed on top of me, lifting my dress to take a closer look. For a moment I was scared that the table wouldn't carry our combined weight moving in such erratic movements. He pulled my panties off and threw them on the floor. He kissed my calves and my thighs. He wiped his tongue on his palm and rubbed from my clit to my wet hole. I choked a moan. “Your wetness makes me so hard, babe,” he said as he slid a finger inside me once again. He rubbed me fast, enjoying the look of ecstasy that came over my face.

“Oh...Ricardo,” I cried.

“Tell me you want me babe, tell me you want me as much as I want you,” he said.

I nodded. “Hmmm, yes. I want you,” I was aching to have his dick inside me. I couldn’t wait any longer.

“I can’t hear you babe.” He flicked the tip of my clit.

“I want you!” I screamed in pleasure. Then, he stopped abruptly. “Ahhhh,” I whined. Placing my feet on his shoulders, he plunged deep inside me. I gasped as his full length went inside me, pumping in and out. I called out his name, which drove him mad. He pinned my hands down and I screamed louder.

“Yes Kira, scream my name. I own you, Kira. Moan for me,” he panted. Wow, everything about this man was incredible. Everything that I could ask for in a man. It occurred to me that the other guests could hear us fucking. I dismissed the thought instantly. The music in the club was so loud that most people couldn’t hear each other talk.

“Babe—people—could hear—us,” I moaned as he pumped me.

“I don’t care. I don’t mind. I want to hear you. I want to know you’re enjoying this,” he said. But I couldn’t hear a word. My eyes were rolled back in my eyelids.

“Your pussy feels amazing Kira, I can’t get enough of you. A nice tight pussy you have.” He held my waist in place.

I could barely think as waves of pleasure washed over me continuously. I had lost all ability to think and reason. I only saw him, felt him, and I had never felt so complete. I felt tension build up inside of me. I wrapped my hand on his back and scratched him very hard while biting my lower lip to keep

myself from screaming out my lungs, and I came on his dick, releasing an orgasm so strong it rocked my body. He came soon after and fell exhaustedly onto my chest. I kissed his head gently, putting my fingers through his hair. I felt so satisfied I could have fallen asleep right then and there. But I would not fall asleep in a club booth. I had my limits.

“That was amazing,” he murmured. “Did you like it?”

I smiled, “I’d say. Champagne and sex were great. Thank you very much, Ricardo. Talk about a night to remember.”

He chuckled. “I’m glad you enjoyed it. It means a lot to me that I could pleasure you. Now shall we finish that champagne?”

“I would love to,” I said still smiling.

He pulled out of me and handed me some napkins. I cleaned myself off and slipped back into my panties. I slid off the table and pulled down my dress. I felt so satisfied. But my clit was so sensitive from all the rubbing. I sat down beside him in the booth once again, and I couldn’t wipe the smile off my face. He filled up our glasses once again, and I took a sip. It tasted even better now than it did before we had sex. I closed my eyes to savor the taste, but all I could see was him holding my legs on his shoulders and banging me. I blushed at the thought.

We chatted for the rest of the evening, but we never ordered another bottle of champagne. I was high on life and didn’t want to ruin it by getting drunk. It was all just so delicious. The sex, the champagne, sitting so close to Ricardo...what a perfect evening. We had a natural rapport together, and I was

enjoying being around Ricardo more and more every moment we were together. I couldn't believe that we had sex right on the table in front of us. *How scandalous of me? What would people think?* When I was with Ricardo no one and nothing else ever mattered. We were lost in our own world.

Ricardo walked me out of the club. We hailed a taxi, and he opened the door for me. We got inside and cuddled up as we headed back to our hotel. I laid my head on his shoulder and he kissed my hair. I looked up at him and remembered our tryst in the VIP lounge, and my cheeks turned red.

"I want to see you more Kira, please don't go. We can continue our day in my suite." He was practically begging.

"I would like that as well." I was thrilled that he wanted more of me. Maybe things were going to be okay.

Chapter 13

Kira

We decided to stay in Ricardo's suite that day. I was finishing up my feature on him, and when I pressed the submit button, I whooped out loud. It felt so good to be finished and have that off my shoulders. At one point, I didn't believe I would finish. I thought I would lose my job, but things got better. I sat down to wait for my boss' thoughts, but the hard stuff was over. I was going to move on with my life at that point and not worry about him finding out about Ricardo and I.

I went to find Ricardo, who was sitting on the couch in the room watching his old fight videos.

"I'm finished." I couldn't help but smile.

"Congratulations, Kira! Now we can celebrate. You better get all of me you want today because I have to get back to training tomorrow." Training had been super important to him lately. When he wasn't practicing, he was watching videos or browsing fighting techniques online. The fear his new

opponent inflicted in him was getting the best of him. Sometimes I wished I could help.

I laughed. “I guess I need start thinking about heading back to Florida. I don’t need to be following you around now.” My job was complete. There was no need for me to stick around for the rest of his training schedule. We could continue our relationship virtually, and I didn’t want to be told by Sirena that it has high time I left. I knew she would be informed that the article had being completed.

“Are you kidding me? You’re staying here with me for the next week while I finish my training camp.”

“Ricardo, I have to go back to work,” I said with a chuckle as he hugged and kissed my neck.

“Kira, you’re a writer, you can work from anywhere. Tell old Dwayne to send you your next assignment in a week. Or he can send it early, and you can do some research before you travel for your next interview.”

“I guess. I’ll see what Dwyane says after he reads the article. He might not even have the next feature lined up yet. He might have assumed I was still working the rest of the week anyway.” I doubt Dwayne would care about me staying for the rest of the week. All he wanted was for me to give him an amazing article and I did just that. I was pretty much free for now.

“I know the perfect way to celebrate!” He said with a sly grin.

I laughed. “Oh, is that right?”

I wasn't sure why my heart was beating so furiously. Shouldn't I be used to Ricardo by now? And yet it happened every time that he was close to me. I thought my heart was going to burst through my rib cage and come through my chest. I had never done anything so brazen, but I could not keep my hands off him. I seemed to have christened Ricardo's hotel room, and now he wanted my body again. A smile played on my face as I thought about it. Officially, Ricardo was not my job any longer, so there really wasn't any reason anymore to say no to him. “Yeah, a picnic,” he said.

“Oh, romantic. I like that,” I giggled.

“Excuse me babe, I'll be back in few, Ricardo said.

