



DOCTOR

Frost

THE HEALING SINS BOOK 4
CATHERINE TRAMELL

Doctor Frost

Healing Sins Book 4

By Catherine Tramell

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Description

Kayley

*I don't regret what happened to us.
I'll do it again a thousand more if it means having
Kollie.
And having this moment.*

Lionel

*It should be my pleasure and her punishment.
But my desire for Kayley turns this craziness
Into a powerful force,
Urging me to keep her mine
And scares me about losing her*

What lies will you take to know the truth?

Kayley Darwin hid from Lionel Icenhower because of a complicated one-night stand.

Almost five years later, one night filled with misunderstanding and lies force them to live as husband and wife. Leaving their secrets open to each other. Their hearts ready for each other to take. And their bodies set to burn each other. Will the secret break their hearts and burn their romance?

Find out in Dr. Frost, the fourth in the Healing Series by Catherine Tramell, author of The Game of Doms Series.

The Healing Sins Series is a collection of medical romance-erotica that will make you believe in happiness, overcome the pain, and hold on to your hopes while enjoying sexually explicit expressions of romance.

Meet a new hot and gorgeous doctor in this fourth book and enjoy the way his lies ignite Kayley's lust.

Disclaimer: Though romantic and sweet like heaven, this book contains explicit sexual depictions that are hot as hell. This book is recommended for mature audiences only. All characters involved in sexual scenes are also above 18 years of age.

Chapter One

Lionel

I hold her by the nape and conquer her mouth like I want it to be mine for eternity. Her reluctance vanished the deeper I kissed her. Kayley wrapped her legs around my hips tighter as I pushed my cock deeper into her. When I pulled away and looked into her eyes, she threw all her hesitations and kissed me. And at that moment, I knew Kayley loved me. She was mine and mine alone. And when I took her to the bed and kissed every inch of her, she allowed me. Her moans lingered in my head. My heart danced to the memory of her calling my name as we reached our climax. Then, I realized I was wrong.

I was the first man to have her. But I only remember bits of memories of how I took her virginity. Why did I have to be drunk at that moment? It must be why she resented and left – no – hid from me even after my proposal.

No woman will marry a man who robbed her of a special moment. Kayley might have loved me, but my transgression is enough to push her away.

“Kayley,” I murmured.

“Yes. Another parachute in our team,” Dr. Kevin Templar tells me, pulling me away from the memory lane of what happened more than four years ago.

I ignore the sarcasm and focus on suturing the patient’s chest. The asshole still sees me as a parachute even if I have proven my capabilities as a heart surgeon. If I were a parachute, I would have insisted on becoming a professor and specialist after four years of fellowship under him. Kevin would have been out of his seat as the head of the cardiology department if it happened.

Kevin laughs and looks at me. “I only hope that she can prove herself as you did.”

I grit my teeth at his arrogance. Kayley may have wanted to be a doctor because she wants to compete with me and for my mother’s attention, but she is one hell of a woman. Given the support of my family, her intelligence, and her warm heart, she can become a better surgeon than Kevin and me.

“This parachute comes with some conditions, too,” Kevin adds. He looks at me curiously. “The orders came from your mommy, no less.”

“What conditions? Treat her like a princess?” I knot the last stitch and look at Kevin.

“No night duties,” Kevin laughs as we let the nurses remove our surgery gowns from our twelve-hour heart transplant operation. “It’s your mom’s order; you deal with it. I bet you’ll enjoy babysitting the new princess.”

I look back at the other residents finishing our operation. “You’ll have the night off tonight, baby docs.”

Kevin chuckles and walks out of the OR. I look at my reflection while washing my hands. *Kayley Darwin*. I will meet her again. I have many questions to ask that only she can answer. And tonight, I’ll know why she had to hide from me and torment me with her absence.

I couldn’t wake up next to a woman without wishing it was her for almost five years. I couldn’t reach a satisfying climax without comparing it to what I had with her. There are no lips I can kiss without remembering her soft lips. No eyes to stare at without imagining that she’s looking back at me.

She makes me want to end the night with another woman quickly but yearn for the night I can have her again. Tonight, I will start having her again.

#

Kayley

I hate this! I hate looking over my shoulder to see if Lionel will be somewhere in this emergency room. Leila, the OR nurse that works closely with him, tells me that VIP doctors don't respond to emergencies. Lionel may not be a specialist yet, but he's a VIP.

Also, Lionel has just finished his first heart transplant operation as the lead surgeon. It's one of the few hurdles he has to accomplish to become a specialist. Leila said the operation was a success. But Lionel insisted on waiting in the room until the patient woke up. He would have no time to lurk around the emergency room for a while.

"Finish this for me," I tell the nurse after I finish suturing the forehead of a high school football player. I smile at the kid and explain, "We'll do some other tests and get back to you later."

I look at the clock and sigh. It's already six in the evening. Kollie must be crying now, and Mom's panicking about how to make her stop. I chuckle and walk to another patient. It's Mom's fault that I'm not home. She's the one who

insisted that I proceed with my residency and even asked Beth Icenhower for a favor. She knows I can't say no to Beth.

The Icenhower matriarch is like a second mother to me. Beth only wants the best for me. The only time I defied her request was about four years ago when I refused to go to a medical school of their choice. The family wanted me close and to take extra training in Osler if I wanted to. I turned down their offer for Kollie's sake. No. For Lionel's sake.

I want to regret giving myself to him. Not once, but twice. The first time, he was drunk. The second time, he was angry. But I couldn't regret anything that happened between us. Somehow, I became whole after being one with him.

After realizing what happened, Lionel apologized and insisted on taking responsibility. It was against his will. He didn't mean his proposal. He only didn't want to disappoint his family. I know him. He never showed me affection since I got into high school – unless his family required him.

Though my family began as servants to the Icenhowers, the family treated my mom and me like family. But I don't know if they would accept me as the wife of their youngest son. Knowing them, though, they would have forced Lionel to

take responsibility had they known about what happened between us. I could not let it happen.

Lionel hated having things forced upon him. He didn't want to be a doctor, but the family urged him. I agree with the Icenhowers. Lionel is intelligent beyond comparison. Everything about him says he'll be a great doctor. But his heart wasn't there. Despite finishing the course and becoming one, he continued to resent the decisions others made for him. Though I could tell, he learned to love becoming one.

I couldn't force him to take responsibility for me. I don't want him to hate me. I've loved him for so long, and I refuse to find a reason to hate him. Had I chosen to marry him and live with his resentment of being my husband, I may learn to hate him more than I have loved him. But he doesn't stop giving me reasons to continue loving him. I got pregnant.

So, I hid and continued medical school while pregnant. Mom left the Icenhowers and helped me. We raised Kollie together while I worked and studied. It was hard, but not that bad. Beth gave my mother a retirement fee, enough for her to open a small flower shop.

But after my internship, everything became clear. Until Kollie is old enough to go to school, I can't proceed with my

residency. I can't miss her first few years. She's growing up without a father because of me. I can't let her cross infancy without me by her side.

My mother objected to my decision and turned to the Icenhowers for another favor. Upon knowing my situation, Beth used her influence to get me a residency at Osler and imposed impossible working conditions for my benefit. But they're the Icenhowers; nothing is impossible for them at Osler.

Beth arranged a no night duty contract for me. I don't need to exceed eight hours but only have to complete a forty-eight-hour work week requirement for a resident. In short, no one can force me to work my ass off. But I'm not that kind of woman. I am a doctor and should work as one.

"Time to go home, Darwin." One of the residents taunts me. I can sense the jealousy in her voice.

Rumors about me being a child of a VIP stockholder circulated like wildfire after my first day. Some say that my parents don't have enough company shares. Hence, I still have to do emergency duties instead of immediately joining a cardiology-surgery team like Lionel. I chose to ignore the rumors. I'm only here to finish my residency and be qualified

for specialization as a cardiologist. I've long given up on my dream of working beside Lionel.

“Who’s going home?” I freeze at the deep sound of a familiar voice. I look back and find Lionel standing on the other side of the emergency station. He looks at me with cold eyes. I can still sense his resentment over what happened between us. “Kayley Darwin?”

I raise my hand and ride his pretense of not knowing me. My throat dries when he traces my body with his eyes. Even the other personnel see how sharp he looks at me. But his admiring eyes return to sharp ones when he stares back at my face.

“A first-year resident doing an eight-hour clockwork. Ah. Even I didn’t have that privilege.” Sarcasm fills his voice. Lionel darts a sharp look at me and adds, “Follow me.”

“But, Dr. Icenhower, I’m...”

I stop walking after Lionel suddenly stops. He looks at the other doctors and nurses in the emergency room. They quickly scam and return to their work. He glances at me before walking again.

“Just because we vouched for you, you can act like a princess,” he suddenly stops and turns to me. I lose my balance due to surprise. He quickly holds me by my elbow and keeps me standing. “You are a first-year resident. Do your job.”

“But, Lionel,” I freeze when he glares at me. “Dr. Icenhower, I need to go home. Kol...”

“Kol? I don’t care if your boyfriend, husband, or a date for shagging is waiting for you,” I almost slap him and declare that it’s his daughter who’s waiting for me. But the part of me who always spoils him and chooses to understand him instead of telling him the truth wins again. “You still have work to do.”

Another young male doctor approaches us with some medical journals and a notebook. He looks at me and gives me the stack. “Mom wanted you to have this. Use it to write a medical digest of these journals. I need it by tomorrow.”

“What?”

The other resident looks as shocked as I am. There are about a dozen medical journals, and he expects me to make a report about them. Before I can say a word, Lionel takes a step toward me. His chest is only a few inches away from my face.

His heat travels to me, just as it did when he pushed me against the wall the morning we conceived our child.

“My parents have the stocks to call the shots as to who gets to be employed,” I avoid Lionel’s glaring eyes. “Guess who can call the shots to get you to remain employed,” he turns to the other resident and orders, “Let her do everything. Enjoy your day off.”

“Lion... Dr. Icenhower.” But he doesn’t hear me out and walks away.

“I don’t know what you did, but you must have pissed Dr. Frost off a lot,” the other resident chuckles. “A suggestion, Dr. Darwin. Get on his good side as fast as you can.”

“His good side?”

I scoff at the advice. Lionel already got between my legs, but he still won’t want me on his good side.

#

Chapter Two

Lionel

“I love you. I love you,” every word cuts my heart like sharp shards of ice, causing my blood to boil and my anger to ensue. “I promise. I’ll be home tonight and be in your bed and hold you tight.”

I slam the door purposely to get Kayley’s attention. She quickly hangs up the phone and returns to her desk. I frown after seeing her alone. *Those kids*. Being branded as the new parachute, Kayley also gets alienated from the other residents. It’s why I went against my mother’s condition and let Kayley undergo the usual training of a resident.

“Have you had dinner?” I ask.

Kayley answers with a nod. She knocks the stack of books on her desk. I shake my head when she looks at me. Kayley has always been clumsy. When she was younger, I always had to be by her side during parties to keep her from breaking something. No one put me up to it. I just wanted to protect her. It won’t be a problem if she messes up, but she often gets hurt for being clumsy.

I panic when Kayley almost hits her head on the corner of the desk. I rush to her and cover her forehead before it can

hit the table. We both freeze the moment our skin touches each other.

“You’re still the clumsy little girl, huh?”

“And you’re still the cold, grouchy prince,” Kayley murmurs. “No wonder they call you Frost.”

I frown at the word. Nurses call me that because I always give them the cold treatment. For them, I’m a snob. Somebody with a world of his own and doesn’t let anyone in. I don’t care much about what they think, but I don’t like hearing the word from Kayley. But, she’s right. I’ve been cold to her for trying to hold back the feelings and heat I feel for her.

Her phone rings, and she rejects the call. She looks at me and says, “I’m doing this at home. Fire me if you think it’s too much.”

She takes the journal from the table and walks past me.

“What? Somebody’s waiting for you at home?” I fail to hide my jealousy.

How can I stop being jealous? Kayley hid from me for more than four years and hadn’t looked at me the way she did before. Now, she’s telling somebody “I love you” endlessly. I grab her by the wrist and pull her back.

“Who is he? Somebody who shags you better?” My jealousy got the best of me. I regret it after Kayley glares at me.

“You never change, do you? I’m still the slut in your head, huh?” She rolls her eyes to hide her tears, but one escapes.

