



More Than
HIM

More Than Series

ChaShiree M.

MORE THAN HIM

More Than, Book 7

CHASHIREE M.

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*For those that are scared of the happiness you deserve. Don't
be. Take it. Seize it. Own it. Allow it.*

BLURB

Lailani

Dunbar Louis is EVERYTHING. He's smart, funny, sexy and he is not afraid to go for what he wants. Me. Our life seemed headed for HEA. You know...the kind girls dream about. Until the day he breaks my heart.

Now, here I am running from who I thought was the love of my life, determined to forget about him and find a way to mend my heart. At least I will always carry a piece of him with me.

The question is...if he were to come for me, would I be able to deny what my heart wants?

CHAPTER ONE

Lailani

God, I think getting into my car trying to stop the tears. It takes all I have not to turn around, go back to my friend. I want to turn around, tell her everything, take her help and stay in the place that is home for me. But I can't. I need to get as far from here as possible. As far from the memory of everything that I loved, and everything that I lost. For one month, I lived in bliss. I lived in this little bubble, ignorantly happy, believing I had found the love of my life. Asking myself everyday how I got so lucky. How a man of his stature and pedigree could want anything from me. In the end, I was right. The last night we spent together, after hours of making love and making plans for a life I thought we both wanted, as he was kissing me, getting me worked up for round...I don't know what, his mother showed up. Instead of him telling me to get dressed and come meet her, he told me to stay in the room and not move. I am not going to lie and say this didn't hurt, but at the same time, I sort of understood because who would want to meet their future mother-in-law, like this. So, like a good little girlfriend, I stayed.

I am not sure how long I was in the room before I began to wonder what was taking so long. As I opened the door, about to walk out, what I heard stopped me in my tracks.

"Is this the only reason you came here mother?"

"Not entirely. I spoke with Laurie. She informed me of your...detour into the shallow end...shall we say? She understands that men of your means have mistresses and certain need for...experiences outside of your circle. She is

willing to overlook it son. We just need to nail down a date for this wedding. You really have put it off long enough.”

To say I was nauseous was an understatement. I think it was more that I had known, deep down that I was out of his league, but had allowed myself to get sucked in. I didn't even wait for him to walk in. I got up, holding my tears in, put my clothes on, gathered my things and right as I was going to walk out, he walked in, saw my things in my hand and knew I had heard. I don't remember what was said, I just remember slapping him, calling him a lying bastard, and walking out. I didn't go back to my place, gave my landlord notice, quit my job, and have been hiding out until I could figure out my next move,

Which brings me to now. I am finally ready to leave. Do I know exactly where I am going and what I am going to do... no. But I know I need to leave and figure it out. Saying bye to Phillipa was difficult, but it was just what I needed too. She is right. I need a different plan. There is no way I am going to be able to be a full-time mom and go to school and hold down a full-time job. I feel the tears finally slipping as I let the reality of what is facing me finally takeover. Thank goodness I have plenty of time on the road to figure it out.

My mind keeps going over and over what led me here. Was there a sign. Something I missed? I mean, don't get me wrong. I knew who he was. For one, he was Cord's best man when he and Phillipa married. Not to mention, he can be found in all the tabloids at all social functions, with a different woman on his arms. Except lately, I did notice he had been bringing one particular woman to the last few functions, the photogs had caught. However, according to everyone, including the women he has been photographed, he has had no relationships with any of them. So, what didn't I see? I ask, shaking my head. Wiping the tears from my face, I berate myself. I am not this... whiny... weak, little girl. I am strong and I have been doing it alone for my whole life. Rubbing my hand over my stomach. I have to acknowledge however, that I left a piece of my heart back there. Luckily, I have my baby to give the rest too.

I will never be alone... again. No. From here forward, it will be me and my baby. "Don't worry little one, momma's going to love you and protect you forever."

Now, I just have to find a job.

CHAPTER TWO

Lailani

Crap. I yawn, stretching my arms as I get out of the car. That was a long ass drive. Especially when you are alone, pregnant, and lost in your thoughts trying to figure out how you are going to build your life, with nothing but the miracle growing inside of you. I look around, taking in my surroundings. After driving eight hours, only pulling over twice to go to the potty, I figured it was time to stop for gas and to eat. I pull into this gas station with this little diner connected to it and decide it is as good a place as any. Walking in, I note that there is a nice crowd of people, letting me know the food is at least decent. “Can I help you hun?” I hear a sweet motherly voice ask me.

“Hi. Uh, yes. First, I need a restroom,” I say, looking around trying to find it.

“It’s around the corner, sweetie.” Thank God.

“Thank you.” I say practically running to it. Finally feeling less frantic, I walk back into the diner and sit on one of the stools and grab a menu. Perusing it, I note it has a lot of comfort food which is wonderful since I am already missing home.

“What can I get you hun?” she asks me, her hand on her hip and a warm smile on her face. A glance at her name tag tells me her name is Nana.

“Can I get the meatloaf dinner, side of fries, and a vanilla shake.”

“Sure thing,” she says grabbing my menu. I continue to look around, my mind whirring, picturing myself possibly settling here. It seems nice enough. I can tell it is small. Not fancy, which is fine by me. Turning toward the register, I note the for hire sign. Well shit. Maybe its fate.

“Here you go hun,” she says sitting my food in front of me.

“I see you have a help wanted sign.”

“Yes. Our last waitress married the bread delivery boy and quit.”

“Well, it just so happens, I am in need of a job.” I tell her, determined to find something to begin my new journey.

“What’s your name?”

“Lailani.”

“You’re new around here, sweetie?” I nod my head trying to keep the tears at bay.

“How did you know?”

“This is a small town, sweetie. Plus, you sound like a big city girl. What brings you here?”

“I-I needed to start over.” I tell her no longer able to stop the flood.

“Do you have somewhere to stay?”

“No, I don’t. I left my whole life, friends, job, security, everything behind, with no plan or anything.” my body shaking, as everything comes spilling out. It isn’t until I feel a hand on my back that I realize she has come from behind the counter to comfort me.

“You hush now, girl. Sometimes we have to leave, to find a reason to go back. Now you listen. Thirty minutes into the city, you will come to Embassy Suites. My best friend Flora is the manager of housekeeping. Tell her I sent you. She will give you a job and somewhere to stay. Now eat your food. I will give you some dessert to go.” I wipe my face and smile.

“Thank you,” I say, grabbing her hand. She pats mine before walking away. Maybe I will like it here after all. I finish my food, take the pie she gives me, thank her once more and head out to the hotel. Exhausted, I walk up to the front desk, barely able to hide the tired from my voice. “Hi. I am looking for Flora.”

“Sure. Take a seat. She will be right up.” The chairs in the lobby are so comfy that I find myself dozing off, until I hear a very soft-spoken woman say my name.

“You must be Lailani?” Crap. I jump up, embarrassed she caught me napping.

“Yes. I am so sorry. I-I have just been driving so long and...”

“Don’t worry. Flora told me a bit about it. It just so happens I have an open position. Have you ever worked in a hotel before?”

“I have as a matter of fact. I went from being housekeeping to overnight supervisor of the front desk.”

“Excellent. Well here is the offer. I can offer you free room and board here in the hotel. Eat for free in the restaurant and I will pay you a small stipend. Do you have a shift preference?” I am taken aback by the question. Most employers don’t care. They put in the shift they want and you deal with it.

“Well if it is not too much trouble, I would like midday, if you can. I am going to try to find some scholarships and such to help with going back to school and my plan is to take morning classes. So, I figure I can go to school in the morning, work here midday and maybe take a night class. However, until school happens, whatever shift you need me on.” I gulp hoping I didn’t just talk her out of hiring me.

“Sounds great. I admire young ladies looking to further their careers.” Great.

“That is good to know,” I say my voice is unsure and she picks up on it immediately.

“Is there something else?”

“Well, I was wondering if you wouldn’t mind paying me in cash?” I bite my lip waiting on her to...I don’t know what, but I know it is an odd request.

“I don’t normally pay in cash, you know, tax purposes and all, but...can I ask if you are in some sort of trouble?”

“No, nothing like that. I just... I am just looking to start over and would rather things from my past not make it more complicated than it already is.” She nods her head. I can see her mind ticking before she answers.

“Well, I can certainly understand that. Very well. I will just have to have you sign something every pay period for the accountant.”

“No problem.” Now I just have to tell her the biggest thing before we finalize this. “The only other thing you should know is that I am pregnant.” I hold my breath, hoping and praying she doesn’t change her mind. This is the perfect situation for me.

“Congratulations. How far along are you?”

“Five weeks.”

“Well, babies are a gift. Does this have something to do with your need for... no trail?” she asks, concern taking over her face.

“Yes and no. More no, than yes, but all the same.” She nods.

