

DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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Synopsis

"Let's finish off where we've started shall we?" He says huskily.

His voice seems to be calling my libido. But before I could respond, Jeremy has taken me in his arms. He gives me one final dark look before his lips descends upon mine.

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All her life, what Leyla Levy has know is consistent struggle. That was until desperate measures forces her to sell her one and only true gift she could ever give to a man.

Her Virginity.

However, it may seem luck is on her side when she meets, a young, sexy and incredibly rich bachelor who seems intent on helping her out. But pride can also play a huge part on one's choices no matter how desperate one is in need of help.

Throw in some weird, heartfelt, jealous, possessive and just downright arrogant characters and Leyla finds her life in turmoil of crazy. How did her life get so interesting? She is but lonely girl trying to find a place in this big old world.

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EPISODE ONE

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Please don't judge me and I won't judge you. Why is this song in my head? Right, because I am actually doing this.

Well, I don't have any choice; there is nothing else I can do. I tell myself this as I walk into the dark streets. Grasping my coat closer to me as the wind hits my almost naked flesh.

The coat is big enough to hide the fact that underneath it I'm barely wearing any clothes.

I'm already feeling the beginnings of hypothermia. My feet are frozen under the high black stiletto boots I've been forced to wear. My exposed legs are shaking as I swiftly walk down the streets.

I don't need to check my arms to know that they are full of goosebumps. My spine is so tensed with

amount of shivers I've had, I'm surprised I haven't turned into an ice sculpture.

I continue to walk slowly down the sloppy road. Where did that woman say the place is again? I ask myself as I check the street name.

Ah, just a few blocks left. It's midnight and the streets are so quiet, eerily quiet. Only the sound of my boots crunching against the granite ground can be heard. I can faintly hear the sound of barking dogs as I get closer to the buildings and this results in another shiver running through my body. I clutch myself tighter.

My heart rate speeds up as I get closer to the corner of the building. She was right, I think.

Just around the corner there are few women in lingerie, bras, corsets and miniskirts standing and

waiting. So swallowing what pride I have left, I move closer to them wishing and praying that I am discreet.

I stand to the far end, putting a distance from them. As the wind blows, my nose is met with the penetrating smell coming near the dumpster where we are standing next to. The stench is mixed with the smell of smoke and a faint tint of cheap perfume.

I wrinkle my nose in disgust but I tell myself to get used to it for I will be coming to this place often. So clutching myself closer, I look to the women next to me.

Trashy is an understatement. How can they not be cold with what they were wearing? My brain wonders.

The woman closer to me has a cigarette on her mouth while she clutches her make-up compact in which she drabs herself with lipstick. I hear her curse as she accidentally drop her cigarette from her mouth.

"Monica! You have any more?" Her accent is off as she screams to the woman next to her.

The other woman, Monica, is dark skinned and has more curves than a circle. She frowns at her as she searches her bag while the one who shouted at her searches frantically through her purse.

"No, sorry Sav, mines are finished," Monica tells her.

"Oh Cake shìt!" Sav curses.

I bite my lip to hide my laugh but I don't succeed as

a small snicker escapes from my mouth.

"You think it's funny!?" I hear the menace on her voice and before I know it, Sav is right in front of my face with Monica. She gives me a disgustingly scowl before she assesses me.

"Who are you?" She frowns.

"You're new here, aren't you?" Monica sneers, giving me a dirty look as she regards me up and down.

For some reason I fear these women, they look like they are on their middle twenties and something tells that they must be experienced in these streets.

Suddenly, Sav lets out a throaty laugh which tells me about how much cigarettes she's consumed.

"Monica, look at her, I think we scared her," she laughs.

Monica snickers a little.

"She's just a kid," She frowns and suddenly she grabs me by coat and unzips it. They both gasp, their jaws dropping.

What? I almost ask.

They are looking up at me in shock. I frown at them as they stare at each other knowingly.

"Monica, that corset," Sav whines.

"I know," She replies as she shakes her head.

"What?" I ask.

"Why are you in the streets, kid?" Monica folds her arms, regarding me closely. "Where did you get this?" She grasps my corset, running her long nails against the material.

"How old are you?" Sav adds.

I swallow the bile that's beginning to rise up my throat. However, I keep quiet as I watch them regard me.

"Answer us." Sav grips my hand.

"The same reason you are here and I'm eighteen years old!" I whisper frantically, my voice barely audible.

"Where did you get this?" Sav asks, "This is new."

I bite my lower lip, I can't possibly tell her that I stole it.

"Go home, kid," Monica stares straight into my eyes.

I shake my head in frustration, they don't know me, how dare they?

"You heard her, go home," Sav interjects.

"No." I glare at both of them.

She laughs at me, "You remind me of me," she says.

I'm sure as hell that I'm not like you, I think in disdain.

"What's your name?" Monica asks and I get the vibe that she is the oldest, the way forward she's been.

"Leyla," I tell her.

"Well Leyla, trust me when I tell you this, you don't belong here. You don't want your life to end up like ours. Go home," she says firmly.

She is starting to really piss me off now.

How dare she judge me?

"No. I don't have a home, I have no choice but to do this, I have no one, no one," My voice falters at the end, and I feel the tears behind my eyes because of my anger.

Stupid damn tears. Why do I have to cry every time I got angry?

Monica purses her lips at me while Sav looks at me in amusement.

"That's quite a show you've put on young lady," A new voice is heard from behind us. I have to flinch because it's man's voice.

I turn around slowly. And standing before me is a dark skinned man who has more bones than a skeleton. He wears what seems to be a worn out black suit with matching black shades on his eyes and on his mouth is a cigar in which he engulfs exaggeratedly as he puffs the smoke against my face.

By his sides are two women, who cling on him as if he is a life raft. They wear nothing but bras and

miniskirts and once again I wonder how they are immune to this cold.

"You're cute, what brings you here?" He asks, taking out his shades and I have to gasp at his eyes. They are olive yellow, almost brown but more snake-like yellow against his dark skin. He smirks at me and I get the impression, he is used to people having the same reaction because of his eyes.

"I-I—" I swallow looking frantically for words to say.

"She's with me," Monica steps in as she grips my arm pulling me to her.

The man frowns distractedly at her, and I can tell he is disappointed at something.

"Oh?" His jaw clenches and unclenches. "Who is she

to you?" he asks.

"My distant cousin," Monica states with a flat tone, no trace of hesitation.

He narrows his eyes at her, "Why is she here then?"

I feel Monica shift hesitantly for a second. "She was just curious...she followed me here?"

I watch him frown at her for a moment before he puts his shades back and sucks on his unrelenting cigar. "Wearing that?"

"Yes, she wanted to be... inconspicuous." He raises his eyebrows in disbelief.

"Okay, next time keep your cousin on a leash," He

spits venomously, emphasising the word cousin.

And with that he gives me one final look and the two girls next to him sneer at Monica, Sav and I as they leave. As he passes, I notice that other girls are now straightening up and fixing themselves at his presence and then he disappears out of sight.

