



Heartthrobs

Hollywood Forever: Book Five

JISA DEAN

Heartthrob

Hollywood Forever: Book Five

By:

Jisa Dean

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Pyro](#)

[Coming Soon](#)

[Keep In Touch](#)

Heartthrob

Hollywood Forever: Book Five

She's going to steal more than his heart!

Esme

I have to be having the worst year ever. Not only has my identity been stolen, my job is on shaky ground, and now I'm about to be arrested for trespassing and breaking and entering because I chose the wrong house to try to stay in for the night. To make matters worse I had to choose the house of a Hollywood Heartthrob who everyone loves and admires. I'm so going to jail. Until...I'm not and the heartthrob that everyone love offers me a job and a way to get my identity back. But in his world, everything comes with strings and I don't think I have the heart to be a part of that, not and leave with my innocence attached.

Linc

From the moment I see my little thief on the security cameras I know...this one is mine! Seeing her tiptoe through my home gives me more than just the idea to have her pretend

to be my fiancé so I don't have to worry about gold diggers in Tinsel Town. By the end of our little act, I plan to have my leading lady stuffed full of our baby and a ring on her finger that you could see from space. The only award I want is this woman's heart! And I'm willing to do anything to make Esme mine. Anything!

Hang on to your red-carpet dress, guys! I'm doing another Hollywood Forever book. And this one is full of spice and alpha sexiness. If you want a story about an ex-teen heartthrob finally finding his Hollywood happy ever after ending with a normal girl-next-door then sit back, crack open a bottle of bubbly (even if it is bubble bath) and take some time to escape with this Hollywood Heartthrob. You won't be sorry you came along for the limo ride.

Copyright © 2023 by Author Jisa Dean

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, email to jisadean@yahoo.com

<http://www.jisadean.com>

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locals and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events institutions, or locals is completely coincidental.

Chapter One

Esme

I'm so going to jail. No need for a crystal ball or a fucking psychic to know that. Not when my luck has been as bad as it's been so far this year, and the year is just getting started. I had my identity stolen and whoever did it decided to completely blow out my credit that I had worked so hard to maintain so I could buy a house someday and not have to put up with my creepy landlord.

Not only did that plan get shit on but the place I worked fired me because they said my financial situation made me a liability since I could get desperate enough to steal from the company. So there went my promising career, right down the shitter. So now I work as a glorified housekeeper, cleaning places I will never even be able to pretend I could own. I had to lie to get this job. I was terrified they would tell me I couldn't clean up after the rich people who own this beach because I might do something crazy like speak to one of them.

Crazy! You want to hear crazy? I'm now desperate enough to do exactly what all those people feared I might. I'm breaking and entering. Well, I'm not really doing much of the breaking part since I have the security code for this house. I have it because the company that hired me to clean was careless enough to leave that information on their computer as I was cleaning. Along with the little note that said the guy who

stays at this house isn't going to be here for at least a month, possibly more.

I don't plan to go wild or anything. I only need a safe place to sleep for the night. I've been sleeping in my car but it got towed and I don't have the money to get it back. And who do you think had it towed? The realty service that I hired me to clean all those big beachside mansions. The bastards. They wouldn't even help me get the car back because I should have been smart enough not to leave it parked for longer than twelve hours in front of their offices.

This is probably where most people would break down, admit defeat, and run back to their families...but I don't have a family to run back to. My mom and dad passed away in a fire when I was sixteen. Thankfully my father had a friend that helped me emancipate and I didn't have to go into the system for very long.

I was never afraid of hard work and I figured out pretty quick that the only person who was going to be able to help me was myself. Not that I wouldn't take the help and be thankful for it. It's just...help can only get you so far before you have to pick yourself up and get busy living your life. That doesn't mean I didn't cry for days about my parents or have aching regrets that I couldn't have been there with them. It's just, playing what-if games doesn't help with the situation you are in right then.

So when I found out that my identity had been stolen I did the same thing I'd done with my parents. I tried to pick myself up but it's getting really fucking hard to have the outlook of little orphan Annie when your life looks more like a Steven King book. So here I am. Twenty years old, breaking into someone else's house for the night because I don't want to spend a second night at the shelter where one of the volunteers

gives me weird vibes - broke and alone. A girl starts to wonder if this is just how it's going to be for the rest of her life.

The house is big and quiet and I'm worried that anything I do will echo horribly throughout it. I pad through, trying not to touch anything I don't have to. There is way too much white for me to not leave something behind - like fingerprints and smudges. Even the couch is white. How do people sit on a white couch?

It's also the biggest fucking couch I've ever seen. It wraps around most of the sunken living room and leads the eye to the large windows in the front that look out onto the beach and ocean beyond. Even the kitchen, which is open and connected to the large living room, is white.

Why do fancy people live in houses made up of all white and glass? How do they keep it clean? Do they not leave messes behind? Do they not act like normal people and actually 'use' the shit they own? I make my way up the staircase and try to find a bedroom that has a bathroom I can 'borrow'.

I come to an open door that leads into a room with one of the biggest beds I have ever seen. There is no way that bed wasn't custom-made. I peek in and spot the door to the bathroom open. The fucking bathroom is done in gray. There is literally no color whatsoever in this house. I really wish I had paid better attention to who the owner was but at the time it didn't seem important. I just needed to know where the owner wasn't.

I'm too scared to turn the lights on so instead I light some of the candles that seem to be on every flat surface of the bedroom and bathroom. I'm not just going to use and take from these people. I plan to leave cash on the island

downstairs so they can replace what I used. It might not be a lot of cash but at least it will help me not feel like I am stealing.

The whole shower in the bathroom is made of glass and I note there is no tub in this room, just the big ass shower with a bench seat running the full length of the back wall. I quickly take my wet clothes off and step into the shower after I find a towel. Even the towels here are gigantic. It kind of makes me feel like Alice when she shrank and everything was so much bigger than her.

I barely step into the shower and moan at the feel of hot water pouring down on me, when the sound of sirens in the distance has me panicking. Oh my God! I've been caught. Somehow, they found out I'm here and they're coming for me.

I reach for the towel I put on the rack but instead of touching the soft fuzziness of the towel, I come up with nothing but air. A big hand wraps around my wrist and causes my heart to speed up. It's going to do a rendition of the Alien movie scene and burst right out of my chest.

Before I can scream the man has me pulled out of the shower and off my feet. My mind is in screaming mode and I'm pretty sure even if this guy was saying something, I wouldn't be able to hear over the thumping of my heart in my ears. It barely occurs to me that I am completely naked and in a stranger's arms. It doesn't escape my attention that this stranger smells really good though.

I've completely lost my mind. All of this is just too much. And I've finally been pushed too far. I've lost my sanity.

"We only have seconds to get on the same page." Same page? Is he a thief too? "Don't fight me and listen to what I'm

telling you.”

Am I in more trouble than before? Have I gone from one unsafe place to the ultimate end of my life? Would I be better off going to jail? How is it possible that my luck got even worse?

Chapter Two

Linc

I'm in the back of the limo looking out the window when my phone dings. I look at the screen and see it's an alert telling me my silent alarm has been tripped. I tap the intercom and tell the driver to pull over even as I pull up the cameras in my house and find the cutest little robber I have ever seen.

She stands in my living room for a few moments before going up the stairs and moves toward my bedroom. I find myself holding my breath and repeating one thought over and over again. Go to my room. Go to my room. I don't even stop to think about why I want this little thief in my room. I just do.

The cute little robber does exactly as I say and tiptoes into my room with the big bed in it. I don't have cameras in my bedroom. I hit the intercom again. "Take me back to the beach house."

"Did you forget something, sir?"

I find my lips curling in what I am sure is a grinch-like grin. Did I forget something? Yeah. Something about five foot tall with dark hair and a curvy little body.

“Just take me back there fast.”

I sit back and think about what I am about to do. I've already made up my mind that I'm keeping this little thief. I just have to get to her before the police do. Once the limo pulls up to the house I dismiss the driver and head for the back of the house. I let myself in and make my way up the backstairs. I come up to the bedroom very slowly but still with a sense of purpose. Then I hear the shower running. In the doorway of the room, I find her bag sitting at the foot of the bed. I take it and hide it in the closet before I go to the shower.

I'm met with shiny wet skin gleaming from behind. Her smooth back leads into a tapered waist and flared hips. She has an hourglass figure and an ass that's just begging for a dick to be in it. I take my time reaching for the towel and remove it so that she has no cover, no way of hiding anything from me.

Then we both hear the sound of a siren that's closer than I would like. She reaches out of the water and gives me the perfect opportunity to grab her. She gets out a little yelp before I put my hand over her mouth and pick her up. She's so tiny she's dangling above the floor as I clutch her to my chest.

“We only have seconds to get on the same page.” She stiffens as I hold her closer. “If they arrest you they aren't going to let you take the time to dress, understand? Do you want to stay out of jail tonight and not have to take the walk of shame out the door completely naked?” To be honest, I don't know if they would let her dress or not - but I'm betting neither does she.

I give her time to nod for me before I place my mouth back next to her ear. “You just do what I tell you and play along.”

I move over to the door by the dressing room and pull down one of my robes hanging on the back of the door. I'm stuffing her into the thing before she can even blink. I might seem focused but my mind is really on that ass. God damn was it the softest thing I have ever brushed against my dick. It wouldn't be so soft if it wasn't made for a dick - my dick.

I pull the girl downstairs as lights come in the windows up front. I throw her down on the sofa and put myself in between her legs. She yelps and puts her hands up to stop me but I grab both of them and hold them over her head.

“Don't struggle with me.”

“Wh...what are you doing?”

“Keeping you out of jail, now just play along.”

A knock on the door has me peeking over the couch arm and acting shocked to find the two uniformed cops standing there.

“Stay,” I say it loud enough for the two cops to hear as I come over to open the door and school my features. “Can I help you, officers?”

“We were dispatched to investigate because your silent alarm seems to be going off. Was there a breach in your security, Mr. Striker?”

“Oh! Oh shit. I forgot about the silent one.” I smack my head and look back as the two policemen's eyes go to movement on my couch. Dark brown chocolate eyes the color of sin peer over the side at all three of us. “I, uh, wasn't

thinking when we got in and...well, gee guys I'm really sorry you had to come out here because I forgot."

"I can see why you forgot...everything." The younger cop says it and the older one smacks him on the back of the head.

"Sorry, sir. He's new. What he means is, we understand."

"Well, I feel just awful about all this. I wish there was some way I could make it up to you guys. Hey," I pat all down the front of my clothes until I 'remember' the card in my wallet. I pull out a card. "Here call this number right here and ask for Julie. She'll make sure you guys are taken care of. You boys come on out to the premier and we'll take care of you. I'm really sorry again."

Once I get them to leave, I turn around and find the eyes of the woman peeking at me. A sense of rightness blooms in my chest at her being in my home.

"Now...where were we?"

She takes off running through the house and out the back door. A smile stretches across my face, one that tells anyone who sees it how I feel about having to give chase. I love the hunt! The last thing this little thief should have done was run from me.

Chapter Three

Esmé

Making a break for it I run out the back. Through the door, around the pool, and down to the beach. I hit the sand about the same time he grabs me and pulls the back of the robe I still have on. He pulls so hard on it that he pulls me out of it and leaves me naked and staggering back. I see him regroup, preparing himself so the next time he reaches for me he can take me down and I take off again.

It doesn't make any difference. He's on me. We start rolling and only come to a halt when he's leaning over me. I continue to struggle and fight against his hold.

"Calm down! Just calm your ass down!" The whip of command in his voice causes me to do what he says. "You better be glad this beach is semi-private. I would be so pissed if the neighbors saw you."