“No worries. Now, your room will be on the fifth floor. Here is the key. It is actually a room suited for employees that fall on hard times and need a place to stay so it has an actual key. We have several of those throughout the hotel. Do you have many bags?” Is this a dream?

“No. Just this one suitcase.”

“Excellent. Well you go on upstairs and rest. That baby needs some sleep. You can start in the morning. Say... eight?”

“Sounds perfect.” After a few more words, I take the elevator up, open the door, look around for a second, take my clothes off, leaving only my underwear and bra on and fall

into the bed. The last thing I remember is crying for what could have been. One last cry before I fortify. Doesn't stop me from missing his touch.

CHAPTER THREE

Lailani

Grrrr... the feeling and sound of my stomach rumbling wakes me, alerting me to the fact that I barely fed the baby at all yesterday. Looking down at my stomach, I place my hand on it. "I'm sorry, little blip. Mommy was too tired to eat. It won't happen again." Stretching, I finally take a second to take in my surroundings. Per usual, Embassy Suites hotels are always beautiful. The only difference being this one is equipped with a midsize refrigerator instead of the small one. Just big enough to store some milk, juice, and fruit for a late-night snack. It also has a nice sized pantry to the left of the fridge. Walking toward the restroom, I note the closet is bigger than the guestrooms and it has a dresser inside. "Wow, it really is like a mini apartment," I say as I keep going to the bathroom. The bathroom is a standard hotel bathroom with the exception of one thing...it has a little linen closet and the mirror opens for cosmetics.

The shower is bittersweet as it has been since the moment I walked out on Dun. We spent lots of time out, eating, going to the theatre, walking in the park, museums, everything. But just as much time as went out, we spent inside. Eating, watching TV, pretending we were watching TV, cooking, and making love on top of counters meant for cooking. I feel myself smiling a little thinking of the time we were watching Alex Guarnaschelli on the food network make her famous pork meatballs with onion jam. The problem is, we barely made it halfway through the online lesson before I found myself spread eagle on the counter with pasta sauce dripping down my pussy as Dun had dinner mixed dessert.

“The next step is to create the onion jam. The fastest way to do this is to sauté...

“Mmm... you smell good baby.” he says in my ear, his mouth kissing my neck as he nudges my neck.

“I think what you’re smelling is the meat.” I moan, rubbing my legs together.

“You are correct, my love, just not the meat you are referring to.” Oh God. How does he make everything sound so erotic? “I would know your scent from anywhere and I can tell that you are ready to be my feast.”

“I-I thought we were cooking...oh...Dun,” I gasp in surprise as he lifts me onto the counter knocking all the bowls and utensils off. Before I can register anything else, he has my panties down and his mouth less than a breath from my pussy.

“Mmm... look at how shiny your thighs are baby. I don’t even need to stick my tongue in that sweet pussy to taste you. You coated yourself just for me didn’t you, Lani?” Although I know the question is rhetorical, I find myself answering as I squirm and groan for him, my voice no more than whisper.

“Yes. Yes, just for you.”

“Good girl,” he says nothing else as his tongue licks my thighs, purposely avoiding my pussy, driving me crazy knowing I need him so bad. My hands grip his head, doing my best to force him where I need him most, but as usual he is in charge. “You need it huh, greedy girl?” I love it when he calls me that.

“Yes. Lick me, Dun.”

“Ah fuck. You know how much it kills me when your sweet, innocent mouth says dirty things to me.” I hear him say simultaneously with his zipper going down. Knowing that he is stroking himself as he continues to lick every inch of my desire from him, is a powerful feeling. This man is so gone for me that I drive him to the brink. “Jesus, Lani, do you know how good you taste? Fucking sugar coma will this sweetness.” My eyes are closed rolling to the back of my head as I chant over and over ‘lick me... lick me’, all inhibitions lost. Out of

nowhere my body springs to life as something cold drips down the slit of my pussy. Raising my head, I see the glint in his eye as my eyes convey shock, realizing he poured pasta sauce on me. "Think Alex would add this sweet meat to her recipe?" he says before licking me like his favorite tomato covered lollipop. I call his name, my voice rising in octaves the closer I get, something about the dirtiness of this whole situation and just having him mouth sucking the solace from my body. Over and over he licks, his head going wild as he groans against my click sucking it into his mouth every few seconds.

"DUN!" I scream when he adds two fingers not caring that he is probably getting red shit inside of me. Will his cum wash it out? "Oh god. I'm coming, babe. I'm coming." I scream, trying to catch my breath. He always told me to tell him when I was on the edge. He licks me one more time, before removing his head, and slowly inching his cock inside of me, the juicy sound amplified by the fact that I am covered in Alex's special recipe. I gasp like I do every time he enters me because it always feels like the first time.

"So fucking tight," he grunts right before his mouth attacks mine. I can taste myself mixed with the food and somehow it turns me into a ravenous, greedy version of myself. I eat his mouth with vigor, pulling his head further on my mouth as my legs lock him inside of me, telling him without words to never leave. "Fucking shit he says before he kisses me and his body begins to slam in and out of me sending flashes of a life with this constant state of pleasure being a part of it.

"Duuuuun," is the last I remember before waking up in his arms on the floor, covered in the dinner we never made. Kissing my head, he slowly takes my mouth, his eyes never leaving mine. I read so much in them and try to convey how I feel with mine. That was a great night. I thought we would have those nights forever.

Crap. Why do I do this to myself? I think as I put body wash on my sponge. As it grazes my nipple, I hiss, the sensitivity too much. My body tingles remembering how the shower was our favorite place. I loved the way his hands felt

as he rubbed every inch of me, the soap making them slick and...no, Lani, stop it. If you are ever going to move on, you have to stop this. It's over. You have your baby to think about now. With that thought, I get out of the shower, dry off and get into some clothes. Walking out of the room, as I enter the elevator, I feel both heavy and light. I guess it is going to take some time. "Good morning, Lalani. I trust you slept well."

"Good morning Flora. Yes, I did thank you."

"Excellent. Why don't you go and have some breakfast, and then Sandra will be down in about an hour to take to the uniform room and for the next day you will follow her around as she shows you the ropes. How does that sound?"

"That sounds great."

"Good. well enjoy your breakfast."

"Thank you." Breakfast is delicious and if the quieting of my stomach is any indication, the baby agrees. By the time I am finished, a woman named Sandra walks to me and immediately I know I am going to like her.

"Hey hun. I'm Sandra. Flora says you are going to be my shadow for the next few days. No worries, we are going to have fun," she says putting her arm through mine.

The rest of the day goes by quickly and by the time I make it back to my room I am exhausted. "Ok little blip. How about we sleep for an hour before we get dinner." I lay my head on the pillow and give thanks that at least for now, we have a place to stay and I have a way to support us. Now, I just have to figure out school. "Don't worry. Even without your dad we are going to be ok. Hope my heart is one day as well."

CHAPTER FOUR

Lailani

ONE WEEK LATER

Ugh. This baby is already giving me a hard time. Every morning for the past few days I have been running to the toilet leaning over it. Luckily, nothing has been coming out, but I guess the point is to let me know I am no longer in charge. “Blip, I thought we had an understanding. I take care of you and you be good.” I rub my stomach and begin getting dressed for the morning. The past week has been good. I got the hang of the job and am now taking on my own two floors. I work six-hour day and the rest of the day is for me. I have begun researching information on scholarships and different programs. Today, after my shift, I have an appointment with Gladys from the library. She works in the community department and I was told she is the person to talk to if you need information on resources. *Bzzz. Bzzz.* Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I look at it but I don’t need to. For the last few months, Phillipa has been calling me, begging me to tell her where I am. It’s not that I don’t want my best friend to know where to find me, I don’t want her in the middle. The less information she knows, then she is not betraying her husband by keeping secrets from him. I would never do anything to put my friend in a situation. “Hi bestie. How is the growing belly?” I try to always keep the conversation light and make it about her, but it never works. She is more than determined and stubborn.

“The belly is fine. Not getting big yet, thank goodness. How is yours?”

“Making itself known now and not the most appealing way.” I say scowling as the memory of me over the toilet not even thirty minutes ago.

“How is work going?” she asks. This is how she builds up to the location.

“I am still learning the ropes, but it is fine. I am excited though that I have an appointment with the lady that runs the

community center at the library. She is going to give me information on scholarships and programs to help single moms who are trying to go to school.”

“That is amazing, Lani. I just... I don’t understand why you just won’t come back home. Cord and I will be more than happy to help you anyway you can. We would even do our best to keep Dun away from you if it is what you want. Just come home.” This is why I love her. Loyalty has always been at the top of the list for us.

“I love you, Phillipa, but no, you know I cannot do that.”

“Fine...at least tell me where you are.” See persistent.