Once he's out of sight, I feel the tension around me sag, the relief printed on Monica and Sav's face is evident.

"Who is he?"

"Your worst nightmare," Sav snickers.

"He's someone you don't mess with," Monica corrects. "He owns half of these girls here."

Owns? As if they were a property. I swallow my fear.

"Why did you say I was your cousin?" I ask her.

"Because you don't belong here. You shouldn't even be here, kid," She says.

I groan in frustration. As far as I'm concerned, I'm an adult not a kid.

"You won't last in these streets and if he finds out you are nobody he will just suck you in and you would've ended up worse than us," She continues.

The way she says this is as if she has a genuine concern of me. I snort internally, as if.

"I need the money," I tell her. "I have debt to pay, and

I have next to none when it comes to money or a place to call my own and ---"

I'm interrupted by a purring of a car pulling on the road. It's a sleek white Audi, and it tells me that whoever is in the car surely is one rich bastard.

Immediately, like rats all the girls run to the car and begin a motion of flaunting and flirting with whoever is driving.

I watch as Sav and Monica fix themselves before brushing all the girls aside. Sav coolly dips her head into the window and I hear her throaty cigarette laugh. All the while I just stand there discreetly and hugging myself tightly as I shiver.

Is this what it will be like? Is this how it's like all the time? Was Monica right? Did I really belong here? But I have no choice. The odds are never in my

favour or even luck for that matter.

I've spent my whole life begging and living off charity until I turned eighteen. I have a decent education but no money to get me to college; I have no relative or even just a friend to help me with my debt to that old woman. I am just an orphan kid who roams alone.

Suddenly a whistle catches my attention and I have to look up to see the source. I gasp in shock as the man in a black suit comes over to me. He is tall and sturdy and looks well in shape however his impassive expression tells me a different story.

"Come with me," His voice is firm, authoritative and even in my shocked state I find my feet following him meekly to the car.

From the corner of my eye, I watch as the girls give

me dirty looks and some even have the audacity to give me a middle finger. The man opens the back door for me and I have time to dote his manners.

But before I get in the car, I take a quick final glance at Monica and Sav because something within me tells that this may somehow be the last I see them. Sav gives me a smug smile while Monica shows a concerned expression; I wave at them as I nervously get in the car.

I almost scream when I realise that I'm not alone in the back. Another man is sitting with arms folded, glancing to his window, a scowl marring his face. He sighs inwardly before he turns to me and I find my breath hitch once he turns.

The first thing that registers is how good looking and young he is. Good looking is an understatement. The man must be a sex model or something. He has floppy chestnut brown hair against his forehead

which is almost covering his eyes. In the dark, I can't tell the colour of his eyes but they are sleek against his long lashes, they sparkle a little.

His face is the most handsome face I've seen. His jaw is sturdy, containing a little stubble in which I had a sudden urge to run my fingers on his jaw, just to know how the texture will feel against my hand.

I feel myself heating up a little, I am getting way ahead of myself. This man is a stranger, a stranger I know what I have to do just to get his money. I quickly assess that he is wearing a grey suit with a white lined shirt, a few buttons opened to reveal his chest.

"Hello," He says, his voice a deep slurry tone.

I blush quickly, only thankful that it's dark. I nod meekly at him.

"What's your name?" he asks me.

And for a brief second, I wonder if that's how it worked. Don't they usually just take you to their house or hotel, do the deed and get over it, money paid after, no exchange of contact whatsoever?

"Um...Leyla, Leyla Levy..." my voice comes out croaky, barely audible.

"Nice to meet you Leyla, Leyla Levy, I'm Jeremy Lawson" He smirks at me, taking out his hand.

Is he laughing at me? I wonder, mesmerized by his condescending smirk. I stare at his hand for a moment before I realize that I have to shake it. I eventually do but then I have to gasp again.

His hands are soft but his grip is very firm and a spark of electricity shoots up my hand, ricocheting through my bones and I quickly break the contact as if I've been burned.

I watch as he frowns, his mouth forming an "O" and I wonder if he felt it too. However, he soon changes his expression to one containing a smirk and wary amusement.

"Um..." I shift in my seat uncomfortable.

"Do you mind if we go now? I don't know how these things usually work," He frowns momentarily before hiding it with a chuckle.

I nod, not sure what to say. I don't know how these things usually work either.

"Good... Hails, to the hotel," He orders the man who came to me, and I realize that he is his driver.

"Yes sir," Hails answers with a clipped tone.

And he drives us away from the streets and out of town.

The journey is quiet and awkward and each of us seems to lack anything to say to one another but I can't blame the situation. I mean, what do you say to the man you're about to sleep with for money?

In your case, lose your virginity to. My conscience decides this moment to make her presence known. I sigh inwardly. What am I doing?

Do I really want my first to be with a stranger, well now a handsome stranger, I know next to none

about, and worse he is meant to give me money afterwards?

How did I really come to this? Isn't there any other options? No, not really, there isn't. For the past months, I've been turned down by so many jobs, even a local restaurant as waitress couldn't even take me.

The rent is piling up and the lady that took me in is becoming very persistent about her money and so I'm led to this... this disgusting fate. Why oh why did my life have to suck this bad?

No, suck it up Leyla, now's not the time to wallow in self-pity. I tell myself.

To be continued...

This episode was started with "don't judge." Not everyone choose their path of life... Some don't have any choice.

Sorry for the late update guys, my phone is having some issues

What do you think about Leyla's job?

Like, comment and share to unlock episode two.
Please

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EPISODE TWO

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"We're here," J eremy touches my shoulder and I almost flinch at the contact. Suddenly fear grips my heart. This is happening, there is no going back now, it's inevitable.

Well, here goes nothing. I tell myself as Hails opens the door for me. I get out taking a few deep breaths

before I follow J erylmy to the entrance.

The minute we step inside the elite hotel into the reception, I gasp at the beauty and richness of the hotel. And I know deep inside that it must be expensive to afford, again this tells me that J erylmy must be one rich son of a bastard. I wondered briefly wether he was some sort of celebrity or something.

No Leyla, don't you dare start wondering about him, he's led you here for another thing and one thing only.

The woman in the reception flutters her eyes at him briefly and I can tell that I'm not the only one that finds him very attractive. I stay back as he talks briefly to her and then he comes to me and leads me to the elevator. I glance briefly at the receptionist and she gives me a flat smile, I turn my gaze immediately away.

After waiting for a few moments the elevator pings as the door opens and we step inside. For one fleeting moment, I wonder about where his driver went to but my wondering soon flees as the elevator door closes and I realise that no one else has gotten in but us. Once the door shuts, we soon then drift upwards.

Suddenly, I find myself gasping at the atmosphere that has shifted between us. It's as if an electric pull is drawing me closer towards him. The minute I stare up at him is when I finally make out the colour of his eyes against those deep lashes. They are grayish blue and I have to take another sharp intake of breath as he gazes down at me in this most sexy heated look I've ever been given by a man. His pupils are dilated slightly and his eyes brood a dark look, a look that affects me in a way I've never felt before.