And seeing it rips my heart. I let go of her hand and waver whether to apologize or be stupid again. Kayley slides her hand from me and wipes her tears. She takes a deep breath and says, “Think whatever you want. I’m going home to my daughter.”

“Your daughter?”

#

Kayley

I bite my lip after my secret slips from my mouth. Lionel blocks me before I can take a step to avoid him. His eyes flare with anger. His jealousy is obvious. I don't know if I should be flattered or scared of it.

“Your daughter?” he repeats. Lionel takes a few deep breaths before asking, “Are you married?”

I choke at his question. My stupid loyalty to him makes it difficult for me to lie to him again. Lionel had always seen through my lies. He only failed when I turned down his heartless proposal. My rejection was a half-truth. I didn't want to marry a man who would only hate me for marrying him.

“My life is none of your business,” I managed to say after gathering all my courage.

Lionel grabs my arm and pulls me closer to him. “Do you love him? This.... the father of your child?”

“My life is none of your business, Lionel,” I raise my voice, hoping to intimidate him.

But he's Lionel Icenhower. He's not only cold as ice; he's as stubborn as an iceberg, too. Instead of being intimidated, he holds the back of my head and slides his lips

between mine. My mind goes blank, but my mouth has its own mind. When he pulls my chin to open my mouth wider, I let him. When his tongue wriggles inside, I welcome it by swirling my tongue around his. As Lionel pushes his tongue deeper and explores my mouth with heat, I melt in his arms, allowing him to hold me more. His hand on my nape holds me tighter, while his other hand pushes the center of my torso towards him.

I lay my hands on his chest, but instead of pushing him away, I cling to his white robe and let him take me away with his deep kiss. It's like the first kiss we had when I was in high school. My heart races; my mind panics; I want him to own me.

“Stop,” I pulled away from him. His kisses never meant anything to him but were a way to taunt me. To prove a point.

Turns out, I'm right. Lionel smiles and proudly declares, “You don't love him. You only love the kisses, the touches, but not the man. Don't you?”

The tears I held back escape and roll down my cheeks. I push him away and scowl at him. “I love him. I love my daughter's father even if he never loved me.”

Lionel's face becomes dark while mine turns pale. "Liar," he accuses me. "You would not have kissed me that way if you loved him."

A tricky situation. An ironic circumstance. Only Lionel can think I spoke lies by telling the truth. "Think any way you want, Lionel. I'm going home to my daughter," I pause to swallow the lump in my throat. I look him straight in the eyes and add, "Whose father is the man I love the most in this world."

Guilt punches my chest when I see his shoulders fall. His face still frowns, but his eyes look more frustrated than angry. *Stop*. I look away from him before I can think of correcting the misunderstanding. I step to the side and walk past him. This time, Lionel doesn't run after me.

#

"I'm not drunk," Esther Teo, another OR nurse, tells me while she gives me a lift back to our apartment.

She has been giving me a lift since I started working in Osler since we live close to each other. Her apartment building is only a few meters from where I live. She's the only one

among the nurses who know I'm the Icenhower's charity case and about Kollie. Esther is a good friend to me, and she vowed to keep my secret.

"I only celebrated a little. Big day on Monday," Esther flashes a wide smile.

Esther is a migrant worker. After five years, her citizenship application was approved. All she needs to do is swear allegiance on Monday. The last thing she wants is a DUI violation before her big day.

"I would love to join your party tomorrow, Esther. But," I sigh, and Esther knows the reason.

"Can't you just tell him the truth?" Esther asks.

"That I have a daughter? I already told him. Doesn't change a thing," I softly smile and heavily exhale. "Just like you said. He's Dr. Frost. I still have to work tomorrow."

"Not if he knows who Kollie is," I give Esther a doubting look. Her small almond eyes reduce to almost lines while she laughs. "It doesn't take a genius to know that the little girl is Frost's. Her eyes tell the whole world."

I am speechless! Kollie's eyes do tell who her father is. I told my mother I got knocked up by some random guy, but

the moment Kollie was born, I couldn't hide my secret anymore. Esther stops smiling and pats my shoulder.

“Don't worry,” she glances at me. “I will keep your secret.”

When I'm about to thank Esther, a raging car moves toward us. Esther steers to the side and stops. She steps out of the car and yells curses at the other driver. Suddenly, she screams in panic. I rush out of the car – only to be frozen upon finding Lionel lying in front of Esther's car.

“You saw what happened, Kayley. He wasn't there. I didn't hit him,” Esther panics while I rush to Lionel.

“Shut up, Esther. Call 911 now,” I order before checking for signs of blood around Lionel.

He doesn't seem to be bleeding, but Lionel looks pale; his lips are dry. I check his pulse; it's normal. He didn't have any cuts, either. I look at Esther, who is already in tears. Like Esther, I also didn't see Lionel when she pulled to a sudden stop. Why is he lying unconscious on the side of the road?

“Kayley,” Lionel whispers while slowly opening his eyes. I carefully help him rise. His face glows when our faces almost touch each other. “It's really you.”

“What happened, Lionel?” I ask while checking his head for any injury.

“Where am I?” Lionel asks while looking around. He becomes confused after seeing Esther’s car.

“I swear, Dr. Icenhower. I didn’t hit you,” Esther stutters. “I-I don’t know what happened.”

Lionel turns to me with a worried face and checks me for any injury. “Are you okay? Did something happen to you? Are you hurt?” His reaction shocks us.

I look at Esther and shake my head. A smile breaks across his face. My heart stops when he suddenly presses his forehead on my cheek. After gently sniffing me, Lionel stares at my face. A sudden mix of heat and cold spreads from my chest as my heart races like a wild horse. My heart rumbles like the sound of stampeding animals, deafening me and making me feel like we’re the only people in the world.

“Amnesia!” Esther breaks whatever fantasy almost fills my heart. She pulls me away from Lionel. “He has amnesia! Can’t you see? He always taunts you, but now, look,” I look at Lionel, and he looks back at me with gentle eyes. “He looks at you like you’re the most precious person in the world to him.”

I shake my head and glare at Esther. “Call 911, Esther. Let’s have him checked at the hospital.”

Esther pulls me back before I can return to Lionel. “Kayley, please. I don’t need this right now. The police might think I hit him or something.”

“What are you saying, Esther?”

I shake my head while listening to her plan. She wants us to keep everything a secret. Esther admitted that she had around six beers before picking me up. She was only good at handling herself. But the alcohol amount may exceed the limit. Esther can be guilty of a DUI, which may affect her US citizenship application.

“I kept your secret all these months, Kayley,” I don’t like the sound of Esther’s voice. Her lips twitch down as she threatens me by adding, “I’m only asking you to keep this until Monday evening.”

“No!”

“Please, Kayley. This isn’t for me only. This will drag my kids down, too,” Esther pleads. Her desperation fills her misty eyes. “We need this.”

I look at Lionel. He seems fine but confused. I'm pretty sure Esther didn't hit him with a car, but I can't be too sure. "We have to bring him to the hospital if he has amnesia. We can explain everything if we have to."

"Excuse me, Kayley, what is going on?" Lionel asks. I rush to him to help him stand.

"You slipped and fell unconscious, Dr. Icenhower," Esther suddenly cuts in. "So, I called your wife to take you."

"Wife?" Lionel and I repeat in unison. He looks at me and back at Esther.

"Doctor, what is it that you last remember? Kayley and I think you have amnesia," Esther insists without hesitation.

Lionel chuckles a little and stops after looking at me. When I'm about to correct Esther's theory, he raises an eyebrow and answers, "The last thing I remember is that you are not a doctor, Esther."

I can't help but smile after hearing his "Frost" side. But my smile quickly fades when he also scowls at me. The loving look in his eyes is gone. "And so are you, Kayley. You're not even in medical school yet, and you're diagnosing me with amnesia?"

I look at Esther, and she's ecstatic that her theory is correct. She remains relieved while I remain worried as Lionel sermons us about what we're trying to do. *Selective amnesia?* Lionel doesn't have a visible physical injury. He can stand well, has focus, and clearly remembers the medical ethics – except that I am already a resident.

“What year is it, Lionel?” I ask.

Lionel pauses to think. “Whatever year it is, what you're doing is still wrong,” he answers while thinking of my question as sarcasm.

“That's it. I'm bringing Lionel to the hospital,” I tell Esther.

I hold Lionel's hand, but Esther blocks us and explains, “Dr. Icenhower, you have amnesia. You even forgot that Kayley is your wife, and you have Kollie.”

“Esther!”

She steps closer to me and whispers, “You're doing what you think is best for your daughter. I'm doing the same thing for my children.”

I want to hold her by the shoulder and expel her stupidity. But Esther is desperate. She is not letting go of her

chance of reaching her American dream. Questions fills Lionel's eyes as Esther tells him the story of how he supposedly married me. No. How she likens our fake romance to some Mexican soap opera.

“Fine. We're married. I love Lionel so much; he loves me,” I declare while glaring at Esther. I look at Lionel and say, “But I'm still bringing you to a hospital.”

#

Chapter Three

Lionel

“She’s Kollie. She’s yours.”

A little girl with curly brown hair and gray eyes hides behind Amalia, Kayley’s mother, while shyly smiling at me. It’s like I’m looking at a mirror, only I’m little, with brown hair, and a girl. Kayley’s daughter – our daughter – has all my features. She only has the color of her mother’s hair. I would know that she’s mine without any test.

“Of course,” I say with a chuckle. “She has my eyes.”

Kayley faces me but quickly looks away when I meet her gaze. She is guilty of the lies she has to sustain to help Esther. I should be guilty, too, but the sight of my daughter just blows every confusion or guilt with surreal happiness.

“Can I have a hug? Kollie, is it?” I playfully ask the little girl.

Her eyes glow; the color becomes truly the same as mine. She steps away from Amalia and runs to hug me. I look at Amalia, and she can’t handle her tears. Kayley continues to hide her guilt.

It’s irresponsible and unacceptable. Kayley may never forgive me if she discovers I’m pretending to have selective

amnesia. But I will take that risk if it means meeting my daughter.

I didn't have plans to lie to Kayley. Esther told the truth. She didn't hit me; I fainted. Our team had three lengthy operations this week, and I had trouble sleeping, too. But I wanted to talk to Kayley. Her words before she left the hospital puzzled me.

The cold autumn wind swayed me to sleep while I walked to her apartment. Before I could reach the building, I got dizzy and fainted. The next thing I saw was her beside me – lovingly holding me with worried eyes. I wanted to drown at that moment and be somebody she cares for and the man she loves.

When Esther lied that Kayley was my wife, I thought of playing a prank on them. But Esther revealed some secrets I can only confirm if I pretend to have amnesia. Kayley fought Esther's plan but gave up when the latter almost pleaded on her knees. So for two days, she has to pretend to be my wife.

I kiss Kollie and tickle her neck. She giggles, and I am enamored. She sounded like her mother when Kayley was still happy being with me. I look at Kayley; she still avoids looking straight at my face. My jaw clenches. *You should be guilty.* As

much as I love her, I can't stop my anger over what she has done. All these years, she hid Kollie from me. I missed four years of being a father to my daughter.

She could have just turned down my proposal but should have let me know about my daughter. Why did she have to run away with her?

"It's late. I'll put Kollie to sleep," Kayley panics when I pull Kollie away from her. For a moment, I see her fear of losing her child. "You're tired, Lionel. Let me have her."

"No," Kayley grows more worried. "Don't I always put her to sleep?"

Kayley's lips twitch as she can't object to me. I smile at her but with sinister thoughts crossing my head. *Let's do this.* I'll turn this pretension into her punishment and my pleasure. I'll get to have my daughter and make Kayley mine without forcing her. I hug Kayley gently and kiss her. And since she has to pretend, she rides along to my kiss. Yes. *I have to do this.* She'll be my wife – in all aspects.

#

“Aren’t you going to sleep?” I ask when I find Kayley still sitting in front of her computer. “Amalia told me to tell you that she went home. But oddly, she told me not to do anything to you. May I know why?”

She looks up at me. Kayley’s guilt still shows in her stares. She blows a heavy breath and clicks on her laptop again. I walk behind her chair; Kayley pauses when I move my head closer to hers to see her screen.

“You’re still researching about me?” Kayley still refuses that I’m fine.