I went to go to the bathroom and picked up my phone on the way. I chuckled as I saw 11 missed calls and 24 text messages from Sirena. She was relentless. What was her problem? I was not being distracted anymore. If anything, Kira was helping me stay focused. She helped relax my muscles when I felt tense for my upcoming fight. Especially when we had sex or just played together, I released all the tension in my veins. And I have been practicing and studying fighting techniques. No doubt, I was nervous, but I felt I had a chance against Eric.

I went into the bathroom and started reading through the messages. She did not like when I didn't answer her calls. I wasn't sure what the big deal was, she knew that I was having a few days off. I would be back at it tomorrow. Couldn't things wait?

One of the messages caused me to pause and consider.

Ricardo, answer your phone. It's important. I found something.

And about 30 seconds after that one, she sent this:

It's Kira. You can't trust her. Call me now. What does she mean? I know she doesn't like Kira, but saying I can't trust her is going too far. I dated the girl once. She has a good heart and would never hurt me. *Was it about the article?* No, I don't think Kira would write anything bad about me, not with all we had done. I laughed at myself; she couldn't possibly know about the article. I hadn't even told her that the article had been sent. But what was the problem?

I scrunched my brow and wondered what she could be talking about. Why wouldn't I be able to trust Kira? What could Sirena have possibly found that would make her think that I couldn't trust Kira? I shook my head. I couldn't imagine anything bad coming from Kira, even though she had kept some secrets in the past; it just wasn't possible. Sometimes I wonder if she acts this way because she wants to be with me. Although, I had heard from Scott that she had started dating someone. *What's her deal?*

I decided to ignore it, at least for the time being. I wanted to enjoy the evening, not get involved in drama. I hoped I was going to see Kira later, as long as the coach didn't need me. Kira was my distraction against Eric. I believed I could win the match, but the guy's history made my skin crawl. I had been training extra hard, and Kira had been helping me,

believe it or not. Hearing her moan my name was enough to wash away all my fears.

I sent her back a message. *Chill my girl, I will see you in the morning.*

That only brought ten consecutive messages. I chuckled and chose to turn off my phone. I was glad that I had waited until Kira had left before checking my phone. I didn't need Kira to see Sirena blowing up my phone. If she happened to see the messages about her, I didn't want her to get upset and leave. We would deal with any issues in the morning.

Chapter 14

Kira

I had just finished a relaxing bath in my own hotel room for a change, and I sat down at the desk in the room and opened my laptop. I felt so calm and at peace. My whole body hummed from the orgasms of the day, and now that I was freshly bathed and in a cozy bathrobe, I couldn't have felt more relaxed.

I was checking my email and saw that there was one from Dwayne. I clicked on it and scanned the email. A smile broke out on my face as I finished reading it. He had loved the feature, and it was going to print now. He told me to enjoy the rest of the week in Vegas, and when I returned, he would have a new assignment for me. Perfect. That meant that I could stay with Ricardo for the rest of the time he was in Vegas and return on the jet. I could go to the training camp with him in the morning and be more involved. Though, I didn't want to move too fast, so people wouldn't get the wrong impression that I had written a good article about him because we had slept together.

There was a knock on my hotel room door, and I smiled. Ricardo just couldn't stand to be apart from me for only a few hours. That was okay; I would take him back in my arms any time. I got up from the computer and made my way to the door. When I swung open the door, the smile left my face. Sirena stood there looking less than impressed.

"Sirena, hi," I said, a little nervous. I couldn't come up with an explanation for why she was in my room. *What now?*

"Is Ricardo here? I need to talk to him." She walked in.

My eyes followed her. "You're his assistant. You should know his whereabouts better than me," I tried to lighten the mood, but she didn't smile. *All right, that didn't go as planned.* I rolled my eyes and stopped, turning to check if she had seen it. She hadn't. I let out a silent sigh of relief. I hoped she would jump right into why she was here and just leave. I needed to relax.

"He hasn't been answering his phone."

"Really? I hope nothing is wrong." It was weird he hadn't answered his phone. Maybe he was sleeping, tired from working out too much. Or screwing me too much. I flushed, averting my gaze from Sirena.

"Don't play dumb with me, Kira. It's rather odd that I can't get a hold of Ricardo. Ever since you showed up, he's been a mess. Why are you doing this? You're only going to ruin his life." How was I ruining Ricardo's life? He was doing well. I allowed him to study and work out. I never stopped him. If

anyone wanted to see him soar and succeed in his career, it was me.

“I have done nothing wrong Sirena,”

“Ricardo deserves the best. It is appalling that you are dating him, considering you already hurt him in the past. I know exactly who you are and what you did. I won’t let you hurt him again. What does that say about the kind of person you are?” Her words felt personal. *Was there something she knew that I didn’t? I agreed that Ricardo deserved the best, but who was the best? I knew I had made mistakes, but was she the best? Had she never made a mistake? Did she want to date Ricardo?*

“Excuse me?” I couldn’t understand the words coming out of that woman’s mouth.

“It’s true, and you know it. I’m fighting for Ricardo here,” she said. *Sure, you are. Well, you can’t have him because he’s mine. Take a hint and get it through your head that he wants only me,* I thought to myself. “His name and business could be tarnished because of you. Doesn’t that bother you at all?” said Sirena. “Instead, you’re here when you have no business being here. That’s where your priorities lie. Weren’t you supposed to be writing a feature? Instead, you’re here sleeping with him. That’s very classy of you.” I already wrote the article Sirena, and my boss likes it. Stop fighting me, I have done nothing wrong to you.

I was speechless by what she was saying. She had it all wrong. I actually cared deeply for Ricardo.

“That’s not fair, and you know it.”

“I don’t care about fair, Kira, I care about Ricardo. You’re not good for him, and we both know it.”

“What is your problem?” I spat, my anger rising. ” Are you good for him?”

“Ricardo was happier before you came back.”

I wouldn’t say I liked the way she had phrased that, but I decided to leave it alone. I waited with my brows raised for her to tell me more. She didn’t, however. She just stood there smiling sweetly as I waited. She had no intention of filling me in on anything. Something more was going on there. I could feel it in my gut.

“You’re romantically interested in Ricardo, aren’t you?”

She glared at me, a bit of spite in her eyes. “Well Kira, I think Ricardo is a great guy, and he needs someone who won’t play with his emotions. He needs someone who makes him happy. Although we never seriously dated, I wouldn’t mind being with a man like Ricardo. I could make him happy all the time, but he is stuck on you for some reason.”

I couldn’t breathe. She basically just admitted to me that she has the hots for him. She was just doing anything to get under my skin. “What? So, you have an ulterior motive for being so helpful to him?” I said.