My breathing becomes a hot panty mess and while the elevator travels up, I find that we are unconsciously moving closer and closer to each other. It happens before I'm aware of it.

He stalks at me and suddenly I'm pushed against the wall, his eyes travel greedily but leisurely from the soles of my feet up to my bulging eyes. Soon enough his hands has found a way to my face and he grips me hard, pulling my head back so I can look straight at up him. He inches closer, our breaths mingle together, but, before his lips can touch mine, the elevator pings to a stop.

I'm panting as if I've ran a marathon while Jeremy pulls me out of the elevator in a quick motion. He drags me to his penthouse suite and I have no time to collect the door number before I'm hauled into his room.

Inside, the room is spacious. I count about four

doors across a long chandelier coated corridor. It was as if it was more of an apartment rather than a hotel suite.

However, as soon as we are inside and before I could assess my surroundings Jeremy has led me to his bedroom. "Let's finish off where we've started, shall we?" He says huskily.

His voice seems to be calling my libido but before I can respond, Jeremy has taken me in his arms. He gives me a one final dark heated look and soon his lips descend upon mine.

They are soft but rough against my soft lips and I quickly find myself kissing him back with equally undulating lust. His tongue caresses my lips, coercing my mouth to open. I let him take no for an answer as he begins to deepen the kiss. The taste of his tongue against mine is tantalizing and I'm amazed at how I'm enjoying the feel of it.

All my earlier worries about sleeping with a stranger soon slide away to oblivion. I'm eager for him to touch me, as if I've been craving for his touch for the past eighteen years of my life. Again this is a rare sudden emotion.

He draws back suddenly, leaving me wanting more and we are staring heatedly at each other, anticipating what the other will do. He licks his lower lips and my eyes move down to watch his tongue. He moves snake like towards me as he unzips and pulls off my jacket. His sharp intake of breath is unmistakable as his eyes rake all over what I'm wearing.

"Wow, you're so sexy in this," his voice is a strangled moan.

I flush at his comment. He throws my jacket

somewhere -- I don't know. I can't look anywhere else but his eyes. He moves his hands to my arms very slowly leaving tingly sensations after his fingers. He then grips my neck pulling me forward and once again his lips crash with mine. He pushes himself to me so that I can feel the evidence of his arousal firm and hard against my waist.

He stops kissing me to trail kisses to my neck down to my collar bone, at the same time his hands travel to my full perky breasts, he grips them hard against my corset and I almost cry out at the unfamiliar touch.

His hands roams to my back to undo my corset very slowly. I'm becoming increasingly aware of how moist I'm getting between my thighs. Once he's finished, he pulls away the corset, roughly, leaving me bare and exposed. I fight the urge to wrap my hands around myself so that I can cover my nakedness. He gasps again as his eyes ogle on my

breast.

"Your breasts are beautiful, Leyla. So full and perky," He says huskily, almost hungrily as he takes them into a cup and then he squeezes them softly. His thumb and forefinger pinch at my nipples and I let a loud embarrassing groan of pleasure.

Oh. My. Wo-esh. I can't even form a proper thought.

He kisses me once more, his hands never leaving my breast as he pushes me lightly on to the bed. I lie down flat and limp not sure what to do as he trails kisses from neck to that one spot that makes me squirm. His mouth is at my breasts, his tongue lapping my nipples and I gasp feeling the sensation travelling all the way down there, between my thighs.

His other hand plays with my breast as he suck and

tease. I'm squirming and getting hot in all these new places that I've never known I could get this hot. I have to admit that it feels quite good but another sane part of my brain, that is my conscience has to remind me that I am going to lose my virginity to a complete stranger and I'm... enjoying it?

Surely this is a sign or a beginning of how I will be seen as a whore. The title I'm despondently bringing myself down to. However, I quickly override that part away to let me myself enjoy this one true moment of bliss.

My blood is running wild and his lips are travelling down to my stomach, lapping and sucking at my abdomen. His hand trails over my thighs, parting my legs. His fingers find the lace of my panties and he effectively cups me, making me gasp in shock.

What will he do? I ask myself in anticipation.

He rubs his fingers on me through the lace and I squirm uncomfortably, at the same time enjoying the unexpected feeling. My insides are liquidating even more from his touch and its such a disarming feeling.

"So how do you like it?" He asks, panting. "You've barely touched me."

"Like what?" I'm surprised I've found my voice.

He stops the kissing my to look up at me. "What else?" He frowns.

"Oh... Um... I don't know," I whisper.

"What do you mean you don't know? Do you just allow them fúck you in their paces?" He sounds

angry.

"Um... I don't..." I struggle to find the right words.
"I've never done it."

Suddenly he laughs, "Funny, is that what you use to get them excited?"

I have no idea why he is laughing and what he means by that, "Um..." I say.

He glares at me, "You're joking right?"

I swallow the fear as I tentatively shake my head.

"Wait. You are a virgin!?" His words splutter out in disbelief.

To be continued...

A virgin prostitute?!

What would be Jeremy's reaction?

Find out in episode three

[03/07, 07:30] : DON'T HURT ME

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EPISODE THREE

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He moves far away to the edge of the bed and I watch dumbfounded as he runs both his hands through his unruly chestnut brown hair.

I pull myself up into a sitting position leaning my back against the bed wall, my heart still racing wild from the all hormones in my blood. I wrap my arms around my body to cover my exposed self, wishing I can somehow pull the covers over me and hide in shame.

"Are you serious?" He stares sceptically at me.

I nod, afraid to meet his eyes. He remains silent for a while and I look up to gauge his reaction.

"Go. Get out. Now!" He orders, his voice cold and calculated as he scowls at me.

Suddenly It's as if my world has come crushing down on me like a bucket of ice water. The hope I had before shatters into a million pieces.

"What.... No, please," I stand up, not caring whether I'm half naked or not. I can't quite fight the tears that are now threatening to overcome me.

"Get the fuck out of my room," He hasn't moved from his frozen stance and the look he gives me is of disgust and regret.

"Please, don't do this; I'm begging you I can't go back there, please," I beg.

He cocks his head to another side, giving me his cold smirk that doesn't quite reach his eyes. "I don't give a fuck. Get out and go find some other fucker to get your filthy hands to and fill them with your fucking lies," He says coldly.

All the hairs in my body stand as a cold shiver runs through my body. "I'm not lying," my voice is a whisper.

That's it, my only Luck. Gone. But what did I expect? Him to fall at my feet and just love me because I'm a virgin? No, this isn't like one fairytale dream story. No, this is reality and this reality is just too cold and cruel.

"You are still here?" Suddenly he moves, grabbing

my hand tightly his nails digging on my skin. His strength is surprising when he pulls me away from his room, grabbing my coat and my corset, shoving me away from the hallway to the front door and out of it.

Before I have time to process any of what's happening, the door is shut against my face. When finally the reality of what has happened hits me, I let an involuntarily sob, the tears prickling at my eyes. I can't believe he has thrown me out... but at the same time I can.