The doctor from the other hospital thought that my stress caused my situation. He said I’ll be okay in just a few days. But Kayley doesn’t believe him despite my agreement that the diagnosis is sound.

“There must be something wrong with you,” Kayley turns to face me. The tip of her nose brushes against my cheeks. I chuckle and kiss her when she freezes from the slightest touch. She stands and moves far from me. “It can be serious.”

Kayley points out how I often skip my meals, don't get enough sleep, and rarely sit because I always keep myself busy. *It's your fault*, I want to tell her. I had to avoid thinking of her by burying myself in work.

My mind drifts off after noticing Kayley in her simple pajamas. Her curves really changed, but now I know the reason. She had my baby. Her boobs are healthier. Of course, they have to be. She has to feed my baby with them. My tongue itches while thinking of feeding off them, too.

"See. You often space out now," Kayley concludes while I think of lustful things to do with her.

"It's not serious. Kayley, I'm a doctor. I would know if something is wrong with me." Before she can object, I pull her into my arms. She resists for a moment, but when I pretend to be confused, she lets go and stays in my chest. I smile and shower her head with quick kisses. "I'm fine. Are you afraid I won't remember how we were before?"

Kayley opens her mouth to speak but hesitates. I pull her back when she tries to pull away. "Lionel, I have to...."

I panic, thinking she's about to confess the truth. So, I kiss her, and she lets me. Like always. *I love him. I love my daughter's father even if he never loved me.* Kayley's words

rewind in my head, halting me from kissing her. Did she tell the truth? Or was she lying?

“Is something wrong? Do you remember something?” Kayley gently caresses my cheeks and asks, “Are you hurt somewhere?”

I only look at her for a while, scanning my brain for another lie. When I find it, I shake my head and smile. “You turned down my proposal. But why... Something good must have happened between us, huh? I mean, you changed your mind and married me,” I say the lies that cross my mind.

“K-Kollie. She happened,” Kayley replies while looking away. I force myself not to frown. I can’t help but get angry thinking about the years I missed with Kollie. And it fuels me to punish Kayley. I flash a boyish smile and kiss her neck. She pushes my face away and frowns at me. “You’re tired, Lionel. You should go to sleep.”

“No. I’m eager to remember how we had Kollie.”

Kayley’s eyes widen. She tries to push me; I weaken her with my kisses. I don’t know if she lied about loving Kollie’s father, but her replies to my kisses convince me that she did – and still desires me.

“Lionel, stop,” but she tilts her head to the side and lets
me kiss her neck.

#

Kayley

His lips are like a hypnotizing medium. I fall under his control when they touch my lips or my skin. I can't stop giving myself to him and letting his warm caresses wrap me in heat.

A soft growl escapes my throat when Lionel licks and kisses it. His wet kisses move higher until he reaches my lips again. Our eyes meet, and it's like a key for me to open my mouth and allow him to conquer them. And so, he did. His tongue wriggles and explores my mouth; my tongue seems to guide him where to go.

My hands slide from his chest and move to the back of his neck as our kisses become hotter – more passionate. His hands slide from my back to my hips. He rolls the hem of my shirt until he touches my skin. “Lionel,” I mean to tell him to stop, but I follow my call with a moan.

“Lionel!” I gasp when he suddenly lifts me from the floor and pushes me to the wall.

Lionel pauses and lets his head remain on my shoulder. My heart beats faster, but my blood gets colder as I think about his thoughts. He remembers how things happened between us. What if he suddenly remembers everything? What

if he discovers that I have lied to him again? And Kollie. How will he feel knowing that I hid his child from him for years?

“I’m sorry,” his soft voice fires up my heart and returns the heat fueling me. I look at him, wondering what he means. He softly smiles and pushes his forehead on my cheek. “I called you something you were not. For not knowing that I’m the only man for you.”

All these years, he knew that I only surrendered myself to him. I slide my legs from his hips and stand in front of him, speechless over his overdue apology. Lionel caresses my cheeks with quick kisses. Tears roll down my cheeks when Lionel admits he wanted to apologize to me after I left his apartment.

“But I was stupid and a chauvinist,” Lionel adds. “I refused to swallow my pride.”

“I’m also at fault,” he wipes my tears while I answer. “I should have told you the truth. I should tell you the truth. Lionel...”

He kisses me again before I can confess. His kisses distract me from what I should say. They urge me to tell the truth but fill me with fear of what he would think of me.

“I don’t know about you, but I like this amnesia thing,” Lionel smiles and raises me from the floor again. He gags me with another deep kiss before I can call or stop him. He only stops after his kisses engross me. “I don’t mind traveling down memory lane.”

I bite my lips. *Memory lane?* What memory? We never had any romantic memories. It has always been one of my regrets. Every time I look at Kollie, I wonder if I made the mistake of not accepting Lionel’s proposal. I wonder if I failed to view things from every angle. What if all I needed was to say yes to his proposal for him to love me? What if Kollie could make us fall in love? Could we have been happy? Would he have stopped hating me?

“Kayley?”

Lionel’s forehead wrinkles as he curiously looks at me. Strangely, my heart lifts instead of dropping. Yes. We never had romantic moments because I never took any risks. I smile and kiss him, causing him to become more puzzled.

“I love you,” I took the risk.

I’m already going to lose him after he regains his memory. We will never have a chance to have these moments again. So, even if they will be fake – even if they are lies or

will only last a few days, I want to fill every minute with our romantic memories.

“I love you,” I kiss him again. My confession shocks Lionel for a moment, but he suddenly glows.

“I love you, too. I’ve always loved you, Kayley,” Lionel’s eyes look sincere.

He’s living in a lie Esther and I made up for him, but he tells me things I want to hear from him. Things that I will forever lose once he remembers everything. But I’ll treasure every moment with him.

I cling to his shoulder and climb his torso a little higher. My heart jumps and tickles when Lionel playfully looks at me. He presses his torso against mine, pinning my back to the wall. I raise my hand when he reaches for the hem of my shirt.

My chest moves up and down when the slightly cold wind blows against my cleavage. I gasp when Lionel plants a soft kiss in the center of my chest. He looks at me while pulling down my bra to expose my tits.

“I remember these,” his smile becomes playful as he adds, “And, oh, how I love them.

“Lionel,” I mutter when he runs his tongue on one of my nipples.

“I don’t remember how we did it as husband and wife, but I do remember what I missed the first time... and the second time we did it,” Lionel swings me around and places me on my desk. He pushes everything off of my desk. My laptop falls and breaks. “I’ll buy you a new one,” he declares while removing his shirt.

I am lost for a moment upon seeing his body. He wasn’t this beefy five years ago. He had abs but not as chiseled as the ones now. They are protruding, making the lines more vivid. The unkempt dark blond hair on his chest adds to his sexiness. Matched with his playful and clear gray eyes, he becomes perfect.

Lionel cups both my breasts and kisses me. His thumbs scratch my nipples, making them tauter. I call his name again when he imprisons one nipple in his mouth and lets his tongue swirl around while he lays my back against the desk.

“I’m not taking the shortcut this time, Kayley,” he declares before transferring his mouth to the other tit.

I bite my lips at the pain and pleasure of having my nipples sucked. I slide my legs from Lionel’s hips when he

reaches for the band of my pants. He brushes the few remaining stretch marks from my pregnancy and kisses them. I close my eyes when he pulls down my pants along with my panties, leaving me naked before his eyes.

Lionel places my legs above his arms, spreading them and exposing my slit to him. I hold my breath when he moves his head to my crotch. My thighs throb and a tingling feeling gathers around my pussy, almost triggering me to urinate.

“Yes. No shortcuts, Kayley,” Lionel chuckles and plants a kiss above my crotch.

“Lionel,” I press my lips together, forcing myself not to stop him. My hips rise when he runs his tongue along my folds. “Lionel,” my voice shakes as I try to control the trembling of my vaginal muscles.

Lionel is the only man I ever had sex with all these years. I had moments of lust, but I couldn't view sex without love. And Lionel is love. All I can do is play with myself while thinking of him. And having him play with me now doubles the lust and magnifies the excitement – despite the reason this is happening.

Lionel places his palms above my crotch to control my hips as they go wild from his every kiss, lick, and suck. I reach

for his hands and hold them as he continues to explore my folds and the inner muscles of my pussy.

“Stop,” I shudder intensely as the tension grows stronger.

I curl my toes and twist his fingers to help me from orgasming, but years of depriving myself of sexual pleasure leave me a desire to explode to my heart’s content. I try to hold on to it, but Lionel pushes his tongue into my opening and tickles my walls. My hips gyrate wilder; he doesn’t stop despite my plea. Lionel is determined to bring me to climax. When my legs tense and almost squeeze his head, he pulls back from my opening and catches my clit.

“Lionel,” my moan echoes in my tiny living room when he sucks my clit.

He suddenly lets go of it, and I can’t hold back from releasing myself on his face. My body turns into a bent rock while the beautiful explosion shreds me into satisfaction.

“Somebody’s been missing out,” Lionel lands soft kisses on my chest while I blow heavy breath against his head. “Have I been that busy?”

I have no way of answering him, so I only kiss him – passionately – to which he replies with the same heat. Lionel lovingly smiles as we break the kiss. He loves me. I can tell through his eyes. *Enjoy this moment, Kayley.*

Lionel slides his hands on my back and carries me close to his chest. He smiles and showers me with kisses while bringing me to the room across from our daughter's. He puts me down and becomes curious why I only have a single bed.

I divert his curiosity by dropping to my knees and facing his crotch. He raises an eyebrow and flashes a cheeky smile at me. I inhale deeply and unbutton his pants. “You said it yourself. No shortcuts,” I gather my courage and pull down his pants, exposing his bulge.

My strategy works as Lionel's puzzled look disappears. His eyes only show the excitement of what I intend to do. There's just one problem. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO IT. Lionel took the fast lane on me twice. We never had much foreplay when we conceived Kollie. I haven't given any man a blowjob. I appease my curiosity by watching porn videos, but everyone has their technique. Lionel would know my inexperience. He might suspect me of lying about everything.

#

Chapter Four

Lionel

And the lies haunt her first.

Kayley doesn't seem to know what to do. She hasn't experienced cunnilingus with any man other than me. She hasn't given any man a blowjob, either. I chuckle loudly at the happiness of knowing that I'm the only one and still the only man for her. I run my palm on her head and trace her long braided hair.

"Are you tired?" I pretend to be not aware of her inexperience.

"It's just," she looks at me but quickly looks away. "I'm bad at it. You..."

"You will be perfect," I cut in. I hide my smile and lie, "It's not like we haven't done it before."

I release my cock and present Kayley with its hardness. Her eyes enlarge at the sight of it. She gulps hard before holding it and guiding it into her mouth. Her tongue withdraws when she touches the tip. I caress her cheeks and push my shaft deeper into her mouth. She closes her mouth and takes a deep breath before sucking my dick.

“Yes, Kayley,” I mutter as her warm mouth wraps my shaft and shakes all my desire to have her.

I take her hands and urge her to hold the hilt of my cock. Kayley holds it tightly and bobs her head on my cock, sucking it hard like a popsicle before releasing it. After observing how I enjoy it, Kayley takes it up a notch and explores other techniques. She moves her mouth lower to my balls and pleasures them before swirling her tongue all over my cock.

Her technique is elementary. Basic things are often the best but get boring quickly. I thread my fingers through Kayley’s hair to steady her head. She has an idea of what I want to do and shows a little reluctance in her eyes. I assure her with a smile and caress her cheeks before pushing my cock deeper into her mouth.

Kayley steadies her head and relaxes her throat and jaw as I reach the back of her throat. Her overflowing drool covers the bottom part of my cock, wrapping the whole of it with beautiful heat. When I feel her muscles tremble, I pull back before she ends up gagging. Kayley wipes her mouth and looks at me. “You’re perfect,” I bend down and kiss her

mouth. Her eyes sparkle. When I offer my cock, she readily opens her mouth to receive it.

Kayley holds on to my hips while I give her a few deep thrusts down her throat. She looks at me when I roll the tip against her inner cheek. She squeezes my butt cheeks while I thrust against the soft tissues of her mouth. Her submission and inexperience drive me crazy and gather the pleasures above my crotch.

