



CAPTURING

Billionaire

THE



R. J. STEVENS

Capturing The Billionaire

R.J. Stevens

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There's nothing better than finding the person that would risk everything to keep you in their life.

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Jade Samuels

Sighing, I reached over and slapped a hand on my alarm clock. Pulling the covers off, I slid out of bed and stood up. I glanced over at the bed, letting out a groan when I realized that I would have to make it. Moving quickly, I fixed up my entire room and then picked out my outfit to wear to work today.

I moved to the States two years ago. I stayed with family at first, but later decided that I needed to be more independent. My family understood and helped me with moving. I appreciate that they didn't try to stop me. I still speak to them regularly, as I don't want to seem ungrateful to them since they were the reason I was here.

Humming to myself, I went to my adjoining bathroom and opened the shower door. Pulling off my clothes, I stepped inside and turned on the water, simultaneously adjusting the water temperature.

I halted when I realized the apartment was quieter than usual. I wondered what Christy was doing. Christy was my best friend. We met online when we were both 14 years old. At that time, some people thought we wouldn't last as friends because she was from a higher society of life when my family and I were regular people in society living a middle-class life.

We met through Instagram. I liked one of her photos and she commented on one of mine. Christy, being as bold as she was, insisted that we become friends, and we have been best friends ever since. When I told her I was moving to the States, she was ecstatic and made sure that I wouldn't change my mind. My parents had it set in stone, so it was a promise I could keep.

Moving from Jamaica to the United States was a big step, but with Christy's support and the support of my family, it was easy. Even though I love it here, I still miss my family back home.

Snapping out of my daze, I quickly finished my shower and stepped out, wrapping a towel around my body. I walked back into my room, drying myself and putting on my clothes. Sitting down in front of my vanity table, I slowly brushed my hair into a ponytail. I did not bother with applying any makeup since I was only going to work.

I searched inside my closet for my black converse, putting them on. With one last glance in the mirror, I grabbed my purse, which had all my necessary items, like my phone and some cash. After I was sure that I had everything, I opened my door and strolled down the hall.

I know I just woke up, but I was already so hungry. Food is life- let me not even get started on chocolate. I believe that chocolate is a gift sent to women by God. There is absolutely nothing like it in this world, and I am addicted to it. I thank God for my fast metabolism because I eat an unhealthy amount of chocolate and have no plans to stop.

With these food-filled thoughts rushing in my brain, I made my way to the kitchen, where I found an oddly silent Christina. Christina being quiet is like asking for rain in the Sahara Desert. It rarely happens and you never know when to expect it. She is always so lively and full of life, so seeing her like this had me worried.

“What’s wrong Christy?” I asked, using the nickname I had for her.

“I broke up with Jerome,” she paused, tears escaping her eyes. “Right after I caught him with another woman.”

“Oh Christy,” I gasped, shocked at this revelation.

I quickly pulled out a stool from around the counter and took a seat close to her, pulling her in for a tight hug. Christy was rarely ever this down and from what I knew, things were not that serious with Jerome, but if she needed me to comfort her, I would gladly do so.

“You’ll get through this Christy,” I muttered to her.

“It’s just as well. We weren’t really a thing, you know, but we agreed to be exclusive,” she sniffled.

I searched my brain for a way to cheer her up and take her mind off it.

What would she want to do?

Bingo!

It was as if a light bulb just went over my head. A new club was opening tonight, and Christy was begging me all week to go, but I refused, mostly because clubs aren't my scene and I felt like I always end up drunk. After spending all night dancing in heels, I was not interested in doing it again but if it would take her mind off of what happened with Jerome, I would make an exception.

“Would it make you feel any better if I go to that new club with you?” I asked hesitantly, hoping she would say no, but as usual, I didn't get my way.

I reeled back in shock as she screamed her reply. “Yes!”

“You seem a lot better now,” I pouted. I felt as if this was all just a ruse to get me to agree.

She smiled cheekily at me and ran out of the room. I just got played.

Screw my life.

After the whole charade with Christy, I made my breakfast, which was toast and bacon with my favorite chocolate tea. After eating, I cleaned up all the crumbs from my face and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth again.

Walking out of the bathroom, I headed straight for Christy's room. Without knocking, I walked in to find her reading a magazine. She looked up at me with a devilish smile on her face. I swear she was always up to no good. I sometimes felt like an overprotective sister or mom.

I already knew that the only reason she was reading the magazine was because of the half-naked men in there. Ignoring her reading, I ruffled her already messy hair a little.

She hated it, which only made me do it more. It brought me the greatest joy in the world to annoy her.

“I’m leaving now,” I said to her.

“I’ll see you later,” she replied, turning her attention back to the magazine. Wow, I feel the love.

Rolling my eyes, I exited the room and went back into the kitchen to get my bag. Humming softly to myself, I stepped through the front door, closing it behind me. I hurried to my car and got in.

After fifteen minutes of being on the road, I pulled up to the restaurant that I have been working in. The restaurant is a popular one called ‘Cynthia’ and it is owned by some billionaire. I have never met the man since he wasn’t the one to interview me. I didn’t expect him to. A man of his caliber didn’t have time for little ole me.

Stepping out of the vehicle, I took up my bag and went into the restaurant. The door leading to the backroom was the one I walked to. I greeted the other servers there with a small smile. I haven’t been here long, so I was not the best of friends with anyone here yet. Walking straight to the lockers, I slowly put in my combination code. One thing I loved about working here was the level of security I had with my things.

After putting it in my bag, I grabbed my apron and tied it around my waist. Closing the door, I walked to the front, picking up a new pen and a small notepad. That was another one of the many things I love about working here. A fresh notepad and pen were waiting for me every day. With a sigh, I started my rounds, going around serving customers. I was serving an iced tea to a young couple when the restaurant door opened to reveal a very handsome young man. He was drool worthy with his dark hair and enchanting green eyes. I knew I shouldn’t stare but I found it hard to look away from him.

“Thank you,” the young woman said, offering me a smile.

I blushed slightly, hoping she didn't catch me ogling a customer. Get it together Jade!

"You're very welcome," I replied, turning around to sit on a chair to the side.

Management allowed the servers to sit on chairs to the side so that we could see everyone who enters the restaurant and who needs to be served. Right now, sitting here, I could not help but stare at the mystery man that entered the restaurant a while ago. He was just sitting there, but I felt incredibly shy just being in his presence.

He was typing away on his phone without a care in the world, yet he still had this intimidating look. I noticed no one made a move towards him so I decided I should take his order. Taking a deep breath, I stood up and walked over to his table. I should have let someone else serve him, but I was feeling bold today.

I awkwardly cleared my throat to get his attention. He looked up at me, green eyes sparkling. I could have sworn that my heart skipped a beat. A soft gasp escaped my lips as I calmed my wayward thoughts.

"G-good morning," I stuttered, cursing under my breath. I never stutter. This man was turning me into a blubbering fool.

"What would you like to order?" I asked in a more composed voice. Even though all I wanted to do now was run away and never look back- I refused to be shaken by him.

I stood there feeling less awkward and nervous than I already did. The feeling was short-lived when he spoke. His voice was deep and husky. It sent shivers down my spine. He could talk to me all day and I wouldn't mind.

"I'm fine," he said. "But thank you for asking."

"Just let one of the staff know when you're ready," I told him, walking away in a daze.

I cannot believe what just happened. How can he affect me with just a few words? I looked back at him to find him staring right back at me. Shit. I was not expecting him to look at me. I tore my eyes away from him and looked down.

Quickly turning around, I hurried to the back room. I had no clue what had just happened, but I knew if I saw him again, I would be as hot and bothered as I was before. I thought back to how his eyes had traveled the length of my body in one quick scoop and how I wished he would do it again. This man had me so flustered it was not even funny.

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Jade Samuels

After a long day at work, it was finally time for me to head home. For the entire day, I had been thinking about the mysterious man that had entered the restaurant. He stayed for at least an hour doing only God knows what. It embarrassed me to even admit that I was watching him the entire time. It was like I could not pull my eyes away.

His aura was enthralling. He was also so extremely attractive to me, which was a first. I have nothing against white men, but I have never been so attracted to one before in my life. I have always dated men of my race, but I found myself wanting to get to know him and his body. My face grew increasingly red at the thought, but thankfully, the darkness of my skin hid my blush.

I didn't try to take his order again, but I would often look over at him to find him staring at me. I avoided going anywhere near him because of the embarrassment I felt from being caught. He was a fine specimen of a man, but I was supposed to be working, not ogling the customers. If my boss knew about it, she would surely fire me.

I suddenly wished I had met him outside of work, but I knew a man like him, dressed in a three-piece suit, would never date a waitress. I wasn't even sure if he liked women of my color or if he hated black people. Could that be why he kept staring at me? But his eyes would be filled with hatred and not curiosity, right? Stop it, Jade! You cannot be thinking like this. He's just a customer.

Luckily, my shift was over, and I could finally leave and hopefully not think about him anymore. Trying to take my mind off him, I quickly made my way to the back room to grab my bag. After putting in the combination code, I grabbed my bag and took off my apron, stuffing it inside, closing the door behind me. As I was about to take a step, my phone rang, startling me. I rummaged through my bag in search of the

phone. I really need to organize my bag. It was a mess in there.

I could still hear my phone, which annoyed me. I could have sworn I switched it off.

“Hey J,” Christy answered... well, more like shrieked into the phone.

Oh, no, something was up. The only time she calls me at work and acts like that on the phone is when she wants something. I should have checked my caller ID. I was hoping she would have forgotten all about my invitation to the club, but as usual, luck was not on my side. If only leprechauns existed, I could beg for some of their luck and a pot of gold.

“What do you want now?” I asked, wanting her to get it over and done with. Hopefully, if I don’t mention it, she will forget about it.

“Why do you assume I want something?” she faked a cry into the phone. Sometimes I wonder if she takes me for a fool. She always wants something.

“You always want something when you call me at work,” I replied, making my way to my car, bidding the other servers goodbye along the way. “Spit it out already.”

“I need to go shopping and I want you to come with me,” she paused, as if waiting for my reaction.

I guess it should not surprise me that is what she asked. I should have known she would want a new outfit for tonight.

I pulled out my car keys, pressing the unlock button. After throwing my bag in the passenger seat, I looked around the back to make sure that no one was in my car before I settled in my seat and locked the door. Finally, I was in my personal space, and I could relax. That man really had me on edge. I then focused my attention back on Christy.

“You want me to leave my job to follow you to go shopping, of all things, when I could cuddle myself at home in my bed watching Netflix?”

By the end of my rant, I could tell that she was nervous and at a loss to how to deal with me right now. It was funny to hear her fumbling for words. This was payback for tricking me into going to the club.

“Yes,” she whispered nervously, once again waiting for my reaction.

“Great, I’ll be there soon,” I hung up the phone.

I find it hilarious to mess with Christy, especially making her nervous. Grinning like an idiot I drove home to talk to or more like laugh at Christy. It’s become my all-time favorite pass time. It also drives her nuts, which is a plus in my book. She forces me out of my comfort zone and makes me try new things and I help her calm her temper and have the right mentality to face the world. We balance each other out, which is a wonderful thing.

Sometimes I wonder how my life would have been if I never liked her pic and if we never spoke to each other. I guess I will never find out.

“Jade, are you ready yet?” Christy yelled from across the hall.

“In a minute!” I shouted back, taking one last look in the full-length mirror.

I was in my room getting ready for our night out. For an occasion like this, I can make an exception of my dislike of short clothing. I preferred to wear comfortable clothes, but I don’t think Christy would be happy if I wore a sweatsuit and converse to the club.

Stepping out of my room, I walked down the stairs to come face to face with Christy. She was looking sexy in a

maroon off-the-shoulder romper that stopped mid-thigh. The romper clung to her curves and really stood out against her skin.

I was wearing black jeans pants with a lace crop top and red heels. The make-up I wore was simple with bold red lips. I

let my hair loose in soft waves around my face.

“Oh my gosh Jade, you look hot!” Christy beamed, as she inspected my outfit.

“You look sexy!” I smiled in return. “Now let’s go before I change my mind.”

“True, let’s go,” she grabbed my hand, pulling me out the front door.

I followed behind her, laughing at her effort to stop me from changing my mind. We both got into the car and fastened our seatbelts. This trip to the club was for Christy, so I opted to be the designated driver so that she could party her little heart out. I also had Uber on speed dial just in case I got drunk too.

What? Things happen.

If my years on this earth have taught me anything, it is that I cannot be too careful, and I should always keep my eyes open. My grandma always told me you can be careless, but you can never be too careful. I have grown up with that mentally, especially after what happened with my ex, but that was a topic for another time.

“So how was work?” Christy questioned me as I kept my eyes on the road.

I didn’t know what to say. I forgot to tell her about the hot mystery guy. I wanted to tell her, but I didn’t want her to make a big deal about it.

What should I say?

Should I lie?

Who am I kidding? I can’t lie to save my life.

I guess I will just have to suck it up and brace myself for all the questions that I am fairly sure will follow. Christy was a curious person. I should just keep my mouth shut, but I just had to say something.

“W-well, it was interesting.”

“How so?” She turned to face me; her eyes held the curiosity I knew she had.

“Hmm, well, there was this hot guy that came into the restaurant. He did nothing but text on his phone and looked around the place.”

“That is interesting,” she said, dropping the issue there. No questions? No sexual remarks? The Lord must be shining down on me tonight.

I have no clue why just the thought of him makes me nervous, but every time he crosses my mind, I get flustered, nervous, and confused. He was insanely attractive, and I could still feel his eyes on me.

It brought me back from my reverie when I heard mine and Christy’s favorite song being played on the radio. I glanced over at Christy to find her already looking at me. A big grin settled on her face. We listened to the intro rhythm and then we just started singing.

On the way to the club, we sang our hearts out to Little Mix’s ‘Salute,’ an anthem for all women. We love this song because it empowers all women, whether young or old, black, or white. We women needed to stand up for each other and show others we are a force to be reckoned with.

As we were singing, we received weird looks from people who were also on the road driving. As I pulled up to the club, I parked my car in the parking lot and then we both grabbed our purses and stepped out of the car, closing the door, securely setting the alarm.

“Are you ready for this?” Christy asked, walking slightly ahead of me.

I sent a playful smirk her way. “I was born ready.”

Jade Samuels

I can count the number of times I have been to a club. The smell of alcohol hit me as I took a deep breath. Almost everyone looks drunk already. I knew Fridays were a big club day, but damn! This was ridiculous.

Gosh, the club has not even been open for an hour yet! I really don't want to be here, so I'm just going to follow Christy's lead for now. Glancing at Christy, I noticed she had her eyes fixed on a booth in the corner. From this distance, it seemed vacant and quite clean, much to my relief. It seemed as if that was where she wanted to go, and I was thankful for that.

"Let's go over to that booth," Christy suggested, pointing to the said booth. Thank you, Lord, for being on my side today.

"Oh yeah, sure," I followed behind her, while trying to avoid the sticky bodies of the people dancing together. They weren't paying any attention to me as they rocked against each other. I swear I could smell how terrible one of the men's scents was, yet the woman was still dancing with him. Could she not smell him?

As soon as we were at the booth, I put my name on top of the table. This booth was more technical than the others, as there was a little place where we could leave our bags when dancing.

Taking Christy's bag from her hands, I stashed it in the compartment when no one was looking our way. Why would they, anyway? They were halfway to being drunk out of their mind. I inspected the compartment and saw that there was a key inside. When I looked at the compartment again, I noticed that there was a part where we could use the key to lock it. I had to give props to the designer of the club because this was a brilliant idea. Now I could safely leave our purses inside of it. What a win.

"Let's party," I said to Christy, leading her to

the bar. I was ready for my only drink of the night.

“That’s my girl,” she replied, stepping in front of me and speed walking to the bar like a woman on a mission.

Knowing that I would have to be the one to drive the both of us home, I didn’t order any hardcore liquor. My go to was vodka on the rocks, but I would just have to settle for something light right now.

“Can I have a glass of red wine and a tequila?” I asked the bartender.

“Sure thing, hot stuff,” he winked at me, turning around to make the drinks. He was kind of cute.

I turned to the side to find Christy already looking around at the people in the club as if looking for someone. I wonder what she was up to now. If she thought she was going to drag me out and ditch me, she had another thing coming.

“Here’s your order.”

Taking the drinks, I handed the tequila to Christy while sipping at the wine. I handed the bartender twenty dollars to cover both drinks.

“Care to dance?” I turned around just in time to find a hot blonde asking Christy to dance. It looked like she wasn’t going to agree, so I answered for her. She needed to get over the jerk face, anyway.

“She’d love to,” I piped in, taking her empty shot glass from her and shoving her towards him. I have never played cupid before, but the look on her face was worth it.

Before she could say anything or threaten to kill me, the guy was pulling her to the dance floor. I waved at her with a smirk on my face. I can’t have a potent drink, so this will have to be my entertainment.

“You’ll pay for this,” she mouthed, glaring at me.

I simply raised my glass in response and took a generous sip. Maneuvering my way through the crowd of people, I made my way back over to the booth. A dancer almost spilled

my drink, and I could feel my temper rise. Rolling my eyes, I took a deep breath and kept on walking.

“What the hell?” I muttered to myself when I got closer and saw that there were two men in the booth. What were they doing in our seat? I wanted to wait for Christy to get back, so I had some help to get rid of them, but my feet were killing me. These heels were not made for walking.

I planned to get rid of them for myself, but I was at a loss for words when I saw the face of the mysterious stranger from the restaurant. He wore a black-on-black outfit which complemented him well.

“It’s you,” I breathed, suddenly feeling trapped. I thought I would never see him again yet here he was in the same club as me.

Was I about to berate the man I was eyeing just hours ago? Absolutely not. He made me feel things I have never felt before and it was damn scary. I turned around to leave, trying to tiptoe my way through the crowd. Luck was just not on my side when I felt a tug on my arm.

“Hi,” he said, his husky voice bringing goosebumps on my skin. He must be a Greek God with how easily he affected me. There was no other explanation.

I spun around to face him, careful not to look into his captivating eyes. “H-hey.”

“Is this your seat?” he asked, gesturing towards the booth.

“Yeah, it is,” I rushed out. “But you can have it.”

Now, why did I say that? Of course, I wanted the damn seat. Our bags were still in there, but no, I just had to turn into a blubbering mess. If Christy saw me now, she would laugh. I thought he would listen to me, but he did quite the opposite. I wasn’t sure if I was happy or sad, but I didn’t exactly get a chance to think about it.

“Sit with us,” he mumbled as he pulled me with him into the booth.

He made me sit before him so that I would be in

the corner of the booth. I was sure that he did that so I could not escape. I must admit that was a smart move on his part and I secretly loved it.

“Caging me in?” I laughed. “Good thinking.”

The mystery guy just laughed nervously at me, running a hand through his hair. The very hair that I wanted to run my hands through as he left kisses along my neck. For the love of God! Jade snap out of it.

“I’m Nathan and this is my friend Joseph,” he gestured to the guy sitting across from us.

“It is nice to meet you,” I replied, turning to face Joseph. “I’m Jade.”

“You are certainly as beautiful as a Jade, maybe even more.”

I blushed at Nathan’s words, muttering a quick thank you, still not looking at him. I kept my head down, wondering what to do when I heard Christy calling me. Thank you, Christy.

“Jade.”

“H-hey Christy.”

“Who are you guys?” she asked them, her curious nature shining through once again.

“I’m Joseph, but you can call me anything you want.”

Christy only looked at him as if he were crazy and started laughing.

“That’s the worst pickup line ever,” she choked out.

Joseph, however, seemed quite pleased that she was laughing. He was staring at her with a look in his eyes that I just could not place.

“Can I talk to my friend for a minute?” she asked when she finally managed to stop laughing.

“Sure,” Nathan said as Joseph just stared at Christy.

Nathan allowed me to slide out of the booth, helping me along the way. The brush of his hand on my own was doing

things to me. I glanced nervously at him before I allowed Christy to pull me away. She dragged me to a corner of the club. Not wasting a second, she launched off into her interrogation.

“Who are they?”

“Remember the guy I told you I met in the restaurant today?”

“Yeah, the mystery guy.”

I nodded. “Well, the guy with Joseph, his name is Nathan, and he’s the guy from the restaurant.”

“Shut up,” she grinned. “He totally has the hots for you.”

“No, he doesn’t,” I pouted.

“Yes, he does,” she shouted, earning groans from some people.

Christy, being her eccentric self, simply glared at them and continued her rant.

“He hasn’t taken his eyes off of you since we started talking.”

“Really?” I looked over my shoulder to see that he was indeed staring at me.

“I’ve got an idea,” she smirked, pulling me back to the booth.

“Hey! I’m in heels here.”

“Oops, sorry,” she said sheepishly. She knew how much I hated walking in heels.

As soon as we reached the booth, I took my original seat, which was beside Nathan, ignoring the heated look that he was giving me. Christy sat beside Joseph, she looked quite comfortable with him. It surprised me when she whispered something in his ear, causing both of them to look at Nathan and me, a smirk etched on their faces. I glanced at Nathan to see him watching me, just as worried about what the two were planning.

“Joseph and I are going to dance,” Christy announced, already pulling him to the dance floor.

I looked everywhere but at Nathan, my nerves in overdrive. We sat in silence until Nathan broke it.

“I like you,” he blurted out. “I mean, I would like to take you on a date.”

I turned to him quickly, shocked by his revelation. I can’t believe he likes me. Luck might just be on my side.

“I’d love to go on a date with you,” I smiled, looking into his eyes for the first time all night.

He grinned at me, eyes lighting up in delight. I smiled in return, glad that he felt the same way.

“I didn’t know you worked at the restaurant.”

I laughed at that. “How would you know that?”

I picked up my glass of wine, sipping on the drink.

“I own that restaurant,” he replied, shocking me to the core.

“You o-own it?” I choked out, still processing this new piece of information.

“Didn’t you know that?” he asked as I put the wineglass down.

“I’m just finding out now,” I told him truthfully. “I honestly had no clue. I thought you were a customer. That’s why I tried to take your order.”

“I’m glad you were clueless,” he spoke softly.

I looked at him, confused. “Why?”

He pulled me to him, leaned down so he could whisper in my ear. “Cause now I’m sure I can do this.”

With that, he crashed his lips onto my own. I pulled him closer to me, moaning into the kiss. At that very moment, I could only think of one thing. Things were moving a lot faster than I normally allowed them to, but I didn’t mind.

Jade Samuels

I reluctantly pulled away from him, my heart racing rapidly in my chest. I've never been one to act on impulse, but I did just now, and I don't know what to think or how to feel about it.

I was just kissing my boss. My sexy and overly attractive boss. Crap! Stop it, Jade! You cannot be thinking like this. He is your boss, for crying out loud.

How did I let that happen? I rolled my eyes at that. It was such a ridiculous question. I knew why I let it happen. I was insanely attracted to him. My attraction overcame all common sense and all I could think of was to return his kiss,

maybe even do more.

My eyes darted over to Nathan who was already looking at me with a small smile on his face. Even his smile was disarming. He was a Greek God walking among us lowly humans because there was no way that this man could be real. With his dark hair, chestnut eyes, and perfectly chiseled jaw,

He was gorgeous.

He was the embodiment of all the desires I never knew I had but he was my boss. It was against the restaurant's policies, his policies, that he put in place since the restaurant belonged to him. The policies could be the last thing on his mind, but I didn't want to assume anything.

"That shouldn't have happened," I murmured, trying my best to not throw myself into his arms.

The smile on his face fell as he frowned at me. "Why not? Didn't you enjoy it?"

"No, no, I enjoyed it and that's the problem," I answered truthfully, as I pulled myself away from him. Trying to distance myself from someone while in a booth designed to maximize physical contact was difficult.

"What's wrong with that?" He was now confused.

“You’re my boss,” I sighed.

This is just ridiculous, the first guy I like in this city, and he turns out to be my boss. Why couldn’t he have been a random customer that I met?

Then I could kiss him as I pleased without worrying about what the repercussions might be. I wouldn’t have to be concerned about him being my boss or whether he would put policies over me. I only met him today so he shouldn’t even consider making changes for me, yet I wanted him to and that was a dangerous thought.

“So, because I’m your boss, you’re going to resist the attraction between us?”

I paused at his question. Was he forgetting the rule that he put in place, preventing coworkers from being with each other?

“That’s exactly why,” I stated firmly.

“Like hell you are,” he pulled me closer to him.

I gasped as he once again crashed his lips onto my own. I tried to pull away from him at first, but he just pulled me closer. I didn’t really want to resist him, which made this even harder. The second he bit my bottom lip; I was a goner.

He kissed me passionately, and I returned the kiss with even more passion. He pulled away from me to place a soft, lingering kiss on my forehead. We sat close to each other as we waited for our breathing to even out. He kissed me softly on the cheek, savoring the moment between us. When he pulled away it was to gaze into my eyes.

“Let’s dance.”

I shivered at how close he was to me. I walked out of the booth, rocking my hips to the rhythm. I loved to dance. It was one of the few times I could let loose and express myself. Dancing was also a big part of my culture. I turned around to see Nathan eyeing me or more like my cleavage with undisguised lust in his eyes.

A burst of confidence had me dancing in front of him in a slow and sexy motion. I was in jeans that outlined my curves, showing him exactly how my body moved.

I rocked my hips in time with the rhythm of the song. It was a dancehall song- perfect for seductive dance moves. Nathan watched me as I slowly ran my arms all over my body. I rolled my waist in time with my hips to appear even more alluring to him.

I closed my eyes so that I could get even more lost in the song. I had stopped moving my hands when I felt an arm wrap around my waist. Based on the tingles that were on my arms, I knew it was Nathan. I teased him even more now that he pressed me up against him.

I continued to move my hips in a circular motion on him. I grinned when his arms tightened around my waist. I could tell that I was getting to him from the way he was clinging to me. He moved on beat with me, which was surprising and such a turn on. I have danced with plenty of white guys before and they were not the best dancers. All they did was wrap their hands around my waist and move unsteadily behind me. It quickly became uncomfortable for me, but with Nathan, it just felt right.

I turned in his arms and smiled at him. He smiled gently in return. My hands moved on their own, running up his chest. My hands continued to move north to wrap around his neck. He smirked at me as he trailed his hands from my waist to my hips.

I involuntarily closed my eyes from the sensations that I was feeling. The way my body shivered with delight when he trailed his hands down to my hips was amazing. I did not pull away when I felt soft lips on mine.

I grinned at him and pecked his lips twice.

“You sure about dating me?” I wanted an honest reply. “You should know I don’t do casual relationships.”

He smirked at me. “I’m absolutely sure and you should know I don’t share.”

With that, we were back at it again, kissing passionately in the middle of all the dancing people. Dancing bodies surrounded us, but at that moment, it felt like it was just us.

I jumped out of bed, slapping a hand on my alarm. I ran a hand through my messy hair. Last night was one of the best nights of my life. Nathan and I danced for a while until it started getting a little too heated for me to handle. We exchanged numbers, and Christy and I left after that. Christy and Joseph hit it off pretty well, from what I could see. She was smiling from ear to ear when we left.

Speaking of Christy, where is she? She normally barges into my room on a Saturday morning. She was probably still asleep. Shrugging, I got up and made my bed. When living with my parents, I had to make my bed every day and you do not want to be on the wrong side of a Jamaican woman, so it was a habit for me now.

As soon as I was done, I made my way to my adjoining bathroom and stood before the sink. I quickly brushed my teeth, washed my face, and put my hair in a ponytail. I would have to get my extensions removed soon so I could give my hair a little rest. My hair is not always straight.

Being a Black woman, I was born with kinky hair, but because I mixed my hair is more curly than kinky. I have it straightened regularly, but I have been meaning to let loose the curls and embrace my natural roots. I will not be getting extensions again for a while since I am going to let my hair breathe.

I took a quick shower, making sure to not get my hair wet, and stepped out of the bath, wrapping a towel around my body. I walked into my room and dried off quickly, putting on some clothes.

I picked up my phone and made my way to the kitchen. It baffled me to find Christy awake and grinning at her phone, that she gripped in her hand.

“Morning,” I said to her.

“Morning,” she mumbled, only glancing at me before returning her attention to her phone.

“Who are you texting?” I asked, just as she giggled loudly.

“Just Joseph,” she giggled.

“Oh, the Joseph who’s got the hots for you?”

She smiled brightly at my choice of words. “That’s him.”

I shook my head at her and opened the top cupboard that had my cornflakes. It was my

absolute favorite cereal, and I could not find it anywhere in the states, so I had to wait until a relative went home to have them bring back a box or five for me.

They would also bring up patties, breadfruit, mangoes, ackee and salt fish, and our favorite seasonings. Really, they brought back whatever we loved but could not find here or when we find it; it does not taste the same. Jamaicans love their foods and their seasonings. Christy loved it too and would often chip in to get some of the Jamaican delights that I have made her try.

I pulled out the box and then went over to the refrigerator and got out my milk. I took a bowl out of the dishwasher and filled it with cornflakes and poured some milk on it. It did not matter to me if I poured the milk first or not, it all would end up in my mouth in the end. I was about to take my first bite when my phone rang. Christy looked up at me long enough to wiggle her brows suggestively at me before she was back at her phone. Yep, she is crazy.

