



Lucky Charm

Holiday Series: Book Twelve

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By:

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Lucky Charm

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Lucky

Lucky doesn't feel like she lives up to her name. Not only is her day going badly, she just found out her boyfriend is cheating on her...with her mother. To make matters even worse the head of her ad agency just found her soaked from the rain and crying at her desk looking the most unprofessional she's ever been. But instead of firing her, he's got a proposition for her. One that's going to change her life. He wants Lucky to be his new good luck charm, but not just for a little while. This rich CEO wants forever.

Dalton

I've had my eye on Lucky longer than I should have. I've played it close to the vest and bided my time. I thought it would take months of wooing to make her mine, but it looks like my luck is turning. Not only is my Lucky Charm now within my grasp but I'm going to make sure she never has a reason to walk away from me without wanting to hurry back. I might be just an Irish businessman who made a couple of good

decisions in life but Lucky is the treasure at the end of my rainbow and I plan to keep her all to myself...forever!

Hold on to your shamrocks! I have a new Holiday book for you guys. And this one is magically delicious. I put all the favorites in there, a virgin heroine who just needs a break, a handsome billionaire willing to give her more than a break, and a happy ever after that even a leprechaun would pay for. So put your green on and get ready to fall in love with Dalton and Lucky this St. Patrick's day.

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Chapter One

Lucky

For someone named Lucky, I sure do have the worst luck in the world. Maybe it's my mom's fault for naming me something that just dares fate to take a swipe at me. Or maybe she did it on purpose because she never liked me anyway. Could be a bit of both. Probably is a bit of both.

I usually stay late but today was one of the rare times my boss didn't want to have an after-work meeting. A rare opportunity to come home and crawl into my jammies and binge-watch that crazy I.D. show I've been putting off watching because of working late. But when I open the door I am once again reminded of how shitty my luck is.

Because when I open the door I'm greeted by the sound of moans and sexual pants. I can already tell this isn't going to be the night I so desperately want and that I do in fact have the worst luck of anyone ever. Goodbye night on the couch. Goodbye to the binge marathon of murder and mayhem. Goodbye lucky night off sitting around in my jammies.

I live with my mom in the shitty little apartment I grew up in. I just never spent the time looking for a place of my own and mom didn't seem to mind me staying with her. Hearing my mom moaning isn't really a new thing since the walls have

always been woefully thin but when I come around the corner and start down the hall something new definitely grabs my attention.

Because before I can slink off to the room to enjoy my rare evening off, I realize who my mom is having living room gymnastics class with. On the couch where I sometimes fall asleep doing work, between my mother's splayed legs is none other than...my boyfriend. It must be the shock that keeps me rooted to the spot for so long without saying a word. I have to say something though or else I'm going to get the whole show.

“Mom! Brad!”

And how unfair is it that the first ass I see in real life is that of my boyfriend as he's pumping away at my mom? Boy, do I feel robbed. Not of Brad but of the future boyfriend that should have been the first ass for me.

“Darling!” Mom at least has the decency to pretend to be stopping. Brad just keeps going...and going...and going. Until with a final grunt he's...I guess finished. “I thought you weren't going to be home for another thirty minutes or so.”

I stand in front of them as they both put themselves together and turn to look at me. “The meeting was canceled.”

How long has it been going on? How many times has this happened? While I've been at work having meetings and trying to work my way up the ladder?

“Oh! Well, um, Brad was just, um, waiting for you.”

Waiting for me? To what? Give me sloppy seconds?
“Why?”

Why would they do this to me? Why would the two people
in my life do this to me?

“Well darling, it’s not like we intentionally set out to hurt
you.” Okay, so this was, what, an accident? Maybe one thing
led to another and... “It’s just, Brad was explaining how you
and he aren’t having sex and you know, I was in a dry spell
myself and well, we both started talking about all the things
we missed about having sex, and well, it just happened.”

It sounds a lot like a lame ass excuse.

“Really dear, if you had put out this wouldn’t have
happened, I’m almost sure.”

Brad just stands there with his dick in his hand, so to speak.
Thankfully not really. That’s one thing I don’t want Brad
taking from me. He grimaces at the excuse but nods, wholly
on board with making this my fault. He gives me a dopey ass
grin before driving the last nail in.

“It’s totally your fault for not giving me sex, Lucky.”

In that moment, my mind goes blank, and some inner
survival instinct I wasn’t even aware I had, kicks in and I just
take off running. I don’t grab my coat from the hall closet
where I put it dripping wet when I came in. I don’t think about
tomorrow or not having clothes. I don’t even question where
I’m going. There’s only one other place I can go...work.

I must look like a drowned rat when I come back but I try hard to slip in and not be totally messed up so they kick me right back out on the street again. I run my hand down my skirt and grin at Kevin the night watchman. A lot of people work late because we have an office in Japan as well as London. I'm feeling a little more thankful for the weather because with the rain dripping off of me I'm very sure they can't tell I've been crying.

I'm not crying because I love Brad and the thought of losing him is just too much to bare. I'm crying because I have no idea where to go now. I can't go back there. Not when both of them have been treating me like a fool this entire time. By the way the two of them were going at it, I'm almost certain this wasn't the first time they've been together.

And just eww, who does that? Who gets with their girlfriend's mother? Real life isn't a fucking porn movie. Well, not for me. I don't want to hit it with the plumber and then wait for my husband to come home to do it all over again. I just want one person to call my own. Someone who's going to be devoted to me and only me. And it's not going to be an idiot like Brad.

I leave the bathroom where I spent several minutes mopping myself up, trying to think back to why I ever even told Brad yes when he asked me out. Oh yeah, because my mom was pushing me to 'have a life outside of work'. God, I was so stupid. I flop down at my desk and pull up the pictures for the ad I'm working on for June brides.

Some people may think it's early to be thinking about June but we've been planning this ad for months now. Models have been photographed in every level of light and now I just have to worry about getting it all out on time. But seeing the smiling face of women a lot smaller than me in virgin white with men

begging for them on their knees just brings into focus the fact I am never going to have that.

I'm never going to be a size two - hell, I wouldn't even get down to a size eight if they left me in the desert for two weeks. Never going to be the kind of woman men beg for. Never going to get my much-desired happy-ever-after like the princesses I read about in romance books. I just put my head down and start crying again. Damn it. And damn Brad for making me sad because he's an oversexed jerk that fucked my mom.

“Working awfully late, aren't you?”

Oh shit! I jerk my head up and realize my 'luck' just got worse. I'm so getting fired!

Chapter Two

Dalton

“She just came back in, Sir.”

“Thank you, Kevin.” I turn on the video feed to the floor she works on and wait for her. When I don’t see her I go for the one in the elevator but she isn’t there either. She must have stopped by the bathroom - it’s the only place on the entire floor I don’t have monitored.

“Uh, sir, she looks kind of upset?”

I curl my fingers into a tight fist and breath through the murderous rage that flashes through me. “I’ll check in on her, Kevin. No worries.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I’ve given strict orders for the guards to tell me any time my Lucky Charm leaves or enters the building. Not that I need the guard to tell me where she is. I also have security keeping watch on her but they do it from a distance.

The first thing that attracted me to Lucky wasn't her looks. It was her work. She has an eye for beauty and a unique take on things that have been done to death. So the things you think you will be just sick of she makes look new and fresh. Her boss, Bob, started talking to me about his rising star and I was immediately hooked.

Then I saw her work photo and I was more than hooked. I was in trouble.

I started watching her. She takes her lunch either alone at her workstation or with one of the girls in HR. I think they might be friends. Before long, watching her eat wasn't enough. Soon I was checking into her life outside of work. For the purposes of seeing if she was good material for a promotion, I told the women in HR so they would bring me her file.

That was a load of shit if ever I heard it. I'm pretty sure they realized it too as they gave me a gentle reminder that private information was confidential. Like her home address and her phone number. But for someone like me, those 'confidential' things are easy to find. By the time they went home I didn't just know where she lived, I knew who her boyfriend was and that she lived with her mother. Since then, I have low-level stalked...okay straight-up stalked her for weeks now.

I see her go to her desk and watch as she looks through the pictures for the summer campaign before putting her head down on the keyboard. She looks like she's walked through the rain, doesn't have a coat on, and might just be the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life.

My feet are moving before I can stop them. It only takes me a couple of minutes to get down to her floor using my personal elevator but during that time I don't have my eyes on her and I

feel like I can't breathe. The feeling doesn't go away until I am standing by her desk. My heart doesn't start beating normally again until she looks up and gives me those clover green eyes of hers.

“Working awfully late, aren't you?”

Her head comes up with shock in her eyes. She rakes her eyes over me and I wonder what she's seeing. Does she like it? Does she feel the instant gut punch I felt when I first saw her? Something I do know by her expression is that she doesn't have a clue who I am.

“Can I, um, help you?”

Oh yeah, you sure can. Marry me. Have my babies. Live with me forever and never leave me. All ways she can help me. But I see her glance nervously over at the elevators and realize she's concerned because we are the only people on the floor.

“Hmm, you look upset.” I step in front of the elevators subconsciously so she can't escape from me. Normally I'm a man who doesn't mind giving chase for the things I want, being persistent, and going slow, but I've been holding back for weeks now. And I finally have her in my grasp. It might have made me more...territorial and possessive.

“Is there something I can do for you?”

There's that question again. She keeps asking and things keep popping into my head. Things like which position I would love to see her in before I take her sexy little ass and make her mine. I pull myself together. Now is the time to strike.

“Come to my office first thing tomorrow...and go home. Everyone needs a night off.”

I’ve noticed she tends to work too hard, and I don’t like it. I don’t like it one bit.

“Excuse me, where do you want me to come?”

Oh God! It’s like she’s trying to kill me. There are so many places I want to see her cum. My face and my cock being the top two places but I’m sure that’s not what she is asking. I tell her the floor and a look of worry and apprehension covers her face and takes some of the shine from those Irish green eyes of hers.

“Um, who are you?”