“Kayley,” I repeatedly call under heavy breaths. My grunts become louder as my cock swells inside her mouth. She doesn’t seem to know I’m about to cum; Kayley continues to suck my cock every time I pause. “Kayley!”

I pull out too late, and a few drops of cum roll down her lovely breasts.

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m fine,” Kayley grabs the sheets and wipes the sticky stuff off her. She looks at me and giggles. “So, does that mean we’re done?”

Kayley shrieks when I lift her to the bed. She has another of her hesitant moments when I crawl between her

legs. The last time I had her, I wasn't gentle. I wonder if that stupid moment flashes back to her.

“I'm sorry. I only remember the wrong things I did.”

A half-lie again to keep my act. I kiss Kayley's cheeks, lips, neck, and the space between her breasts. “I'll make it right this time.”

Kayley stops me by holding my cheeks. She smiles and lands a kiss on my lips. “I don't regret what happened to us. I'll do it again a thousand more times if it means having Kollie. And having this moment.”

It should be my pleasure and her punishment. But my desire for Kayley turns this craziness into a powerful force, urging me to keep her mine and scares me about losing her. Like her, however, I'll do it again a thousand times more if it means having both Kollie and her.

“I'll never let go of this moment,” I say and kiss her.

#

Kayley

His lips shake a bit as he kisses me. His caresses are gentler. Lionel looks at me like a man in love.

But he is not in love with me.

The amnesia prevents him from distinguishing truth from lies. The gaps in his memory trick him into believing that he loves me.

But there's no more foolish person than me. Despite knowing the lies I told, I believe them, too. I should stop; I don't want to.

I reply to Lionel's kisses with intensified wanting. Our hands wander all over each other's bodies while we lock our lips together. His lips slide to my neck. I lift my chin to the ceiling to offer him more of it. I hold the back of his head and twist his curls while wiggling my body against him.

"Lionel," I call when he sucks my right nipple.

He gives the left one the same pleasure before returning his mouth to mine. I gasp when I feel the tip of his cock rolling on my wetness. Lionel rises away from me to spread my legs wider. My breathing shallows as he guides his cock into my pussy. My hips rise when his tip touches my vaginal walls.

The heat of his skin travels to my crotch and to the backs of my ears. I moan from the tickling sensation.

As Lionel pushes his shaft deeper, my greedy walls eagerly grab and squeeze it. They swallow its warmth. He groans as my muscles milk his cock. I hum a melodic sound while I enjoy the throbbing of his cock inside me.

After letting my walls feel his size, Lionel slowly pulls away. My walls complain and try to hold on to him. He chuckles and kisses me before pushing his shaft back in. I move my hips to greet his thrust. When he thrusts, I softly cry, and Lionel hushes me with a kiss. I fill the room with my moan when he pulls out, as the air fills the space of our crotch.

My body goes crazy to the hotness inside me when his cock reaches deeper into my pussy. I feel greedy and desperate for the heat when he pulls out his cock. But unlike before, I know how to maximize the pleasure of our union. I counter his thrusts by pushing my hips against him, allowing his cock to plunge deeper inside me and hit what women call the A-spot.

Every time Lionel hits the spot, I develop a greed for pleasure. I shamelessly beg him for more. Lionel doesn't concentrate on one zone. He steers his cock to hit better spots, leaving me crying, moaning, and begging.

The tingles and tension gather in the spot just above my clit. My walls become tighter. Lionel's cock engorges more as they milk him harder. His groans grow as loud as my moans. The heat we share shows on the beads of sweat forming on our skin. I am desperate for an orgasm, and so is he.

I can feel Lionel's urge to climax before me. His jaw clenches more while he pushes me closer to the brink. It must be because I haven't had any sex after him that I'm greedier for pleasure. But Lionel knows just what to do. He spreads my legs wider, and as he thrusts, he rolls his thumb on my clit, stirring the pleasures I hid behind it.

"Stop," I almost convulse from the tiny leak of pleasure. He doesn't stop and play with my clit while his cock rams me harder. "Lionel," I call his name repeatedly; my pitch increases with every utterance.

My toes curl; my thighs throb. I close my thighs together and imprison Lionel's hand between them. He maneuvers my legs and points my feet to the ceiling. He presses his fingers deeper against my clit and continues to thrust in me.

I grab the sheets and twist them as my body shudders while I fight to hold back my orgasm. The pressure in my clit

and the heat of the friction on my walls intensify.

“I’m cumming.”

Lionel kisses one of my calves and says, “Cum, Kayley.”

I release all the pleasures above my clit. The wall breaks, and the sensation gushes like raging waterfalls and travels over all of me like an angry river. After a few thrusts, Lionel’s cock swells inside me. He groans loudly before exploding inside me. The heat of his cum strengthens the power of my overflowing pleasures. I arch my body and tense – allowing my spirit to float into the unknown world filled with satisfaction. Lionel holds my back and presses my torso against his while he shudders from his climax.

I cling to his neck and remain in his arms while we wait for the pleasures to mellow. “Lionel,” I call and kiss him. “I love you. I never stopped loving you.”

#

Lionel

I pull Kayley close to me and spoon her from behind. Her heartbeat is still loud. Her breathing is uneven even if it had been about ten minutes since we exploded in ecstasy. I smile while she gently brushes her palm on my arm across her chest.

“Are you awake?” I pretend to sleep when Kayley turns to face me. She caresses my cheeks and kisses my shoulder. I pull her close and keep my eyes closed. Kayley falls for my act and continues caressing my shoulder – as if putting me into a deeper sleep. When I’m about to fall asleep, she whispered, “I don’t know if you’ll remember any of this. Or if it will matter to you after you regain your memory. But it’s not all lies, Lionel. Kollie is your daughter, and I – I love you. Even when you never loved me.”

Kayley turns red when I suddenly open my eyes. “Did I doze off?” I ask, acting like I didn’t hear any of her words. She hides her worries with a smile and replies with a nod. I force myself to yawn before looking at her. “I love you, Kayley.”

Her lips curve into a smile, but the worries in her eyes remain. I kiss her and place her head on my chest, wishing my

heartbeat could tell her the truth. She kisses my chest before facing away from me. Her shoulder shakes a little when a sob escapes her mouth.

“Can we have a family day today?” I ask while gently kissing her shoulders. “It’s Sunday. It must be your day off, right? As for me... I don’t think I can work today.”

“I have to work. I have tons...” Kayley’s voice trails off, and she starts giggling. “Yeah. Frost is gone for a few days. I can have a day off.”

I bite my tongue to avoid laughing. Her sassiness still makes me smile. I think it’s the reason everyone in my family loves her.

“What do you want to do?” Kayley faces me again. “But nothing strenuous, okay? You’re still unwell and tired.”

“Tired?”

I push her to pin her back on the bed. One of my legs slips from the tiny bed before I can crawl on top of her. I slide on the floor instead. Kayley cracks up and crawls to the edge of the bed.

“Are you okay?” Her giggle breaks her voice.

I laugh with her before pulling her down to land on top of me. “We really need to have a new bed. But until then,” I level her face to mine and cage her mouth in another passionate kiss. She deepens the kiss while brushing her palms on the side of my torso. I gently scratch her back to return the favor. Kayley slides her knees to each side of my hips; her wet slit brushes against my hairy crotch.

“Somebody wants more,” Kayley giggles when I tease her after she reaches for my cock and guides it to her pussy.

“Dr. Icenhower, don’t tell me you’re tired?” she teases back.

I wrestle her and push her back to the floor. “Should we find out, Mrs. Icenhower?” Kayley’s blush fades as guilt takes over her eyes. I salvage the moment with a quick kiss.

“Lionel, there’s something you have to know,” Kayley twists some ends of my blond curls while I nuzzle her neck. “I’m...”

Impeccable timing! Kollie suddenly cries and calls for Mommy. I roll away from Kayley and carry her to the bathroom. “I’ll take care of her. You clean up, sleep, and we’ll have a date tomorrow.”

I kiss her and place her in the tub. “But, Lionel...”

“Relax. Kollie’s my daughter. I’ll take care of her.”

Chapter Five

Kayley

“The last time I checked, family day is spending the time together,” I say while getting Kollie from Lionel. “Not leaving the mother behind and taking the little one shopping.”

Lionel must have turned off my alarm to let me sleep in. It was already past noon when I woke up and found myself alone. I want to call Lionel, but he doesn't have his phone. So, I spent the last thirty minutes worrying.

What if he suddenly remembered everything? What if he took Kollie home because he was angry at me? Will I lose him and my daughter? I love Lionel, but I'll hate him if he takes Kollie from me.

I overthought everything. The lies haunted me again.

Lionel raises a shopping bag for a new laptop. “Didn't I promise you a new one?”

“You should have told me,” I can hide my disappointment. Lionel's eyebrows meet, telling me that he's irritated. He always hates being accused of something he's not. I quickly retract and explain, “You're sick, Lionel. What if something happened to you in the middle of nowhere?”

“Put her to bed first. She’s been yawning in the cab,” Lionel tells me. The ends of his lips curve down while he tries not to frown.

Guilt strikes me when I look at Kollie. I have no reason to overreact over what Lionel did. My demons haunt me. I took Kollie away from him for more than four years. I’m afraid he’ll do the same to me.

“I’m sorry,” I say without looking at Lionel’s face. I bring Kollie to her room.

“Good night, Daddy,” Kollie’s smile at Lionel melts my heart. She puts her thumb into her mouth and lays on her bed.

Lionel stands behind me and pulls me to his chest. “Nobody is taking her away.”

“I’m not saying you were. It’s just....”

“You’re jealous I spent more time with her?” Lionel teases. “Kollie will be asleep for a few hours. So, I’m all yours, Mommy.”

I shriek when he suddenly lifts me off the floor. I cover my mouth to contain my giggle to avoid waking Kollie. Lionel kisses me the moment I drop my hands from my mouth.

“Should we continue where we stopped last night?”

Lionel flashes a playful smile.

“Kollie’s longest nap is only around an hour.”

Lionel frowns for a moment but quickly exchanges it with a boyish smile. “Enough for a long shower, then.”

I slide away from Lionel when we get out of Kollie’s room. For a moment, I see the panic in his eyes. Like he also has something hidden from me. He covers his reaction with a charming smile.

“I need to tell you something, Lionel,” I step back before he can pull me into his arms again. He needs to know the truth before we get drowned in lies and end up hurting each other. Or before his possible anger can turn into hatred.

Lionel walks to the shopping bag and takes something out. “There’s something I need to tell you, too,” he faces me with another handsome smile. “Marry me, Kayley.”

The wind suddenly becomes too cold and slowly freezes me when a ring sparkles before my eyes. My heart is overjoyed; my mind is a mess. Lionel walks back to me and holds my bare hands. *He knows!* I don’t have any rings on my

fingers. Whether an engagement or wedding ring. He doesn't have any, either.

"I proposed without a ring, didn't I?" Lionel kisses the back of my hands. I want to pull my hands away, but they don't want to leave his palm. "But I'm making it right with you again. Marry me."

"But aren't we married?" I hold on to the lie.

"I may remember or not, but I still want to marry you," Lionel slides the ring on my finger. "I will do right by you. No more taunting, mocking, or whatever hell I put you through."

His words turn on the greediness in my heart. This man in front of me is the opposite of Lionel, who I love. Here. In this made-up world, he loves me back. If only there were a way to stay in this fantasy world.

"What did you want to say?"

I bury all my desire to confess the truth and walk back to the world of lies I help create for him. Lionel laughs when I jump and cling to him. "Forget about it. Let's skip to the good part."

This time, I gag his mouth with a kiss. Lionel swings me around and pushes me to the wall. He reaches for the door

of Kollie's room and closes it while we ravage each other's mouths.

“Shower or here?”

“Wherever you want.” I kiss him and let him carry me anywhere he wants.

#

Lionel

I carry Kayley to the living room and position her on the couch. She helps me unbuckle my belt and release my cock. Before I can offer it to her, Kayley holds it at the hilt and puts her lips around my tip. I chuckle when she explores my shaft using her tongue while looking at my face.

“I never thought of you as somebody aggressive, Kayley,” I say while holding her hair in a ponytail.

“Do you know how long I’ve waited for these moments with you?” Kayley giggles. “I’ll be twenty-nine in a few months, and last night is only the third time I had...”