"Because then they would know what kind of person you really are. Then there would be proof of what you're doing?" After all, he is holding me down in the wet sand and placing himself in between my legs.

"No! Because I am a man who doesn't like to share!"

What? He has me pulled up off the sand and stuffed back in the robe before I can even try to decipher what he just said to me. He tries to half lead, half drag me back into the house only to finally give up and just lift me around the waist to carry me to the living room.

“Just listen to what I have to say, please.”

He seems so sincere that against my better judgment, I let him lead me to the couch and sit me down. I pull the wet sandy robe closed even tighter around me. A part of me screams that this is his job. He’s an actor - he lies for a living. Another part of me is just curious - too curious to just walk away.

“Do you know who I am?” I scoot over so I’m not in the same place my wet hair was in when he threw me down on the couch the first time.

I nod. Everyone knows who he is. He’s Lincoln Striker - the kid movie star who put out a couple of multi-hit albums before returning to acting. He’s...a star.

It hits me hard that I’m not just in normal trouble - I’ve managed to find a whole new level of trouble. When he dumped Tiffany Strong for cheating on him she never worked in Hollywood again. Hell, she might be working for the same cleaning agency I am for all I know and now, I’ve broken into his house.

I’m a dead woman.

“I need your help.”

“Me? What could I possibly help you with?”

“I need you to be my girlfriend.”

I look into his face for a long time before I jump up, “Fuck off. I’m not a prostitute.”

“What?” Now he seems confused. Maybe...I was too hasty with my assumption that he was propositioning me.

“I...you want me to...”

He must catch on because he quickly stands back up, “No. It’s...it’s not like that. I need someone to ‘pretend’ to be my girlfriend.”

“Why? You’re Linc Striker. Anyone would date you?” None of this makes any sense.

“Yes, but I don’t want just anyone. I want you. Look, I think you might need a little help too and I just thought we could help one another. I’m sure you didn’t start out breaking into people’s homes. There has to be a reason.”

I squirm against the soft fabric. It’s like butter and feels way too good for me to be sitting on it covered in sand, dripping wet. “I had my identity stolen. Which led to me being fired from my job and kicked out of my apartment.”

I leave out the part where my creepy landlord, Sal, told me I could stay if I agreed to sleep with him. Behind his girlfriend’s back of course.

“I tried to stay in my car but it was towed. And then...never mind.”

“What? Tell me.”

“Well, there was a guy at the shelter that, um...”

“Hit on you.” He’s not asking. He knows. It sounds weird to say anything because it makes me feel like a victim when I’m not. Lots of other people have it way worse than I have, and I refuse to feel sorry for myself.

“I can help you find the person who stole your identity. Make them pay it all back.”

“How can you make someone pay it all back? More than likely even if I were to press charges and on the slim chance they go to jail, I still wouldn’t get anything back.”

“It’s all about how you present things, my dear.”

I try not to get excited by his words. Can he really help me?

“What do I have to do?”

“I have a new movie coming out which means I’ll have to do press releases and movie premiers and all that shit. I have to take someone with me or suffer through the rehash of all the girlfriend’s past and my co-star is under the impression we mean more to one another than we really do. My agent will try to push the newest starlet in my lap and I can’t bare another handsy encounter with man-hungry women.”

I see how all of this might be rough, how it could all become tiresome and stressful. “So...I would be your...fake girlfriend?”

“If you pretend to be my girlfriend for the next...two-no, three months, I’ll use my money and resources to find who stole your identity and prosecute them.”

I start to waver about helping him. It seems like a win-win but life is never that easy.

“And I’ll pay you.”

“You’ll pay me...to be your girlfriend? Like a prostitute or a call girl?” I jump up and go behind the couch putting it between us. “I don’t think so. No matter how desperate you think I am - I’m not a whore!”

“What?! No! It’s not...it’s not like that. I promise. It’s not money to be my girlfriend.” He takes my wrist in his hand and pulls me back around the couch, sitting so I won’t be so intimidated. “It’s money for you to buy things we need to convince people. Like clothes and stuff. You could give them all back at the end like actresses do on the sets of movies.”

I want this so badly. “And you’d help me get my life back?”

Could it really be so easy?

Chapter Four

Linc

I feel like I'm walking on fucking eggshells. I want so desperately to take care of her. She's tiny - a lot smaller than I first thought and has such delicate features. I didn't think I had a Daddy kink but damned if this woman doesn't make me want to treat her like a little and ask her to depend on me to make her life better.

I've had some friends into that sort of thing and I played a Daddy Dom in a movie who was searching for a little. I don't find her but I do find the lost treasure of Numandrid. Don't ask, it was in my action star phase.

“What would I have to do...to pretend? If I agreed?”

Talking is good. If I can keep her talking then maybe I can convince her to go along with this crazy scheme.

“Nothing too wild. Go to some premiers with me, a couple of Hollywood parties, a few awards ceremonies maybe. Have dinner out with me so the paps can take some pictures to prove we are together.” She seems like she might be about to say yes when I throw out the clincher. “And live with me.”

“What?”

“It’s just to keep things simple and easy. I wouldn’t have to worry about security for you and hire more guys.” This is a woman who’s not stunned by money. She would understand frugality. She’s a rather cautious little thing but given what she’s told me I can completely understand why. “Or worry about someone like the paparazzi trying to bother you.”

She looks worried for a second before finally giving me what I want. “Alright. I guess...I can do it.”

“And sleep with me.”

“What?”

I rush to explain, “Not like that. Just so we can get used to being around one another. Like a fast-track friendship. You’ve spent time with your friends doing stuff like sleepovers, right?”

“Yeah but all of them were girls.”

“It just gives us more time to get used to one another. I mean we’re going to have to act like we’re fucking.”

“Um...yeah, I’m not really good at acting...or lying. I’m not certain that people will actually believe that you and I are together.”

“Which is why you don’t have to lie when they ask if we’re sleeping together.” Seems good to me.

“No, you don’t understand... I’m...,”

“Perfect. I know.”

She starts gnawing at her bottom lip and giving me a frustrated look, “No, it’s...I can’t pretend to be your lover... I don’t know how.”

I chuckle at how cute she’s being. There are a lot of people who think they can’t act but everyone acts at some point in their lives. Whether it’s to get out of a speeding ticket or to make someone else feel better about something - everyone is an actor at some point.

“Don’t know how?” I just have to bolster her self-confidence. “Why, are you like a virgin or something?”

A blush hits her face and spreads across her cheeks traveling down to the top of her chest where the vee of the robe opens a little. She doesn’t say anything and her eyes skate all around the room.

Still, it takes me a minute before it sinks in, “Oh. Oh fuck. You...you’re cherry fresh.”

“Yep, I’m out of here.” She pops up and tries to run away from me but I grab her as she tries to go by the couch.

I pull her back using her own momentum to spin us around. Again, she loses that damned robe but this time instead of both of us falling like we did out in the sand I brace us so I can keep us from falling to the floor. This time when I start talking it comes from a purely instinctual level. I can tell in some

animal part of my mind that this is my last chance to persuade her to be mine.

“I’ll keep you safe.” She calms in my arms to listen to what I have to say. “Make sure no one in the world ever hurts you again if you do this for me, if you go through with this favor I’m asking you.”

Both of us realize she’s naked at about the same time. She turns full-on red with a sexy as fuck flush that travels from her cheeks to her chest to the tips of her very generous breasts, over her tummy all the way down to her sweet little pussy that has a strip of soft curls right in the center. Thank God the glass is reflective enough that I have a perfect view of my sexy little thief.

Holy shit! This woman has me all out of sorts with her body and that sweet little face that apparently mirrors exactly what is inside.

“What’s your name, Sweets?”

“Esme, Esme Finch. Can you um...?” She closes her eyes like if she can’t see me, maybe I won’t be able to see her.

“Of course.” I reach for a throw hanging on the back of the couch. I throw it over her but I don’t let her down. “Come on Esme. What do you say? I’m offering you safety, security, and protection - three things I am guessing you haven’t had a lot of in your life.”

I peer into the face in the window and wait.

“You know you want to say yes.” I lay my mouth against her ear and realize even wet and covered in sand this woman smells fucking nice. “You don’t have to have sex with me or any fucking body you don’t want to. I’ll be there to make sure of it. I’ll be your champion, your knight, beating the shit out of anyone who even tries to hurt you.”

I have her. I can feel it in the softening of her body and the look on her face. She’ll learn very quickly - I don’t make promises I can’t keep, and I don’t take what I am telling her lightly. I will be the person who protects Esme from now until the end...of time.

“I’ll keep you safe, Esme. I promise.”

Chapter Five

Esme

Something smells heavenly. I sink lower into the dream I am trying desperately to hold on to. Maybe it's coming from my subconscious because I have never smelled anything this good in my waking world. But if I know I'm asleep and not awake...doesn't that mean, I'm not really asleep after all.

It takes me a minute to realize something else is different this morning as well, not just the fact that I had the best night's sleep of my life. I open my eyes slowly and try to look at where I'm at before I actually try to move. So much comes flooding back to me. Last night's fear of finally going to jail for breaking and entering and the mad dash down to the edge of the water before getting picked up and brought back to the place it all started. Not to mention the agreement I made with the teenage heartthrob that grew into a hotter-than-sin movie star.

He's good. He not only got me to agree to pretend to be his fake girlfriend but he also made it seem almost normal that the two of us should share a bed after just meeting one another barely hours before. Now I'm wrapped around him like a vine trying to choke the life out of a tree and for the first time in my life, not only am I waking up with a man in bed but one between my legs as well.

How the hell did my life turn into this...surreal sense of uncontrollability? And how the hell do I get myself out of this? I start to move off the warm body under me but I'm stopped by a hand on my ass. The hand splays across the curve of my bottom holding me tight to where I'm at and shocking me into gasping out.

“Oh! Um...,”

“Sweetheart, I don't mean to be lewd or teach you something you aren't ready to learn yet, but, uh the morning is an...uplifting time for men.”

“Uplifting?” What the hell does that even mean? Is he having an allergic reaction or something?

“Oh God, uh...we men have bodily things going on that make it hard to...oh shit, that is an unfortunate choice of wording.” He takes a deep breath, “Sweets, I have a boner.”

Nuh-uh! No way! Is he telling me...?

“Morning wood.” He makes the statement so boldly that he leaves no room for any doubt or confusion. To push his point home, he raises his hips causing his erection to brush up against the inside of my thigh.

“Oh my God! How do you walk around with that thing?” I say it before I can think through my words. “I mean, um...are all men so...?”

“No! Most aren't playing with the whole joystick like I am.”

Something tells me he's not saying that to brag. I wiggle around trying to find a more comfortable position. "How, uh, do we...?"

"Untangle? I...we...you know, I don't know."

"What?"

"I've never woken up with someone before."

"But...you and Angel Gusto..."

"Never spent the night, not in my house and not with me."

I try to take inventory of all the information he's dropping on me. Can I believe that the Sweethearts of America, the most perfect couple, never spent the night together? I thought they were about to buy a home together when Angel cheated on Linc with one of her backup dancers. I remember every girl and her mother wanted to help him heal his broken heart. I, myself, might have even had some fantasies about meeting him after the two of them broke up.

That was years and lots of tears ago. I'm not a kid anymore and I don't need to let my imagination run away with me. Not in the position I am in. Not when all of this make-believing needs to stay well-defined. The last thing I want to happen is for me to get my identity back but lose my heart in the process.

"Maybe if we...if I..." I put my hand on his chest - his bare chest - and push myself up but I was wrong on so many levels. It was not helpful the way I thought it would be.

“Stop! Stop! Not...not working!” He sounds like he is choking.

Great! I’m crushing him with my fucking weight. And if that isn’t soul-crushing enough he’s even having to breathe through his teeth because of it.