“Patrick. Dalton Patrick.” I let the lilt that doesn’t come into my voice very often anymore play up as I see her eyes widen even more. She’s finally realized I am her boss’s boss. I am the owner and CEO of Patrick Advertising. Or if you’re talking about all the things I own - I am the founder of PatCon. I can’t help but smile a little at the look on her face. It’s been years since I’ve wanted to impress someone and I really want to impress this woman.

“Am I in trouble?”

Her question has my eyebrow tilting upward. “Why were you upset?”

A question for a question. I can tell she doesn’t want to answer mine. But she wants her answers.

“Nothing.”

“Don’t lie!” I snap it out a little harsher than I intended to but the thought of something being seriously wrong has me on edge.

“It’s not related to work. Nothing at work. It’s personal.”

Normally I would applaud her for trying to keep her personal and professional lives firmly separated but now is not that time. I want answers.

“Did you have a fight with your boyfriend?”

This time it’s her brow that does the tilting. “How did you know I have a boyfriend?”

“Miss. LaVani, I make it my job to know everything.” Not a complete lie. I do make it my job to know everything...about her.

“Oh, um, no. We didn’t have a fight.”

I catch the hidden slyness of her words. She’s not telling me the entire truth but she’s not lying to me either.

“Then what? What has you so upset?”

“If you must know...everything. I walked in on him while he was with someone else.”

I see her visibly swallow and feel rage rise up inside of me for her. “Why are you here? Why aren’t you home taking care of yourself?”

“Because I don’t have a home to go to. But that’s not going to effect my work.” She’s quick to add this on like it might be her messy emotions that have me all out of whack and pissed-off. “This won’t phase my work at all, Sir.”

I look down at the tears swimming in her expressive eyes and feel my jaw tighten into a scowl. “Perhaps you should come upstairs with me now, Miss. LaVani.”

She looks around her for help but there is no one else around to save her. If I am right, and I am hardly ever wrong, I am about to have my little Lucky Charm right where I want her.

“Now!”

“Yes, Sir.”

Chapter Three

Lucky

Every step closer to his office on the top floor is like a walk to the gallows. I'm going to lose my job today. Which means I'm going to be left with nothing. No boyfriend, no place to live, no career, nothing.

I stay super quiet in the elevator, his private elevator, on the ride up and only glance at the man standing behind me a couple of times. Damn, he's really tall...and broad. When I looked up and saw him standing over me my heart did this curious little flip that weirded me out but then he started asking me why I came here. I wasn't sure how to tell him this place is more like my home than my mom's apartment.

And does he have to be so incredibly hot? All I can do around him is stutter like an idiot. He must be questioning why my boss even hired me since I can't string more than a few words together that make sense. It's his eyes that have me all tongue-tied. He has the deepest, richest color of blue I have ever seen. They practically burn out from his face. It makes him seem...more...everything.

He puts his hand to my back to guide me to the very back of the floor to a pair of open double doors. The whole back wall is nothing but his office. He leads me in and shuts the doors

behind us. I stand in front of his desk waiting for him to say the words that bring my unlucky night to the ultimate end.

“Sit.” He points to a couch on one side of the office. I dutifully take a seat right on the edge of the hella expensive leather. “Explain.”

I take a deep breath to try to quiet my inner freak out and just tell him so I can get this over with quickly.

“I was living with my mother.” He makes no comment like that might be weird or strange that a twenty-year-old would be living with her mom. “I left to go home after a meeting was canceled at the last minute and came home to...well, to find him and her...together.” I make a cupping motion with both my hands to try to visually show him what I can’t see. “On the couch I sleep on.”

His brows go way up like he thinks I might be making all of this up and I desperately wish I were.

“This won’t affect my work, sir. I won’t allow my personal problems anywhere around my work or your company.” I try one more time to save my job. “I will have a place to live by the end of the week and you’ll never hear another word about it. I promise. It’ll be like this night never happened.”

“So you have nowhere to stay?”

“I...can find a hotel for tonight, sir. I was just...um, hoping to finish up some things on the big bridal ads and um, keep my mind off of things but if you want me out of the building I can go and be back first thing tomorrow, bright and early.”

He doesn't need to know I will have to find said hotel room somewhere a long way away from here because I can't afford any of the ones close by. I swallow at the thought of the uber bill and resign myself to pay it as long as I can keep my job. I try to give him a smile but it feels more like a painful grimace. And probably looks like I am constipated. Damn it. Why can't I have resting bitch face? No, everything has to show on my face. Every god damned emotion or thought in my head.

"No." His one word has me prepping to beg. I will give up all humility and beg him to let me keep my job if that is what it takes. "Come home with me."

"I promise, sir. I can...what?"

I couldn't have heard that right. Maybe I had a small stroke and everything after he told me I was fired is just a dream of my warped synapses firing at any hope they have of restoring my life to a semi balance of normal. Something isn't right.

"Come home with me. I have a spare room in my penthouse. We can both commute to work together in the mornings and evenings. It seems like the perfect solution to your problems."

"I...I couldn't." He stands so that he is towering over me and gives me a stern Daddy look that has me thinking about things I should not be thinking about the CEO of the company I work for, and does more than simply ask me to come home with him.

He commands me.

"You can and you will. I insist. We can swing back downstairs to grab your things before we head out. I won't

hear of you turning down my invitation. Let's go."

Before I know what is going on he has me back down to my own floor and helps me shut things off before he takes the small bag I actually thought to grab on my way out of my mom's. Or maybe I never put it down and that is why I had it when I made my mad dash away from 'The Sight'. Everything happens so fast that I'm in the back of his limo driving to his penthouse before I can think of a good reason to say no.

I've never been in a limo before. It's...an experience. As soon as we get in, Dalton is pushing the button to raise the privacy glass between us and the driver. "Do you want anything?"

He waves to the wet bar on the side of the limo. "Um, I don't think I can have anything. I'm only twenty."

He reaches down to open a small fridge that has bottles of water and milk stocked along with fruit juice.

"Oh, um, I guess I'll take some water."

He hands me a bottle. It's hard to think of this man as having a limo stocked with things as simple as fruit juice and milk. I would expect him to have every kind of alcoholic drink known to man, not...drinks you would find on the dollar menu of a drive-thru. But then again I don't know a lot about my CEO. Other than his name and the history of the business he started.

When we get to the building he helps me out of the back and I make very sure that my skirt doesn't bunch up around my thighs as I scoot myself out. I think I've embarrassed myself in front of him enough for one day. We go up in a

private elevator that he uses a keycard to even open and once inside, it hits me how absolutely stinking rich this guy really is. It wasn't the limo, or his expensive suit and thousand-dollar tie, but once I stepped into his living room with its view of the entire city laid out like sparkling jewelry it hits me.

“I can't stay here.” I turn to leave but he takes me by the arm and leads me further into his world.

“There's plenty of room. It's three floors with the main living area here, there's a patio with a hot tub and above are the bedrooms and my office. Oh and on the floor under us is the pool and exercise room.”

This man lives in a three-story penthouse in the heart of the city and I...I live with my mom in a crappy one-bedroom apartment where I slept on the couch. We come from two very different worlds to state the obvious.

“Are you hungry?”

“Um, no.” Who could eat? I would be afraid I would leave a mess and that would be a damned shame in a place this nice.

“Have you eaten anything since lunch?” Oh shit! He's not going to let me get away with not eating. I shake my head rather than tell him the actual word.

He leads me to the kitchen and sits me down at the island before he goes around and starts pulling things from the fridge. He must realize my eyes are drawn to the display of shiny sparkly things out the window because his next words have me jerking my eyes back to him.

“If the lights bother you, you can hit the switch on the wall right there and the curtains close.”

“What? Oh...uh, no I...the lights don't bother me.” I just don't think I've ever seen them quite like this...or from this angle.

My nerves remain stretched taut until he leads me to a guest bedroom that's bigger than my mom's entire apartment and the door clicks behind him. What have I gotten myself into? For tonight, I really can't care too much. I'm finally dry and I have a bed to sleep in - one that hasn't been defiled by my mother and Brad.

Maybe...my luck is finally changing for the better.

Chapter Four

Dalton

I drag myself from the bed I spent the night tossing and turning in and make my way down to the kitchen. My spirit does more than lift when I spot the purple-cased phone on my island charging from last night. Just knowing I have her in my home, in one of my rooms, has my heart beating faster and my cock hardening.

She doesn't know it yet, but last night was just the first of many times she'll walk through this door. She's going to be staying for a long, long time. Forever is a long time after all. And I plan to keep Lucky forever.

I looked in on her sleeping last night. She finally changed into one of the t-shirts I loaned her for the night and I snuck in and had her clothes sent to the cleaners. I spent most of the early morning hours making plans for my little Lucky Charm, making sure to check on her several times during the night. Each time I had to remind myself that going slow was the way to win this particular match - not that I see making Lucky stay with me as a game or something like that.

I pour myself a cup of coffee and wait for her to wake up and come down to me. I need to call the office and remind them that we will both be in a little late this morning - not that

I don't think my secretary can handle letting everyone know. Don can be quite proficient which is why he's my secretary after all.

I'm pulled from my musings on how pissed I think Lucky is going to be when she finds out I told her boss she is taking half a day off to move by the ringing of her phone. I pick it up without thinking about it.

"Hello."

"Um," the voice on the phone sounds uncertain. And is definitely not Bob - Lucky's boss. "I'm sorry I must have dialed the wrong number."

The woman sounds pretty sure something is wrong as she just keeps letting the silence stretch, "Who were you trying to reach?" "I was trying to reach my daughter."

Ah, the mother, this is going to be fun. Confrontations are something I'm not afraid of and this woman needs to be confronted about what she did to her daughter, "Five-four, dark hair, Irish-green eyes, knock-out curves?"

"Um, well yes. I guess that is one way to describe Lucky." No. That is the only way to describe Lucky unless of course you're talking about how brilliant she is on top of all that but as far as visual descriptions I nailed it.

"No this is her phone. She's resting right now. Can I take a message?"

There is a long pause on the other end of the phone before the woman says anything else. "Resting? But it's the middle of

the day? Lucky always wakes up every morning at five.”

“Yeah, well, we had a busy night. I kept her up until early this morning.”