“You know I am not going to do that. But I love you.” I hear her sigh and her voice get emotional. I feel horrible, but I have to do this on my own.

“I love you too. I am here if you need me, Lani.”

“I know and that is more than enough.” Hanging up, it takes me a second to get myself together, before I finally get dressed and out the door. The walk to the library is not too long but long enough for me to once again go over everything in my mind. The difference between the other times I have done it and this one, is that now, I have some direction. Some hope. A plan. Opening the library door, I am immediately filled with warmth. Something about being surrounded by books is comforting. “Hi, my name is Lailani Moore. I have an appointment with Gladys.” I say once I make it to the desk.

“Yes, please. Hold on a moment.” She walks away from the desk. I walk around for a while, looking at things.

“Miss Moore?”

“Yes. hello. Thank you so much for meeting with me today.”

“It’s a pleasure. Please, follow me. So, tell me what you are looking for by way of assistance?”

“Well, I am going to be a single mom once this little blip is born and I just want to be ready to provide a life for us. I want

to be able to do more than just survive.” I think that is the first time I have expressed that out loud to anyone.

“Well darling, I will certainly do my best. Any ideas on what you want to go into?” This is the question I have asked myself over and over. I know what I used to want to do, but now, in this situation I have found myself in, I have a bit more direction.

“Yes, I would like to be a caseworker. I believe I could be of some help to those in need.”

“That is an excellent idea and admirable profession. It just so happens we have quite a few scholarships available and some classes opening up next month actually at the local community college. Would you like to sign up for a meeting with the advisor?”

“Please. Yes. That would be amazing.” I take a deep breath looking forward to the future ahead.

“I am assuming you are going to be needing childcare as well.”

“Yes, that would be correct.”

“Well, when you get closer to the date, we will tackle that. What do you think?”

“I agree. Thank you so much.” When I walk out of the building, I have tons of brochures, business cards of people I should contact and more than hope. So why is there still a bit of an ache?

CHAPTER FIVE

Lailani

THREE MONTHS LATER

I have never been so exhausted in my life. Even when I was sixteen years old, going to high school full-time and working full-time trying to support myself and my mom, I wasn't this tired. However, being sixteen weeks pregnant, working and going to school, is harder than anything. I find myself barely making it out of bed in the morning. The one thing that keeps me going is knowing I am working to make a better life for myself and little peanut. I smile rubbing my stomach, as I grab all of my stuff to get ready for class. No one can tell yet that I am pregnant, it's barely the size of a soccer ball, but I can tell. I can definitely see the difference in my body and feel it. Everything about me is different. My breasts are bigger and so sensitive, so sensitive in fact, that all it takes is a pinch or two, a vision of him on top of and I am flying high. Yea, that sensitive.

When I look in the mirror, I barely recognize my body. My abdomen is expanding, widening my hips. When I went to the doctor a few days ago for my check up and ultrasound, she asked me if I wanted to know. I found myself about to look for my phone to ask him if he wanted to know, and then I remembered that he has nothing to do with this. I am doing this alone. So, I looked at her and said yes. I want to know if I am carrying my son or daughter under my heart. It doesn't matter to me which, but I want to be able to find joy in thinking of names. She looked into her monitor and told me I was having a boy; I couldn't help but feel sad and happy. I am sad for the little baby boy who may never know his father. Well, at least not in a be there everyday sort of way. But happy for me because it's my baby. I find myself rubbing it all day, wondering what he is going to look like. Is he going to have Dun's charcoal colored hair and blue eyes? Or will he have my chocolate colored hair and gray-ish gold eyes? Will he have my heart and his father's persistence?

Looking at my clock, I realize I am going to be late if I don't get out of la-la land and get moving. Today I have an exam in my critical thinking class and I barely got any sleep studying for it. Walking down the street, I watch as mother's take their babies, strolling down the sidewalk, strollers rolling in front of them so happy and serene. I wonder how many of them are doing it alone. Can you still be so happy and at peace being a single mom?

Walking into the building, I put it all out of my mind and focus on the endgame. Passing this test and passing in life. "Good afternoon class," my professor says. "I take everyone has prepared for today?" We all nod our heads, anxious to get it over with. "Good. The tests are going around. As soon as you get it, you may start. When you are finished, turn it in, and you may go. There will be no class today." Thank God, I can't help but think. That means since it is my day off, I can go home and grab a nap before dinner.

I have no idea how long the test takes me, I don't bother looking at the clock, but all I know is how happy I am when I turn it in and walk out the building. I decide to take the long way back today, needing more time in the sunshine and fresh air. I love walking through the park, someday, watching all the children laugh and play as they swing and run and just enjoy being children. I want that for him, my peanut. That is what all this work is for. To give him a childhood where he has to worry about nothing but being a kid. One who is loved and cherished. He will be my focus in life. Everything will be for him. *Bzzz*. I answer it without even looking. No need. No one has this number but Phillipa. "Hey hun." I answer trying to sound happy and unfazed.

"Hi. How are you? How is everything?"

"Everything is great. Just got done from taking this test for school. Decided to take a walk through the park before going back to nap."

"I bet. Being pregnant is really draining." she replies laughing.

“Girl, no shit.” I say leaning back on the park bench. “Speaking of bellies, how’s yours?”

“She is fine, busy. I swear it’s like she is taking an aerobics class in there.” she groans. But I can also hear the happiness. “Have you started feeling anything yet?” I smile, looking down at the little pouch.

“Yes. I can feel him moving around in there. I think it is finally becoming more than flutters. I was getting out of the shower the other day and I swear I saw a little movement when I was looking in the mirror.”

“Wait...did you say he? You’re having a boy!” she screams in my ear. “That is so wonderful, Lani. OMG!” I shake my head, giggling. “Will you please tell me where you are. His auntie would like to mail him something.” Her calling herself his auntie almost made me cry.

“Phillipa...”

“No. Stop it. It has been long enough. Tell me something Lani.” I sigh knowing she is right. How long can I keep this up? However, I am not ready to give her everything. So, I give her something basic.

“Fine. I am in Tennessee. That is all I am willing to tell you right now. Okay?”

“Fine,” she sulks. “For now.”

“Alright, well I need to sleep. I love you,” I tell her as I am putting my key into the lock.

“I love you too, Lani. I am here if you need me.”

“I know.” We hang up and I lay in the bed realizing I didn’t make her promise not to tell him. It’s probably because I really hope she does.

CHAPTER SIX

Lailani

Ugh. Rolling over I see the sun is out and all I want to do is rollover and go back to sleep. I had a hard time sleeping last night and now it seems I am going to have an even harder time waking up. Yesterday after I finished speaking with Phillipa, I napped like I said I would but when I got up, I still felt restless and tired. I ate, studied, talked to some coworkers, and read a bit, but nothing worked. I was unsettled. Then it hit me, now that Phillipa has the state I am in, if he wanted to find me, a min with his resources could. The thing that kept me...tossing and turning, was if he would even look. Would he come for me? Does he even care? I know Phillipa says he asks about me and if she knows where I am all the time, but does he really care? Or is he just saving face in front of them? The biggest question is, what would I do if he did show up?

I don't know how much time I spend staring out of the window, but when I look at my clock I groan once again. Today is one of my busier days. On Monday and Thursdays, I work from eight to ten, class from ten thirty to one, work from two to four, class again from five to seven, then eat and sleep. Yes, I know. I am crazy, but I am also determined and as tired as I am, I am finally working toward my goal. Ok. Time to get up. Pushing myself, I go do my morning routine, put on my uniform, and walk downstairs. I giggle as I was through the lobby, little peanut fussing at me to feed him. "Come on little man, let's go eat."

Work goes by pretty fast, and so does the first class. When I get back to the room to change back into my uniform, I note

there is a note from Flora telling me Sherry needed the extra shift and since she knew today was my busy day, she gave my second shift to her. If it were any other day, I would be disappointed, but today, it is perfect. Having a bit more time, I go downstairs for lunch and decide I am going to take advantage of the situation and have a midday nap. Hopefully, I can think of something that won't keep me up. Setting my alarm, I lay down and pass out.

"Mmm. Good morning baby," he says kissing the side of my neck.

"Good morning," I reply turning over on my back to look in his eyes. I love morning best, when we have been cocooned together all night after hours of lovemaking, only to wake up and the euphoria hasn't worn off. When I wake up in his arms in the morning and see the adoration and love in his eyes, I can't help, but feel warm and safe.

"Always so fucking beautiful," he whispers right before his mouth lands on mine. Moaning, I put my arms around his neck and spread my legs, needing to feel him moving inside of me. I have never felt complete in my life, until the day he made me his. "You need me baby?" he asks, his mouth barely leaving mine.

"Yes," I manage to say before he slides inside of me. The mornings are always slow and beautiful.