“Are you...Am I too heavy? I’m too heavy, aren’t I?”

I start squirming, utterly devastated about all of this.

“Esme, please!” He grabs ahold of my hips and tries to stop me.

“I’m trying. I’m just going to...”

“Lord, Esme, you’re going to make me fucking cum!”

I instantly go still.

Underneath me, he is breathing like he’s trying to ease some sort of pain. His eyes are closed and I can tell he’s focusing on every breath.

“I’m sorry, I thought it was...just my weight.”

“God no! It’s just been a really...really long time since I’ve been with anyone.”

“Yeah right!” I roll my eyes so hard I have trouble breathing now too.

“No, really.” I take in his jaw that’s set in a tight, purposeful wince, and the way he looks like he is in real pain. Maybe... he’s not lying to me.

“But...you’re way too sexy for me to believe you haven’t had sex in... however long it has been. It’s just a little hard to believe.”

“It’s true. It’s been like,” he looks like he is thinking, maybe doing some mental calculations, “eight, nine years!”

“But last fall you were dating...?”

It’s his turn to eye roll now, “That was my agent. Never even made it to my driveway.” I let him go on without bringing up the fact you don’t have to be at home to fuck someone. “We would meet at my agent’s house and share a limo. She told me, and I quote, ‘You are the coldest, meanest man I have ever had dinner with.’ At which point I informed her she didn’t have to be at the table if she didn’t want to be.”

Wow! I wouldn’t have thought that. They seemed so... polite to one another in the pictures. I guess Tiffany Strong’s attitude is the reason she’s not working anymore and not because she cheated on Linc.

“Let’s try like this.” He moves, flipping us so that he’s on top. “Holy fuck! Do you feel good!”

“You’ve not had sex in almost ten years. I’m pretty sure anything would feel good right now.”

“No! You feel good. It’s you. You feel good. Damned good.”

He swivels his hips and moans making me gasp out, “Oh!” I can tell my eyes must be huge because they feel like they might pop out of my head. “Oh God, um...what...?”

“Does it feel good to you when I do it?”

He does it again like I might have forgotten the feeling in the moments since he did it the first time and when he asked. I can’t help but sink my nails into his shoulders. But actually talking to him is way beyond me right now.

“Oh fuck! How the hell are you so soft? Fuck!”

We both look at one another for a long moment before he finally takes a deep breath, “Maybe if I...” he pushes up on his hands.

His movement makes me realize my legs have wrapped themselves around him. I make a conscious effort to unlock my legs from around his hips so he can lift himself off of me. And then everything shifts; the bed, my hips, and most of all, Linc. It causes him to fall back down on me causing both of us to cry out as we rub against each other.

“Oh shit!” He’s shaking and a sheen of sweat traces his brow. “Just got to...think of baseball.”

It takes me a minute to realize what he’s said, “Baseball?”

My eyebrows knit together in total confusion. Why would he want to think about baseball right now?

“Isn’t that what most men think about to lose their...uh, erection?”

“Oh,” Really? Most men think of baseball? I would think an old aunt that smells of mothballs or something would be better but maybe Linc doesn’t have an aunt - or maybe she doesn’t smell like mothballs.

“Esme...it’s not working.”

I take in his strained face and roll my lips over my teeth. “Maybe...I could just...”

I start to wiggle against him very aware that my legs are spread wide to accommodate his width between my thighs.

“Sweet Jesus, no! It makes it worse. Fuck! I’m going to cum!”

He lowers his head to the pillow underneath my head letting out a huge groan. I’m not sure what to do with my hands so I lay them on his shoulders to offer him some comfort. He seems like he is in a lot of pain.

Chapter Six

Linc

Putting my head down doesn't help a damn thing since everything smells like her. And Esme smells damn good! How the hell am I going to extract myself from all this softness?

“You...um, could.”

“What?”

“It...it seems painful, and I know you've tried. It's not like you're doing it on purpose. So...um, you could go ahead and just, um do it.”

She's trying to kill me. She's trying to absolutely kill me.

“You don't understand what you are saying.”

“I just...don't want you to hurt.”

My heart is beating in my temples and for a long time, I just stay where I'm at trying to make myself move away.

“Oh God, I’m going to hell.” My hips start rocking back and forth like they have a mind of their own.

“Oh!” She turns her wide eyes up to me. She didn’t realize to do what she was asking I would have to actually move between her legs. Her sweet, soft, warm thighs.

“You want me to stop?” Asking almost kills me but breaking her trust would be worse than death.

The words come out all gruff and growly but I can’t help it. I can barely take in enough air to breathe because of this tiny little thing and how goddamn sexy she is.

“No.” She’s breathing much faster now too and I can pretend it’s because she wants me to, that it feels as good to her as it does to me.

She tightens her legs up around me with each thrust making me lose my goddamned mind.

“Holy fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! You got fucking tighter, you... Fuck!”

She makes a noise that sounds like a whimper as she tightens those legs up even more around me. I all but wrap myself around her, sliding my hands in her hair and holding her to me, working my hips faster and faster.

“I’m going to cum.” I whisper to her, close to her ear, “I’m going to paint that tight, little ass white, Sweetheart!”

Her breaths are coming in quick little pants now.

“Gonna cum so hard it’s going to cover you from chin to pussy, precious.”

She cries out about the same time I cum and grunt out as well. My cock twitches as warm, wet spurts leave my body to splash on hers. Her stomach is covered. Her panties are sticking to her pussy - drenched with my cum. And she’s shaking through the finale shivers of her climax.

I wait for her to open her eyes but when she does, I’m not expecting what happens next. “Oh my God! I...I’m so sorry. I’ve never...I don’t know...”

Before she can actually say anything else my hips are moving again, giving one final thrust as I take in her shivering body wrapped in one of my old t-shirts. More cum splashes on her thighs.

I try to catch my breath so I can find out why she’s saying she’s sorry, but I also am in some serious afterglow. “Oh sweet...release. That was a fucking religious experience.”

“Lincoln, I’m sorry.” She looks like she’s about to cry.

“What? Why would you be sorry?”

“I...I think I...I...”

“You came too?” She gives me a watery nod. I’m still not seeing why this is an offense worth crying over. “That’s great. I don’t feel so fucking bad for using your body the way I did.”

“You...don’t?”

It finally hits me why she might be upset. “Was it your first orgasm, sweetheart?”

She closes her eyes and swallows.

“Esme? Was it your first time cumming?”

“Yes!” It’s barely a whisper but I hear it.

“Okay, baby. It’s okay. It’s a good thing. A very good thing.”

Her eyes pop back open, “But I didn’t ask you if...I didn’t warn you I was going to or ask permission or...”

“Sweetheart, you never have to ask me if you can cum. That’s your right and my privilege.” I drop a small kiss on her upturned mouth and get ready to do it all over again when a voice rings out through the house.

“Uh...Linc! Linc, my man, are you, uh, done entertaining?”

“Oh my God!” She shrinks away from me. And I don’t like it. “Did he...?”

Her eyes are huge.

“Your ass better stay downstairs, Andy, or I’m going to be looking for a new agent.”

“Really? Wow. Alright. I’m down here. Waiting.” I can hear the surprise in his voice from here. Lots of things are going to change and Andy is going to have to get on board or find another money train.

“That’s my agent, Andy. You stay as long as you need to. I’ll handle him. And get the fucking key back from him.”

This morning has changed everything.

I find Andy sitting on the couch like he’s in front of the principal’s office. He jumps up as soon as he spots me. “You sure this woman is...safe? I mean she just jumped into bed with you...?”

“How about you let me manage my love life and you stick to managing my career, Andy? I would hate to have to replace you.”

“Okay, man, I was just checking things out. You’re serious about her, aren’t you?”

“Yeah! Yeah, I am.” I go over to the windows and look out at the ocean below. “She’s different from anybody I’ve ever met.”

I’ve spent my entire life being used for my money, my looks, or my connections. My own mom and dad looked at me as nothing more than a walking paycheck. But this woman, she apologizes for not asking me if it’s okay to even have an orgasm, doesn’t want money or jewelry, and values people over things. She’s not like anything I have ever seen, anything I’ve ever been around.

“How do you want to spin this? To introduce her to the world?”

This is why Andy is my agent. There are situations where he just throws his hands up and asks me how I want it. I like that in an agent, me being the control freak that I am.

“Tell them I saw her walking on the street and had to have her. Tell them anything you want but make sure you let them know she’s mine.”

I spent a good part of the night looking into my little thief. With the help of my very well imbursed private investigator, I found out her parents died in a fire, she’s an only child meaning she doesn’t have anyone in the world, and she’s been working her ass off since she was fifteen. First, so she could help her parents send her to college and then - after the fire - to survive.

“Gotcha. Saw her, had to have her. This is good. Other people will look at this as you coming down off Mount Hollywood and picking ‘a real person’ to be with. Oh, I can so totally work with this.”

“Just make sure everyone understands this is serious. I won’t hesitate to bury anyone who tries to take her from me.”

“You mean metaphorically, I hope.” He has a goofy smile on his face until he sees mine. Then his smile slips. “You do mean metaphorically, right? Linc? Oh shit!”

Yeah, it’s like that Andy. I find my lips tilting into an evil grin. Get the word out there for me. I have no doubt you will.

Chapter Seven

Esme

“I’ll handle him.”

And then he’s gone. Leaving me alone with all my confusion. Alone with a bed full of questions and a belly covered with ...him.

I run my hand down to touch where he came on me. It’s still warm and thick. Sticky to the touch. I bring my fingers up to stare at them. Do most men cum so much?

I hear more voices downstairs and it sends me running to the bathroom. After my shower I find my clothes washed and folded on a chair by the bedroom window. I take a deep breath before I put my game face on so I can make it through this day. I just need to take all of this one day at a time. One breath, one event, one heartbeat at a time.

I’m rushed through introductions with Andy who strikes me as funny and quirky but ultimately harmless. He’s so wrapped up in work that he doesn’t really notice women...or men. When women come from stores with racks full of clothing and swoon over him he acts like they aren’t even there. It makes me wonder why he works the way he does. Is he committed or is it because he’s trying to run from something?

I would never ask. It's none of my business. But I see a lot of myself in Andy. I guess I just wonder if he keeps busy for the same reason I spent years keeping busy too.

I spend the first half of the day with Linc and Andy - the two men helping me pick everything from cocktail dresses to sleepwear. The rest of the day Andy does a lot of press pictures. Some are taken outside, around the pool, or down by the ocean, but others are in places all over. Andy even has photographers follow us to a park while we walk around.

By the time we get back home, all I can think about is a long shower and bed. Then Linc shows me the room with the tub in it. It's the biggest tub I've ever seen. He's had someone come in and start filling it for me with petals from flowers on top of the pink water.

His hands come to rest on my shoulders. "Take as long as you want but remember whose bed you come to afterward."

He drops a kiss on my nose and then leaves. He's been doing things like that all day long. I realize it's all an act but it still makes my heart race and my pulse leap. All the little touches, the light kisses, the brushes of his hand have all gone a long way into rattling my nerves.

I don't spend very long in the tub but I do make sure I fully enjoy it before I put on the new nightclothes and make my way to the bedroom. When I come through the door, Linc looks up from his laptop and stops typing. He stares for a long time without saying anything. I start to squirm, pulling at the hem of the little dress. It didn't seem this short when I first put it on.

It's a light pink color and comes to the tops of my thighs. I thought it was pretty but now that I'm standing here maybe it's stupid and I'm an idiot for not just grabbing an oversized shirt.

"You look beautiful." My lips tilt up at his words and a warm glow settles in my stomach. He sets his computer aside and comes to take me by the hand and leads me to the bed. "Want to watch a movie?"