She stops rubbing my shaft after realizing her almost confession. When Kayley looks up at me, I can read that she wants to confess again. But it’s too soon. I only had a day with her. It’s not enough to give her reasons to continue loving me even after knowing my contributing lies.

“Then, let’s make this the fourth this week, and later, the fifth,” I cut in.

Kayley wants to correct me, so I push the tip into her mouth. She pauses for a while before taking my cock into her mouth. I shudder at the warmth and call her name. I look down

and find Kayley smiling. She keeps her eyes on me and rolls my shaft in one of her inner cheeks. The soft friction introduces tiny sparks on my skin and spreads through my veins. I hold her head and thrust against her inner cheek to feel more of the heat and pleasure.

She holds my hips still to keep me from pulling out of her mouth. I let go of a controlled scream and pull out my cock. I turn to the couch and release my cum. “Why are you amazing at everything?” I flop on the chair and gasp for air. I rarely get an orgasm from a blowjob, and Kayley has never failed in giving me one.

Kayley rises from the floor. She raises an eyebrow and displays a playful smile. *Beautiful*. She always glows when she is naughty. Kayley slowly rolls her shirt while dancing without music. I laugh when she throws me her shirt and starts pulling down her pants.

I almost forgot how naughty she was. Another trait my family loves about her. My father used to tell me that her naughtiness matches my mom’s. And if Kayley ends up my wife, I’ll enjoy her naughty impulses.

Another reason to make her my wife – for real.

“Oh, I love you, Kayley,” I pull her close to me and lick the skin above the band of her panties. She unfastens her bra to release her breasts. I hold each of them with my hands and lick the valley between them. “I love everything about you.”

Kayley giggles when I slide one of my hands inside her panties and reaches for her slit. She holds and massages my head while her fingers thread through my hair. I suck her tits and roll my fingers along her folds and clit. Kayley throws her head back and arches her body as the pleasure takes over her.

“I want you, Lionel,” she moans while I insert my fingers into her opening. “I want you inside me.”

I catch her other boob and suck her nipple while I continue to fuck her with my fingers. She spread her legs wider to give me more access, but Kayley becomes impatient. She pushes me to the couch’s board and pulls my hand out of her undies. With a swift move, she drops her panties on the floor and climbs on my lap.

“I’m not going to let you slip away again,” I tell Kayley before ravishing her mouth passionately.

She reaches for my cock and guides it to her pussy. Her inexperience makes it difficult for her, so I take it and do the rest. Kayley shakily inhales as her walls swallow my cock.

The gravity allows me to reach inside her deeper; the position permits me to touch her favorite pleasurable spots with less effort.

Kayley bites her lips and smiles at me. “Can we stay like this, Lionel?” She sounds begging, but her eyes show her frustration.

I tie her long hair into a ponytail and hold it as an anchor while I kiss her deeply. “We can’t,” her eyes shake with fear. I laugh and add, “You have to move, or I’ll die from the pain, Kayley.”

“Oh!” She panics and almost pulls away from me.

I hold her by the hips to keep her on top of me. “Ride me, Kayley,” I hold back my laugh. “Show me your cheerleader grinds.”

Kayley turns red with embarrassment. I caress her butt cheeks and urge her to move by kissing her. She moves her hips up and down repeatedly. *What should I do with you?* Many women grind better than her, but she’s the only one I can’t stop looking at.

I squeeze her butt, alarming her to stop. “Sway those hips, Kayley,” I guide her to move forward and back.

“Remember when I taught you to ride horses? Do it like that, but don’t be gentle.”

Her eyebrows curve as my suggestion offends her. I slide a hand on her nape and distract her with another kiss. “Ride me, Kayley.”

I keep her eyes on me while guiding her hips with my other hand. Her mouth opens, and she breathes deeper while she steers her hips. I chuckle when she releases a moan. “You like it, huh?” She only replies to my tease with a tiny giggle.

My hands move to her back as she arches away from me. She calls my name while she rotates her hips. She throws her head back and offers me her chest when I lick one of her nipples. I suck her nipples; she ends up screaming my name.

Her movements become smoother as she matches the patterns of her moves to a rhythm. As she steers her hips, my cock convulses to the heat of the friction and the squeezes of her greedy vaginal walls. Kayley wants me. She wants more of me.

She pauses to catch her breath and leans closer to me. I capture her forehead with my cheek and feel her heavy breaths land on my face. Kayley’s smile grows bigger as she exhales.

She chuckles and kisses me, pushing her tongue into my mouth.

“Make me cum, please,” Kayley whispers.

“Gladly.”

Kayley slides to my side, and I push her to the corner of the couch. She raises her hands and ends up knocking over the lamp. We freeze to listen to whether Kollie has woken up. We laugh when she doesn't.

“I'll buy you a new one,” I say before wrapping her legs around my hips.

“Lionel,” she calls and kisses me as I push my cock back inside her. “I love you.”

I kiss the tear that rolls down to the side of her eyes. “Everything will be okay. I'll make it right.”

Kayley clings to my neck as I thrust in her with more intensity. The couch screeches and shakes the end table. A piece of clay doll rolls and drops on the floor. We stop again to listen for Kollie. When she doesn't make a sound, we continue rocking each other. Another toy drops on the floor.

“That's it!” I roll away from Kayley. I grab the stuff from the end tables next to the couch to place them on the

floor. Kayley also crawls to the other end to take the rest. “Stop,” I say when she’s about to crawl back to where I am. “Stay like that.”

Kayley is on her fours while on top of the couch. Her arms are on the board and the handle. She is in a perfect position. Kayley turns to me but doesn’t move. She shudders when I lick her spine and stop at the backs of her ears.

“This will be great,” I whisper to her before thrusting my cock into her pussy.

Kayley shakes as I shag her from behind. She counters my moves by pushing her hips against me. She trembles as her weight tires her arms and knees. I slid my hand under her breasts to help her control her balance. With my aid, she quickly gets into the rhythm of my thrusts. Her boobs jiggle and slap against my arm while she shakes with me. Her overflowing wetness adds to the slapping sound of our crotches. Our moans become music filling the small room.

The heat from her walls intensifies the convulsions of my cock. My desire to cum increases. Kayley scratches the cover of the couch to control her urge to climax, too. “Please,” she mutters.

I hug Kayley tightly in my arms and thrust at a shallow but fast pace – targeting the woman’s pleasure spot a few inches above her clit. Her moans become loud but broken. She ends it with long hisses and a controlled scream of my name. Suddenly, she tenses and releases herself into orgasm.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs while shuddering and twisting.

I stop and let Kayley enjoy the moment. After she stops chasing her breath, I bend her lower and thrust my cock deeper. She hisses again as I increase my pace. My grunts overshadow her voice. Kayley fights and holds her position to give me my chance of reaching my optimum satisfaction. As always, she loves spoiling me.

“Kayley,” I call while trying to get through her tightening walls.

They are as greedy as their owner. They squeeze me hard, forcing me to release myself even when I want to keep the beautiful heat for a long time. But as Kayley starts to enjoy her journey to a second orgasm, excitement wraps me. I ram against her harder; she counters my moves with the same intensity. Lustful cravings fill us, and we create another round of music with our moans while we almost break the couch.

“Yes. Yes,” Kayley repeats as I go faster and harder against her. “Lionel,” she calls.

I lift her and bury my face in her neck. With a few hard thrusts, we explode to orgasm together. Our bodies stay glued to each other, sharing the same heat, enjoying the same pleasure, and marveling at each other’s shuddering muscles.

“Lionel,” Kayley calls as we drop onto the couch. I hold her close and brush my lips on her skin while we wait for our hearts and bodies to calm down.

“I’ve never done it after lunch before,” I mutter and panic after realizing my words. But Kayley is still so dreamy from her orgasm that she doesn’t seem to hear.

#

Kayley

I can't breathe. My body shudders, but I can't move a muscle. I only want to stay in Lionel's arms and revel in the beautiful world we shared. He holds me close; his right hand still cups one of my breasts. I still hear and feel his heart beating against my back.

"Can we stay like this for a long, long time?" It's a prayer and not a question to him.

But as if he answers, Lionel showers my shoulder with kisses and whispers, "I love you, Kayley Darwin. I'll stay with you always."

I turn around and cling tighter to him. He pushes my body closer to his to keep me from falling from the couch. I twirl the curls near his ears and kiss him. It must be the pressure of having a time limit that all I can think of is to drown in his touch, his kisses, and the made-up romance Esther created for us.

Panic engulfs me when the door suddenly opens. Before I can rise and reach for my clothes, Mom stands at the door, looking at Lionel and me. I grab Lionel's clothes and hand them to him. Mom forces a smile and heads to the kitchen.

“I forgot. I asked Mom to babysit today,” I tell Lionel.
“Just hit the shower. I’ll talk to her.”

“Everything will be fine. Amalia won’t mind,” Lionel assures me.

Mom loves the Icenhower brothers like her own. She helped raise them, but she has some resentment toward Lionel because of me. I told her that it was my fault he knocked me up. I’m the one who made the mistake of having a one-night stand with him. But mothers will always hate those they think hurt their babies, don’t they?

“Mom...”

“If you wanted to be his wife, you could have accepted his proposal before,” Mom points out. “Maybe you wouldn’t be in this mess.”

“He thinks I’m his wife. And I...” I can’t fool my mother. She can see through me.

“Kayley, when I agreed to help Esther and to ride this circus the two of you created with Lionel, I did it for Kollie. It’s time she knows who her father is,” Mom stops and takes a few deep breaths to release her frustration over me. “It was not

for you to be a fool for him again. Have you forgotten how a one-night stand almost ruined your future?”

I look at my mother. I want to tell her I don't regret the mistake I made. That if I ever have to do it again, I will do it again. No. I have, in fact, done it again. Mom is about to continue with her lecture when my phone rings.

“I have to go,” I tell Mom after taking the phone call. “There's been an incident. Osler needs all the doctors they can get.”

“Fine. But promise me, Kayley. You'll sort this out today before you get hurt.”

I can't promise her. Mom has a point, but I'm greedy. Right now, I'm still in a euphoric state of being with Lionel – of being part of a pseudo-romance that we have. I'm still afraid of the consequences after he regains his memories, but all these new memories with him are worth it.

“I have to go,” I turn around and find Lionel rushing down the stairs. “Where are you going?”

“To the hospital. Surgeons may be needed there,” Lionel tells me.

“But...”

“Just get in the car, Kayley!” I freeze when his tone becomes different. Wrong. His look returned to normal – to being *Frost*. But why? How?

#

Chapter Six

Kayley

The emergency room is busy. Patients roll into every available bed. Some broken man lost his mind and went on a shooting spree at a mall, killing a few and injuring dozens. Osler is one of the two nearest hospitals.

I look around and find Lionel attending to a critical patient. Lionel appears fine and is where he is supposed to be. Like Lionel has no loss of memory. He's back to being Frost – the doctor with a temper and cold sarcasm.

We never talked while coming to the hospital. But I wondered why Lionel remembered where he parked his car. He also had a baby seat installed in the back. It was a bit weird for a convertible. I couldn't ask him anything as he was busy checking the situation over the phone. For somebody who was reluctant to be a doctor and cold to patients, he was eager to save people.

“How many patients should die before you learn to intubate?” His eyes dart at another resident. He grabs the tools and intubates the patient. My confusion about what seems to be his recovery vanishes after he awes me with his gifted expertise.

“Dr. Darwin!” I run back to see the patient I have just attended. The numbers on his monitors are dropping.

I grab the AMBU bag from the nurse and squeeze it. The chest of the patient moves, but his stomach doesn’t expand. “Take this,” I tell the nurse and check the patient’s torso. “He’s hemorrhaging. Is Dr. James available?”

“He has just taken one patient to the OR. There is no available thoracic surgeon,” the nurse informs me.

“Then, just inform any other surgeon!” I yell out of frustration. “If we can’t open him up, he may drown in his blood.”

“What’s going on here?” Dr. Kevin Templar, the head of cardiology surgeons, walks in.

“We should drain the blood in his lungs and rescue his heart. But there are no available surgeons now,” I explain. The nurse explains that Lionel is available, but Dr. Templar assigned him as his first assistant. “Dr. Icenhower!” Dr. Templar quickly calls.

Lionel looks at me for a while before focusing on the patient.

“He’s yours,” Dr. Templar orders. “Get some residents to assist you. Are you up to this?”

