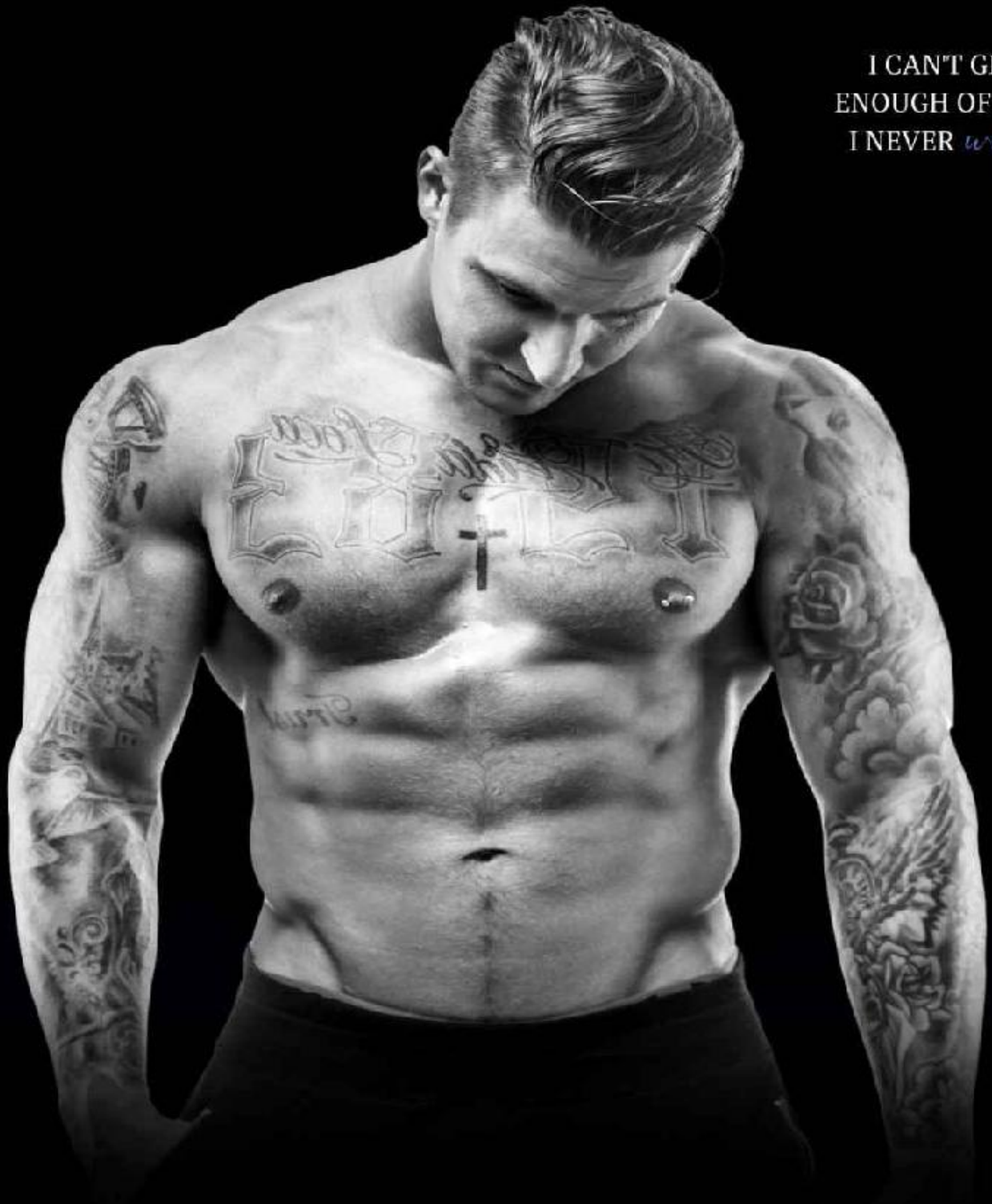


I CAN'T GET
ENOUGH OF HER.
I NEVER *will*.



ZANE

Possessive Alpha Series

B. L. BROOKS

ZANE

POSSESSIVE ALPHA SERIES • BOOK 2

B.L. BROOKS

CONTENTS

[Newsletter Sign Up](#)

[Preview](#)

1. [Natalie](#)

2. [Zane](#)

3. [Natalie](#)

4. [Zane](#)

5. [Natalie](#)

6. [Zane](#)

7. [Natalie](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Thank You!](#)

[Join Me](#)

[Books By Brooks](#)

[Newsletter Sign Up](#)

Copyright © 2023 by B. L. Brooks –

All rights Reserved. In no way is it legal to produce, duplicate, or transmit any part of this document in either electronic means or in printed format. Recording of this publication is strictly prohibited and any storage of this document is not allowed unless written permission from the publisher. All rights are reserved. Respective authors own all copyrights not held by the publisher.

Sign up for my [Newsletter](#) to stay up
to date on my new releases,
along with so much MORE! ☐☐

PREVIEW

ZANE

I'm a fireman.

A defender.

A savior in the eyes of many.

Though when rushing into a burning building to save a woman from the raging flames, I never expected to meet my fate. Never expected to fall in love...with a girl *half* my age, that is.

But I fell hard.

Hard as hell.

Now I'm determined to protect my precious angel even if it means risking my life. As the moment I laid eyes on her sparks flew, leaving me to wonder if we'll make it out this alive... together.

Forever.

NATALIE

“NATALIE.” Joan purses her lips and takes the seat beside her husband—aka my foster father, Terry. She grabs his hand as if *she’s* the one who needs support here. I know what this is about and the fact that she’s pretending like it’s hard for her is insulting. “It’s time, honey.”

Honey. Yuck. As if that’s an endearment she’s ever used on me before now. Terry squeezes her hand and they flash a look of love at one another which is like a knife in the chest. These two were decent people capable of love. It’s evident in their looks and the way they jive together, which makes it hard to understand why they couldn’t give me just a *sliver* of that love.

“Your eighteenth birthday was almost five weeks ago now,” Terry tells me what I already know to be true. How can I forget my eighteenth birthday? No one bothered to even celebrate it. “Joan and I find you’ve had plenty of time to figure out your next step.”

I open my mouth to voice it’s been nowhere near enough time yet words fail me. I choke, nothing but silence in the air. *They’re really kicking me out?*

Terry remains calm, not a flash of anger or discomfort to him as despite the show being put on, this isn’t a hard talk for either one of them.

“You have two weeks to find somewhere to live.”

“Two weeks?” I squint my eyes, finally finding my voice. “H-How am I supposed to find a place to live with no money?”

“A job,” Joan answers with a sigh. “It’s time you find a job, Natalie.”

I laugh in frustration and push off the plush sofa they bought two weeks prior to my birthday, claiming it was an early gift when they fully knew I overheard them talking about replacing the damn thing for months on end now.

Seriously, how dumb do they think I am?

“I wanted a job two years ago but you guys made me look after your *other* kids.” I roll my eyes. “You know, the ones you get paid to take care of?”

“That’s enough, Natalie.” Terry stands, his voice firm yet I’m not intimidated. Not in the slightest.