She smirked, “Well, if I ever got a chance with him, let’s just say that I’d jump on the opportunity.”

“Please leave Sirena. It was wonderful seeing you again, but I have work to do. I have no idea where Ricardo is now. If you can’t get him on the phone or find him in his room, wait for him to find you,” I spoke through my teeth, trying to control my anger.

She smiled with a knowing nod. “I just want the best for Ricardo and his career,” she said, and left.

How could Ricardo have not noticed Sirena’s romantic interest in him? Or her potential ulterior motive to stay in his good graces? Was he really that oblivious to her intentions? Sirena may have wanted the best for him, but her wanting to be with him would only make more things awkward over time. How could I stand seeing him work with her now that I knew that she wanted a relationship with him?

I felt sick to my stomach, and I knew that I had to talk to Ricardo.

I headed to the bar in my room where I found a bottle of wine. I planned on drinking the entire thing if I could manage it. I needed to find a way to relax and get my blood pressure down. I considered taking another bubble bath, but I knew that I needed to talk to Ricardo first, about so many things. The bubble bath would just have to wait.

I poured myself a glass of wine and went out onto my balcony. It was a beautiful day with a warm breeze, the kind of day you dream of when nothing was going wrong. I sat down in my lounge and made a call to Ricardo. He picked up right away.

“Hey baby, how are you doing? I miss you.”

The waterworks began immediately, and I started blubbering into the phone. “Why Ricardo? Are you using me? Do I mean so little to you?”

“Kira, what’s wrong? What’s going on?”

“It’s Sirena,”

“What do you mean? What did she do?”

“No, it’s you. Please be honest with me for once if you ever loved or cared for me. Is there anything going on between you and Sirena?” I sobbed.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Kira. Nothing is going on between us,”

“How can you say that? I know how Sirena feels about you! Everything is a mess right now, and your work relationship with Sirena seems complicated to me, Ricardo. Sirena is waiting on her chance to be with you,” I said.

“What do you mean? When did you talk to Sirena?” Ricardo said.

“Ricardo, why haven’t you answered her messages? What’s going on between you two?”

There was a long wait on the other end. “Kira, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

I started sobbing.

“Shut up. I knew all of this was too good to be true. I’m so dumb. I should have known you and Sirena were a thing: you

always seemed way too close,” I yelled.

“Kira, I’m sorry.” There was silence on the other end of the line. “I’ll be right over so that we can talk about this.”

It didn’t take him long to get there, and when he came through the door, he grabbed me and wrapped his arms around me. I pulled away and moved several feet from him.

“Can’t you see that Sirena wants you?” His eyes shone as he placed a hand on his cheek.

“What did she tell you?” He rumbled. I sobbed. I turned away from him, but he pulled me closer to face him. “Kira, please listen to me.”

“No Ricardo, I don’t want to be in a relationship with someone whose assistant is after them!” I quaked with emotion.

“Kira, let’s just talk about this.” He brought me to his chest. I fought him off, but he was stronger.

“Why didn’t you tell me that you and Sirena went out on a few dates in the past, and that she is interested in you? You’re not just friends, Ricardo, and I know she has feelings for you.”

He froze and looked confused.

“What the heck did Sirena say to you that makes you think this?” Ricardo said.

Sirena came to me asking me questions about your whereabouts. But what matters is why you failed to mention the dates that you guys went on,” I said.

“Well Kira, I never actually dated Sirena. We did go on a few dates last year, but we decided that we should just keep it professional.”

“I know, I should have told you, but I didn’t want you to feel weird about the fact that she and I are working together. We’ve been doing it for over a year. It works better for us. We had a few casual dates, but our chemistry was not dynamic enough for me to want to seriously date her. Yes, we work well together, but we just don’t have a romantic connection, at least not on my end. Maybe Sirena has a different viewpoint on our relationship. However, I made it clear to her that I didn’t have feelings for her and that I wanted to keep things professional. I can’t say how she feels. Maybe she’s upset that we didn’t end up in a romantic relationship, but we wanted to remain friends. There is absolutely nothing for you to worry about. I am sorry that I didn’t tell you, though, because you should have found out from me,” Ricardo said.

“I wish you would’ve just mentioned this to me before I was made to look like a fool in front of Sirena,” I said.

“How did it happen though? How did you guys end up going on a few dates?” I asked, a bit relieved from his other explanation, yet dying to know how they got to be an item.

“Does it matter?” Ricardo said.

“Ricardo,” I pressed.

“Fine.” He gritted his teeth. “It was because of you.”

“Me? How?” My eyes widened.

“One night I felt very lonely after winning a major fight, which started moving my career quickly. Scott had gone home, and Sirena still had some work to do, though she was getting ready to leave. I laid on my bed, thinking of you, wanting you to see all I had accomplished, wanting to see the smile on your face or your voice saying you were proud of me,” Ricardo said.

“Oh Ricardo.” I wiped my tears and gently caressed his cheeks, relieved, and moved by his recount of the past.

“Sirena could see I wasn’t in a good mood, even though I had just won a big fight. She grabbed some shots and tried to cheer me up. All we ended up doing was getting too drunk, and so I went back to my room that night. The next day she called me and asked if I was ok and that we should go out on a friendly date. After that day, we started to hang around each other a little more outside of work, but it never really led to a romantic relationship,” he said.

“I understand, Ricardo.”

“When we hung out, it was not the same as it had been with you. I just needed some kind of distraction from needing you, because I was shattered when you left me,” Ricardo said. I nodded and egged him to continue.

“We went on a few dates and hung out together, but I couldn’t stop thinking about you. I couldn’t be with her in that way. She was not the right fit for me, but you suit me perfectly Kira. I didn’t want to do her wrong by continuing to see her outside of work, so I told her that we should remain friends,”

Ricardo said. I sighed, trying to force a smile and push off the thoughts of Ricardo making her laugh, or of them spending time together.

“I just couldn’t see myself having a future with Sirena. I had always envisioned you and I getting married one day and building a life together. I saw you becoming my wife and the mother of my children,” Ricardo’s voice trailed off.

He looked up and looked deeply into my eyes. “I love you, Kira.”

My mouth dropped open. “Really?”

“Yes. I always have. I kind of never stopped.” He stuttered nervously, rubbing the back of his neck with one hand.

I smiled up and kissed him on the lips. “I love you too, Ricardo.” And I did. We both made mistakes, but no one should be blamed. We just needed to deal with all our shortcomings from the past, so that we could build a new relationship stronger than before.