"So fucking wet, baby. You feel that? You feel how deep inside of you I am? Shit, you're still so damn tight." His mouth kissing all over my face before sucking one of my nipples into his mouth.

"Dun!"

"Say it again, Lani. Tell me who makes you feel like this."

"You, Dun. Only you," I say rocking back and forth, whimpering, my arms squeezing him, not wanting to let him go. He stops suddenly, moving my hair off my forehead. His beautiful green eyes, stare into mine, emotion as plain as day. He rubs his nose against mine before kissing me, softly and

slowly, tender even. I close my eyes, basking in the feeling of belonging to someone. Feeling like I am not in it by myself.

“I love you.” he says, his eyes never leaving mine. I look into his, waiting for a hint of...something, but all I see is love. I feel the tears, but don't bother hiding them since they are because of happiness. I smile and tell him what is in my heart too.

“I love you, too,” is all I say before grabbing his ass, telling him to move without using words. The words we just exchanged, make this moment so much more. He lifts my legs, wrapping them around his waist, allowing him to sink deeper inside of me. I feel him hitting that spot inside of me, that sends fireworks through my body. Wrenching my mouth from his, I yell, letting him know I am almost there.

“Oh god. Dun...” I say moving faster and faster, racing toward the finish line.

“Fuck baby. You hear how wet you are. I love how you flood all over my cock right before you come. Say it, Lani. Say I.” he grunts as his tempo begins to get faster. I don't need him to tell me what words, I know.

“I love you, Dun. I love you.”

“I love you too, baby. Come with me.” we go over together, yelling and grunting as we both release the passion we feel for one another. He rolls over, pulling me to lay on top of him. “How you feeling, baby?” he asks, rubbing my back as I drape myself across his chest.

“Happy.”

“Good.”

“I would never have believed a month ago, this is where I would be.”

“Well I...” he begins to say when another voice comes from the front room.

“Dun, son are you here?” He jackknifes off the bed, throwing his clothes on.

“I’m sorry baby. I told her she is no longer free to come and go as she pleases. Let me go and get rid of her.” He leaves the room and I can’t help but feel a bit...I’m not sure but suddenly I feel not so good. It could be because we have been together for a month, but I have never met his mother. Now to be fair, I can hardly be upset. Whenever he has asked me anything about my family, I change the subject or find ways to distract him. Not hearing anything, I guess she must be gone, so I walk to the door.

“Darling, we have put the wedding off long enough. It is time to get started. I know about your little...dalliance, dear. Laurie understands that men sometimes need to take a deep on the bottom end. But really, Dunbar, don’t you think it has been long enough?” oh god. I think clutching my stomach. It can’t be true. There is no way the man that has become everything to me and has treated me like his everything, is engaged to someone else. I mean, with all the time we spend together, where would he find the time. Deciding it must be a mistake, I listen, waiting for him to deny it, but he never says anything. I feel my whole life falling and crashing around me. Knowing I need to go before I lose it; I throw my clothes on and grab everything I can carry in my arms. Determined to leave with my head held high, I walk out the room only to find he is walking toward me with no sign of his mom.

“Lani, where are you going?” he asks, his eyebrows scrunched and confused.

“I’m leaving. Wouldn’t want to take any more time away from your wedding.” I say, still walking to the door.

“Lani listen to me. It’s not what you think,” he says reaching for me. Moving back out of his reach, I can’t stop myself before I slap him.

“Stay away from me you bastard. I trusted you. I fucking loved you. How could you?” No longer able to hold in the sob. “How could you!” I cry out, my body feeling like the air is being ripped from it.

“Baby, I wouldn’t...”

“I don’t want to hear it. Please just...” I don’t finish before I run out of the door and down the stairs not wanting to wait for the elevator. Making it to the lobby and outside, there is an empty cab and I hop in it and look back one more time. I don’t go home that night. I go to stay with a coworker, choosing not to go to my best friend’s house since she is going through enough in her marriage. God it hurts so bad. How am I going to recover from this?

Shit. I say sitting up pulling myself from the memory that shattered all of my dreams. I look down at my stomach and simply rub it, silently telling him I am sorry his family fell apart before he even knew he had one. To think, the day before I had just found out I was pregnant and was planning to tell him that morning during our morning bath. Get it together, Lani. Get it together.

My alarm clock goes off right as I begin to stretch, and I get ready to go. Grabbing my book bag and purse, I walk out the door. Poising to put the key in the lock, I stop when the hairs on the back of my neck begin to stand up. I know that feeling oh too well. I shake my head, knowing it’s not possible. Must be the memory playing tricks on me. Right as I inhale to take a deep breath, his scent hits my nose at the same time as his voice reaches all the other parts of me. “Lani?” Oh god. It can’t be. I feel him stand behind me, as evidenced by the sway of my body being called to his. Turning, I look at him and gasp at his appearance. A far cry from the put together man I first met.

“Dun,” I gasp my hand over my stomach. I can feel the wall I have been trying to build crumbling before my very eyes, my heart recognizing its owner. Everything begins to turn right side up, until he opens his mouth.

“Who the hell is he, Lani? Tell me who he is so I can read him his last fucking rights.” My first thought is what the hell is he talking about. But then it clicks. He just saw me leaving a hotel room and assumed there is a man on the other side of this door. Well now I am just downright pissed. Who in the hell does he think he is?

CHAPTER SEVEN

Lailani

He's here. He is actually here, standing in front of me, being an asshole, but he is still close enough for me to touch. Thank God he is being a jerk because I almost slipped up and did just that. "None of your damn business. Who the hell do you think you are to ask me anything about my personal life?"

"It's my business because you are my woman and that gold mine between your legs belongs to me." well shit. Why did he have to go and say that? I try to be discrete as I rub my legs together, fighting to control the throb. "I see your pussy didn't forget did it, baby?" See. Asshole. Although he is right. "Now tell me whose hotel room you are leaving, so I can take care of him and then take care of you." crap I should be telling him to get lost, but I slipping into a Dun-fog and begging is going to be next. "I can smell her, baby. Did she miss me, huh, sweetness? Did that juicy pussy miss this steel rod?" I really need to get a grip and tell him to get the fuck away from me.

"I-I don't...I... what are you doing here, Dun?" Oh yea, that's telling him, I chastise myself.

"Ask me a serious fucking question, Lani. Did you think you would run from me and I wouldn't go to the end of the earth to find you? Who the hell do you think I am?" oh hell no. That is exactly what I needed to pull me out of this quickly sinking abyss.

"I think you are the type of man that would sleep with a woman for a month, sell her dreams and fantasies all the while having a fiancée waiting for you. That's who the hell I think

you are.” good job, Lani. Get pissed. He doesn’t deserve your lust. I straighten my shoulders, once again feeling in control. The anger taking over his face is pleasing since I know it is made out of jealousy. Annoyed that I haven’t answered him, he gets ready to knock on the door, and I touch him. I stupidly touched him to stop him from banging on a door where no one will answer and everything in me lights up. Not just my wet, swollen pussy, but my heart, my mind, and my vision. Everything seems brighter and that is fucked up considering what he did to me.

“Don’t,” I say to him, stopping his hand. The sting when my hands touched his skin caused me to pull my hand back. Sensing the war within me, he smirks a bit and pushes further into me, pinning me to the wall. I am so busy fighting this war of lust and love he is bringing back to the forefront that I forget about the secret between us...literally. Not that I am pregnant, but that he doesn’t know. The moment he leans into me, I feel the baby kick and I can’t help but close my eyes, hoping like hell he didn’t feel it. It’s like our son knows his daddy is here. I squint my eyes open, scared to see his expression, but as soon as his eyes connect with mine, I know he felt it. His hands slowly travel from my neck down, his eyes never leaving mine, until he reaches my stomach. Moving my jacket aside, he puts his whole palm over my stomach causing a whimper in my throat at the intimacy of it. When he touches me, once again the baby kicks, introducing himself and the gasp that leaves him, is almost poetic. He almost looks...happy... possessive. I know what is coming next and I can’t stand here a minute longer or the strength I have been trying so hard to build with vanish. Pushing against his chest, I give it one last try. “Go back to your life, Dunbar. I am going on with mine,” and with that I run past him and hope like hell he doesn’t follow me.

I make it outside and lean against the building trying to catch my breath. Everything is shaking. My hands, legs, hell even my pussy is vibrating. I just need to get to class. I need to get to the one place I can control something. I walk into class sometime later and instantly I know it is going to be futile. There is no way I am going to be able to concentrate. But I

can't go back. At least not right now. I need time to gather myself and for him to leave. Huh. as soon as I say it, I know it is a joke. There is no way he's going to leave knowing I am carrying his baby. But what does it mean that he is here? Looking down at my stomach, "Your daddy's here, lil peanut. Too bad he can't stay."