“Whatever.” I fold my arms and shake my head. “I’ll be out of your hair in two weeks—or less. The least you guys could do is buy me the time considering I’m not prepped for the real world and yet here you guys are, tossing me on my ass into it. How great.” How the hell I just managed to keep my voice from cracking, I’ll never know.

But holding back the tears threatening to fall I run away and up the stairs that lead to the second floor before reaching the winding wooden staircase that takes me to my tiny bedroom up in the attic—also known as my sanctuary. It’s the only place I can be...me.

I close the door with a quiet click and tears fall like clockwork. I’ve never been so frustrated, making me want to chuck my few meager belongings against the wall and make a mess of everything I own. Though the little bit of clothes I have hanging on a metal rod are all I have. That’s it.

A pair of black ballerina flats are the only shoes I own besides the scuffed up sneakers on my feet. As when you’re poor, it’s easy not to be materialistic yet it’s not like I *want* to destroy what little I have. And most of all I don’t think anyone would care either way.

My chest tightens, as the hardest part to come to terms with is that no one gives a damn about me. Not a single soul.

In two weeks or less, I'll truly be on my own and out on the streets with no prospects for the future. *Ugh*. With zero dollars to my name and no real work skills beyond babysitting—all thanks to Joan and Terry using me as a babysitter for all the kids they foster—now I'm being kicked out without a dime. How practical is that?

Just thinking of it makes me angry enough to where tears keep on rolling down my cheeks. Reality is crashing down all around me and I have no clue what I'm going to do. Even if I land a job by tomorrow, I still won't have enough money saved in two weeks to afford a place of my own.

I'm screwed. Utterly screwed.

Despite the past words of assurance from social workers and other foster parents over the years, my opportunities are bleak. Without income, I can't pay for the standardized tests I'd have to take to even get into college, never mind the application fees. So it's safe to say that's off the table for at least the next few years—if not forever.

Everything feels so hopeless but first up on the agenda is finding shelter outside of here. My mind races until the combination of tears and fatigue take over, finally succumbing me to the sleep I need...

A SHARP SOUND pulls me out of my dreams and I bolt upright. *What was that?*

The ability to go from a deep sleep to being wide awake is a necessary skill when you spend most of your life in foster homes. I look around the room but yet there's no one. A crackling sound persists and I swing my legs over the side of my tiny twin bed, stepping into my sneakers before creeping over to the door while trying to decipher the sound.

“Ah!” I screech, yanking my hand right off the handle. It's hot—*too* hot to touch. I flick the light on and the naked bulb in my room illuminates, revealing the smoke wafting inside from under the door. Fire. “F-Fire!” I shout and quickly begin

banging my fist on the door, hoping for *once* in my life someone is around and cares to help.

Cares to save me.

“Help! S-Somebody help me!” I shout at the top of my lungs, panicking in the tiny space as I’m clueless on what to do. The smoke is only getting thicker and it’s getting harder to breathe. I hurry to the clearest corner of the room by the window and start to pray, hoping someone will find me or my death is at least quick...

ZANE

“WE APPRECIATE IT, MRS. BUSBY,” I nod at the scantily dressed housewife holding out a casserole dish. “Your cornbread smells heavenly.”

The woman smiles widely and leans forward, ensuring her tits are in full view. She bats her fake lashes like it’s her damn job, proving how eager she is to have that skimpy black dress peeled off her delicious curves. “Well I don’t know about *heavenly*, but I sure do hope you boys like it.” She scans over the room of firefighters before her gaze settles back on me.

She’s a looker and there’s no denying that. But I don’t *fuck* married women. Despite them already belonging to someone else they have a tendency to cling, making life furthermore complicated. Not that I truly mind complicated... but only for the right woman.

And Mrs. Busby sure as hell isn’t the one for me.

“I know we’ll love it,” I assure the lonely housewife and accept the casserole dish on behalf of the crew. “Have you met Tony by the way? He’s a southern boy who *loves* his fair share of cornbread. Don’t you, Tony?” I tease our newest member and turn around as the guys begin to snicker.

Tony cracks a loose smile and steps forward but the emergency bells sound, shifting our attention to the speaker overhead.

“Structure fire. Residential property. First Avenue and Kennedy Street.”

Shit. I know the place—at least by reputation. The Baxter couple owns the big three-story home on the corner and if I recall correctly, the place is full of foster kids.

In less than a minute we're inside the rig, blowing through red lights with sirens blaring.

“Don't be a goddamn hero,” Leon, our fire chief, hollers at us even though his glare is locked on me.

“Haven't lost a man yet,” I spit back rather than making a promise we both know I'll break if it comes to saving a life. No one gets left behind. No one.

“You're not invincible, Tipton. You're a hell of a man with a belt load of experience. You have something to offer these young bucks but only if you're alive long enough to teach em' a thing or two.”

I nod and grunt, dismissing the glorious speech I hear before every job. The rig comes to a stop in front of the house lit in flames and I jump off the second I can. Leon barks his orders, informing us of who's going where and the ladder extends as the hose is prepped.

Taking in the scene, I catch two adults standing in the middle of half a dozen kids.

“All clear, boss?” I question out the corner of my lips and turn back to Leon, his expression telling me everything I need to know.

Someone's still inside.

“There's a girl up on the attic floor. Foster parents claim they forgot she was up there until the flames overthrew the entrance. Otherwise, the property is clear.”

“They fucking *forgot*?” I glare back over at the couple who don't look all that broken about their little slip up.

“Calm down,” Leon growls. “Take Johnston with you and go get the girl. Natalie, they say her name is.”

Natalie.

I'm already stalking away, waving down Johnston to follow behind as I head towards the entrance. It'll minimally be another two minutes before the ladder is ready to go so I rush through the mere gap in the flames, cautious when hitting the stairs while still moving as fast as I can.

The fire is escalating. We have less time than I thought.

"Slow down," Johnston urges from behind but I continue to ignore him.

"Watch that fifth step it's weak," I grunt and move up at a steady rate through the smoke, relaying our location back to Leon through the radio before reaching the attic door. "Natalie?!" I call out. "Natalie, can you hear me?!"

There's no sound from the inside. *Shit*. My heart is suddenly racing at the thought of her passed out in there. *Or worse*.

"Natalie!" I call again and twist the handle but yet the door doesn't budge. A faint cough sounds on the other side of it and that's all I needed to hear.

I pull back, ramming my right shoulder against the brittle door twice until it cracks open.

"Natalie, can you make a sound?"

"H-Here," she says faintly and coughs.

I follow the harsh sound towards the tiny window where through the smoke, I find a body curled into a little ball. "I'm here, angel," I gaze down at the girl and the second she looks up at me I catch the biggest, bluest set of eyes I've ever fucking seen. *Holy hell*. "Ready to get out of here?" I extend a hand, keeping my head straight as the beauty before me summons enough courage to place her small palm in mine.

But her grip quickly falters as another cough breaks through her lips.

"Oh, just go!" she shouts breathlessly, tearing her hand away and stepping back, causing enough of a rift for a beam to fall and fuel the flames and smoke around us. *Fuck*.

We're out of time.

“I’m not leaving without you,” I growl. Why the fuck is she giving up? “Let’s go. Now,” I snap. “Give me your hand.”

“Don’t bother. Just save yourself,” she chokes out through the chaos and coughs again—it’s enough to tell me she doesn’t have much longer.