“Thank you, Kira. Your words mean a lot to me,” he said. “And as for Sirena, I never really had feelings for her. I see her more like family. She was just my distraction from thinking a lot about you. Plus, she is too wild for me. I have enough wildness to deal with in the octagon and I don’t want a relationship that is stressful. I love your gentle side, Kira, it makes me go nuts,” Ricardo said.

He brought his lips to mine as though he wanted to taste the words that fell from my mouth. There was no rush. My tongue

entered his mouth, and I liked the way he sucked on it. Our kisses grew more passionate, and the next thing I knew, we were full-on making out. He had one hand in my hair, and the other fondled my breast.

“Let’s go to my room, my love. Because tonight, my beautiful Kira, you are all mine.” All I could see in his eyes was desire. I was lost in his beautiful face, and I did not want to deny him anything. I nodded in agreement. It was better that way: his room was bigger anyway.

He grabbed me by the hand and led me to his bedroom. Once there, I turned around.

He cupped my jaw and put his lips to mine with a softness that I didn’t even know he was capable of. I moaned and parted my lips slightly as I pushed my body against his. I wanted to put my hands all over his body. My hands were trembling when I grabbed his face and kissed him harder, causing me to ache. *Nothing can stop us now. No one can break us up, neither future nor past. We love each other and that’s all that that matters.*

I kissed him so slowly and deeply that I felt like I was losing control of myself. Kissing Ricardo was addictive. He took complete control of my mouth and tasted every inch of it. Sucking, nipping, tasting, and I could tell by the look on his face that he, too, was losing the ability to concentrate.

I was consumed by desire, and I wanted to touch him everywhere. My lips were becoming red and swollen from the kisses. He carried me to the bed and stood to admire me for a

moment. I was dying from my need of him. I sat up quickly and started undoing his pants as he stood before me.

I pulled the zipper of his jeans down and slid down his pants. I did the same to his underwear. His dick stood hard before me, and I took it in my mouth, causing him to intake air suddenly. I sucked him slowly, taking all of his dick into my mouth. “Baby, you’re making me feel dizzy, and my legs are growing weak,” he said. I pulled his dick out of my mouth even though I loved the taste of it. I licked his tip and teased him. “Kira.” He held my head for me to stop. I stripped myself naked as well. He gasped in surprise as a grin formed on his face as he looked at my breasts.

He bent down to me and found my mouth once again. A moan escaped my mouth as he consumed me. My kisses traveled down his neck and back up to his mouth. My hands were in his hair, holding him in place while I kissed him.

His hands were on my breasts, and he cupped one of them, bringing it to his mouth to suck. His tongue twirled around my nipple, making it harden instantly. The ache in my body throbbed harder when he tasted me. He sucked me and teased me while he listened to my cries of passion coming from my lips.

He put his hand between my legs and cupped me. He rubbed me with the heel of his palm, slowly rubbing his finger along the moist folds of my opening. I was shaking underneath his fingers, which turned him on even more. “I love when you squirm, baby,” he said.

He stopped kissing me as he watched his hand make magic on my body. A smile formed on his face as I shook underneath him. I was becoming wetter as he rubbed his fingers through my wetness.

“Tell me that this is for me. Tell me I make you flow like a waterfall,” Ricardo smirked. *I loved the look on his face.*

I nodded, gasping, “It’s for you, baby. You do this to me.” I was panting.

I wrapped my legs around him, and his dick grazed my opening. My eyes rolled to the back of my head. We both let out a moan when his tip brushed across the tip of my clit. He pinned my wrists above my head, locking them tightly in one hand. I smiled, loving his strength. He used his dick to rub around my pussy. I bit my lower lip tight, wriggling my waist around, trying to make him enter me. He stopped and his fingers entered me. I gasped. He thrust slowly. “Mmmm, ahhhhh,” I moaned.

“Do you want me inside you?”

I grinned, “Yes, Ricardo, yes.”

He was such a handsome man, so much more at that moment than at any other time I had seen him. How had I become so lucky? He looked at me longingly, and I knew I had never seen a sexier man in all my life. He used his dick and rubbed my clit again. He groaned. I tried to free my hand, but he held me firmly.

“Please, Ricardo, I need you.”

The next thing I knew, he was inside me. He filled me up slowly, carefully drawing out the pleasure. Excruciatingly slowly. “I want you more baby, but I’m scared of losing control because you have a strong effect on me,” he said. A moan escaped me as he filled me completely with his size. He grabbed my breasts and cupped them gently as he bent down to claim my mouth once again.

He rocked inside me gently as I walked a fine line between delirium and sanity. He sucked on my nipples as I clenched myself around his dick, an orgasm building up inside me. I shuddered as he moved his hips against mine. ” Lose control Ricardo, I want you to go faster.”

He growled at my words. “Damn, baby, your words are killing me.” He brought my hands down, wrapped them around my legs and flipped me over. My ass was up in the air, and my face was locked on the bed. He knelt with one leg lunged and pounded me hard. This was not his normal speed. He went at a faster pace; I could only hear his panting and his body slapping loudly on my ass cheeks. “Is this what you want, baby? Is this how you want it?” I was screaming at the top of my lungs. I was sure everyone in the hotel heard my voice. They all knew Ricardo’s name now from the number of times I cried his name.

Ricardo didn’t stop. He went faster and faster. As waves of pleasure marked my face, my eyes rolled in the back of my head. I buried my hand in the bed sheets and I exploded around him, my whole body shaking with the orgasm. With a shout, he followed quickly after, unable to hold back.

I quaked in pleasure as he released me. I clutched his hard body as I continued to orgasm. It flowed from me. I licked his chest and bit into his shoulder, he growled in satisfaction.

He pulled me closer again and opened my legs wide. “You’re definitely going to be pregnant with all my semen dripping out of you,” he teased, inspecting my pussy. I laughed. “I want to go again, Kira. I can’t get enough of you,” he said. I was spent and sore, though his words were turning me on again. I wanted to refuse, but before I replied, his finger flicked my sensitive clit and I arched my back with a moan. “I see you still want me.” He laughed.

He glided into me, and I screamed. He started slowly, and I moved my waist to meet his thrust. He continued to rock back and forth inside me. I was panting quickly. All my nerves were on fire, burning with passion as he moved faster. Then he slowed down, and I relaxed, attempting to catch my breath.

He grabbed my ass and was still hard inside of me. He began rocking inside me again, faster this time, as he took me for the second time. I gasped as he plunged in hard and fast, and my gasps turned to moans as my body prepared for another earth-shattering orgasm. It was my turn to get rough with him.