And here I am thinking there'd been something more to that moment we shared, something more to that the passion I felt from his kisses. No, Leyla, stop. I tell myself. I should be glad that he's thrown me out; it means that I can keep my virginity.

I snort. For that one fleeting moment in the throes of passion, I had wanted him to be the one that took

it. Never in my life have I ever felt like that for anyone and not just anyone but a stranger? And not just a stranger but J eremy Laws on, my handsome stranger.

My? I had to mentally slap myself. The guy has just kicked me out of his presence and I'm referring him as mine. He doesn't belong to me, hell he doesn't even want me. But I can't help but to have reacted to the way he kissed me, his touches... even then I was ready to pour my heart and soul to him.

Now what am I going to do? Yes, reality is truly cold and cruel. I've been so caught up in the shock that J eremy has thrown me out that I haven't realised I'm still staring blankly at his closed door, still half naked.

I instantly snap back to reality as I take in my surrounding. And quickly before anyone sees, I put on my corset, not bothering to go through the time

of tying it. I drape on my coat and step on my black stiletto boots. Then taking one final last look at the door, I turn away. Wipe away your tears Leyla and move on, I tell myself.

There is no time for crying, the woman needs her money and I have to find a way to get it. I feel cold and disgusted at myself as I think about going back to that dark street where the rest of the girls where. That means I have to sleep with another stranger and I'm sure as hell that the rest aren't as handsome and charming as Jeremy. I have no such luck to find someone like him again.

But I haven't a choice. As I've mentioned it before, the odds and luck are never in my favour, this precious event has just proved how unlucky I am.

But there's no time for self-pitying, no I have to get rid of these thoughts and feelings for Jeremy Lawson, he is the past now. I'm almost lucky to

have had that opportunity to know him and almost sexually.

I press the button for the elevator and then I wait, folding my hands around my body. I have no clue where I will go after this. I can't bear going back to that woman's apartment.

I know the minute I'll step into her apartment she is going to scold me about her money and right now I feel so low that her scolding would surely break me. So no, going back there without at least a cent is out of question.

Steps, Leyla, take steps, I tell myself. Right now you're waiting for the elevator. After you will get into it, and then you walk out of the hotel and the rest would follow. It is at these times that I'm glad for conscience.

The elevator pings and opens. A middle aged man in a tailor suit stands alone; he gives me a small smile as I step into the elevator. I give the best smile I could muster at him.

"Going down?" He asks.

I nod.

The music in the elevator is soothing and it distracts me from my wayward thoughts.

As the elevator door closes, so does my heart. Goodbye Jeremy Lawson, I sigh to myself.

Suddenly, a hand pops in to stop the door from closing and the elevator obliges and opens. My heart almost skips a beat at the sight of Jeremy, looking flustered and a bit angry as his grayish blue

eyes find my own.

"I'm sorry," he says to me and then grabbing my hand he pulls me out of the elevator.

I can only watch in surprise and shock as he gives the man on the elevator an

apologetic nod and then grasping my hand warmly he pulls me to his pent suite, once again.

To be continued...

What do you think is happening?.

Happy weekend, guys

Don't forget to like and comment before leaving

[03/07, 07:30] : Warning!!! This chapter might contain scenes you don't like; Read at your own risk.

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DON'T HURT ME

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EPISODE FOUR

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The door closes behind me and I turn around nervously to gauge his reaction. He leans against the door, staring heatedly and at the same time impassively down at me.

"Tell me, how are you a virgin?" He asks.

I'm surprised by his question, of all things he can say to me, this is what he chooses. Not even an explanation to why he lashed out at me. I shrug at

him, staring up at his intensive eyes.

"But you're a whore?" He growls angrily, making me look up at him briefly before I turn my gaze away, "Aren't you?" He asks as he sees my reaction.

After everything he's put me through, he still manages to be angry to me. I can't quite blame him, he sees me as whore because he picked me up in a "whore station".

"Today is my first time," I tell him, my voice a whisper. Ugh, I hated how my voice sounded right now.

"Your first t-time," his voice cracks in utter shock. Suddenly he's running his hands frantically through his hair as he scowls at me. What is he still angry at me for?

"So, what? You just thought you'd lose your virginity as a prostitute?" He frowns at me.

I shrug, intimidated by his anger.

"You are not serious!" He looks at me in disbelief.
"But why?" There's trace of curiosity in his voice.

"I don't have a choice," I say faintly, catching his grayish blue eyes which are now more gray and I wonder if it's due to the fact that he is angry or the due to the dim lightning of the room.

"Everyone has a choice, Leyla," he says, calmer now.

I shake my head, "Not me," I whisper.

He cocks his head to one side, regarding me and he

frowns slightly but his frown is not aimed at me anymore.

"How old are you?" He asks, tensing up a little as he waits for my answer.

A thought tells me I should lie to him, giving that he has already thrown me out before. But then again honesty is best form of developing trust.

"Eighteen," I tell him, anxiously waiting for another hissing fit.

He breathes out a sigh of relief. His previous anger seems to have somehow fled.

"Tell me, why do you think you have no choice?" He asks, his voice softer as he moves closer to me until I feel his body heat radiating and wafting over

me. I'm struck in this proximity, breathless.

He looks down at me but the frown has left his face. It is replaced by curiosity. The blue of his eyes envelope the gray and this answers my earlier speculating that his eyes turn fully gray whenever he's angry.

This is it, I'm compelled to tell him now and so I begin by, "My life is a mess--"

He snorts, "Everyone's life is a mess." He moves closer to me and I move backwards, afraid of his closeness.

"At least not as bad as mine," I say.

"Well, I doubt it," he shrugs, taking a step forward, making me take a step back until my back is

against the wall.

"You didn't let me finish," My voice comes out husky, affected by his masculinity.

"Please, continue." He gestures with his hand before pinning his hands on wall, making me squirm as his eyes brood that dark look that ignites my insides. I try clearing my throat as I begin.

"I never knew my parents. The woman who gave birth to me, dumped me on the nearest foster home the minute I was born. That's where I spent my childhood..." I take a deep breath.

I cannot believe I'm going to tell a stranger this, not just any stranger but a handsome stranger whom I've come this close to nearly sleeping with for money but then to have him throw me out of his hotel room because somehow he didn't like fact

that I'm a virgin. But the way he stares at me, with a frown now on his face -- not aimed at me for once -- encourages me to go on.

"...Little did she know the foster home was a fraud. There was a reason why nobody got adopted. The man who owned the place was a fraud," I gasp as he inches closer to me his nose almost hitting mine.

I hesitate, almost forgetting what I'm talking about, "Um... he never allowed the children to be adopted. He only kept us for his solitary confinement, he mistreated us," I gasp again but this time, it's forlorn as I remember the loss, the cries, the beatings. I shiver involuntarily.

Jeremy finally shifts away from me, giving me space to breathe. I catch a genuine concern on his face, "Leyla?"

I breathe out. "You wanted to know--"

"You don't have to," he cuts me, taking both of my hands.

I shake my head, looking at him in confusion. Why the sudden change of track, I thought he wanted to know. "I've already started..." I say in defence.