I give him an enthusiastic nod. Watching a movie means I don't have to worry about what to say or if I'm doing something stupid. It's the perfect way to end a day that has wound me tight. Only this is unlike watching any movie before. Yeah, Linc turns the lights out but then he pulls me into his arms and spends the rest of the night snuggling with me.

I must fall asleep in his arms because the next thing I remember is coming awake all hot and bothered. I'm already breathless by the time I open my eyes. Unconsciously my hips have been moving against Linc. Instead of being ashamed and upset over what I have done in my sleep, I'm too far gone - too close to cumming.

I give off soft moans and I try haltingly to move against his thickness nestled in between my legs. Frustration has me close to tears because I can't seem to find what I need. Then hands come down on my hips and start to move me. He guides me back and forth, pressing down at just the right moment.

I gasp out and let him lead me. "Sit up, baby girl."

He helps me sit up on him which pushes us even further into one another at the point of contact causing me to moan out. He rocks me so that I'm moving in just the right way. My head falls back as even more heat and pleasure course through me.

Both of us are working toward the same goal but Linc is doing a little more work, his arm muscles bunching and bulging with the effort he's putting in.

“Oh...my God.” It's not a cry, not a shout, it's a soft whisper I use my last bit of breath saying before my world whites out and my body tenses up tight enough I worry I'm going to break. Fear is riding very close to ecstasy in my chest as everything pulses suddenly and all I can do is cry out weakly as I arch back and let the sensations take me over.

I slump forward and it takes me several minutes to realize both of us are covered in cum. The bottom of my nightdress sticks to my upper thighs and belly while my panties are all but see-through from all the cum between us.

“That's a hell of a way to wake a guy up, baby.”

“Oh my God!” I can't believe what I just did. “I'm...”

“Amazing. The sexiest woman I've ever met. I know, baby, I know.” He kisses me on the nose first and then on the lips. He's got a hand full of my breast and both of us are still trying to catch our breaths.

“Come on, baby. We've got a lot to do today.” And that's it. He's gone again. Leaving me in a dizzy whirl of emotion much like yesterday.

The day is a lot like the day before except this time during breakfast Linc hands me a pill and tells me to take it.

“What is it?”

“A vitamin. You’re going to have to keep up your strength during the next few weeks before you get used to us going most nights. Take it. I wouldn’t give you anything that’s going to hurt you, sweetheart.”

And I take it. I trust him enough and it sounds legitimate enough that I do as he tells me. Then the day is packed with people coming to fix my hair, nails, and make-up before we go out to a lunch date. At the end of the date, the paparazzi find us and starts snapping pictures and yelling questions at us.

The click and flash of cameras are enough to unnerve a person but some of the questions are... insulting.

Where did he find me? Like I’m a thing to be found and not a person. Am I pregnant? Do I look pregnant? That one worries me a little bit considering I have to pick a dress for the cast party tomorrow night. Even Linc doesn’t like that one as he growls at the one asking it.

Then I’m left alone for the rest of the afternoon in the big white house. Even when Linc comes back he’s not the same snuggly person he was before one of those photographers asked if I was knocked up. Did it bother him? It bothered me. Did it make him rethink our agreement?

The next morning, I wake up alone and I’m a little shaky as things start to finally catch up with me. A woman comes in and pushes the curtains open before I can sit up.

“Hello dear, I would love to let you sleep as I’m sure Linc kept you up all night but tonight is the cast party and we have so much to do to get you ready.”

“Um, who are you?”

“I’m Sherry. Linc hired me to be your assistant.”

“Oh, um, okay.”

“Perfect. Now let’s make some magic.”

The rest of the day is filled with dress fittings and pampering so I’ll be ready for my first carpet walk. I find that I really like Sherry. She’s smart and funny and doesn’t mind that I’m a little out of my depth with all of this.

I don’t see Linc until much later in the day. He comes in dressed in a tux and looking stunning.

“Oh wow! You look...breathtaking.”

I was thinking the same thing about him. I am so out of my depth with this world and in so much trouble. But when I look at him, I forget.

Chapter Eight

Linc

The party is in full swing, and I have my eyes all over my little thief. It's been noticed too. People have started talking about how I refuse to leave her side even for promotional pictures. Especially when she starts going to town on the champagne candies and chocolate rum balls.

And she charms everyone around her. Over time and with a few too many rum balls she starts to relax. Her laugh rings out like tinkling bells across the sea of phony and fake people. I make sure to keep my hands on her so no one is left with any doubt that this beautiful woman is mine.

“Baby, you might want to slow down on those rum balls.”

“I know but they're so good. I wonder how they're made.” I can't help but grin.

“I'll put them on the list of things my chef makes for us.”

She giggles and pops another one in her mouth running her fingers over the necklace I gave her tonight. It's gold and lays around her neck perfectly. I haven't told her exactly what it means yet. That she won't be able to take it off without the key

I have hanging around my neck. That it's pretty much a classic collar stating that she belongs to me.

“Do you like the necklace, sweetheart?”

“Oh, yeah. It's beautiful.” She fingers it again. “Um, Linc, how am I going to take it off.”

“It's designed to not come off,” I take the key out from underneath my collar, “unless I want it to.”

She gives me the cutest little frown. I pull her close so that she catches herself with her hands on my chest. I whisper to her so that only she can hear in this crowded room. “It's a bondage collar, sweetheart.”

“What?”

“A bondage collar. Letting all these people know that you belong to me and to me alone.”

She gasps, “People know? They...can tell that you...?”

“Have staked my claim on you? Oh yeah, the right kind of people can tell.”

“Does this mean you want to tie me up?” Her lush little mouth pops open on a sigh.

“Sweetheart,” I stare into her eyes and give her a wicked smile, “how many of those rum balls have you had?”

She narrows her eyes at me before tilting her head back and laughing. The night continues on and for the first time in years, I find I'm having a good time at one of these things. But I am also very ready for it to just be me and her, at home.

Thankfully I drove us here instead of taking a limo. I have her all to myself for the ride home. I drop the top and let the cool night air course over us. The stars are out and I have the prettiest girl in the world sitting by my side. My world's never been so perfect.

“Do you ever want to do something crazy and wild?”

“Like what?”

I expect her to come back with something like getting a tattoo together but she flops back and goes all quiet on me. I pull in and think for just a minute that she might have fallen asleep. “Let's go for a walk. You want to go for a walk?”

“Yeah, baby. I'll go for a walk with you.

I help her out of her shoes and we walk down to the beach taking the same path we did the first night I met her. “My dress is too long.”

She starts trying to fight with the zipper before I take over and help her. She steps out of the gown and throws it over one of the pool chairs on the patio before running back down to me.

“Better?”

“Much.” She takes my hand and walks us down to the water’s edge in nothing but a corset and a pair of panties. Giggling the entire way. She twirls in the sand and almost falls, without me holding on to her she would totally be face down but it just makes her laugh more. “I want to go for a swim.”

“Baby, I don’t think you’re in any condition to go wading much less swimming.”

She starts unlacing the corset. I open my mouth to stop her but she’s talking again. “I want to go swimming - like the naked girl in Jaws.”

Her corset goes flying toward the top of the beach where the house sits. I make a mental note to pick that up before we go in. “Yeah, that didn’t end well, baby. Pretty sure I would be a bad protector if I let you do it.”

She laughs again and turns to press herself up against me and I have to gather every ounce of willpower I have to not take her down to the sand and make her fully mine.

“You like taking care of me don’t you?” She dances away before I can drop my mouth to her soft tempting skin. “You like dressing me up and telling me what to do. But when are you going to take care of me in the most basic of ways? When are you going to fuck me?”

Her teeth do this little thing when she says the word where she bites her lip before enunciating the word. Her breasts are crested with the light of the full moon and I have never seen anything so breathtaking. My control is pushed to the limit.

“Not tonight little girl.”

She twirls from me and tries to move away but I catch her around the waist stopping her from going anywhere. She leans her head back on my shoulder and sags with exhaustion. I turn to the house and start walking back.

“When we have sex, make love,” I correct so she understands what exactly will happen and what it will be when it’s time, “it’s not going to be during a time when you may not remember some of it.”

I stoop to pick up her corset and keep walking.

“But tomorrow I will show you just how much I am your man because I am going to bust that little ass for teasing me and trying to run away again. Bust it like a fucking Daddy busts a little’s ass.”

I kiss her deep and hard until she goes completely limp in my arms. I make sure to set the alarm and take her upstairs laying her on the bed. Seeing her in nothing but a pair of panties has me harder than fucking granite. I slowly pull her panties down and delight in finding the wet spot on the inside of the gusset.

Before I can stop myself I have my pants opened and my dick out. I quickly shuttle my hand up and down the shaft keeping my eyes on the beauty in front of me. The soft skin, the sweet, full curves, all of it makes me want to drop to my knees and thank goodness that she’s mine. She’s in my bed, in my house, and tonight she’ll be spending her dream time in my arms.

I trail my eyes up the length of her leg to where it meets her body and over her neat little strip above her plump lips that

glisten even now. My mouth waters to taste her sweetness but I won't. The first time I make a meal out of my little thief I want her to be awake. I want to be able to hear her as she cums on my tongue because of my mouth. I want to see those pretty eyes of hers widen and see them glaze over when I make her orgasm.

The very thought of eating her has my cock throbbing and my balls tightening up. My hand shuttles faster as I keep my eyes on that gorgeous body, the sweet-tipped breasts, the swell of her hips. I reach my free hand out and run my fingertips down the soft skin of her hip. The touch is enough to have me groaning out through the release. The cum travels up the shaft of my cock all the way until it comes spurting out.

I'm not ashamed to say that I spread my little sweetheart's puffy outer lips so that I can deposit the load right where it needs to go. Is it wrong to try to knock her up? Maybe. Is it going to keep me up at night knowing my cum is going in such a pure, sweet vessel before I've had the chance to pop her sweet cherry? Hell no!

For the rest of my life, my cum belongs to only her. My home will only be hers. Hell, my body and heart belong to her. So if getting my sweet little thief heavily pregnant to keep her from running is what I have to do, so be it. She will hold not just my spunk, but the child we make and my whole world. As I think about it I run my fingertips down her lower belly and smile to myself. My whole world.

Chapter Nine

Esmé

I wake up feeling sick and shaky. The world is too bright today. It's too loud and too...much for me to feel anything other than queasy and sick. I roll trying to hide away from the light currently streaming in through the open curtains. Who the hell would do that to me? Who would cause so much pain?

“Wake up, sunshine.” That answers that question. Linc gives a guttural laugh at my misery and comes to sit beside me on the bed. “Come on, sweets. Roll over and take some pain meds for that hangover I'm sure you're fighting against.”

“All your fault.”

I blame him for sure. If I hadn't been at that stupid party and he had stopped me from packing away the fucking rum balls then none of this would have happened. Now all I can do is moan out and try to keep myself from throwing up all over the room.

“Come on, sweetheart.” I crack my eyes open when he uses a more commanding tone. Normally I would try to do what he wants me to but this time I'm not in the mood. I stick my tongue out at him. He laughs. “Sit up here.”

He takes me by the hand and sits me up slowly. It's then I become aware that I am fully nude. I snatch up the sheet and hold it to me. I turn worried eyes to him. "Did we...? Did...?"

"No. But not for lack of you trying."

"What? Oh!" I instantly regret being so loud.

He flips my hand over and places the pills in my palm and hands me a bottle of water.

"Come on, little one. I'll make you some breakfast."

My stomach lurches. He must see the look on my face because he grins. "Feel like you're going to hurl?" I slowly nod. "Lay back and put your foot on the floor. Just your foot."

I do what he tells me and find that it works. Some of the dizziness goes away and before long he has me downstairs feeding me. After we're done I look at him and ask, "What are we doing today?"