Lionel nods and walks closer to the patient. He looks at me and says, “We have to hurry. You’ll be my first assistant, Darwin. I don’t care if you’re scared or not ready. Just do it right. Understand?”

He’s Lionel without the memory loss. His eyes are focused; his voice is cold. And he seems irritated that he’s stuck with me. Lionel slams his hand on the bed to get my attention.

“Focus, Darwin. You won’t like it if this patient dies on the table,” Lionel warns. His coldness shatters my heart. He looks at the nurses and orders, “Prepare an OR ASAP.”

He can’t have regained his memory in just a snap. There must be something that triggered it. Some studies show that when clots in the brain disappear, the patient regains his memory. But Lionel did not have any head injury or any physical injury. Could it be happiness? Happy hormones can counter the effect of stress. And we were happy.

I shake my head. There should be manifestations or signs that the patient remembered something. Lionel didn’t show any of it. It’s like he suddenly remembers everything

with a snap of a finger. *Could it be?* I look at him while he discusses with other residents tending to his other patients.

Could it be that he never had amnesia? But that's insane. Why would he pretend? Lionel is close to being a genius, but he could not have planned to fool us. And why would he fool us?

"Darwin!" Lionel blows a heavy sigh. He walks to me and pins his eyes into mine. "I told you to focus. I don't want you to think of anything or anyone. Keep in mind that you don't want this man to die."

"Can I talk to you after the operation?"

"You can sing and dance for all I care," Lionel snaps. "But help me get this done with the patient being alive."

He's Frost, alright. The fantasy granted to me for a day has just ended. I'm back to being the hated Kayley. I take a step to follow Lionel but suddenly stop. He could not have forgotten about what happened between us, right? Kollie?

I remember how we talked to each other after we left the house. He may have recovered from his temporary amnesia, but he surely remembers what happened between us. I hold my chest – as if trying to hold up my sinking heart. The

fantasy did not just end. Lionel will end up hating me more now. *Kollie*.

#

Lionel

“What are you doing here?” I ask after finding Kayley outside the ICU.

It has been my policy to remain beside my patient until they pass the critical period. I did not expect Kayley to wait for me.

I can't believe my show will end this soon. And Kayley must have known about it now. I don't like being a doctor, but I can't switch it off. When I received the notice, I forgot my other priorities and only focused on saving the patients.

“I can explain, Lionel,” Kayley's voice is about to crack. She's scared of me, and I hate it. Did she always see me as somebody who could hurt her? Kayley looks at the people around us. “Can we go somewhere?”

I lead her to the fire exit near the ICU. Kayley hesitates when I descend the stairs. “I'm not going to throw you down the stairs, Kayley,” I turn to her and grin. “Not yet.”

My jaw clenches when she turns pale. She clenches her hands into fists and follows me. I roll my eyes when she keeps her distance. She's acting as if I will really push her down the stairs!

“H-have you regained your memory?” Kayley stutters. I only look at her. I don’t know what to answer because I still want to keep the act. Kayley inhales deeply and says, “You must have. And you’re angry. But I can explain, Lionel.”

“You don’t need to. I know everything.”

“But you have to know that Esther didn’t do you harm. We only found you on the street, unconscious. She....”

Kayley pauses when I scoff. Instead of defending herself, she tries to get Esther off of the hook first. Why would I punish the person who has given me the gift of having Kayley as my wife for a day?

“You must remember everything about yesterday, right? About what happened to us?” Her cheeks redden; her eyes avoid mine. “But not all of them were lies, Lionel. Except for the lie that you’re my husband, most of them were true.”

“Like Kollie is my daughter, and you love me?” I try not to smile as I want Kayley to admit it without having second thoughts. She replies with a nod. I almost hugged her, but I remembered something. “Why did you hide her from me?”

I couldn't ask her that question when I pretended to be her husband. But I want to know her reason. She can't be that wicked to hide my child from me. Something must have stopped her. Rage erupts inside me when she remains silent.

"Answer me, Kayley!" She looks at me with misty eyes. I quickly bury the sparking pity in my heart and insist on an answer.

"Because I thought you wouldn't love her," Kayley chokes at the end of her phrase. Her tears fall down her cheeks when she adds, "You despised me. You hate things that are forced onto you. I didn't want to force you to be responsible for her. I didn't want to see you look at her with regret or wish she never existed."

"I'm not a monster, Kayley!" I don't know if I should regret mocking her in the past or doubt if she really loves me. How can she paint me as somebody who would not accept my child? "If I didn't pretend to have amnesia, I wouldn't know that Kollie existed, would I?"

"I never thought of you as a monster, Lionel. I..." she suddenly stops and asks, "You pretended to have amnesia? W-what do you mean?"

I become tongue-tied. We both lied to each other, but I couldn't stop my guilt from attacking me after seeing the shock on Kayley's face. "I wanted to pull a joke on you. To lighten things between us. But Esther suddenly talked about Kollie...."

"And you suddenly came up with the idea that... oh hey. Maybe I should pretend to have amnesia and find out the truth?" Kayley's voice rises as her anger builds up. "And while I'm at it, I'll make a slut out of Kayley. Because she's always been a slut to me!"

"I never thought of you...," my voice trails off. I made Kayley feel that way before. I can't blame her now. The only thing left is to say, "I'm sorry. You said that not all of what happened was lies. But everything I did yesterday. My confessions. Apologies. They are all true, Kayley."

"How am I supposed to believe you? I mustered the courage to try and tell you the truth, but you kept cutting me off. Now I know. You enjoyed making a fool out of me," I walk closer to her, but she runs a few steps up the stairs. "And you know what's worse? You turned me into somebody who would choose to fool you, too. Because I was desperate for you to love me."

“I loved you!” My scream echoes in the tiny fire exit space. Kayley looks around to see if anyone has heard me. “I always had and always will. Like you, I was also scared that you’ll only be forced to be with me. I can’t rob you of that choice.”

Kayley always does what my parents ask of her. My parents will do and give anything if I choose to be a doctor. “I could have easily bargained for them to force you to marry me. But you liked others. You never loved me.”

“I never liked or loved any man other than you, Lionel,” Kayley shakes her head with frustration. “Are you that stupid to have never noticed it?”

“Then, why didn’t you trust me? Why didn’t you come to me when you begot Kollie?”

Kayley falls silent for a while. Just when I’m about to give up on her explanation, she says, “I’m sorry for not trusting you. I should have known you’ll love her just as you learned to love becoming a doctor. And when you do, you become great at it.”

“So, let me continue to be great at it. Let me be a father to her,” I point at the ring on her finger. “Let’s do that. I can pretend to have amnesia if I need to.”

Kayley freezes as she holds the ring. My heart explodes in anger when she takes it off her finger and hands it to me. “You can still be a father to Kollie without forcing yourself to love me.”

She turns her back on me and climbs the stairs. Before she can reach the top step, I run after her, blocking her from opening the door. I’m not going to let her slip again. I will not waste another four years over our immaturities and pettiness.

“I’m giving you an ultimatum, Kayley,” her mouth drops in shock. She needs one, not a proposal. I raise the ring to show it to her. “You leave this ring, and I’ll become the monster you thought I am. You take this, and I’ll be the father to Kollie and a husband to you as I plan to be.”

“Do you even hear yourself?”

“It sounds wrong and awkward, but that’s how I feel,” I hold back the ends of my lips when I notice the spark in her eyes. Kayley finds my ultimatum funny, but she likes it. “I’m giving you five seconds to get it. But know this....”

Kayley turns pale and looks at the ring. She gasps when I grab and push her against the wall. Before she can close her mouth, I slide my lips and wriggle my tongue deep into her

throat. Kayley holds my upper arms and squeezes them as she answers my kisses.

“I really want to have that shower sex date we talked about yesterday,” I say with a playful smile, leaving her stunned. I take the opportunity and nuzzle her neck and massage her waists. “I’ve already wasted four years by loving you in my dreams, Kayley. I don’t wanna do it again. Instead, I want to have you for real.”

Kayley pushes me away. Silence fills the tiny space between us. Her eyes lower to the ring on my hands. I chuckle when she snatches it from me. “You should have proposed that way four years ago,” a smile breaks across her face. She looks at me with loving eyes. “We can sort things out without breaking what we already have, right?”

Her question overjoys me. I hold her face and kiss her passionately. “Of course. I’ll say it again. I’ll make it right this time. You’ll always know that I love you and Kollie every day. I’ll never let you think otherwise.”

Kayley lets me wipe her eyes. She holds on to the collar of my white robe and kisses me. “Let’s have breakfast, Dr. Icenhower. And also, take a few days off after this. I’ll do it, too.”

“A few days off? And you think as your superior, I’d allow that?” I tease.

She shrugs her shoulders. “Frost won’t, but I know I can melt him. He won’t want to miss an extended shower sex date.”

I laugh at her flirtatious smile. “Just be sure that extension means a wedding and a honeymoon,” Kayley chokes at my reply. I raise an eyebrow at her, breaking her from the shock.

“I’ll make sure of that this time,” a tear rolls down her cheeks. She clings to me again and says, “I love you, Lionel. Always and forever.”

They say lies are the termites that ruin a good relationship. I say it all depends on the lies. There are lies to help us become brave. Some make us stupid. They can make us regret something in our life. They can also help us escape it. But if there’s one thing good about lies is that it always leads you to find the truth. And when you do find it, you wouldn’t want it to slip away. Hence, I’m not letting it slip away.

I love Kayley, even when I forced myself to believe that I shouldn’t. She loves me, but because of my lies, she thinks I didn’t. But lying to each other about our love leads us to admit

our feelings for each other. And I'll never let another lie break
it.

“I love you, Kayley. That will never be a lie.”

#

Epilogue

Carmen

Lies!

I don't miss him. That's a lie.

I don't want to feel his touch. Another lie.

I shouldn't have asked for this.

I don't have to do this.

Yes. These lies fail to stop me from making another stupid decision. This time, it's not because I need to. But I want to.

The door opens; my heart pounds hard. *He's here.* It's been almost a year since I saw him. The asshole stayed true to his words that he'll never chase me. And that I won't have a fairytale romance with him. But his memory keeps me wanting one. I still can't wake up from that week-long dream of being with him. I know why.

He never left me. Doctor Sir has always been with me in secret.

I wanted to stick to my plan and sell the stuff I got from him. The proceeds were enough to pay for my tuition. It could secure me an internship at Osler.

I changed my mind. Sir is a doctor. I can't let him think that I became one because of him. I was ready to quit my last year. But a blessing came.

A pharmaceutical company gave out scholarship grants, and the dean offered one to me. I didn't let the opportunity pass. After getting it, I ask the pimp to return the things Sir has given me. I thought I could finally ease my mind and believe that I could become a doctor because of my doing.

I was wrong. Last week, I discovered that no scholarship grant existed. Somebody only offered to finance everything I needed for my last year. No fool would do that for me. Only him. Sir didn't give me a choice. I've already benefited from the "scholarship" he gave me. I need to pay him for it. And there's only one thing I know how.

"You don't have to do this, Carmen," Sir tells me.

I grit my teeth. He can call me by my name. But I still can't call him with his. I've spent months scanning the internet as to who he is. It's like he never existed. I didn't even know where to start. What do I type into Google? Name every tall, handsome, bald man that looks like a young, charming Bruce Willis in the world?

If only I had a name or even a picture. He never gave me one. And I suck at sketching his face that Google might spit on my face if I use it to find him.

“It was my gift to you,” Sir adds.

“I don’t want to be indebted to you,” Sir keeps gulping while trying to avoid looking at my outfit. I wear the same clothes he required during my initiation, except for the blindfold. “I can’t keep thinking why you did it for me. You’ll end up playing with my heart.”

“And is it wrong to entertain what you feel for me?”

“Yes,” I do not hesitate. Sir has become a distraction. The mystery surrounding him distracts me. How can I understand my feelings for him when I don’t know his name? “How can it be right when you can’t even let me call you by your name?”

Sir licks his lips and surrenders to his desire to look at me. My heart, thighs, clit, and pussy walls throb at the sharpness of his stare. *Another lie.* I didn’t come here to pay him. I am here because I want to feel him again. And in his eyes, it also shows that he feels the same way.

“Fine. Let’s do this your way,” Sir gives in.