Rolling my eyes, I picked up my phone to see that it was Nathan calling. My eyes lit up with excitement when I saw his name on the screen. I nervously answered the phone and put it to my ear.

“Hello,” I blew out a breath.

“Jade,” he spoke huskily. “How are you?”

“I- I’m good,” I stuttered. I felt like a schoolgirl all over again.

“That’s good to hear,” his voice was calming, alluring even. “I’m actually calling to ask you something important.”

“Oh, really... What is it?”

“Would you go out with me?” he asked nervously. “As in on a date.”

I sucked in a breath when I heard what he wanted to ask me. Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought he wanted to go out with me, on a date, no less. My brain could not process what was happening fast enough.

“I...um... I”

“Say yes,” he interrupted me. “I want to get to know you.”

I sighed. “Of course, I’ll say yes. I was just surprised you asked me out at all.”

A small smile made its way to my face when I heard him breathe a sigh of relief. I turned my face away from Christy when I caught her staring at me; her phone long forgotten. I could already see the pout forming on her face when I was about to turn around. Rolling my eyes, I focused my attention on what Nathan was saying.

“It’s settled then,” he said excitedly. “It’s going to be fun.”

“Yeah, lots of fun,” I spoke confused. Did I miss something he said to me?

“Okay, I’ll see you soon,” he said, hanging up the phone.

“See you,” I murmured in return.

“What was that all about?” Christy asked while nibbling on a piece of toast.

I smiled widely at her, a rush of excitement overtaking me. “Nathan just asked me out.”

“Joseph just asked me out too,” she revealed, clapping her hands gleefully.

“Oh, my Christy, that’s amazing!”

“He’s amazing,” she squirmed in delight.

“Right,” I began, just as there was a knock at the door.

I looked around, confused, before looking at Christy.

“Did you invite someone over?” She questioned me, being just as confused as I was.

“No, I didn’t... Did you?”

“Nope.”

We both got up at the same time and I grabbed a baseball bat that we had for unexpected visitors. We silently made our way to the front door, grim expressions on her face. I slowly stepped in front of Christy and opened the door.

The bat fell out of my hand when I saw who was there.

Nathan and Joseph with smirks on their faces.

“What are you guys doing here?”

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Jade Samuels

Nathan looked at me, confused at my statement. To be fair, I was confused as well. “Didn’t I tell you we’re going on that date now?”

“Um oh yes right,” I rambled. “Please come in.”

Christy and I stepped aside to allow them to walk in. I quickly grabbed the bat and set it up against the wall- out of sight. When Christy told me she didn’t invite anyone over, I immediately thought it was my past that came knocking on the door, but thankfully it was just Nathan and Joseph. I could only stare at their retreating forms as they walked further into the room.

“You didn’t tell me they were coming!” Christy hissed as she patted down her hair.

“That’s because I didn’t hear him say it,” I whispered back to her. “I mean, I zoned out for a second when he was speaking to me.”

“That’s so typical of you,” she chuckled, closing the door, and following the guys. She was right. It was a bad habit of mine to zone out when people were talking to me.

With a shake of my head, I followed them into the living room. Everyone was already seated. Christy and Joseph were sitting on the couch while Nathan was sitting on one of the single seats in the room. I remained standing.

“How’d you guys know where we live?” I asked curiously because I don’t remember telling Nathan our address and I was sober last night, so I remembered everything.

“Christy told me,” Joseph spoke up. I turned to Christy with brows raised. She gave them our address, yet she was surprised to see them here. What’s up with that?

“What did you say you guys were here for again?” Christy asked quickly to change the subject.

“We’re here to take you girls out on a double date,” Joseph answered her. “Didn’t Jade tell you?”

“One thing that you should know about our dear Jade is that she has a knack for zoning out,” after saying that she stood up and leaned down to give Joseph a quick kiss on the cheeks.

Even though her statement embarrassed me, I could not help but be in awe at the look of complete adoration on Joseph’s face as he stares at Christy. They just met last night, but he was in awe. Christy was smiling at him and, like the smitten guy he was, he just stared at her, all dreamy-eyed.

“Okay, so where are we going again?” I asked no one in particular.

“Well, beautiful,” Nathan replied, the endearment resulting in my face heating up and a tint of red being added to my cheeks. “We’re going to the beach today. I just can’t wait to see you in a bikini.”

I instantly started laughing when I saw Christy and Joseph winking at me. Those two were seriously like two peas in a pod. It was bold of him to say that, but I liked it. It was refreshing how straightforward he was with me.

“Okay then we’ll just go get ready,” with that said, I dragged Christy away from Joseph and into her room.

“Oh shit,” I mumbled to myself.

“Do you want to go to the beach with them?” She asked me.

I took a seat on her bed, rolling the tension away from my shoulders. It was weird having them here, but it also felt a bit exciting. I wouldn’t mind going to the beach with them but I also couldn’t deny how fast everything was moving. “Do you want to go?”

“I’m game if you are.”

“You sure?” I asked skeptically since we just met them last night.

She nodded, not offering a reason for why she was so calm about the whole thing. “Of course, I’m sure, plus it’ll be fun.”

“Okay then,” I was surprised at how easily she agreed but I wasn’t about to question it. I got up and was about to exit the room when she stopped me.

“Wait a sec!”

I turned towards her expectantly, waiting for her to say something. I could already tell by the mischievous look on her face that she was planning something in her head.

“Wear the black bikini and bring your black mesh cover-up too,” she smirked. “We’re going to drive them insane.”

I headed towards my room with a small smile on my face, thrilled at the prospects of having Nathan go crazy for me. With his looks, I was sure he could get any girl that he wanted, but here he was waiting for me. It makes me want to show him I was worth the wait. Once again, I felt weird that I was creating such a fuss over a man I just met. He was in my home, about to take me on a double date with our best friends and all in the span of twenty-four hours. It was weird yet I didn’t mind which made me feel even more weird about the situation.

Opening the door, I sauntered over to my chest of drawers and opened the first small drawer to the right, where I kept all my bikinis. I did as Christy suggested and pulled out my black bikini, throwing it on the bed. I then opened the first big drawer and rummaged through it until I found the black mesh cover-up that went with it.

With a cheeky grin on my face, I quickly stripped out of my clothes and put on the bikini. I then got on jeans shorts and a brown tank top and put those on as well. After I gathered everything, I would need, I stuffed them all into my black book bag and sat on the bed. After strapping on my brown sandals, I was ready.

I walked out of the room just in time to have Christy bump into me. I grinned at her when I saw she was wearing

shorts, a white crop top, white strap sandals, and her light blue book bag. Our smiles were bright, eyes shining as we entered the living room.

“Damn!”

“Holy crap!”

Well, with those responses from the guys, we were ready to go.

“So. Where exactly are we going?”

I glanced at Christy, a tiny smile on my face. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have realized they didn't mention where we were going.

“Yeah, where are we going?” I turned around to face Nathan so that he could answer me.

Nathan grinned as he took my bag from my hand. “We're going to the beach.”

Rolling my eyes, I tried taking my bag from him, but he wouldn't let me, mumboing about how I should let him be a gentleman. He pulled the straps of the bag onto his back and turned away from me.

“Let's hit the road.”

I turned around just in time to find Joseph and Christy staring at each other. They were far too cute, but we had to hit the road and they were being too loved up right now.

“Snap out of it,” I shouted to get their attention. “We're leaving now.”

“W-we're coming,” she muttered, breaking eye contact with him. He took her bag from her, earning a smile in return.

“Who's driving?” I asked, knowing full well that where I sat depended on it.

“Nathan drove here, so I'm driving,” Joseph replied to my question.

“Shotgun!” Christy beamed as she ran out of the house to secure her spot. As if I would miss the opportunity to sit

beside Nathan.

“Whatever,” I chuckled, following behind her at a much slower pace. There was no need to rush. The beach would still be there, and I didn’t mind being close to Nathan.

We walked silently to the sleek black SUV that was parked on the side of the road. My mouth was on the floor, mesmerized by its beauty. I loved anything black, which is biased because black is my favorite color. I know people don’t think it’s a color, but I do.

Nathan drew closer to me so he could whisper in my ear. “You can pick your mouth off the sidewalk now, but with all that drooling, it might take you a while.”

I rolled my eyes at him, holding back a laugh. He opened the door and stepped aside, allowing me to enter the car. I could get used to this type of treatment. He was attentive, helping me even when I didn’t need his help. It was a stark contrast to my last relationship; it was a welcomed difference. After I adjusted myself, I put on my seatbelt. Nathan slid in behind me and made himself comfortable while putting his seatbelt on.

Christy and Joseph put the bags in the trunk and got in the car. We lived in a friendly neighborhood here in Miami, we were close to the beaches, so it wouldn’t take us long to get there.

I smiled as I rolled down the window, letting the wind hit my face as Joseph drove down the street. I closed my eyes, lips tilted up in a smile. The coolness of the breeze on my skin made me happy. When I opened them again, I caught Nathan observing me.

“What are you thinking about?”

I tilted my head towards the sky. “The weather here it’s so calm and sunny, it makes me miss home.”

“Where is home?” He asked.

“Jamaica,” I laughed when I saw the look of confusion on his face.

“I moved here years ago, but I’ve lived in Jamaica most of my life. I guess I’m a little homesick,” I said as I looked at him.

“Why don’t you visit? Wouldn’t your parents want to see you?”

I took a deep breath when he asked those questions. They were questions I didn’t want to answer. Not because of how it would make me feel but because of what it would reveal to him, and I didn’t want him to get tangled up in the darkness of my past. A past I was so desperately trying to escape from. I knew I would eventually have to tell him because I could not knowingly involve him in my life and keep it a secret.

A sigh of relief escaped me as Joseph pulled up in the parking lot close to the beach. If Nathan noticed I ignored his question, he hid his reaction well.

I faced Nathan again, grinning. “Let’s go have some fun.”

His smile was wide as he opened his door. Christy and Joseph were already outside, soaking in the sun. I quickly jumped out and made my way around the car to stand with everyone.

“Isn’t this great?” Christy bounced on the spot.

I laughed as Joseph looked just as ecstatic as her.

“It sure is,” Nathan said as he started walking over to me with an evil look on his face.

“What are you doing?” I grilled him. He remained silent, stepping closer to me while I took a few steps back.

His infamous smirk was once again plastered on his face. He was planning to do something particularly evil, if the look on his face was any indication of what he was thinking. I screamed as he ran up to me, sweeping me off my feet. He then slung me over his shoulder, easily, as if I were a sack of potatoes.

“What are you doing?” I asked again, trying to remain calm.

He slapped me on my ass, earning a surprised gasp from me and laughter from our friends. Christy better watch out because she was so gonna get it for laughing.

“I’m having fun,” he says before he takes off running in the direction of the ocean.

My heart dropped to the pit of my stomach when I realized what he was about to do.

This day was not going according to plan.

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Jade Samuels

I can swim. Of course, I can swim. I am a yardie through and through, but I still didn't want to be dunked in the ocean. It would lead to me having to deal with my hair sooner than I had planned, and I was not looking forward to it. Luckily, I wasn't one of the women who wore makeup on the beach, it would be embarrassing to have my face smeared with makeup on the first date.

As I realized what he was up to, I had a plan. I had to get revenge somehow. He doesn't know I can swim so this will be so easy. I was going to pretend that I couldn't swim to see his reaction. It serves him right for even thinking of this. Who does this on a first date?

As soon as he threw me in the water, I threw my hands wildly, as if I were trying to keep myself afloat. He took a few steps back, laughing as if he expected me to retaliate. Little did he know what he was in for. I was an excellent swimmer growing up in the Caribbean; you had to be. We went to the beach almost every weekend, I loved it.

I took a deep breath through my nose, so it wasn't obvious then dropped under the water. I stayed down there for a good five seconds before I came back up again and screamed. "I can't swim." before I went back down.

This all happened in less than fifteen seconds, and I almost felt sorry for him when he went from laughing to serious to scared in a matter of seconds. It was comical to watch his facial expressions change so fast, and it also proved he thought I could swim.

The next thing I knew, I was being lifted into his arms and he was running with me towards the shore. He was being really cute, but if he brought me on shore Christy would confess that I could swim, and I don't want to be in his arms when that happened. He might just dunk me again. So, thinking quickly, I jumped out of his arms- laughing. I sprinted

away from him, his hand fell to his side as I surprised him with my agility and speed.

The look on his face was comical. He looked absolutely stunned. Good, that's what he gets for pushing me into the ocean. Has he never heard to not mess with a black woman's hair? Then again, maybe I was the first one he's asked on a date.

I shrugged at him. "Bet you'll think twice before dunking me next time."

He smirked at me. "Your damn right there's gonna be a next time. If you don't want it to be in the next 20 seconds, I suggest you run faster than that."

I roared with laughter as I took off running. The friction that resulted from me running in the water was slowing me down. I tried to pick up speed as I heard him running towards me at an even faster rate. The splash of the water got closer and closer and just as I reached the shore, he caught me. Damn! My cousins would laugh at me for being so slow.

"Put me down," I poked him as he held me bridal style.

"How about...no,"

I screamed as he threw me up in the air and caught me again. I clung to him like a koala as I was so scared that he would drop me. I was no genius, but I was sure I would not like to fall on sand, it would surely sting.

"I'll do anything you want if you put me down," I begged.

He grinned, a dangerous glint in his eyes. "Anything?"

I gulped. I should not have said that, but there was no way I was backing down now. I refuse to be dunked again.

"I'll do anything," I repeated quietly.

He set me down on my feet, and I took a couple of steps back. He moved closer to me as he wrapped his arms around my waist. My breathing faltered and my heart skipped a beat as I realized what he wanted.

“I think I know what I want,” he said as he tugged me even closer.

I shivered in his arms. “And what is that, exactly?”

My eyes traveled down to his lips when he spoke. I knew what he wanted but when he was honest enough to say it, my eyes shot to his. “I want to kiss you.”

I liked how straightforward he was. How could I not? He told me exactly what he was thinking, and I didn't have to overthink or wonder what he wants. Just as I was about to show him how much I liked that idea; someone pushed me into the water.

This was not my day. I came back up, wiping the excess water from my face so I could see who dunked me.

My eyes widened as I looked at Christy. I totally forgot that she and Joseph were even here. Being with Nathan was all consuming, in way that I've never experienced before.

Thinking back to the situation at hand, my eyes widened as Christy kept giggling.

“You traitor,” I shrieked. “I can't believe you dunked me.”

She rolled her eyes at me and swam over to Joseph. I just watched her in disbelief. Seeing her without her coverup reminded me I was still wearing mine. I quickly shrugged it off and wrapped it up in my hands. My skin glistened in the sun, the water droplets rolling off my body adding a modelesque to my appearance. I turned to find Nathan ogling me.

Now that I got a good look at him, he was magnificent. An Adonis right before my eyes. And all I could think was, damn!

He was one sexy man.

We spent the rest of the day swimming and getting to know each other. Even though it was a double date, we were by ourselves most of the

time enjoying each other's company.

An ice cream truck pulled up to the beach while I was in the water. I loved ice cream, and I was getting a little hot from the sun, so the timing was perfect. I made my way out of the water and walked over to our section, but only Christy was there.

“Did you guys hear the ice cream truck?”

Chrissy nodded as she leaned forward. “I was waiting for you to get your ass out of the water.”

I chuckled softly as Christy set her phone aside.

“Where's Nathan and Joseph?” I asked when I noticed they were not here.

“They're already at the truck, they offered to pay. Well, more like demanded,” she mumbled.

I laughed at that. I sat beside her and waited for the guys to return. I was not sure about what flavor I would get because Chrissy forgot to tell Nathan my preference before he left. I hope he got chocolate. I would kill for some chocolate ice cream right now.

“So, what do you think?” Christy looked over at me.

“About what?”

“About the guys. What do you think?”

“Oh well, Joseph is perfect for you,” I told her as I once again secured my hair to the top of my head. There was no way I could afford to not deal with my hair today, it was already starting to get frizzy.

“He is, isn't he?” She sighed dreamily. “But that's not what I meant, and you know it.”

“What did you mean?”

“What do you think about Nathan?”

“Oh,” my face heating from my blush. My dark skin would be a lot harder to tell if I were blushing, but Christy's known me long enough to tell the difference.

“Oh wow,” she laughed. “I haven’t seen you get flustered over a guy since Brian.”

My breath got stuck in my throat, hands stilling in my hair. Why did she bring him up? Brian was my last ex, and I hated being reminded of him. He was sweet at first, but then things took a turn for the worse.

“I’m sorry Hun, I didn’t mean to say his name,” she apologized to me, eyes wide with sincerity.

I smiled at her because I knew what she was trying to say, it just sucks that his name was in the sentence. Nathan was just as charming as Brian. I hope that’s where the similarities end.

“It’s okay. I know what you meant.”

She grinned, her eyes bright, I could sense her relief that the situation did not escalate. “You like him?”

“He is really nice,” I spilled the tea to her. “And have you seen his abs?”

She laughed along with me as we fawned over them. I was about to say something when I looked behind me and saw them approaching us, with ice creams in their hands.

“And we’re back,” Joseph said cheerfully as he handed Christy a cup and spoon.

“This is for you, Jade,” I turned my attention to Nathan, who handed me a cup with chocolate ice cream, a spoon, and a cone inside it.

“I forgot to ask Christy what flavor you liked, but they had chocolate ice cream, so I got that for you.”

“You even got the cone,” I beamed at him. “Thank you so much.”

When I was younger, whenever I bought ice cream, I would always get a cone too because it tasted so good to me with the ice cream on top.

“It’s no problem,” he smiled.

We ate the ice cream and chatted a little as we got to know each other more. I found out that he was Italian, which

explains his smoldering good looks. He loves the color black, just like I do. He has two younger siblings and loves them to death. His mom and dad lived in the area, which was a shocker to me, but they were in Italy right now. He also lives just ten minutes away from me.

It's funny how he was always this close in proximity, but we never met until now. I've been working at his restaurant but never interacted with him. Life had a funny way of bringing people together.

I looked up, admiring the different colors stretched across the sky as the sun began to set. I would love to stay longer but it was getting late, and I had my hair to deal with.

"It is getting pretty late," I stated clearly so everyone could hear me.

"It's not that late, is it?" Nate asked as he looked at me. I could tell that he wanted me to stay longer, but I couldn't.

"I guess not, but I have to get home and deal with this mess I call hair."

Christy snickered at what I said. She knows how much I hate having to wash my hair. It's not because I'm nasty and refuse to practice good hygiene. Dealing with my hair can take me up to three hours if I was lucky and that's without styling it. Oh, the joys of being a Black woman.

Nathan stood and helped me to pack up our things. "Does it normally take you long to do your hair?"

I paused my movement so I could look at him. I never got a chance to ask him if he has ever dated a black woman before. Christy and Joseph were busy walking over to the car, so I guess now was a suitable time as any.

"Have you ever dated a black woman before?"

His brows scrunched up in confusion, not understanding where I was going with this.

"No, I haven't."

"Oh honey," I patted him on the cheek. "First rule is to never get a black woman's hair wet."

“Oh shit,” he cursed under his breath, but I was close enough that I heard what he said.

We were walking to the car when he piped up nervously. “Are you mad at me?”

“Why would I be mad at you?” I stopped walking so I could face him.

“Because I dunked you and got your hair wet,” he spoke cautiously.

I almost laughed at how nervous he was. “Nate, I’m not mad.”

“Are you sure? Because if you are, you can tell me...”

I interrupted his rant to press my lips to his. I ran my free hand up and into his hair, gripping it tightly, gaining a low growl from him.

I pulled away to lean in and whisper in his ear. “I’m not mad, okay?”

He nodded and cleared his throat. “Would you go on another date with me, just the two of us?” He asked quietly.

I smiled widely at his invitation. “I would love to.”

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Nathan Masters

She was stunning, absolutely breathtaking.

When I walked into my restaurant that day, I expected it to go how it normally does. I would sit and silently observe what was going on in my business and my employees would shy away and keep their distance as if they were afraid of me. It was ridiculous. What was I going to do, fire them for speaking?

But there she was, sitting in one of the chairs. I could feel her watching me but whenever I looked in her direction, she would look away. After some time she built up the courage to walk over to me. It was refreshing having someone treat me as a customer and not the one who owns the place.

When it was clear that I wouldn't be ordering anything she excused herself and headed for the backroom.

I am of the owner of this restaurant, but I have a manager that runs the day-to-day operations. I let her hire and fire people as she sees fit since she is the one working with them all day, which is why I had no clue that she worked here.

I got up and went to speak with the manager. She updated me on all things new and new ideas to get more people through the doors.

I left after informing her I would be back a week from now. Normally, I would stay away for a month, but I wanted to see that woman again. I know I could have asked for her name, but where was the fun in that? I was like a moth drawn to a flame. We had to meet again, here, I wasn't going to wait for fate to bring us together when I could do it myself.

I called up my friend Joseph and asked him if he was going to be at his club tonight. Turns out he would be, which was great because after meeting that vixen, I desperately needed a drink and a cold shower.

I marched up to the club, ready to have a drink. The bouncer recognized me, letting me in straight away. I walked

inside and saw Joseph seated in a booth on his phone. He gave me a brotherly hug after shutting off his phone. Even though we were not blood-related, we grew up together, and he was like a brother to me.

“What’s up?” he started the questions straight away. I normally wasn’t one to ask to go to the club. I should’ve known he’d want answers, lucky for him, I was in a giving mood.

“I met the most enchanting woman today.”

He laughed as he ran a hand through his hair. “Enchanting, really?”

“What?” I tried to defend myself. “She was perfect.”

“I have to meet this woman,” he did not sound convinced.

“She actually works for me,” I instantly wished I hadn’t said that.

“Are you seriously about to go there again?” he asked, worry lining his features. “Don’t you remember what happened the last time you dated someone that worked for you?”

I flinched at the reminder of when I was stupid enough to go out with Lola. At first, all I wanted to do was sleep with her, but after it happened, she got so obsessed and demanded that I at least go on a date with her. I agreed, which I shouldn’t have, she became even more obsessed with me and wouldn’t take no for an answer. Finally, I had to get her family involved and later found out that she had separation anxiety, which explained why she found it so hard to let me go.

I totally understand where Joseph was coming from and it warmed my heart that he was looking out for me, but I have a feeling that she would be different. I wanted to date her, not just have sex with her. I have no interest in dealing with another obsessive woman.

I looked to my left and saw that she was standing there looking wide-eyed at me, as if she was not expecting to see me here. Well, I was not expecting this either, but I was happy with this turn of events.

Convincing her to sit with us was surprisingly easy. When her friend came over, snatching her away from me, I allowed her to slide out of the booth, helping her along the way. The brush of her hand on my own was doing things to me. I looked at Joseph, who was still watching them walk away.

He smiled at me and watched them in awe. "I get it now." he whispered quietly to me.

Guess I was not the only one who was smitten.

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Jade Samuels

A week passed, and it was finally the day for our date. Nate wanted it to be sooner, but he got caught up dealing with a problem at one of his other restaurants. Money doesn't matter to me, but boy was he rich. It was intimidating how rich he was but I tried to not let it bother me. We texted back and forth and even face-timed to stay connected throughout the week.

I was impatiently waiting for this day, especially since Joseph and Christy went on a date three days ago. I have been slightly envious since. As I fluffed my hair, I laid down my baby hairs to make my edges and quickly wrapped it so it would set by tonight.

My hair was in its full curly state, and I was feeling like a black goddess. Grabbing my silk bonnet, I carefully put it on top of my head and walked out to the living room where Christy was. She was currently painting her toenails into

a crisp white color.

"Hey girl," she grinned when she saw me.

"Hey babe."

"Did you have fun taming your hair?" she teased me, already knowing I hated it.

"Ha-ha, you're hilarious."

She laughed. "Oh, stop it. You know how much I love your curly hair. I keep telling you to let it out more often."

I sighed. "Do you think Nathan will like it?"

"Yeah, of course," she stated plainly, not even considering the alternative. "Why would you even ask that?"

"Well, because every time he's seen me my hair has been straight."

"Yeah, so?" she still did not get it.

“And he’s never been with a black woman before,” I muttered shyly.

She paused in her strokes to look at me. “Are you serious?”

“That’s what he told me.”

“Grab my laptop,” she demanded, hurriedly screwing the lid on the nail polish. “It’s on the kitchen counter.”

“Why though?”

“Just grab it please.”

I huffed, jumping to my feet. Picking up the laptop, I walked back into the room and handed it to her. She set her feet down on the ground carefully so as not to mess up the polish. She started typing, her eyes fixed on the screen. Was it a white person thing to type without looking at the keyboard cause for the life of me I could not do it?

“Eureka!” she yelled as she looked up to the ceiling, clapping her hands.

Why was I living with a crazy person again?

“What is it?” I asked her as I played with my fingers. It was a nervous habit that I picked up when I was younger.

“Since you said he hasn’t been with a black woman before, I googled him to see if it’s true.”

“Why didn’t I think of that?” I mumbled as I walked over to her, throwing myself onto the couch.

She searched his name and tons of articles came up. Not wanting to be tempted into reading what could be lies about him. I grabbed the laptop, ignoring Christy’s cry of protest, and immediately went to images. I scrolled for what felt like forever but it was just a couple of minutes and found that he was never photographed with a black woman that he was dating or rumored to be dating.

“Well, I guess he was telling the truth about that,” Christy carefully took the laptop from me and shut it down.

“Okay, I shouldn’t panic, right?” I asked her as I jumped to my feet, nervously pacing the room.

“I mean, you already are,” she mumbled, but stopped when she caught my glare.

“You have nothing to worry about,” she quickly tried to calm me. “Just because he’s never shown an interest in a woman of color, that doesn’t mean he can’t start.”

A part of me wanted to create drama but the rational part of my brain agreed with her. “You’re right.”

She snorted. “Of course, I am.”

I rolled my eyes. I should get ready for my date now. I was going to full-on pamper myself before seeing him.

“I’m going to take a bath,” I told her as I went to my room.

“I think I’m going to sext Joseph or bake some brownies,” she sat down and packed away the nail polish. “Either is good to me.”

I laughed as I walked away. “Sometimes I really wish you weren’t as blunt as I am.”

“Awe you love it!” she shouted as she continued to pack her things.

I rolled my eyes again because I knew she was right. It was great having a friend who was unapologetic in what she said. I never had to worry about her lying to me or being fake. She was a genuine person. I don’t have many friends but having one genuine one was good enough for me.

Going into the bathroom, I plugged the hole and turned on the faucet for the tub. I left the water to run and pulled out my favorite bath bomb, setting it down on the sink. I took out a towel and set it aside. Quickly rushing to the kitchen, I went and poured myself a glass of wine. If my mama saw me bringing a drink into the bathroom, she would curse me out, but I was a grown woman, and she was not here.

On my way back, I noticed Christy was gone and her bedroom door was closed. I guess she chose sexting instead of

baking. I can't blame her.

Giggling like a schoolgirl, I went back into the bathroom, dropped the bath bomb into the water and quickly stripped down. The bathroom instantly smelled like coconuts and cinnamon, two of my favorite scents. I grabbed my phone and set an alarm. I then put on some Trey Songz as I sank into the water. Closing my eyes, I took a sip of the wine as I enjoyed the warmth of the water.

The sound of my alarm startled me awake. Moving the wineglass out of the way, I stopped the alarm and checked the time. Shit, it was six in the evening and our date was at seven. I set three alarms and slept through the first two, that always happens.

I walked into my bedroom after taking a quick shower and put my phone to charge. Quickly drying off I slipped on underwear, then slipped on my dress and took off my bonnet.

I fluffed out my hair and fixed up my edges, making sure they were laid and would stay in place. Grabbing my makeup, I did a smoky eye with a bold red lip and put on some setting spray. While I was fanning my face to speed up the drying process, I checked my phone and saw that it was now 6:50.

My heart jumped through my chest when there was a knock on the door. I could faintly hear Christy open the door and talk to whoever was on the other side. I grabbed my heels, strapping them on quickly. I then put my phone and some cash into my clutch. My mother always told me to bring cash wherever I went, even if someone was taking me out. You had to have your 'get vex' money. If he upsets you or something went wrong, you could leave on your own.

I was fixing my hair again when Christy knocked on my door.

"Come in."

"Hot damn mama you look like you're tryna turn a girl from dickly to clitly."

I could not contain my laughter at her ridiculous statement and silently thanked her for taking the edge off,

since I was so nervous.

“You ready?”

“Yeah?” It came out more like a question.

“You got this girly.”

“Thank you,” Nodding, I walked out of my room and to the living room, where Nate was waiting for me.

When he saw me, his eyes widened, and he slowly rose to his feet. He reached out to me, and I nervously put mine in his.

“Y-y-you... wow.”

I looked down as a smile settled on my lips. He was cute when he was nervous. I looked back up at him and he grinned.

“You look exquisite.”

“She looks like a goddess,” Christy whisper yelled as she poked her head in the room. “Now leave so I can get back to sexting.”

We laughed as we honored her request.

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Nathan Masters

I could not keep my eyes off her.