"Well," he comes around the island and takes me by the hand, "I'm going to make sure you remember what happens when you tease me."

I try to pull back, but he takes me over to the couch and pulls me down. Not in his lap but across his legs on my stomach. I try to flail out, but he puts his leg over mine so he has me trapped. He takes both of my hands and holds them behind my back.

“Linc! What are you doing?”

I don't expect the first smack. He doesn't stop at one though. He keeps giving me quick pops on the backside but never in the same spot and never where it really hurts. It's not the pain but the embarrassment of it all that has tears coming to my eyes and leaking down my cheeks.

“I promise you, sweetheart, I'm fucking you hard the next time you offer that little pussy to me. Make no mistake about it, my dick will be so far inside you, there will be no room for drunkenness.”

He lets me up, “Oh God.”

I try to run past him but he has my wrist pulling me down into his lap again, this time sitting on his leg. He runs his hand up my back soothing me before his other comes down to where I am still wearing the necklace he gave me last night. I vaguely remember him telling me something about it being a bondage thing. His hand trails down the front of my overly large t-shirt I threw on to come down to breakfast. The material is super thin so I feel his touch like a warm wave coursing all down my body.

When he comes to my bare thigh I jump a little but he calms me down with little tiny kisses. Only his hand keeps coming and I have a very urgent need to be anywhere but in his lap suddenly. One of the reasons I tried to run away so fast was because...I need to take care of some things that I would rather he not find out about.

My hand drops to try to stop him but it's too late. He's made it up my thigh and now he knows. Heat rises from my neck up to my cheeks. When he runs his hands up my center I whimper

out. This is the first time he's touched me like this. And I'm embarrassingly wet. Dripping in fact.

I bury my face in his neck when he pulls his fingers from underneath my nightshirt and holds them up so we can both look.

“You're awfully wet, little one.”

And hella embarrassed too.

“Did you like me touching you? Spanking you? Did it turn you on?”

I don't say a word. I wouldn't even know how to respond if I could, but the mortification has my throat closed up making it almost impossible. He dances his fingers back under the hem of my shirt and gently runs his fingers up my middle again. I jump - again. The sensation of having someone touch me is so new and so...intimate that it has me squirming and jumping around like I'm a freaking puppet on a string. Considering my position on his lap it's not a far-reaching comparison.

He nuzzles into my hair, “It turns me on too.”

I gasp at his words almost as much as I do at the fact he is rubbing me, not even trying to pretend like he's not playing with my pussy now.

“It turned me on last night too when you took off everything and told me you wanted to swim naked. All I could think about was bringing you up to the pool and giving you what you were asking for.”

My breath leaves my body on a shutter and a whimper.

“Seeing all that beautiful skin under the moonlight...it was incredibly hard not to take what you were offering me.”

“Why didn’t you?” It’s a question that’s been swirling in my head for a while now since bits of last night started coming back to me. When I ask, it’s barely a whisper. I’m not sure if I really want the answer.

“Because I want you to remember when it happens. I want every second to be burned into our memories...forever.” He nips where my neck and shoulder meet and swirls the pad of his thumb against my overly sensitive clit causing me to rush full-on into an orgasm.

“Oh my...,” It comes on so fast all I can do is hold on to him, sinking my nails into his shoulder, fingers bunching the fabric of the shirt he is wearing, as my body pulses and my world breaks apart; the only thing I have left to keep me grounded, to keep me centered, is Linc.

When I finally catch my breath and come back down from the release he gave me, he’s slowly petting me now. He looks at me with watchful eyes that seem to be able to penetrate my soul. I watch as he removes his hand from under my shirt again. The same as last time, I turn my head into his neck. But this time he calls my name.

“Esme...,” I finally turn so that I can take a small look at whatever he wants to show me. And see him lift his fingers up to his mouth to clean them with his tongue. My face bursts into flame and my mouth hangs open in shock.

His eyes are closed as he sucks on the ends of his fingers and a low moan that sounds more like a growl comes from him. When his eyes open they burn with a blue fire that touches my skin and makes me shiver in his arms. Holy shit that was intense.

“We have an industry party to go to tonight. Wear something...easy to take off.”

My eyes widen and my mouth remains wide open as he sets me on the couch beside him.

“Esme, close your mouth sweetheart, or I’m going to give you something to put in it.” He leans forward and drops a kiss on my open mouth. Taking my tongue with his and exploring the inside of my mouth like it’s the most interesting thing in the world. By the time he pulls back, we are both out of breath and he seems almost as dazed and awed as I am about it. Then he’s gone! Leaving me to figure out what’s next all by myself.

Chapter Ten

Linc

I go through the day trying to tell myself to give her time but as the taste of her sweetness fades, I find a part of my nature I wasn't always happy with rise up and rush to the front. This industry isn't for a weak person. I can guarantee every actor or actress you've ever seen on a screen - be it television or a movie - is a beast. They are fierce and the need to be in the front of the pack is strong with every one of them.

This industry breeds a certain kind of person. One who has to be able to twist and beat a life like this one into submission. It's not easy. A lot of people don't make it and some that do still fall prey to all the sick and twisted demons that haunt this world. There's a reason they say a star was 'hungry' for a role – you attack it before it attacks you.

That same hunger, the same need to dominate, permeates our lives. Some of us fill it with the hunger for drugs, sex, or money. Others lay in wait, content to slowly settle until the rare thing comes within our grasp that calls to that part of us. I've found my new hunger and it happens to be wearing a green sparkly dress with her hair up and my collar still around her neck.

I'm not stupid enough to let her out of my sight tonight. Not when she looks like she damn near glows. Every hungry male in the room will be watching and waiting for me to part ways with my little treasure. One of the attractions Esme presents to all the hyenas here is her innocence and naivety. It has more to do with who she is and not just the fact she's never had sex before. I am one hundred percent sure that she will have the effervescent charm and sweet sparkle that is Esme even after we make love for the first time.

It will be my job to keep it as sweet and shiny. It's a goddamned miracle that she has it still given all she's already had to go through. But now that I have her I plan to make sure those days never find her again.

“Staying away from the rum balls, sweets?”

“Oh yeah. I learned my lesson the first time. And besides - it wasn't the rum balls that got me drunk. It was the champaign things.”

I throw my head back and laugh hard enough that some people look over at me wondering what amused me so much. I nuzzle into her neck and catch the scent of her underneath the light perfume she's chosen to wear. “You smell delicious.”

“You mean ‘good’?”

“No, I mean you smell delicious enough to eat.” I look around and find what I want then take her hand and lead her from the room.

Once inside I snip the lock in place and let her wander. The room is exactly like I was hoping it would be - empty. I think

the producer that owns this house uses the room as an office/library even if there aren't a lot of books in the room.

“What...?” before she can say anything else I stop her with my mouth to hers. I pull back and start walking her backward.

“You've made a very big mistake, little one.”

She scrunches her eyebrows together and curls her lips in between her teeth before offering a very quiet apology.
“Sorry.”

“Don't be. I'm quite happy about it.” This makes her little face scrunch more. “You see, you've made an addict out of me.” I lead her backward until her hips hit the edge of the table in the middle of the room.

“Addict?”

I nod. “Oh yeah. All I can think about while I smile and make nice with these fake as fuck people is your sweet pussy.”

Her mouth falls open and I drop my hands to her hips and pick her up so I can sit her on the table.

“How to get another taste of it. What to do so that you will be willing to give me another small hit of the sweet stuff?”

“Sweet s...stuff?”

I gently lay her back and work her dress up her legs before spreading her thighs. The tiny scrap of black lace hiding her pussy from me isn't enough of a deterrent to keep me from my

prize. I wrap the lace around my hand and pull filling the room with the sound of tearing cloth.

“Oh my God!”

I see how shiny her little pussy is and can't hold back another second. I'm down on my knees in a heartbeat. I run my nose up the inside of her thigh before nuzzling into her pussy.

“Linc! We can't!” She stage whispers and flutters her hands all around, “Someone will...”

“I locked the door, Sweets. Now give me that sweet pussy!”

I spread her lips so that I can take in how beautiful she is. Esme really is stunning. I lay my tongue on her sweet skin and feel her jump under me. She gasps out so loud it echoes in the room. I roll my tongue around her clit and listen as she cries out for me. I don't know if other people can hear her or not - but if they do at least they'll realize who she belongs to.

I throw her legs over my shoulders and bury my face in her sweetness. I inch the dress up higher before running my hands up her body and pulling the top down so her breasts spill out.

I halt only long enough to ask, “Why aren't you wearing a bra?”

I go after her pussy so it's hard for her to answer, “It's... built-in...to...my dress.”

“Oh.” Appeased I go back to licking her inside and out. She tenses and I feel her tighten up around my tongue as I push it in and out of her mimicking what I plan to do with my cock one day soon. I play with the hardened nubs cresting her sweet mounds until she’s crying out for me and wiggling on my face.

“Linc, I’m...I’m going to...” she gives me a quiet little moan before I slip my hand over her mouth to keep everyone from hearing her cum. I don’t have a problem with anyone hearing her moan and cry out my name but hearing her cum is something completely different. That only I hear.

Her little body shakes through the peak of her climax as her flavor turns sweeter and creamier. God damn, this little thing has a candy pussy that would make a monk turn away from his chosen profession after just one lick. And I am anything but a monk.

I stand and unzip my pants.

“Esme, you be still. You understand?”

She nods at me and then gives me big eyes as I lay my cock along her sopping pussy. It’s the first time she’s seen it. Most of the other times we’ve done things, she’s been on top of me or I’ve still been in my boxers or it’s been dark. I see her reaction when she looks down and catches her first glimpse of it.

“Oh my God! I...that...it won’t fit, Linc.”

I laugh before rocking my hips against her middle. “This time is not for that but when the time comes let me assure you...it will fit.” She looks dubious.

I use her little body to get myself off. It doesn't take long with the taste of her still lingering on my tongue. Then I'm cumming. Spunk splashes on her pussy and across her stomach marking her as mine.

I look down at the woman who owns me, at her cum splashed tummy and freed breasts and her now-down hair that's spread out across the table. I'm not sure how the woman makes me feel like a god damned king when I'm on my knees but right now, I feel like I could create a fucking miracle with only a little taste of her pussy.

“Come on sweetheart. Let's go say our goodbyes and get the fuck out of here.”

I help her sit up slowly and stuff her tits back where they belong. I make sure her dress looks presentable and run my fingers through her hair to try to tame the look of sex that has it mussed. I drop a kiss on her lips before unlocking the door and stepping out ahead of her.

We don't make it very far before one of the actors I worked with comes up to us and stops us. “Woah Linc! I never saw you slink off for a little sneaky. What a delightful turn of events!” I step in front of the guy so he can't see my little thief. “Aren't you going to introduce us?”

I narrow my eyes at him. I don't like the way the man lies. Like he doesn't know who she is when her name has been in every magazine out there. Not to mention the fact she's been photographed on my arm for like a week now.

I take a deep breath and pull Esme around to my side. “Esme, this is Jonathon. He has a small cocaine problem that

he's indulged in ever since he was twelve which is fine and dandy if you can overlook the fact that he also likes his women to be one day away from the date they get their high school diploma. Jonathon...this is mine. Never forget it or they won't find your coked-out ass. Have a great night and give my regards to your new wife or have you already replaced her with a younger version."

I hustle Esme around a now stunned John and make my way over to our host to say our farewells. On the way over, Esme leans in to whisper to me. "I take it we don't like that guy."

I give her another laugh before pulling her into me and kissing the hell out of her right here in front of everyone. All of this can go to hell as long as I have my little thief by my side. By the time I'm done, the people in my world are going to realize just who she belongs to so men like John won't even try their shit anymore.