He walks toward me and ravishes my mouth. I almost gag when he pushes his tongue deep into my throat before scratching the inner linings of my cheeks with the tip of his tongue. Heat fills my mouth, urging me to moan into his.

“You want to be, Tannie?” Sir pulls down the tiny ribbon covering my breasts and squeezes one of them. I gasp when he suddenly sucks the nipple. He holds my nape with his other hand and keeps my face too close to his. “I’ll make you remember how to be her.”

Sir pushes me to my knees, leveling me to his crotch. He looks at me with his domineering aura – far from the gentleman I spent the last day with on the island. “You want to repay what I gave as your tuition? Fine,” he unbuckles his pants and releases his cock. “I’ll take all your holes tonight. Same rules. No more exceptions.”

He holds the top of my head and pushes his cock into my mouth. This is how he was on our first night. This is how I was a Tannie. Not a woman he is interested in, but something he bought with his billionaire ass.

I squeeze his outer thigh when he pushes his thick cock deep into my throat. He pulls out when I gag. He pulls my

head up and thrusts his cock back into my mouth when I recover my breath. I glare at him, and he replies with a scowl.

“You’ve been practicing?” he asks when I don’t gag on his second deep throat. “With that young friend you talked about?”

“Still jealous of that boy. News flash. He grew up to be better than you,” Sir scoffs. His eyes fire up. “But I fuck better, huh? Isn’t that why you wanted this night?”

Before I can answer, he thrusts his cock to the inner side of my cheeks and forces me to surround it with the warmth of my mouth. He groans out loud when I suck it. He pulls it out and brushes the tip into my mouth before bending down to kiss me.

I close my eyes and fill his lips like a stupid girl who can’t hide her feelings for him. The man chuckles at my face and returns his cock to my mouth. I glare at him and decide to irritate him. He’s a man who wants to take control. I’m taking it from him.

I hold his cock by the hilt and suck it hard until he groans. He lets go of a long exhale when I release the tip and swirl my tongue around the shaft. Sir loves taking his time. I’m taking it from him, too.

“Damn it, Tannie,” he grabs a bunch of my hair, but he can’t pull me away. He’s enjoying the heat of my mouth around his cock and the slickness of my drool around it. “Tannie,” he calls when I take his sacs into my mouth.

He trembles from the tension and moans from the pleasure. Sir wants to treat me as a prostitute. He trained me to be one on the island. I’ll pay him as one and leave this dream and become better than it.

“Tannie,” I push his cock deep into my mouth. The tip touches the back of my throat. I suck my cheeks to give him the feeling of tightness and bob my head to add friction to his engorged cock. “Tannie!”

Then, he exploded into my mouth without any warning. Sir gives me an apologetic look as I wipe my mouth. But it quickly fades as a triumphant smile appears on his lips.

“One hole down, pet,” he lifts me from the floor and hangs half of my body on the end of the bed.

My knees are on the floor. My butt and pussy are all exposed to Sir. I watch through his shadow as he takes off the rest of his clothes. I want to face him, but he keeps my head pinned to the bed. I deeply breathe when he pulls the beads

and aligns them to my slits. My breath breaks as my shoulder shakes when he rubs the beads up and down my cracks.

“Which hole should I take next, Tannie?” I want to tell him that he’s an asshole and to fuck off, but the sexiness of his voice and the domination of his actions excite me. He lifts my head and asks. “Pussy or ass? You don’t want to make me choose, do you?”

Why the hell did I want this? I could have just closed my eyes and continued to think of him as the prince in my dreams. I should have ignored that he gave me that scholarship. I shouldn’t have awakened the monster that he could be.

“I rarely ask a woman to stay another week. But you turned me down,” I hold my breath when he licks my spine. “I don’t give gifts when I don’t feel like it. But you choose to pay for it.”

I gasp when he suddenly pushes a bead into my butthole. I twist the sheets on the bed when he puts in another one. It’s not the pain that twitches me. It’s my desperation to hide the pleasure I feel from it.

“I hate being insulted. When I give, you should only say thank you,” Sir whispers to my ear and inserts another bead.

“Now. Pussy or ass?”

A shameless moan leaves my mouth when he suddenly pulls the beads out of my nether hole. “Ass it is,” he concludes.

“No!” I quickly object. “P-pussy.”

I might have moaned to the beads leaving my butt, but I loved the tension of the other beads pressing against my clit. I close my eyes when Sir suddenly pushes his fingers on my wet pussy.

“Pussy it is,” he chuckles before planting a kiss on my back. He knows.

That I shamelessly want this night with him. This man whose name I still don't know. I have to know who he is.

Thank You

I hope you enjoy the fourth book of this series. The story of Lionel and Kayley may be full of lies, but no one can bury love through lies. It always finds its way. Some can choose to stop it from blossoming. Some kill it because of misunderstandings.

Love, when it is strong enough, can turn lies into truth. The misunderstandings to agreements. Two scared hearts into united romantic souls.

Lies aren't the only one that puts excitement in romance. There's also mystery. The heart thrives when we don't know what we're getting into. But what if the mystery is discovered? Will the heat be still the same? Or will it be on a different level – enough to burn you?

Do you want to know if the discovered mystery between Carmen and Sinclair will burn them or not? Then, pick up the next book for this series and feel the heat of this hot couple.

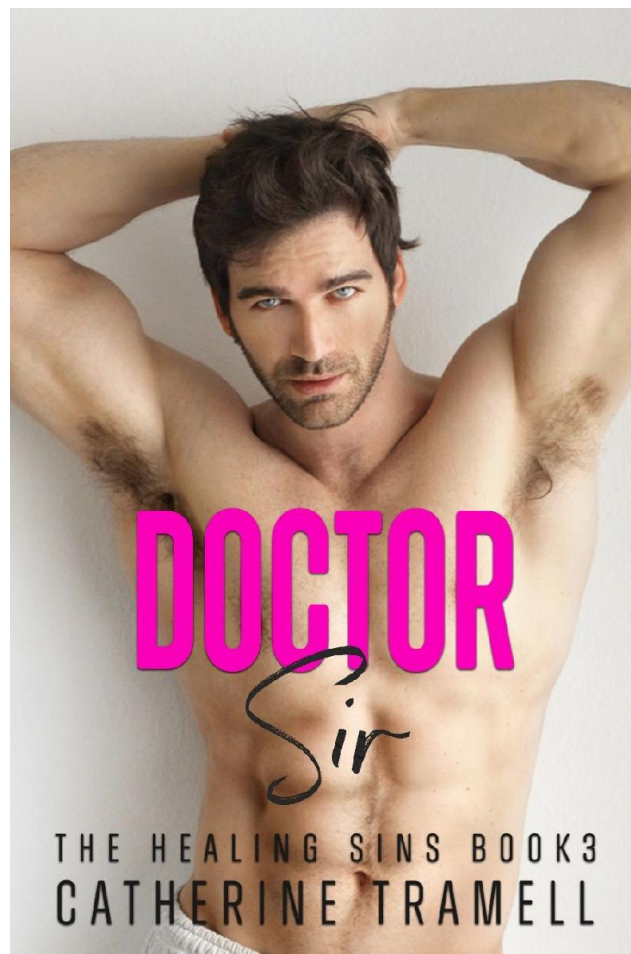
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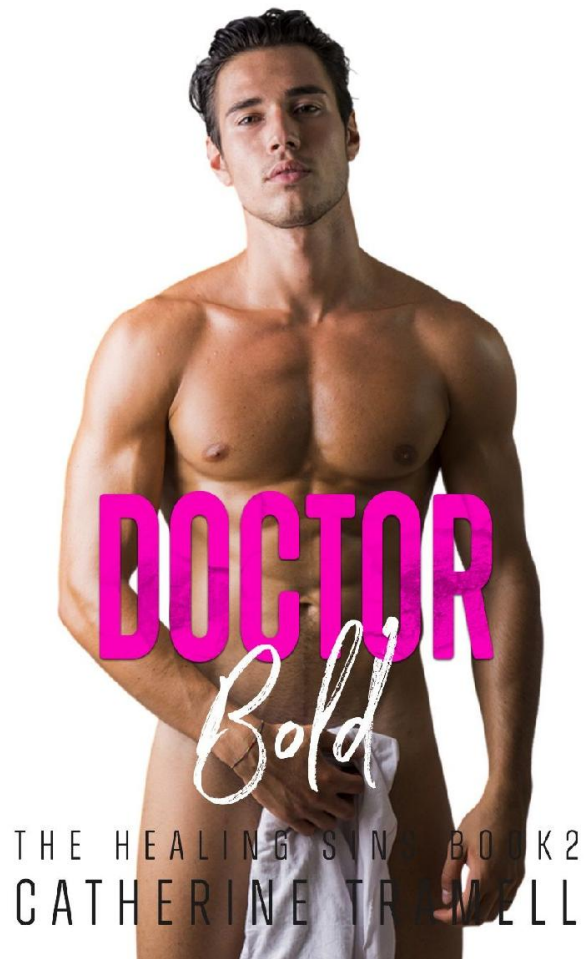
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About the Author

Catherine Tramell has penned over six best-selling erotica series, including *The Game of Doms*, *Her Broken Masters*, and *Erotic Femme Secrets*.

Tramell's background in journalism gives her the tools to transform her most private, secret thoughts and hottest fantasies into thrilling, sexy, dark, and romantic tales with unexpected twists and turns, taking readers on a steamy, suspenseful, and satisfying journey.

She specializes in spinning mystery, suspense, Mafia, BDSM, erotica, and psychologically thrilling stories. Check out Tramell's spicy and slick series, *Tempted*, currently burning up the Amazon best-seller list.

In her free time, Tramell loves keeping up with the latest fashion trends, supporting LGBTQ causes, and of course, reading sizzling stories by her favorite authors.

Tramell resides in Charleston, South Carolina, with her husband, two children, and two dogs.

Receive a notification every time Tramell publishes a new book by [subscribing to her email link](#).

Follow Catherine Tramell on [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#), [BookBub](#), and [Goodreads](#)

Readers had this to say about Tramell's books:

*"I totally loved it. **It's dark and erotic.** Twisted story that leaves you speechless (in a good way). Recommend!" – Etretiacova from BookBub*

*"**She.Did.It.Again!!!!** I am in love! Every time, I'm so engrossed in the story that I yell, "No!" when I've realized it's over (for now)! **Catherine Tramell continues to be one of my favorite authors. Must read!** Love love love. Cannot wait for the next book!" -Shantelle from BookBub*

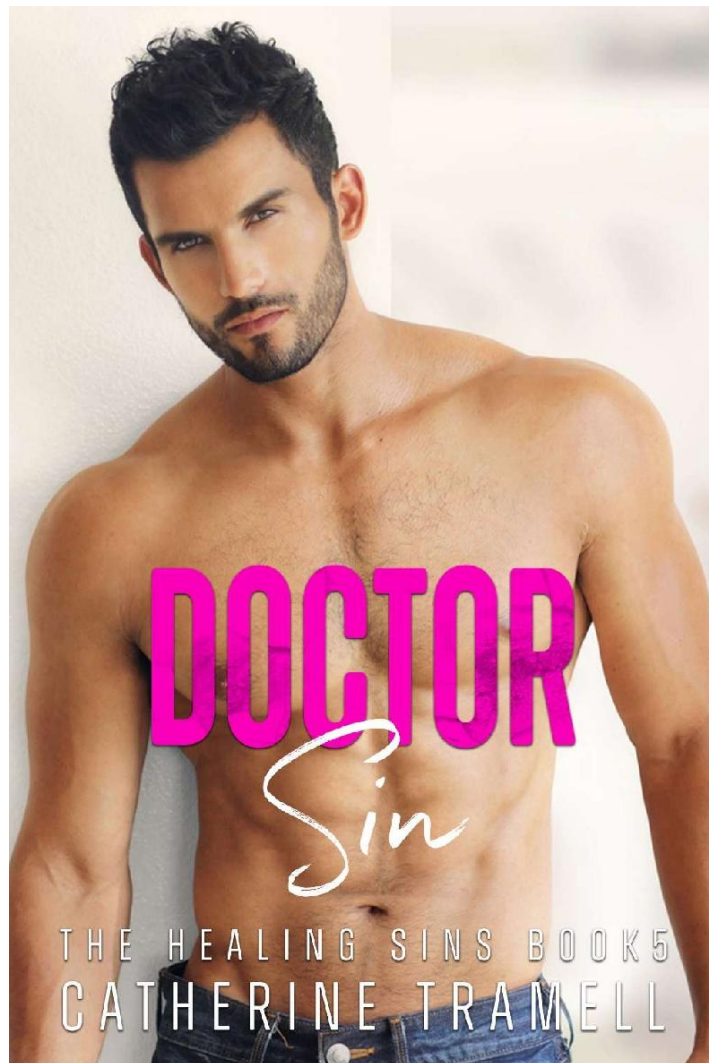
*"**Another wonderful story by this author that captured my attention from the very beginning with the good character and plot development!** I totally enjoyed this story throughout the entire book!" – Pat Wally from BookBub*

*"What deep secrets can one have? Like a spider that weaves its web to ensnare its prey, Catherine created a story that drew me in and captured my emotions as I was introduced to the main characters and their plight. The descriptions were well enough that one could picture this as narration from someone experienced. With so many books to read and so little time, I try desperately to avoid book series. **I fell for this story hook, line, and sinker and as such will have or rather look forward to reading the entire series.**" – Michael (the Wolff) from Goodreads*

The Healing Sins Book 5

Doctor Sin

Available in the kindle store [HERE](#)



PREVIEW OF DOCTOR SIN

CHAPTER 1

Description

Sin

It's not a sin to follow your desire, baby.