I had my hand on her thigh as I drove us to the restaurant for our romantic evening. I planned everything beforehand, despite being busy. Pulling up to the restaurant, I shut off the car and got out. I quickly walked around and opened her door.

“Such a gentleman,” she grinned as she put her hand in mine.

“Chivalry isn’t dead,” I murmured as I secured my hand around her waist.

She shivered, as my hand met her bare skin. The dress she wore had a cut out on the side, showing her some of her abdomen. The red color of her dress suited her.

As we walked up to the building, she frowned. “Why didn’t you take us to Cynthia’s?”

“I didn’t want to take you on a date where you work.”

“You are smart,” she joked as she nudged me.

I playfully rolled my eyes, leading her to the front door. I gave the keys to the valet, who went to park the car. Opening the door, we walked in and was met by the hostess.

“Mr. Masters, I’m happy to see you have arrived,” she spoke as she batted her eyes at me. I noticed how she ignored Jade, keeping all her attention on me. I didn’t like it.

“Is our table ready?” I enquired, completely ignoring her attempts to flirt with me.

I could feel Jade getting tense at my side as she watched our interaction.

“Yes, of course, right this way.”

“A wah do da gyal yah man,” Jade whispered under her breath, but I caught every word having been so close to her. I didn’t understand what she was saying, which meant she must

have been speaking in patois again. She does that a lot when she is upset.

“Here you are,” she said as she gestured to our seat, which was isolated from everyone else.

I pulled out Jade’s chair for her. I was relieved when she smiled at me, that at least meant she wasn’t mad at me. Taking my seat, I looked over at her, lips split into a wide smile.

“Here are your menus,” we took the menus from her. “If you need anything, anything at all, Mr. Masters, I’m only a call away.”

Jade’s eyes hardened at her obvious flirting. I didn’t like that look on her face. I pushed away the hostess’s hand that was lingering on my own and scooted away from her.

“There is something I need,” I smiled at her. Jade was glaring daggers at me, but I ignored it. She had no reason to be jealous, but I loved her possessiveness.

“Yeah, sure, whatever you want,” the hostess agreed without even hearing what I had in mind.

“Perfect. I’ll expect a server since you clearly can’t do your job. You’re dismissed.”

Her mouth fell open from my words and Jade used the menu to hide her lips, as she could not help but laugh.

“Excuse me?”

“What I think my boyfriend is trying to say is you need to get lost.”

“Exactly. We wouldn’t want you to get fired so early in the night.”

Furious, she looked between the both of us before stomping away. Jade glanced at me, smile wide, before leaning over the table to give me a kiss.

“What was that for?” I watched she pulled away.

“That’s for not flirting with her, even though she was kind of cute,” she mumbled at the end.

“Why settle for cute when I can have perfection?” I asked her as I took her hand in mind.

She giggled. “Stop it.”

I cleared my throat. “So, I’m your boyfriend now?”

She froze as she kept her gaze fixed on the menu. “I mean, umm, do you want to be?”

I set down the menu. “We’ve only known each other close to three weeks.”

“Oh, y-yeah, you’re right, you’re right.”

She looked everywhere but at me, I chuckled at how nervous she seemed to be.

I raised her hand, kissing it gently, earning a gasp from her. “I want to be exclusive with you.”

She cleared her throat. “So, we are a couple?”

I nodded, and she squeezed my hand in hers. She lit up like a Christmas tree because of what I said. I would enjoy finding creative ways to keep that same look on her face.

Our new server walked up to us just then. “Good evening. Do you know what you’ll be ordering?”

We told him what we wanted and handed the menus to him. He came back later with a bottle of wine and poured some in two separate glasses for us. Jade clicked her glass with mine before taking a sip.

“That’s excellent wine,” she smiled.

“Can you tell me what you said earlier?” I asked politely. “I didn’t quite understand you.”

“What do you mean?” She asked before realization washed over her. “Oh yeah, of course.”

“This is so exciting.” She looked pleased with my request. “I’m glad you want to know more about my culture.”

“I want to know everything about you, Tesoro.”

She grinned from ear to ear. “Well, when I say, ‘a wah do’ what I’m really asking is what’s wrong.”

“When I said da gyal yah what I meant was this girl here.”

“So, what you were saying was: what’s wrong with this girl here?” I asked unsurely.

“Exactly,” she beamed, happy that I understood her.

She continued to teach me various patois words and how to use them correctly. I had no clue you could use the word ‘mi’ in that many ways. Her entire heritage was so intriguing to me. I loved her skin and how it glistened in the sun. I loved how she reverts to her native language when she was upset or excited, and I loved her curly hair.

What I loved most appearance-wise was her body and her eyes. Her eyes were a bright brown color that drew me in whenever I looked at her. She had the curviest body, with curves in all the right places. I could just see myself in between her thighs as I brought her to ecstasy.

She smirked at me as if she knew exactly what I was thinking and had no problem with it.

She really was a gem.

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Jade Samuels

I was meeting Nate today, and I was super excited.

It has been a month since we made things official between us and close to two months since we have known each other. I have to say it's been blissful. We went to the beach three more times since the last and he has not complained yet, so that was a plus. Growing up in the Caribbean, going to the beach or the river was essential to our everyday life, and I still love to do it. Nate thinks it is cute, my obsession with the ocean.

He was such a sweet guy. After what happened with Brian, I thought I would ever trust a guy again, much less have such sinful thoughts about them, but with Nathan, I just couldn't help myself. He was just so sweet and caring and had an amazing body.

I got out of bed, needing a cold shower. Hopefully, that will cool me down. After showering, I wrapped a towel around myself and got out of the bathroom. Going into my room, I stood at the foot of my dresser and contemplated what my next move would be, I was so ready to take the next step with Nate, but I wasn't sure if he wanted to. Some people would say I was moving too fast, but I can't deny that I want this, I want him. I took out one of my duffel bags and opened it, setting it down on my bed.

I got out a crop top with some jeans and underwear and stuffed them into the bag. I went into the bathroom and got some of my toiletries, placing them in the bag as well. I was going to go for it tonight with him and I wanted to be prepared if it goes well. I went back into my closet and grabbed a black bodycon dress and packed it as well.

Opening my underwear drawer, I pulled out my latest Victoria's Secret purchase. It was a beautiful red lace top and bottom, with matching garter straps and sheer thigh-length socks. After putting it on, I looked in the mirror. I absolutely

loved how it fit and how it accentuated my curves. The more I looked, the more confident and determined I became. I grabbed my black coat and put it on. I took off the socks as they were very much out there with the jacket.

I messed around with my hair a bit until I had the curls situated how I wanted them. Feeling like a sexy siren, I grabbed my stuff and went outside and got into my car. Christy was out with Joseph on a date, so I sent her a text letting her know I left.

Starting the car, I pulled out of the driveway and headed for Nathan's apartment. I've been there once before when I called him up for one of our beach outings. He asked me to pick him up, and I memorized the way so I wouldn't need directions again.

Pulling up to his house, I parked the car and leaned back in my seat. Taking a deep breath, I grabbed my phone and texted him I was here. I waited for him to see my message. His response had me smiling, he cooked dinner for us and was waiting for me.

I walked up to the door, knocking loud enough so he could hear it. I left my duffel bag in the car because I would hate to seem desperate. I plastered a smile on my face as he opened the door.

"Oh wow," he said as he looked me up and down. "You look stunning, Tesoro."

I giggled. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Mr. Masters."

He laughed as he stepped aside to allow me in. I knew he did it so he could watch my ass as I walked in front of him. I smirked as I heard him groan softly. The jacket was just below my butt and enhanced the look of it as I walked.

"Oh, let me take your jacket," he jumped up, already reaching for me.

"That's okay love, I'm going to keep it on."

He gave me a questioning look. "But... don't you feel hot wearing that?"

I gave him a pointed look. “I grew up in Jamaica, love. I’ve worn way more in that heat. I’ll be fine.”

He sighed. “If you say so.”

I took off my heels, setting them aside. Another habit that I grew up with, never wearing shoes that were worn outside inside the house. It was then that I heard a crash coming from further in the house, and I knew we were not alone.

I glanced at Nate, who looked panicked. “Let’s go to the living room.”

I didn’t miss the panicked look on his face. “Didn’t you hear that?”

“Hear what?” he asked as he held my hand, trying to lead me out of the room.

“That noise. Is there someone else here?”

“No, of course not.”

I allowed him to lead me to the living room despite my suspicions. When we walked into the room, I noticed there was a woman’s handbag on the coffee table. I tensed up when I saw it, causing Nate to look over at me and then he saw what I was staring at.

“Is there another woman here?”

He gulped. “Um, would that be a bad thing?”

I stared at him as if he were crazy. “I thought you said you wanted to be exclusive with me.”

“Of course, I do,” he stated.

“Then what the hell is this?”

“It’s um... well... I... um.”

“Are you cheating on me?” my breath lodged in my throat as I waited for him to answer.

His eyes softened at my question. “No, I would never cheat on you.”

“I mean, have you looked in the mirror lately? Damn girl!”

I laughed at his attempt to make me smile. He was too charming for my little heart to handle.

“Ahem.”

My head snapped towards the other woman in the room. Nathan groaned and released me so that I could see her.

“Oh, my God!” she yelled as she looked me up and down.

Okay, what is happening?

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Nathan Masters

“She’s so pretty,” Arabelle shrieked as she ran over to Jade, pulled her into a big hug.

Jade gaped at me, eyes wide in shock and confusion. I can’t say that I blamed her. I was not exactly bursting at the seams with information just now.

“Okay, that’s enough B.”

She pouted as she slowly let go of her. “You picked a cute one, brother?”

“Brother?” Jade asked in a daze. I took her hand and led her to the couch so she could sit. She was clearly overwhelmed, which was why I was trying to avoid the whole introduction situation just now.

I glared at Arabelle, who just shrugged at me. I can see she will not be of any help.

“Jade, this is my sister, Arabelle.”

“You can call me B or Belle for short,” B spoke up with a grin on her face. She was enjoying this.

Jade simply blinked at her and then looked at me. “So, you weren’t heating on me?”

“God no! Ew!” B fake gagged. “Why would you even think that?”

Jade shot daggers at me with her eyes. “Your brother just caused a big misunderstanding by not explaining himself.”

B cracked up. “That’s Nathan for you, he’s not one for explaining much.”

I glared at her, and she just laughed. Sisters, I tell you.

“Anyway, I was just helping him to make dinner for you guys.”

“But I thought he said he was going to make it?”

“I was going to,” I answered for myself. “I got in later than I planned, so I asked her to come over and help me. She was supposed to be gone before you got here.”

I gave a pointed look at Belle, who was standing there smiling. When she saw me looking, she rocked on the spot then picked up her handbag.

“Okay, I’m going to go,” she teased. “I can tell when I’m not wanted.”

“Oh, that’s nonsense,” Jade was quick to reply. “You helped make the food. You should have dinner with us.”

“I don’t think my dear brother would like that very much.”

She frowned at me. “You want your sister to enjoy the food she helped prepare, right?”

I knew what the right answer was, but I didn’t want to say it. My eyes found Arabelle’s. She looked so smug, the little brat.

I cleared my throat. “Um, yeah, of course you can stay if you want to, Belle.”

She rolled her eyes at my attempt to include her in our evening. We both knew I wanted to be alone with Jade. I just hoped she would not torment me by agreeing to stay.

“Thanks, Jade, but I really should get going. My husband’s waiting for me.”

She pouted. What I would not give to bite that lip.

“Some other time?”

“Definitely”

Arabelle left and went home. I turned to face Jade, who rolled her eyes and hissed her teeth at me.

“Yuh coulda jus seh yuh sista deh yah.”

I sighed. I only caught pieces of what she said, but I got the gist. “I know I could’ve, but I said I’d make dinner, and I didn’t want you to think I lied.”

Her eyes softened at my expression before she took a deep breath and stood before me.

“What did you guys make?” She asked me.

I ran a hand through my hair, nervous about what her reaction would be to what I was about to say. “You told me your favorite food was stewed peas and white rice. We didn’t know how to make it, so we followed a YouTube video where a Jamaican was cooking it.”

“Oh wow,” she breathed deeply. “I can’t believe you did that for me.”

“I’d do anything for you.”

Her eyes brightened as she leaned down to press her lips to mine. It quickly turned heated as I slid my tongue into her mouth, wrestling with her own. She moaned as I gripped her butt, pulling her to me. I pulled away to trail ardent kisses down her neck.

“Wait, stop,” she moaned.

I immediately pulled away. “What’s wrong? We can stop if you want to.”

She smirked at me and took two steps back, so she was out of my reach. I watched mesmerized as she slowly unbuckled her belt and pulled it from around her waist, letting it fall to the floor. Her jacket fell open, and it was then that I saw what little she wore underneath. No wonder she didn’t want to take it off.

“Are you sure about this?” I clenched my hands to stop from reaching for her.

She smirked as she let the jacket fall to the floor to reveal her sexy lingerie. Red was such a sexy color on her. She looked so sinful.

She strutted over to me and ran her hand from her hip and up to her breast. When she squeezed them, I almost melted into a puddle. She was just so seductive.

“I’m sure, baby,” she purred as she slid a hand across her stomach to find its way into her panties. I groaned as she

moaned aloud. Something in me just seemed to snap when she did that. I grabbed her, throwing her over my shoulder and hurried to my room so I could toss her on my bed.

I have wanted this for so long and now that she was here in front of me with lust-filled eyes; I was more than eager to respond. I quickly took off my shirt and tossed it aside, leaning down until I was hovering over her.

I pressed my lips to hers for a brutal kiss. She ran her hand up my arm and into my hair, causing me to groan from the sensation. I bit her lip gently, she gasped, and I shoved my tongue into her mouth. She whimpered and tightened her hand in my hair.

Dragging my mouth away from hers, I trailed kisses to her neck, finding her sweet spot and sucking on it. Her moans got louder as she was writhing under me. I moved my lips to her breast as I tore the lace material off her body. I expected her to protest, but she didn't.

Instead, she grinned at me. "I'm sure you'll buy me more, keep going, baby."

She didn't have to tell me twice. I latched on to her left breast with my mouth while my hand kneaded and fondled the other. Her moans grew louder as she arched her back. I switched and suckled on her right breast while my hands gave attention to the left.

Trailing more kisses down her stomach, I stopped at her panties.

"Fuck! You're so sexy."

She laughed slightly, which turned into a wail as I ripped the underwear and garter off her and licked her deliciously wet pussy. I groaned as she grabbed onto my hair and pushed my face into her cunt. I gave her a long, wet lick before shoving my tongue into her. She wailed loudly as she ground her pussy against my face. I held her hips to steady her as I brought her to a quick orgasm.

"Oh, fuck!" She screamed as she rode out her climax.

She slumped back on the bed and ran a hand through her hair. She looked a little dazed as she stared at the ceiling with an enormous smile on her face. I quickly pulled off my pants and my boxers and crawled over her. Her eyes widened when she saw me fully naked. She licked her lips and wrapped her hands around my neck.

Pulling me in for a hard kiss, she then wrapped her legs around my waist and flipped us over, so she was on top of me.

“Damn Tesoro,” I mumbled.

She took my hard length and rubbed it against her wet cunt. We both groaned at the feeling.

“I’m clean,” I told her, not wanting anything between us.

She looked at me and, without warning, slammed down on me. I gripped her hips tightly to steady her as I tried my best not to move from feeling her so wet and tight around me.

Jade was fidgeting as she ran circles around her lower belly. “I’m clean and I’m on the p-pill.”

I jerked into her once and she cried out. “Ride me, Tesoro.”

She grinned as she moved up and down, slowly at first, but she later picked up speed. Her smile slipped off her as her mouth fell open. The pleasure was getting to her.

“Oh Nate,” she groaned. “You feel so good.”

I grunted as I slammed up into her, causing her to shake from ecstasy as I hit her g-spot.

“Fuck you’re so tight.”

“Do that again!” she begged me, and I happily obliged.

I kept pace with her as I slammed into her repeatedly. Sitting up, I gripped her butt tightly as I picked her up and dropped her on my dick. She screamed at the position and once again begged me for more.

I continued to thrust into her until I felt her tighten around me and I knew she was about to cum. I thrust even harder, so I hit her g-spot every time.

She shattered around her, her scream deafening as she came. She got so tight around me. I came shooting my load into her. I stared at her as we both climaxed.

In that moment, everything felt right.

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Jade Samuels

I shifted in my sleep as I felt someone kiss my forehead. I groaned as I rolled over, hoping to find Nate there so that he could cuddle me, but he wasn't. I looked over at where the bathroom was to find the light was on.

"Nate?"

"Sì Bellissima," he walked out to look at me with a toothbrush and toothpaste in his hand.

"I don't know what you just said, but that was hot."

He laughed and walked over to peck me on the lips. "Go back to sleep, love."

I watched him walk away, closing my eyes with a smile. I once again drifted off to sleep. When I woke up again, the sun was shining brightly outside, and a delicious smell wafted up to my nose. It smelled heavenly, and I was suddenly eager to get out of bed.

Rolling out of bed, I looked around the empty room. He must be somewhere in the house, or he was the one cooking.

I felt like a million dollars when he told me he made my favorite food, so much so that I gave up the pussy right there. I didn't expect it to taste as good as what my mom makes. To my surprise, It was just as good and reminded me of home.

I sauntered into the bathroom, eyeing myself in the mirror. My hair was sticking out from all sides, and it was not a pretty sight. I immediately walked back into the room and grabbed my jacket, taking out the scrunchie I had inside. Doing a mini victory dance, I walked back into the room and put my hair up into a messy bun.

I searched his cupboard for a spare toothbrush, then I brushed my teeth and washed my face. Having nothing to wear, I shrugged on his shirt from last night and went down the stairs. We had dinner in the kitchen after our second-round last night, so I already knew where it was.

When I strolled in, the very shirtless back of Nathan Masters greeted me. I took a moment to admire the rippling of his muscles as he moved around the kitchen. I could envision his abs clenching as he reached over to shut off the stove. When he turned around, my heart almost stopped beating at the sight of his rock-hard abs. His body was absolute perfection.

“Good morning, Tesoro,” he said as he walked up to me and kissed me on the cheek.

“G-good morning.”

He chuckled at my stutter and led me over to the table. “Come eat.”

I was thankful my stomach didn’t growl as my eyes wandered over the food. He made scrambled eggs, bacon, pancakes and had a pitcher of orange juice. Everything looked so great, and I was ready to dig in.

“This looks amazing,” I smiled at him. “Thank you.”

“Wait till you have a taste,” he pulled out my chair, allowing me to sit. “Give me a sec. I have to get something.”

I looked around the table and wondered what it was he had to get. Everything I could want was on the table. He walked back into the room with a cup in his right hand, his other hand was behind his back. I raised a brow at that. That was not suspicious at all.

He set the cup in front of me, and it was then I noticed he made me tea. Awe how sweet. Jamaican moms feed their babies warm milk and make their children drink hot tea so they wouldn’t get a tummy ache. Now as an adult I can only go two days without drinking tea or else my stomach would throw a fit.

I didn’t think he would even remember me telling him that, but he has proven time and time again that he pays attention to what I say.

“Thank you so much,” I could not show my appreciation enough. “You’re far too good to me.”

“That’s nonsense,” he laughed off what I said and showed me what he had behind his back. It was a bouquet of pink and red roses.

“Wow!” I flew from my seat and hugged him tightly before taking the flowers from his hand.

“Thank you so much,” I stared down at the flowers, “But why’d you get me flowers?”

He pulled me to him and kissed me on the forehead. “You deserve it, Tesoro.”

I almost choked up at his words. Him showing up with roses meant more than he could ever know. My last relationship was so bad that I considered never dating again, but luckily, I met Nate. In the brief time I have known him, he has shown me what a relationship should look like.

“I’m so glad I met you.”

He led me to sit again. “I’m glad I met you too. Now eat.”

We ate and told each other jokes; my plate was empty in no time. I swear that man can cook. After eating, I wanted nothing more than to have a shower.

“Do you mind if I take a shower?” I waited for his response.

“Yeah, it’s no problem,” he agreed as he began clearing the table.

I moved around the table to stop him, pulling him in for a kiss. “Let me rephrase that. Would you like to take a shower with me?”

His hands ran down my body to my ass. I shifted on my feet at the sensation. A loud cry escaped my lips as he suddenly picked me up and wrapped my legs around his waist. I wrapped my hands around his neck as he pulled me in for a passionate kiss.

I was speechless when he pulled away. “That was... wow.”

“Let’s take that shower.”

“Let’s,” I grinned.

“Oh crap,” I just remembered I had nothing to wear, and my toiletries were in my car.

“What is it, Bellissimo?” He asked concerned.

“I just realized I had nothing to wear here. I’m sure you remember what I was dressed for.”

He set me on my feet and cast his eyes to his shirt, the first two buttons now open, allowing his eyes to feast on my breasts.

He licked his lips. “I remember, all four times, to be exact.”

I smirked. “You’re welcome.”

He roared with laughter. “I can have my assistant bring you some clothes.”

“That’s not necessary,” I assured him. “I have some in my car, but can you go get it for me?”

“Yeah, of course I can,” he readily agreed and went to grab the keys. “But why do you have clothes in your car?”

“You didn’t think I came unprepared, did you?”

His smile was smug, but he remained quiet as he went to get my things. In the meantime, I cleared the table and put the plates in the dishwasher. It was one of the many things I loved about America. I didn’t have to watch plates all the time like I did when I was a kid.

I was almost done when I heard the door close, footsteps headed towards me. Nathan walked into the room with a disheveled look on his face and a sheet of paper in his hand.

“Is everything okay?” I sought an answer to his saddened look.

“Who’s Brian?”

Nathan Masters

She froze, her body riddled with tension after hearing what I asked. Now I was even more curious about who this guy was.

“W-what did you say?” she stammered.

“I said who’s Brian?”

She took a step back and stumbled as she tried to regain her footing. Her eyes grew wide with fear as she turned to look away from me. My instincts wanted me to reach out to her and find out what was going on, but I had to let her tell me on her own without forcing it out of her.

“How do you know Brian?” She turned to face me again. I held up the note that I found in her car to show her. “This was in your car.

She sped over to me, grabbing the note. Her eyes flew across the paper as she read the words scribbled onto it. She glanced at me, then looked back down at the sheet of paper. I wasn’t sure how I knew she was about to lose it, but I just knew it. The note fell out of her hand as she collapsed. I sprang into action, catching her before she could hit the ground, sweeping her into my arms.

“Jade.”

“Jade,” I called out her name. “Can you hear me?”

She still didn’t answer or opened her eyes. I rushed into the living room to set her down on the couch. Grabbing my phone, I called my sister, who answered on the second ring.

“County Sperm Donation Center, you jack it, we pack it.”

I groaned. “Dammit B!”

She laughed but quickly turned serious when she saw I was not laughing along with her. Normally something like this would amuse me but I had a serious problem on my hands.

“What’s wrong, Fratello?” she asked seriously.

“Jade fainted and I can’t get her to wake up.”

“Lay her flat on her back,” she said. “I’m on my way.”

She hung up, so I turned my attention back to Jade. I tried getting through to her, but she still wasn’t responsive. I was getting more scared as time went by.

I reached for my phone again and searched for Christy’s number. I called her to see if she could give me some insight into why Jade fainted.

The dial tone went off three times then she finally answered her phone.

“Hello?”

“Christy Hi.”

“Oh, hey Nate,” she chirped. “What’s up?”

I scratched the back of my head. “Please don’t freak out, but Jade fainted.”

“What!” she shouted into the phone, forcing me to move it from my ear.

“What the hell do you mean, she fainted?”

“I asked her about this Brian guy and showed her a note from him and she just collapsed.”

“Oh, shit,” she groaned. “I told her to tell you.”

“Tell me what?”

“Look, it’s not my place to say this, but Brian was her ex and he’s bad news.”

“So that’s why she fainted?” I asked, feeling like an ass for bringing him up.

“Most likely,” she answered. “I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

With that, she hung up. What is it with women and them just hanging up unexpectedly? A little warning would be nice. Jade was still knocked out cold. I tried not to hover over her, but I was still so worried.

I was relieved when my sister opened the door. It was a lucky thing that I gave her a key because I would not have been able to leave Jade here to let her in.

“Nate?” she yelled my name.

“We’re in the living room,” I yelled back.

“What happened?” B asked as she sprinted across the room.

“I told her about a note that was in her car from some guy, and she freaked out and just collapsed.”

B sighed. “She must have had a major panic attack.”

“Well, will she be alright?”

“She’ll be fine,” B reassured me. “She just needs time to get over the shock.”

She reached into her back and pulled out a bottle, holding it up to read it. Just as she opened it, there was a knock at the door.

“Who is it?” I hollered, not wanting to leave Jade’s side.

“It’s Christy, open up.”

“It’s open, just come in.”

Next thing I knew, Christy was running into the room with a disheveled Joseph behind her. I looked at him, confused. Why was he here?

“I was with him when you called,” Christy spoke up, already knowing what I was thinking. “He got me here.”

That explains why he looked like a hot mess. They probably were getting it on before I called.

“How is she?” They asked.

“She’s fine. My sister is looking after her.”

“Your sister? Shouldn’t we take her to the hospital?” She did not look impressed.

“Don’t worry, my sister is a nurse.”

“Oh.”

We turned and watched as B held up the bottle to Jade's nose and swirled it around to have the smell resonate with her. Jade's nose crinkled when she smelt it, and suddenly she lurched forward and gripped her nose.

She looked at us wide-eyed. "What is that awful smell?"

"Oh, thank God."

"You had us scared there for a minute," Christy sighed.

"You should lie back down," B told her. Jade turned to look at her, surprised to see her there.

"What's going on?" she asked as she looked around the room at all of us. "What are you doing here Christy?"

I chose my words carefully. "You fainted, Tesoro."

"Oh," she looked everywhere but at me.

Christy walked up to Jade and whispered something in her ear. Jade's eyes widened in fear as she listened to what Christy was saying. If I had to guess, Christy was asking Jade to tell me about Brian but if just the mention of his name elicited such a reaction out of her, I would rather be in the dark.

"Let's give these two some privacy," Christy declared as she ushered them out of the room.

As soon as they were gone, I glanced at Jade, who was already staring at me. I looked down at her hands, which were clenched tightly at her side.

"Are you feeling okay?" I probed her. "Do you need anything?"

"I'm fine Nathan," she sighed, and we fell back into silence.

About five minutes passed before either of us spoke.

"I owe you an explanation."

"We don't have to do this right now." I gave her the option to talk later.

“No, no,” she stood her ground. “You have a right to know.”

“Okay,” I agreed. “Who is he?”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes before opening them again. “He was my ex, and he abused me.”

Well shit, that is not what I expected to hear.

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Jade Samuels

When I told Nate about what Brian used to do to me, he did not take it well, which is exactly why I held off on telling him.

“Why isn’t this dude behind bars?” his voice resonated through the room.

Christy and the others had come running into the room after Nathan’s first outburst but left again after one look from me. Christy understood I had finally told him about Brian, and he needed to let off some steam. I was thankful she got Joseph and B to leave the room as well, because I could not face them yet.

“Fuck,” He whispered as he walked over to me then falling to his knees.

“I’m so sorry, Tesoro,” he mumbled. “I wouldn’t have mentioned him if I knew.”

“It’s okay, you didn’t know. It’s a good thing you told me because now I know he knows where I am.”

He tensed. “Can you tell me what happened?”

I nodded hesitantly. “But I won’t go into too many details.”

He accepted that answer. “I don’t think I’d survive if you went into all the details.”

I laughed softly at that. “He’s from Jamaica just like me and he’s what we call a Don back home. He’s like the mafia leaders you read about, except worse. There’s no one that he cares about, no family or friends. At first, he hid that side of himself from me and I was clueless for a good three months, but then I put the pieces together.

There were always people shadowing us. He would have to leave at odd hours to do only God knows what, and he always went to the seaport on Saturdays. One time I saw him with a gun and that’s when I confronted him. He told me what

he did for a living and at first, it scared me, but I later ignored it. That was my first mistake. I didn't know it then, but he would become my worst nightmare. When he opened up about what he did, it's like a part of him snapped."

He became obsessive. He wouldn't let me go anywhere alone. He forced me to move in with him and forced me to quit my job. One night a guy hit on me and even though I did nothing wrong, he was angry with me. I told him I'd leave if he kept up this behavior, but he only laughed. He hit me in the face and then beat the shit out of me. When he left, I grabbed what I could and ran. I moved in with Christy and the rest is history."

"Why did you stay with him after you found out he was a criminal?"

"I thought I could save him from himself, but now I know there isn't a woman on this Earth that could."

He sighed and moved to sit beside me. "Why didn't you tell me this sooner?"

I shrugged. "I didn't want you to think I was weak."

"Hey, don't do that," he pulled me to him. "You're one of the strongest persons I know."

"R-really?"

"Of course, love, besides it's not your fault he hurt you."

"Yeah, I know."

"Good, now we need to think of a way to get rid of him," he released me from his hold. "Do you mind if the guys come back?"

"Umm w-well I umm.... sure."