Chapter Eleven

Esme

This night has been almost surreal. Over the last week, so many new things have come into my life that it's been hard for me to keep up and process all of them. I flew for the first time in my life – in a private plane even - and went to my first movie premiere. And now here I am at one of the movie-related parties that seem to be endless.

There have been so many new faces and new experiences that I'm starting to feel a little run down. I'm not sure how other women do this and still look...alive. I look half dead without the makeup and any time I sit for too long - I hate to admit it - I fall asleep. Between the endless parties and the late night/early morning sessions with Linc that leave me feeling off-kilter and completely depleted from orgasms, I am close to crashing big time.

“There you are, stranger.” The voice is...perky and I recognize immediately who it is before I turn to see Angel Gusto - Linc's ex and first love. She holds out her arms waiting for Linc to come to her and give her a hug. He doesn't. She quickly puts her arms down and pulls along some guy who looks close to my age. I wonder if he's as lost and floundering as I am.

“Hello, Angelina.” He sounds different and I wonder if it’s because he’s having to fight with himself over hugging her. Maybe he wants to hug her but he’s afraid she’ll break his heart again. Or maybe it’s because she came with someone else and he’s trying to not mess something up for her with her new boyfriend. Or maybe he’s never really gotten over her and it still hurts to see her - even after all this time.

“Angelina?” She laughs and it sounds like tinkling bells. Talk about being out of your depth - on this one I might as well be drowning. “I think we have enough history together for you to at least use Angel. After all, it was you who gave me the name to start with.”

She grins warmly but there is a coldness that lives behind her eyes.

“That’s been a long time ago, Angelina. And several lovers ago.”

She turns her eyes on me, “And who is this? Another young actress you are taking under your wings to make a star before leaving her with a big empty house and no one to warm her bed.”

The out-of-breath wheezing draws all of us to look at Andy. “Linc, Linc, the soul-sucking harpie is....,” his words die off as he realizes who is in front of me and Linc.

“Hello to you too, Andy. Always nice to see you trailing after Frankenstein willing to do anything for your master.”

“Hello Angel. Still eating baby’s hearts to stay young?”

The tension is so thick it's suffocating. Andy turns to me with a genuine smile on his face. "How's the new furniture?"

My face breaks out into a big grin, "Great! I love the color and it's so comfortable to sit on. I think it really makes the room look...lived in."

"Now the painters come this weekend. Don't forget to pack everything you all will need for the next couple of days."

"I won't," I assure Andy. I already have things packed and ready for the most part.

"Remodeling your place, dear?"

I turn to look at Angel. "Um, yes."

"Is it a full overhaul or just a little nipping and tucking, so to speak, on your place? Oh, I have a great idea," She turns her eyes to Linc. "You could stay at Linc's place."

Well that doesn't make any sense. I look around bewildered but notice that Linc is in conversation with Andy. "Um, that's the place we're remodeling so...,"

Angel looks stricken, "I'm sorry. You are remodeling his house? The beach house?"

I nod with a little smile, "I couldn't get past all that white. I kept feeling like I was going to leave a mess everywhere so Linc told me to fix whatever I wanted to."

She looks at me with blinking eyes but I don't think she's processing what I am saying.

“You...spend time...at the beach house?”

“I live there. With Linc.” Oh crap! She acts like she might have caught me in a lie or something. I told Linc this wouldn't be a good idea. I told him no one would believe this was real.

“You and Linc live together?”

“Yes.” I say it slowly not wanting to fuck up more than I already have.

“You two...sleep in the same room together?”

I nod. “In the same bed.”

Maybe all of this ‘practice’ we've been doing - which usually includes Linc between my legs - will pay off and I won't look like I am lying my ass off. Not that anything I've said so far has been a lie.

“You sleep in the same bed as Linc?”

She says it loud enough that Linc and Andy stop talking to one another and start paying attention to our conversation.

“After you two fuck does he get up and leave or stay in the same bed with you? All night?”

“That is none of your business, Angelina. And you need to calm down and keep your voice down.”

She looks between the two of us before going on, “Does he wear a condom?”

I blush and look under my eyelashes at Linc. Angel seems to take this as a positive affirmation. “Oh my God!”

Linc looks pissed. I look over at Linc and feel my heart sink in my stomach. A queasy feeling rises up in my mouth making me want to vomit. I fucked up. I fucked all of this up for him and now there’s no way to fix it. I’m going to let this man down when he has given me so much. When he wouldn’t let the police take me away when I broke into his house. The house I’m now remodeling because I told him I didn’t like to sit on the couch because I was afraid I would get it dirty. I have to do something.

“He...said we...didn’t need to use one.”

God, that doesn’t sound convincing at all. I’ve fucked this up. My hand lays on my stomach to try to battle the queasy feeling. Angel follows my hands and turns white but it’s not her that says the next thing that knocks the breath out of me.

“Shit, are you all already pregnant?” Andy is also looking at where my hand rests on my stomach and I realize how they might have gotten the wrong impression. I quickly move my hands away and open my mouth to deny the idea that I am carrying Linc Striker’s baby. “That’s why you needed the prenatal vitamins. Oh man, you guys must have gotten pregnant the first time the two of you...yep, I’m shutting my mouth now.”

But it's already too late. The vocal growl that emanates out of Linc wasn't fast enough for me to not hear the truth. So many emotions tumble through me at once. The utter exhaustion catches up with me at the same time my heart is pounding and confusion clouds my mind.

"You've been...giving me prenatal vitamins every morning?" I turn worried, scared eyes toward him. "That's what I've been taking every morning?"

He looks between me and Angel before finally frowning at both of us. "Yeah, okay. When the time finally came I wanted everything to be okay."

"Wait! You're trying to get her pregnant?"

Angel has been overheard by one of the few press reporters in the crowd. Cameras flash and I hear mutters whispering through the entire room. "Did someone just say Linc and his hot girlfriend are trying to start a family?"

"What the hell, Linc? Why would you try to start a family with her? I always thought we would get back together eventually!"

Oh my God! This is not happening. All the color drains out of my face - if any was still there from the condom question and I feel like I might faint.

I can tell the moment Linc loses his temper. I've been around him enough to know when he snaps. "Why am I trying to knock my girlfriend up? Oh I don't know, because she's my woman -mine! And I know when I dump my seed in her it's the only one in there. My woman, my sperm, my baby! And you are nothing but a delusional freak."

The room is deathly quiet at first and then more lights flash in front of us. I pull from Linc's hold and go running from the room. I'm either going to make my escape or find somewhere to be sick.

"Shit!" Linc catches up to me and leads me quickly outside and into an already waiting limo.

Once inside and the privacy screen fully raised I take Linc in. He's got his hand up to the bridge of his nose and his jaw is set in a hard line.

"Why?" it's the only word I can push out around the lump in my throat. "Why would you?"

"Because," he looks over at me and I can tell he is searching for the right words, "Because I'm not getting any younger and..."

He goes on but I shut out the rest of his words. They are all excuses for why he would do what he did. The first part of my question is painfully clear. He wasn't looking for a girlfriend or a fake relationship. He was looking for a fucking surrogate. That's why he's alright with me changing what I want to with the house, giving me the run of the place. Got to keep the baby holder happy after all.

I spend the rest of the ride home planning my escape. There is no way in hell that I can stay here and just keep pretending ignorance. I would never let go of my child, not after losing my parents the way I did. I have to leave. Tonight. If I stay, Linc will be able to sweet-talk me into doing whatever he wants me to do and the last place I will be safe is in his bed.

Once we're home and Linc helps me out of the back I walk past him without looking at him. "I have a headache. I'm going to take a shower and lay down."

"I'll be up in a minute."

Once in the bedroom, I change back into the clothes I was wearing the night I broke in and grab my bag from the closet. It was never unpacked. I don't take anything else just money to pay for a room for a couple of days and I plan to pay him back as soon as I find a job. And a place to stay. I finger the gold necklace around my neck, wanting to leave it too but there's no way for me to take it off so instead I push it under my shirt and make my way out of the upstairs sliding glass windows and walk away!

It takes me a night and day to cry it out and try to think of some way to go on with my life. I even think about taking the train or bus out of town and starting all over again somewhere else but I won't be able to outrun the hurt or the feeling of betrayal...or the fact that I love Linc.

Turning the tv on does no good. All that seems to be on are segments about Linc's secret heartache and his struggle to start a family. They've even spun it so that Angel was making fun of our inability to conceive. It makes me sick and I haven't really had a chance to sleep so when I dose off for about an hour only to be woken by a knock on the door from housekeeping I just put it down to my damned luck that she would show up now.

I roll over just as the door pops open and instead of a maid in a uniform holding towels I see...Linc. "You've been a very bad girl!" Oh shit! "A very bad girl!"

Chapter Twelve

Linc

I take in the sight of the woman I've been looking for. She's not taking care of herself. I can tell by the dark circles under her eyes and the tiredness I see in them when they look back at me. I step into the room and hear the door close behind me, the female security guard I paid to keep an eye on my little thief knows what's up. She's the one who tracked my little run-away down.

I may have pulled strings and made promises to hunt Esme down but I regret none of it. Not when my god damned heart stopped when I went upstairs to talk about what was said at the party only to find the room empty and her little backpack gone from the closet. I think I lost a few years in that short period. My world stopped turning as soon as I realized she had left me.

Andy is having a small heart attack doing damage control. So far he's not had to do much. The media pretty much took the story and made up what they didn't know. They've even gone so far as to have doctors on shows talking about when to start worrying and what can be done for couples having a hard time.

The entire time Andy's phone is blowing up with questions and people demanding a comment be made. Meanwhile, I have been slowly dying, going out of my mind with worry.

"Why are you here? How did you find me?"

She's sitting in the middle of the bed wearing nothing but a thin t-shirt and simple panties and has never looked so fucking sexy. I have to fight the urge to prove to myself that she is here with me and that I'm not imagining it all.

"I'm here..." I put emphasis on the word 'here', "because instead of being in our bed for the past two nights you decided to run away from me...again!"

I am trying to hang onto my temper, to my patience, and to my promise to myself not to take my sweet love in a seedy motel room on a bed that's not our own. Because right now, all I want is to show her how much I've missed her.

"Linc...I can't. I can't do what you want me to do. There are plenty of women..." I hold up my hand to stop her. "Don't start. Not until we're in the car."

I reach down and all but drag her to the waiting SUV outside barely giving her time to find shorts to throw on over her panties.

"My bag!"

"Will be retrieved for you by your new bodyguard, Rachel."

“Bodyguard? Am I a prisoner now? Are you just going to keep me hostage until I agree with you? Because I won’t. I’ll never agree just to be some walking womb for someone. I’m not built that way.”

“And you think I don’t understand how you would feel about a child given your parents’ death?”

She gasps and looks at me like I might be a sorcerer. “How did you know about that?”

“The first night we slept together after you went to sleep, I stayed up and did some searching on the woman who was going to be living with me. I have excellent detectives willing to put in the work at two o’clock in the morning.”

“You... found out about my mom and dad.”

“I wouldn’t have asked you and brought up all the bad memories if I could help it.”

She swallows visibly. “It’s...hard to talk about anyway.”

She turns to stare out the window as we drive back to the beach house. I don’t have to be a sorcerer to understand she’s probably trying to fight back tears. I give her the ride back to gather herself.

When we pull in, I don’t let her feet touch the ground before I have her thrown over my shoulder and back into our home. I don’t put her down until I can throw her down on our bed and watch as she bounces.

“Linc, I...,”

I hold up my hand causing her to halt, “Two nights. Two nights I’ve been worried sick about you.” I wheel away from where she’s sitting in the middle of the bed to pace. “What if someone recognized you and tried to kidnap you because of my money or fame? What if you got hurt or killed? What if something happened to you because I put you out there for the world to see? Two nights! Of pure hell! All because you thought I was some douchebag that would use you - use your body - for my own personal twisted urges.”