I rolled out from under him and pushed him back down on the bed. I mounted him, straddling myself above his dick.

“Ahhh, Ricardo.”

He looked pleasantly surprised when he said, “Yea baby, ride me baby,”

I positioned myself so I was facing him, and I bent down to kiss him deeply. I moved up and down on his dick. Sweat trickled down my whole body. We both moaned loudly. I stopped riding and pressed down deeper and tighter into him. “Kira, baby, I’m so deep inside you.” I rode Ricardo’s dick slowly feeling the delicious sensations spread all over my body. I started to ride him hard, the pleasure surrounding me completely. I bent down and bit into his shoulder and heard him growl. “Oh baby, I can feel you hugging my dick tightly. Fuck me harder baby.”

As I pushed onto him a little more, I tried to relax and allow it to happen. My orgasm was building up, and I knew it would be a big one. He certainly felt huge when he was going in. I felt full with him in my pussy, but I loved every moment of it. He then began to move his hips and met my thrusts onto his dick. He was trying to allow me to get used to more inside of me. I moaned as he picked up the pace, his smooth dick gliding in and out.

“Are you okay, baby?” he said.

“Mmmmmm,” I whispered.

“I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but I like it,” he remarked.

I giggled, “I like it too.”

One of the things that I liked about Ricardo was that I could be comfortable doing anything with him in the bedroom. Riding on him, he felt humongous inside me. He rocked into me slowly, continuing to meet my thrusts. I started rocking

into him faster, letting the waves of pleasure crash into me repeatedly, not much break in between.

“Oh, Ric—,” I moaned. I was going very fast now, pressing my legs. The buildup in my stomach signaled another orgasm.

He started playing with my pussy and rubbing against my moist clit, giving me some added pleasure while he moved his dick inside me.

“Baby, am I fucking you good?”

I thought I would lose my mind with the words coming out of his mouth. I loved how sexy he made me feel as I rode his dick above him.

The whole length of his dick slowly pushed inside me, causing me to let out a slow and powerful moan. There were so many different feelings and sensations going through my body at that moment. I was lost in a sea of pleasure, and I wanted to let go of another orgasm.

“Ahhhhh, Ricardo, Ricardo, uhmmmm.” He smiled, and he started pumping me as I thrust into him. I was delirious with the pleasure he was giving me. I needed it. He felt so incredible. “Ricardoooo, oh baby, it feels good, I’m going to cum.”

“I know, baby. It’s amazing, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I gasped, “I’m coming again.”

My whole body shuddered as I came onto his dick. He continued pumping inside of me, breaking all reason inside my mind. He was glorious, all of it was so incredible. As I felt

myself build up for another orgasm, the shudders ripped through my body, causing me to ache and scream his name.

“Oh, Kira, I’m going to cum too, baby. I’m going to fill up your pussy.”

He spilled inside of me and collapsed beside me, we were both panting and out of breath. I rolled off of him, and he pulled me close to him, wrapping his arms around me. It wasn’t long before I fell asleep in his arms.

Chapter 15

Ricardo

I walked into the gym feeling like I was on cloud nine. When you get to smash the woman of your dreams, it's impossible to feel otherwise. I wanted to spend the day at the pool with her and watch her get wet. But I had work to do, and I needed to focus. I had to get ready for my fight, it was coming up, and I needed to be ready. I was flying high with my career and couldn't allow anything to get in its way.

Coach was there waiting, and he threw my MMA gloves at me.

“Did you enjoy your day off?”

“You have no idea.” My thoughts flew back to Kira's naked body.

“I bet!” Scott laughed. He knew. I was sure everyone knew with how loud Kira screamed my name. I felt like everyone who stared at me knew that I had been spending time with Kira.

“Let's start with the heavy bags,” coach said.

We worked hard that day. By the time that we were done, I was more than ready to leave and get something to eat. We had started off on the heavy bag, going round after round until I felt like my arms would fall off. Then a few other trainers came in, and I had to be inside the ring to shadow box and spar. It was an exhausting day, but I felt revitalized. I had never felt stronger and more ready to destroy my next opponent. I had ended my training on the treadmill to get my endurance on point.

I was on my fourth mile on the treadmill. I ran as if it was the last thing, I had to do to stay alive. I had just finished an intense weight workout, and it was time to get some cardio in. With the fight coming up, I wanted to make sure that it was impossible to gas me during any of the rounds. I was a tank, a fighter, and I would not be beaten no matter who I stepped into the ring with.

Coach wanted to have a meeting with me once I was done with my workout to go over Eric's previous fight videos. We wanted to get some idea of what kind of fighting style the guy had and whether or not there should be anything I needed to worry about. I hated going into the cage, not knowing who I was facing. I was sure that my opponent was doing the exact same thing, so I had to be just as prepared as he was.

I had a hard time focusing on anything that day because Kira kept popping into my head. It was almost impossible to block her out. She had truly bewitched me. I ached for her all the time, I wanted to be near her, and, yes, I always wanted to be inside her.

Thoughts of her going down on me the night before flooded my mind, and I almost slipped up on the treadmill. It was kind of embarrassing how crazy that girl had me. I wasn't sure how to handle her, and I didn't really want to. She could be a handful but in a good way. I needed her more than anything else, and I knew there was more going on in my head than just sex, because no matter how I sliced it, I could not stop thinking about her.

I wanted her in my corner for the next fight. To be as close as possible, cheering me on in the same way that Sirena had done at my last fight. Kira had always been a great supporter and kept me motivated earlier in my career. I just wanted to spend as much time with Kira, so I could make up for all the lost time.

But I also needed to be careful about my relationship with Sirena in the future, as it could interfere with my relationship with Kira. Kira is my priority, and I can't let Sirena mess up my second chance with the woman of my dreams.

I didn't want to cause any strain in our relationship at that point. It had already been strained enough times. Sirena should understand that Kira needed to feel comfortable. Even though she was part of the MMA team, she would have to stay out of my corner, and I knew that would be something she found difficult to deal with. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, but I wanted Kira to know that my relationship with Sirena was entirely professional. Speaking of her, I wondered why she hadn't come to the gym to talk to me about Kira and that mysterious 'thing' she had found. I was looking forward to

seeing Kira. She was going to meet me at the gym, and after I showered, we would head to a restaurant.

I slowed down the treadmill and exited it. I toweled myself off and started chugging water. I felt great, which was usually the case after a good workout. I went in search of Scott, I assumed he would be in his office waiting for me.

A few of my teammates waved to me as I walked through the gym, they were all good guys, but I didn't have time to chat. I was on a mission.