It takes me a minute to realize why this woman is so stupefied by my answer. I have to replay the conversation in my head and realize how sexual it might sound if you have a dirty mind. Even if that wasn't the way I meant it to come out. And then she has to go and piss me off.

“What?” The lady laughs with a sound of disbelief in her voice that just sets me off and rankles. “You must have the wrong person and I've called someone else's number. There is no way you could be talking about my Lucky.”

“Yeah, why is that?” I swear to God if this woman says something about her being with Brad I might commit a crime... and a sin.

“Because my Lucky is a virgin. If she didn't give it up to her boyfriend, Brad, I am sure she's not going to fall into bed with a stranger. No matter how miffed she is at me over this little incident. She's a little prude.”

The minute I find out my Lucky Charm is a virgin my dick swells to epic proportion, the zipper of my jeans cutting into my cock like steel teeth. Then the actual meaning behind her words hits me. She doesn't think Lucky would be with a man because she's been keeping it locked up safe and tight for the right one. Like a good girl.

“Yeah well, you know what they say about friends to lovers and I've been waiting a long time for that little limp dicked idiot to fuck up, lady. I wasn't about to let someone else slip in

there before me when I've waited so fucking long to have her!" Why not give this woman the blunt truth?

The silence on the mom's side of the phone is stark. She finally breaks it to ask one very important question. "You and my daughter had sex? Last night?"

"Listen, she's living with me, sleeping in my bed - and will be every night from now on because I won't fuck up like what's his name. You don't need to worry about your daughter. I have and will continue to take good care of her. On that note, I plan to go back upstairs and wake Lucky up and give her more of what I gave her last night..." food, but she doesn't need to know that. "Do you want me to take a message or tell her something?"

"N...no. I'll talk to her later."

After I hang up with the woman I do what I told her I would. I go upstairs to her daughter. I don't think this should be kept from Lucky. She needs to know her mother called and that I might have led her to the wrong conclusion.

The room is still dark because of the black-out curtains. And my Lucky Charm is nestled in the middle of the bed curled up with one leg over the cover. I follow the curve of it from her toes - painted a cute as hell pink - to the curve of her ass cheek just barely peeking out from under the t-shirt I let her have.

I give myself a little while to enjoy the stark beauty of her sleeping so close to me before I sit on the edge of the bed and whisper her name. I skim my knuckles down her soft cheek and she gives me a little smile in her sleep. I can only hope she's dreaming of me. I say her name again and this time her eyelashes flutter until she gives me those big, gorgeous eyes. It

takes her a minute before she remembers where she's at and who she's with.

When she does, she pushes herself up on her elbows. "What time is it? Is something wrong?"

It's like she can feel the unrest in my soul at having to admit what I've done to her. I tell myself that even if she is foul with me I can always win her back but damn, do I hate having to upset my little charm.

"Your mom called."

"Oh God." She sits all the way up now and the collar of her shirt falls off her shoulder letting me have more of her soft curves. "Okay, um. Thank you for telling me. I guess I'll call her back and..."

"I told her we were fucking."

Well, if I wanted to shock her into not caring about what she was wearing or who I am or where she is, I couldn't have thought up a better way.

Chapter Five

Lucky

It takes me a full minute to fully comprehend what he just said. When it finally sets in, all I can do is sit with my mouth open in stunned disbelief. Why? Why would he do something like that?

“W...What?” I realize it’s kind of the wrong question to ask but it’s all that comes out. “How could you?”

“First of all, I didn’t lie to her.”

Unless something happened after I fell asleep that I’m not aware of I’m pretty sure telling my mom we fucked is a lie.

“I told her you were still asleep after the two of us had a late night together. She laughed and told me I must have the wrong person because you are a prude who wouldn’t give it up to your boyfriend. And still a virgin.”

Heat hits my cheeks and I want to jump out the very high window not caring that we’re on the fiftieth-something floor. The heat from my burning cheeks would probably cause a rise in air current or some shit and I would survive the fall. Anything would be better than sitting here listening to this

man tell me my mom couldn't possibly believe that we were together because of what a big loser I am.

"I got pissed and told her you were living with me and sleeping in my bed. She came up with the whole fucking thing from what I implied after I lost my temper and drew her own conclusions. She says to call her back when you get a chance."

"She wants me to come back." I frown and cover my face with both of my hands.

"Well, you aren't going to." I look up in surprise at his words. Before I can arch my eyebrow at him he goes on, "I've hired someone to pick your things up from her apartment this afternoon."

"What?"

"Not all of your things of course. I figure we will go pick up most of your clothes after work tomorrow."

"I couldn't. I couldn't do that."

"You can and you will. End of conversation. You need a place to stay. You can't go back there. Not when you don't have anywhere to sleep other than the place they fucked."

I wince at what he is saying. It's all right but I don't want to hear it, even if it is correct. Even if I don't move in with him, I'm going to have to find somewhere to go.

"Wait. What time is it?" My mom is never up at four...or five or even six. She doesn't usually move unless she

absolutely has to before nine or so.

He looks down at his watch and back up at me. “Eleven thirty-five.”

“Oh shit!” I turn one way and then another completely unsure where to go. “I have to get to work. I have to... find my clothes.”

“I’ve already called and talked to Bob. He understands you need a couple of days off to move.”

“A couple of days?” It is the least of what I am thinking. He called my boss. My boss knows who I am with. This is going to lead to all kinds of problems. “I hardly think it will take a couple of days. I don’t have that much. And I really need to focus on the summer ads.”

Hell, I need to call my mom and let her know people are going to be picking up some of my things. But Dalton waves off all of these perfectly good reasons as if they are nothing more than pesky excuses I have come up with.

It’s almost an hour later that I finally have the chance to call my mom back. Dalton insisted on feeding me again and having me order some things so that I’ll have them handy while I’m staying with him.

I nervously look to the office door where Dalton went to make a phone call and wait for my mom to pick up.

“Hi, mom.” I can tell I sound too cheerful and like I’m trying to hide something. I’m a terrible liar.

“Honey, it’s so good to hear your voice.” She emphasizes the ‘your’ part in reference I’m sure to getting Dalton on the phone this morning. “Someone from before was joking around saying you were living with a man.”

There is a silence that stretches between the two of us that I can feel even across the distance of a phone call. “Um yeah, mom. I kind of am.”

My mom laughs and it grates on my nerves. “Don’t be this way. You know you can never lie to me.”

I roll my eyes and try to say as few things as I can. She isn’t wrong.

“You’re not any good at it, darling. I know what Brad and I did hurt you but that’s no reason to come up with these wild stories and involve your friends in all of this.”

I still don’t say anything.

“Lucky? You are coming home tonight, right?”

“No mom. It’s okay. About you and Brad. It actually worked out for the better. Um, Dalton is sending some people to pack my stuff for me and bring it here to his apartment. Except my clothes. He says we’ll pick those up ourselves. He wants me moved in as soon as possible. I told him to give it a few days but he says this is just easier.” I keep talking so I don’t have to hear what she is going to say in response to all of this. “So, I guess I’ll see you later this afternoon to pick my clothes up.”

I wait with held breath.

“You...you really are living with a man.”

“Yeah mom, I am.” I thought we had established that already. “Look I have to go but I’ll call you before we head over.”

I don’t wait for her answer this time. I just hang up the phone. For most of the day I can put everything out of my head because of all the crap that has to be done when you move. And then Dalton is coming down to my floor and causing a small upheaval among my co-workers.

“Ready to go, Lucky?”

“Oh, um...not really but I guess if I have to...sure.”

I grab my bag and follow after him. I can feel everyone’s eyes on the two of us wondering what the hell we are doing together. He puts his hand on my back and leads me into his elevator before I can back out of all of this.

“You know there is nothing to worry about. Everything is going to be okay.”

“Oh yeah. Just the fact my mom thinks I’m sleeping with someone when I’m not and can tell I’m lying through my teeth. Or how she’s going to lay a guilt trip on me like crazy because I’m leaving. Nothing whatsoever to worry about.”

Instead of being aggravated by my sarcasm, he laughs like I just said the funniest thing in the world. Clearly, the man has no idea what is coming when we stop to grab my things.

“Look it won’t take me five minutes to get in and pack up my stuff if you want to stay in the car.”

I try to give him an out again. In response, he just gets out and offers me his hand so that he can help me slide across the seat. I make my way up the four flights. The elevator’s broken so the stairs are the only way to get there. Once on the floor, I trudge to the door and knock. It feels odd to knock but it also feels odd not to, now that I’ve been scarred for life when I didn’t.

The door is thrown open with the flourish of an old Hollywood starlet in her fading years. “Lucky! I was so worried about you.” She pulls me in for a hug but I can tell she is looking over my shoulder at Dalton standing behind me. “You simply can’t leave me. I’ll stay up all night and day worrying sick over you. If you’ve eaten or slept enough.”

What a load of bull. My mom could care less if I’ve eaten in days and has never asked me how I slept. She’s not even concerned that my only bed is a living room couch until now...so what’s she trying to do?

“Lucky, you simply have to introduce me to your new paramour.”

Oh. She’s trying to seduce Dalton now too.

Dalton gives my mom a pinched smile, “I’m not married.”

At my questioning look he explains. “Paramour is often a title for a lover when one of the participants in the affair are married. That would make you my mistress and the only thing

you are going to be a mistress of, is my kingdom.” He takes my hand and kisses it leaving me a little breathless.

Then I catch his definition of paramour.

“Mom, you thought...?”

I’m not sure whether to be pissed or just resigned.

“Lucky would more aptly be called my Anam Cara in my native tongue but I would much rather call her my Riona.” He stares into my eyes and I really wish I knew what he was saying. It sounds like a name - a very pretty name.

“You’re not from here.” Mom lights on this and a spark flares in her eyes.

“No. My mother and father are originally from Ireland. Mom spends a good amount of her time there now after my father died.”

“So, you’re with my daughter for a green card.”

My mouth falls open in shock. I’m floored my mother would say such a thing. I can’t even summon the blood to blush all of it has dropped to my feet and left me painfully pale. “Mother!”