She winces but I can’t stop now. Now that she’s back with me.

“Two bloody nights of not having you by my side because you thought I would do something so....stupid...”

“You’ve been giving me prenatal vitamins. What was I supposed to think? There aren’t a lot of good reasons just to give someone those.”

“Because eventually, I would make you fall in love with me! Eventually, I would make you see...how much you mean to me.”

Her mouth falls open...speechless finally.

“Eventually we would start a family and I didn’t want to take a chance of it hurting you while we tried.”

“I...I don’t understand. You...you want me to love you?”

“Uh yeah! I want you to love me like I love you. I want you to need me like I fucking need you! Which is real damned bad if you haven’t realized.”

“You...you love me?” Tears have pooled in her eyes, and she looks at me with a mixture of hope and caution in the wide depths.

“Do you know what I call you when I think about you?” She shakes her head no. “I call you my little thief. Do you know why?”

“If I had to guess it has something to do with the fact I broke into your house, used your things without asking and that is the first impression you have of me.”

I give her a lopsided grin and step closer to her. She’s come to the edge of the bed and gotten to her knees making her almost the same height as me. I cup her cheek and watch as she nuzzles into my touch.

“I call you my little thief because you stole my heart the first time I saw you tiptoeing through my house on the security cameras.”

Her eyes widen and she looks at me with new understanding.

“You...saw me.” This time I nod for her. “Why did you...? You knew I was in your house.”

I give her another nod. “And felt my heart start beating for the first time. You came in and stole it before I even realized I had one truthfully. All of this...,” I wave my hand around us,

“the parties, the house, the money. It doesn’t mean anything without someone to share it with. And the night you broke into my house is the night I realized I was looking at that person.”

A tear escapes and trickles down her cheek and onto my hand. I kiss her cheek and then her closed eyes and then our lips meet. All of the pent-up worry and fear that we had been living with pours out into need for one another.

She’s pulling me down to cover her while I’m trying to pick her up so I can strip all of her clothes off. I win out and she ends up in my arms with her legs wrapped around my waist. I have her shirt over her head and her bra off before she can come up for air.

When she breaks the kiss, I trail my lips down her throat before finding my way to one of her strawberry-tipped nipples. She gasps and her head falls back offering me even more of her sweet curves. The hard little nub tightens even more in my mouth and under my tongue. I jostle her so I can kiss the other, alternating between sucking and kissing them.

She dances her hips around trying to find the right amount of pressure to alleviate some of the ache my kisses are causing. I lay her back on the bed still playing with her nipples with my tongue. Her hands cup the back of my head and sink into my hair causing me to shiver at the sensation. She has me in the palm of her hand, willing to do anything for her.

I unsnap the button on her shorts and push them off her hips and down her legs. She helps me by kicking them the rest of the way off after I get them to her ankles. Then I go back up for her panties. Undressing Esme is like unwrapping a gift. It should be opened slowly and enjoyed thoroughly. Having her laid out in front of me is like every good thing in physical form - Christmas, Halloween, Birthdays, and more! It’s a

celebration and I plan to celebrate by getting my first taste of her in two days.

I spread her legs after I kiss down her body and take my taste. Her flavor sits on my tongue and fills my mouth with the taste of heaven. I go after her sweet little pussy like a madman having not had it for so long. She gasps and cries out as I lave at her sweet flesh. There is nothing so good as having Esme under me, mewling out my name, and begging me for more.

I spread her lips wide so I can lick up as much of her goodness as I can. She's open to me like a little flower, her nectar coating my cheeks and chin as I drive her higher and higher until finally she tenses under me and shouts my name as she cums. A flood of rich cream covers my mouth and face. My heart surges and I want to go out and show everyone - I want to wear her cream like fucking war paint so the world understands this woman belongs to me... with me.

I don't let her have a moment before I am eating her to another orgasm. Then I'm adding a finger with my tongue so that I can slowly introduce her to having something inside of her. It's not going to be the same because I'm quite a lot bigger than my finger, but it might make the shock a little less.

She wiggles on the tip and gives me a breathless moan before her body convulses, her pussy all but sucking on the finger. "Oh God, Linc! I need more! I need you!"

Her words inflame me and have me rising up. I make quick work of the buttons on my shirt and shuck my pants off before I'm placing my mouth on hers again. This time when I lift her up I take her over to a large chair. I sit making sure her legs are on either side of me comfortably. She gives me a confused look when I pull her closer to me.

“I want to make sure you don’t hurt yourself. I want to make sure I don’t lose my control.”

I explain without her having to ask.

“So...you want to sit with me...?”

“Just trust me.”

I pull her hips in tight and bend my head so I can trail kisses up her neck and back down to the tips of her breasts. When her hips are dancing on my lap I can tell it’s time. I run my hands up under her and slowly pull my boxers down so my cock can spring forth. I don’t take my hands off the soft swell of her ass as I lower my little thief down on my thick member.

My cock splits her lower lips apart and like a homing beacon and finds her small entrance. I make sure to watch every emotion, every flash of feeling, that comes across her beautiful face when I slowly push forward and enter the love of my life for the first time. The look of awe and amazement that crosses her features makes me want to laugh - not in merriment but in happiness that she feels this as well, this connection we have.

“Oh my God, Linc! I...I don’t think you’re going to fit.” She ends her sentence with a low moan as the head of my cock pops in and both of us cum a little. Her hands fly to her lower stomach. “I can feel you...you came in me. Oh my God!”

Chapter Thirteen

Esmé

Feeling Linc pop inside of me is a feeling like no other. There's this fullness that's almost like an ache from too much exercise. I guess it is very much like that considering Linc - and his cock - is stretching muscles that have never been used before.

I wiggle in his arms totally held captive. And I kind of like it. I like the fact that I don't have to worry about making the wrong decision or judging when things need to be moved ahead or sped up. It allows me to just enjoy the experience of being with him. I admit - at first I thought he might have lost his mind when he picked me up off the bed and took me to the chair. But now I recognize the wisdom of it.

He slides me down a little bit at a time waiting until my body has stretched to accommodate him until he comes to the point he can't go any further without breaking through my innocence. Then he gives me a quick bounce and both of us feel him break through. Instead of waiting for me this time he goes all the way and seats himself deep inside of me.

I bite down on my lip to keep from crying out and sink my nails into his shoulders. More heat pulses through me and my brows go up wondering if he's cum again. The expression on

his face tells me the answer without me ever having to ask. His head is tilted back and a look of ecstasy is etched on his face. When his eyes meet mine they seem to bore into me giving me no room to lie to him or pretend.

His hand drops between us and goes straight for my clit. He rubs it slowly and just barely rolls his hips so that he moves just a little inside of me. It's enough to have me catching my breath and closing my eyes again. When he broke through I tensed up so tight I didn't think we were ever going to be unstuck again but now - with him playing with me and making little moves that have my eyes rolling in the back of my head - my body is starting to relax and things are starting to feel good again.

“Nice and slow. Now that I'm where I want to be, there's no hurry, no rush. Just forever.” He takes my mouth in a quick kiss before moving my hips in a deep undulation.

“Oh...oh my God,” it's a breathless whisper that ends in a moan as he keeps moving me.

“That's it, little thief, ride me and make me yours.”

My head falls back as I pick up the rhythm he set and learn to do it myself. He takes the opportunity to latch onto my breast and sends even more tingles down to the spot he goes back to massaging. It feels like he is so high inside of me that he's touching the bottom of my tummy.

Like he can read my mind his hand goes to my lower stomach, “This is where our baby is going to be. This is where our world will start.”

Damn, he makes me feel so powerful - like a goddess. My eyes fill with tears as I think about it. As many times as we have both cum it won't take long I'm sure. He takes my mouth in a kiss that sets my body into motion again. I tense up as I begin working my hips faster and faster.

“That’s it, sweet girl. That’s perfect. I can feel you tightening up around my cock, Esme. I can tell you’re close. Cum for me sweetheart so we can make a baby.”

His words, the motion, and the play of his hands all make me tip over into the depths of an orgasm that is bigger and stronger than any of the others. My body convulses around his and heat blooms inside of me - a mixture of him and me. I shout out his name as my body does exactly what he wants it to do.

Afterward, I lay my head on his shoulder and rest as he thrusts up inside of me and makes us cum again. Then he stands with me still in his arms, still on his cock, and takes us over to the bed. Sleep finally takes me under as he wraps his arms around me and I have the oddest sense of being home... finally.

Sometime during the early hours of the morning before the sun even comes up, I leave the bed and make my way downstairs to look for something to snack on. I haven't eaten very well in days and now that I'm home - that's such an odd thing to think, I have a home - I'm hungry.

Once I'm in the kitchen, the lights from the backyard turn on. I yelp and jump back. There's a man standing in our backyard. It takes me a second before I recognize who exactly it is. I walk closer to the glass doors to make sure.

“Sal?” My old landlord? What the hell is he doing here?

He makes some motions to me so that I can tell he wants me to open the door for him. But I'm not stupid. He has no reason to be here. And the last time we 'talked' he tried to blackmail me for sex.

“Open the door, Esme.”

I shake my head and take a step back. He picks up a landscaping rock and tosses it at the window, shattering the glass. I stand in utter shock that he did that. He takes the opportunity to step through the glass remnants until he's in the same room I'm in.

Shouldn't the place be lit up with alarms and... unless we forgot to set the security code when we came in? Oh shit! I take another step back and make a quick scan of the room looking for weapons I can use. Sal might not be very tall but he's about a hundred pounds heavier than me and he looks like he knows how to fight. And I seriously doubt he's going to put up a fair one.

“You little bitch,” I wince at the venom of his words. He hates me and he lets me know with every syllable he utters. “You and that cocky little pretty boy you're fucking around with have ruined my life.”

“What?” He's lost his mind.

“Don't play stupid! You know you ran right to him and he set out to ruin me. To destroy my life.”

“I...don't understand. Why would Linc care about ruining your life?”

Maybe if I can keep him talking, I'll have time to come up with a plan.

“Like you don't know. When did you find out? When did you find out it was me that stole your identity?”

“What?” It comes out as a gasp, his admission knocking the air out of me and making me completely forget I need to find a way to let someone know this crazy bastard is down here without letting him hurt someone.

“Don't pretend! You found out I had Ronni pretend to be you and we stole all your money. Don't say you didn't. They arrested her and took her away.”

He seems to get madder and madder. And I'm not sure what to say. No, I didn't know he was the reason all of this started. I didn't realize the person who told me I could sleep with him and stay at my crappy apartment was the very reason I was in that situation to begin with.

“They thought they were going to get me but I was smarter than Ronni. I went out the back when they came in. I got away! And now, I'm going to make you pay.”

“Pay! You're going to make me pay for the two of you doing something illegal, for you trying to blackmail me into sleeping with you. Are you out of your mind?”

He doesn't seem to feel the same way I do, as he starts to come towards me with a tic in his eye. “It's all your fault. You and your stupid tv-star boyfriend!”

Out of nowhere, a fist comes flying at Sal and clips him on the jaw. Another one lands on his nose. “It’s movie star. I’m a movie star, mother fucker.”

All thoughts of revenge have left Sal like the blood leaving from his nose. “Linc!” I run around the mess that is Sal so that Linc can take me in his arms. Right behind him is the security he hired and I can hear sirens off in the distance.

“I was so worried,” I say in between kisses and hugs. His hands run all up and down my body making sure I am okay. “I didn’t want to call out for you just in case he tried to hurt you. He’s crazy. How did you find out?”

“He tripped the silent alarm. I had Rachel set it after we came in.”