No matter how much we really want him too.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Lailani

Thank God it is my day off. I am more than positive I am not the headspace to work today. I have so much running through my head. The real issue is the confliction inside of me. I know how I should feel. The thing is it is a complete juxtaposition to how I really feel. I have no idea what I am going to do. When I get off the elevator on my floor, I find myself tiptoeing down the hallway, not sure where he is. I am assuming his room is on this floor and right now, I need to think. I put my key in the door and am taking a deep breath when I make it inside, only to be pulled in and pushed against the wall. About to scream, I am thwarted when the mouth of the man I love slams into mine and all of the fight leaves me. Moaning at the feeling of having his tongue tangle with mine as his hands explore me. God why does this feel so good? I could blame it on hormones but I don't lie to myself. "Fuck I missed you baby," he says, his mouth traveling down my neck. Mmm. My favorite spot. I am so lost in the overwhelming feelings that I almost miss the way he lifts me and lays me on the bed as if I weigh nothing. Our mouths don't miss a beat, starving for one another.

Removing his mouth from mine, he stops and stares at me, his eyes searing my body. "So fucking beautiful," he whispers before he takes my mouth again as his hands undress me. My shirt goes above my head and my pants down faster than my beating heart. Laying naked under him, my body shivering from the adrenaline flowing through me, I have never felt sexier. I can physically feel his eyes as they make love to me. When he gets to my belly, he gets down on his knees and leans

over. “Hi baby. My baby,” he says, his voice filled with reverence and love. When he kisses it, the tears fall, and guilt fills me. How did I ever contemplate not telling him? His palm splay over the baby, once more kissing it, before he moves further down between my legs. “Mmm,” he says inhaling. “Still so juicy. Did this greedy cunt miss my attention, Lani?” Oh shit. His dirty mouth. “Ah.” I shout as he licks me, his tongue hot and forceful. “Fuck, baby. You’re even sweeter than before. My seed added extra sugar huh,” he says before drinking and licking, like a soldier that has been lost in the desert.

“Dun... please,” I beg him, everything so... much.

“You’ll fucking wait, Lani. You took this from me. Now you take what I give you.” Holy hell. I love it when he gets commanding. His hands grip my thighs pulling me further to the edge of the bed. Putting me as he wants me, he tongue fucks me over and over, taking a second to lick me from rosette to clit. Hell. I forgot how much I loved it when he licked me there. “Just like I remember, except better.”

Oh God. I am literally face fucking him, racing toward the end game. I need to come like I need to breath. I am going to die if he doesn’t. “Ahhhhh!!” I catapult over the abyss straight into outer space as his teeth bit my clit right before his finger plunges into me, sending blind. I am still gasping for air when I feel him kiss my pussy one more time before climbing on top of. I feel his cock as it rubs against my clit, causing me to shake, everything so sensitive right now. When the hell did he take his pants off? He commandeers my mouth, sharing a taste of me, and once again I am primed for him. When his hand lands over my heart, something we used to do to one another, meant to calm us both before we connect in the most primal way, something in me snaps and I remember all the reasons this cannot happen. “I can’t do this,” I say pushing him off me with no real intent. His eyes dare me to really say no.

“Say it again,” he says before his mouth sucks one of my nipples and all prior thought is lost. A needle pierces a part of my skin, sending sparks straight to my clit and once again I

find myself soaring through the air, yelling my release. Holy shit. And then there is darkness.

CHAPTER NINE

Lailani

Oh shit. I have no clue how long I was out of it, but it obviously didn't stop him. I am roused from my faint, by the feeling of being lit on fire. Rolling my head back and forth, I feel his wet mouth moving from one nipple to the other moaning, sucking, and biting. My hands go to his head pulling him further into me, keening as I spread my legs, telling him I am ready for him and I need him. Is this what four months of being without does to you? "You welcoming me home, baby?"

"Please Dun, I need you," I say close to begging him.

"I need you too baby." I feel him slide inside of me and my whole world changes once again. It's poetic how one intimate connection can fill your soul. He begins to move much like our morning lovemaking, slowly and with love that can't be denied. His whole body engulfs me, that sense of safety and contentment consuming me as he moves in and out of me, our mouths and body getting reacquainted. It doesn't escape me that every part of me is covered by him except my stomach. The care he exhibits to not put pressure on our child, clutches at me, telling me this man is going to take care of this baby, even if we are not meant to be. His body still ensconced inside of me, his mouth finds my nipples once again, as his hand moves between us. I can't help but cry out as my body meets his stroke for stroke. Frantic, I grab his ass, spread further open and pull him into me harder, needing him to take me like he used to. "Shh. Calm down baby. I got you, greedy girl. Slow down before you hurt my baby," he says reprimanding me with a smile on his face.

“Fuck me, asshole,” I say to him before biting his lip. I see the moment his body tenses. Lifting up, he grabs my legs, lifts them over his arms and slams inside of me, sending my head spinning with the building.

“How the fuck was I supposed to walk away from million-dollar pussy like this huh? Was I supposed to let you go and take my heart with you? I was always going to come for you, baby. Just like you’re going to come for me.” His last words before he pinches my clit and I scream, finally letting go of the orgasm that was sizzling inside of me. I hear him roar as he fills me with the seed that made the life inside of me. Our combined desire drips between us, both of us at a loss of air. He rolls off of me dragging me to him so we’re facing one another. We meet each other in the middle, our kisses, slow and filled with regret and hope. For now.

Laying here in his arms, I allow myself to relish in it. I am trying so hard to keep my emotions at bay. I almost succeed until he kisses my forehead and I lose it. Burying my head in his chest, I cry for the loss of what we had, for the uncontrollable need I have for him that has never gone away and for the uncertainty of the future. He rubs my head for a few minutes, telling me to stop crying and how much he missed me. “Please stop crying baby. It’s going to be ok. Look at me.” he says, pulling my chin up. Will you listen to me?” he asks, giving me a chance to nod. “There was never any engagement, Lani. My mother has been under the delusion that she could arrange a marriage like my parents had and despite how much I told her it wasn’t going to happen even before you came in my life and added meaning, she kept insisting. When she found out about you, this sent her into overdrive and she was determined to undermine what we had. She is angry, baby, because she knows I am in love with you and it destroyed her carefully laid plans. You have to believe me. I would NEVER betray you that way.” His eyes never leave mine and in them, I see the truth.

“I believe you, Dun,” I say because I do.

“Now tell me, did you know you were pregnant when you disappeared from my life?” I bite my lip unable to look at him.

I simply nod, shame filling my heart.

“How could you leave and not tell me, Lani. Don’t you think I had a right to know? Were you ever planning on telling me?”

“I swear I was. But believing you never loved me and I was just some fling, I needed time to become strong enough to face you and not fall apart. I was waiting until I could not love you,” I tell him honestly.

“You know that was never going to happen, don’t you? We are soulmates. We are so far embedded in one another that we could never live without one another. This baby is evidence of our love, baby. Our hearts made this little being you are keeping safe for us. Nothing can destroy that type of love and devotion.” My heart leaps at his words.

“A boy,” I say looking up at him. “We are having a boy.” I swear his chest puffs out as he kisses me and moves to my stomach.

“My son. Daddy loves you, baby boy.” And just like that, the last brick falls. Now what?

CHAPTER TEN

Lailani

They say that everything looks different in the light of day and that is what I find myself waking up to this morning. Being wrapped in his arms feels better than I want to admit, but now that I have had a chance to allow the last few months to sink in, the lingering question is why didn't he refute all she was saying that day? He literally said nothing. Isn't that an admission of guilt? Also, why was I a secret the whole time? Sure, we went out to dinner and to the movies and such, but it was always places where no one would recognize him. At least that is how it feels. He could have just as easily introduced me to his mother, showed her I was important to him and left it at that, but he did none of the above and now that he is here telling me all of this, I don't know how to process it.

Looking at his gorgeous, rugged face one more time, I roll over and get out of bed, needing to get ready for work. In the shower washing off the nights escapades, I can't help but feel sad. It's like washing off the remnants of him, is essentially washing away the promises and declarations. Choosing not to think about it any longer than I have to, I get out and go into the bedroom to put my uniform on. When I enter the room, he is awake and leaning against the headboard. "Come back to bed, baby. You are messing with our morning ritual. I have been deprived for too long." **Squish.** Damn man. Less than twenty words from him, and my shower was in vain.

"I can't. I have to get ready for work."

“Considering all we have missed and still need to work out, can’t you take the day off?” he asks, the expectancy in his voice only fueling my refusal.

“No,” I say simply. Grabbing my uniform, I pull it up my body and button it up.

“What the fuck are you wearing?” he growls.