“I need you guys out of there! Now!” Leon’s pissed off voice sounds over the radio as Johnston begins to tug on my gear.

“If you don’t cooperate angel, we’re both going to die. I don’t leave behind anyone.”

And I’m sure as hell not starting with the first girl who’s ever caused my heart to jump at first sight. I can’t put a pin in it, but there’s something about Natalie that lets me know she’s going to be someone special in my life.

She just doesn’t know it yet.

I watch as she nibbles on her bottom lip, that one single act of vulnerability telling me what I know to be true. She’s *mine*. There’s no way in hell I’m going anywhere without her. Her ocean eyes meet mine, watery and red from the smoke and full of uncertainty.

“We have to go,” I say one last time and step forward to grab her by the wrist, yanking her body towards me until it’s flush against mine. Perfect. She’s right where she belongs.

Where we *both* belong.

Struck by the thought, I turn to Johnston. “Go!”

He nods before hauling ass down the stairs. We’re right behind him, Natalie holding me tightly as the trust in her little grip warms my heart more than the fire raging on. I know without a doubt I’d never in a million years do a damn thing to betray that trust. *Never*.

“I’ve got you, angel. Just hang on,” I tell her over and over until we’re out of the house, on the street where the paramedics attempt to pull her away from me.

“Back the fuck up,” I growl at them. “Just...give her some space,” I demand a little softer as Natalie trembles in my arms.

She's already scared enough—there's no need for me to add to it.

“Tipton!” Leon barks. “You know they need to check her out!”

I groan and look down, eyeing Natalie. “Angel,” I breathe and remove my helmet with one hand, using my other hand to keep her close. “They just need to look you over and make sure everything is all right.”

Those hesitant eyes peer up at me and my grip tightens around her waist, sensing her fear. “I’m fine,” she assures me. “I-I promise.”

“You’ve got a cough,” I nudge her gently.

She shakes her head and opens her mouth to protest—*I’m sure*—but a coughing fit starts up. And this time I can’t stop the paramedics from tending to her. I don’t want to either.

Suddenly the coughing halts and Natalie becomes still. An oxygen mask is brought out, causing my heart to seize. *No*.

“Stay with me, angel,” I plead under my breath, watching her from afar. *Stay with me*.

NATALIE

WHERE...WHERE am I?

My eyes jolt open, catching bright lights all around while this nonstop beeping sound rings in my ears. *Oh no*. I'm no longer in the attic, no longer trapped in a fire. I'm in a hospital—which I already know I absolutely *can't* afford.

I sit up quickly and swing my legs over the side of the bed, scanning the room for my clothes. I'll go ahead and toss the thought in the back of my mind that a bunch of strangers saw me naked at some point. *Ugh*. But for now, I need to get out of here before the bill racks up any higher.

"Going somewhere?"

A deep, almost familiar voice startles me out of my thoughts and I quickly turn around. *It's him*. Even without the helmet and the mask, I recognize those mossy green eyes and gentle smile offering me comfort when all I wanted was to die. "Y-You?"

He grins as if he's pleased. "It's me, angel. You can call me Zane."

"Zane," I breathe out, testing the name. It feels strange considering he's older—*much* older than me. "Thanks for uh...saving me back there." Even though he could've left me behind like everyone else, cutting me off from the cold, cruel world we're in.

He pushes away from the wall and closes the colorful curtain behind him. "It wasn't a matter of choice," he replies, voice

rough as he takes a seat beside me on the bed. “Though I am curious as to why you wanted to be left behind. You were giving up on me back there, weren’t you?”

I shake my head. “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Try me,” he argues.

I stare at him for a long minute, remembering how safe I felt in his arms—safer than any time I can remember over the past eighteen years. Opening up to this guy can’t make this any worse...right?

Who the hell knows.

I suck in a deep breath anyway, evoking a cough from my lips before diving into my whole *sorry* tale. “The only good thing is the fire destroyed everything I have,” I pause and shrug my shoulders, “so you could say I’m traveling light.” Attempting to smile, I try to brighten the mood although the dark look on Zane’s face tells me I’ve failed. Miserably. “Sorry, I uh...don’t mean to lay this on you but you’re the one who asked.”

“I know what I did,” he counters, tightening his jaw as my heart begins to pound. “I simply asked because I wanted to know.”

“You don’t need to waste your time caring about me,” I tilt my chin up, holding my own as no one else has ever bothered to care. “I’m all alone and once I figure out what I’m going to do, I’ll be just fine.” *I hope.*

He brushes back a lock of hair from my face, his gentle eyes on mine. I flinch at his touch but before I can fight it, I find myself leaning in, the instinctive move making it known I can trust him—trust him not to hurt me.

“Natalie,” he coos, grazing his hand along mine. “That’s where you’re wrong. You see, I don’t find caring about you a waste of time. Not by a landslide.”

“But you don’t know me,” I insist.

He grins. “Not yet, angel. But I will soon. *Very* soon.”

My brows furrow at his words and I jump off the bed, gaining some distance between us as I look around the room in search

of my clothes.

“I-I don’t know you and you don’t know me. And I don’t know what your game is here but I have to get my life sorted out,” I tell him in annoyance. “Now where are my clothes?”

He chuckles deeply, the sound warm and masculine. “They were full of smoke so the nurses dumped em’. Happens a lot, really.”

What? My eyes well up as I glance down at the blue and white hospital gown I’m in, hoping Zane can’t see my tears as the sudden realization comes over that I have no home, no money and now no clothes.

It’s official, I have less than nothing.

“Natalie?”

I shake my head as my voice is called, refusing to look up. I’m not ready for the pity in those perfect green eyes. I prefer the sincerity.

“Natalie?” Zane calls my name again and a shiver zips down my back. “Angel, look at me.”

I slowly look up at his demanding words while my heart pounds away. But instead of finding pity in his eyes I find a protectiveness before he reaches over the foot of the bed and produces a large paper bag. “I brought you clothes to wear home.”

Home? What home? Opening my mouth to remind him I no longer have a place to go, his rough hand raises high and cuts me short.

“My home, that is. Don’t fight me on this.”

I can’t mask my shock. *And* hesitation. I don’t even know this man and sure he seems kind, but so were my foster parents at first and look at where I’m at now.

“W-Why?”

“Why not?” Zane tilts his chin to the side, forcing me to ignore the way his devilish smile lights up my body—just as appealing as his broad shoulders...but that’s beside the point.

I shake my head. “That’s not an answer.”

“Then I don’t know,” he admits through a deep sigh. “One look at those big blue eyes and I felt like we were somehow meant to be family. You and me.”

“Family?” The word feels funny on my lips but worse than that, it’s disappointing. *Of course* this guy only sees me as a little kid and is eager to help. He’s a fireman for crying out loud. The man is just being a decent citizen here, nothing more.

“Get dressed,” Zane instructs, his rugged voice coming back to life as he stands up and towers over my head. “Then we’ll go home.”

“Home,” I repeat back the word. It sounds warm, even foreign on my tongue and yet I lean into it, allowing the comfort of his offer to settle in. I’m even entertaining the concept of family and what it means...

What it could mean for me.

“Okay. I-I’ll come with you,” I whisper and give in. “But only for a day or two.”