"Okay, great," he failed to notice how nervous his question made me. He is a sweetheart, but he can be so oblivious sometimes. Either that or he was just ignoring me.

Christy, B, and Joseph walked into the room after Nathan yelled out their names. Christy gave me a comforting look as she approached me.

“You good honey?”

My lips tugged up into a smile. “I’m hanging in there.”

“Okay guys, so Christy knows what’s going on, but for Belle and Joseph, I’ll let Jade tell you what she’s comfortable with.”

All eyes were on me. I knew I would need help to get away from Brian for good, but I was not yet comfortable sharing my story with people. It was hard enough telling Christy and then Nathan, but I was also glad he let me tell them so I could control what they heard.

“Well, my ex was crazy, and I had to run away, but he found me again.”

Belle gasped loudly. “That son of a bitch.”

I laughed at her, and Joseph asked, “How do you know he found you?”

At that question, Nathan went and picked up the note from the ground. He handed it to them and sat beside me, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me to him. As soon as Christy finished reading it, she looked over at me.

“What a pig!”

“Yeah, he should be with the dogs,” B gritted out, having read the note.

“I’m assuming you’re the white trash?” Joseph directed his question to Nathan.

“That I am,” he grinned happily.

“You seem way too happy to be called white trash.”

“I mean, I have Jade and he doesn’t. I’m the winner here,” he told me.

“Aw,” I pulled him in for a quick kiss.

“Ew guys, get a room,” one of them yelled.

“We’re already in a room,” Nate groaned, annoyed at being interrupted. I laughed at his antics.

“Anyways I don’t know if Nate told you this, but my husband works for the FBI. I’m sure he could help us with Brian.”

“Oh wow, your husband is in the FBI,” Christy said in awe.

I had to agree with her.

“Nate’s a billionaire, Belle’s a doctor and her husband’s an FBI agent...it’s like I’m living in a book right now.”

“An R-rated book,” Nate whispered to me as he kissed my neck, causing a shiver to run down my spine.

“He knows where Nate lives so we have to assume he knows where we live too,” Christy spoke quietly.

“We were going to Italy for Nate’s birthday a week from now, how about you guys go early?”

“That’s a great idea,” Nate said.

“A vacation to Italy I’m so in.” Christy was happy at the mere thought of a vacation.

“I don’t know.” I was torn about this. “Shouldn’t I stay to help with Brian?”

“I’ll be here,” Belle assured me. “I’ll be the go-between for this week and then we’ll meet you guys there. Plus, Liam already has a guard with me wherever I go.”

“I was wondering who he was,” Christy laughed. “There was a guy outside when we got here. I totally forgot about him.”

“Well, it’s settled then, we’re going to Italy.”

Jade Samuels

“Yuh ave money fi guh Italy?” my mom asked me.

I sighed. “Yuh know seh mi nuh have money fi that.”

“Then how yah guh?”

I rolled my eyes at my mother’s incessant questioning. I knew it would be a shock for her to hear that I was traveling to Italy, but I underestimated just how inquisitive she was. She has been asking me questions non-stop about my impromptu trip.

“Nate is taking me away for a while since his birthday is coming up.”

“Oh, how is that sweet boy?” Her tone changed dramatically.

I rolled my eyes. My mom spoke to Nate once... once. Ever since then, she has been all sweet with him and normal with me and it is getting old really quick. She even switched to English as if to sound more sophisticated when talking about him.

“He’s fine, mommy,” I looked down at my hands. “I have to go now.”

She sighed. “Alright mek sure yuh call mi wen yuh reach and tell Nathan fi call mi to.”

Like I said, she is sweet on him. I have half a mind to tell dad about how nice she was being so she would stop it. I loved that they got along but not at my expense.

Grabbing my charger, I put my phone on charge. I walked down the stairs to the living room, where Nathan, Joseph, and Christy were busy chatting. They stopped talking as soon as I walked into the room, I just shrugged it off. I was sure Christy would tell me what they were discussing later anyway, so there was no use troubling myself over it.

“Hey guys.”

“Hey Tesoro,” Nathan peered up at me as I went to sit in his lap. Joseph offered me a smile as his way of greeting. I’ve noticed that Joseph is a lot quieter than Christy, which made it so interesting to see how their relationship would turn out.

It had better begin and end happily because I would not stand for my best friend being made unhappy.

“How did the talk with Mama Susan go?” Christy asked as she cuddled up to Joseph.

“Yeah, how did the talk with Mama Susan go?” Nate looked up at me with a shit-eating grin on his face.

I rolled over off his lap with a grunt. “It went as expected.”

They all laughed at my misery, clearly enjoying themselves. Nate tried to pull me closer to him, but I just shrugged out of his arms. He pouted at my antics. He looked so cute when he pouted, so I reluctantly cuddled up to him. I once again rolled my eyes when he laughed. He was lucky I found him so cute.

“So Jade, are you ready to meet Nate’s parents?” It was Joseph who posed the question.

I felt my heart drop as I peeped at Nate. We were going to Italy so I could hide from Brian but we would be celebrating Nate’s birthday as well. Of course, his parents were going to be there. I felt so stupid for not having thought of this, but with the whole Brian thing on my mind, I haven’t had time to sort through my thoughts.

“I hadn’t really thought about it,” I answered honestly as I shifted my body a little away from him.

Nate pulled me right back into him. “They’ll love you.”

“What if they find out about the whole Brian thing and hate me for putting you in danger?” This was another reason why I didn’t want to get Nate involved. I was afraid of what their response would be to the baggage I was carrying with me.

He laughed at my question as if the mere thought of such a thing happening was ridiculous. I didn't find it funny, in fact I was terrified.

"It's not funny, I'd rather go with Brian than have you get hurt and have your parents hate me."

He tensed before anything else. I glanced over at Christy and Joseph who were busy eyeing each other. They glanced at Nate before looking at me and the look they gave me said it all.

I should not have said that.

"Let's go," he mumbled as he helped me to my feet.

"Where are we going?" I stood my ground, refusing to move until he answered me.

He simply glared at me. The feeling of dread that I got from his stare was enough to send shivers down my spine. He didn't give me time to think as he picked me up and threw me over his shoulder.

What the hell?

"Good luck, honey," Christy laughed when Nate was halfway out of the room. "You're going to need it."

"Nate, put me down!" I yelled as I pounded his back. It didn't even affect him with his stupid muscular back.

He walked into his room, slamming the door shut behind him. He dropped me on the bed then turned away to go into his closet. Well, that was anticlimactic.

He returned shortly after with a Bluetooth speaker and his phone in his hand.

"What are you doing with that?" I questioned him.

He once again ignored me and put on some music. It was a bit loud if you asked me.

"Won't the music bother the guys?"

He removed his shirt as he marched over to me. My eyes trailed down his body to his delicious rock-hard abs. It was

unfair how attractive he was, just one look at his muscular physique had me wanting to ride him until I came all over his lap.

“I’m sure they’d much rather hear this than you screaming all night.”

I gulped; my throat suddenly felt so dry. “E-excuse me?”

“Strip.”

“No.”

He moved, so he was close enough to whisper in my ear. He didn’t touch me, no part of him touched me, yet I could still feel the faint touch of his fingers on my skin. “Be a good girl and strip for me.”

As if in a trance, I slowly got up and did as he said. He sat on the bed, eyes focused on me as I stripped out of my clothes, getting completely naked in front of him. His eyes filled with lust and something else that I’ve never seen before.

Before I could question him, he grabbed me and pulled me in for a brutal kiss. I groaned as he shoved his tongue into my mouth. My groan turned into a loud whimper as he ran his finger over my wet cunt. He moaned as he shoved a finger into me.

He pulled away from the kiss as he continued to push his finger in and out of me. My hips moved in rhythm with his hand as I grew close to my climax.

My walls clamped around his finger. “Oh, fuck Nate, I’m right there.”

Again, I regretted speaking. I almost screamed at him when he pulled out his fingers. I was so close.

“Why did you stop?” I lost my breath as he pushed into me with one hard, powerful thrust.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I whined as I tried to get used to his size.

He pulled out and thrust into me even harder. My pussy walls were like a fist around him. I ran a hand through his hair

as I moved with him, meeting his hard thrust.

“Ah yes!” I screamed as he took my hands and held them above me, pummeling me with such force that my orgasm was about to crash into me.

“Fuck, Nate, no!” I cried as he pulled out of me completely. “Put it back in.”

He flipped me so I was on all fours and slammed back into me. I was a moaning mess by this time. My body was in overdrive after being denied two orgasms. He groaned as he smacked my ass.

“Who do you belong to?”

“What?” I could hardly get a word out.

He pulled out of me and flipped me around so that I was now on my back.

“Who do you belong to?” He grunted through gritted teeth as he eased back into me.

I could hardly focus on what he was saying, as I was so close to finishing. It was the only thing on my mind. I felt consumed at the thought of reaching my peak but I was also frustrated beyond belief.

He gave me one hard thrust before pulling out of me fully. I so want to hit him right now.

“Whose are you?”

“I’m yours,” I whispered. Luckily for me, that was what he needed to hear.

He thrust into me again, hard. “Whose pussy is this?”

“It’s yours!” I exclaimed.

“Good,” he mumbled as he thrust harder. “Remember that the next time you think to say something so stupid.”

My eyes narrowed at his words, but I couldn’t complain as he thrust even harder. He didn’t stop this time. He didn’t deny me the pleasure that I was on the verge of crying for. He

used his finger to rub my clit furiously, forcing my orgasm out of me.

My body felt as if it were floating as my orgasm wracked through me. It was the hardest I have ever orgasmed in my life. My pussy tightened around him once again as he released into me, shooting his sperm into my womb.

If this was the reaction I would get every time I say something stupid, then I should say something stupid more often.

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Crap!

Curse words spewed from my mouth as I limped, yes, limped, down the stairs. I strolled into the kitchen and gathered what I needed to make breakfast. I could have easily waited until someone else made it, but I needed to get out of bed and away from Nate and his dick. I knew I said I should say something stupid more often but after last night I've retracted that statement.

I peeped through the window to make sure the bodyguards Nate hired were still there and in view. We weren't leaving until later, so he hired them to keep watch of the house until then. It

made me feel so much safer having them here.

“What are you doing?”

I jumped, the frying pan flew out of my hand and into the sink. “Yaah eediot gyal.”

Christy just looked at me. “I thought you would wake up on the right side of the bed today.”

“What did you mean by that? I asked her as I once again picked up the pan.

I set it down on the stove and walked over to the fridge to grab some of the things I would need. I grabbed some eggs, bacon, and a box of milk.

“I thought you'd get dicked down,” she laughed.

I limped over to the cupboard and opened them to search for some seasoning. I had Nate run out to get some cause if my food is not seasoned well; I am not eating it. Thankfully, Nate loved what I had made him so far and he happily obliged.

“I guess I was right since you’re limping like a....” she grew silent when she saw the glare I was sporting.

After clearing her throat loudly, she spoke again. “So, what are you cooking?”

“Bacon, eggs, maybe some pancakes.”

“Sweet, I’ll help you.”

We cooked together as we waited for the guys to come down. Nate was usually an early riser, but he was probably tired from all the sex we had last night. I know my vagina needs a break.

“Hey Tesoro,” Nate mumbled as he entered the living room. He was just in time. Christy and I had just finished setting the table.

“Nice to see you awake.”

“Ha-ha, very funny,” he grumbled.

“Did Joseph come down?” Christy asked him.

“I haven’t seen him.”

She sighed and got up from her seat. “I’ll go get him.”

I dragged my feet as I walked to the kitchen and opened the fridge to get out the orange juice for them. I already made my tea and drank it while I was cooking so I could have some orange juice too now if I wanted.

“Oh shit,” I jumped when I turned around and saw Nate standing there. “Don’t sneak up on me like that.”

His eyes raked my body, which was covered only by his shirt. He hid my panties when I tried to put them on last night.

“I couldn’t help but notice that you had a little limp,” he chuckled, taking the orange juice from me.

I speed-walked as fast as I could after him. “No, I don’t.”

“You sure about that?” He was sitting, but I could still see the bulge in his pants.

“I’m s-sure,” I stated firmly as I stood my ground. “My vagina is golden.”

My eyes poked out as I watched him free himself from his sweatpants. He was hard and saluting me from afar. “Well, I clearly didn’t do my job right, since you still have an attitude.”

“Excuse me?”

“Come sit on my dick.”

“What? No.”

“Tesoro, do what you’re told.”

“Christy and Joseph are coming,” I hissed at him.

“You better take a seat before I give them a show.”

I truly hated his arrogance, but I can’t deny that I was wet from having him dominate me. I have never been so submissive before and I’m not sure I like it, but I will take his dick like the champ that I am.

I walked over to him. He pulled me in for a deep kiss until we could hear footsteps getting louder as they approached us. He turned me quickly, so that I was sitting on his lap, positioned himself, and pushed into me. I looked down as I tried to contain my moan of pleasure. Nate was not as discreet as me and let out a soft groan before muffling his face into my back.

“Good morning, everyone,” Joseph chirped as he walked into the room.

“Hey Joseph.”

“Hi.”

“Why aren’t you sitting in a chair?” Christy asked as she sat beside Joseph. Luckily, the table was high enough that they couldn’t see anything from the waist down, so they had no clue that Nate’s dick was actually inside me right now. I didn’t answer because honestly, what was I going to say?

I shifted on top of him, causing him to move deeper inside me. Stuffing a piece of bacon into my mouth, I tried my best to keep quiet and not embarrass myself by moaning

loudly in front of my friends. I was glad she forgot about the question and began stuffing food in her mouth.

We ate and made small talk with each other. Nate had a hand on my thigh to keep me steady, so I didn't move all that much.

"Aren't you guys going to pack?" I asked, to fill the silence.

"Oh, shoot... I knew I was forgetting something."

She stuffed a piece of bacon into her mouth and ran out of the room. Joseph kept stuffing food in his mouth while she was gone.

"Joseph!" she yelled.

I winced. "You should probably go to her."

He gulped down his remaining orange juice before running out of the room. As soon as Joseph was gone, Nate pushed me off him. He caught me off guard when he bent me over the table and slammed into me.

"Fuck," He mumbled. "This is going to be a quick one, baby."

"Ah yes," I groaned as he slammed into me repeatedly.

"You feel so good," I moaned quietly.

"That's it, Tesoro, take my cock."

He thrust into me hard as we both chased our release. My whole body stiffened as he smacked my ass, and he came shooting his cum into me. I came a second later. I bit my lip to stop myself from screaming his name.

He pulled out of me and turned me around to face him. I could feel his cum dripping out of me, coating my thighs.

"You okay Tesoro?"

I felt drunk from my high as I answered him. "I'm so good Nate."

I took a step away from him and stumbled. I gasped loudly when he swept me off my feet, carrying me bridal style.

“I’m sorry, baby,” he mumbled as he kissed my forehead. He walked us to his room and opened the door. He sat me down on the bed and walked into the bathroom. It was about a minute later when he emerged.

He picked me up and brought me into his bathroom. He filled the tub with soapy water, it smelled incredible.

“Aw Nate, you did this for me?”

He kissed me on the forehead. “It’s the least I can do since I was tearing that ass up.”

I rolled my eyes and took off his shirt. The water felt heavenly as it touched my bare skin.

It was pure bliss. He fucked the shit out of me and then prepared a bubble bath for me moments later.

I could get used to this.

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Nathan Masters

“Have you ever been on a plane before?” Jade gave me a deadpanned look before nodding.

“I mean, I moved from Jamaica to live here in the United States. I’m quite sure it’d take a lot longer by sea.”

“You’re snippy today,” I raised a brow. “What I meant to ask is, do you get anxious while flying?”

“Nope, I’m sleeping most of the flight there.”

“Okay great, I just had to ask. I want to be prepared to help if you have a fear of flying.”

She pecked my cheek. “I got that, and I appreciate you looking out for me.”

She kissed me gently on the lips before resting her head on my shoulder. We were currently in my car and on our way to the airport. Christy and Joseph were in a different car since I had bodyguards drive there. I already arranged security in Italy, but based on what Jade told me, Brian was not the type of guy to travel that far from home. It would be bad for his business and he would need a visa to get there.

I tried to minimize the amount of Brian talk I did around Jade because I feared she would freak out and have a panic attack again. I would much rather have concrete information to present to her than just some random bullshit.

“We’re here!” Jade grinned when the car came to a stop.

“I didn’t think you’d get this excited,” I told her.

“Well, why not?”

“Because you said you’ll be asleep most of the way.”

“That’s exactly why I’m excited.”

She hopped out of the car just as Joseph’s car pulled up. Opening my door, I stepped out of the car. I put my shades on since the sun was currently out. Phil and Frank, two of the

guards, were busy loading our luggage onto the plane as I walked over to everyone.

“You guys ready to board?”

“Oh yeah, but shouldn’t we get our luggage?”

“Phil and Frank are already taking care of it.”

“Oh well, let’s hit the road or the air then,” Christy smiled widely.

Jade laughed and moved to walk towards the airport. Christy was right beside her.

“Um Tesoro, we’re not going into the airport.”

“What?” she spun around to face me. “Then how are we going to get there?”

“We’re taking my jet.”

She blinked at me in utter disbelief. “I’m sorry. I thought you just said you have a jet.”

I pointed over to my jet that was on the tarmac. Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped. “I can’t believe you’re this rich.”

I got a little nervous when she said that. It reminded me of times when women would throw themselves at me because of my wealth. I knew Jade wasn’t doing that because she had no idea who I was before the day we met, which was so refreshing, and not once, as she asked me for anything money related.

The most she has asked me for is a mango smoothie, and that was because I refused to let her pay for it.

“Let’s go!” she screamed excitedly as she bolted past me and over to the jet.

“Wait for me!” Christy yelled as she ran after her.

Joseph and I watched as our women ran over to the jet. They looked like little kids who just got a new toy. It was cute.

“So how are things with Christy?”

“Things are going great, man. How about you and Jade?”

“It has been amazing so far,” I stated honestly. “I’m just a little nervous about having her meet mom.”

“Yeah, your mom hates every girl you bring home.”

“Tell me about it,” I sighed.

“So, what are you going to do if she doesn’t like Jade?”

I scoffed. “Jade’s a sweetheart. I’m sure she’ll love her.”

“Whatever you say, man,” he threw his hands up in surrender. “Just prepare yourself for anything. I love your mom and all, but she’s unpredictable.”

We arrived at the jet and climbed the staircase. I went inside to find Jade sipping a glass of champagne.

“Hey,” she greeted me. “Come sit beside me.”

I smiled at her. “I have to speak with the pilot really quick and then I’ll be back.”

“Oh, okay, hurry back.”

I walked over to the cockpit, passing the attendant’s quarters along the way and knocked on the door. It opened a second later to reveal my pilot and co-pilot, The Millers. They were a married couple in their fifties that I hired when I was on a trip to Spain. They wanted to move to America to be closer to their kids, but they couldn’t find a job here, so I hired them on the spot.

“Mr. And Mrs. Miller, how are we today?”

“Nathan darling, I thought I told you to call us Karina and Lorenzo,” Karina said as she came over to hug me.

“I’m sorry Karina.”

“Oh, that’s fine Mi Amor, I’m just happy to see you. Is she here?”

Karina was like a mom to me, having been traveling with her whenever I left the country. Of course, I had to tell her about Jade before I got here.

“Let’s go see her,” Lorenzo suggested, as he stood from his seat. “Nice to see you again, Nathan.”

“You too. Let’s go.”

The three of us walked out of the cockpit together. I haven’t had a girlfriend in so long, so they were excited. Jade’s eyes were closed when we walked in. She couldn’t be asleep already, could she?

“Tesoro, are you asleep?” I whispered.

“Hmm, not yet, but I will be soon. You really wore me out.”

My ears reddened as I looked back at Karina and Lorenzo, who were barely holding in their laughter.

I cleared my throat. “I have someone I want you to meet.”

She immediately opened her eyes to look at me. “Who is it?”

“Jade, this is Karina and Lorenzo Miller.” I pointed to them. “Guys, this is my girlfriend, Jade.”

“It’s so nice to meet you, Hermosa.”

Karina squealed with delight as she pulled her into a hug.

“It is so nice to meet you guys,” she stated sincerely.

I was so glad that they were getting along. It gave me hope my parents would respond in the same way. Sadly, I could never be prepared for what actually happened.

Jade Samuels

We left the airport and were currently on our way to his parents' house. Even though they had a house in Miami, they spent more time here in Italy. His mom wanted to throw him an elaborate party to celebrate his birthday, despite him wanting to do something simple this year.

"Are you sure they're going to like me?" I've been asking the same question nonstop ever since I found out we'd be staying at his parents' house.

"You need to relax, Tesoro," he tried his best to calm me. "They're going to love you."

"You're right," I fidgeted with the hem of my dress. "I mean, what's not to love?"

"Atta girl."

"You got this mama," Christy encouraged me. I smiled gratefully at her.

The chauffeur pulled up to a black gate and stopped the car. He entered a code into a control panel inside the wall, and the gate slowly opened. I can do this, I told myself as the car pulled up to the house. They filled the yard with colorful flowers and luscious trees, that made the driveway feel like an open garden. There was even a little fountain off to the side that had water gushing out of it. I hopped out of the car as soon as it stopped and looked around me. I turned around to look at the house, which was more like a mansion than anything else.

Its exterior design was beautiful and painted in colors that complemented the scenery. I've always been a fan of interior decorating. I wanted to be an interior designer before everything went south with Brian. Now that I'm no longer with him, I could pursue it.

I took a deep breath as Nathan made his way over to me and took my shaking hand in his. I can't believe I was this

nervous about meeting his parents. What has this man done to me?

“Baby, you’re shaking,” He pointed out the obvious. “Are you sure you’re, okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” I brushed off his concern. “I can do this.”

He kissed me quickly on the lips. “You can do this, Tesoro. Stop stressing, it’s just my parents.”

He was right. I had nothing to worry about. They raised him and he turned out great, so why was I worried about meeting them? Maybe it’s because I was black, and they weren’t?

The longer I thought about it the more I realized that was it. I was concerned that they would want their son to date someone of the cultural background as him. Older folks were sometimes more traditional with these things and might have a future planned out for Nate in their heads.

I held my breath as Nate knocked on the door.

“Breathe, Tesoro,” he whispered to me. “Everything is going to be fine.”

I looked back at Christy, who smiled softly at me. Joseph gave me a thumbs-up. At least if things went south, I had them with me.

The door opened to reveal an older version of Nate. The only difference was the greying hair and this air of maturity that comes with being older. “Nathan, my boy, so glad you made it.”

His dad pulled him in for a bear hug. Nate pulled away first and looked towards me. He took my hand, pulling me towards him.

“Dad, this is Jade, my girlfriend.”

“Ah, so this is Jade,” he mumbled with a surprised look on his face.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you, honey,” he grinned as he pulled me in for a hug as well.

Well, he certainly was a hugger. He hugged Christy and Joseph before stepping aside and allowing us to waltz in.

“Oh wow,” I muttered as I looked around at the interior of the house. I thought the outside was beautiful, but it had nothing on the interior. It had an old yet modern feel to it- I could see cobblestone on the walls but the furnishings were easily from this decade.

“This place is amazing,” I said aloud as I followed behind Nate.

“I’m glad you like it, dear,” Mr. Masters said as he led us to the living room.

“Please take a seat,” we all sat and made ourselves comfortable.

“It is a beautiful house.” I couldn’t help but comment on the magnificence of the house one last time.

“This is our ancestral home,” he informed me. “We have passed it down through the family for generations.”

“How interesting.”

“Enough about that, Nathan. You didn’t tell me your girlfriend was so beautiful.”

I blushed. “Thank you, Mr. Masters.”

“It’s Damen to you, dear.”

Nathan growled as he wrapped his arm around my waist. “Stop hitting on my woman, dad.”

He chuckled as he raised his hand in a surrender gesture.

“Where’s mom?”

“She went out for something. She’ll be back soon.”

“Just great,” I mumbled under my breath. “I was hoping to get the introductions over and done with.”

“You’ll be fine,” Nate kissed my cheek. “I’m going to show Jade around the house.”

“Don’t take long. You know how your mother gets.”

He nodded. “Of course, dad. Joseph, Christy, you good here?”

“Of course, they’re good,” his dad answered. “I’m the life of the party.”

Christy dissolved into laughter. “We’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, go explore,” Joseph piped up.

I got up with Nate and followed him as he showed me around the house. The kitchen was my favorite part by far as it had a nostalgic feel to it while being traditional and modern simultaneously, plus it was huge, and I loved to eat. The kitchen was my favorite room in any house. It’s second only to whichever room I receive multiple orgasms in.

“And this was my room,” I tuned in to what he was saying.

It startled me when he spun me, pressing me up against the door. I groaned as he smashed his lips to my own. He shoved his tongue into my mouth and gave my butt a playful squeeze.

“Hmm Nate, stop,” I panted as he kissed down my neck.

“You really want me to stop?” he asked slyly.

I thought about it for a brief second. “No.”

“No, what?”

What did he expect me to say?

“No, Sir.” I was unsure that was what he wanted to hear, but his hum of approval changed that.

“I’ve wanted to do that all afternoon,” he grunted as he pulled me out of the room. I almost felt like a rag doll with how easily he manipulated my movements and kept me glued to him.

“Was it worth it?” I asked playfully.

He looked pleased with himself. “Gimme one more kiss so I can decide.”

I giggled as I gave him another passionate kiss.

He huffed. “Yep, definitely worth it.”

“Let’s go. Your mom must have already arrived.”

His grip on my arm tightened slightly as he led me back to the living room. Joseph, Christy, and Damen were there, but they were talking to someone else, a woman.

She jumped from her seat as soon as we entered the room. “Nate, my baby.”

“Hello mother.”

“Mother? So formal,” she pouted as she hugged him.

“Who’s this?” she asked when she noticed me standing there, my hand still in Nate’s much larger one.

“Mom, this is Jade, my girlfriend. Jade, this is my mother.”

“She’s your girlfriend?” her mouth fell open in shock.

He nodded, a bright smile on his face. “Yeah, she is.”

“But she’s black!”

As soon as she said that I felt as if my heart had lodged itself in my throat in a desperate attempt to flee my chest. I knew things were far too good to be true.

Nathan Masters

“But she’s black!”

My smile morphed into a frown as soon as I heard what she said. I loved my mother to death, but what the fuck did she just say?

“What did you just say?” I dared her to repeat it.

“Your girlfriend is black.” I grew tense when I felt Jade try to shift away from me.

“Do you have a problem with that?” I asked through gritted teeth.

As if sensing my impending fury, she laughed it off and played nice. Which was a good thing because I would not stand for any sort of racism against Jade, even from family, especially from family.

“No, not at all. Let’s have lunch,” she spoke as she turned around and walked away, not once acknowledging Jade. “I just have to make a phone call first.”

Dad sighed as he approached us. “I’m sorry Jade. She isn’t normally like this.”

“I can’t say that it’s okay,” Jade spoke firmly. “Because it’s not but you don’t have to apologize for something you didn’t do.”

Dad smiled slightly as her before looking at me. “You better keep this one close, son.”

He patted me on the shoulder. “Now let’s eat.”

“You all go ahead. I need a minute with my girlfriend.”

“Sure thing,” Christy focused on Jade. “Are you okay?”

“I’ll be fine.”

“I swear I was about to beat a bitch,” Christy mumbled as she walked away, but I ignored her. Mom was disrespectful for no reason at all, so she deserved to be scolded.

I faced Jade, directing all my attention to her. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

She avoided my eyes. “I’m fine Nathan.”

I hooked my finger under her chin and raised it so that she was facing me. “Don’t you dare lie to me, Tesoro.”

She huffed. “What makes you think I’m lying?”

I held a finger to my head as if deep in thought. “Oh, I don’t know, maybe because you called me Nathan when my name is clearly Nate, baby or babe.”

She snorted. “You’re so dumb.”

“Only for you, Tesoro.”

“You know you can talk to me about anything, right?”

She nodded.

“Including what just happened.”

She blew out a breath. “Honestly babe, I’ve experienced far worse treatment from people in my life just because of the color of my skin. I just wasn’t prepared for your mother to be like them.”

I sucked in a breath. I knew not everyone saw racism as barbaric, but one would think that people would grow up and not be so stupid as to judge people based on their skin color. I have never once seen my mother foul mouth or insult a black person, but maybe I was just blind to it.

“It’s not okay the way the world is and while I can’t fix the minds of every flawed human being, I will give my mom a piece of my mind for what she said.”

“Well, you better,” she grumbled as she shuffled on her feet. “Can we head in for food now? I’m starving.”

I silently wrapped my hand around her waist as I led her to the dining area. The table was filled with delicious delicacies that looked far too good to eat. I pulled out a chair and gestured for Jade to sit.

“I’m in heaven.” She wiped away a fake tear as her eyes swept over the food.

“I’ve never understood how you could fit so much food into that tiny body of yours,” Christy observed her.

“I could say the same about you,” Joseph told Christy.

She was at a loss for words. “I’m a growing girl.”

“Is that really the comeback you came up with?” I entered the conversation.