“I have dual citizenship, ma’am. No need for a green card. Are your things this way, Charm?”

Did he just...? What the hell have I gotten myself into? Even the lie is too much for me to handle. This is all becoming

too much and I'm in way too deep.

Chapter Six

Dalton

Getting Lucky out of that situation was more necessary than I had first thought. To think that woman thought the only reason I would want Lucky would be because of what she could do for me. It just makes me want to throw something. If I had known what she was having to put up with I would have made my move a long time ago.

I let her have last night because she needed to settle in. It didn't keep me out of the room, it just kept me out of the bed with her. We didn't talk very much about what had happened at her mom's and she didn't bring up the fact that I called her Charm right in front of her mother or ask me what Riona means. Or the other, Anam Cara...my soulmate. Sometimes speaking a second language is beneficial.

And then today she tried to get out of coming to work with me in the limo. She keeps trying to put distance between us. The little glimpse I had into her home life helped me understand why she might be trying to keep me at arm's length. After coming from a mother like that, who wouldn't have some trust issues? Doesn't matter. I'll wait as long as it takes to make her realize what she means to me.

I call downstairs to have Bob send her up knowing she won't come unless her boss orders it. While I'm waiting on her I go over a few things that need finishing touches. When she finally knocks and I usher her through the door I'm already halfway through my unfinished business.

She waits until I finish before saying anything, "You wanted to see me."

Before I can speak my cell phone rings. I wave her over and answer the phone. Normally I wouldn't but I recognize the number as one of my security guards. I put it on speaker while I swing around to take Lucky by the hips and wait to find out what was so important they called my cellphone.

"Sir, there's a man here saying he is Miss. LaVani's boyfriend and he's demanding to see her."

I fight back the growl that wants to rise up inside of me and try to focus on not grabbing her by the hips and showing the world she is mine by throwing her down on my desk and having my wicked way with her. I can tell Lucky isn't happy about him being here either. She stiffens in my arms and tries to back away from me. I don't let her. In fact, I bring her closer.

"Have someone escort him up to my office, please. Thank you for letting me know, Kevin."

"Why not just send him away?"

"Do you want him to keep bothering you or do you want him to completely understand how you feel about him?"

She doesn't answer me. I pull her down into my lap not caring about personal space anymore. She lets out a little yelp and reaches out so that one of her hands lands on my thigh and the other one comes to rest on my shoulder. I can't help but flex under her touch.

"Why are you...?" I put my free hand up to stop her from going any further.

"Not now. Later there will be time to talk about it but this is not the time."

There is a knock on the door and I yell for the person to enter. Kevin enters first and then Lucky's ex. He takes in the sight of Lucky in my lap and I can see the look of envy on his face.

"What the hell, Lucky? Is this like a rebound thing or were you and him always having a thing?"

She starts to speak while shaking her head, "Brad...it's not like that."

"So you were fucking him. This whole time. This is why you wouldn't do anything with me? Why you wouldn't suck my dick? Because you were riding his?"

His words cause Lucky to gasp out loud at the things he is saying. It sets me off. My rumored Irish temper takes over before I can stop it, "Listen you little shitloaf, you watch your fucking mouth around her. The only reason I am okay with you being here is because she is on me and she never loved you in the first place."

Lucky jumps in my lap. When I look at her face I can tell I have stunned her with my outburst. I don't think I have ever been this...pissed or angry with a person. He is so lucky Lucky is in my lap or I would be on him in an instant, beating the hell out of him.

As it is, Brad must have some sense of self-preservation because he looks at us for another second and then turns toward the door. "Man, I don't need this shit. Your mom can ask you back her fucking self. This isn't worth the headache."

I look over at Kevin once Brad has pushed himself out of my office. "Make sure he leaves the building and is not allowed back inside ever again."

Once the door is closed again, she starts chewing on her bottom lip. "So...what now?"

She starts squirming in my lap making it very hard and slightly painful for me to focus on her question and keep her from finding out I have this raging hard-on for her. The last thing I want is to scare her right back into her mom's apartment.

"Now...we go home. It's late and this will all be here tomorrow." I wave my hand over the file I am working on but I mean her work as well. "You need rest."

"Rest?"

I nod and stand, reluctantly sitting her down on her feet. I know she didn't sleep as well as she should have last night because she tossed and turned a lot. I also know she skipped lunch today so she must be starved right now. I take her by the

hand and lead her out of my office after turning everything off for the night.

Before Lucky, I would be here at all hours working on just about everything and anything because I didn't have anyone waiting for me at home. Even when I was waiting to start something with her, I still worked hard so I didn't have to think about being without her so much. Now that I have her - finally- I plan to enjoy every moment I can get with her.

I lead her to the private elevator I use to go to the parking garage under the building. She seems nervous as she follows me into the shiny box and waits for me to hit the button for the basement. "Do you need to stop off on your floor to grab anything else?"

She shakes her head, and our eyes meet in the mirrored walls. I can tell she's nervous by how she flits her eyes all around before settling on me once more.

"I guess I should start looking for a place to stay permanently so I don't overstay my welcome."

The soft smile I was giving her fades quickly from my face. I try to school my features but even I can see the change in my reflection looking back. I reach past her and push the button to stop the elevator.

I take deep breaths to try to control my emotions, but my next words still come out clipped and angry sounding. "Do you have somewhere in mind?"

I won't let her go! Not now, not when I finally have her right where I want her!

Chapter Seven

Lucky

I think back to try to find out what I might have said or done to cause a coldness to creep over...well, everything.

“Um, no.” Great, now he’s going to think I’m just hanging out at his place because I’m a loafer who can’t find a place to live. Or worse, that I’m using him. Will he throw me out? God, the last thing I want is to have to go back to my mom’s. “But I can start looking right away.”

I give him a shaky smile and wait for his reply with held breath.

“Nonsense. You’ll be far too busy on the summer layout since we’ve landed the wedding dresses ad. And after that I want you to work on bathing suits.”

“I can do both,” I reply immediately and follow it up with more. “I don’t want to be a burden on you.”

“And just what exactly do you think you are burdening me with?”

The thing that has been worrying me all day long comes out without me really wanting it to. “Oh, um, well...I just um, don’t want to keep you from anything...or one.”

This man surely has a girlfriend or at the very least an active social life. You can’t look as good as he does and not have companionship of some kind and I just don’t think I would be alright being there when he brings one of his girlfriends over. How cringy would that be? If I was his girlfriend and he had someone living with him that he pretended to be intimate with I would not be happy.

“Like?”

Oh crap. He’s going to make me spell it out for him. I can feel my cheeks pinken and don’t dare look at the reflective surface to find out just how red I am. To keep from looking I turn to face him fully, just not to meet his eyes, which leaves me staring at a button on his shirt right in the middle of his chest.

“I, um...well.” I start to shift restlessly from foot to foot finding it hard to stand still. “Someone as sexy as you...not that I’m calling my boss sexy because that would be sexual harassment I’m pretty sure but, um...well you know your hot...,” I end the whole thing with a shaky laugh.

He starts walking me around until he’s the one in the front of the doors and I’m in the back but he doesn’t say anything.

“Hot people go out - they date...usually other hot people.” The last is said in more of a whispered reminder to myself but I think he might have heard it. “I just want to...well, I don’t want you to think you couldn’t bring someone over because I was there. Not that I think you want an audience. Not that I would be watching.”

I need to shut up like ten minutes ago. I slip my eyes up to find out how he is taking all of this bumbling around I am doing. He does not look happy. I am so getting kicked out on my ass tonight.

“Do you think I do a lot of dating?”

His question takes me by surprise. “I...I don’t know. I, uh, imagine you would because of...um...?”

“Because you find me sexy?”

Now he gives me a drop-dead gorgeous smile that has my knees literally going a bit weak. “You know you are.”

He takes a step toward me and I move a little further back. He has an intense look in his eye that makes warmth course through me.

“I don’t date.”

I swallow hard and try to find a smile to hide the snarl I automatically feel bloom on my face. “You just...have sex with women?” I’ve heard of some very powerful men doing that but somehow I didn’t think Dalton would be like that. I guess I might have romanticized his personality in my head. “Not that it’s any of my business.”

I throw that in quickly so he doesn’t try to explain why he does it.

“No, I don’t do that either.”

My brows lower trying to figure all of this out when a thought flashes and a smile stretches over my lips. “You’re gay.”

This causes him to laugh, “Nope. Not that either. I’m not a man-whore, gay, or in any relationship. I find I don’t have time for...meaningless relationships.”

“Oh.” I guess the guy is just busy. He’s got his mind on his work, which is where my mind should be. Clearly given my disastrous past relationships, I’m much better at my job than at finding a partner.

“I’ve not been with anyone in a very long time...years.”

I nod completely understanding having a focus other than mating and marrying. He takes another step towards me and I back up until my back hits the wall. Only Dalton doesn’t stop coming. In fact, he comes very close to me, his hand falling on my hip and making my heart flutter.

“I have very particular tastes.”

My eyes widen at his choice of words. “Particular?”

That is a word with a lot of meaning and I am trying to figure out if I actually want to know what he means by it. Especially since he is currently causing my head to swim and my heart to pound by running his nose up my neck.

“Scary particular? You...,” I swear it is hard to think when he’s nuzzling me like he is. “You what? Drink blood, smack women, what’s particular?”

He chuckles and moves closer to me. “Nothing too weird. I only smack and bite if you ask me to. But I am possessive. My woman is my woman. I have issues...keeping my distance when I’m with someone.”

The way he says it sounds like the makings of an episode of some crime show and I should be running the other way, at least begging to be let out of the elevator with him. And yet...I don’t want to. “Um, possessive or obsessive? I mean, are you like a stalker or killer?” “You smell wonderful. No, I’ve never killed anyone. It’s not perfume, is it?”

I notice he isn’t saying no about the stalker question. “Um no, I’m not wearing perfume.”

“You know...I’m really quite fond of how you smell.” What now?

“You are?”

“Oh yeah. It lingers where you’ve been like a note you’ve left for someone. A love letter.”