A satisfied smile reaches his lips. “And yet that’s all I need, Natalie. All I need to make you want to stay forever.”

Forever. For how confident he seems, I think he might just be right...

ZANE

“YOU DON’T HAVE to cook for me. I hope you know that.” The range of spices swirling around my kitchen are delicious, but nothing is more appetizing than the woman at my stove stirring and shaking her hips ever so slightly. *Goddamn.*

Natalie turns to me with a sweet smile on her lips, one that takes my breath away while making my cock ache. Hell, she’s incredible.

“I know I don’t *have* to,” she shrugs her shoulders, “but shouldn’t we both eat?”

“Mmm, that we should.” I’m pleased to find she’s settling into our life together so who am I to argue?

And where the hell is this all going? Who the fuck knows. I just know how much I love her presence here—having her in view as if I know nothing bad will ever happen.

“And family looks after each other, don’t they?” Natalie asks, returning her gaze to the stove and tending to the pot of sauce simmering on top.

“They sure as hell do,” I grumble. Although the sight of her in my kitchen right now is enough to make my cock explode. She’s decided on a white t-shirt of mine that does a *hell* of a job in showing off her shapely legs, reaching just the tops of her knees while highlighting her grabbable ass. “Smells delicious in here by the way.”

“Well let’s just hope it tastes as great.”

Oh, there's no questioning that. But now all I can suddenly think of doing is laying Natalie down on the damn table and shoving that shirt up to her waist before tasting that sweet little pussy. *Fuck.*

But I can't. I'm here to *help* the girl, not fuck her. Although if I'm being honest all I want to do is both.

Natalie turns around and wipes her hands on the kitchen towel, facing me. "I um...hope you don't mind me asking this but why haven't you been going to work? Did something happen after...you know." She takes a step forward. "Is everything okay?" Her soft hands meet the sides of my face before she quickly realizes what she's doing and takes a step back. "Oh, s-sorry."

"Don't be," I rasp. "Nothing wrong with having a beautiful woman worry about you." I should tell her the truth, admit I've been suspended for two weeks after my recent stunt with the paramedics. But that's my burden to bear, not hers. "I had a little PTO saved up and figured I might as well spend it here, getting to know you while helping you get settled in."

Natalie's demeanor changes instantly and she steps back, turning to the stove again. "You know...I'm not going to steal anything, right?"

I laugh at her ridiculous thought. "You don't have to reassure me, angel. I'm well aware. The truth is, I just can't stay away from you."

There's no need for her to turn around for me to figure out she's blushing like hell, though she turns to me anyway and the pink on her cheeks is so damn appealing, it's taking all my willpower to keep my hands in place.

It's been two days of watching her walk around in my old shirts that swallow her curves; seeing that sweet smile and breathing in her flowery scent has been one glorious hell to live in. But with every day that passes by, my control slips a little more.

"I'm nothing special, Zane. Believe me."

“Bullshit,” I growl. “You have no idea how fucking special you are, Natalie. To me you’re everything.”

Shit. *Too far?*

But Natalie shakes her head, her eyes filled with sadness as if she doesn’t believe in herself. Or me.

“I’m really not.”

I step forward. “Yet I say you are.”

She tries for a smile even though it’s not reaching her eyes. “If you say so.”

“I do,” I grit, teeth clenched as I grab her hand. “And you should know I have a surprise for you.”

“B-But you’ve already done so much, Zane. *Too* much.” She tries pulling her hand away but I tighten my grip and pull her in close. “A roof over my head is *more* than enough, I swear.”

“Ohhhh, but I’m only getting started, angel. You wouldn’t want to hurt my feelings now, would you?”

“You know I don’t want that.” She squints her eyes at me.

“Well then good. Come on.” I tug her towards the living room and nod at the gift wrapped box on the coffee table. When she was prepping dinner, I was prepping something else.

Natalie walks to the table slowly as if the gift is a bomb ready to explode. She unwraps the box gently, her movements careful before she gasps in excitement. “Wait, a laptop?!” Her dazzling smile pops out but fades just as quickly. “Zane, really. T-This is just too much. I can’t accept this. I can’t...”

“You have no choice.” I suspect she’ll never ask for a damn thing so what else am I to do? “I knew you could use it and I wanted to do this so just let me. It’s what family does after all.”

Natalie traces a reverent fingertip along the edge of the laptop, her eyes longing and wistful. “It’s wonderful. Absolutely perfect,” she whispers. “Thank you.”

I nod and take the seat beside her on the sofa. “I figured you might want to go to school, maybe look for work or get one of

those work-from-home kind of jobs if you wish. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do. It's your world, angel. I'm just here to help."

Her smile spreads, reaching her crystal blue eyes. "Zane how...how did I ever find you?" She flings her body at mine, wrapping her arms around my sides and squeezing tight. I freeze, feeling the stiff peaks of her nipples against my chest and her soft curves. Now here I am, hard as a fucking rock.

"Thank you." She suddenly pulls back only to lean in, pressing a chaste kiss on my cheek. *Shit*. Even though it's innocent as hell, I no longer give a damn to hold back as my arms band around her waist and bring her body as close to mine as possible.

"Natalie," I growl and slide my mouth over hers, finally kissing the plump lips I've been craving since the call that forever changed my life. As she moans, the faint sound is enough to drive my tongue between her lips and tease her softly as I slide it in and out.

Her hands tighten on my shoulders and I take that as my cue to continue. Her mouth is so innocent and soft against mine, her pillowy lips pliant as I deepen the kiss and devour her sweet taste. I lean Natalie back, pressing my cock between her thighs while letting her feel how much—how desperately I want her. *Need* her.

"Oh!" She pulls off and squirms against my cock, her eyes rolling to the back of her head. "Oh *wow*," she groans but stiffens in a heartbeat. "Wait, no. Zane, I-I shouldn't do this. I'm so sorry." She's panicking when there's no need.

"Don't be sorry," I bite out, yet she continues to squirm under me and against my cock. "You might not be trying to turn me on but it's you, Natalie. *You* turn me on."

She frowns in confusion. "Me?"

I lean in and drag my tongue across her collarbone. "You, angel...*only* you."

She shakes her head in disbelief. "Zane, I don't know if—"

“Listen to me,” I growl, having had enough. “I want you, angel. *Fuck*, I’ve wanted you since the moment I found you trapped in that attic, all alone in this world just like me. But you living here is making me lose my goddamn mind, wanting to beat my cock every second of the day to the thought of stripping you bare and tasting every inch of your skin before making you come all over me. *Christ*,” I grunt and take a deep breath in. “But I need you to want that, Natalie. If you don’t then just say the word.”

Her breath hitches, the pulse at the base of her throat fluttering like a hummingbird while her eyes search mine over—looking for what? I have no clue. But I refuse to break contact as I wait for her to decide, praying she’ll want this too. If she doesn’t...

I can’t give her up. *She’s mine*. I won’t give her up.

“Just say the word, angel. Just say the word.”

NATALIE

AND WHAT WORD IS THAT? What word or even *combination* of words can possibly explain how I feel right now or what I want from this man?

“I...I don’t know what to say,” I confess.

Zane nods, though he looks disappointed. “That’s an answer too I suppose.”