Just then, mom walked into the room with her head held high and a satisfied look on her face. Her phone call took a lot longer than I expected it to.

“What’s all the laughing about?” she asked as she eased into the conversation.

I looked over at Jade, who looked uncomfortable being here. I reached out to her, taking her hand in mine. She smiled gratefully at me before facing the others.

“Dig in everyone.”

We started dishing out our food onto our separate plates.

“So Jade,” mom began. Jade tensed before slowly relaxing.

“Yes, Mrs. Masters?”

“What do you do for a living?”

“I’m a server at one of Nate’s restaurants.”

“You work for him?” she scoffed. “How interesting.”

“Lana, stop it.” Dad hissed; he was as annoyed as I was by her behavior.

She shrugged him off and kept her attention on Jade. “So, where exactly did you come from?”

“Sorry?”

“I meant, where were you born?”

“I grew up in Jamaica,” she answered with a wistful smile on her face.

“That must have been fun,” Joseph spoke to ease the uncomfortable situation.

“Yes, I’ve heard there are many hustlers in that small country.”

We all grew silent. Was she implying that Jade was with me to hustle money?

“Mrs. Masters,” Christy broke the silence. “Why don’t we discuss something else?”

“I’m sorry. Who are you?”

I could practically see a vein ticking in Christy’s neck as she held on tightly to her fork.

“I’m Joseph’s girlfriend,” she said sweetly, which was a vast contrast to the furious look on her face.

“Another hussy I see,” mom mumbled as she put a piece of asparagus into her mouth. “At least you’re pretty like Alina.”

“Did this bitch just call me a hussy?” Christy snapped as she jumped to her feet.

“That’s our cue to go,” Joseph chirped as he held onto his girlfriend.

He picked her up, kicking and screaming, and threw her over his shoulder. Jade, dad, and I watched as they left the room. I turned to mom to find her still peacefully eating her food.

“What the hell was that?”

“Watch the way you speak to me,” she pointed a finger at me. “I am your mother.”

“No, he’s right,” Dad agreed with me. “What are you doing, Lana?”

She sighed. “I just think our son could do so much better than this. She works for you and has a different background than us. You couldn’t find a decent, independent, girl right here at home?”

“That’s it,” Jade slammed down her hand and stood up to leave.

“No, Jade wait.”

“You should listen to him dear; you wouldn’t want to miss out on all the fun.”

“You know, I was excited to meet you, but I was also nervous at the same time. I was afraid that you would be like them, the small-minded people who believe in the backwards way of thinking- that cultures aren’t meant to be mixed. Nate convinced me otherwise. He told me how wonderful you were and that I would like you. I desperately wanted to be wrong, but it’s sad to see that I was right.”

With that, she ran out of the room. I turned to look at my mother, the one who gave birth to me, and found that I could not recognize her at all.

“You’re dead to me.”

Fear sank into her eyes as she watched me leave. I ran after Jade, hoping she would forgive me for bringing her here.

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Jade Samuels

I stormed out of the room, making my way outside. I could hear Nate running after me, but I didn't stop for him. I was far too embarrassed and enraged. My mind still hasn't fully wrapped around what just happened. She hated me because I wasn't one of them, but Christy wasn't even dating her son, so why insult her too? Was it because we were friends?

I felt relieved when I saw Christy and Joseph standing outside. He was talking to her, but she was completely ignoring what he was saying. I could tell by the way she avoided looking at him that she was pissed off that he dragged her out

here.

"Jade!" her voice rose in volume as she ran over to meet me. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine."

"I swear I was about to beat her up." She held up her fists. "As a matter of fact..."

She tried to sidestep me, but I was one step ahead of her. "Yo Joseph, come get your girl."

He took her from me, her hands still balled into fists as she struggled against him.

It was then that Nate walked out. He took small, measured steps towards me. He approached me as one would a lion, but it was unnecessary. I didn't blame him for what happened.

"Why do you look so scared to come near me?" I asked before ginning. "I don't bite unless you want me to, of course."

That got him to laugh. "I was worried that you would be mad at me."

I raised a brow. “Why would I be mad at you?”

“Because of what happened in there.”

“That wasn’t your fault, Nate,” I tried to reassure him, but he just shook his head.

“I should have defended you.”

He left me baffled. “You did defend me.”

“I should have defended you more,” he muttered as he stared at me.

I didn’t understand why he was beating himself about this, but I had to understand what he meant. “Why didn’t you?”

He looked down, concealing his eyes from me and the world. “I wanted to, I really did, but I was just so shocked that she would do this. I mean, I’ve never seen her behave this way.”

I could only imagine how he was feeling right now. He grew up knowing a different woman to the one he saw today. The shock, disappointment and even anger coursing through him must be overwhelming. I took a step towards him, pulling him into a hug. He wrapped his arm around my waist, clinging to me. I smiled when he burrowed his face into my neck and placed a soft kiss there. I’ve seen him happy, playful, flirty and in the throes of passion but now I was seeing a vulnerable side to him.

“You’re not going to leave me over this, right?”

I pulled away to look at him. “Of course not. Look, I understand that the way she acted came as an immense shock to you, but you still defended me in your own way-”

“But” he interrupted me.

“No buts,” I patted his arm. “I didn’t expect you to cuss your mother out. You handled it well, Nate.”

He drew in a breath but nodded. “If she ever disrespects me again, I will show her the real Jamaican side of me.”

“Which side is that?” He asked.

“The side that isn’t afraid to say colorful words.”

I could hear his laughter, loud and clear as he watched me. “I’ll book us a hotel and then we can leave here.”

“Good, because I don’t want to stay in the same house as her.”

He nodded and pecked me on the lips. He walked away and got on the phone, arranging everything.

“You calm now?” I asked Christy as I faced her.

“I will be as soon as we get the hell out of here.”

I chuckled. “Nate’s booking us a hotel right now.”

Joseph spoke up. “I have to talk to him.”

We watched as he walked over to Nate. “So, are you really okay with this?”

I shook my head. “No, I wanted to fight her.”

“That makes two of us,” she grunted. “I understand why you didn’t though, since it’s his mother.”

“You’re right, but I wanted to,” I held back a grimace. “I wanted too so bad.”

“Did Joseph give you any insight into why she would be mean to you? I would’ve thought you’d fit right in.”

She rolled her eyes, not at all offended by what I said. “Apparently she wanted Joseph and Belle to date, but that didn’t happen and now she’s bitter about it.”

“But Belle is married,” I gasped.

“Divorce is very much real to her.”

“One would think that the love of an Italian would rub off on her, but she’s a bitch at heart.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Okay, ready to go?”

“Did you book the hotel?”

“Nope, I totally forgot. Joseph has a house here.”

My eyes widened on their own. “How do you forget about a house?”

He shrugged. “He has a lot.”

“Why were we staying at his parents’ house?” Christy directed the question at Joseph.

He ran a hand through his hair. “I had a feeling that something like this would happen, and I wanted us to be close by.”

“Aw, how sweet,” Christy grinned as she kissed his cheek.

“Wait a minute, so you knew she would hate me?”

“Oh no, not at all,” he shook his head. “But his mom hates anyone he brings over ever since Alina.”

“Hey, that’s the girl she compared me to!” Christy exclaimed.

“Oh shit,” Nate mumbled under his breath, but I ignored it.

“Who is she?”

“Who’s who?” He acted as if he had no clue who I was talking about.

“Don’t play dumb with me. Who’s Alina?”

“She’s the daughter of a good friend of my mom.”

“She’s also his ex,” Joseph told me.

“Dude!” he yelled at him.

“What?” he snapped. “She has a right to know.”

“Can you give us a minute?” I asked them.

“Sure thing, we’ll just go get the bags.”

“No!” Christy yelled. “I want to hear this.”

“Let’s go, woman,” he tugged on her arm, dragging her away.

“I’ll help you bury the body,” she yelled just before Joseph slammed the door shut.

“She was joking, right?” He laughed nervously as he looked between me and the door.

“Oh, no, she was very serious.”

He went silent.

“I’m tempted to take her up on her offer. Why weren’t you going to tell me she was your ex?”

“What?”

“Just now you said she was the daughter of your mom’s friend. You failed to mention that you two dated.”

“Joseph blurted it out, anyway.”

“That’s not the point,” I told him. “Joseph isn’t my boyfriend, you are. You should have told me.”

“I’m sorry, okay, I am. I was going to tell you, just not now.”

“And why not now?”

“Because I didn’t want to give you a reason to be upset with me,” he spoke through gritted teeth. “Especially after what happened in there.”

I gazed at him, wondering what to do? On one side I could see why he wanted to wait but on the other hand he should have told me straight away. I wanted to make a fuss about the entire thing, but I really didn’t have the energy for anymore drama, and he was coming from a good place.

“Come here,” I opened my arms for him.

He stepped into my arms, and I wrapped them around him. “You need to stop worrying. If you tell me the truth, everything will be okay between us, okay?”

“Okay,” he mumbled. “Does that include if you ask me if you look fat in an outfit?”

I burst out laughing. “Don’t push it, honey.”

Nathan Masters

It's been a week since the fiasco with my mother and I haven't seen her since. My dad visited us, and we met up for dinner once, but aside from that, nothing.

When we arrived at Joseph's house, it was around eight o'clock, and we were starving.

Jade and I went to get groceries so that we could prepare food while we were there. She insisted she went since she and I would do most of the cooking. We loved our friends dearly, but they can't cook. Years of having maids and cooks do that to someone. The same would have happened with me if my grandmother was not so

adamant that I learned the basics of surviving on my own. I was so thankful she did that.

I turned into quite the tour guide, hitting up all the popular tourist attractions with everyone. Jade was eating it up like a little kid. She has never looked more beautiful to me, with her dark skin glistening in the sun.

Her curly hair was out and free and a big smile was on her face. I could not get over how beautiful she was.

"Are you good?" She asked me.

I was currently taking a bubble bath with her, and I must have zoned out. This whole thing with her and my mom has taken a toll on me because I wanted them to get along.

"I'm alright, Tesoro."

She turned around so that she could face me, her beautiful breast came into view. Her eyes darkened when she saw the heated look in mine.

"You good there, Nate?" Her tone was playful as she took my semi-hard length into her hand.

"Don't start something you can't finish, Tesoro," I took a deep breath as I tried my best not to slam into her.

She grinned at me and moved her hand up and down on my dick. “Oh, I can definitely finish it, baby.”

She gasped as I pulled her to me and slammed my lips against her own. I growled as I shoved my tongue into her mouth, completely taking control of the kiss. She groaned as she moved to straddle my hips, grinding herself on me. My hands went to her hips to steady her rhythm.

“How do you want it, Tesoro?”

“However, you want to give it to me.”

“Slow and steady. I want to savor your sweet pussy.”

“Yes please,” she squealed as I lifted her slightly and sunk my dick into her heat.

Her moan was loud, and long as she rested her forehead on my own. She raised herself, sliding me out of her before slamming down on me, taking me to the hilt.

“Fuck,” I groaned.

“Ah yes,” she moaned as she bounced on me.

The water in the tub sloshed over to the side and went on to the floor, but we were too lost in the moment to care. We chased our high as I repeatedly thrust into her. Loud moans and groans filled the room.

“I’m gonna cum!” she shouted as she moved her hips.

“Look at me, Tesoro,” I trailed a hand down to her clit, rubbing it with my fingers.

Her eyes widened at the new pleasurable feeling that took over her body. I saw her eyes were about to close and moved my hand away from her. She groaned as she snapped her eyes back to me.

“Keep your eyes on me,” I commanded her as I continued to rub her clit again, picking up my pace and slamming into her.

“Cum for me Nate,” she stared at me as she clenched around me so tightly, screaming my name.

I pumped into her a couple more times before shooting my seed into her. She slumped down on me as she tried to regain her breathing.

“Now I need a shower,” she laughed as she pulled away.

“I have to go meet a friend, but I’ll bring you back some chocolate.”

She pouted at me but smiled at the mention of chocolate. “Could you pick up a pizza on the way back? I don’t feel like cooking.”

“Whatever you want, Tesoro.”

She pecked me on the lips before sliding off of me. I stood up and got out of the tub. She had her mouth open as her eyes trailed down my body- checking me out.

“You better close your mouth before I give you something to suck on.”

Her mouth snapped shut as I laughed. I grabbed a towel, wrapping it around my body and went into the guest bedroom that was right next to us. I took a quick shower, got dressed, and went downstairs.

Joseph and Christy just pulled up from their dinner date when I opened the door.

“Hey Nathan, where’s my girl?”

“In the shower,” I answered her.

“Perfect,” she mumbled as she gave Joseph a look before walking into the house. “Don’t keep me waiting, Joseph.”

I laughed as his cheeks reddened. He was as whipped as I was.

“So, are you going to meet her?”

I nodded. I told Jade I was meeting a friend, but I lied. I felt awful lying to her, but I didn’t want her to know where I was going. My mom has been bugging me to see her, but I put it off until now and it was only because my father asked me to go.

“Good luck.”

“I’ll need it.”

We parted ways. I went to meet my mother at this cafe that she liked. I also had to pick up B and her husband from the airport, as she would not accept me sending someone for her. At least I could surprise Jade with her.

I pulled up to the Cafe and got out of the car. I walked up to the building but stopped when I spotted my mom outside.

“Mother,” I murmured as I took my seat.

“Nathan, my dear, I’m so happy to see you.”

I gave her a look filled with disdain. “Sadly, I can’t say the same about you.”

“You’re not still mad about what happened days ago, are you?”

I looked at her incredulously. “You bad-mouthed my girlfriend because she’s not from here and accused her of being with me because of my money. Your right mom, I can’t see why I should be mad.”

“Well, she’s using you. I’m sure she didn’t pay for her trip here.” She rolled her eyes.

“Are you trying to piss me off more?”

She sighed. “I just think you should be with someone more suited to you.”

“Someone like Alina?”

“Yes, exactly like Alina.”

“I don’t think you’ve noticed this mother, but Alina is a bitch and I want nothing to do with her.”

She gasped, looking infuriated at my description of her best friend’s daughter. “Well, you’ll be marrying this bitch in a month.”

What the hell did she just say?

Nathan Masters

Did she just say that I was marrying Alina? Was she on drugs, or something cause she's acting delusional?

I took deep breaths to remain calm. We were in a public place, and I would hate to cause a scene. I knew now this was why she wanted to meet in public, because she knew I wouldn't yell at her with all these people around.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"It's quite simple, dear," she spoke condescendingly as she patted me on the arm. "You're getting married to Alina, and that's the end of it."

"Over my dead fucking body," I pushed her hand away.

She glared at me. "I will not allow you to be with that gold digger."

I slammed my hand down on the table. "Her name is Jade, and she is not a gold digger. Need I remind you that you weren't much better off?"

Her face hardened at my venomous words. "You were homeless when dad first saw you. You were a street rat while he was a self-made millionaire, yet somehow you ended up with a ring on your finger, so who's the gold digger now?"

She gasped. Nathan, I am your mother."

"Yeah, well, act like it," I grumbled as I stood to my feet.

"I will not be marrying Alina, and I will not have you meddling in my life," I informed her. "If you can't be happy for me and accept Jade just the way she is, then there's no space for you in my life."

"You would kick me out of your life? For her?" she gaped at me. "I raised you and this is the thanks I get."

"If you call raising me, leaving me with a nanny or dad most of the time or sending me off to my grandparents, then

yes, you raised me. You no longer need to worry about the party. You're not invited."

With that, I turned and walked away from her. If she wanted to behave like a woman scorned and try to ruin my relationship, then I don't need her around. She was not around a lot when I was a kid, so there wouldn't be much of a difference now. My birthday was tomorrow, and I would like to spend it with people that actually cared about how I felt.

Opening the car door, I slipped in and started the engine. Pulling on my seatbelt I turned onto the road and went to the airport to pick up Belle.

My phone started ringing, so I connected the car's Bluetooth so that I would not have to touch my phone.

"Hello."

"Fratello, dove sei?"

"Sto venendo a prenderti all'aeroporto."

"Perfetto, siamo appena atterrati saremo fuori quando arriverai qui."

"Ok a presto."

I hung up and focused on driving. Belle was landing, so by the time I got there, I wouldn't have to wait long to pick them up. I would have sent the jet for them, but she insisted on taking a commercial flight.

As I drove, I thought back to what had just happened with my mother. I hated having to be so harsh with her, but she needed to know that what she was doing wasn't right. Anytime someone brought up what happened, Jade would feel bad that I was on the outs with her, which was why I didn't tell her about today. I would hate for her to feel guilty about something that wasn't her fault.

I pulled up outside the airport just in time to find Belle and her husband walking out. Belle ran up to me, hugging me tightly. After she pulled away, I gave Liam, her husband, a bro hug.

“I’m so excited to be home,” she beamed as she looked around.

“She’s been raving for the entire flight,” Liam told me as we both loaded the bags into the car.

“Has she apologized?” Belle hesitantly asked as we got in the car. Leave it to her to get straight to the point.

“No, she hasn’t,” she frowned.

She was the favorite child. I imagine hearing what our mother did was a tough pill for her to swallow.

“Have you answered any of her calls or gone to see her?”

“Yes Arabelle, I saw our lovely mother today,” I mumbled sarcastically as I drove off and headed for my parents’ house to drop them off. My mom hated Liam too, but she tried to hide it, at least.

“Well, did you two mend fences?”

“She called Jade a gold digger and demanded that I marry Alina.”

“She did what?” Belle shouted in outrage. “I’m going to call her right now.”

Liam and I shared a look but let her do as she pleased. It was futile to try and talk her out of something she was set on. She had the call on speaker. “Mom, what’s this I hear about you wanting Nathan to marry Alina?”

“I don’t like her. In fact, I hate her.”

“And why did you call my sister-in-law gold digger?” She hissed down into the phone.

“Well, I don’t give a shit that she’s not one of us. I like her and you better keep your comments to yourself.”

Silence engulfed us as Belle hung up on her.

“Well, that went well.”

“Babe, shut up.”

I laughed. “Jade wants pizza and chocolate, so I’ll have to make a quick stop.”

“Now that’s what I want to hear. Food is the gateway to my soul.”

We laughed at her statement. All the women around me are obsessed with food. I have no clue how they fit in all in their little bodies.

“How is my sister-in-law?” she asked as she typed on her phone.

“She’s good. I’ve been keeping her busy,” I smirked at her.

“That’s just... ew.”

“Speaking of Jade, are we going to talk about this whole Brian thing that Belle mentioned?” Liam looked over at me, a frown on his face.

I sighed. “She’s been having such a fun time and I don’t want to ruin it. Can we talk about it after my birthday?”

“Of course, man.”

“Thanks.”

We rode in silence and then I got the pizza and chocolate for Jade and handed them to Liam, since I didn’t trust Belle with them. We arrived home fifteen minutes later, and I parked the car.

I was when a fairly good mood when a furious Jade marched over to me, Christy hot on her heels. They halted when they saw Belle and Liam. They stopped to greet them but kept their glare on me the entire time.

Belle and Liam excused themselves to get some rest since they were jet lagged.

I faced Jade, ready to get to the bottom of whatever this was. “Are you mad at me or something?”

She pulled out her phone and showed me a photo of me and my mom when she had her hand on my arm, only I was not looking at my mom. I was looking at a photo of myself and Alina.

“What the hell is this, Nathan?”

I just can't get a fucking break.

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Jade Samuels

“Look, I can explain.”

“Explain then.”

He took a deep breath. “It’s not what you think.”

I rolled my eyes. “That’s exactly what people say when it is what I think.”

His eyes flickered over at Christy. “Can we talk about this in private?”

“Hell no!” Christy yelled. “As a matter of fact, babe get in here.”

“What’s going on?” Joseph posed the question as he walked into the room.

“Did you know Nate went out and met up with a woman?”

Joseph looked nervous. “Well yeah.”

“You knew about this?” Christy almost screamed at him, but I could only stare at Nate, who has not once looked away from me. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was telling the truth, but something was off here.

“What’s going on?” I asked quietly.

His eyes softened as he looked at me. “Tesoro, I didn’t cheat on you, I swear.”

“I know that, but you have to tell me what’s happening here and don’t lie, lying to me is something I won’t forgive twice.”

He gulped. “I went to see my mother.”

I looked at him, then at the picture I had on my phone. “This doesn’t look like your mother.”

He shifted on his feet. “That’s Alina.”

I took a deep breath. “Now I’m really confused. You have the next few seconds to come clean or I’m leaving tonight.”

“No, no, don’t leave,” he begged.

“Tell me what happened.”

“Okay, fine,” he responded. “I went to see my mother because she’s been blowing up my phone these past few days. I didn’t tell you because I didn’t want you to feel guilty about me not speaking to her.”

I nodded. “That doesn’t explain this picture, though.”

“She said that I had to marry Alina, and I didn’t have a choice. She touched my arm in that same spot and wore that outfit, so they must have planned it and edited the photo.”

I remained quiet for a while as I let him sweat it out. It serves him right for lying to me about where he was going. I understood why he did it, but I would have preferred he just tell me the truth.

“Do you believe me?”

“Yes, lie to me again and you might as well marry her.”

“Whew, I’m glad that’s all cleared up,” Christy grinned. “Now I need sleep.”

“Actually, we have a slight problem.”

“Which is?”

“My mom was going to host the party, but I told her to not worry about it and that she wasn’t invited.”

“Good for you,” Joseph chirped as he moved to walk away.

“We have to have the party here instead.”

“What did you say?”

“We’re having the party here.”

“We don’t have anything to host a party, and I have to make sure that this place is spotless before then.”

Nate chuckled. “Tesoro, it’ll be fine. We’ll figure something out.”

“You’re right. Now where’s my pizza?”

“It’s on the counter,” he nudged me towards it. “You little food demon.”

I rolled my eyes at him and went to get a slice of the pizza. We ate and talked with each other for a while before we went to get some rest.

We had a big day tomorrow, and I needed my beauty sleep. I would wake up extremely early to give Nate his first present. Me wrapped in nothing but a red bow. I’m sure he’ll love it.

I was currently up making breakfast for everyone when a notification popped up on my phone. It was from the Instagram account that messaged me the pictures yesterday. I usually don’t answer messages from my message requests, but I always go through them and see what people send me.

There was another message from the account, but I ignored it. There was no use when the person obviously didn’t want Nate and I together.

“Something smells good,” B grins as she waltzed into the room.

I returned the smile. “That would be breakfast.”

“Do you need help with anything?”

“No, I’m almost done.”

She went to sit on one of the barstools, hands on her lap. “Jade, I’m really sorry about the way my mother treated you.”

“You don’t have to apologize for something she did.”

“I’m so shocked she even did it,” she kept her head down.

I sympathized with her, based on what Nate told me she was the favorite child of their mother. This must have been a

tough pill for her to swallow. I knew it would be for me if I were in her position.

“Aw Jade honey, you should’ve let us help with breakfast,” Christy whined as she and Joseph walked into the room. They greeted Belle and took a seat around the counter.

“It’s done, but there is something you can help with.”

“Name it.”

“As you know, it’s Nate’s birthday today and we’re having the party here, but we are so unprepared. I made a list of things that we need to do.”

“Sweet, we’re all ears.”

“Okay, Christy and Joseph are in charge of decorations and B and Liam will be in charge of getting the food. I’ll help with preparing the food and getting stuff from the store. Even though Nate knows about the party, I still want it to feel like a surprise for him, so I don’t want him in this house until it’s party time.”

“I’m bringing him breakfast in bed.” I held up the tray for emphasis. “Then his dad will be here to pick him up for a game of golf. We’ll have to keep him busy when he gets back.”

“That sounds like a plan,” Joseph and the rest agreed.

“Okay, great, so I’ll be bringing up the food now. See you all later. I’ll text you what to do specifically.”

I carefully walked up the stairs with the tray of food in my hand so I could surprise him. He was exhausted, so I hoped this would give him back some of his energy.

I pushed open the door, walking in with the food. I was shocked to see him awake, and it shocked him to see me as well.

“What’s all this?” he asked surprised as he sat up in bed.

“This is breakfast in bed,” I smiled widely. “Happy birthday.”

He leaned over for a kiss. “Thank you so much, Tesoro.”

“You’re welcome. Now eat up. Your dad will be here to pick you up in forty-five minutes.”

“Oh shit,” he muttered as he started stuffing food in his mouth.

The day went well. We decorated the house beautifully. We got liquor for those who want it, and we got the food prepared buffet style. I was smoothing down my dress when Nate walked into the room. He was thrilled when he saw what we had done to the place and tried stealing some of the food.

He was wearing a full black outfit, the color stood out against his tanned skin. My dress was knee-length, dark brown with a one-shoulder strap.

“Thanks again for everything you did today,” he kissed me on the cheek.

“Of course, it’s your birthday.”

He smiled. “The guests are arriving.”

“Let’s go greet them.” I closed the door behind me and followed Nate down the stairs. We greeted the guests that were inside. Most of them had no idea Nate had a girlfriend.

Things were going great until there was a knock at the door. There’s someone at the door. I’ll get it.”

He nodded but didn’t let go of my waist, so we both walked over to the door.

I pulled it open and let out a loud gasp when I saw who it was.

What was she doing here?

Jade Samuels

“Mom, Alina, what the hell are you doing here?” I could feel the anger rolling off him in waves. His scrunched brows and flushed skin were a testament to how angry he was.

“What do you mean, sweetie? It’s your birthday. Where else would we be?”

I looked behind me to see people looking in our direction, probably wondering what was going on. I smiled at them as I looked at the guys and gestured to the girls to keep them inside, then I stepped out, pulling Nathan along with me. I didn’t need them out here to create a scene.

“Is she the girlfriend?” Alina asked. “I didn’t know they were your type.”

She meant she did not expect him to be with someone like me. “I guess the bitchy attitude just wasn’t doing it for him.”

She fake gasped, trying to earn some sympathy but we ignored her.

“What’s going on out here?” Damen shut the door behind him, rushing over to us.

“What the hell are you doing here?” His eyes widened when he saw Lana.

“I’m here to see my son.”

“I don’t want to see you,” Nate spoke up.

“He doesn’t want to see you,” Damen repeated to her.

“It’s her,” she cried. “She’s the one poisoning my son against me.”

“What? No I’m not.”

Just then, the door was flung open, a furious Belle and Christy stormed out. Liam and Joesph were behind them telling them to stop. I glared at them. The stupid idiots could not keep their girls in check. They had one job.

“Go keep everyone entertained,” I rolled my eyes as they all but ran back inside.

I looked over at Christy to find Belle helping her into a fitted chemical suit, minus the mask. I don't even want to know how she fits her dress in there.

“What are you wearing?” All eyes turned to Christy when I asked that.

“It's a modified chemical suit,” she sassed me.

“I can see that, but why do you have it on?” I interrogated her. “Where did you even get it?”

“We got it off amazon,” I turned to find Belle putting on the next arm of a long black latex glove.

“Why the hell do you have on latex gloves in this heat?”

“We're going to beat their ass for even thinking of coming here,” Belle hissed.

“I'm going to bury the bodies,” Christy pointed to herself and then B. “And she's going to help me.”

She was wiggling her fingers at me with an evil smile on her face. It was funny yet frightening at the same time and I wasn't sure how to feel.

“I love you guys to death, but y'all are acting crazy.”

Lana and Alina were shades lighter as they watched B and Christy. “W-we're not leaving. I'm his mom. I have a right to be here.”

“Fine,” I was too annoyed to continue putting up with their crap. If she wanted to be here, then so be it.

“What?” Nate seemed angrier that I gave in, but I knew he wasn't mad at me. He was mad at the whole situation.

“She's your mother, so she can stay.”

“Thank you.” They made a move to walk inside but I stepped in front of them. “You can stay, but she has to go.”

“What? No!”

“Nate’s ex will not be at his party, so either she leaves, you both leave, or I can let Christy have her fun with the both of you.”

“She’ll go,” Lana hurried out, giving Alina a look that I could not decipher.

“Great, let’s go.”

“Are you sure about her being here?” Nate asked me as we walked back inside.

“Not particularly, but I couldn’t have her creating a scene. Also, have you seen Christy and Belle?”

“Yeah,” he laughed. “They’re both crazy.”

There was a knock at the door. “Did you invite anyone else?”

He shook his head. “I’ll see who it is.”

“I’ll go get us a drink.”

I walked past some of Nate’s friends, smiling along the way. They were nice to me which I was so grateful for. I would not have been able to survive if his friends hated me as well.

When I stepped into the room, I spotted Liam and Joseph talking to each other.

“Pussies,” I muttered as I grabbed an unopened bottle of wine for myself and went to make a scotch on the rocks for Nate.

“Hey name-calling is unnecessary.”

I glowered at them. “I expected this shit from Joseph since I know Christy is a lot to handle, but Liam, you had one job.”

He raised his hand in a surrender motion. “Try living with her. She’s a pretty demon walking among us.”

“Oh, so I’m a demon now,” B laughed as she walked into the room. “We still have a fresh hole in the ground.”

“What I m-meant to say is you’re an angel,” he stuttered.
“Yeah, that’s it, an angel.”

“Nice save honey,” she mumbled as she kissed him.

“I can’t believe you let her stay,” Belle sighed as she took Liam’s drink and downed it.