“My work uniform,” I answer looking down at myself. It’s not like I am showing anything inappropriate.

“My woman is not a fucking maid. Take that shit off.” Is he serious right now?

“I will not. First of all, I am not a maid. The correct term is a housekeeper. Secondly, who the hell do you think you are, as I asked last night. You are not my father and certainly not my *husband*, so where do you get off thinking you have the right to order me around?” Oh shit. Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say. He gets out of bed, naked, his cock pointing at me like a missile ready to launch and stalks toward me, his face fuming. For a second, I forget what I am saying and salivate over all 6 foot 1 of him. A God.

“If you hadn’t run from me, you would be my damn wife by now. The mother of my kid does not clean anyone’s room.” His comment bringing me back to my indignation.

“Well apparently, she does. Now if you excuse me.” I push past him as he inhales and exhales, attempting to calm himself down.

“What time do you get off?”

“Noon.”

“Fine. As soon as you come back, we are going out to talk. This shit ends today.”

“I have an appointment after work. Won’t be done until later.”

“What appointment?” His voice raises as the frustration returns. Too bad I don’t intend on answering him. Continuing to head for the door, with my hand on the knob, I turn to him and stun even myself.

“Have a nice day Mr. Louis.” and walk out. Now take that asshole. Walking into the elevator, I feel... liberated somehow. But the feeling is short lived as I begin to feel childish. I could have simply told him about the appointment with my T.A., but a part of him wanted to know that I don't need him. I don't need his permission, his money or his... who the hell am I kidding. I need him. Just not things. I need *him*. So why can't I stop running and pushing him away?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lailani

Walking into the room after work, seeing he has left both upsets me and gives me a sense of relief. When he is in the room I can't think. All I can see to do is feel and right now, that is not good for my psyche. I change my clothes, rushing because the last room I cleaned, was paid for by a bunch of college students and to say it was trashed is an understatement. So, it took me longer than normal to clean it and now, I am going to be late for my session with my science T.A. to work on my hypothesis paper. Dressed and heading back out the door, I still don't see him and I begin to think that maybe I pushed him too far and he left. What do you expect Lani? A man is only going to take so much. Shit. I do not have time for tears.

I make it to the park with five minutes left to spare and decide to walk over to the coffee cart and grab a decaffeinated caramel Frappuccino. I see Simon sit on the bench and walk over. "Good morning, Miss Moore."

"Good morning Simon. Thank you for meeting with me. I appreciate you switching the venue to outdoors. I know it is unusual, but I find I think clearer when surrounded by fresh air." It's true. I have always done my homework outside. Even when I was growing up.

"It is no problem. I have to admit this is nice. I might do all of my meetings outside, weather permitting. Now, what can I help you w..."

"Who the fuck are you?" Before I can intercede, Dun has Simon by the collar of his shirt, dangling from the ground with

his face right on his. Simon, struggling to detach himself, is looking at me wondering what the hell is going on.

“Dun, put him down right now,” I demand with my hands on my hips.

“You’re so adorable if you think your cute ass is going to stop me from breaking this pissant’s face.” Why is this so hot? Get a grip, Lani. Now is not the time to be dripping down your thighs. Too late. Damn it.

Simon is trying to explain himself, but with no ability to breath it is kind of hard. “Damn it Dun, he is my student instructor for my science class.” I explain.

“You better not be lying to me, Lani. My lawyer is on speed dial and ready with bail money.” He turns to poor Simon. “Is this true?”

“Yes,” he whispers, nodding his head vigorously. Dun puts him down and looks in the eye.

“My apologies. Now get lost.” Simon scurries off and now I am faced with the wrath of doom. “See what happens when you keep secrets? Enough with the damn games. Bring your little ass back to the hotel room and get dressed. We are going to talk and be done with this shit. Understand?” I nod my head. I have never been able to say no to him when he uses that tone of voice.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Lailani

Standing in front of the mirror, I can't help but admire my curves. When trying to figure out what to wear to dinner, I was nervous at first, not sure what I had to wear that wouldn't make my belly front and center. I called Phillipa upset, asking her what to do and she laughed at me. Tole me it was just hormones from the baby and to be proud of my belly. She said nothing is more beautiful than a woman growing life. When she put it that way, it made me feel better. The truth is, I really only have like two dresses I can wear anyway. So, I decide on the grey sleeveless dress with a twist between the breasts, which makes them more pronounced. It comes about two inches above my knees and has a slit going up the right thigh. The back is crisscross and shows quite a bit of skin. I finish them off with a grey and white pair of Christian Siriano's that Phillipa bought me for my birthday. Smoky eyes, my hair in a ballerina bun with a few tendrils falling down and a pair of simple diamond earrings. So now, looking at myself, I have to admit I look beautiful. Almost ethereal. I guess there is truth to the pregnancy glow. *Knock knock*. Well here we go. "Jesus." he says when I open the door. "What the hell are you trying to do to me?" I smile, feeling even more beautiful with the reaction he just had. "Are you ready?" his voice hoarse as he fights to hold himself back.

"Yes." Grabbing my hand, we walk down, get on the elevator and into the car. The ride to the restaurant is quiet but thick and filled with a barely contained need to attack. Pulling up to the restaurant, he parks, getting out to give the keys to valet. Before he can make it around, the valet guy opens my

door and holds his hand out to help me, when Dun does his growly thing.

“If you plan on keeping that hand I advise you to step back and put it in your pocket.” *Squish*. Well shit. I hope there isn’t a wet spot on the bottom of my dress. “Have to fucking threaten people even with my son in your stomach. Need a goddamn bodyguard.” I hear him grumble to himself. I giggle at how pissed his sexy face is. “You think it’s funny baby? You like to see me lose my shit over you, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I respond, suddenly sweaty and achy.

“Ah ah. Not yet, greedy girl. Got to feed you and then we have to talk. Then...I will fuck you.” Hell. I am going to leave a big ass wet spot on the chair. The date flies by, the conversation light and without the serious stuff. I think we both know it is going to a tense night. Before I know we are waiting for the car to be brought to us. Same valet guy practically throws the keys to Dun, with his head down and sprints inside. I shake my head at the man beside me. So bad. By the time we make it to the room, my panties are practically drooping off of me. “Turn around and face the wall.” I lift my eyebrow at him not wanting to give in so easily even though we both know I am going to. “Don’t make me repeat myself baby. We both know you have pushed me past the point of giving a fuck about your screams and comfortability. So if you don’t want me to drill this ten inch beast inside your intestines, do as I say.” *Squish*. Crap. Facing the wall, I throw all bullshit to the wind and moan, my legs squeezing together, as I wait for him. I can hear him moving around the room, knowing he is driving me crazy. I hear him as he removes his jacket and unbuttons his pants. The moment he moves behind me I know without a touch. “Smell so sweet, baby. How wet are you?”

“Dun...” I can’t seem to find any other word.

“Answer the question. How wet are you?”

“Too wet.”

“Stick your hands between your legs and show me.” Shit. Trembling, I bend to do as he says, not much mind you since my stomach doesn’t allow for too much. Remembering, he

braces me, one hand on my stomach, the other on my waist. “Rub your hands up your thighs and show me how much has dripped.” oh hell. Feeling how much of my sugar is coating the inside of my legs shocks even me. Moving my hand up and down, I bring it from under my dress and show him. “Fuck. Give me your hand.” he growls, snatching my wrist and licking my whole hand. Holy shit is this so fucking dirty. “God damn it, Lani. Put your hands on the wall and bend over.” needy and pushed to the edge I hold onto the wall needing something to keep me up. Not bothering to remove my panties, he shoves my dress up, moves my sopping excuse for panties to the side and slams inside of me roaring like a lion as I yell my elation at being filled with him once again. He leans over my back, whispering in my ear, “don’t fucking move. Any movement will send me deeper and we might hurt my son. Keep your greedy ass still. Do you understand?”

“Yes Dun. Yes. Please move.” I beg, not sure how long I can follow his orders if he doesn’t move soon.

“Good girl.” he pulls out slowly, dragging against the walls of my pussy. He’s so thick I can fill him, every inch touching a part of my inside. “Ah fuck.” he groans. When he pushes back in, it isn’t as soft and slow. In and out he shoves and pulls, his hand never leaving my stomach, protecting it, cherishing it as he takes me and sends me back into a fog. I hit my fist over and over against the wall, my moans turning to whines, soon to become screams. “Shit.” only word he says before he grabs my hair and pulls me on and of meeting his thrusts as we both shout into the night, reaching the peak together. “Come baby. Fucking soak me so I can soak you back.” his free hand reaches down between my legs and pinches my clit and I fall a thousand feet from the sky, knowing he is going to catch me before I hit the ground. “So fucking beautiful when you come.” his final words before he pulls out of me and comes all over my ass, rubbing it in. “My ass. My pussy. My baby. My woman. Turn around and kiss me.” knowing I don’t have the energy, he picks me up, and kisses me as he walks up to the bed.