“A...a love letter?” I leave love notes behind?

“Hmm. I like how it lingers in my rooms, how it stays behind.” He snuggles into my neck again and this time it feels like he might be dropping tiny kisses down the column. I can’t hold back the full-body shiver it causes.

I look up when he takes my hand and rubs his thumb against my wrist. He also looks at where we are touching. His eyes narrowing in on me.

“You’re so tiny.”

“Tiny?” This is not a word that I have ever been described as. Short, yes, but not tiny.

He pulls my other wrist up so that both of my arms are level with my head.

“Mm, small really.” He leans in and rubs his nose along the seam of my wrist where he was just rubbing. “But sweet.”

“Sweet?”

What is happening?

“And very trusting.” He pulls back this time and looks down at me with a very serious expression. “Never get on an elevator with a man by yourself.”

Holy shit! He is a serial killer.

“That’s not me of course. I would never hurt you.” He’s either trying to give me a false sense of security before he murders me or I’m all good. Jury’s still out. “You’re too small and too sweet, men will see that and want it.”

I’m so confused. What are we talking about? “Want it? Want what?”

This time when he pulls back it is with a look of shock. “Really?” He takes in my confusion and a look of utter victory

comes into those stormy orbs of blue. “Why do you think your ex-boyfriend is so pissed about the thought of you and me being together?”

“Because...he...thought we were...that I cheated on him too?” It comes out as a question instead of an answer.

“Because he thought I took what he felt was his.” He scoffs and frowns for the first time since he came close to me. “That little shit realizes you have something special. And he wanted it.”

“Wanted it?”

He nods and gives me a wicked smile. “Mmhm. He wanted that sweet treat you have locked up tight.”

Is he...talking about...? No, he can't be talking about what I think he is talking about. I'm so confused about everything right now. He brings his face close to mine and takes my chin in his hand. “No more talk of leaving. All right?”

“O...okay.” I breathe the word out as he comes even closer and pulls my hips in tight to him.

And then his mouth drops to mine. His lips play over mine before he tilts my head and probes the seam of my mouth with the tip of his tongue. I open for him, and he completely takes control of my body. I have a slight understanding of what he means when he says he has particular tastes.

He's...possessive and dominating and bigger than life. But he doesn't take my mouth hard or try to take more than I am willing to give him. He doesn't even hold my chin in a hard

grip. There is so much about Dalton that he shares with me in this one kiss.

He's the one to pull away from the kiss and hit the elevator button again. Maybe I told him a lot with my kiss too. Maybe all of it wasn't good considering he doesn't seem as lost and wowed by me as I am by him. He's still functioning like nothing happened, while I can barely walk. That doesn't bode well...does it?

Chapter Eight

Lucky

Once home, Dalton cooks for me again and both of us settle down on the couch for the night. He shocks me by pulling my feet into his lap and massaging them. I'm not used to any of this. The touching. The ease with which he seems to have letting a stranger into not just his penthouse but also into his life. I start to wonder if he's done this before. Is this how he finds girlfriends? He did say he didn't have time for relationships. Maybe he picks people up from work and has sex with them until they both go their separate ways.

Thinking about all of this just makes my head hurt and causes me to eventually fall asleep on the couch. I guess old habits die hard since that used to be where I slept before Dalton. I vaguely remember him asking if it feels good and all I could manage was a soft moan. I hope I at least nodded.

And then I'm out of it until sometime in the early morning. I realize very quickly that I am not in the bed I usually stay in. And I'm not alone. I scoot out from under Dalton's arm and head down the stairs to the living room couch again. I stare blindly at the lights of the city sparkling beneath me and think back over everything that happened - especially in the elevator. And that kiss.

Is he going to eventually send me on my way with a raise and a thank you for being his latest plaything? Am I setting myself up for heartache? Worse than my mother and Brad? I don't think I would be the same after being with Dalton. I think he could break my heart the way no one else could.

If I am just another office romance for the man why bring me to the place he lives? Why not just set me up with an apartment of my own? Or does that come later? After we sleep together? Is that why he took me to his room instead of the one I've been sleeping in?

I should tell him I can't be that woman for him. I can't do an office romance and then pretend nothing happened. I'm just not made that way.

“You left me.”

I jump at the smooth voice that pulls me out of my musings. “Oh, um, sorry. I...”

“Why did you leave me, Lucky?”

I jump up from the couch and just put it all out in the open. “I don't understand. Any of this. I don't understand that kiss in the elevator or the whole...um, well the smelling thing that also happened in the elevator. You were talking about my...” I stop and try to find the right word for what I want to tell him. None come to mind. Especially not with him looking at me with those deep blue eyes of his. “You were talking about my pussy weren't you?”

I slap my hand over my mouth at the word that just fell out of my mouth. He chuckles at my word choice and comes even closer to me.

“You’re cute when you’re flustered.”

I ignore his comment and stay focused on the question I want answered. Is this really just a passing thing for him or something more? Instead of saying it I hide it behind questions about his seeming obsession with my scent, “But why? Why did you...do that?”

“Why do I smell you? Because you smell delicious. Why else?”

“No one else ever wanted to smell me before,” I tell him with clear disbelief.

“How wrong you are, Lucky. That imbecile of an ex would kill for one more hit of you.”

My face scrunches up. “Then why did he...do what he did with my mother? If I smell so good?”

I don’t mean to sound so full of anger and spite but I can’t hide the pain it causes me.

“Because he has the mental capacity of a goldfish and his ability to figure out things past five minutes into the future is greatly lacking and idiots like him can never hold on to the treasures they have.”

“Treasures?” I roll my eyes.

“I see I’m just going to have to show you.”

“Show me?”

He pushes me back on the couch catching me by surprise. He’s hit his knees and has my thighs spread before I can figure out what he plans to do. “Wait! What...oh! We...can’t!”

“You see,” he licks up the crevice of my legs where they meet my body, “right here is where your scent is the strongest, the sweetest.”

He runs his nose up where he licked, inhaling deeply.

“So good.” A tremor works its way through my body at the sound of his voice.

He noses my panties over so he can get to the middle of me, my lips, causing me to gasp out and try to pull back from him. He pauses when he finds me bare. Then he’s using his hand to pull my panties to the side more and staring down at my pussy.

“This better not have been for Brad.”

“What?” I can’t keep up with his rapid switch of topics. What does Brad have to do with anything?

He runs his hand over my bareness causing me to jump. “This,” he does it again, caressing me with the flat of his hand, “did Brad get to see this little bare pussy? Did you shave your sweet cunt bare for him?”

“What? No! I...I have to...I wear a lot of skirts.” I say it like it’s enough and should explain everything but I can tell by the look on his face he isn’t understanding. “It means I wear a

lot of panties that don't leave lines -like thongs- and I don't want it all," I wave my hand around, "crazy and wild down there."

"So you chose to shave it bare."

I nod. "Brad never...um, saw it...me."

"He never got a taste of this sweet little pie?"

"No!"

Dalton gives me a big grin and then dives into me. "Oh my God! Oh sweet..."

He takes my breath before I can say another word. "Mmm sweet indeed. You don't just smell good -you taste good as well. So damned good!"

His tongue slides through my channel and I lose touch with everything that isn't Dalton. The feel of his tongue coursing over my sensitive skin and the fact I can look down and see his eyes peering at me even as he eats my pussy has me rushing to the edge of an orgasm and falling completely over. My first orgasm ever hits me hard as he laves back and forth against my clit.

"Oh my God! Dalton! My...Dalton! Ahhh, please!"

I shake through the feeling of my body convulsing in on itself. And yet Dalton doesn't let up or slow down. In fact, my cumming seems to have made him even more ravenous.

“Dalton...I...I can't! I can't take anymore! I can't - I'm going to...I'm going to die!”

He chuckles while still eating me. He pulls back only for a second. “You're going to cum for me. You're going to give me more of that sweet cream I love to lap up and you're going to be just fine.”

I reach out and find the top of his head. My fingers sink into his hair and I can't tell if I am pushing him away or holding him to me even tighter than he already is. Everything seems hyperfocused down to that bundle of nerves and the flick of his very talented tongue. Until I feel the tension break and my body pulse and throb with the new sensation of release that Dalton has only now taught me.

He pulls his mouth away from me and I can see how wet his lower face is. The thin material of the t-shirt I wear to bed is sticking to me and I think I might have done something embarrassing - like flooding his mouth. And yet I am so tired, so relaxed that all I can do is drift off and let everything else slip away to worry about it tomorrow.

Chapter Nine

Dalton

I know the moment she wakes up. She starts to wiggle around until she realizes I have my hand cupping her naked pussy and that all the wiggling just puts her bare ass closer to my ever-growing cock. I snuggle into her neck and whisper in her ear. “If you keep wiggling that ass on my dick, I’m going to forget how much of a gentleman I am and take advantage of the situation.”

She stills before looking back at me. A blush on her cheeks fans out making me want to kiss the hell out of her. I would love nothing more than to roll her over and eat her sweet pussy, but I also want to feed her. For me, it’s not just about the physical. I don’t just want to love on her body, I also want to take care of her in every other way. And that means putting my own needs and urges away so I can focus on what she needs and what’s best for her.

So, I do roll her over but instead of having my breakfast, I settle for a quick kiss. “Come downstairs, little one, and let me make you breakfast.”

“I...um, okay.” I love how even though I ate her to completion three times last night she’s still shy and surprised that I want to take care of her.

Lucky's going to have to get used to being pampered because I plan to make it a life's goal to make sure she has everything she could ever dream about and anything she might ever need. When I look over at her she's nervously tugging on the hem of her sleep shirt and looking everywhere but at me. I take her by the hand and lead her down the stairs. I love seeing her in my kitchen. I love knowing that she sits on the same stool every day when she goes to the island to watch me cook for her. Hell, I especially love how her eyes follow me around.

I love having her in my home and seeing her stuff next to mine. I love the fact that I don't have to hide this obsession anymore. There are a lot of things to love but they all lead back to Lucky.