You choose who can make you happy.

And it's never a mistake.

Carmen

Did he expect a Tannie tonight?

The escort who will give him everything he asks?

One who allows him to take her any way he likes?

Or did he expect Carmen, who...

Who am I to him?

Is the last time the end or the beginning?

Carmen Gil has moved on. She has a boyfriend, graduated from medical school, and has an internship program waiting. But after a “last time” with Sinclair, secrets erupt and pull her back to him. Will there be another last time? Or will it be the start?

Find out in The Healing Sins Series, the new steamy, hot, and sizzling series from Catherine Tramell, author of The Game of Doms Series.

The Healing Sins Series is a collection of medical romance-erotica that will make you believe in happiness, overcome the pain, and hold on to your hopes while enjoying sexually explicit expressions of romance.

Catch up with our hot **Doctor Sin** as he pulls Carmen into some beautiful mistakes on their second chance.

Disclaimer: Though romantic and sweet like heaven, this book contains explicit sexual depictions that are hot as hell. This book is recommended for mature audiences only. All characters involved in sexual scenes are also above 18 years of age.

Chapter One

Sin

I shouldn't be doing this to her, but her offer is something I couldn't resist. I'm glad I didn't. I wouldn't be feeling these lovely vaginal walls clamping my cock, squeezing it with greed, and covering it with warm but slimy wetness if I did.

This feeling used to be ordinary. I had dozens of pussies and asses do the same to my cock for almost a year since we parted. But Carmen has something none of the other women offered. Something I can't understand but hate. Yes. I hated it because it hindered me from moving on.

My sex life was simple but hidden. I get some clean woman to be my escort for two weeks and make her into my slave. Fuck her anytime and treat her like she's nothing after. Among the girls, I only remember a few of them. Some because they threatened to expose me.

Carmen Gil is different. I remember her for everything. Her obsession with my identity also became my obsession. I keep wondering how it would have been if she chose to stay another week. Would she have convinced me to take a risk and

turn it into a romance? She's not the first to try, but Carmen was someone that could have.

I slide my palms under her butt cheeks and elevate her hips so I can penetrate her pussy better. Carmen was a virgin when she took the job. I turned her into a better sex partner after a week. She hasn't forgotten her lessons. Carmen knows how to counter my moves now with less supervision. She still places a palm on my chest to tell me if I need to slow down. But, as always, Carmen adjusts well and clings to me instead of stopping me.

"Sir," she moans. Still music to my ears.

I lean down and take one of her nipples with my mouth. Her body arches while she squeezes her fingertips against my bald head and calls me again. *Shit*. I'm frustrated that she doesn't call my name.

It's not impossible to know me if she tried. I am Sinclair James, the top thoracic surgeon at Osler Medical Center. Aside from that, I'm also one of the directors. Our family also owns a billion-dollar pharma company. Some magazines featured me as an eligible billionaire bachelor. Carmen could have known who I was.

But she adhered to our agreement, prohibiting her from knowing or investigating who I am. Carmen never looked back and focused on her dreams. As frustrating as it was, she earned my respect.

Yet the constant fear that she'll take another man as a client to finance her last year in medical school haunted me. So, I decided to award her a scholarship through our company. This young woman drove my indifference towards women into madness over her.

When Carmen discovered I gave her the scholarship, she took it differently. Now, she wants to pay for it – and in a way, she knows I desire it. It's an insult to me. I'm not a benevolent person, but it was a gift to her.

Carmen thinks that it's a way of getting her. Did I look desperate to have a second week with her when I let her go?

But we're here. I'm fucking Carmen – just as I wanted to for the past year. And I didn't have to beg her. She offered it. This could be the last time she would give herself to me. The next time I want to have her, I need to take a risk and win her heart. And I'm not willing to take it.

Carmen frowns when I suddenly pull out my cock, leaving her on the edge of orgasm. "Sir?" she asks.

I smirk, roll away, and sit on the bed. Carmen rises from the bed and looks at me. “You want it? Get it yourself.”

Carmen presses her lips tightly. Getting it will make her defy who she pretends to be – somebody who doesn’t want it and somebody who wants to be with me. After a few deep breaths, Carmen crawls on top of me, cracking the smile I try to hide. She darts a sharp glare with her brown eyes and holds my cock.

I grab her by the neck and push her face closer to mine. “Want it like it’s the last time, Tannie.”

“It’s the last time, Sir,” her lips twitch before she guides my cock into her pussy.

Her mouth parts; a slow breath blows upon my face as she slides down my shaft. My body shivers as her hot wetness envelops my hardness. *The last time?* Yes. This will be the last time that I can have her as Tannie. The next time... I will have to win her as Carmen.

I catch her lips and conquer her mouth with mine. Carmen challenges my exploration of her mouth. But she surrenders and allows me to push my tongue deeper into her throat. She gives it a short suck before letting it explore her mouth.

Carmen pulls away from my lips to moan. I slide my hands on her back and support her while she steers her hips against my cock. *Ah*. She moves with experience and with willing passion. Her hesitations were lies. Carmen wants it as much as I do.

#

Carmen

Every pulse from his cock shoots me with a sensation, triggering a contained fire above my crotch. As I have experienced it before with him, it urges me to be shameless and greedy. I need this man to think that I don't want this. I'm doing this as a payment for the favors he did for me. But my body gives me away.

I don't want to be as virgin-like or as mediocre as the first time he had me. This is the last time. I desire to put a mark on his memory. Call it crazy, but I want him to remember me when he has sex with other women. I want to be the best he ever had.

This is stupid!

Many of the women he had must have more experience than me. The only experience I had was the week I had with him. He could jump from one woman to another, but I couldn't. The asshole left a mark on me, even before I could do it to him. I don't think another man can be as good as him – in bed or just as a man.

Over the past few months, I decided to date Sky Hanson, the young man I grew up with for a few months while

in a foster home. We met while he delivered some of his products in a grocery near my dorm. He has a vegetable and flower farm in the nearby town. Sky started asking me out after knowing I'm studying somewhere close.

I thought it was a chance to start a proper romance with a man who romantically desired me. But I couldn't get Sir out of my mind. I almost had him out until I saw the pimp that recommended me to him.

The pimp praised me for being a great escort to my client. So much so that this "client" decided to pay for my tuition. The pimp even teased me that I'll become a wealthy escort in no time if I let the client become crazy over me.

That's when I discovered everything. The "scholarship" was a mask. I remembered how Sir asked me to stay for another week. He promised to give me more than what I wanted if I did. But Sir couldn't even tell me his name. Even when helping me, he doesn't share his name.

I still should be thankful for his "gift," but part of me didn't want to be indebted to him. Looking at it now, I only saw an opportunity to be with him again despite seeing someone else. Offering to pay him for the scholarship is only

an excuse I created to justify being with him and cheating on Sky.

It's the last time. I'm still unsure, but I will try to make good on that promise. This will be the last time I will become Sir's Tannie. It's also the first and last time I'll cheat on Sky. After this night, I will try to give Sky everything I have. My heart and body. And perhaps, my life, too.

"Sir." Everything I promised disappears from my head when Sir moves his hips and urges me to move.

Tiny sparks travel along my sensitive muscles, creating an almost exploding sensation above my crotch. I bite my lips to prevent an orgasm. This is the last time, but part of me doesn't want to end things between Sir and me.

I cling to Sir's shoulder and push my body against him. I tremble more as his heat engulfs me. His sturdy chest presses against my boobs. His beating heart vibrates on them. "Sir," I can't help but moan.

"Just cum, Tannie. We can have more after," he holds me by the nape while counseling me. I shake my head. *This is the last time.* But I can't say the words; his offer blocks me. "Then, I'll make you."

Sir leans against me, forcing me to slide away from him and lay flat on the bed. He chuckles and slides back between my legs. “Everything for you, Carmen,” he tells me before pushing his cock back inside me.

My body arches from the warmth exuding from his hard cock. I squeeze his shoulders and push my hips against his. *Carmen*. Happiness always fills me when he calls my name. But frustration always follows from not being able to know his.

“Tell me your name, please,” I beg between soft cries.

The man pauses and smiles at me. We look into each other’s eyes. My heart pounds my chest like it wants to be out of it. *His name*. But everything crushes when he only replies, “Have another week with me, and I’ll tell you.”

“No,” I almost cried.

Stupid Carmen! Even to this day, I dream of a romance with him. Hoping that it will start from knowing his name. It’s not how it works for this man. I am nothing to him. I can be Tannie or Carmen, but I’ll always be just an escort to him.

“This is the last time,” I force myself to declare it to him.

The man frowns and repositions me. He kneels between my legs and lifts my hips. My back almost breaks as he thrusts intensely without leaning closer to me. I try to raise my body, but I can't lift my back. I'm like a bent bridge getting attacked by a titan.

“Sir,” I call when he finally leans a little lower.

But he doesn't hug or touch me with his skin. He only gathers my hands and places them over my head. With a push-up position, he fills me hard and deep – pushing me nearer to my orgasm in every thrust. I call him “Sir” while arching my body to touch his.

Sir doesn't let me. The clingy passion he showed at the start of this night is gone. He lost his intention to be intimate with me. Instead, Sir takes me for only one reason – his satisfaction.

His grunts grow louder. They still fill me with excitement despite my frustration, urging me to give him what he wants and satisfy his wishes. I stop fighting my resistance. What can I do? My hips can't stop grinding against his. My body craves the sensation of his hot cock inside me and his dripping sweat sizzling on my skin. I spread my thighs more for him. My knees bend higher while my toes curl and freeze.

The tension slowly drowns me as more heat gathers above my crotch. Sir rams my pussy with more power, slowly cracking the contained heat I'm saving. I place my palm back on his chest, telling him his thrusts hurt. But he ignores me and continues to take me like I'm nothing but a possession.

Tears roll down the sides of my face. I don't know if it's because of his painful thrusts or the frustration of feeling his anger. But my body slowly adapts to the pain, and the heat overtakes me again.

Sir releases a long groan; his cock swells inside me. My walls rejoice and hug it tighter, producing a groan from his throat. With another strong thrust, Sir breaks all the heat inside me.

All my nerves ignite; my body tenses. My walls throb endlessly and hard. My toes curl like they're about to break, while my fingers on Sir's chest scratch him. The others wring the sheets as orgasm possesses me.

"Sir," my voice shakes while my body shudders.

He pushes another long thrust and lets his cock stay inside me. My walls throb hard around it. Sir groans before climaxing. He tenses against my shaking body. I cling to him tightly, feeling his warmth and sweat. The scent of his

sandalwood cologne becomes powerful as he pulses against me.

“Sir,” I call again while slightly scratching his back. I look at the ceiling and mutter, “It’s the last time.”

He hears it and gets pissed. Sir pulls away from me. He looks at me with sharp eyes before flipping me onto my stomach. He leans close to my left ear and whispers, “Then, let me take your ass and end this night as you want.”

End of Preview

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