Yeah, but one he didn’t want to hear.

“It’s not, really. I mean I guess it *is*...but I just don’t know what I’m doing or how to do this.” My face heats with the humiliation of my inexperience—of the fact that my life has been so upside down to where I don’t have the slightest clue on how to be with a man.

Zane leans in close enough to where I catch the flecks of gold in his eyes. “Do you want me, Natalie?”

More than anything. But I don’t know if what I’m feeling is... right.

“Natalie, if you want me then say it. Now,” he demands, gaze tight on mine as my lips spread into a smile. *Why?* Why do I love it so much when he talks to me like that?

“I want you, Zane. I-I do,” I admit as my heart pounds away.

A wicked grin meets his lips before they crash down on me, kissing me like I’m his only source of air. *Oh my god...* the way his lips move with such intensity, my body vibrates with

need, with a hunger ready to be filled as my legs lock around his waist.

What am I doing? Oh, I don't even care.

I can feel just what Zane is packing with his erection pressed between my legs, stirring deep in my belly. I'm not all that sure what this feeling is but I can't get enough of it—I don't want it to end. "Zane," I moan and pull off, his name nothing more than a breathless whisper.

"Ah, fuck Natalie." He draws back as if he's going to end this but he doesn't. His lips slide down to my chin, sliding down my neck and to the space between my tits. "So fucking beautiful, angel."

I can't help but smile, my face heating up by his words as his hands crawl up my shirt. *Mmmm*. His silky touch feels incredible and I arch into him, helplessly moaning at the feel of his palms against my skin. "So damn smooth," he growls and keeps on kissing down my body until I feel his breath just above the waistband of my panties. "Fuck, you're ready for me now. Aren't you?" One thick finger slips behind the cotton and grazes my slit. "Oh, like fucking *hell* you are. You're so damn wet baby and it's all from me, isn't it?"

"Oh...*yeeesss*," I moan, unable to think. Barely able to breathe.

"Sounds like this will end quickly." His mouth closes in around my sex through my panties, the sensation so thrilling and exciting I nearly jackknife off the sofa. *Oh!*

He growls and tears off the cotton separating him from me. A second later I feel the cool rough side of his tongue against my core and I lose all senses. He's grunting, growling—his animalistic ways making it feel like I'm his prey he's finally getting the chance to devour. The space between my legs is now hot and unsatisfied, almost like I'm reaching for something I can't get to. Not yet at least.

I squirm and thrash as his tongue darts in and out of me, an ecstasy I never knew to dream about. My eyes roll back as one thick digit slips inside my opening and his tongue lands on my

clit in frenzied circles, driving me *wild*. My body quakes, convulsing violently before collapsing on the sofa.

“What...what was that?” I ask between pants.

Zane chuckles and drags his tongue up my folds. My hips buck, a soft whimper escaping my lips. “That,” he growls and licks me again, “is an orgasm, angel. And it’s just the first of the night.”

“Ohhhh please,” I whimper. I should feel exposed or something, shouldn’t I? This man I barely know has now seen *all* of me and instead of feeling strange or shameful, somehow I feel good. *Really* good.

Zane pushes back from the sofa, his eyes caressing my body as he quickly shucks off his clothes.

I sit up and take him in greedily. There’s no denying how gorgeous the man is with an immaculate body, sort of like the superheroes you find in movies... A smattering of black hair covers his chest, thinning out into a slender line that disappears into his boxer briefs—but just like that he gets rid of his boxers and I see *everything*. See the way his sun-kissed skin highlights every muscle on his frame, how his cut abs and sculpted pecs make me want to lick them from left to right. *Ugh*.

“Zane,” I say in awe.

“Fuck, Natalie. Look at what you do to me,” he snarls, eyes glazing over with want and need as his cock twitches, showing me there’s a small bead of liquid on the tip.

I reach for him, unsure of what’s taken over me but I quickly grip his cock and begin to stroke it, sliding my hand up and down slowly while hoping I’m doing this right. “So smooth and hard,” I mumble beneath my breath.

“Natalie,” he grunts through clenched teeth, eyes burning down on mine. “If you keep that up this is going to end quickly.”

I grin, but as Zane’s nostrils flare I begin to wonder if he’s enjoying this as much as I am. “Do you not like it?”

“Baby,” he rasps with a tight smile. “If I like it anymore I’m gonna make a mess of your pretty little face. And we wouldn’t want that just yet, would we?”

“Oh?” I keep stroking his hard inches as I’m left in shock. I-I don’t know what I want but I want it all with Zane, that much I know to be true.

“That’s it,” he mutters and yanks me off the sofa, tossing me over his shoulder and carrying me into his bedroom. He smacks my ass and I cry out, but it sounds more like a moan and so he does it again, bringing my pussy to pulse with *need*.

“Again,” I whimper and my wish is quickly granted. But before I can tell him how good it feels my back hits the mattress and his hot, hard body comes crashing down on mine. *Ohhh*. The way he’s gripping his cock and rubbing the tip against my clit, the sound of moisture battling with his growls of pleasure, it’s all so overwhelming.

“Fuck, you’re soaked now.” The tortured look in his eyes is turning me on. “Did rubbing my cock make you wet, baby?”

I nod shyly.

“Tell me,” he demands, and my face heats furiously yet Zane just smirks. “It was the sounds you made when I touched you...just made me wetter,” I confess, face flushed.

“Ah fuck, Natalie. You’re making me crazy.” The wide tip of his cock nudges my opening and I tense. “This is going to hurt but only by a little. Trust me?”

With my whole heart.

“I...I trust you,” I breathe out, my answer seeming to satisfy him as slowly he pushes his tip into my opening and forces a gasp from my lips. I slam my eyes shut, praying I won’t screw this up the same way I screw up everything in life.

“Natalie. Look at me,” he demands, voice rough and rugged. I open my eyes to his and find those once bright orbs to nearly be black. “That’s it, baby. That’s it.” He leans in and sucks my nipple between his lips, licking it as his cock pulls out only to slide back in gently.

And so gently that instead of pain, I feel impatience.

“Zane, please. I need...I don’t know, *more*.”

With a loud groan he buries himself deeper in my flesh, his gaze searing down into my soul. My body is on fire and with every thrust he’s claiming another part of my heart, I can feel it.

“Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!”

He grins smugly. “I love watching you come out of your shell, angel. I fucking love it.” His gruff voice lights me up as much as his touch, the smile never leaving my lips as he plunges in and out of my body with long *deep* strokes. “Fuck, your pussy is perfect. So damn tight and wet. And the best part is you’re all fucking mine.”

Oh my god. My body pulses at his words, the sensation intensifying until it’s so overwhelming—I feel out of control. “Zane, I’m—” the words fade on my lips as there’s no way of describing what he’s doing to me.

“I know, Natalie. I can feel it. Can feel how close you are to letting go. Go ahead, baby. I’ve got you,” he growls as his thumb zeroes in on my clit, setting me off for good.

“Oh shit!” My body freezes, time halting as it feels like I’m being lifted and then all of a sudden—*bam!* I crash back down to earth, body shaking, pussy clenching hard around his cock to where he’s grunting as if he’s in pain. Zane’s hands fly up to my breasts and begin massaging them, kneading them hard and then fast.