He nods for me to continue.

"So that's where I spent twelve years of my life. Only school was my escape. Sometimes it got a point that the teachers had to force me to leave the school grounds," I blink the tears that were now forcing their way to release themselves.

"By the time High School came, I was a mess, the pressure of getting good grades under the stress of

being bullied by my fellow contemporaries as well as having no home... well, it got to me. But in the end I made it through. I ended up with decent grades. But, the fact still remained that I was homeless. It meant that I was deprived of getting a job, going to college and having these opportunities to change my life. I was a beggar. I was forced to visit charity shops and ask for a sleeping place, but who could trust a street girl? No one."

I look up to see if he was still listening and I almost gasp at the intensity of his gaze. The blue of his eyes gleam with a concern mixed with awe.

"I'm sorry," his voice is barely audible and he clears his throat.

"No, I don't want your pity," I whisper inaudibly.

He presses his lips together, frowning. "So, now you

want to become a prostitute?" He retorts.

"Well I have no choice but to." I shrug, frowning at him slightly.

He looks at me warily but the intensity of his gaze makes me squirm uncomfortably. It's reminding me of how his touch felt against my body, his lips against mine. He moves closer again, his hands pinning on the wall on either side of my face, trapping me as he leans down.

"You know, I'm still trying to figure out how a girl like you is a virgin." He says huskily, his body so close I could feel my breath mingling with his.

A warm shiver runs through my body, making the hairs on my skin stand.

"A girl like me?" I have to ask this.

"Yes you. You're too beautiful, why hasn't any boy taken advantage?" He asks rhetorically.

I gasp in shock; did he just call me beautiful?

"I'm not beautiful, I'm trash," I mumble incoherently.

He shakes his head, closing his eyes as he breathes out, "You have no idea, do you?"

"About wh--"

His lips smashes with mine, completely cutting me off. I'm still processing what is happening before I find myself unexpectedly responding to his kiss. My hands find their way to his hair and they fist on him,

pulling him closer toward me.

The earlier spark that developed between us before returns and this time it boils with a new intensity that when we stop to catch our breaths, my heart is beating so fast I think it's going to grind through my ribs.

We pant the same breath as we stare at each other. My hands are still on his neck and hair and his hands grip my face. That dark heated look on his eyes pulls me to him, making me grip him tighter, pulling him down to a kiss and he groans in his throat, the sound so sexy.

Our kiss deepens once his tongue coils with mine, we taste one another. He moves one of his hands to my neck as the other impales on my back, effectively pulling me closer to him. The fire between us burns to a thousand degrees, each flicker igniting my body, shaking it and waking it up

from wherever it's been.

He slams me to the wall suddenly and begins the process of ripping my jacket new corset away. He kisses my jaw, trailing soft nips all the way to my neck and collar bone. One of his hands takes hold of my thigh and wraps in around his waist and I gasp in pleasure as I feel his pressing arousal hitting the spot between my legs.

My hands yank on his hair and his mouth leisurely moves down to tease my nipples, sending heat down below that makes me even more wet with need.

Still teasing me, he suddenly kneels down and runs his nose from my length of my knee all the way to the apex of my thigh. It's so hot that I tilt my hips forward giving him access.

"You smell amazing." He says as he looks up at me with his heated eyes. I gape at him, drool almost convulsing in my mouth.

Without taking his eyes off me, he slowly pulls off my lace panties down my legs. His fingers trailing over my skin, leaving it boiling with heat. He gets up suddenly, taking my face in his hands and he kisses me shamelessly and recklessly.

We move without me being aware of it until we find ourselves in his bedroom. He stops once we are at the rear of his bed. His hands tilt my face to meet his. "Do you want this?" He asks, his eyes gleaming under the dim light.

Butterflies and other sensation churn in my stomach as I nod furtively at him. He kisses me again, moving his lips to bite my ear lobe and that result in my moaning cry.

"Are you sure?" He asks again, running his hand down my back sending a trail of shivers along my spine.

"Yes." I almost yell at him.

I feel his smile on my neck before he moves away to look at me; his grayish blue eyes are now a deep blue colour that penetrates through me. I'm quite sure my face emits hues of the tomato red. Slowly, he pulls his shirt off over his head and I stare at his perfect abdominal muscles. I swallow deeply; he has the sexiest body ever.

He pulls the duvet off the bed and then he pushes me slowly on it. He kneels over me, parting my legs so that he's in between them. His eyes never leave mine.

His hands cup my breasts and he licks and trail nips and kisses from my ribs all the way to down to my navel. I lean on my elbows, my mouth hanging out to see what he's doing.

His mouth moves dangerously close to that flesh between my legs and once he claims me, I cry out in pleasure, my elbows shaking vigorously.

I feel his tongue toying and playing with me and it's such weird but tantalizing sensation, I close my eyes to absorb all the pleasure churning deep within.

"Please," I cry out but he shows no mercy. He continues his onslaught of licking and tasting me whilst both of his hands cup my breasts, squeezing and rolling his thumbs on my nipples. My body bows as his teeth graze on my clitoris.

The lower part of my body begins tightening,

trembling and reaching...to where? I haven't a clue but my mind has given up to form coherent thoughts. My body is a slave to his mouth.

He rolls his tongue once more and that's it... my body bows off the bed as I shatter into the most heart wrenching orgasm, calling out his name incoherently in the process.

My heart, mind, body and soul are in seventh heaven, oblivious to what's happening at the same time trying to grasp reality. As I slowly become aware of my surroundings, my eyes open to find Jeremy's staring in wonder at me. I'm quite sure that my expression is the same. He lies naked next to me and my eyes travel eagerly to study his body. I marvel at the length of his erection.

He moves, suddenly, hovering over me as he reaches out to the other side of the bed where the drawer is. He returns to his kneeling position with a

foil packet on his hands. He tears it open and pulls the latex on his erection. I know I'm staring but I can't help it.

I'm wondering exactly how he will fit inside me but my thoughts are cut short when he leans down on his elbows, his face inches from me. My heart responds to his proximity, beating ten times as fast.

"Are you sure you want this?" He asks again, his voice so husky and so sexy that I can only nod.

With final confirmation, he slams into my entrance so painfully that I cry out. That pain soon dulls into oblivion once he stops moving.

"Are you okay?" He asks, concerned, but his voice soon hisses into a curse as I try moving under him.

I swallow deeply. I try to adjust to the alien feel of him inside me. It takes a while to get my bearings but once I'm accustomed to the feel of him, I tilt my pelvis up to meet him.

He curses again and takes that as a cue to move. He thrusts slowly inside me and yet it still hurts. My cry is a muffle as I bite the back of my hand. He pulls out again and then this time he thrusts harder in me that I cry in distress.

"Sorry... It's just that you feel so tight!" He hisses, kissing my mouth. Somehow, I forget the pain.

He moves again and again, taking me in his own pace but this time desire for this man unfurls within, I start moving with him. I know he is taking my innocence away but I feel like he's taking my mind, body and soul to another level. It's a new unexplored place that only consists of me, him and our passion. The heat between us is so strong it

melts all my insecurities. It's just us boiling together.