Limp limbs and exhausted, I lie there as he undresses me and lays me on the bed. Seconds. I don’t know...minutes later

he gets on the bed also naked and pulls me into his arms. “Now talk to me. There is something you are running from that has nothing to do with me. It’s deep inside of you. That is why you were so eager to believe the worst in me. What happened?” I really don’t want to talk about this, but maybe he is right. Perhaps my family life is also at play here. If there is any chance for us, I have to open up.

“When I was five, my father ran off with another woman and started a whole new family and I never saw him again. Shortly after, my mother spiraled out of control. She fell apart. Began drinking, staying out late, drugs, you name it. I studied my ass off, got a half scholarship to college. I worked full time as well. Well, during my sophomore year, I found out that ever since I was 16, she had been racking up gambling debt in my name.” the anger I have spent so many years trying to stifle is coming to the forefront. Due to that, as a result, I was denied for student loans and had to drop out of college. I have spent all of this time, working my ass off, every shift, overtime, second job, anything I can think of to pay it off and fix my credit. I am not entirely done, but I figure if I finish school and make more money, I can do it faster.” phew. Glad that’s over. Taking a deep breath after spilling all of that out, he pulls my chin up to look him in his eyes.

“I am sorry you had to go through that, baby. I will never walk away from you and our son. Hell from you or any of our children. I love you and this life we made, more than I love myself. You just have to give us a chance.” he says before he kisses me chastely. I have to ask the question.

“What do you want, Dun?”

“All of you and I will give you all of me. You are mine, Lani. No matter how much or how long I have to tell you that, I will. You are mine.” he repeats it over and over, slowly pushing inside of me. He doesn’t move. Instead he looks at me. “I will support every dream you have, Lani and do my best to make them all come true. Just come home, baby. Just come home.” now is slow and loving. How can I say no to that?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Lailani

TWO WEEKS LATER

I have no idea why I am so nervous to be going home but I can't seem to stop my legs from moving up and down. "Baby why are you shaking? Are you that scared to start our life together?" his question throws me for a second as I contemplate that. Is that why this is bothering me so much? "Your faith in me is that little?" Why do I feel like an awful person now?

"It's not that, Dun. it's more about the fact that so much has changed. I have changed. What if we get here, you realize I am not the shy, unsure woman you met those months ago. What if that is not what you want?" wow. Saying it out loud makes my stomach cramp. The thought that he could all of a sudden not want me again would kill me.

"Baby, I realized how much you had changed back at the hotel, and as much as it shocked me, it was also hot as fuck. The knowledge that I could spar with you then fuck you senseless has my cock on alert 24/7.. So please, don't worry about that. I have been planning for this moment almost since the moment you left. Well, once I got over the panic and misery. I put some things in place with the help of Phillipa and I hope you love it all, as much as I love you. Now calm down. We are almost there." this man. That is one of the things I love about him. He can put me at ease with words. No one in my life has ever been able to do that to the degree he can. When he speaks, I find I want to believe everything he says and it always makes me feel safe and loved. This is why I fell in love with him.

I spend the rest of the ride with my hand in his examining the way they fit together, even though his are so much bigger than mine. It just seems so perfect. "We're here, baby." Breaking my thoughts, I look up and I have no idea where we are.

“Where are we? Whose house is this?” I ask, noting he is not answering any of my questions. I do see there are quite a few cars in the driveway. Huh. Maybe he has to make an appearance at an event before we get to his place. Wish he would have told me. I am so not dressed...

“SURPRISE!!!” I stumble back, shocked and confused by what the hell is happening. “Dun what is going on?” Looking around I see Phillipa and my friends from my old job. Some of Phillipa’s friends I met during the wedding. Inez from my old apartment building. What the hell. Scanning to see who else I recognize, I see a few I don’t know and then I look up and see the sign. “WELCOME HOME LAILANI AND DUNBAR.” Ok, now I am really confused. “Dun?” I question him one more time.

“I bought this house for us. Phillipa picked it out. I had it sparsely decorated so you could make it into the home you want, but I wanted us to have a home. To have a family.” Oh God. Forgetting about the people around us, I jump into his arms burying my face in his neck as the tears flow down my face. Never mind the fact that my stomach is pushing me away from him and I weigh a thousand pounds. But he is holding me like I weigh nothing. “I take it, I did good.” I can’t stop crying long enough to speak so I simply nod still buried in his shirt.

“Thank you so much. It’s beautiful.” I kiss him, needing to show him with more than words, how much this means to me.

“Come on baby. Let’s say hi to everyone.” He makes to put me down but I tighten my hold around his neck not wanting him to let go. He chuckles. “You going to stay like this all night?”

“Yes.”

“You better not. I can’t hug you like this.” I look down and see Phillipa with her hands on her hips. Laughing, Dun lowers me, kisses my head, and lets me go.

“I’m so happy to see you.” We scream at each other, seconds from jumping up and down. Almost as if they can sense it, Dun and Cord come and wrap their arms around our waists to calm us down.

“Oh my gosh. Look at your stomach. Phillipa, you look beautiful.” I say rubbing it.

“Look at yours. So small. You’re lucky. By this time, I was already huge. Four more weeks and this big girl comes out.” She pats her stomach, radiant and happy. What about you? How are you feeling?”

“A bit overwhelmed at this moment, but happy.” I look at Dun. He smiles looking like the cat that caught the canary.

“I am so happy to have you back. I have missed having my best friend.” she hugs me harder, crying on my shoulder.

“Dang it, Phillipa, now I’m crying.” we both sit here, blubbering messes as we hug each other. I missed her too. Dun touches my arm and pulls me back.

“Lani, baby, we need to make the rest of the rounds. There are a lot of people here for you.” He wipes my tears and ushers me through the room, wrapping his arms around my waist. He introduces me to Esme, his best female friend apparently, who helped him find this house.

“It’s so good to meet you, Lailani. So glad you decided to take pity on this one. He was becoming pathetic,” she says laughing. I look at his face and giggle at the expression he is giving her.

“It’s nice to meet you too. Thank you for helping him find this place. It’s incredible.”

“I wish I could take the credit, but it was all this one. Well I am not going to hold you up, but you and I need to do lunch.” I like her.

“Absolutely. Just call me.” She hugs me and walks away. Dun then introduces me to one of his and Cord’s good friends, Dayton, and his wife Sarina. I feel like the introductions are never going to end. Though I have to admit, the atmosphere is fun, light, and exciting. The food is great and everyone is conversing.

After a while, and talking to god knows how many people, I look around for Dun and can’t find him. Then I hear glass clinking. Turning, I see my love standing in the center of the

room beckoning for me to come to him. “Friends, thank you so much for coming as we celebrate our new home. You know, when I bought this home, it was to show my lady, my woman, my heart, that she was everything I ever wanted and that the life we are going to build will be my dream come true because there is nothing I want more than her, except the little baby boy she is keeping safely inside of her until he is ready to come out. The only other thing that would make my point true and more significant, is if I were to prove it with a question.” It is bad enough his speech is making my eyes water, but when he drops to one knee and opens that tiny box, I break down, flooding the floor beneath us. “Lailani, you are the reason I was born. God created you to give me life. Without you, I am a mere shell of a man, walking through life blind to all that is light. So, save me, my love. Keep me alive. Will you marry me?”

“YES!! Yes, I will marry you. I love you so much.”

“Love you too, baby.”

Does it get any better than this?

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Lailani

TWO WEEKS LATER

Thank goodness I came back. Even though it has only been two weeks, at twenty-one weeks pregnant, I am exhausted. Apparently, I have been doing too much according to my husband to be. He has been fussing at me since the day after the party. I keep telling him it is hard work trying to decorate the house, plan a wedding and go to school full time. I was able to transfer my credits to the University of Chicago online and I couldn't be happier not having to go into the city. Believe it or not, I never want to leave this house. I have a home. Something I get to make mine. A home for me and my baby with the love of my life. "Get your hardheaded ass off of that damn ladder, Lani. What the fuck are you doing?" I turn to him showing him my displeasure at his tone of voice.

"I am hanging the curtains in the babies room."

"Didn't I tell you anything high up, wait for me and I will do it for you. Get down before you hurt yourself and my son." picking me up from the ladder he sets me on my feet. "How was your day baby?" he asks, kissing me on my nose.

"Mmm... better now that you're here."

"Same baby. I hate going to work and leaving you here. Especially since you listen worth shit." I giggle into his chest, loving the snuggle time. "So, what's on tonight's agenda, baby?"