“Fuck, Natalie. You feel so fucking good wrapped around my cock.” He’s gorgeous in twisted agony, his gaze keeping me pinned in place as my orgasm goes on and on. *Oh my*. And with one final deep thrust the bed shakes and Zane groans, “Angel!” His cock starts pumping hot liquid into my body and making me come just that much harder...

But just like that, a soft kiss meets my lips before Zane grunts and slips his cock free from my heat.

“I...I didn’t know it would feel so incredible,” I say breathlessly.

“It’s never been *that* incredible,” he rasps, and serious as ever. “But I’ve created a monster haven’t I?” he chuckles and rolls to the side, keeping one hand tight on my belly.

“It’s like...all I want is you, Zane.” All of him. Every last bit. “It feels like I’ll never get enough.”

“You don’t know what it does to me to hear that, Natalie. And the best part is, you never have to get enough. Not ever. As far as you’re concerned it’s an endless well.”

I moan from his comfort and his palm slides from my belly to between my legs. “Oh,” I gasp at the relief his fingers begin to provide. “H-Have I lost my mind?”

He smirks, eyes on mine. “If so, then at least I’m not alone.” And with nothing but two fingers inside of me and his mouth on my breasts again, Zane gives me another orgasm that shatters my body into a *billion* tiny pieces. Then with slow drugging kisses, he wraps his arms around me and we fall into a deep sleep...*together*.

ZANE

WAKING up with Natalie in my arms, her hair fanned out along the pillows, is the best goddamn feeling in the world. And for the past week she's made me the luckiest son-of-a-bitch alive by sharing my bed. I don't even have to ask as she does it without question. She's *mine*. All mine.

"Shit, I was wrong," I grunt. Natalie looks up from her position between my legs, not daring to remove my cock from her little mouth.

"Hmm?" *Jesus*. The vibrations of her question has me flexing, sliding my cock further down her throat.

"Oh angel. I was wrong in thinking waking up with you is the best feeling in the world—it's just as grand as this. *Fuuuuck*," I groan out as her eyes do the smiling for her and she continues to suck me off.

She's already learned what I like and seems to love to give it. And dammit, it works in my favor as I could feast on her pussy all day in return.

I cup her face in my hands, realizing she's the sole owner of my heart. Some may think it's too soon but I'm thirty-nine for fuck's sake. Old enough to know what's what. And Natalie, she has every part of me.

"Turn around," I instruct lowly. "But don't let me go."

"*Mmmm*," she purrs, excitement sparking in her gaze and slowly she turns until her wet pussy is hovering over my face, making my mouth water. I flick my tongue over her clit and

she backs away from the sensation, nerves now kicking into gear.

“Hold still,” I grumble and band an arm around her waist, keeping her close as I devour her sweet pussy. Another low moan escapes and her hips begin to grind against my lips until she’s fucking my face and sucking me off in harmony. *Holy hell*. She feels so good, tastes so damn good to where we both fall apart within seconds of each other. Her cum floods out and I keep on licking, darting my tongue in and out of her slick hole.

Natalie twitches and squirms before sliding down on me and turning back around. “Wow, that was...*hot*,” she says, voice weak and cheeks burning bright red.

“*You* are so hot, baby.”

She grins and looks down. “You’re the one who makes me feel hot, Zane. And not just hot, but beautiful.” She looks back up with love in her eyes, and even though I know she won’t believe it I need to tell her how I truly feel.

“I love you, Natalie. You’re mine. All mine. And I want you to stay here for as long as you want. I’m just hoping that’s forever in the end.”

She gasps softly, “Zane, you...you don’t mean that.”

“Little girl, don’t tell me what I do and don’t mean. If you don’t feel the same just say that instead.”

“N-No, it’s not that. I just don’t get why me? I’m nothing special if you couldn’t already tell...” For how distraught she sounds it’s breaking my heart. And worse, it’s giving me the idea to hunt down every fucker out there who’s hurt this precious girl by forcing her to feel as if she’s anything less than *special*.

“Fuck the nonsense,” I snap in frustration. “Do you want me, Natalie? Do you think someday you could love me the way I love you?”

I’m willing to wait as long as it takes.

Her innocent eyes dance along mine as she looks to be in her head. Though before she can speak, the doorbell rings. *Oh who the fuck is that?*

Natalie scoots off the bed and disappears into the bathroom, and with a heavy heart I go to open the door.

“Can I help you?” I ask the woman standing on my porch, her brown hair wound tightly into a bun and she’s dressed in a no-nonsense gray suit.

“Why yes. I’m looking for a Natalie Harris. Is this her current residence, sir?”

I arch a brow. “It sure is. What’s this concerning?”

“Allow me to introduce myself,” she nods. “I’m Marissa Turner, the one handling her case from the fire at her former residence. I just have a few questions for Ms. Harris.”

I step back and politely invite the woman in even though everything inside me is wanting to turn her away. Natalie has already dealt with enough.

“Can I get you something to drink?”

“Water would be great, please. And your name?”

“Zane. Call me Zane,” I tell her and go grab a glass of water, setting it down on the coffee table just as Natalie emerges from the bedroom while looking beautiful as ever with her unkempt hair and pale pink skin. She has on another one of my sweaters that make my fingers twitch, yearning to touch her again. “Natalie, Ms. Turner is here to speak with you. She’s from the insurance company.”

A hesitant look crosses Natalie’s face but she quickly recovers, extending a hand to the woman. “Nice to meet you, ma’am.”

“Please call me Marissa.” The woman then goes on with her questions about the night of the fire and Natalie responds rather easily. Honestly, too. “So you don’t smoke, is that correct?”

My angel frowns. “Never. I’ve never so much as tried cigarettes and even if I wanted to, where would I get the money to buy them?” Her eyes drop to her thumbs fidgeting

on her lap, embarrassed by the question. “I-I was asleep when the fire started and when I tried to get out the door, it was too hot to touch—never mind open. I was trapped.”

Marissa places a sympathetic hand on Natalie’s shoulder. “I’m sorry you had to go through that, dear. And I’m sorry my questions have forced you now to relive it.”

Natalie shakes her head. “It’s okay. I know I can’t avoid it. Is there anything else you need to know?”

“No, dear. Just needed to confirm the remarks of the investigation. But as for this,” she pulls out a white envelope and hands it to Natalie, “this is for you.”

Natalie opens it cautiously, pulling out a check and her eyes go wide. “I don’t...I don’t understand. What’s this?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Baxter had a policy in place that required the two of them to detail how the house was used and for what. You were listed as a tenant, therefore all of your belongings that were lost in the fire have been documented and claimed for payment. That check entails the amount the items were insured for.”

Natalie glances down and then looks up at me, then Marissa. “It just doesn’t make any sense.”

It makes plenty of sense in my head but Natalie is far too naïve to understand how this woman has helped her. Although as pleased as I am about it, I get the sick feeling that check might just take my angel away.

“You’re eighteen now and so it goes to you, giving you the full amount insured.”

Natalie shakes her head. “But how do I have thirty-thousand dollars worth of insured property?”

“I’ll explain later,” I chime in.

Marissa smiles. “Excellent. And good luck to you Ms. Harris.” With another warm smile and firm handshake, the lady leaves us to our peace.