Our endless pants match each other as we kiss, touch, move and feel. I'm overwhelmed by it all. In each thrust is my cry out of pleasure and it goes on and on until I feel the familiar tightening and building again. The tightening of my insides only tells me that my orgasm is near.

He moves faster and harder whispering out words of seduction that when he tells me to explode for him. I do. I reach my climax again, calling out his name in a gobbled whisper on my lips.

He thrust into me once or twice as he climaxes after, his breath hissing as he pours himself inside me. He then falls beside me with his head on my neck. He kisses me for a final time, holding me close before pulling out of me.

I lay on top of him energy drained, my eyes fluttering to sleep but before I can finally succumb to unconsciousness the only thought that occupies my mind is that; If sex is this good, then I can now understand why men pay for it and why women offer themselves willingly.

What do you think, guys?

Should I continue the story or not?

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and share, please

[03/07, 07:31] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FIVE

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The morning light in the room coaxes me from my sleep. I groan in frustration as I lose what I was dreaming about.

Slowly, my eyes flutter open and as soon as they do, the events of last night bombard my brain. I smile mischievously. I toss and turn to the other side, stretching my body and I register the soreness of inner muscles. It's uncomfortable but remembering how it felt yesterday, a stupid huge grin spreads across my face.

I get up into a sitting position, realising that Jeremy's not in bed. Frowning to myself, I look around his room. Now that it's daylight, I finally have the chance to study his hotel room.

His clothes mixed with my jacket and corset scatter on the floor. The rest of the stuff I assume are hotel property. There's a massive flat screen TV just above the wall and a few lone paintings decorating the wall. Other than these, the room is completely empty, except maybe for this king sized bed that takes almost the whole room. I notice that there's another door, which I assume leads to the

bathroom.

I smile mischievously as I rub a sore muscle on my shoulder and then wrapping the sheets around my body, I swiftly get out of the bed, heading for the door in search for him. I halt in my tracks, however, as I hear faint voices coming from the other room.

I make out J eremy's voice and another which is soft, squeaky and lady like. Tip toeing to the door I press my ear against the door to make out their conversation.

"What do you want, Cassie?" I hear J eremy's stern voice, cold and calculated, making me recall how he used the same tone with me before he threw me out.

"Baby, you left so sudden," The woman cries and somehow I imagine her pouting as she says this.

Baby? Who is this woman?

"There's no surprise there, is there?"

"J er, I said I was sorry."

J er? Okay so they know each other and by her previous use of endearment 'baby' tells me they had or better still have a relationship together.

Suddenly, he laughs as if what she has said is the most hilarious thing he's ever heard. The laugh, however, is dripped with sarcasm.

"Do you hear yourself? You're telling me you are sorry?" There's a tone of disbelief in his voice.

It goes silent for a little while until she speaks in a

low voice, "It was an accident, I--"

"Accident?!" J eremy bellows suddenly, and scoffs.
"Get out. I told you I didn't want to see you."

"J er, please baby, it won't happen again, I need you baby and you need me. I know you do. I know that behind that arrogant façade of yours, you love me," She says. There's a trace of manipulation in her words.

"Cassie, what you did is unforgivable, I don't love you. I never did. You proved to me that it was nothing but mere infatuation. Don't push me." His voice is clipped and it lacks any emotion. There's no anger nor remorse, just pure impassiveness.

There's moment of silence again before, "Why are you suddenly being so callous, J er?" Is emitted by the woman. Her tone is one of hurt.

There's no reply from him.

Suddenly I hear her sharp intake of breath. "Are you here with someone?"

No reply.

"I see."

No reply.

"Is this your payback? Fine, I understand. But now we're even, right?" I can almost trace desperation in her voice.

If there's one thing I have learned from just hearing her, is that this woman is definitely needy.

"This is no fucking payback, Cassie. " I hear his shout of anger. "You fucked up when you decided to fuck my brother. My fucking brother Cassie, for Christ sake, couldn't you have at least chosen someone else!"

Oh wow. My confusion is relieved as I make out their story. Shock registers in my mind. She slept with his brother? Suddenly, I realize just how a stranger he is, I don't even know him.

And you gave him your virginity. The inner voice in me is filled with contempt. Somehow I don't even regret it, not one bit.

"J er...please, please I'm so sorry. I'll do anything to get you back. I love you so much please." I can almost hear the sob coming out of her voice.

"Cassie, I told you I didn't want to see you anymore. We're over. Move on, because I sure as hell have. Remember you're the one who got yourself into this mess. We've had this conversation before and I don't like repeating myself. Get the fûck out of my hotel." There's no emotion in his tone whatsoever.

This tells me two things: One. He's either really good at hiding his emotions and acting like he doesn't care. Two. He is not affected and doesn't care.

The second latter stings as I recall the way he threw me out yesterday. He came back for you, remember he did! My inner voice reasons with me.

Even if he did come back, where will we go from here? The fact of the matter is that I still slept with him as a prostitute. He picked me up as one.

Now the question is; will he pay me and then dispose of me? The rational ninety per cent part of me couldn't bear to go back there in those streets or even to that woman. However, I owed her.

Suddenly the last part of his sentence registers in my brain. Shit, he owns this hotel. Again this tells me again just how stinking rich he must be. I am so torn now, what if what we did yesterday was just a one stand to get over his ex. What will I do when he tells me to go and gives me the money that he's meant to pay?

I cannot bring myself to think of taking his money now, I can't bear the thought of it. It makes feel like trash. It makes me feel cheap. Oh god, is this how it's like? Is this how those girls felt every morning after? Is this what Monica was warning me about? I question myself.

"Who is she?!" Cassie's sudden burst pulls me out

of my dark thoughts.

There is hesitation before Jeremy speaks, "Who's who?" He asks, confused.

"The mystery girl that you used to get back at me, I know she's in there," At her words I suddenly leap away from the door, feeling exposed slightly which is ridiculous because I know she can't see me.

Her words sting somewhere in my chest, "You used to get back at me" it repeated and repeated in my head, confirming my earlier dark thoughts that he might just have slept with me for the sake of getting back at her, no hard feelings.

Oh but there were feelings, at least for me there was. But then again, he must think that I slept with him for the reason I was brought here in the first place. He can't know that now I don't want a dime from

him.

So will you tell him that? My inner voice interjects.

"Okay, first of all, there was no getting back at you, we are over. You know this. And second of all, who I date or sleep with now is none of your fûcking business, understand?" There's a trace of anger in his voice making his last sentence become too authorising and controlling.

My breathing stops as his words sink in my mind. Did he just mention dating? Does that mean he is dating me? No, you aren't dating, dummy.

I am getting way ahead of myself. We are just two strangers who happened to sleep with each other, each for completely different reason. Me for his money and him well, I'm not sure if it was to nurse his heart break, get back at her or whatever.

There is another moment of silence between them and after I hear what seems to be sobbing. Cassie gets really hysterical as her sobs turn in to downright wails.