"Phillipa and Cord are coming over for dinner. The lasagna in the oven and so is the garlic bread. I just need to toss the salad and that's it."

"Sounds delicious. Let me go get cleaned up."

"Want some company?"

"I always want company, baby. But if you bring your sexy ass up those stairs, Phillipa and Cord are going to be standing

outside the whole night while I decimate you. Now be good and I will give you what you want tonight.” fuck I love it when he tells me to be good. Until him, I had no idea how much dominant men turn me on. Well let me change that statement...how much him dominating me, turns me on. *Bzzz*. Right on time. I think walking to the front door.

“Hey babe. You look great,” I tell her loving how well she is carrying this pregnancy.

“So do you,” she says rubbing my stomach. I turn to Cord, feeling bad that I have yet to speak.

“Cord, as always it is good to see you,” I say kissing him on the cheek.

“You as well Lailani. Where’s the man of the house?”

“He should be down soon. There is beer on the counter if you want to go in and have a drink.”

“Ah... you know me so well.” Phillipa rolls her eyes as he walks out of the room.

“What are we having tonight?” She moves through the house checking out everything.

“Lasagna.”

“I love your lasagna. But more importantly, I love what you are doing to the house. It’s coming along beautifully.” I look around trying to see what she sees. I must admit a sense of pride.

“Thanks. It’s a slow process, especially trying to plan a wedding and school.” I say rubbing my stomach as the baby moves.

“You know I will help with what I can.” I love her.

“I know. But honey, you are going to be dropping that baby and that should be your focus. To be honest, I don’t really want a wedding.”

“What do you mean?” she asks, a look of shock on her face.

“I am serious. All I want is to marry him. I would rather go to Vegas, have you and Cord come with us, marry him, and come home as his wife. That is all I want.”

“This is news to me,” I hear Dun say as he comes down the stairs. “Is this really what you want, baby?” he asks, lifting my chin further up so he can examine my eyes.

“Yes. I just want to marry you, Dun. That’s it. Nothing else matters.” He smiles and kisses me, being mindful we are not alone.

“Then that is what you will get. Is tomorrow soon enough?” My mouth drops open.

“Are you serious?” I feel my heart begin to race, excitement taking over me at the thought of this happening so soon.

“Yes. I told you anything you want.”

“YES!!” I scream, jumping up and down. Well, as much as I can jump.

“Omg. we have to go tell Cord so we can pack.”

Lasagna forgotten, I go upstairs and get ready for the rest of my life.

EPILOGUE

Dun

“Shh. Hush little man. You are going to wake your mama and she needs sleep.” I say walking around the living room with my son. He was born two weeks ago and I can’t seem to put him down. Lani jokes that she is only good for the milk because she almost never gets to hold him. I know I should feel guilty, but I don’t. This is my little guy. My Michael. We named him after my father. The day he was born, I knew I would never be the same. I vowed to love him, support him and to show him every day, much like my father tried too. “Hey hey...buddy. I know your diaper is dry since I just changed it. So, what’s going on?” I ask him, putting him on my shoulder sniffing the newborn scent.

“The milk factory is being summoned.” I turn, watching my sexy wife descend the stairs and I swear she is even more beautiful since giving birth. Motherhood suits her. Which is fucked up considering I have another four weeks before I can mount her.

“Hey baby. I was trying to calm this one down so you could rest.” And so I don’t have to look at your lush ass and can’t fuck it. What?!? It’s true. Well shit. Now I am talking to my mind. My dick is really in distress.

“It’s ok, babe. The milk is hurting anyway. When they drip, I know it’s time.” Well hell. Did she have to say that? “Come on sweet boy. Come to mama.” Handing him to her, I can’t help but feel a sense of loss. Crazy I know, but what can I say. If his mom is my heart, then he is soul. I watch as she pulls her maternity bra down and places her nipple in his

mouth. Is it wrong that saliva is literally dripping down my chin? Lucky baby.

“Quit staring,” she says smirking.

“Those are my tits. Well, now mine and Michael’s. The point is I can stare all I want. As soon as he goes back to bed, I am going to suck the rest of that sweet milk outside of those plump tits until you beg me to lick that pussy. Now who’s staring?” I love that after all of this, she still blushes. Feeling overwhelmed with love, I lean down and kiss them both. “I love you both so much. Thank you for fulfilling me.”

“I love you too, babe. Thank you for giving me the family I never had.” She finishes feeding my boy and I take him from her as she fixes herself and I burp him. Once he is snug in his crib... I more than fulfill my promise. Three times.

EPILOGUE

Lailani

FOUR YEARS LATER

“**D**un hurry up. Oh God. Faster. Yes,” I say trying not to scream. I just put the baby down and he hears everything. This one is a nosy one.

“Calm your greedy ass down. Shit. Don’t rush me when my cock is in his favorite place. Fuck baby. How the hell are you still so fucking tight. God. Juicy as pussy. Still greedy as fuck.” After all this time I still love it when he talks dirty. “Hmm, you like it when I call your tight little hole greedy don’t you?”

“Yes. Fuck me, Dun. I’m almost there. Yes. Yes.” Knowing I am a hair trigger from going over, he pinches my clit and I fall over, screaming before he flips me over on all fours and shoves my face into the pillow.

“That was for you. This one’s for me.” He slams inside of me, taking me over and over, going deeper with each thrust. Feeling him in my stomach, I hold it, moaning and begging for him to let up some.

“Too deep, Dun. Oh please... I can feel you...”

“Where?” he whispers in my ear, as he leans over and bites my neck, sending zings through me. “Tell me, baby. Tell me where you feel me and I might pull it out.” Oh god. My pussy juices, knowing what I am going to say, because it is what he told me to say anytime he asks me during a deep hard fuck like this.

“I feel you in my baby maker,” I moan, my body coming just from the words alone.

“Look at you. A few words and you fall. I know I said I might pull out, but fuck that. I think it’s time we make another one.” The last thing he says before he roars out his orgasm, the hot jets shooting straight into my womb, creating another life I am sure since every time I pass my eight week check-up, I am pregnant the next month. Yes, you heard me, the little man I

just laid down, is baby number four. We had Michael four years ago. Sienna, a year later. Marigold, a year after that and now we have baby, Dax. Apparently, my crazy husband is ready for number five. We both fall to the bed, gasping and sweaty, our mouths lazily sucking each other. I feel him lift my hips, wanting me to ride him, when I hear the baby crying. "Shit. Little cockblocker. You lay here. I will go get him and bring him to you." He gives me one more kiss before he walks out the room. Taking a moment to stretch, I look around at the photos and trinkets. Remnants from our life as a family and I can't help but feel blessed. Out of all the people in the world, somehow we found one another and you know what, the day I came back here was the smartest thing I had ever done, because there is no more than him. This life we created is more than wonderful. It is evidence of our love and I wouldn't have it any other way.

I will give this man as many kids as my body can pump out, because with each one, comes more joy and love.

Nothing beats that.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



ChaShiree M.'s Author Bio

A little about me. I live in Illinois (hoping to move soon). I began writing when I was 14 and was published in my first poetry anthology at the age of 15. I graduated with my master's degree at the age of 26 in Psychology with a concentration in Child and Family.

In September of 2017 I published my first novella and still can't believe it. Writing is my passion, but I have been blessed enough to not have to do it for a living. I get to embark on both my passions every day.

I write stories with strong h's though they don't often know it at first. Alpha H's with a heart of gold and eyes only for their woman. Filthy, raunchy, sex. Usually there is a great conflict, dire situations, and a resolution, though not always a HEA. There will never be cheating, and I can almost guarantee you, there will be babies. Babies are a must.

Signings have become my escape from my everyday life and how I meet you. My amazing readers and followers. I have been blessed to have made some of the best friends in this industry and without their support, I might have given up. I love readers and can be found interacting with them, having a great time online and in person when they find me at signings. I can't wait to meet you too.

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To my mom. You have always allowed me to be myself, understanding I will never be like everyone else and supported my rebellion. That is the reason I have always been able to excel and find solace in myself. I love you lady!!

To my kids: You are all growing into these crazy little people, with so much personality, and I love being able to watch you blossom. I love all of you. Embrace your difference and know I will love you no matter your decisions. Soar, my babies. Fly!!!

To my mob/Dirty Girls,. My comedians. My sisters. My protectors. My confidantes. My besties. My ride or die b*****! Every day that I get to wake up to your craziness and laugh with you and cry with you and just be me, is another day I know how blessed I am to have your friendship. I know I don't have to say each and every one of you, way too many of you crazy bitches to name. But know, I love all of you and thank you for keeping me awesome.

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ALSO BY CHASHIREE M.



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- The Life She Wished For (Book 2)
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The Gentleman

- Her Accidental Daddy (Book 1)

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-Ink My Soul

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-Bill

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-Om

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