Once I'm convinced she's eaten all she wants I start getting ready for my after-breakfast treat. I push all the plates off the island not caring if they fall to the floor and shatter into pieces -I'll buy new ones- and sit Lucky on the newly cleaned top.

"Wh...what are you doing? I don't need to be convinced anymore. You don't have to keep, um...you know-ing to prove to me you like the way I smell."

"I'm not trying to prove anything. I'm here to get a taste of my Lucky Charm." I lay her back and flip the end of her shirt up. She put panties on sometime between us getting out of bed and coming down to eat breakfast. "Tsk, tsk, tsk, covering such a beautiful thing up should be a sin. I much prefer when you don't wear these."

I pull the scrap of silk down her legs before she can reach down and stop me.

“At least when we’re home. When we go out I think I agree with you -this is a treasure that should be hidden and protected.”

I run the tips of my fingers over her soft flesh before letting them trail down the valley between her lips.

“Ah, Lucky...you seem to like it when I state my opinion on matters of your sweet little honey pot.” I do it again so that I can collect enough of her to hold my hand up and show her how wet she is. “You’re good and soaked. Already prepared for me to come in and collect all that rich-as-sin cream. Mmm, I like this trade -I feed you, you feed me the sweetest treat ever put on Earth. I like this very much!”

I bend down and blow a light stream of breath on her flushed, damp skin and watch as she shivers for me. It’s the only build-up I can give her. I find I need a hit of what she has safeguarded very badly - too badly to wait.

My mouth lands on her and she gives me a high yelp before her hands come up to my head. I take them in mine and hold them down to her side. The little bit of restraint seems to only turn her on more because those hips - the ones that are going to bear my children - come up off the counter and push against my mouth. I tighten my hold on her wrists and pull her into me even more.

I lick up the cream my little charm has made for me, taking my time so that I don’t miss a drop. Eating Lucky isn’t just about having my tongue on her pussy - although that’s a definite plus. Lucky makes oral a whole experience - the sounds she makes when she’s close to cumming for me, the way she moves under my tongue, the softness that’s laid bare for me - for my touch. I move my hands so that they fall on her soft, unbound breasts and find the stiff nubs of her nipples

underneath. This causes Lucky to arch her back sending her pussy into my mouth even more. “That’s right, Lucky. Give me what I need. Give me the taste of heaven you walk around with all day long. You might be carrying this little treasure around during the day but at night you’re going to let me have it, aren’t you? You’re going to give it all to me when we come home, isn’t that right? Tell me I’m right, Lucky.”

“Yes, yes you...you’re right!” She gives me a loud moan before her body stiffens and bucks under my tongue. And then she’s giving me exactly what I asked for - all of her honeyed cream, all of it bathing my tongue and smearing on my chin and cheeks. I would paint my whole body in it if I wasn’t so goddamn territorial and want to keep this all for myself.

“Oh Dalton!” It comes out as nothing more than a soft whisper that I barely hear over the pounding of my heart but I do hear it.

“Yes, my charm.” I practically roll in her scent. Before I pull back, I drop a kiss on her pretty parted lips. I then lean back far enough that I can slide my zipper down very carefully - considering my cock is bulging and throbbing so hard its mortal enemy might be a zipper at this point - and take my dick out.

Very gently I slide it between her slick lips. She tries to jerk away from me but I hold her hips tightly. “No, no! Don’t move, Lucky. I don’t want to do this accidentally. I have plans, Lucky. So many plans. I don’t want to take your sweet little cherry with a quick fuck. Do you understand, little one?”

She nods even though her eyes are still overly large with what might be shock, or just surprise, that I would do something like this. I’m shocked she thinks I could see her laid out before me and not want to mark her as mine. I keep up the

tempo so that my cock hits her clit with every upward surge causing her to whimper and moan.

This time when she cums it's with me. By the end of breakfast both of us are a mess, broken plates and glasses litter the floor, and Lucky's stomach is marked with streaks of my cum all the way to the bottom swell of her breasts, and I am certain that I am the luckiest fucking man in the world.

Chapter Ten

Lucky

I cannot believe what happened to me this morning and the night before. It doesn't even feel real but I can tell it is because I have the whisker burn on the inside of my thighs to prove it. Those thoughts - the naughty ones - keep swirling around one big question that I know needs to be addressed.

When we both step into his personal elevator I decide it's the perfect time to ask because I'm a big dumbass and wasn't thinking about me not being able to walk away from him while in a tiny little box designed to move up and down. No, all I was thinking was he couldn't get away from me without answering the Big Question.

"Dalton," I try to sound anything but what I actually am which is nervous as hell, "um, how...do you want to handle this?"

He looks at me like he has no clue what I am talking about.

"This," I wave my hand between the two of us, "do we keep it quiet so if it goes badly no one knows? Do we...?"

He slaps the button to stop the elevator much like the time I talked about finding a new place to live. “What do you want to do about us?”

“I just, um, don’t want to end up a dirty, little office secret that everyone knows but doesn’t say anything about it to my face. If we keep this secret we need to set some ground rules so it doesn’t, um, look...bad.”

“And you think I would let you become fodder for office gossip? You think I wouldn’t protect you from every whisper, every jealous comment? You think I would leave that to you and you alone?”

“No, of course not. Not on purpose...I just...people talk and...”

“And what if people know? Are you ashamed to be with me, Riona.”

“What? No! I...it’s not like that.” I crinkle my nose at the nickname he called me when we were in front of my mother. I wonder what it means. I want to ask but now is definitely not the time. “I just...want to make sure I’m not where I’m at because you and I...and what happens if it all goes badly? What happens if you move on with someone else?”

All of the real fears and worries I have start to bubble over and spill out - even if I don’t really want them to.

“I wouldn’t be able to work here anymore because I’m not like that, Dalton. I can’t just move on. I couldn’t see you with someone else and know...I’ll have to leave.”

He takes my face in his hands and holds me so that I have to look at him. “Lucky, you got that wedding spread before I saw you crying at your desk. You got that all on your own with no help from anyone else. And as far as you leaving, I thought I told you I have...particular wants and needs.”

I try to nod but he still has my face held snug. I remember.

“You’re mine and I have no plan to let you go. No want to think about a world where you aren’t in it with me. There will be no leaving.”

Even as his words hit me right in the heartstrings, he’s pushing me against the wall and hitting his knees. “Wait, what are you doing?”

“I’m showing you how I feel about other people knowing you belong to me. You are anything but a dirty little secret to me. You are the opposite. People need to know you are my little charm.”

He works my skirt up my legs and over my hips. He starts to pull my panties down causing me to teeter on my heels. I bring my hands up to his broad shoulders to hold on.

“Step out.”

I do what he tells me to and watch as he brings them to his nose before closing his eyes and taking in a large breath.

“Good for later.” He tells me as he pockets them.

My cheeks flame red. I can see my face in the golden, shiny surface of the walls and can tell how pink I am at knowing Dalton is going to use my panties later. I can also see him kneeling in front of me and when he takes my leg and puts it over his shoulder so that I am spread open more for him.

He starts licking and sucking and nibbling at my pussy until I have to slap my hand over my mouth to keep from crying out loud.

“You be as loud as you want to be, Lucky! You let it out. Let everyone know you’re being taken care of by the CEO. That you have me down on my knees for you.” He starts working my clit with his tongue causing me to sag against him and moan, despite trying to be quiet. “Let everyone know you belong to me. My Lucky Charm. Let the whole fucking building know how lucky I am!”

He goes back to eating me causing me to eventually tense and then give in to the urging of his tongue and cum for him. He stands up in front of me, his face shiny and damp, grinning like he just won a once-in-a-lifetime prize. He helps me straighten my skirt and fix my blouse before he hits the button of the elevator again.

“The best way to start a workday.”

When the elevator stops and opens to my floor he takes me in his arms and kisses me like he’s been away at war for a couple of years. By the time he steps back into the elevator, everyone on the floor knows Dalton and I are something other than just employer and employee.

I make my way to the bathroom to gather myself so I can get my mind back on work. When I finish up, before I can

come out, one of the office mean girls corners me. She won't let me leave the bathroom.

“So, Lucky, sleeping your way to the top...,” she gives me a tsking sound that leaks sarcasm. “No wonder the summer spread went to you.”

This was one of the reasons I was so reluctant to start an office romance with Dalton. But if being with Dalton has taught me anything, it's to value my own self-worth.

“The summer layout went to me because I work my ass off instead of spending my days making everyone else's lives miserable, Cindy.”

She narrows her eyes at me. “Well, you do something with your ass but I wouldn't call it work. Not when the man looks as good as Dalton Patrick.”

“You know Cindy, women who celebrate other women and build them up instead of being bitchy and catty never have time to worry about what the office trolls are saying. They're too busy growing and climbing to the top. The trolls just stay sad, pathetic, and bitter. All alone. Right where they started out at.” I give her a minute to figure out what side of the aisle she is on before I move around her. “If you'll excuse me, I have a spread to watch over.”

Cindy reaches out and grabs me by the arm, “He'll grow tired of you eventually. And when he does, he'll move on to prettier and better.”

I pull my arm from her grasp and make my way to my work area. I refuse to let someone like Cindy see me rattled. It will just make her gloat all the more and make her insufferable.

Even if the words she says echo through my head like a bell clanging out warning sounds even the dead would be able to hear.

Am I setting myself up for heartbreak? Will this all end in me having less than I had when Dalton first found me? Is it worth it if...I love him?

Chapter Eleven

Dalton

I can tell she has something on her mind. She's quiet on the ride home and stares out of the window most of the time. I wait until we get home before I try to find out what is on her mind. It's hard for me to just let it be until then though. I don't care what it is - I want to make it better for her.

I escort her into the elevator and we make our way up to our home. Our home. God, I love the sound of that. I love that I have a reason to come home now. That I can't wait to end my day so I can be with her for the rest of the night.

"I don't think this thing between us is going to work." She turns to me as soon as we hit the living room. "I...I can't do this, Dalton."

"This 'thing'? What exactly is it you think won't work between the two of us?" I thought we had put this behind us, that I had settled her worries but maybe I was wrong. Maybe I pushed too fast to take things public and she needed more time.