"Hey, coach," I said as I walked into the office. Scott looked up at me, a pen in his mouth and a notepad in his hand. He was taking notes.

"Hey, superstar. I was watching the video and he might be the toughest opponent you've had so far."

"Eric is a beast in the octagon." There was no doubt about that, I had watched the guy fight several times. But this time, I was trying to study his techniques, so nothing came as a surprise to me.

"He's a killer, and he's an amazing striker. So, you guys will probably end up going toe to toe." coach said. I was good and I had confidence in my abilities to win the fight, though I would never compare myself to him, so if Scott was doing that, then I must be better than I think.

"You don't suggest me taking him to the ground if he's good at striking?"

He started the video over and allowed me to watch it. He replayed the video three times till I could memorize Eric's every move. He was right about the striking part, the guy was definitely good at it.

“No, I don't think you should go to ground with him. You are a strong striker; just because you meet up with an opponent that is also a great striker doesn't mean that you go to ground. You can beat this guy, Ricardo, there's no reason why you wouldn't be able to.” Scott said.

I liked that Scott believed in me. I didn't doubt myself, but I had to admit that I was a bit intimidated by the way Eric struck. He was quick and calculating.

“What about weaknesses? See any?”

“He drops his hands after he takes a swing. You could probably drop him with a head kick after he throws a punch.” The truth is that was also one of my weaker techniques. Although I had been working on it, it was still work in progress for me. If I had not focused on it in earlier trainings, then I wouldn't have won my previous fights. I wasn't the best at it, but I could tell that I was better than Eric.

“Hmmm, I could try that.”

“Perfect, now I want you to watch how he moves in and out. His head is a moving target you will have a hard time determining what and when he is going to throw.”

“Ya, I see that.”

“He moves a lot, but I don’t want you to chase him. He will try to tire you out that way. Just wait him out, let him come to you, and then take him down.”

“Okay, coach, I got it.”

“That’s my boy.” He patted me on the shoulder, and I knew this would be one of the hardest fights of my career.

“I’m going to shower. Thanks.”

When I got out of my shower, I got dressed quickly and headed out of the locker room. I walked out with my gym bag over my shoulder and headed back through the gym area. Upon reentering the gym, I saw Sirena walking and waved at her, but I guess she hadn’t seen me. I checked my phone for the first time and saw that Kira sent me messages. They were the usual cute texts that made me want to find her and spend all day with her. It was almost time for her to show up at the gym, which was a good thing, I could definitely get something to eat.

I looked up and saw Sirena at the far end of the gym, and she made a beeline for me. “Hey, I got an email today about an interview. Do you think you could check it out and see if it’s something that I should do?” I asked her.

She looked at me blankly for a moment and then unleashed. “Are you kidding me right now? I have been trying to get a hold of you all night, and you just ignored me.” I wasn’t ignoring her, but I didn’t want to hear what she had to say about Kira. I was afraid I wouldn’t like what she had to say.

“Yeah, I wanted to talk to you about the fact that you went to Kira’s room and said some things I didn’t like. What the hell was that about? I can’t believe you told her we dated. Why would you do that? It was not your place to do that.”

“I’m sorry, it just came out.” Sirena sighed.

“What is the matter with you?” I said.

“Just forget about it. I really needed to talk to you, that was why I went to her room, to “look for you. Why did you ignore me? You’ve never done that before,” she threw her hands up in frustration.

“I’m sorry I didn’t answer your call. I was with Kira. I tried controlling my rising anger. She didn’t even show remorse for what she did. She almost cost me a chance with Kira again. Thankfully, Kira listened to my explanation and understood, but still I was slightly upset with what Sirena had done.

“It’s okay, Ricardo. I already said I’m sorry,”

I rolled my eyes not wanting to push it” I was trying to focus on mending my relationship with Kira for a change. That was why I couldn’t answer your calls. I was having a great time with her, and I think things will work out this time around.”

A look of disgust flashed on her face, which surprised me. “Don’t be modest, Ricardo. I knew you were having sex that’s why you were ignoring me. I just don’t know why you would give that shady girl another chance after she broke your heart.”

“People change, Sirena.”

“Yeah, I bet. She’s exactly who I wanted to talk to you about. Did you not see my messages about how you shouldn’t trust her?”

“I did.”

She blanched. I realized something was wrong. I had never seen Sirena behave that way. It was starting to freak me out. Despite our history, she always had my back. I had never seen her this upset before. It had to be something extremely important, but I was almost afraid to hear what she had to say.

“You can’t trust that girl. She lied to you. There’s a reason why she broke up with you the first time.” Sirena blurted out in a rush.

My eyes widened. “What are you talking about? Was she seeing another guy?” That was all that came to my mind because we didn’t have any other secrets. It made me cringe to think about Kira being with another man.

“I went through her things.” She said, as she held up a leather-bound book.

My hand slapped my forehead, and I closed my eyes. “My gosh, Sirena, why did you do that?” I rolled my eyes. It was not good, and I couldn’t imagine having to tell Kira that Sirena had read her journal. The journal was her big secret. I couldn’t believe she still had it. There were days when I wanted to read it, but I didn’t want to upset her because of how protective Kira was of it. Kira would be furious if she found out.

“You’re going to be happy I did once you hear what’s in it.” I was curious, sure, but it was not worth Sirena invading Kira’s privacy.

“I don’t see any good reason for you to go through her things. That’s quite the violation.” I was still shaking my head in disbelief.

“I was suspicious of her, and I obviously had good reason to be.” Sirena quipped.

“Is that my journal?”

My stomach knotted as I heard Kira’s voice. I turned around to find her behind us. She looked confused while staring at the book.

“Kira, what are you doing here? I thought you were spending the day at the pool?” Ricardo exclaimed.

She looked at me. “Are you serious? Ricardo, why does she have my journal?”

I shrugged. Great, very classic Kira. She always blamed me. It was my fault Sirena read her journal. Technically, it was my fault. This was bad, it was really bad at that point. I was at a loss for words, but Sirena automatically turned on her. I had never seen her so mad; she was practically foaming at the mouth.

“I knew there was something wrong with you the moment that I saw you, and this proves it.” she said, shaking the book at Kira.

“You read my journal? What the hell were you thinking? How dare you! Who do you think you are? Why wouldn’t I? It’s nothing special.”

“I can’t believe you!” Kira squeaked. Her cheeks were red.

“You’re such a nasty girl with your descriptions. You put on this good girl pretense but everything in here proves otherwise.” Sirena spat.