I poured my glass of wine after finishing Nate’s drink.
“There wasn’t any use in arguing. She was adamant about not leaving.”

“Oh, but she would have left,” Christy popped in. “Just in a body bag.”

“Not exactly what I intended to happen at my boyfriend’s birthday party.”

“Whatever.”

“Look who it is,” Nate said as he strolled in with a guy a little shorter than him. They had the same facial features; the only difference was Nate was older and had darker hair. Did I beckon everyone over when I walked in here because it was getting a little crowded?

“Aaron!” B screamed as she raced over to him.

“Hey sis.”

“Sis?”

“Yeah, Aaron, this is my girlfriend, Jade. Jade, this is my brother, Aaron.”

“It is so nice to meet you,” I told him, hoping he wasn’t anything like his mom.

“You’re the one creating a ruckus here,” he had a faint British accent.

“Yeah?” I mumbled, unsure of how to respond. He had an incredible poker face going on and I couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“I like you,” his face split into a smile.

I felt relieved. “I’m glad you do. Will you be staying with us?”

“Yeah, I don’t want to deal with mom today, but I’ll be staying with dad after.”

“That’s understandable.”

I handed Nate his drink. “I’ll be back soon, love.”

He nodded as he took a sip and took my glass from my hand. I forgot it was in there. Aaron wanted to put away his things, so I offered to show him to a spare room. “Let’s go.”

I lead Aaron up the stairs and to a guest bedroom. “Do you think I could borrow one of Nate’s button-down shirts?”

“Oh yes, of course. I’ll get one.”

I strolled across the hall and opened our door.

“Shit!” someone mumbled.

“Who’s there?” I switched on the light and looked around. Nate’s mom was by the window, which was now wide open.

“Why is the window open?” I walked over and looked through the window and saw Alina there on a ladder. “And why aren’t you downstairs?”

“Jade, can I get a blue one?” I was about to answer when Lana pushed me out the window.

“Aaron!” I screamed in terror as soon as she pushed me. Luckily, I had quick reflexes, and I grabbed onto the windowsill. I held on tightly as I prayed my hands didn’t fail me. If I fell from this height, I wasn’t sure I’d be able to recover from it.

I could hear footsteps as they grew closer to the room. “Mom, what are you doing in here? Where’s Jade?”

“Aaron I’m down here. Help me, please!”

“Jade!” he shouted as he ran over to me. “Oh my God, what are you doing?”

“Your bitch of a mother pushed me.”

“Mom, is that true?”

She kept her mouth shut, but I could not pay any attention to that right now. “Aaron, I’m slipping.”

“Oh, shit! Take my hand.”

I grabbed onto his hand with one of my own and then the other as he pulled me back inside. I looked down and Alina was long gone.

“What the fuck happened?” Nate ran into the room, only to catch Aaron with his arms around me.

His mom looked lost for words before lies flew out of her mouth. “I walked in on Aaron and her kissing.”

“What?” Nate growled.

“Are you kidding me? That’s not true,” Aaron snarled at her.

“Yes, it is.”

“No, it isn’t.”

As I listened to them argue, my eyes felt droopy, and my chest tightened. I looked over at Nate. He was saying something to me, but I couldn’t hear him. All I could hear was the blood rushing to my ears. My eyes started to close as I saw him run to me, then my world turned black.

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Jade Samuels

Beep! Beep!

Darkness surrounded me like a blanket of pitch-black fabric. I could hear muffled talking around me, but for the life of me, I could not hear what was being said. It was as if I were awake, but not really.

“Thank you, doctor.”

Wait, who said that? I hated not being able to see anything.

“Nate, calm down.”

Nate was here. Well, at least I knew something.

“Aaron, please don’t tell me to calm down.

My girlfriend fainted, and I demand an explanation right now.”

“I asked her to loan me one of your button-down shirts, so she went to get it. I wanted a blue one, I went to tell her and that’s when I heard her. She was hanging on to the windowsill and mom just stood there. She didn’t offer to help her or anything.”

“How the fuck did that happen?”

“Jade mentioned something, but I was too freaked out to register it.”

I could hear Nate sigh. “Go home and get some rest.”

I tried opening my eyes again after a long period of silence. Luckily, my eyes slowly opened. I squinted as I looked around the room. They painted my room baby blue and not white as I would have expected. Nate was standing with his back to me as he mumbled curses. I quickly shut my eyes when I saw him about to spin around.

He took my hand and raised it to his lips, kissing it softly. I would have swooned if I were not pretending to be asleep.

“I’m so sorry, Tesoro. I don’t know what happened, but I know I need you to wake up before I lose my mind.”

I squeezed his hand and felt him jerk away from me. Well, that did not go as it did in the movies.

“Tesoro, are you awake?”

His voice was so calming. “Yes, Nate, I’m awake.”

“Oh, Thank God I was worried sick about you.”

“Well, I’m in a hospital bed, so I’d be worried too.”

“That’s not funny, Jade. What happened in our room?”

“Guh get the rest a dem cause mi nah repeat miself”

He looked at me, confused. “Um what?”

That was a bit too fast for him. “Get everyone, because I won’t be repeating myself.”

“Okay, I’ll let the doctor know you’re up as well.”

He kissed me on the forehead before leaving, closing the door behind him. It was unsettling how void of talking the room was. I was so used to always being surrounded by people. I slowly opened my eyes again, blinking rapidly to adjust to the light.

The door opened, and a middle-aged doctor walked in, closing the door behind her.

“Ms. Samuels, it’s good to see you’re awake,” she smiled. “My name is Dr. Nelson and I’ll be your doctor for your time here.”

“Your American?” was the first thing to come out of my mouth.

She chuckled. “Yes, I moved her to be with my love. I never dropped the accent or my last name.”

How sweet. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“So, are you feeling better?”

“Much better, but I don’t understand what happened.”

“Well, your blood pressure was alarmingly high, which caused you to pass out, I’d like to keep you overnight for observation. Also, it seems congratulations are in order.”

“For what?” Was there something I was missing?

“Ms. Samuels, you’re pregnant.”

“I’m...what?” I must have heard her wrong. There’s no way I heard her right.

“You’re pregnant, two weeks along, to be exact.”

“I’m pregnant, but I’m on the pill.” I took the pill religiously every day at the same time. How could this have happened. I got pregnant while on the pill. A terrible thought came to me- would that hurt the baby?

“I’m sure you know the pill isn’t 100% effective and the baby should be fine as long as you stop taking them immediately. I will recommend an OBGYN for you to see while you’re here.”

“Thank you so much,” I mumbled, still in shock of the whole situation. I was pregnant. Nate and I were about to have a baby. Oh my God! Nate! Does he know?

“Does Nathan know?”

“No, he doesn’t. I thought it best to tell you first.”

“Can you do me a favor and not tell anyone I want to be the one to tell him?”

“You don’t even have to ask, darling, patient-doctor confidentiality.”

“Thank you.”

She left after that, and I just lay there in shock. Nate and I have never used condoms, so it was bound to happen because we were so careless, but I was on the pill, which clearly was not as effective as I had hoped.

I wasn’t planning on getting pregnant, but I couldn’t find it in me to be upset either. I could never be upset about bringing a child into the world. Now I had to figure out how to

tell Nate. I don't even know if he wants kids. How was I going to tell him?

"How's our girl?" Bella and Christy asked as they sauntered into the room. Joseph, Nate, and his dad were right behind them.

"I'm feeling better. Can I have some water?"

"I'll get it," Nate spoke as he poured out a glass of water from the pitcher that was by my bedside.

"Take small sips," Belle encouraged as I drank the water.

When I had enough, Nate set the glass on the table and sat in the chair beside my bed.

"Everyone's here. Can you please tell us what happened?"

I looked at him, then Damen, then Belle and my eyes drifted back to his. "I went to get one of your button-downs to lend Aaron, but then I saw your mom in our room, and she was looking out the window. I went over to her and asked her what she was doing in our room. When I looked down, I noticed that there was a ladder and Alina was on it."

"What the hell?" Christy yelled angrily at what she was hearing, but Joseph calmed her down.

"It surprised me to see Alina there, but by the time I regained my senses, I was shoved out the window."

"Who would push you out the window?"

I just looked at him. Didn't he get where I was going with this?

"Your mom she pushed me out, she didn't help me and when Alina saw what happened she took off, so I had to call out for Aaron since I knew he was close by."

"I can't believe she's gone that far," Damen sighed. "She's officially lost it."

"No, let me go!" Christy yelled. "Let me find the bitch and beat her ass. How dare she do that to my best friend?"

“I second that, but you need to stop yelling. We’re in a hospital,” Belle shushed her. Christy rolled her eyes, muttering curses under her breath.

“I’m so sorry,” Nate mumbled as he stared down at the floor.

“Don’t apologize, it’s not your fault.”

“Are you okay, Damen?” I noticed his withdrawn look. “You’ve been awfully quiet.”

He pulled out a chair and sat down. “I have something to tell you all.”

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Jade Samuels

We all looked at him, concerned at the haunted look on his face. What did he have to tell us that made him so quiet?

“What is it, dad?” Nathan pressed him.

Damen blew out a breath. “Years ago, when you were just a kid your mom had a... mental illness.”

“What?” Nate was stunned.

“How?” Belle asked earnestly. “Why did I not know about this?”

“You were just a kid at the time and your mother didn’t want you to think differently about her.”

“Well, we’re not children anymore, dad. You should have told us.”

“I don’t get it. She doesn’t act like a person with a mental illness except for what’s been happening in the last few days.”

“That’s what I thought when it first happened too.”

“What do you mean?”

“Before your mom and I got married, your grandfather had sold her to get married into the Rossi family.”

“Isn’t that Aline’s last name?” Joseph posed the question.

“It is,” Damen agrees. “She was supposed to get married to Alina’s uncle but then I met Lana and ultimately ruined their plans. He wasn’t happy about it and kidnapped Lana and forced her to take some pills that altered her brain and the way she thought about things. They easily persuaded her while on the drugs.”

“That’s horrible,” Christy mumbled.

“Yeah, it is.” Belle seemed ready to tear up. “Why are you telling us this now?”

“When we caught him, he went to jail and later killed himself. His sister always said she didn’t blame us for what happened, but now I’m not so sure.”

“You think Alina’s mom is behind mom’s behavior?”

Damen nodded. “I’ve only ever seen her like this once before, and it’s the only thing that makes sense right now.”

“But what would she gain from doing this?” I put the question out there. “Why would she wait so long?”

“Money,” Damen answered. “She’s been running out of money ever since her husband left her and she’s never worked a day in her life. If Lana had gotten Jade out of the picture, there’d be nothing stopping Nathan from marrying Alina.”

That made no sense to me. “That’s ridiculous. Even if I weren’t around, they couldn’t force Nate to marry her.”

“It must be about revenge then,” Belle gave her input. “Still, why wait so long?”

“Revenge is a dish best served cold,” I told them.

“If she’s easily persuaded, couldn’t they make her sign a contract for Nate to marry Alina?” I asked, horrified at the mere thought of it.

Christy laughed. “Have you been on Wattpad again?”

I just shrugged. “Maybe.”

“Where is she now?”

“After Aaron told me what happened,” he looked at me apologetically. “I had her sent to get a blood test to confirm if I was right about the drugs or not.”

“When will you get the results?”

He looked at his watch. “I should get the call any minute now.”

“And what’s going to happen if she has drugs in her system?”

“I will have her admitted to a mental institution for her to start her recovery.”

“And if she doesn’t have any drugs in her and is acting of her own free will?” Nate asked coldly, but the way he tightened his grip on my hand showed me the answer to that scared him.

“Then that would be up to Jade.”

“Me?” I stared at Damen. “Why would it be up to me?”

“You’re the one she pushed out the window,” oh yes, that was right. “If she is in her sound mind and did this of her own free will, then you charge her with attempted murder.”

I gasped. What have I gotten myself into? She tried to kill me, but does that mean I should send her to jail for it? I knew it was wrong, but I hoped they drugged her so I wouldn’t have to make that decision. It was horrible of me to say that, but I could not decide. I did not want Nate to hate me for sending his mom to jail, and then I would have to raise my baby alone.

I unconsciously rubbed my belly but stopped when I saw Belle looking at me funny. She had a smirk on her face as she nodded to me. She had no way of knowing I was pregnant, right?

“What am I going to do if she willingly pushed me out?” I asked Nate, who was still quiet.

He looked up at me and took a deep breath. “What do you want to do?”

He’s playing it safe; I see. “I don’t know. That’s why I asked you. I don’t want to send her to jail and then have your family hate me and I don’t want to not send her and fear for our life.”

“Our life?” Crap, I was thinking of me and the baby. “I meant m-my life.”

“I think you should do it,” he gave me an answer, one I didn’t expect.

“Are you sure?”

“If she did it so we wouldn’t be together and not because they drugged her, then you should do it. She must face the consequences of her actions.”

“I don’t want you to always have to look over your shoulder like you do with Brian.”

Wow, I almost forgot about him.

My heart dropped when I heard a phone ring. I looked over at Damen, who took a deep breath and took his phone out of his pocket. He answered it and held it up to his ear.

“Hello,” he answered. “This is he.”

He listened for a while before speaking. “Yes, I understand. And you’re absolutely sure?”

He looked at me seriously. “Thank you for calling,” and then he hung up.

It was silent and you could hear a pin drop as we waited for him to say something. He put his phone back in his pocket and stared at the ground.

“Well, do I get to beat her ass or not?” Christy joked, breaking the silence.

“Christy!” I glared at her.

She rolled her eyes. “Sorry not sorry.”

Unexpectedly, Damen started laughing. We all looked at him, concerned. Was he okay?

“Her results came back.”

“We knew that, so what’s the result?” Christy asked impatiently.

“It came back negative,” you could hear the pain in his laugh. “She just hated Jade that much.”

“Jeez thanks,” I muttered.

“What am I supposed to do now?” I asked everyone.

“Let me beat her up,” Christy stated, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“I don’t want you guys to hate me,” I cried as I looked at each member of the Masters’ family.

“We could never hate you, silly.” Belle’s smile was weak.
“You did nothing wrong.”

“Exactly, it’s her fault,” Damen agreed.

“We didn’t expect this to happen, but it did and all we can do now is live through it,” Nate told me as he stroked my arm.

I sighed. “Okay”

“Great, but can I beat her up first?”

I swear Christy loves to fight.

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Jade Samuels

It's been a day since the whole drama with Nate's mom and I am finally being released from the hospital. Nate has been with me the entire time and even though I appreciated it, I wish he would leave me alone for a couple of minutes. Belle has been giving me these eyes like she knows something, and I was sure she knew she was about to be an aunt.

I wanted so badly to confront her about the whole thing. I want to know how she found out and if she thought Nate would be happy about it, but like I said before, I want to be alone with her to ask that.

I was putting on my shoes when Nate walked in.

"Hey, are you ready to get out of here?"

"Uh," I groaned. "I am so ready."

"I signed your release forms, so you're free to leave."

"Awesome, thanks babe."

The door burst open, and Belle walked in with that smug look on her face as she looked at me. I've had enough of it.

"Hey baby, why don't you bring the car around? Belle and I will be right there."

"You sure?" he asked me, not wanting to leave. "What if you need help?"

"Well, it's a good thing I have Belle, a certified nurse, right here."

"Oh yeah, right," he smiled sheepishly. "I'll see you two out there."

"See you, bro."

"So, you ready to get out of here?" she laughed.

"Cut the crap, Belle," I snapped. "I know you know I'm pregnant."

She pouted. "How'd you know?"

“Are you kidding me?” I threw my hands in the air, exasperated.

“Yeah, I’m just messing with you,” she grinned. “I’m going to be an aunty.”

“Yeah, you are,” I almost teared up as she put a hand on my belly.

“Oh, I’m so happy for you guys,” she pulled me into a hug, and this time I did tear up.

“Oh, honey, what’s wrong?” She asked when she noticed I was crying.

“It’s just that I got pregnant so fast, and Nate and I haven’t known each other that long and we never discussed kids.”

“Oh... well, that’s... oh,” she mumbled.

“See, you don’t even know what to say,” I cried.

“Oh, giada per favore non piangere,” she shushed me and guided me to sit on the bed with her. Now I know how Nate feels when I break out in Patois, but then again, he does the same to me when he speaks Italian. Luckily, Belle translates for me.

“Jade, honey, you have nothing to worry about. My brother cares about you immensely.”

“So, he won’t leave me cause I’m pregnant?”

“What? No, of course not. Nate loves children. He’s always wanted to be a father. I’m sure he’ll be happy you’re pregnant.”

“You sure about that?”

“I’m positive.”

“How’d you know I was pregnant, anyway?” I probed her for an answer. “The doctor didn’t tell anyone.”

“Nate was so worried about you, so I read your chart when no one was looking, and I saw you were pregnant.”

“Oh, that makes sense.”

“Yeah.”

“Let’s go before your brother comes to get us.”

“Okay, come on.”

Nate brought out everything already, so we had nothing to carry out. He was being so protective of me, and I secretly loved it. We walked over to the car and got in. I was sitting in the front with Nate and B took a seat in the back.

“Oh, can we get some food on the way there?”

“Sure, love, anything in particular?”

“I could kill for a burger right now.”

“I want one too,” B chirped in Nate’s ear.

After we got our food, we finally made it to Joseph’s house. Nate parked the car, and we got out. I immediately went inside and got to work on the burger. I was so hungry, which was weird because I ate before leaving the hospital.

Christy walked into the room. “Jeez, what did that burger do to you?”

I swallowed the food in my mouth. “I’m sorry what?”

“You’re chowing down like you’re pregnant or something?”

I averted my eyes from her. This was the biggest thing to happen to me, and I had to tell her about it. I was going to tell her, but I wanted to enjoy my food first.

“Jade, why’d you do that?”

“Do what? I asked her as I stuffed my mouth with fries. I could not get it into my mouth fast enough. My baby is turning me into an animal.

“You turned away from me when I joked around about you being pregnant.”

I took a sip of my juice. “Oh yeah, about that...”

“What? I was just joking.”

“I know.” I looked around to make sure no one was overhearing what I had to say.

“What are you doing?” my actions puzzled her.

“I’m making sure no one hears me.”

She snapped a finger in front of my face. “Hello only Belle’s here. The guys went over to Damen’s house.”

“Well, that’s rude,” I pouted. “Nate didn’t even tell me he was gone.”

“Honey, he tried. You were just too busy eating to notice.”

I gasped and looked down at my stomach. “You are turning me into an animal.”

“Who are you talking to?”

I took a deep breath and pulled her to sit beside me. “I’m about to tell you something, but you have to promise me you won’t freak out.”

“You know I can’t promise that kind of thing,” she laughed. “I exaggerate stuff... it’s what I do.”

“Promise me or I won’t tell you.”

“Fine, I promise.”

“Okay now, don’t freak out, but the reason I looked away when you joked about me being pregnant is that I actually am pregnant.”

“Oh, I already knew that.”

“Wait what?” I could not believe my ears.

“How’d you know?” I asked, shocked. Did everyone know I was pregnant before I did?

“I saw when Belle read your chart, someone really should tell her not to read aloud.”

“Belle!” I yelled. “Get your ass down here.”

“Hey, no yelling, it’s not good for my godson,” Christy hushed me as she reached over to touch my belly with a wide

smile on her face.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Belle asked as she strolled into the room.

“I thought you said you were the only person who knew about me being pregnant.”

She looked lost before a light bulb went off in her head.

“You knew?” She could not believe it. “B-but how?”

Christy shrugged. “I saw when you got Jade’s chart and you mumbled while you read, so I heard it.”

“I thought I was alone.”

Christy got up and patted B on the back. “Well, you weren’t.”

“Why didn’t you say something to me?” Belle interrogated Christy.

“I made a bet with myself to see how long you could keep this a secret and honestly, you didn’t last long.”

“I didn’t know there was a bet riding on this,” she rolled her eyes.

“I think you still would have lost.”

“You bitch.”

Nathan Masters

“You think I should tell her?” I asked Joseph to make sure I heard him right.

After the scare with what happened with mom and Jade, I realized that I have fallen in love with her. I know it has only been a couple of weeks since we’ve known each other, but love doesn’t know time, right?

When I saw her in the hospital and I thought of what life would be like without her, I couldn’t even imagine it. This was saying a lot, but I would not be the same without her. She gets me in a way that no one else has ever been able to.

“If you love her, tell her,” Joseph encouraged me.

“Yeah, but what if she doesn’t feel the same?”

That was what I was most scared of. What if she doesn’t reciprocate my feelings? What if she thinks we are moving too fast? What if she cannot forgive me for what my mom did? I know it wasn’t my fault, but still. I am twenty-six now and she is twenty-two. What if she thinks she is too young for this? I had so many doubts.

“Have you seen what’s happened the past few weeks?” he chuckled. “Drama has been knocking on our door for weeks on end, but where was Jade through all this?”

I smiled at that. “She was with me.”

“Exactly. She didn’t leave. She stuck by you.”

“You think she’d stay and deal with your mom if she didn’t love you too?” he asked me seriously.

“No, she wouldn’t.”

“Trust me, my friend, women don’t stick around when there’s drama unless they love the person.”

“Yeah, you’re right.”

“Of course, I am,” he mumbled.

“I’m going to tell her right now.”

He remained quiet and allowed me to walk out of his study. I ran up the stairs and headed straight to our bedroom. I closed the door and

walked over to the bathroom to take a quick shower. Jade, Christy, Belle, and Liam went out. Well, more like Liam was the chauffeur.

I took a quick shower and changed my clothes. I put on an all-black outfit since Jade loves to see me in black. I put on a black T-shirt, black jeans, and black slides. I went downstairs when I heard the car pull up. Perfect timing.

I opened the door, and Belle and Christy ran past me with matching smirks. They are far too alike for me. Liam walked in next, and Jade was behind him. She had a little gift bag in her hand which she tried to hide when she saw me, but I already saw it.

“Hey baby,” she smiled shyly as she kissed me on the cheek.

“What’s that you got there?” I questioned her, pointing to the gift bag behind her back.

“That’s just a little surprise that I have for you.”

“Oh, really? You didn’t have to get me anything, Tesoro.”

“I ruined your party, so it’s the least I could do,” she mumbled.

“Hey, you didn’t ruin anything. Let’s go out to the garden. I want to talk to you.”

“Sounds serious,” she laughed nervously. “Should I be worried?”

“Not at all,” I assured her as we walked into the garden.

“Oh okay, great, I have something to tell you too.”

I brought her over to the bench and helped her to sit down. I tried to peek at what she had in the bag, but she was

swift to move it away.

“No peeking,” she giggled.

“Okay fine.”

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?”

I took a deep breath as I prepared myself to confess to the woman beside me, I was in love with her. She sat there patiently, waiting for me to say something. I was normally more confident about this stuff, but this was Jade. She made me nervous.

“You okay?”

I nodded as I turned to face her. “I know we haven’t been together long and that our relationship has seen more drama than any other couple, but I just wanted to let you know I love you.”

Her eyes widened in surprise. “Y-you l-love me?”

“I love you so much.”

She took a deep breath. “Can you give me a sec?”

“Oh yeah, sure,” I muttered, disappointed that she had not said it back. She walked away from me and pulled out her phone. She typed something into it and then waited. Then she held up the phone to her ear and listened. After she was satisfied with what she was doing, she walked back over to me.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know why I just said that. I know that it’s a little fast,” I tried desperately to reduce the level of humiliation I was feeling.

“Do you regret it?” she asked sadly.

“No, of course not. I really love you.”

“Anch’io ti amo,” she smiled widely, showing her white teeth.

“How’d you know to say that?” I asked her, stunned at her expressing her love through my native language.

She held up her phone and smirked. “Google translate never fails me.”

It’s like a light bulb went off in my head. “That’s what you were doing just now.”

“Yeah, what did you think I was doing?”

“Well, when you didn’t say you loved me too, I panicked and thought that maybe this was moving too fast for you.”

“Oh, no baby, I’m so sorry. I was planning to tell you I love you first, but you beat me to it.”

I smirked at her. “Ti amo tanto”

She shivered as she pulled me in for a deep kiss. “Now that was hot. You can only say it to me in Italian from now on.”

“Come desidero Amore Mio,” I whispered in her ear.

“Fuck,” she mumbled as she clenched her thighs.

“Okay yeah, I had something to tell you too.”

“What is it, love?”

She looked at me with a dazed look in her eyes. “Yeah, I’ll need you to be quiet until I finish- having a girl wet in a garden.”

I laughed loudly as she ignored me. I wanted to say something but decided against it. No need to rile her up.

“Okay, now I know we did not plan this, but I hope you’ll be happy about it.”

She finally handed me the gift bag and set her hands on her lap. She was fiddling with her fingers, which was a sign that she was nervous. I wonder what she gave me. Without waiting, I removed the tissue paper to reveal two extremely small shoes.

I pointed to my lips to ask if I could speak. She giggled nervously.

“Yes, you can speak now.”

“I love them, but I think they’re too small for me.”

She rolled her eyes. “They’re not for you, stupid.”

“Who’s it for then?”

She just gave me an are you serious look. It was then that I noticed her hands were resting on her belly. I looked at her hands, at the shoes and then back to her belly before finally looking at her face.

“Are you trying to tell me you’re pregnant?”

She nodded vigorously. “Surprise!”

“Oh Mio Dio.”

“Hello English speaker here, are you happy or not?”

“I’m shocked is what I am. When did you find out?”

“The doctor told me after I woke up.”

“That was almost three days ago. Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

She blew out a breath. “I wasn’t sure if you’d be happy about it.”

“The love of my life is having my kid. I’m ecstatic.”

“Really?” Her face lit up at my words. “You’re not worried that it’s too fast?”

“It’s sooner than I expected, but I’m happy about it, unless you’re not?”

“No, no, I’m happy.”

“We’re having a baby!”

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Nathan Masters

“Good, you’re all here,” Liam walked into the room.

“Yeah, we’re about to go get some dinner.”

“That’ll have to wait. I need to talk to you all.”

“What’s wrong, Amore Mio?” Belle asked as she looked at her husband, worried.

“Well, remember how you said that this Brian guy was after Jade?” she tensed beside me at the mention of his name. Why do we always forget about him?

“What about him?”

“I just got a call from my supervisor and a sex trafficker with the first name Brian is in Italy.”

“What?” Jade asked as her eyes widened in fear.

“Yes, but I don’t want you to panic, it might not be him,” he tried to calm her down. “I’m going to show you a picture of him, and you let me know if it is him or not. Can you do that for me, Jade?”

She looked at me and then at Christy for reassurance.

“O-okay, I can do that.”

“Okay, I want you to take a deep breath. Look at the photo I’m about to show you, just nod if it is Brian or not.”

He held up a photograph of a young black man in a mug shot. He had curly hair, which was faded, and he also had a very smug look on his face.

“That’s him,” Jade spoke firmly as her eyes remained fixed on the screen.

“He’s a small-time criminal when compared to others. How on earth did he get money to come to Italy?”

Liam visibly tensed at that question. He put his phone back into his pocket and settled into the couch with Belle, who

immediately cuddled up next to him.

“Now I know it’ll be hard, but please try to remain calm after what I’m about to tell you.”

“What is it, babe?” B expressed her concern.

“It turns out that Lana did a background check on you and found out about Brian. She gave him a million dollars if he would take Jade out of the picture.”

“Oh my God!”

“You have got to be kidding me!”

“Y’all need to let me throw some hands at this bitch!”

“I can’t believe she would do something like this.”

Everyone was outraged about the whole thing, but Jade and I were uncharacteristically quiet. It was as if we had nothing to say. She was taking deep breaths as her hand rested on her belly and I just kissed her on the head.

“Why aren’t you guys reacting to this?” Christy was fuming, but I knew it was not at us.

Jade glanced at me as if she did not even realize that I was quiet as well. She smiled at me and turned back to face the rest.

“I guess it’s because we’re not surprised,” she answered Christy. “Look what she did just days ago.”

“That is true,” Belle muttered sadly. “Just when you think the drama is over, it comes rushing back.”

“I didn’t want to know this, but where is mother dearest now?” Belle met my gaze.

Jade and I shared a look. “At first, Jade didn’t want to press charges on her, but after we had a long talk about it today, she was arrested.”

“How did I not know this?” she asked angrily.

“Please don’t blame Nathan,” Jade pleaded with her. “He wanted to tell you, but I was afraid of how you would react.”

Belle's eyes softened as she looked at her. "I'll only forgive this because of my little godson."

"Jade's pregnant?" Joseph sought an answer.

"Wait, hold up. That's my godson you're talking about." Christy flicked her hair behind her back.

Belle laughed. "No way."

"You told them before you told me?" It made me a little sad knowing I wasn't the first person she told.

"Oh no, they knew before me." she ran a hand through her hair.

"How is that even possible?"

"Well, your sister read my chart and Christy overheard her talking to herself."

"She really is pregnant," Joseph marveled at the new piece of information. We just looked at him before returning to the conversation.

"Did you know Liam?" Jade put the question forward. "I noticed you didn't look surprised."

"Of course, he knew," Belle spoke, not giving Liam the chance to speak. "He's my husband. We don't have any secrets between us."