"You and me. I can't work with someone and sleep with them. Nothing good is going to come from it."

“Then I’ll step down as the CEO, and sell my share of the company.”

“What?” she looks like I might have shocked her beyond comprehension, “No! That’s not...you can’t do that!”

“I can do anything I put my mind to. I created something from nothing - I figure I can do it again.”

“You can’t just say something like that to make me sleep with you.”

“I’m not just saying it to get you to sleep with me. I mean it. If working together is such a problem I’ll quit.”

“You...you can’t! That...this is crazy. What happens when you get tired of me? What happens when I’m no longer new and shiny? What happens when people blame me for you doing something so stupid?”

“I’m not going to get tired of you. What even put that idea in your head?”

She opens her mouth and then closes it again before rolling her eyes. “I...one of the office mean girls found out I was...with you.”

Her cheeks pinken when she says ‘with you’. It’s cute as hell but I’m too mad right now at this unnamed woman to enjoy it. “Tell me her name and I’ll have her ass fired before the end of the next work day.”

“What? No, you can’t do that either.”

“So I can’t quit, I can’t fire this asshole who put doubt into your head.” I throw my hands up in the air. “The only thing left is for you to marry me and have my babies.”

She pales and waivers a little like she might be close to fainting on me before she whirls away from me. “Are you insane?” She wheels back around to me not realizing she’s made herself at home unconsciously - taking her shoes off and putting them under the table, setting her stuff down on the counter, and hanging the small cardigan she wore today in the hall closet. I have to hide a smile at it. I’m sure it won’t go over well.

“I have no place to live, I have...you’ve met my mom. How could you even think...? What would make you say something like that?”

“Because I’m willing to do whatever it takes to keep you.”

She stands with her mouth open, stunned. Then she tries to run past me. I stop her and pull her up short so that she is actually closer to me than she was before. She tries to fight against my hold, but she’ll learn soon enough - I’m not letting her go, not ever. Not now when she’s trying to put distance between us and not anytime in whatever future she thinks she is looking at.

“I have to leave.” She pulls her wrist for me to let her go again.

“You can’t tell me you don’t feel what’s between us, this thing you and I have. You’re not running because of

something someone else said to you. You're running because your scared of how big this is, how powerful it's becoming."

"Th...that's not true!"

"You're scared because you've never experienced someone who would do anything for you before. Never had what me and you can have. And it scares the hell out of you!"

"You have no idea what you are talking about."

"Really, because you're right, I have met your mother. I understand what I am offering you is scary and something you don't understand. But don't let that be the reason you don't give me a chance. Don't compare me to someone who would hurt you just for the sake of hurting you. And don't run from this. From what we have."

"I...I just need some time." Time to talk herself out of listening to me and my careful reasoning.

I think of a new approach and let her wrist go. I don't want to hurt her accidentally by being too zealous in trying to keep her with me. "Fine. You need time. I understand that. But you can't leave without your bag."

She gives me a cautious look and then turns her gaze to the island where she threw her bag when she came in. She walks slowly to it now. "Let me call one of the hotels that work with us and put you up in a room there for the night."

She lets out a long sigh and finally nods. But before she can make it to the bag I have her up against the counter with my

hand on her back. “But first, I’m going to remind you of just how perfect we are for one another.”

“What? No. You...if you...” She tries to fight my hold and I keep it loose enough that she won’t hurt herself even if she did struggle against me for hours.

“You wouldn’t deny me my taste of you, would you? You know I can’t sleep unless I have the taste of you on my tongue.”

“I...um...” I can tell the moment she concedes. Her body goes lax and there’s no fight left in her. “I don’t think...this is what happens when someone lets you have time to think things over.”

I chuckle as I work her skirt up with my other hand. I can see her bare cheeks in the low light of the lamp on the side table by the couch that she turned on. I run my hands over them, trying to convey my need for her in every touch, every finger brush. I hear her suck in a deep breath at the touch of my hand.

“If you’re going to take this away from me, the least you can do is let the taste of you linger on my tongue until we can be together again.”

I run my fingers up the middle of her body and beyond to the tightly furled little bud I can see very well. I test the spot and she jerks forward trying to put distance between us again.

“That...you can’t...it...”

“Tastes as good as your tight little pussy? I can just imagine. I press against it with my thumb and see her try to reach around to grab my hand.

“Dalton!”

“Shh. Let me have my taste.” I tell her even as I take both of her wrists in my hands and pin them to the small of her back.

I sink down so I can be face level with her very wet flesh and look my fill. I’ve never seen another pussy look as perfect and as soft as Lucky’s. This won’t be my first time but with Lucky I’m pretty sure it’s going to feel like a first time for me because I am certain I have never had something so good.

I inhale deeply and drag in her scent. It fills my nose and makes my mouth water. I stick the tip of my tongue out so I can get the barest hint of her on my tongue. She cries out at the first little tickle and then gives me a loud moan when I bury my face in her heaven. I keep her pinned to the counter the entire time I eat her. Her hands wrap around mine as I hold her arms behind her. I like Lucky like this.

It doesn’t take her long before she is tensing up under my tongue and cresting her climax for me. She moans out the entire time I send her over the edge. Finally, after I have cleaned her up with my tongue I sit back and use my free hand to start playing with her little asshole again. This time she doesn’t fight me nearly as hard. And her body is very receptive to my entry.

My finger slides in with a little help from a kiss I offer her to make sure she’s wet enough. Not that I couldn’t just reach down and find enough wetness to do the job. I find her furled flower is just as sweet and just as tasty as the valley I love to send my tongue through.

Her body surprises both of us by tightening up around the invading finger and giving me another release. By the time I'm done playing with her, she is dripping and I am too hard not to find some comfort for my cock.

“Fuck! How can every part of you taste so fucking good? How do you just keep getting better and better?”

I stand and pull her to me. The counter is all wrong for letting me slide my cock through all that honey. I think very briefly about telling her to put her knees on the seat of the stool but instead, I walk us over to the couch and lay her over the back of it. There is plenty of padding here to make sure she doesn't wind up hurt when I dry fuck her. And I plan to dry fuck the hell out of that soaked little kitty.

She lets out a soft huff as I push her down into the soft cushions and position myself behind her. It's not going to take long for me to finish. Not when her sexy ass is up high and she's giving me all those moans and sighs in between my name. But maybe it will take just long enough...to make her want to stay with me forever.

Chapter Twelve

Lucky

By the time he has me over the back of the couch, I've given up the fight. Hell, I can't remember what we were fighting for. Because he's absolutely right, this feels right. This feels like it is meant to be.

When he has me like this I don't have a doubt in the world that Dalton is fully mine. It's when I've not cum a couple of times that I start to overthink everything and scare myself. He was right, I am scared. I'm scared of Dalton and scared of what he can mean to me. I'm terrified about how close I could get to him, of the power he could have over me.

He slides his cock between my soaked flesh and slowly pushes forward. The head of his cock bumps against my hardened nub and sends me into a spiral of pleasure. I try to gasp out but only get enough air to wheeze out his name between thrusts. It feels so good.

And then both of us miscalculate and his cock notches into my entrance. I stiffen but Dalton doesn't correct. He doesn't back away or tell me not to move. He doesn't say anything, just a long moan of my name - which has never sounded so beautiful in my life. Instead, he pushes forward slowly putting more of his cock into my quivering hole.

Heat rushed through me, hot liquid coats me and I'm pretty sure...Dalton just came in me. He finally backs out and a rush of seed splashes down my thigh. He totally surprises me when he comes back and this time his cock goes right for my entrance, no fake thrusts, no false starts. He pushes until the head of his dick is lodged inside of me. I cry out and lose myself in an orgasm that rocks through me. I couldn't ask him to stop if I wanted to.

“Oh baby. You have no idea how good you feel, how warm and wet you're little pussy is. Like a kiss.”

His words send a shiver through me. His hands have me gasping for breath. They reach around me and hold my breasts. I don't remember when he let my wrists go but the farthest I've got my hands is up to the side of the couch where he has my hips anchored with his own.

“Dalton,”

I can hear the uncertainty in my voice as he pushes even further. My body shakes, this time with the effort to take his large girth inside of me. My poor pussy can't take the width and tries to push him out but he just keeps coming. There is no evicting him from his new home he's set up inside of me.

My body tightens trying to prevent him from going anywhere - further in or even pulling out. But it works against me making it so I can feel him even better. And then he pulls me up off the couch so that he is holding me to him letting gravity do the work for him.

I slide down his length until my barrier stops him. But he's not letting it impede his conquest of my body. He nuzzles my

neck and whispers words so low I can barely hear them. They sound like an apology because the next moment he is pushing my body down even as he is thrusting up.

It all happens so quickly. His cock breaks through and the combined slickness of both me and him helps him keep going until he comes to the very end. When he works his way through my virginity a small flash of pain causes me to stiffen in his arms and cry out. Heat floods the inside of my newly molded channel. He's kissing up and down my neck and mumbling sweet words of promise to me while I try to grasp the monumental meaning behind this moment.

I'm not a virgin anymore. I'm not who I was when I walked into this place. Dalton has made me different and changed so much in so little time. I rest my head back on his shoulder and wait for the feeling of regret and sadness to come but it never does. Just this deep-seated sense of rightness like I am where I belong after being away for so long.

“That's it, little charm. Let your body relax. Get used to the feeling of being taken. I'll wait. I'll wait forever if I have to.”

His words go a long way to settling me down even more so that the orgasms he's given me before start to catch up to me and my eyelids grow heavy. He gently lays me over the back of the couch once I've gone completely lax in his arms and pulls from me.

He starts speaking in what I am guessing is Irish since that's where his family is from. Words I can't understand but the tone of them soothes me. I turn and look behind me and see that his eyes are cast down looking at something I can't see. He catches me watching him.

“I can see your sweet innocence ring my cock like a wedding band rings a finger.”

His words have me moving but he’s right back against my entrance again, pushing in. This time without the resistance. He slides in and my body automatically wakes up, parts of my anatomy flare to life with such purpose that it doesn’t take long before I am orgasming again.