"Oh for fuck's sake!" I hear the disgust mixed with anger from Jeremy.

"Please Jer... I'm really sorry, I... still love you, it's you, only you... please," The woman is so hysterical that I have to roll my eyes.

Jeremy doesn't say a thing and all that I can hear are her sobs. It takes about five minutes until she composes herself and her sobbing dies down.

"Are you done?" There's venom in his voice.

I think she nods because I hear him say, "Good. Now get the fuck out of my hotel, I don't want to see your face near me, ever, do you hear. Out. Now," he orders her.

I have to swallow the lump in my throat. This is too familiar, only it happened yesterday to me. She's finally getting the taste of his wrath I bet.

"I am so sorry," I hear shifting and I can picture him shoving her to the door.

"I still love you... I'll never stop lo--" her voice is cut out by the bang of the door.

At this rate, I haven't realised how fast my heart is beating. I have just witnessed, no, eavesdropped on the man who I've slept with, going at it with his ex. Not only did she cheat on him but she did it with his brother, his own brother.

This new revelation leaves me shocked. I try my best to pretend that it's none of my business but somehow I want to make it my business.

I don't know if it's because he is my first and so I will always have a connection with him. However, the level of care I feel towards him at this moment concerned me.

I've just known the guy barely a day, I don't even know much about him and now I suddenly care for him?

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To be Continued...

What do you think is going on?

Will Jeremy just pay her off?

Happy Sunday guys

Drop your comments and please, don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:31] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

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EPISODE SIX

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LEYLA'S POV

Surely this is some sort of mistake. Last night, I had a purpose, a purpose to sleep with him for money, no attachment, no feelings, just s*x. I hadn't cared what it will look like to other people. I had to do what I had to do and now...

Now I feel appalled at myself as I think about accepting his money. No, I wouldn't, couldn't. My feelings were too involved now and if I do accept, it wouldn't feel right. I wouldn't feel right.

Just as I'm contemplating this, the door opens to reveal Jeremy. He stops in shock as he sees me standing in the middle of his room. I freeze too, my mouth hanging open, gaping at him.

In the morning light, I can finally see him properly. His hair is a mess, tousled up into a chestnut haze and all I can think of is running my hand through it. His eyes are more grey than blue maybe because of his anger from earlier. Right now they show an element of surprise and I watch as his eyes travel greedily down my body. I grip the sheets tighter against me, suddenly feeling anxious and exposed. His eyes darken a little.

His nose is sharp and straight... perfect and his sculptured lips against his prominent sharp jaw are all I can look at as we both stare at each other. Then thinking of what his lips did last night, I flush.

He's wearing a T-shirt which clings to his slender and yet muscular body. His abdominal muscles are evident meaning he must be great at the gym. On his bottom, he wears sweat pants which are almost lose on his waist. He looks so perfect, I'm surprised he's here with me.

"You're finally up?" He greets me with a mischievous smirk playing on his lips. He knows that I'm gawking and he's being cocky about it.

In fear of how hoarse my voice will sound, I reply him with a nod.

He cocks his head to one side as he stares me, that

smirk still on his face making my blush redden even more. He moves towards me, his eyes darkening even more. Once he's close, I back away towards the bathroom door. I wince slightly at the unexpected soreness in my groin from all the desire that lurches down there.

His smirk grows, "Are you sore?"

My head snaps at him at his unexpected remark, my mouth gaping at him. He has his all knowing smile. He continues to stalk me and I back away, trying to avoid the wall because I know I will be trapped. To no avail, my back suddenly pins against that damn wall. Jeremy takes the advantage to grip my hands, pulling me closer to him.

Once we are close in proximity, I can't control myself. I know how my body reacts to his touch now. I feel warmth of his breath as his nose touches mine.

Heat washes over me completely as he enfolds me into his arms, leaving my hands to my side. He pushes me up until I'm on my tip toes. Then he plants a sloppy kiss on my mouth.

I know his intentions were just to plant a peck, but as soon as our lips touch; desire courses through me with speed, wrecking all my thoughts into lust. I find my hands traveling to his face, to his jaw to feel the stubble of beard there. One hand caresses his face as the other encamps and fist on his hair. He moans on his throat, the sound vibrating in my lips, sending tingles of pleasure.

"God, you kiss good," he says through my lips.

I feel the sheets slowly loosening off my body as he lifts me up and position me on the wall. I wrap my legs on his waist. Our mouths are still locked

together but when he withdraws from my lips reluctantly, I'm panting as if I've just done a hundred laps across a field.

His mouth moves to my neck and I groan as he nips and kiss that one spot that makes me feel crazy.

"You smell amazing, Leyla, even in the morning," He breaths. "I don't think I can resist, even now." He says.

His words are so seducing, so sexy that I can't even form a thought of what to say back.

He growls as his hands travel to my thighs. He grips my ass, squeezing tightly to initiate a cry of pleasure out of me. I feel his arousal digging upon inner thigh.

"Jeremy," I say and I feel his sharp intake of breathe near my sternum.

"My name sounds sexy as hell coming from your mouth. Tell me, what exactly are you are doing me Leyla?" Our lips lock again and from then on I lose my train of thought.

I manage to break this kiss and he groans wanting more. Believe me, so did I. But there was an issue we needed to address.

One of his hands holds me as the other moves to the apex of my thighs. I gasp when his fingers slides through my slit.

"You're so wet already. Do you want me that bad?"
He laughs.

I moan out loud as he rubs slow circles in me. I nearly combust from the force of his hand. I nearly give in.

"J er-J eremy, s-stop." I stutter. The confusion of it all is I didn't want him to stop.

"I won't stop." His voice is strained in my neck. I groan as his hands pick up its pace, rubbing and palming me eventually leading to that need to release.

"Please," I beg, panting. "W-we need to talk," I try. I really do but I can feel my body bowing against the wall, my pelvis circling with his hand as the tightening of my inner walls becomes unbearable.

"Let's talk later, right now I want to see you combust." As he says this, he slowly inserts one of his fingers inside me and starts circling and stroking

my inner muscles whilst he palms my clit to increase pressure.

My climax reaches before I expect it to. I scream out his name and throw back against the wall. My eyes close tightly as I spiral around and around on his fingers.

When I open my eyes a while later, I find that I'm already on the bed. How I got there, I had no answers. However, Jeremy is beside me, already naked and leaning on one of his elbows as his other hand caressed my cheek.

"You are incredibly beautiful, do you know that?" He whispers as his face closes on me and his lips brush against mine. He looms over me ready to take me.

Churning fire explodes like a rocket and this time

the difference from yesterday is that I'm prepared. He slowly sinks inside and immediately starts to move.

"Was that your ex earlier?" I finally get the question that I've been dreading to ask even though I already know the answer.

I'm lying on my front enjoying the soft trail of Jeremy's fingers against my spine. He lies beside me, on his side; his head on his hand while leaning on his elbow. His other hand seems to enjoy playing with my spine, his soft fingers leave tingles which sends electricity throughout my body.

I close my eyes and relax.