"Oh, really?" I laughed.

"Did you tell him about what happened when you went camping with Charles..."

"Okay, maybe there should be some secrets!" she yelled.

"No, no, I want to hear about this Charles guy," Liam said as he leaned forward.

"Nope, we have more important things to discuss," her glare intensified.

"Yeah, we have bigger fish to fry," we paused as we looked to Jade for clarification on what she just said.

"It's an expression," she supplied when she saw the look on our faces. "You know you have bigger fish that needs more

attention...”

She sighed at how clueless we were. “I agree with Belle.”

A chorus of realization went through the room. She hissed her teeth at our reaction.

“So, what’s the plan now?” I asked Liam. “Are the FBI going to come and arrest him?”

“It’s going to be a lot harder, especially with crime lords who aren’t predictable. We weren’t expecting him to follow us here.”

Jade scoffed. “I can predict he’s about to do something dumb.”

Christy burst out laughing. “True.”

“The original plan was to have Jade lure him out into the open...”

“No, that’s not happening,” B interrupted him.

“Baby, come here,” he told her.

He leaned in, whispering into her ear. We watched as his face reddened and she blushed. Yuck, that was my sister, for Pete’s sake. Whatever he told her had her shut up and sit obediently by his side.

“Well shit,” Christy joked. “It’s like a daddy and baby girl moment.”

Jade giggled at Christy’s description of what had just happened. Joseph was quietly observing, as usual.

“As I was saying,” Liam continued to speak. “That was the original plan, but now that Jade is pregnant, we’ll have to figure something out that doesn’t involve Jade being anywhere near him.”

“Can I be near him?” Christy asked eagerly as she held up her hands in a fighting pose. “I’ve been waiting to fight him for a while.”

“Fighting doesn’t solve everything, babe,” Joseph tried to reason with her.

She smirked. "I know that, but it makes me feel better. Plus, he deserves it."

"I want to know why," Jade said out of the blue.

"What do you want to know, baby?"

"I want to know why your mom hates me so much."

"Are you sure you want to do that?" That was not what I expected her to say. "She's not nice to be around, especially now after all that's happened."

"I have to know," she stated determinedly.

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Jade Samuels

“Are you sure you want to do this?” We were currently waiting for the officers to bring his mom to come to speak with us.

She didn’t know I was here, which was a good thing because she would have refused to see us if she had known. Luckily, they allowed us to meet with her in a private room.

“Yeah, I can do this,” I told him. “I need to know why she hates me so much. Don’t you want to know why she hates me?”

He nodded. “Yeah, I do, but I don’t want you to get riled up.”

“I’ll be fine,” I assured him, just as there was a knock on the door.

The door was pulled open by one of the guards. The guard stepped aside to allow Lana to walk in front of him. She had a big smile on her face, but it drifted away when she saw me with him.

“Nate darling, I thought only you came to see me.”

“As you can see mother, you were wrong.”

She turned to walk away, but the closed door prevented her from leaving. She faced us with a grimace and sat in the chair.

“Why are you here?” she cut to the chase. “When I spoke with your father, he told me you three didn’t want to see me.”

“We don’t,” Nate was unfazed. “But Jade wanted to see you hence why we’re here.”

“What could she bitch possibly want?”

“Um hello I’m sitting right here,” I tried my best not to snap at her for Nate’s sake.

“Oh yes, I didn’t see you there.”

The audacity!

“Anyway, I wanted to talk to you.”

“What could we possibly talk about?”

“I want to know why you hate me so much?”

“Whoever said I hated you?”

“Your actions weren’t exactly warm and welcoming when you were around her.”

“That’s true,” she admitted. “But it’s not aimed specifically at you.”

“You hate my entire race?”

“Yes, exactly.”

“But why?” Her nonchalant response to this irritated me. She acted as if what she was saying was completely normal. “How can you hate people just because of their skin?”

Her laugh was hollow and spiteful. “I have my reasons.”

Nate slammed a hand down on the table. “Quit beating around the bush and tell us why you hate black people so much.”

“Because I was once in love with one,” she cried. “I loved him so much and he broke my heart.”

“What?” Nate asked, confused, while I was just in shock. She dated someone from my race.

“Two years before I met Damen, I was with this guy named Corey. He was an African American living in Italy. He asked me out, and I said yes. I wasn’t thinking about how different we looked or the fact that we grew up differently. I just really liked him, so I agreed. That was a big mistake on my part.”

She continued with a faraway look in her eyes. “My father hated him. He didn’t understand how I could be with someone like Corey, but I didn’t care because I loved him. Corey’s family wasn’t very fond of me as well, but I thought it was just because they didn’t know me well.

One day I went to his apartment uninvited and knocked on his door so we could talk about our future. To my surprise, a woman opened the door clad in only a satin robe. She looked me up and down and asked who I was. When I told her I was Corey's girlfriend, she slapped me."

I gasped. "Can you imagine the woman had the nerve to slap me?"

I looked down.

"I tried to stand up for myself, but that's when Corey arrived. He saw me slap her back and without hesitation, he hit me, one solid blow to the gut."

"Mom, stop," Nate told her as he looked away.

"You know what he told me after that?" she looked between the both of us. "He told me to know my place, and that I wasn't special. Then he left me there. The son of a bitch went inside with her and didn't look back.

When I finally gathered the strength to leave, I shakily stood to my feet. There was a pain in my lower abdomen. It was then that I remembered my other reason for being there."

My heart sunk at what she just said. My hand rested on my stomach at that realization.

"What does that mean?" Nate was unaware of the tension that fell over the room.

She didn't answer him as tears welled up in her eyes. She looked at me and for the first time, I could see humanity inside of her. She truly has not healed from this. Not only did she get her heartbroken, but she also lost someone else that day.

"She was pregnant," I whispered, but they both heard me.

"What?" Nate was horrified at what that meant.

"When he hit me, he caused me to have a miscarriage, and I lost the baby."

"That's so..."

"So what?" She cut me off. "Nothing you say can bring back my baby. And to add the cherry on top when I told him

about the miscarriage, he didn't even care. He confessed he was only with me because he thought I had money and he wanted me to get him his green card. vEver since then, I've never associated with those kinds of people, and I don't want my son to fall into the same trap that I did."

"That's ridiculous, mother," Nate tried to get through to her. "What happened with Corey was wrong on so many levels, but you can't blame Jade for what he did."

"They're all the same," she glared at me.

"And how would you know that?" I snapped. I have had enough of her stuck-up ass. What she went through was devastating, but she had no right to put that on me.

My behavior appalled her. "Excuse me?"

"A man breaks your heart and hurts you, so you blame the entire race. What would you have done if Corey was white?"

She gaped at me, at a loss for words. "I thought after hearing why you find it so hard to like we could work through it and eventually have an understanding because of Nathan, but I'm sorry I can't do that. You're far too messed up in the end. I'm sorry he broke your heart and I'm sorry that you lost your baby, but your hatred almost cost us the same thing."

"Come on, Nate, we're leaving," I told him as I stood and walked towards the door.

Nate only nodded. He looked at his mom one last time before walking towards me. "Goodbye mother. Your little accomplice will be in here as well soon."

"Wait!" she yelled when Nate knocked on the door.

"What did you mean when you said I almost cost you the same thing? You're young. If you leave Nathan now, you'll find someone else."

Nate burst out laughing. "When you pushed her out that window, you were hoping to kill her, but what you didn't know was that you would have killed your grandchild as well."

Her eyes widened as her eyes drifted down to my belly. She looked back at me as the horror of what she almost did settled into her brain. If Aaron had not been there, two people would have died that night.

“It’s funny,” I shook my head. “You’ve hated Corey this long that you’ve become exactly like him.”

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Jade Samuels

Ding!

I picked up my phone from the bedside table as a notification went off. I stuffed one of the salted biscuits into my mouth before opening my phone. I rolled my eyes when I saw that there were multiple notifications from Instagram.

I've been getting tons of likes on a recent picture I took of Nate and me having dinner, and there were unopened messages in my inbox and message requests. I decided to open my message requests first because it was unlikely that I would reply to any of them.

There were texts from some random people talking about me looking pretty and while I appreciated it, I still would not reply because I already have a man.

My heart dropped when I saw there was a text from @brian_don. Well, that was not very subtle.

I opened the message and saw that there were many more messages apart from today.

U bitch why yuh nah ansa mi?

Wen mi wul yuh yah guh dead!

Ugly gyal out here wid a white man!

Think mi a ramp wid yuh?

Yuh try pray mi nuh lick yuh dung!

Mi deh yah bitch!

The messages went on and on. My breathing slowed as it dawned on me it was Brian texting me. I had changed my number and now he was texting me from Instagram. I carefully got out of bed and went downstairs to where everyone was.

“Hey, Tesoro, how was your nap?” He opened his arms for me to sit with him.

I willingly went to him and sank into his warmth. Christy immediately saw that something was bothering me.

“You okay Jade?” she asked me. “Do I finally get to beat a bitch?”

“I’m fine, where’s Liam?” I asked Belle.

“He went to talk with the security at the main gate.”

“Oh damn,” I mumbled.

“What’s wrong, Tesoro?”

I sighed and opened my phone to the app. I hesitantly handed it over to him and waited for the explosion.

“Che cazzo è questa merda?” His patois was getting better since he was able to understand everything without me explaining.

“What’s wrong bro?” Belle asked, concerned. “Why are you so upset?”

“Il pezzo di merda le ha mandato messaggi.”

Her eyes flew over to me. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I didn’t know about it. I was just scrolling through my message requests when I saw it.”

“Well, shit, we have to tell Liam.”

“Tell me what?”

“The hell,” I jumped, startled. “When did you get here?”

“Just now, and I have someone that can help us with our little Brian problem.”

“Really who?”

“Please don’t freak out,” he looked at Christy and Belle, who just shrugged at him. “It’s Alina.”

“I know he didn’t just say Alina,” Christy hollered out. “B get your man.”

“Christy, there’s really no need for this.”

“It’s Christina to you,” she scowled.

I knew I should calm her down, but it was just so entertaining to watch an FBI agent being afraid of my best friend. Nate nudged me and tilted his head to Christy.

“Okay, Christy, calm down... let’s see what the bitch wants.”

“Jade,” he mumbled, annoyed.

“A thank you would be nice.”

“Okay Alina, come inside,” Liam hollered.

As she walked into the room, I expected Christy to make a snarky comment, but what I did not expect was for her to fly across the room and tackle Alina on the ground. I watched in absolute awe as Christy punched her in the face.

“Ow fuck!” she cried aloud. “That shit hurts.”

Liam grabbed on to Christy and pushed her away from Alina. Joseph wrapped his hand around her waist and forced her to sit in his lap. She made a point of ignoring him as Liam helped Alina to stand to her feet.

She brushed a bit of blood from her lip. “Well, I deserved that.”

“Damn right you did,” Belle sang.

“Anyway, I know you all probably hate her right now, but let’s just listen to what she has to say.”

“There’s no probability about it. We hate you.” Joseph snarled at her.

“What do you have to tell us, Alina?” Nate’s demeanor remained the same as he watched her every move.

“I want to apologize about the whole showing up at your party thing,” she ranted. “Your mom didn’t tell me you were in a relationship until we got here.”

“Duly noted continue.”

“And Jade, I’m sorry that I ran away when Lana pushed you over. It’s just that I was so shocked. That was the last

thing that I expected her to do. I mean, she was always so calm and nice. She said she didn't like you, but I didn't think she was that far gone."

"Why were you climbing the ladder that day? Didn't you think we would have seen you?"

She ran a hand through her hair. "Honestly, I had just gotten my heart broken by this guy that I really liked, and I thought that if I got drunk, I could forget it all. I came with Lana. I didn't know how else to get home."

"Wow, how riveting," Christy murmured, not falling for a word she said.

"Tell them what you know about Brian."

"You know something about Brian?" How did she get involved with Brian?

"Yeah, Alina asked me to help her get a friend into the country, so I spoke with a few of my friends from customs," she spoke hesitantly.

"You're the reason Brian is here?"

"I am sorry. I had no clue that he was such bad news until recently."

"Didn't she tell you who he was?"

"No, she didn't."

"Then how do you know about him now?"

She gulped. "I had forgotten all about him until his men kidnapped me and brought me to him."

"The fuck?"

"When the hell did this happen?" Liam cursed.

"A day ago."

"Fuck!"

I took deep breaths and made sure that my breathing was even. I was incredibly early into my pregnancy and could not afford to be stressed right now.

“Did you go to the police?”

“No, of course not,” he has people watching me.

“So, he knows you’re here?” I snarled at her. “You led him right to me.”

She scoffed. “I’m sorry to break it to you, honey, but your mother-in-law gave him this address before he even landed.”

Christy groaned. “You guys need to let me get that bitch.”

“Why’d you come here?” Liam asked as he focused on the task at hand.

“He gave me mini mics to install around the house,” she said as she fidgeted on the spot.

“I’m sorry, but he’ll kill me if I don’t do this.”

“That’s okay,” Liam told her.

“It is?” my mouth dropped open.

“Yeah, cause now I have a plan.”

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Jade Samuels

“How is her setting up mics in the house a good idea?” Nate voiced the question that was running around in my head.

“Well, he doesn’t know that we know about the mics, right?” He looked at Alina.

“He wanted to wire me but decided against it just in case one of you found it.”

“That’s good, I guess,” I mumbled.

“Are we all just going to forget the fact that she’s a bitch?” Christy asked. “She’d much rather save herself than us. How can we be sure she’s not lying?”

“I have to agree with Christy on this one,”

Belle agreed with her. “This 360 shift in attitude doesn’t exactly make sense.”

“Look, I know I have a poor reputation, but I really haven’t done anything to you all. I was just stupid enough to run when Jade clearly needed help... it’s just that I panicked. Have none of you made a mistake?”

We reunited quiet as her words sank in. We were all young, but it was no secret that we all have done some dumb shit in our life.

“Fine, we’re going to trust you with this, but only to an extent,” Nate broke the silence. “You’re going to hand the mics over to Liam and he’s going to set them up.”

“That’s fine by me,” she readily agreed. “I can’t wait for this to be over.”

She set her bag on the table and reached inside to get the mics. It was then that I noticed that there was a bruise forming on her arm. I had not noticed it before because her bag hid it. Liam had already taken the mics and was busy applying them where he wanted.

I got up, much to Nate's dismay, and walked over to her. "Alina, did Brian do that to you?"

Her eyes fell to the bruise on her arm, and she used her bag to hide it once again.

She nodded, refusing to look at me. "I can't let it happen again."

Tears welled up in my eyes as she hugged herself. I could feel her pain as I was once in her position, and I understood the need to make sure that it never happened again. You feel hopeless and determined simultaneously, and it is a battle to see which emotion wins fear or determination.

I pulled her into a hug, which surprised the both of us. "You're doing the right thing; he's going down this time."

I pulled away to look at her as Liam walked back into the room. He handed her a notepad and a pen.

"Write down your number," she did so without hesitation.

"A lot of shit is about to go down in the next few days. There is a safe house here. When it's time, you'll receive an address. In the meantime, go straight to your mother's house and stay there."

"Thank you," she took a deep breath. "And good luck."

She looked at me one last time before walking out the door. It was silent for a while before Christy spoke.

"Why did you hug her?"

I plopped down on the couch beside Nate. "Brian put his hands on her, and it just reminded me of when that was me."

"Tesoro," Nate pulled me even closer to him. "I'm sorry you had to relive that."

"It's okay," I assured him. "Now I'm even more determined to see him fall."

"That's good and all, but Jade, you can't be near him."

"And why the hell not?" My outburst startled him. "He put his hands on me once and that's because I wasn't

expecting it, but now I am.”

“Tesoro, we all know you’re a strong woman and you could beat his ass if you wanted to,” I smiled, feeling satisfied with what he was saying. “But you must not forget you’re pregnant.”

“You wouldn’t want anything to happen to the baby, right?” Belle joined in.

How lovely of them to gang up on me. But they were right. I looked down at my still flat stomach and smiled. It was surreal knowing that I was growing a human being.

“Fine, I won’t put myself in danger.”

“Want to enlighten us about what the plan is?” Joseph asked Liam.

“Yeah, of course,” he replied. “There were three mics in total. I placed one in mine and Belle’s room, one in the kitchen and one in Jade and Nate’s room.”

“Why is there one in our room?” Belle asked him.

“That way, I could easily feed him false information. I put one in Jade’s room because I assumed he’d want one there and I just put the other one in the kitchen because I had nowhere else to put it.”

“Everywhere except those three rooms are safe to talk in.”

“You’re sure?”

“I’m going to be doing a sweep of the entire house, just in case.”

“Okay, if you say so.”

I yawned loudly, surprising myself. “I’m sorry, guys.” I stood up and stretched. “I think I’m going to get back to my nap.”

I squealed loudly as Nate swept me off my feet and held me bridal style. “I’ll join you.”

I laughed as Nate brought me up to our room and set me down on the bed. He then went out as I set my phone down. When he walked back in, he had two small whiteboards and markers in his hand.

“Where’d you get this from?”

“It was in the game room.”

I rolled my eyes. Rich people.

He crawled into the bed and handed one to me. I watched as he wrote on the board and turned it over to show me.

Are you sure you’re okay with the whole Brian thing?

Aw, I smiled at him and nodded.

“You know I love you, right?” He asked me.

“I know.” I kissed him on the cheek. “I love you too.”

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Nathan Masters

I rolled over in bed and gazed at a sleeping Jade. She had her bonnet on and her face was void of makeup, yet she was still so beautiful to me. It's been a week since the whole Alina incident, and she has been on edge ever since.

She trusted us to protect her, but still felt uneasy being in the same place as Brian. Because of that, I thought it would be a good idea for us to leave and go back to Miami. We've been here longer than we planned anyway, and it was time to head back.

Liam said that he would work with the law enforcement here to get Brian captured and transferred to Miami, where he will be prosecuted. If all goes well, they might deport him to Jamaica, where he will be charged for crimes he committed there as well. I covered the mic so we would have more privacy and Brian would not be able to hear what was happening.

"Tesoro, it's time to get up," I whispered to her.

She mumbled under her breath as she shrugged her shoulders, but kept her eyes closed. I laughed slightly at her attempt to convince me she was asleep when we both knew she wasn't.

I trailed my fingers down her face and leaned in close to nuzzle her ear. "Wake up, Tesoro."

Her breathing hitched as she opened her eyes to peek at me. "Maybe I need a little incentive to wake up."

I chuckled as I kissed down her neck. "Is that enough incentive for you?"

She shivered and licked her lips. "Not quite."

I pushed the covers off her to reveal her lace panties. "Well, I think I have just the thing."

I kissed her deeply; her mouth fell open as I kissed down to her stomach. She squirmed as my lips went lower and her

breathing grew more erratic. Her eyes once again flew open when I stopped.

“Why’d you- ahh!”

I shoved a finger into her.

“Fuck!” she whimpered as I pumped my finger in and out of her. She gripped my bicep as she ground against my hand.

I put another finger in, earning a loud groan from her. Her fingers tightened around my arm, but I was not the least bit bothered by it. The sounds coming out of her mouth aroused me. When I felt her body tense, a telltale sign she was about to cum, I pulled out my fingers and pressed my lips against her own. She groaned loudly as I slid my tongue into her mouth.

I felt myself grow even harder when she pushed her hips up to grind on me. I moved away from her to remove the t-shirt she was wearing. Her bonnet went flying with the shirt, but we were both too far gone to care.

She used her toes to hook into my boxers and shoved them down my body. Without wasting any time, I ripped her panties off her body. Her whimper resonated throughout her body as I flicked her clit.

I pulled my lips from her just as she let out a loud groan. “Baby, please give it to me.”

“What do you want, Tesoro?” I teased her, my voice deepening the more my pleasure grew.

“I want you.”

“Where do you want me?” I asked as I nibbled on her ear.

She bit her lip. “Inside me please, Amor.”

Her speaking Italian was it for me as I lined up my dick with her entrance and slowly slid into her. I groaned as she kissed me, biting into my bottom lip. Her walls tightened around me as I bottomed out inside her.

“You love me, Tesoro?” I asked her as I slid out of her.

“Hmm, I l-love you, baby,” she moaned as I thrust back into her.

“Eyes open when you speak to me.”

Her eyes slowly blinked open as she gazed at me. She squirmed as I had slowed my movements, thrusting into her at a steady pace.

“I love you, Nate.”

I kissed her deeply as I increased my pace, thrusting into her repeatedly.

“Ah baby, I’m going to come,” she screamed as she clenched tightly around me.

“Hold it,” my voice came out in a hiss as I thrust into her harder.

“I can’t,” she groaned.

“You will”

“Fuck! I’m going to cum!”

I slammed into her one last time as I released my seed into her. “Cum now.”

She muffled her scream as she covered her mouth with her hand to not wake anyone. I pulled out of her and laid on my back. We laid in silence as we calmed our breathing.

“That’s how you wake up on the right side of the bed.”

I burst out laughing at her statement. I got out of bed and pulled on my boxers. I walked into the bathroom and filled up the bath with some warm water. I got a towel out and set it down for her as well.

When I walked back out, she was sitting up in bed with a smile on her face as she looked up from her phone. I walked over to her, kissing her quickly on the lips.

“I have a bath ready and waiting for you,” I told her.

Her eyes softened as she gazed at me. “You’re too good to me.”

“I’m only doing what I’m supposed to do.”

“Oh, really? What’s that?”

I leaned down to give her still flat tummy a kiss. “Treat you and our little girl as royalty.”

Tears welled up in her eyes, but I knew that she wasn’t sad. “You think it’s a girl?”

“Oh, I know so.”

“What if it’s a boy?”

“I’ll treat him like a prince and show him how to treat his princess.”

“You are too good to be true.”

“Only for you, Tesoro.”

And I meant it. I have been with other women, but none of them have ever made me feel the way Jade does. She is kind, loving, and caring, but can be fierce, vulnerable, and badass at the same time. She was the complete package, and I loved being with her.

I wanted a girl that looks like her mom with a mix of our personalities. I would be a dad in a couple of months, and I could not wait.

Jade Samuels

“Well, you two are having a delightful morning,” Christy commented as we made our way down the stairs.

“What do you mean?”

“The walls are thick, but they aren’t that thick, honey.”

“Oh my God,” I burst out laughing. “You heard us?”

“Yes bitch.”

“Did it sound like I was having the time of my life? Because I was.”

She snorted. “You sounded like the porn stars we aspire to be.”

“Yes!”

Nate laughed at our antics and went to make a plate for himself. I walked over to where the food was when my stomach suddenly felt uneasy. I watched as he walked closer to me with a plate in his hand. The closer he got, the more I felt as if I wanted to vomit.

I held a hand to my face, and all but ran to the guest bathroom that was on this floor. I opened the door and lifted the toilet seat before emptying my stomach into it.

I jumped when Nate moved my hair out of the way. “Are you okay, Tesoro?”

He helped me to stand and flushed the toilet. “I’m fine.”

I reached into the cabinet to take out one of the spare toothbrushes and toothpaste. I rinsed out my mouth before proceeding to brush my teeth to remove the taste of vomit.

“What was that?” Nate questioned me when I was done.

“I was hoping I wouldn’t get morning sickness, but clearly I was wrong.”

“Can I get you anything to make you feel better?”

I smiled at him. “Yeah, you can help me figure out what you had on your plate that had me wanting to throw up.”

“I only had scrambled eggs. I was about to ask you what you wanted to eat.”

I huffed. “I wanted some eggs, but the baby doesn’t.”

“How nice he takes after his god mom,” Christy grinned as she walked over to me with some salted crackers.

“Here, Belle said, this should help.”

I took the crackers from her and stuffed one into my mouth. “Thank you.”

“Where’s Belle?” Nathan posed the question.

“In the kitchen.”

“Okay, I’ll go fix Jade a plate,” he kissed me on the forehead and went to walk away. “Tea?”

“Yes, please.”

He went into the kitchen to get some of the food for me. We avoided spending too much time in the rooms that the mics were in to avoid revealing too much because we knew Brian was listening.

“Hey girls,” Liam greeted us as he strolled into the room.

“Hi.”

“Hey.”

“Where are the rest of them?” He asked as he sat on the couch.

“They’re in the kitchen.”

“I have some good news. We’ve finally produced a solid plan that will allow us to capture Brian while keeping Jade completely out of the mix.”

“That’s outstanding,” Christy cheered.

“You guys won’t be in danger either, right?” I did not want anyone to be in danger because of me.

“I have to work closely with my colleagues, but you all will be safe.”

I didn't miss his choice of words. It would put us out of harm's way, but because he is in law enforcement, he is required to see this through. I felt bad about the whole thing, but it was his job, so I could only hope he would be okay.

“Ciao marito,” Belle grinned as she walked over to her husband, who smiled upon seeing her.

“Hey princess,” he stood, taking the plate that she offered. “No eggs today?”

“You'll have to eat them in the kitchen,” she pointed to me. “Morning sickness.”

“Oh,” he nodded in understanding.

Nathan and Joseph both came out with stuff in their hands. Nathan had food for me and a cup of tea, while Joseph had two glasses of orange juice in his hands.

“Why do you always drink tea?” Liam's curious eyes wandered over to me.

I took a sip to make sure I liked it before answering him. “Caribbean moms well, at least Jamaican moms feed their babies warm tea so we get used to having hot tea and if I don't drink any, my tummy will act up.”

“That's intriguing.”

“So, everyone's here now. You can talk about what you were saying earlier.”

“What was he saying?” Joseph asked his girl.

Christy was about to answer when Liam raised a finger to his lips, silencing her. He walked over to the Bluetooth speaker that was in the corner and turned it on, quietly connecting his phone to it. He turned on some music. It was loud enough for no one out of the room to hear anything and quiet enough for us to hear each other.

“What's with the music?” Nate interrogated him.

“I can't risk him overhearing what I'm about to say.”

Joseph's phone rang and he excused himself as he went to speak with whoever was on the phone.

"Does this have to do with the call you took early this morning?"

"Yeah, it was one of my coworkers. Turns out Brian is a priority case right now, as he knows where a human trafficking ring is."

My eyes bulged out of my head at that. "That son of a bitch."

"That's just sick," Christy agreed as she shuddered with disgust.

"What did they say?"

"A computer specialist is joining us to help with the whole situation."

"Please tell me it's not Josephine," Belle groaned.

"Jose-who?" Christy leaned forward.

"I'm sorry, princess," he tried to appease her. "I tried to get someone else, but as we all know, she's the best."

"You remember miss crazy is here, right?" Belle whispered to Liam, who then looked at Christy.

My eyes snapped over to them as I overheard what they said. I only heard because I was sitting so close to them. Why was Belle worried about Christy meeting Josephine?

"Oh shit," Nate coughed.

"What?"

"What's wrong?"

"Okay, why is everyone being all secretive because of this Josephine woman?" Christy snapped, causing everyone to stiffen in their seat.

"Calm down Christy," I told her. "I'm sure they must have a good explanation for this."

"What's going on?" Joseph asked as he walked back into the room and saw Christy looking flushed.

“Do you know who Josephine is?” she whined to him.
“They’re practically keeping it a secret.”

His eyes widened in surprise as she stared him down. His eyes darted between all of us as if he were unsure of what his answer should be.

“Um Josephine was a girl I dated.”

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Jade Samuels

Silence fell over the room. I glanced over at Joseph, who looked scared out of his mind. I have known Christy the longest out of all of us and it was known that she has an out-there personality. She is very impulsive, which results in her doing crazy things. Despite all this, she is an extremely sensitive person and I know that hearing that an ex of Joseph is coming here is not nice for her.

“Why is your ex coming here?”

Joseph made a move to answer but stopped. He wasn't there when Liam was explaining so he had no clue why she was coming here.

“Um, Jade?” He looked towards me for help.

The poor guy.

“Christy dear, I don't know if you zoned out when Liam was speaking, but apparently she's some sort of computer whiz and she's going to help us with Brian.”

She gave Liam an icy glare. “And there's no one else that can do it?”

“She's the best, and this is a top priority case now,” he nodded, as if trying to convince himself. “I had no say in this. She's already on her way.”

“On her way here?” he nodded. “Oh okay, no problem.”

“So, you're okay with this?” I tried to see where her head was with the situation.

“I happily imagined him not having any exes at all but reality as to sink in at some point.”

Joseph hesitantly sat next to her. “You know I only have eyes for you, babe.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled at him. “Of course you do, look at me, it's her eyes I'm worried about.”

“You done Tesoro?” Nate nudged me.

I hadn’t even realized that I was stuffing my mouth while listening to the drama before me. “Yeah, I’m finished.”

He took the plate from me and brought it to the kitchen. When he got back, he cuddled me and kissed my cheek.

“What kind of ex was she?”

“What do you mean?” Joseph asked.

“Oh, she was the obsessive type,” Nate laughed, clearly missing the signal from Joseph to shut up. “She was always around him and thought they’d get married and shit.”

“Dude!” Joseph yelled to Nate. “Thanks a lot.”

That’s when Nate realized what he said. “Oh, sorry bro.”

Joseph ran a hand down his face. “It’s not as bad as he made it sound.”