I sigh and close the door, preparing myself for the only girl to ever have my heart now just walk away. “So Natalie, what are

you going to do?”

Her eyes lift from the check and she stares at me silently. “What are you...*oh*,” she nods, seeming to understand as she swipes a tear off her cheek. “I-I can give you as much as you need. I just need a little to keep me afloat until I get a job.”

Are you fucking kidding me? My heart is snapping in half for this girl.

“Natalie, I don’t want your damn money,” I growl.

“Then you want me gone,” she says quietly.

“Angel,” I sigh and drop down beside her on the sofa. “If I could, I’d tie you to my bed and keep you here every goddamn second of the day. Now does that sound like I want you gone?”

Her shoulders begin to slowly sink. “I...I guess not. I just feel so broken inside and don’t know what I’m doing with you *or* my life. But I know I love you, Zane. I really do. “

I wrap an arm around her waist and tug her in close. “Natalie, there’s never rhyme or reason to how love works. It just happens.” Her eyes meet mine again and all I want is to kiss her tears away.

No more talk of the future or my love. For now, she’s here with me and that’s everything I need. I lean in and kiss her slowly, *deeply* until she’s squirming and climbing onto my lap, kissing me back as if I’m her entire universe.

And I have full intentions to be. I just need to get her to stay.

Though suddenly she leans back, a serious look crossing her face. “Zane, I want you to know how much of what you’ve done means to me. How you’ve—”

Ding! The doorbell sounds, cutting my angel short.

Fuck. Who the hell is it now?

NATALIE

WILL the doorbell ever stop ringing? *Seriously.*

My heart is racing as I climb off Zane's lap so he can answer the door, and I can't hear anything but the sound of blood rushing through my ears. Whoever's here now better have a damn good reason for interrupting.

"It's for you, Natalie." Zane's warm voice penetrates my thoughts and I bat my eyes, my fingertips touching my kiss swollen lips—I can still taste him.

"Again?"

He nods, and quickly I meet him at the door, right where I frown at the sight of the last two people I'd ever want to see again.

"Joan. Terry," I say their names blandly. "Can I help you guys?"

"Is that anyway to talk to the people who took care of you?" Terry replies coldly.

The hairs on my arms and neck stand, a sign I learned early in the foster system not to ignore. "Took care of me?" I laugh at their attempt to throw guilt my way. "Seriously, what are you guys doing here?"

Zane stands tall behind my back, making me feel stronger and confident in the face of uncertainty.

"We want you to come home," Joan explains, an uncommon smile lining her lips.

I squint my eyes, unable to hide my skepticism. “That’s interesting...considering the fact you guys kicked me out. Remember?” Joan opens her mouth to speak but I decide to keep going. “In fact, you two didn’t even *try* to save me from the fire that ravished your home. So I’ll ask this once more—what do you guys want?” My hands are cold, heart racing by so much confrontation but yet I’m not afraid. Not with Zane here.

“We want you back.” Terry tries his best to sound sincere. “The kids miss you and the truth is, we miss you too. Joan and I were wrong to kick you out without a soft place to land. Natalie, we want to make it up to you.”

Make it up to me? Yeah, good luck with that.

But deep down I know the true reason they’re here. “You need a sitter,” I call out. It only makes sense. “You don’t have room to get another kid until the house is fixed so you want your free childcare back. Am I right or am I right?” I lean against Zane and he gives my shoulder a supportive squeeze.

“That’s not it at all,” Joan replies in her shrill voice. “We miss you, dear.”

And do I miss them? Not in the slightest.

Joan and Terry were never abusive, they were just... indifferent. Which sometimes made it worse as they never bothered to care to do anything but ignore my existence if they weren’t having me babysit *or* complete a bunch of chores.

“Well I’m sorry to say the feeling isn’t mutual.” I stand a little straighter and cross my arms.

Joan gasps. “You ungrateful little brat!”

“Ungrateful?” I scoff. “You got paid to take care of me and the moment that obligation ended, so did your *care*. I won’t be coming back. Not now, not ever.” I almost try to apologize but I bite my tongue to stop it. I don’t owe them anything.

Terry sighs. “Fine then. Just give us the check and we’ll be on our way.”

The check. Of course they're here for the check. How could I forget about the thirty-thousand dollars waiting for me to cash-in on? If I go back with Joan and Terry, not only will they have an on demand sitter but now a good chunk of money to get their life back on track.

Money I could use to get my life even *near* a track.

I tilt my head to the side and play dumb. "What check?"

"Don't play games with us, Natalie," Terry grits.

Although my body is quaking and the anxiety is really kicking in now, I feel empowered enough to stand strong. "I have no idea what you guys are talking about." I shrug and step back, Zane following my lead. "I don't have a check. I don't have any money and if not for Zane, I wouldn't have a scrap of clothing to put on."

Terry steps forward but Zane springs into action, moving out from behind and stepping in between us, using his giant, muscular frame to protect me. *Oh god.*

"Move aside," Terry says, scowling at Zane who's easily double his size. "This is family business."

Zane puts a hand on his chest. "Well sounds to me like she doesn't want your version of family."

"And what, she wants *your* version?" Terry chuckles, his tone bitter and cold. "This is really what you want, Natalie? To be some plaything to an older guy? And what do you think he'll do the second he gets tired of you?"

"Careful," Zane warns. "You're getting close to pissing me off, buddy." His body is tightly coiled. He looks about ready to strike.

"No, Zane. It's all right, really. Let them think what they want as this is the first time they've shown any emotion *at all* towards me. But it's nice to know what they really think—that I'm some ungrateful plaything, yet they want me to be their permanent babysitter and hand over money in the wink of an eye. How perfect."

“Just give us the damn check and we’re out of here,” Terry mutters. “You’ll never see us again.”

“Now that does sound awfully tempting...” I begin, as it honestly seems like the quickest way to get rid of them at this point. But thirty-thousand dollars could turn my life around.

“Perhaps,” Zane says flatly. “But even if Natalie had a check and handed it over, we would then be forced to call the insurance agent and let her know we suspect some sort of fraud.”

Fraud? I look at him in surprise and he gives my shoulder another squeeze.

“If you ask me, it seems as if you two banked on poor Natalie here having nowhere to go, forcing her to give in to your demands in exchange for another attic room.”

Oh. My. God. “A-And that’s not happening,” I quickly speak up, cutting back to Terry and Jean. “If you guys ever bother to stop by again I’ll call the police before either one of us even answers the door. You’ve been warned,” I snap and grab Zane’s hand, tugging him back inside even though he follows with ease before I slam the door shut, giving it all the strength I have.

“Angel, are you okay?”

“Yes...no,” I whisper. “I don’t know.” I look up and find those green eyes on me. And even though I’m unsure of how I feel about what just happened, I do know one thing. “I-I love you, Zane. I’m so in love with you. And even though I don’t get why you want me I’m no longer trying to question it.” There’s no point in understanding, only embracing it every day. “I’m just happy that you do.”

His lips tip up into a devilish grin. “Oh *yeah?*”

“Yeah.” I smile. “I’m done being afraid. You saved my life, and not only by pulling me out of that fire when all I wanted was to be left behind but by giving me the strength and love I’ve been waiting for all these years. I-I just want to be able to give you something in return.”