“Enough with that Sirena. What is your problem?” I questioned her.

“Apart from writing her dirty thoughts of sleeping with you. I found something else. Because I knew you were hiding something.” I blushed. Now, I couldn’t wait to read her journal. She was a prolific writer. I wondered if her dirty thoughts included our intimate time together.

I glared at Sirena for calling out Kira like this in public. “Sirena, give her journal back. This has gone too far.”

We started to make a scene in the gym, and the coach left his office. He was standing outside, staring right at me. I held up my hand, trying to assure him that everything was under control. I was hoping he would stay where he was, and not make the whole situation worse. He didn’t go back to his office, instead, he stood there with his arms crossed. I turned back to Sirena who was going at Kira again.

“Tell him the truth, Kira. He has a right to know that you have been lying to him this whole time.” Sirena yelled.

Shocked, I turned to Kira. “What is she talking about, Kira?”

“She was pregnant, Ricardo. She was pregnant the last time you were together, and she never bothered to tell you.” Sirena finally spat the words at me.

I laughed, and joined in. “Come on, Sirena. I knew about that. She *did* tell me.” I never imagined Sirena would make such a fuss over nothing.

Sirena’s mouth hung open. “You’re covering up for her. It says here that she didn’t tell you.” She flipped through the journal and her fingers traced some words.

“Yeah, she told me recently. Look, Sirena, you’re my assistant and I know you care about me but please mind your own business about my personal relationship.” I grabbed Kira’s hand and took her to the nearest bar. I left Sirena behind and didn’t look back.

Chapter 16

Kira

I woke up feeling gloriously satiated. Yesterday was amazing, as Ricardo stood up for our love in front of everyone in the gym, including Sirena. I hated the fact that she exposed part of my journal to the public. Since then, Ricardo kept asking me to see the steamy parts. Despite all the crazy things we had done together, I was embarrassed to show it to him. Other than that, it had been so wonderfully intoxicating. *How would I ever get enough of Ricardo? Did I have to, or could we just make love every hour of the day?* I giggled at the thought and rolled over to where he was sleeping. He was lying with his back to me, and I curled up against him. He groaned as I spooned him from behind. I wrapped my arm around his front, and he took my hand from the other side. His body was warm against mine, and I felt safe even though it was me with my arms around him and not the other way around. He held my hand tight as if he couldn't bear the thought of me pulling away.

“Good morning beautiful.”

“Good morning.” I said it against his shoulder in a whisper and squeezed him tight. He kissed me fully on the mouth even though he had yet to open his eyes. His tongue slipped into my mouth, and I sucked on it.

He finally opened his eyes and smiled at me. “God, what time is it? You get up way too early baby. We need to go back to sleep.”

“Do we have to?” I was used to waking up early. I usually prefer to write in the mornings when my thoughts were clear and there were no distractions. However, my thoughts are muddled up nowadays, I can’t even close my eyes for a bit without envisioning Ricardo.

“I think so. I’m beat.”

I leaned in and kissed his mouth again. I loved the taste of him, even in the morning. His face was like a drug, addictive.

“No, no. We can’t go back to sleep now.” I whispered.

“Baby, please. It’s not like we have anything to do today. You’re done with your writing and I’m off practice today.”

I lifted my head to think for a second. “Okay, fine, I’ll train later in the evening.” he said and I whined. He was right but I didn’t feel like sleeping. I felt well rested already.

“How about I make you a deal. You give me what I want, and I will give you what you want.”

I raised an eyebrow, “What do you have in mind?”

“I want you again, if you give me what I want, then I will let you go about your day.”

“Oh really?” I giggled.

“Yes, really.” He pulled me to him again. He smiled and kissed me passionately. He lifted my shirt to feel my breasts, and I moaned at his touch. He then put his fingers against my panties and rubbed me. I moaned eagerly, I could not wait to have him inside me again. He continued to rub me harder, which caused me to get really aroused.

“Please...” I moaned.

“I see you want me too.” he whispered.

I touched his dick through his pants, feeling him grow against my hand. It was always so erotic to see how much he wanted me. I began to slide down the flannel pants he wore to bed the night before. I tossed them over the side of the bed. I could clearly feel his dick pushing hard against me. I wanted him badly, I couldn't wait to have his hard cock inside me, and I ached for it. It seemed like every minute that went by felt like an eternity.

I slid out of my panties, took his hand, and spread my legs. I couldn't wait any longer to have him. By the look on his face, he approved of my move. Ricardo climbed on top of me and gazed down at me with a smile.

“Do you want me, baby?”

“Yes, Ricardo, I need you, please fuck me.”

He bent down low and kissed me on the lips. He slid his tongue into my mouth, and I accepted it. I never felt safer than when he kissed me.

“You look incredible, and I love you.”

I smiled at him, “I love you too, baby.”

He kissed me again and slipped his hand into my wet core. “Wow, Kira, you’re wet already, so quick.”

“Please, Ricardo, stop teasing me.”

He smiled, going in for another lingering kiss.

He entered my wet pussy immediately and pushed in hard. I had never felt so incredibly hot, but Ricardo did that for me with little effort.

I moaned his name and cried out when his dick slid inside me. He was fucking me good and hard, and I felt an orgasm building up. He was hitting every nerve inside me, and I thought I was on the verge of losing my mind.

“Ricardo, I’m going to cum.”

“Yes baby, come for me, cum on my dick!” He held my waist in place and moved inside of me faster. I cried out in ecstasy, feeling the waves of passion thrashing inside me. I came. He followed shortly after, filling me up with his warm juices. He moved inside me in and out slowly, as he finished coming inside of me. I sighed deeply and rolled over onto my back, I was too tired to get up, so we fell asleep together, feeling complete.



The next evening was Ricardo's fight, and my heart was already in my throat. I was incredibly proud of him and all he had accomplished in his fighting career. He had made it to the big leagues and deserved every bit of it. Although I was nervous about his big fight, I believed he had trained enough to make us all proud.

Thousands of people filled the arena to the brim. Many of them were chanting his name. We all rooted for him to win. I was happy that in a such a short time, Ricardo had gained so much fame.

Ricardo was to fight his most formidable opponent yet, Eric Rodriguez. My friend Rebecca had joined me to watch the fight, and I was excited for her to meet Ricardo after the fight. It's been two months since we officially started dating. Though it was mostly long distance because I had to go back to work. But I was thrilled to be invited for the fight I watched him anxiously prepare for. I also couldn't wait to introduce him to Rebecca.