“Oh, Dalton.” I didn’t think I could do any more.

He sets a pace of pulling out and pushing in, every time he pushes into me he touches some magic part of me that sends electric currents through me and straight to my clit. Then I feel his finger rub my back entrance and I stiffen.

It’s not enough to keep him from entering and for the first time in my life I am stuffed full, with no space for anything else. No worries about what this might mean, no concerns about tomorrow. All I can focus on is the feeling of being completely overtaken by Dalton.

“Oh, God! Oh, Dalton!” I squeeze my eyes shut at the power of the climax sweeping through me. It takes my breath. It takes my control. It takes my sanity and leaves me with this feeling of being completely whole for the first time in my life.

I must drift off because when we make love again we’re in a bed and the orgasms are just as powerful and intense as they were the first time we made love. But the next morning reality sets in with the harsh light of day. I wake and find that I am alone in the bed that held both of us just hours before.

I reach out and run my hand down the place he must have slept but it is cold now. I sit up and grimace. I am really

feeling the activities we did all last night. I spot my fluffy robe hanging on the back of a chair in the room and gingerly move out of bed to grab it.

Once I have it on, I feel a little bit more like myself. More sturdy maybe. I also see that the closet door has been left open and Dalton has moved all of my clothes over to his room. I can't help but let a smile stretch across my face as I take in what he's done.

Then I hear Dalton talking. He must be downstairs. I creep to the door and hold my breath to listen.

"...the lawyer is having the paperwork drawn up today." What is he talking about? Who is he talking to? "Of course the accountant is having a fit over there being no prenup."

Pre-nup? What the hell? I creep further down the stairs to try to find out who he is speaking with.

"He'll get over it...or he can find a new employer." The voice that answers him is heavy with a lilt...and female. I try to sneak down the stairs and peer into the room but only end up losing my balance and falling forward right into the room with the two speakers.

Both of them turn to look at me. Dalton is quick to come over and help me up, making sure my robe is firmly in place. "Are you alright, little one?"

"Yes." Except I can tell my face is about to go up in flame it is so red.

"You shouldn't be up running around so soon after..."

I stop him before he can go any further. Even though he whispered so only I could hear it doesn't help with the blush going away anytime soon. "I'm alright."

He still looks me up and down before turning and letting me look at the woman sitting at the counter. "I want you to meet someone."

If this is the lady he is getting a prenup with I am going to be so pissed. I might hit him. As hard as I can. Especially since the woman is stunning. Blonde with streaks of strawberry highlights, high cheekbones, and bright flashing eyes that lead to a big smile. "Lucky...I would like you to meet my mother."

"Oh shit!" her eyes widen at my words and I slap my hand over my mouth before trying again. "I mean, um...I'm in a robe, Dalton. Why didn't you tell me so I wouldn't be in a robe?"

Both of them laugh, she giggles as Dalton chuckles. "Hello, Lucky."

Her voice is thick with an accent, beautiful and lilting.

"It's nice to finally meet my future daughter-in-law. Dalton's been talking about you for months."

Her words take a minute to sink in but when they do they cause such chaos in me that I can barely speak. "What?"

I turn to look at Dalton for an explanation. He doesn't help my anxiety. He won't meet my eyes leading me to believe his

mom didn't just make a mistake about her timing.

“Mom, can you give me a few minutes alone with my bride.”

That doesn't sound like something that's going to help with the anxiety either. It doesn't sound like a good thing at all.

Chapter Thirteen

Dalton

It's time to come clean with my future bride. I lead her back up the stairs to our room. Once inside I shut and lock the door behind us. She turns confused and scared eyes to me.

“Six weeks before I found you crying at your desk, Bob came to me to talk about a rising star - that's his words - wanting me to know how good she is, what an artistic eye she has, how he thinks she is ready for something bigger. He gave me her file and when I looked...I fell in love.”

“What?”

“I fell in love...with you.”

She sits on the end of the bed heavily as the weight of my words find her.

“I...started watching. From afar. I didn't want to scare you or cause you any kind of stress. But I also had to see you, I had to find a way to get close to you.” I come close to her and go down on my knees so that I can be on the same level as her. I want her to be able to look into my eyes and see the truth. “I

was serious last night about the marrying thing. I want to marry you.”

She’s too quiet.

“I know I shouldn’t have. I realize what I did was wrong but I had you followed. I put a security detail on you so you would always be safe and I knew the moment you come back into the office building that night because the guards at the front have strict orders to tell me when you come and go from the building.”

“I...don’t understand. You knew who I was that night?”

I nod my head. “I’m sorry, Riona. I’m sorry I stalked you and I’m sorry I haven’t come clean with you about it before now. But I’m not sorry that I found you. I won’t be sorry that I have you in my home, with me. Forgive me.”

“Riona? You called me that before. What...um, does it mean?”

“I use it as a pet name for you. It means ‘Queen’ and you are my Queen, never doubt. I also said you are my Anam Cara - my soul mate. You are my soul mate, my Queen, my Lucky Charm.”

A blush hits her cheeks and her eyes fill with tears. “You... love me?”

“Yes. Yes, I love you. I love everything about you. I would give up my business, my money, all of it if it would make you happy and have you stay with me.” I kiss her. I run kisses up and down her cheeks and neck.

“That’s good.” I hold my breath. “Because I think I’m in love with you too.”

We fall back on the bed, letting our hands and mouth show one another how we feel about each other. Then a knock on the door startles us into stopping.

“Don’t be in there keeping her from me, Dalton. You promised I could have lunch with her before you propose to her.”

“What?”

“I had my mom bring me my grandmother’s ring. I’m going to marry you and give you the world, my Queen.”

She gives me the most beautiful smile through watery eyes that shine with so much hope and promise.

“Dalton! You better come out right this instant. That poor girl hasn’t even had breakfast yet and she could be carrying a baby - my grandchild.”

Lucky’s eyes widen and I can’t help the smile that grows even wider at the mention of her being full of my baby.

“Coming mom. Give me just another second.” I smile down at the charm I have under me knowing how lucky I am.

“I can’t wait to show you a world where people actually care about you. You’ll never doubt you’re loved again. Not as long as I am alive.”

I kiss her long and hard before helping her up off the bed so we can go have breakfast with my mom. The day couldn't be any more perfect and it's all thanks to my Lucky Charm.

Epilogue

Lucky

One Year Later

I bundle our sweet little baby girl in a coat. Her bright red hair sticking out from the bonnet I also put on her. Behind me Rose is finishing up packing the diaper bag we plan to take with us on the plane. Colleen looks at me with eyes the same color as her father's.

Apparently, she gets her red hair from Dalton's father. He took after his mom with her lighter hair but our little Colleen takes back after her grandfather.

"Is the babe ready?"

I turn to Rose who you would never guess was a grandmother now. She looks way too young. But Lord help if you say as much. That woman is way too proud of her little grandbaby for someone to doubt she's the grandmother.

Me and Rose have grown close over this past year. A lot closer than me and my own mother. She has been invaluable to us for her wisdom and her calm - especially when we first brought Colleen home from the hospital being new parents.

“She’s ready. I think she’s excited about her first plane ride, don’t you?”

“By the time she’s twelve, she’ll be used to it and everything will be right as rain.”

Rose assures me of this with a big hug attached. Just as we pull apart Brigid comes through the door. If Rose doesn’t look like a grandmother, Brigid looks like the stereotype of the grandmother. She might have only been with us for the last four months but she fits into our little family well. And is indispensable as a nurse when it came to the last few weeks of my pregnancy.

And then my husband steps through the doorway. “So many women in one room can’t be a good thing for me. Am I in trouble already?”

I leave Colleen with Rose and Brigid and go running for my husband. We married in Ireland at his mother’s remodeled castle. It was perfect. Somehow we had a small ceremony even with the nearly two hundred people that came. The sun was out and we even got a rainbow that seemed to arch all the way across the sky during the time we said our I-dos. I couldn’t have dreamed of a more perfect day.

Soon after we found out we were going to have our very own little shamrock and from there everything has been... perfect. Don’t get me wrong. Colleen is still an infant - she cries, she gets sleepy and then mad about it, and oh, the diapers - but I wouldn’t want it any other way. I’ll take every sleepless night, every rough day because even the rough days are the best of my life.

“You could never be in trouble. All of us love you too much.” I lean into him so I can stand on tiptoes to kiss him.

“Everyone about ready to go?”

He gets a round of yeses and a happy little baby gurgle from Colleen. We’re getting ready now to go back to Ireland for a month so Colleen will have some exposure to her daddy’s birthplace. But not just for Colleen. I’m also going there because I have chosen Ireland for the newest shoot I am working on.

It turns out that the wedding spread was more than successful - it was such a hit that I had people actually asking me to do their projects and one company even tried to make me an offer to come work for them. So, this month will be all about the Irish culture and representing it to the best of my ability in the new Patrick Agency ad work. Thankfully, I have a very good teacher to help me get all the little nuances down.

I offer my sweet husband another kiss. He pulls me even closer and takes my mouth in a kiss that makes the rest of the room fade away. The sound of Rose and Brigid chuckling reminds me that we are not alone.

“Why don’t me and Bridgid take little Colleen in the limo to the airport while you and Lucky stay here to make sure you all have everything you might need for a month away.” Rose gives both of us a wink before bundling the baby and our nanny out of the room.

Dalton chuckles and kicks the door shut with his foot behind us after they leave. “She just wants another grandbaby.”

I look into the eyes of my husband full of want and need for me. “Well,” I give him a saucy smile, “we shouldn’t disappoint.”

Dalton looks at me with surprise and happiness before picking me up in his arms and taking me over to the bed to make love to me before we board our private plane. “Not at all. I would hate to let my mom down.”

As he tosses me on the bed and as I bounce a couple of times I think about what a lucky woman I am and how my name turned out to be prophetic. Meeting and being loved by Dalton has taught me no matter how bad your luck is...love will always change the outcome! It’s the best kind of luck a girl can have!

The End!

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Heartthrob

Hollywood Forever: Book Five

By:

Jisa Dean

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.

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?

Also by Jisa Dean:

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