“Oh thank God!” We spend more time kissing. The house fills with people as two police lift Sal off the floor and put him in handcuffs.

“He broke my nose. Are you just going to let him break my nose?”

“You’re in his house, trying to hurt his family. You’re lucky we don’t let him have fifteen minutes with you while we go for coffee.”

I hide my smile behind my hand as Sal moans and is all but drug out of the house.

“Are you alright, my little thief?” I smile at the nickname. If he hadn’t explained it to me I would have been soul crushed

that he thought of me as a thief but somehow Linc has taken a sin and made it a virtue.

I give him a shaky nod and look up into eyes so filled with love it takes my breath away. “You...you were pretty badass back there.”

He chuckles and gives me a saucy wink. “A man’s got to make sure he can take care of the treasures he’s been given.”

I give him a look and scrunch my nose at him, “It was for a part in a movie, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah, it totally was but for the first time in a long time, I am awfully happy about choosing a role and researching for character development.”

I hug him around his neck and lose myself in his kiss. I’ll be his thief as long as he’ll be my star for the rest of forever.

Epilogue

Linc

Nine Months Later

I'm in a hurry to get back to the beach house. It's been like that all day long. I was so wound up that most of my lines only took one take but after today I'm done. This is my last project before the baby comes and I wanted it out of the way so I could be home with my little thief.

My phone rings and I answer on the first ring. "Hey baby, how are you feeling? Are you having contractions? Do we need to go to the hospital? Is it time?"

"Calm down, love. I just wanted to check if you were on your way back home."

"Are you hurting?"

"No," she giggles and my heart skips a beat, it fucking literally skips a beat, "I just miss you when you have to leave. I know it's stupid."

“It’s not stupid. It’s not stupid at all. And you can call me anytime to tell me you miss me.”

“Are you sure you want to do this? I don’t want you to regret giving something up that you love.”

“I’m not giving it up, sweetheart.” I should have known this was about my decision to semi-retire from acting. Today was my last day for a while I think, but Esme is worried I will regret it or that she might have been the reason. And in a way, she’s right. Acting was something I loved to do but Esme is someone I love more and I’ve worked too hard all of my life so that I can enjoy her in my life now. “I am doing what I love. Taking care of you and our little girl is going to be the biggest job of my life and one I want to spend time doing well.”

I got Esme to the alter faster than she could blink in a quickie marriage that left everyone shocked and stunned. It was perfect. Andy really outdid himself on making sure it was low profile and we had the intimate ceremony both of us so desperately wanted. And then three months later we had the wedding Andy wanted for us.

He had apparently been dreaming of my wedding longer than I had and enjoyed the hell out of taking Esme under his wing to make sure she had the wedding of a princess. Now my little thief is heavily pregnant and having some nesting issues. She’s gone through the whole house ‘baby-proofing’ it and then doing it all again but in a different way.

I think she’s doing too much, which is one of the reasons I am very happy to be going - and staying - home. I plan to make sure her days are full of pampering and sweet loving as we wait on our little one to make her grand debut. Twenty minutes later and I’m pulling in but it felt like it was going to take forever.

Every minute away from Esme is an eternity.

I bound through the door and catch her up in my arms. “Linc! What do you think you are doing?” She giggles and buries her face in my neck dropping little kisses on it and driving me crazy.

“I think you can tell what I’m doing, love. The real question is if we’re going to make it up to the room or not.”

We make it to the top of the stairs and turn toward our bed. She’s already taken my shirt off and thrown it over the side of the stairs and she’s working on my belt while I keep her distracted with kisses and work on the buttons of her dress. This time I don’t just dump her on the bed but place her down gently and move pillows around so that she’s not laying all the way flat. I work her dress from her sweet, sexy fertile body and take off her panties. She’s not been wearing bras lately because her nipples are so sensitive they irritate her. And I do not mind that one little bit.

She works my jeans over my hips and plays with the flap of my boxers before finally taking them off me. I groan as the little thief teases me. I love it when she does it but right now I just have to be inside of her.

I position myself on my belly and watch as she spreads her legs for me and gives me a sexy mischievous smile. I don’t hesitate or make her wait. My lips go to her sweet pussy and I eat the honey she’s made for me. She moans out as I bring her closer and closer to her climax.

“You taste different, so much creamier, and richer. I love how you taste when your body holds our baby.”

Color reaches her cheeks and her eyes close in pleasure. She loves it when I tell her how good she tastes now that she's full of my child. And I love it when my mouth is on her. Of course I love it that this little thief came into my house and stole my heart. That is one price I don't mind paying at all...not when she's given me hers in return!

The End!

If you enjoyed *Lucky Charm*, please consider sharing with your friends!

[Share](#)

If you aren't subscribed to my newsletter then now is a great time to join, lots of new content coming soon for subscribers.

[Sign up here!](#)

Pyro

Sons of Chaos: Book Two

By:

Jisa Dean

Pyro

Sons of Chaos: Book Two

Nori's big sister has a secret...one that is going to get her killed. The only problem...Nori doesn't know what the secret is. So what's a girl to do when mysterious strangers are out to get you and your life is thrown into chaos? You embrace the chaos and run headlong into the arms of the hot biker who's offering you protection...for a price. But will the price of safety be too high for Nori? Or will she pay any price...for love?

Pyro comes from a world that's anything but soft and romantic. In his world, you take what you want, you keep what belongs to you, and you protect your woman above all else. He's already watched one brother fall in love but that couldn't possibly happen to him. Right? Not until he's put in charge of a little slip of a thing with a soft smile, a romantic heart, and big...secrets. Nori tests everything Pyro thinks he wants but when she's threatened...he's going to show the people trying to hurt her just why they call him Pyro.

Welcome back to the Sons of Chaos Motorcycle Club. These men may not be legal but they always take care of their

women and Pyro might be the worst. He has no problem burning down the whole town to get to what's his. Nori doesn't stand a chance against a hero like Pyro and neither will you. So come grab a comfy place and fall in love with this bad boy and all his friends. You won't be sorry you let this biker stroke your fire. Not when he promises a happy ever after and an always at the end of the ride.

Chapter One

Nori

Ever been in one of those horribly awkward situations that you have no idea how to handle socially?. No good way out so to speak. My big sister, Babe, always makes me feel that way. Hell, even her name is hard to say without blushing a little. Who the hell names their kid Babe?

Not my parents. They named my sister a respectable Barbra. But somehow, my sister wound up with the nickname, Babe. My parents, the teachers, even the pastor at the local church, all call my sister Babe.

And now's no different. My sister has me in an embarrassing situation that has my entire face turning red.

“I’m basically trading my vag for protection.”

Holy mother of Maple Syrup! She did not say that. How the hell am I supposed to respond to that? With round eyes and a pinched face if my current look is any indication.

“Is...that....a thing?”

I glance over at the big, gruff men sitting on the couch watching television. They have more tattoos covering down their arms than I have ever seen in my life. They look kind of gruff and very badass. I'm pretty sure they don't have regular jobs like bank tellers or lawyers. They look like they all belong on the cover of some biker magazine...or have guest-starred on Unsolved Mysteries back in the day.

“What isn't a ‘thing’? Look it's not a hardship when the guy looks so good, you know.”

I pull my eyes back to her and for the first time since I got to the house I can tell something is off on my sister's face. She looks...scared. Is it because of her new boyfriend?

“But it's not love.”

She laughs loudly. So loud she draws the attention of the men. I barely got to meet her new beau before she pulled me into the open kitchen and sat us down at the breakfast nook table.

“What's that got to do with anything? Love?” She giggles again.

There was a time when me and my sister were super close. Then she started hanging out with people doing things I was always too scared to do. She made friends with a stripper in her first year of college and dropped out before mom and dad even knew what was going on. Then she started dating men who had more tattoos than they did years in school.

Not that I have anything against tattoos or people who choose a different path than the one I want to be on. But I can't say I don't blame them for taking my sister away from

me to some extent. She pretty much dropped off the map about six weeks ago and just called me last night to tell me she moved into a new house and wanted me to come over.

When I came over I didn't think she would have company over. Especially not such...big company. All of these men are huge - six foot tall or more while me and Babe are barely over five feet tall. I pull my eyes away from the men again. I think they can tell they make me nervous, either that or they don't trust me like I don't trust them.

And one of them keeps looking over at us. Not that I can say anything since I keep looking over at them.

“So, what's been going on with you?”

I ask it lightly to try to find out what happened to her in that missing six weeks. I promised Mom I would try to find out.

“Nothing much. Other than dating Axel.”

Axel. I'm almost certain Axel isn't his real name. I look back over to where her boyfriend is sitting. And see the big tall blonde looking back at me once again. I blush something fierce and turn back to my sister but when I do, it's to find her looking at me with a mischievous sparkle in her eye.

“What?” I try to play it off but my sister always knows what goes through my head.

“You finally going to give that cherry away to one of these big sons of bitches?”

“Jesus, Babe! Shut up!” I can not believe she just ask me that. “Someone will hear you.”

“There’s no shame in it. Sometimes I wish I had waited. But most of the time I realize I like sex too much to have waited.”

Can it really be that good? I don’t think it would be very good with just anybody. Especially not for me. I would definitely need to be in love with the person I was sleeping with. Again, my sister reads my face as easily as if she were reading my mind.

She reaches out to touch my cheek. “Your sweet but young. This isn’t a fairy tale, Nori. This is the real world. Love is something you read about in books. In the real world...you settle.”

Well damn it, if that’s not just the most depressing thing I’ve ever heard. I look up in time to catch the look of utter sadness in my sister’s eyes. What has happened to her to make her look that sad?

“I used to be like you. I used to believe.” She turns her eyes down like she might be thinking about what it was but before I can offer her an ear to bend, she’s wrapping her hand around my wrist and turning wild eyes toward me. “I need you to do me a favor.”

Oh no! That can’t ever be a good thing.

Also by Jisa Dean:

The Lake Series

Lake House

Lakeside Daddy

Down by the Lake

Lakefront Property

Back to the Lake

The Librarian Series

Booked

Overdue

Late Notice

The Brothers Series

Blue Venus

Crimson Deep

Violet Ends

The Within Series

The Animal Within

The Monster Inside

The Human Between

The Peace Within

The Hospital Series

Urgent Care

Code Blue

Under New Management

Stand-alones

Stocking Stuffer

Blind Love

All The Trimmings

Bewitched

In His Custody

Last Snow of the Season

Melt for Me

Burn for Me

The Black Star Series

Dark Redemption

Going Dark

Black Site

Outside the Wire

Code Bravo

The Taboo Series

Quarantine Bunny

You Bet

Sticky Business

For Hire

For Love

Too Intense

Dangerous Seduction

Double the Pleasure

PussyCat

Sir Richard's Portrait

Taboo X: Volume One

Half-Cocked

Who Wants Pie

Hollywood Forever Series

Under My Tree

New Release

Never Say Never

Always

Ancient Monsters

Beneath the Calm

Below the Surface

The Rise

Rule of the Animals

The Holiday Series

Hauntingly Ever After

Frightening Desires

Pumpkin Kisses

Baby Gravy

All Wrapped Up

Midnight Kisses

Provocative

Ghost of a Chance

Spreading Joy

Saving Christmas

Tangled in Tinsel

Sweet Treats

Hard Candy

Sisters' Island

Something Borrowed

Something Blue

Something Old

Something New

Something More

Starting Something

Coming Soon!

Heartthrob (*Hollywood Forever: Book Five*)

Pyro (*Sons of Chaos: Book Two*)

All for You

Double the Fun (*Taboo: Book Thirteen*)



Don't forget to sign up for my newsletter for exclusive Bonus Materials, Freebies, Promotions & Cover Reveals!.

[Subscribe!](#)



www.JisaDean.com