He told me that he wanted me as close to him as possible, and I wouldn't have had it any other way. I also noticed that Sirena wasn't in the back with the team. She was sitting with friends, and I wondered why she decided not to be in Ricardo's corner that time around. Not that I wanted her to be

or anything. The girl annoyed me to no end, and I truly didn't want her anywhere near Ricardo. She had gotten just a little too close for comfort, and just looking at her near him made me extremely uncomfortable. I still hadn't forgiven her for reading my journal and trying to cause problems between Ricardo and I, but she was still his assistant, and that might not change for some time. She was good at her job, so I wouldn't let my jealousy get the best of me. I trusted Ricardo, if he could stand up to her, it meant he really loved and cared about me. *But things happen. Their few dates in the past never blossomed into a romantic relationship.* I shook my head, shoving the thoughts away.

As I looked around the arena, I noticed that many people were wearing Ricardo's apparel. I thought it was cute to see my boyfriend's name printed on shirts and people actually loved him enough to wear it and show their support for him as a fighter. The shirts were black, and the scrawl was white, which I could pick out the shirts all over the arena. The crowd was already going insane, and the fighters hadn't even come out yet.

Just then, he was announced, "Ricardoooooooooooo Matos! A rising champion here to make his mark." The crowd went wild. He appeared from behind the curtains and headed down to the cage, raising his hands to greet his fans and making his signature fight face. He looked incredible and fit, ready to take on the world. Ricardo met with his team and then went into position in the cage.

“And now, Eric Rodriguez, the man known for terrifying his opponents!” the announcer shouted. The crowd went wild as well. Eric had his own fans rooting for him. While Eric made his way down to the cage, Ricardo met my eyes, and they were burning hot for me. My heart started beating faster. Not only was my heart racing, but I suddenly feel intoxicated by seeing him. I loved when he looked at me that way. I thought about all he did to me the last time we were together. He was primed to fight Eric, and maybe he might be even more primed for me after the fight. I was sure he was going to fight till the death like he always did. Ricardo was a different man in the cage. You would never tell he could be gentle and sweet. In the cage, he was a beast, a monster and that was why his fans loved him. He was skilled. I secretly hoped he would want to fuck me afterwards, and I was more than okay with that.

“Wow, he is so hot! How do you keep your clothes on with that guy?” Rebecca questioned me.

I giggled, “It’s a little intoxicating for sure.”

“No doubt, I think I need to start dating a fighter. So set me up with one, will ya!”

I laughed, “Okay, will do,” I told my friend.

“He’s totally going to win this I just know it.” Rebecca smiled with a nod.

With both fighters in the cage, things were about to get interesting. The bell rang, and everyone in the arena stilled as the two fighters approached each other. It really didn’t matter how many times I had seen him fight, the experience was

always enthralling. It's hard to pinpoint Ricardo's fighting strategy as it's always different with every opponent. He must have known something the rest of us didn't because as soon as they moved towards each other, Ricardo started hitting fast, real fast, I heard the *pop pop pop* of punches hitting their mark as Eric stumbled back from the impact.

“We love you, Ricardo!!!!” A girl screamed, “Knock him out, and you can have me!” I laughed internally. *Sorry, ladies, he's taken.* I quite literally did turn around in my seat to get a glimpse of one of them. She wore his shirt and was toned and taunted like a female bodybuilder.

My eyes went back to the fight. Ricardo was up there fighting like a machine, and I had to admit he never looked sexier. The fight was in full swing, and my stomach had a million butterflies flying around in it. I was having a hard time breathing, but so far, everything was going right. His muscles were rippling as he hooked with his left and then blocked a punch coming at him. Ricardo countered with a few jabs and finished with a straight punch that slammed into Eric like a freight train. Eric rocked on his heels. Ricardo didn't give Eric space to regain himself. Anytime Eric dropped his hand after a swing, Ricardo sent blows. His strikes were fast and powerful.

Both Eric and Ricardo had bloody bruises on their faces. Eric went over to the cage, bent down with his arm wrapped around his stomach. He spat blood and was panting. Ricardo moved back and watched. It appeared that he was waiting to see what Eric was going to do next. It wasn't long before he found out. Eric charged at Ricardo, and when he did, Ricardo

fainted as Eric swung right after another. Ricardo returned with a punch to the gut, ribs, and jaw. Eric was starting to look sweaty and bloody and hadn't been able to pull off too much on Ricardo.

At that point, the girls in the arena were going crazy, and I could barely breathe. My heart was hammering against my ribcage. I was nervous and praying for him to win. This fight meant a lot to him, and he had trained hard for it.

Eric came at Ricardo and landed a punch on his face, and just as his hand dropped, Ricardo shot out a high kick and landed it against Eric's head.

One right hook landed Eric on the canvas, and the next thing I knew was that Ricardo's arm was being raised in the air as the victor for that night. Ricardo didn't smile, his nostrils were flaring, and he looked exhausted, but he had that fire in his eyes. The crowd was going crazy, and Ricardo once again met my eyes. He was trying to catch his breath as he watched me. This man was in love with me, just the way I was with him.

“Ricardooooo!!!!” The crowd screamed as he was announced as the winner of that evening's match. He was so pumped that you could see it, and I was thrilled that my man won the title fight.

An interviewer approached him in the cage and asked him what he thought about winning. He took the microphone and asked for me to come into the cage. My legs wobbled as I walked up to him. His eyes were fixed on me, then Scott

appeared with a small jewelry box. My head felt light. *No way, Ricardo!*

He bent down in one knee, opened the box to show a shiny diamond ring, and said into the microphone, “Kira, will you marry me?”. Once more, the crowd went wild. My head had sunk into my stomach. I nodded with a wide grin spread across my face. “Yes, Ricardo, I’ll marry you.”

The End

About Author

GIA LANE is a quirky mom and Army veteran who is also a hopeless romantic. Gia enjoys developing storylines with strong lead characters mixed with a bit of complexity, which bring real-life romance stories to life. She currently studies Cyberpsychology and is a Ph.D. Candidate with a Master's in Telecommunications and a Bachelor of Business Administration. She is also an active member of both her business and social sororities.

Outside of her work and school ventures, she is more of a free spirit who loves exploring new things and just living life on her own terms. Gia currently lives in the Midwest with her 12-year-old son, with whom she spends time creating digital content, singing, and dancing. When she is not creating tantalizing storylines, Gia spends her time doing cyber research, cooking, baking, reading, writing, watching tv, and traveling.

Also By Gia Lane

“Bad Boy Striker” <https://dl.bookfunnel.com/l7om27wqja>