He cups my face in the palm of his hands and presses a hot kiss to my lips. “You, Natalie. You give me purpose. Just by you being here has brought color back into the world. Share each day with me for the rest of our lives and I *swear* I won’t need anything else. Just you, angel.”

My heart catches in my throat. This is it. This is what real love feels like...having a man look at you like you’re his entire world, like you’re his everything.

“Deal,” I promise, tears in my eyes as I jump into his arms and kiss him as if it’s for the last time. “Make love to me, Zane.”

“Until you tell me to stop,” he grumbles and spins us around, pressing me back against the wall next to the doorway. “And even then who knows if I’ll be able to stop.”

I smile, unable to imagine the day to exist of not wanting him all over me. Our lips fuse back together until before we know it our clothes are off and we’re on the floor as one hot mess...

And to think this is only the beginning.

EPILOGUE

ONE YEAR LATER...

Rushing around the kitchen to make sure everything is *perfect* for tonight, my excitement is through the roof.

After spending the morning working on my blog, helping foster children who age out of the system without a safety net find their way, I cleaned the house from top to bottom.

Now our home sparkles brilliantly as I set my sights on the kitchen.

The ribs are in the oven as yup, my culinary skills have improved tremendously over the past twelve months all thanks to Zane. Mashed potatoes are in the warming oven to let the cheese melt into the bacon-y goodness, vegetables are roasting while the biscuits await to go in the moment Zane walks through the door.

Tonight is going to be special and I need everything to be perfect. Just *perfect*. There's something important I want to share...and I'm not sure how the news will be taken. With all the changes this past year, it's safe to say there's been quite a bit on our plate.

After Zane's suspension, which he reluctantly told me about, he was reinstated and then quickly promoted to captain—which gives me an intense sense of relief every day when he leaves for work. As for him, it means less time inside burning buildings and risking his life. And while I appreciate the sacrifices he's made for our little family of two it still doesn't help me feel any better about what I need to tell him.

I honestly wouldn't change a thing about our blissful life.

But yet life has a way of changing things for you, whether you're ready or *not*.

The front door opens. "Angel, I'm home!"

I smile at Zane's playful greeting but my heart kicks into high gear, prepared for what's to come next. "In the kitchen!" I shout back.

"Mmmm, smells incredible in here," he notes as he steps into the room. "Or is it just you?"

I turn to him as the smile on my face spreads. The love that shines in his eyes has a way of making my heart falter for a beat before it starts galloping away. "Can't it be both?"

He groans and closes the gap between us, wrapping his thick arms around me. "It sure can. Now, how was your day?"

"Wonderful," I breathe out and look up into his loving eyes. "But even better now. And yours?"

He draws back with an electric grin on his lips. "No fires today. And now I'm home safe with you so what's there to complain about?"

"Nothing if you ask me."

"I know, right?" he laughs half-heartedly, gaze raking over my body slowly, his eyes fueled by desire. "You look beautiful as ever tonight, angel. Good enough to eat," he grunts.

"Later," I press with a sweet smile. "First, it's dinner time." As tempting as he is...I didn't cook for nothing.

"Mmm, I smell your special barbecue sauce but I don't smell the Jack?"

I shrug. "No Jack in tonight's batch."

"Smells damn good anyway. Do I have time to wash up?"

I nod and he kisses my nose before turning around, giving me a view of his fine ass striding away. His absence offers me plenty of time to prep the table and light a candle before I set the food between us.

Everything is...perfect.

As much as it can be anyway. Now I just need to muster up the courage to get out what needs to be said.

“What’s the special occasion?” Zane questions as he returns.

I swallow the lump in my throat. “I love you,” I say easily, though his skeptical look makes me giggle. “*Aaaaannnd* I have something I need to tell you.”

His eyes darken with curiosity and we take our seats at the table. “Sounds serious.”

“It kind of is. But it’s also exciting and wonderful at the same time...and I hope you’ll think the same.” I eye the baby back ribs slathered in sauce, the roasted baby carrots plus tiny biscuits right beside it all, suddenly realizing my point isn’t being made. *Go figure.*

“Natalie,” Zane coos with a sexy grin, making my heart pound.

Fine. Here goes nothing. Here goes the secret I’ve been keeping for nearly a week, dying every day I’ve kept it inside. “I’m...having a baby. *Our* baby, Zane.” I stare at him as the air remains silent between us.

“You’re pregnant?”

“I am.” I nod slowly, his question giving not an ounce of his feelings away. He’s unreadable.

“I’m going to be a father,” he says quietly.

“And a damn good one. If, of course, that’s what you want...”

A second later a loud whoop sounds—Zane is out of his chair and pulling me out of mine, wrapping his arms around my back to spin us both around in circles.

“Z-Zane,” I giggle as he holds me tightly, though I’m not sure if I’m dizzy from happiness or the spinning but it doesn’t matter now. He’s happy and that’s all I need to know.

“Oh, angel. You’ve just made me the luckiest son-of-a-bitch on the face of this planet.” He shakes his head. “Now there’s just one thing left to do.” He sets me down abruptly and leaves

the kitchen, returning less than a minute later. “I had a place in mind for this but I think right now, this would be a damn great time.”

I blink. “For what?”

A wicked smirk tugs on his lips and he drops down on one knee like my very own white knight, revealing a stunning ring with orange and red gems that resemble a flame. “Natalie, my beautiful girl. Love of my life. The moment I laid eyes on you everything changed and I finally knew what my purpose was—to show you how truly amazing you are. Being by your side as you’ve continued to evolve has been an absolute privilege, though I don’t think our journey here is done. Will you marry me?”

“M-Marry you?” My breath catches. “Are you sure? Because if I say yes there’s no going back.”

“Is that supposed to scare me?” He cocks an eyebrow. “You’re having my baby and you seem rather happy about it.”

“Ecstatic,” I assure him.

“Then that means you’re more than ready to answer, angel. Will you marry me?”

“In a heartbeat,” I hum. “Today. Tomorrow. Yes, Zane. Yes!”

His shoulders go slack and he pulls me even closer. “You’re all I’ll ever need in this life, Natalie.”

Looking into his eyes, my heart is about ready to pound right out of my chest but I couldn’t be any happier. “I do have one question...”

“And what’s that, baby?”

“How exactly does a girl go about planning her happily ever after?” The idea of it is so surreal yet I’m so full of love and excitement by growing a life, I’m giddy and can’t control it.

“We’ll get to that. For now, let’s celebrate.” He wiggles his eyebrows and takes a seat in the nearest chair before pulling me onto his lap, having me straddle him the way I always love to.

“Whatever you say, *husband* to be.” And it certainly has a nice charm to it.

Zane growls and quickly unleashes his thick erection, taking us to heaven and back right at the kitchen table...and though it may not be the happy ending I always dreamed of, it's even better. It's perfect.

Just like our perfect little family.

*Thank you for reading the second book of the Possessive
Alpha Series! □*

I'd LOVE To Connect With You!

B.L. Brooks Fan Page

B.L. Brooks • Reader Rewards Group

More Possessive Alpha Men!

More Books By BROOKS!

Sign up for my [Newsletter](#) to stay up
to date on my new releases,
along with so much MORE! ☐☐