“She wasn’t obsessed with you?”

“No... well... she was, but I handled it.”

The look she gave him said she did not believe a word he said, so it was surprising when she just nodded and accepted his answer.

“You aren’t going to ask any more questions?”

“Do you want me to interrogate you?”

“Um, no?” He was so unsure of what to say.

“Relax baby,” there was a knock at the door.

“That must be her,” Liam got up from his seat.

“What if it’s one of the guards?” I asked him. “As a matter of fact, why have we never seen any of the guards?”

“We pay them to guard the place, not to be seen.”

“Y’all are so rude.”

There was another knock at the door. “I’ll get it,” Christy grinned as she got up and ran to the door before any of us could say anything.

“We probably shouldn’t have let that happen,” B mentioned as we waited for screams.

“No shit,” Joseph groaned.

“Relax guys,” I encouraged them to calm down. “She won’t hurt the girl unless she makes a move on him.”

“She is going to hurt her,” Nate stated plainly.

“Is she really that obsessed with you?” I asked Joseph just to make sure.

Joseph nodded.

“Oh yeah, she’s gonna beat her ass if she gets too close.”

“Fuck!”

“Guys, look who it is,” Christy chirped as she walked back into the room with a pretty brown-haired person in tow. “Josephine.”

A chorus of hellos rang throughout the room as we all but held our breath and waited for the explosion. Christy was happily smiling as she watched the encounter, which made me wonder what was going on in her head right now. She was far too calm for me.

She introduced everyone and then pointed at Joseph. “And this right here is Joseph.”

Josephine lit up at hearing his name. “I know Joseph. We dated for a while... I always wished we’d get back together.”

“Oh, really?” Christy smiled a little too wide. “He has a girlfriend.”

Josephine looked around the room before smirking. “I don’t see a girlfriend.”

We all held our breaths at that, but Christy only smirked and walked over to Joseph, from where she was leaning against the wall. She sat beside him and pulled him in for a rather passionate kiss. I held in a laugh as Josephine’s mouth dropped open. She honestly looked like a fish out of water.

Christy pulled away from Joseph, panting. “Now you see her. Let’s go, baby... I have a point to get across.”

Joseph jumped to his feet and followed her out of the room. He did not spare one glance at Josephine on his way out. That was smart of him. Just before she was fully out of view, she turned around and winked at me. That bitch.

“Well... that happened,” Belle muttered. “Does anybody else need a shot?”

“Princess, it’s 10 in the morning.”

“Oh, so just me then,” she laughed as she grabbed the empty plates and walked into the kitchen.

Nate cleared his throat. “It’s nice to see you again, Josephine.”

She forced a smile. “You too, Nate, but you can all call me Josie.”

“Okay, Josie, you can take a seat,” I tried to be friendly, but not too friendly that Christy would get upset, you know, girl code and all.

“You’re going to be helping with the whole Brian situation?”

She nodded as she pulled out a laptop from her bag. “Yeah, that’s why I was called in. I’m going to tap into the mics and try to triangulate where the sound is being sent to.”

“Does that mean you’ll be able to figure out where in Italy Brian is?” It was an exciting thought.

“That’s correct,” she told me.

“You really are good.”

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“Ahh baby harder!”

I rolled my eyes as I heard Christy moan again. The walls really were thin. It didn't bother me much having lived with her. I've heard her having sex before, but I felt for Josie since she was hearing everything that was happening. Her hands were moving a lot faster across the keyboard as she typed away. She tried to appear unaffected, but based on the reddening of her cheeks, I would say she was embarrassed.

Christy can be cruel sometimes. “So, Josie, how did you get into computers?”

She looked up at me for a split second before

looking back at the screen. “Ever since I was a child, I've had a knack for it.”

I nodded, impressed at her abilities. “That's pretty cool.”

“How long have you known the bitch?”

What the hell kind of question was that, and who was she referring to? I hoped it wasn't Christy, because pregnant or not, I would defend my best friend.

“I'm sorry, who?”

“Oh, you know Alina,” she laughed.

I breathed a sigh of relief. “I thought you meant someone else.”

“Who Christy?” her eyes filled with malice. “I mean, she's a bitch as well, but who am I to throw out names?”

“You're being a little too dense. You know that she's my best friend, right?”

“Oh yeah, of course, but even you can admit she's bitchy.”

“A wah do da likkle gyal yah?” Her condescending tone was becoming too much for me.

“You think I’m upset because she’s screwing Joseph?” She looked offended. “Because I’m not.”

“You sure sound offended,” I told her as I tried to calm down.

“I’m not, plus I know that she’s nothing to him.”

“Excuse me?” My voice grew louder, gaining the attention of the men in the room.

“What’s the matter, Tesoro?” Nate asked me as he walked over to me from where he and Liam were talking.

“Yeah, what’s going on?” Liam looked between the both of us.

“It’s nothing,” she beamed. “I was just informing Jade here that Joseph knows who he belongs to.”

I reached out to grab her hair, but Nate held me back. If his muscular arms were not trapping me to his chest, I would have tackled her by now.

Liam blew out a breath. “Josephine, what did we talk about before you got here?”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not even doing anything.”

“I told you that Joseph is in a very committed relationship and also that Christy is one crazy woman.”

“I can handle her,” she grunted.

“Are you looking to get beat up today?” her mental state concerned me at this point.

“Oh, I don’t need to fight for him.”

“It wouldn’t be much of a fight,” Nate finally said something. “You’d lose.”

“She wouldn’t dare touch an FBI agent.”

“I wouldn’t stop her either, if that’s what you’re thinking,” Liam announced. “I warned you before you came here, but you insist on meddling.”

She huffed. “He’ll come running back to me soon enough.”

I threw my hands in the air, officially done with her and her crap. She really was obsessed with him, and she needed some serious help.

“And why do you think that?”

“It’s happened before, but I don’t mind waiting for him to come to his senses.”

“Are you done?” Liam grew frustrated. “You came here to do a job and not to create drama.”

“Jeez, calm down. I’m done.”

“Okay, so where is the son of a bitch?” Nate demanded an answer.

“Based on the location I got from tracing where all the sound is being transmitted to, he’s in Rome.”

“Rome?” that made no sense to me. “Isn’t that a bit public?”

“It is,” Liam agreed with me. “Which would make it the perfect place to hide in plain sight. It’d be impossible to find him in a heavily populated tourist destination.”

“What now?” Nate asked, pissed at what he was hearing. “We do nothing?”

“Calm down,” Josie smiled as she touched his arm. “They don’t call me the best for nothing.”

“If you don’t remove your hand in the next second, you’ll need a prosthetic to work with.”

She immediately snatched her hand away. “That’s the reaction I get and I’m the tamer of us two. Christy would have fun with you.”

“Can we focus on the task at hand?” Liam questioned us as he tried to stifle his laugh.

“Ahem,” she cleared her throat. “I can try to tap into the device he’s using to listen in on and hear what is being said on his side.”

“What are you waiting for?”

She took a deep breath and got to work, her hands flying across the buttons. If only I could type that fast. I don't know how people do it, especially without looking down.

“Okay, got it.”

That was quick. Maybe she was not so bothersome after all.

“What'd you get?” Belle asked as she walked into the room.

“We found out that Brian is in Rome and Josie found a way to hear what he's doing.”

“For someone so annoying you are good at your job,” Belle muttered as she sat beside her husband.

“Let's get this over with,” she whined. “We've been in this house for far too long.”

I snorted. “Drama queen.”

“Okay Josephine,” Liam had his phone out and on a recording app, he set down the phone and clicked record.

She pressed enter, and we waited. There was a buzzing sound before Brian's voice was heard.

“Everything ready?”

“Yeah don.”

“Yuh sure seh dem still in a di area?”

“Yeah Don, Jr and Kyle confirmed it before them, leff.”

“Okay, good, this time tomorrow we'll get the bitch.”

“Yuh sure wi fi do dis?”

“A question yah question mi yute?”

“No Don,” the kid sounded frightened. “A just that wi nuh Inna Jamaica and wi nuh know yah suh like wi know wi backyard.”

“Wah yuh think wi deh yah suh long a do?” Brian asked the kid “We are attacking tomorrow, and that's it and get the

Alina bitch first thing tomorrow too, we nuh need any loose ends.”

It was silent for a while and all we could hear was static, as his phone or whatever was rubbing against his clothes.

“Brian baby,” a woman with a thick accent called out to him. “You called for me.”

“Guh pan yuh knee,” he growled and then you could hear his zipper being pulled down. “Now suck mi dick.”

“Okay, that’s enough,” Liam yelled.

I was grateful he said that because I would not have been able to hear him have sex with the poor girl. He liked it rough and based on the way he was talking to her; she was about to experience that in a moment.

“I know it’s probably a lot to ask,” Liam turned to me. “But he spoke in your dialect, and we don’t understand that much of it.”

I looked back at Nate, who was red in the face. His hand was gripping the couch tightly as he tried to calm himself. I have been teaching him patois, so he understood some of what they said, but not all of it.

I drew a deep breath as I faced Liam. “He plans to attack here tomorrow around this time and take me, and he plans to kidnap Alina early tomorrow morning as well.”

He nodded at what I said, which was the only indication that he heard me.

“I can’t believe this,” Belle was wide-eyed.

“Who are you texting?” Belle pressed Liam.

“I’m sending the safe house address to Alina and you girls need to pack. We leave in an hour.”

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Jade Samuels

Nate entered our room to find me packing my stuff at record speed. I already packed his clothes since he would take forever, and Liam only gave us an hour to get ready. Luckily, I had on some music, so we didn't have to censor what we were saying in case Brian was listening.

"Hey Tesoro," he murmured as he walked up to me and pulled me into a hug.

"Nate. What are you doing? We need to pack," even though my words were questioning him, my body melted against his.

"Let me just hold you for a second." I sighed, murmuring incoherently against his chest. "This is nice."

"It is."

He leaned back so he could look at me. "Whatever happens, remember that I love you."

"I love you too," I frowned. "Nate, what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, Tesoro," he placed a lingering kiss on my forehead.

"Then why does it sound like you're saying goodbye?"

"Because you read too many books."

I hissed my teeth. "No, I don't."

"Liam wanted to talk with all of us."

"Oh, okay." I stared at him a little longer to see if I could tell what was wrong, but I couldn't. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm positive, Tesoro."

"Okay, let's go see what he wants."

We walked down the stairs to find Belle and Liam sitting together, Joseph and Christy were standing off to the side and Josephine was holding her cheek.

“What the hell happened in here?”

“She jumped up on Joseph like I wasn’t standing right next to him,” she sneered. “My hand said hi to her face.”

“You’re an only child, aren’t you?” I faced Josie.

“How’d you know that?” she asked as she rubbed her cheek.

“Because you’re spoiled, and you’re far too used to getting what you want.” I hate spoiled people. “Joseph might have run to you in the past but look at him. Do you see him running to you now?”

She fixed her gaze on him and Joseph did not even make eye contact. She looked defeated by his lack of a response. “No, he’s not running to me.”

“I’m happy you see that, so that means you need to move on.” I tried not to come off too harsh. “You’re a pretty woman, you’ll find someone.”

She nodded. “I’m going to go on a walk for a bit.”

I watched as she stepped out and closed the door behind her. I looked at Christy and she only shrugged, not at all sorry for her actions. I mean, they warned her multiple times, so she did have it coming, but still I felt bad a little.

“You wanted to talk to us?” I directed the question to Liam.

“Yes,” he spoke. “As I was telling Joseph and Christy, Brian plans to kidnap Jade tomorrow at around 11 in the morning, which is bold even for him, so I want you girls out of this house by tonight.”

“Why did you make us pack then if we weren’t leaving till late?” Belle asked.

“Because I know you can get slow sometimes when packing and we can’t afford anything going wrong.”

“Wait, wait a minute, you said ‘us girls’ are leaving.”

“Yeah, that’s right,” my eyes widened at the realization of what he said. “Are you guys not coming with us?”

They stood silently. “I have to be here,” Liam saved himself by throwing the others under the bus.

“Is that why you sounded like you were saying goodbye?” I interrogated Nate. “And why you hugged me out of the blue earlier?”

“I always hug you.”

“Answer the question, Nate.”

He looked away, not being able to meet my gaze. “Yeah, that’s why.”

“So, was this some sort of plan because Joseph did the same thing?” Christy complained as she glared at him.

He looked sheepish as his eyes darted around the room. “We can’t all leave or else he’ll know that something’s up.”

“So your plan was to lie to us?” Christy yelled.

His eyes darkened. “Lower your voice and remember who you are talking to,” he growled.

We all paused to see how she would react, but she surprised us by staying quiet. Was that- was she blushing? Joseph might just be a match for her after all.

“What’s going to happen when he realizes that I’m not here?” I threw the question out there. “What if he hurts you guys?”

“Tesoro, relax,” he rested a hand on my tummy. “Think of the baby.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re thinking of her now,” I hissed.

“Jade, honey, I think I can explain.” Belle raised her hand to get my attention. “My husband seems too afraid to speak.”

“Please do.” I hated being left in the dark.

“They have men watching the house. We can’t all leave because that would create suspicion and we don’t want that. We’ll leave tonight on an exit that Brian should have no clue about.”

“If Brian should have no clue about it, then why are we leaving our men?”

“Because they need to see them to trick them that we are inside. I’m the one losing here cause my husband can’t leave until it’s over.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” I apologized, seeing she’s right. “It just sucks being lied to,” I pointed at Nate. “Even if it’s to protect me.”

“What’s should we do now?” Christy asked.

“We can show you where you’ll be leaving from.”

“Okay, we have nothing better to do,” I agreed.

“I could think of a few things we could do,” he winked suggestively at me.

“Don’t even think about it,” I shrugged off his suggestion.

“Alright, follow me,” Joseph cheered. “This is my favorite part of the house.”

“Are we going into the basement?” I probed him as we went further down with each step.

“Yeah, we are.”

“That’s just... great.”

“Here we go,” he grumbled as he opened the door.

It shocked me to see a lit garage in the basement. It looked so unique, not as if they created it with the house, but as if it were an afterthought. The walls looked remarkably like they actually just dug out this area and pulled tools and a car inside. As I reached out a hand to feel the wall, I realized it was exactly what I thought it was.

“What is this place?” I whispered.

“When I bought this place, I explored a bit and found out that there was a tunnel running deep underground.”

“That’s some movie-type shit,” Christy laughed.

He agreed. “That it is, baby. I took things a step further and widened the tunnel so that it was big enough to fit an entire car with no problems. I got some lights installed, concealed the exit and pow I’m batman.”

“Having a ‘bat lair’ does not make you batman,” Christy rolled her eyes.

“So that’s why you had construction on the house when you first bought it,” a light bulb went off in Belle’s head.

“I don’t see a bat-mobile,” I laughed with Christy.

“Whatever,” he mumbled.

“When I tell you guys, you’re going to come down here, get in the car and drive away.”

“Are you guys sure about this?” I asked one last time to be sure.

“I’d die for you and our kid,” Nate stated calmly. “But I assure you I’ll be fine.”

“They trained in three different forms of fighting Jade. They’ll be fine. Please don’t worry.”

“You can fight?” I looked at Nathan, then Joseph. “Why didn’t I know this?”

“The conversation never came up.”

“Plus, I find it hot that you can handle yourself.”

“You aren’t wrong,” I wholeheartedly agreed with him.

“What do you say we leave them and go up to our room and have some fun?”

“You know Brian can hear us, right?” I asked him.

“Even better.” He pulled me in for a kiss.

I pulled away, breathless. “You’re okay with him hearing me moan?”

He groaned. “I was okay with it earlier.”

I gasped. “You remembered the mics were there.”

“Of course, I did.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” I asked curiously.

“First, he would’ve heard me, second I was too in the moment to worry about that, and third I didn’t care if he heard.”

“He can hear you, but he’ll never be able to touch you or hold you ever again,” he murmured as he trailed kisses along my neck. “You’re mine, Tesoro. You’ll be moaning my name not his.”

“I’m yours.”

“Now get your ass in our room and strip for me,” he turned me around and gave my butt one firm slap.

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Jade Samuels

“Tesoro, wake up,” someone shook me.

“What?” I jumped up. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry,” Nate apologized. “But you guys have to leave now.”

“Why?” I looked at the time on my phone. “We have a couple of hours left.”

“I know, but Liam had Josephine tap back into the mic and Brian must have gotten impatient because they changed their plans and are on their way here now.”

“Wait,” I jumped out of bed.

Nate already had mine and his suitcase in his hands as he wheeled them out. It’s a good thing

that I wore my pajamas this time. I ran after him, phone in hand.

The others came into view as I walked into the room.

“How are you feeling, babe?” Christy asked as soon as she saw me.

“I’m good, just can’t wait for this to be over.”

“It’s going to be over soon,” Liam assured me. “Let’s move.”

We all silently headed to the basement, Joseph once again leading the way. As soon as we got in, the guys put the suitcases in the car and shut the trunk. Christy and Belle were busy saying their goodbyes to their men and so I turned to mine to do the same, even if it killed me to do so.

“Baby, I’m scared,” I told him honestly as I wrapped my arms around him.

He pressed me tightly to him. “I know, Tesoro, but it’ll be okay.”

“How can you be so sure about that?”

“He doesn’t know that he’s walking into a trap,” he reminded me. “He’ll be unprepared, which will give us the perfect opportunity to strike.”

As much as I wanted to disagree with his logic, I could not, because I knew he was right. If we waited until he was in Miami again, we might never catch him and capturing him in Jamaica is out of the question.

I love my people, but they would side with him because he is the don and you do not want to go against the Don.

“You make sure you come back to me, okay?” I was close to tears at this point. “Come back to us.”

“I will, don’t worry.”

“Okay, let’s go girls, before I start to cry.”

Belle kissed Liam one last time before opening the passenger side door and hopping into the car. Christy followed and got in. With one last look at all of them, I got into the car with them.

“Who’s going to drive?” I asked as I looked down at my fingers.

“I am.”

Josephine.

“What are you doing here?” Christy groaned. “It’s bad enough we left our men behind, but now we get stuck with you.”

“What did you think was going to happen?” she rolled her eyes as she started the car and drove off. “You guys don’t know the address to the safe house.”

“Liam could have just told me,” Belle mumbled.

“I know you all don’t like me and all that, but Joseph talked to me earlier and I get it. He loves Christy and I don’t want to get in the middle of that.”

“Wait, he loves me?” Christy asked loudly.

“He hasn’t told you?”

“Would I be asking you if he had?”

“What are you doing?” I asked her as she pulled out her phone.

“What do you think?” She showed me the screen, as she dialed Joseph’s number. Oh no.

“You can’t possibly be mad about that,” Josie sighed dramatically.

“She told you he loves her before telling her,” Belle snapped. “What do you think?”

“Christy, baby, what’s wrong?” Joseph’s voice rang through the car. She put it on speaker without telling us.

“I just wanted to tell you I love you,” she smirked. “Bye!”

She hung up and put the phone on silent. Her actions satisfied her, so I was not about to question it. She has always done weird and questionable stuff.

“Please tell me we’re not staying at the same safe house as Alina,” Belle pleaded.

Josie frowned. “That would be ideal, but your husband said otherwise.”

We drove up to what looked like a metal barrier, but the closer the car got, the more it opened to reveal an empty road. It surprised me to see more than six cars parked to the side.

“Who are they?” I enquired.

“You didn’t think that they’d stay behind without backup, did you?”

“Why are they here?” Christy asked her question. “And not inside with the guys.”

“They couldn’t drive to the front gate just in case Brian had people watching, so they’re going to enter through here.”

“Hmm, that makes sense,” we pulled up to a car and Josie slowed down.

The window rolled down to reveal a middle-aged man.
“Josephine”

“Mr. Gonzalez,” she acknowledged his greeting.

“Ladies,” we nodded quietly and just observed the interaction.

“You have your orders don’t let me down.”

“Yes Sir,” and with that, she drove off. We did not leave the house much, especially using this road, so I could not tell where we were going.

“Where are we going?” I asked curiously.

“Venice.”

“Isn’t that like hours away?” Christy voiced my concerns.

“It is,” Belle answered solemnly.

“Liam gave very strict instructions so let’s go over them,” Josephine told us as she kept her eyes on the road “We won’t be driving to Venice I am only going to the train station from where we will take a train to the house.”

“We will travel together since there is strength in numbers. If they follow us, we will split up into pairs. Christy and Belle will travel together, and Jade and I will travel together.”

“Any questions?”

“Just one...do you have any idea what’s going to happen back there?”

She pulled over and put the car to a stop. I watched as she pulled off her seatbelt and turned around to look at us. Belle was a lot calmer than we were because Liam was in this line of work, but we were not accustomed to this.

“I’m going to be honest with you girls and I’m not saying this to sound mean.” she took a deep breath. “They are risking a lot by doing this, but they also have the upper hand in all of this.”

“Believe it or not, they trained extensively to protect themselves. It’s why they never really have a bodyguard.”

“Did you train as well?” I asked Belle.

“Oh yeah, dad made sure we all did.”

“Cazzo!”

“I haven’t spoken to dad and Aaron since the whole thing happened. They’re going to be so mad.”

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Nathan Masters

Joseph hung up the phone with a joyful look on his face.

“Christy?” I asked him knowingly.

“Yeah, she said she loves me, but she hung up before I could answer.”

“That sounds like something she would do,” Liam commented as he walked into the room with a duffel bag in his hand.

“Take your pick,” he grumbled as he set the bag down to reveal several types of guns and ammo.

I took out my pick, which was a sniper rifle, and began to load it up. Liam and Joseph did the

same as we waited for the fireworks to happen.

“They see the girls yet?”

He nodded. “They confirmed the girls passed them five minutes ago.”

“Great.”

Liam looked down as a notification went off on his phone. “I’ll be back.”

“You remember the last time we had to ‘suit up’ like this?” Joseph asked as he sat down and picked up some extra ammo, stuffing it into his pockets.

“Yeah, if I remember correctly, it was during training.”

I chuckled. “And I won.”

He scowled. “In my defense, I had a little to drink before. I totally forgot about the exam.”

“Yeah,” I shrugged. “You ever plan to tell Christy the extent of training we actually got?”

He raised a brow. “You plan on telling Jade?”

I rolled my eyes. “Fair point.”

“Gentlemen,” Liam mumbled as he walked into the room again. “This is Mr. Gonzalez. He and his team will work with us on this assignment.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” I told him as I shook his hand. Joseph did the same.

“Likewise,” he murmured. “Normally we don’t include civilians in official FBI business, but you aren’t ordinary civilians, are you?”

Joseph and I shared a look. “I guess not.”

“I won’t ask questions, but I’ve heard of your performance.”

He only nodded at our lack of a response. “Right, let’s get to it.”

“My men are currently securing the grounds. We have a man half a mile out who will inform us when they arrive.”

“We are new to this territory, so we’ll leave it up to you guys to create a working strategy.”

“Guys, any suggestions?” Liam asked us.

“He’s been watching us for a while and plans to hit us in the shift change for the guards, so we’ll let him,” Joseph told him. “He thinks he’s ambushing us and that we are unaware, so we’ll use that to our advantage.”

“I’ll use the higher ground against them to disable their vehicles if they realize it’s a trap,” I gave my input. “You and your men should use that as the opportunity to strike.”

“Sounds good enough,” Gonzalez and Liam agreed. “I’ll inform the men and have them standby.”

He walked off to inform his men of the plan while we stayed where we were. My mind drifted off to Jade. I knew she was worried that I might get hurt, but I hope she was taking it easy for our baby’s sake.

“What’s got you grinning like a Cheshire cat?” Liam enquired when he caught the look on my face.

I paused but could not help my smile. “I know it’s weird to think about this right now, but I’m going to be a dad.”

He grinned. “As the godfather...”

“What makes you think that you’re the godfather?” Joseph interrupted him.

“Why would it be you?”

“Why wouldn’t it be me?”

“Guys please,” I mumbled. “Not you too.”

Gonzalez hurried into the room. “I just got the call. He just hit the half-mile mark.”

“Let’s get to it then.”

I got up with the rifle in hand and grabbed some more extra ammunition. I walked up towards one of the guest bedrooms and set the gun down. I busied myself with adjusting the barrel to my liking. After doing that, I got a chair and sat down in front of the window. Sitting down, I positioned the rifle and looked through the scope.

I sat there patiently and waited for the assholes to appear, and then they did. Three cars came up the road. They were all black with tinted windows, which made it impossible to see inside. I kept my cool and waited for them to come through the gate.

The first car did not slow down upon nearing the gate, it sped up. My eyes stayed fixed on them as I watched the car run right into the gate, having it fly open. Little did they know we were the ones who left the gate open, so it would be easier to crash into. If locked, the car would not have been able to ram it open.

I waited until all three cars were inside the perimeter. I watched as they all jumped out and then I fired. The first two shots hit the tires perfectly before someone yelled. “Sniper!”

“Retreat!”

They all ran back towards the car and tried to make a hasty exit.

“Eediots get inna di damn car!”

I saw some of them looking to see if they could spot the sniper, aka me, but they could not. I shot two of the tires on the front cars, disabling them completely. There was no way for them to escape except on foot.

I set down the gun and watched as Gonzalez made his appearance with a megaphone in his hand.

He held up the phone to his mouth, speaking into it. “We have you surrounded. We don’t want to hurt you, but we will if we must. Slowly open your windows and toss the guns out, come out with your hands behind your head and everything will be fine. If you fail to co-operate, we will attack.”

It sounded like a good deal to me, and I hoped they took it. I did not want a gun war to ensue, as I wanted Brian alive. His ass should be dead for what he did to Jade, but death was far too good for him.

The windows slowly rolled down and I could see guns hurtling to the floor. They were not so dumb after all and chose to give up.

When they started walking out with their hands behind their head and the FBI agents apprehended them, I thought it would be a good time to make my presence known. Plus, I wanted to look Brian in the face and then punch him.

I was confused when I saw a worried look on Joseph’s and Liam’s faces. Gonzalez was also barking out orders, but I paid no attention to him.

“Where’s Brian?” I asked them, as I cracked my knuckles.

They were silent. “Come on guys, I want to rough him up a bit before Gonzalez takes him in.”

Joseph sighed. He wasn’t there.”

“Excuse me?”

“Brian wasn’t with them.”

I felt my heart drop. “Then where the fuck is he?”

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Translations

“Yuh coulda jus seh yuh sista deh yah.”

(“You could have just said your sister was here.”)

“Sì Bellissimo,”

(“Yes, beautiful”)

“Yuh ave money fi guh Italy?” my mom asked me.

(“Do you have money to go to Italy?”)

I sighed. “Yuh know seh mi nuh have money fi that.”

(“You know I don’t have money for that.”)

“Then how yah guh?”

(Then how are you going?)

“Alright mek sure yuh call mi wen yuh reach
and tell Nathan fi call mi to.”

(“Alright, make sure to call me when you arrive and tell
Nathan to call me as well.”)

“Fratello, dove sei?”

(“Brother, where are you?”)

“Sto venendo a prenderti all’aeroporto.”

(“I’m on my way to pick you up at the airport.”)

*“Perfetto, siamo appena atterrati saremo fuori quando
arriverai qui.”*

(“Perfect, we just landed. We’ll be out when you get
here.”)

“Ok a presto.”

(“Ok. See you soon.”)

“Anch’io ti amo,” she smiled widely, showing her white
teeth.

(“I love you too”)

I smirked at her. “Ti amo tanto”

“I love you so much.”

“Come desideri Amore Mio,”

“As you wish, my love.”

“Oh Mio Dio.”

“Oh my God.”

U bitch why yuh nah ansa mi? (You bitch why aren't you answering me?)

Wen mi wul yuh yah guh dead! (When I catch you, you're dead!)

Ugly gyal out here wid a white man! (Ugly girl out here with a white man)

Think mi a ramp wid yuh? (You think I'm playing with you?)

Yuh try pray mi nuh lick yuh dung! (You better pray I don't hit you!)

Mi deh yah bitch! (I'm here bitch)

“Il pezzo di merda le ha mandato messaggi.”

“The piece of shit sent her messages.”

“A wah do da likkle gyal yah?” her words were irritating.

“What's wrong with this little girl?”

“Yuh sure seh dem still in a di area?”

“Are you sure they are still in the area?”

“Yuh sure wi fi do dis?”

“Are you sure we should do this?”

“A question yah question mi yute?”

(Are you questioning me?)

“A just that wi nuh Inna Jamaica and wi nuh know yah suh like wi know wi backyard.”

“It's just that we're not in Jamaica. We don't know the ins and outs here like at home.”

“Wah yuh think wi deh yah suh long a do?”

(“Why do you think we’ve been here for so long”)

“Guh pan yuh knee.

(“Go on your knees)

“Eediots get inna di damn car!”

(“Idiots get in the damn car!”)

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About The Author

R.J Stevens was born and raised in St. Ann, the beautiful garden parish of Jamaica. R.J Stevens is a poet, designer, and author. She considers her family and her faith to be most important to her. If she isn't spending time with her family and friends, you can always find her somewhere reading a book. R.J has spent the last six years reading and writing romance novels, giving her characters a unique and relatable feeling!

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