Once my question is out, his hands stop trailing and freeze in one spot. I open my eyes to gauge his reaction. His eyes cloud, his jaw clenches.

"You heard?" His tone has taken a nosedive; it's now dripping with cold.

I blush, "I kind of eavesdropped," I admit.

His lips twitch slightly into a reluctant smile. "Then you must know that she is." He says indifferently. Sounding a little bit cocky.

I press my lips together, "I'm sorry she cheated," I whisper.

"Don't." He tenses and I can tell that she was a still painful subject to him. "It's not your fault, anyway it's the past. I'm done with her."

I nod, "It's none of my business, sorry."

He smiles lightly and caresses my cheek.

After, he continues where he left off. In that moment I forget; I forget how I just met him, I forget my situation and for that moment as I lay there on his hotel bed, I forget who I am.

He moves to kiss me behind my ear, trailing his lips all the way to the back of my neck making me moan out of pleasure. One of his hand move to my hip as the other takes one of my breast and I hear him whisper next to me my ear saying, "Let's go again."

To be continued...

Sooo, what do ya think?

A new character has been introduced and, what do you think of her?

What do you think about Leyla too?

Is J eremy only lusting over her, no mutual feelings?

Happy new week, guys

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:31] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE SEVEN

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LEYLA'S POV

"Leyla," I feel graze of his soft lips against my earlobe. His voice lures me away from my

daydream.

We've been lying on this bed for God knows how long. I've lost count of how many times I've let him make love to me, but I can almost count about five heart shattering orgasms so far. I'm exhausted and now he wants... more?

He laughs when he sees my reluctant reaction, his voice ringing so sweetly in my ears. He kisses my eyelids open and I groan in annoyance.

"It's almost one pm," he whispers on my ear and his knuckles trail my cheek while his other hand moves leisurely down the crooks and bumps of my body, leaving tingles of anticipation.

I stretch my limbs and hear my joints cracking everywhere. I wince, my insides feel as if a hot iron is permanently etched there. I become acutely

aware of my surroundings and what he has said begins to register in my brain.

One pm?

I leap out of the bed so fast that I nearly fall face down on the floor. I hiss at the unexpected pain shooting up in my bones.

I catch Jeremy's eyebrows darting upwards as he watches me in amusement. His head rest on his hands which are folded behind his head. All I can do is watch his biceps contracting and the smooth muscles on his chest as the silk bed sheets slide down revealing his abdominal muscles.

I swallow instinctively, realizing that I'm standing in the middle of his room, naked and gawking at him. This realization has me darting away from his gaze in search of my jacket which is no way to be found.

"I could watch you fumble all day, Leyla. It's a great show you're putting on." He praises his view. I flush at his remark, instantly draping one of my arms over my breasts and the other over my crotch area.

"Remember I've seen more, don't cover up now." He smirks and I think my face is the colour of a tomato. He's so impish, his charm is irresistible.

"Where's the bathroom?" I ask him, moving frantically to one of the doors in his room.

"Come back to bed." He ignores my question and that smirk is inviting, I almost comply. But, I have to leave. The old woman will wonder where I'm at with her money. My whole mood drops at the thought of going back to her with no money.

Jeremy frowns at my reaction momentarily before

that sly smile of his returns.

"I won't bite," he says innocently, his mouth pulls into a pout and desire sparks inside me. I throb between my thighs however, an indication that I shouldn't venture toward that path.

I ignore the protest of the pain I feel and try manoeuvring from his impeccable gaze. He follows me, however, with his intense eyes. That wry smirk of his returning to his face.

He sits up, suddenly, the sheets on him sliding down even more to reveal that sexy V line. I almost combust at the spot. It's overwhelming how he can affect me by just his gaze and body.

"Come to bed, please," he begs and gives me the cutest puppy dog face. His bluish grey eyes brimming large on his face as his lips pouts.

Oh wow. I practically swoon on the spot. He can be devilishly adorable when he wanted to. Somehow I yearned to discover his personality.

I blight myself, there isn't any time for wishful thinking. Soon or later this affair or whatever it was that we've shared, will come to an end. I dread that impending separation.

I know my developing feelings for him were growing and this scared me. I've known him only sexually and I'm certain that to him, it has all been about sex. I must depart soon before I get disappointed and worse get my heart involved only for it to be broken.

"I have to go," I tell him.

"What?! Go?!" He bellows. His scowl makes me jerk at his anger.

"Y-Yes," I stutter, once again afraid of him.

"Go where? I thought you said you were on your own." He frowns deeply, the grey of his eyes enveloping the blue. His anger surprises me. At this rate, his hands are fisting on the bed sheets, his muscles taut with tension.

Intimidated and lost for words, I flounder. I've slept with this man countless of times and he still manages to shock me. It makes sense since I've just known him for a few hours and only sexually.

"I am by myself," I look away from him, hating how small my voices sounded.

"But I just have to go," I say. Obviously, he can't know that the only reason I want to go is to save myself from being hurt.

He is so irresistible -- especially how he is licking his lips, at this moment -- I don't trust myself anymore. One minute he can want me and the next, he may get tired of me and dump me. I've heard it all before and I've seen it in movies; the girl always gets hurt in the end.

I need to cover myself. I am so uncomfortable just standing there naked.

"Why?" He asks after a while. His tone is hesitant with emotion, as if somehow what I've said might've hurt him, this makes me look up at him. His tone confuses me; it's as if he doesn't want me to go. Can it be possible?

No, don't over think, Leyla. He might want you now but you don't know how long it will last. Because right now, I want him for as long as I can get him.

Maybe I am just so easy, that's why. I had been easy enough to have let him take my virginity. Seriously, where is my dignity? But it's his fault, him and his charm and all that amazing sexing.

It's his fault that I had been unable to resist him then and now. From the beginning, I was ready to give myself to a stranger. Looking back at it now, I feel so ashamed at myself. I ended up sleeping with him again and again. It had felt right and perfect, I yearned to do it with him over and over. Only him.

"Where are you going to go to?"

"I have a temporal place I share with a generous woman," I say, stressing the word generous in a tone of disgust.

He catches this and frowns at me, regarding me.

He's silent for a while and I can tell he is in deep thought about something. He rests his chin on his cupped hands which are resting on his folded knees. His posture makes him look like a petulant boy who is deprived of his toys to play with.

Licking his lips absentmindedly, I have to gasp at the effect it has on me. I desired that contact with him, I couldn't care less whether my insides hurt.

I'm ready to launch myself at him. He's too darn good looking. However, given the situation, now is definitely not time to think such thoughts

"So I'm guessing you want your money now?" His question seems like statement and once again I'm reminded at just how I came to know him sexually in the first place.

"No!" I'm too shocked not to glare. I watch as

emotions flicker on his face; outrage, confusion, relief? It happens so quickly before his expression turns hard and brooding, the look he wore when he'd been confronting me about my virginity.

To be continued...

Is Jeremy being a jerk?

Why is he acting like that?

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[03/07, 07:32] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE EIGHT

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LEYLA'S POV

I feel offended at his remark; I don't want a dime from him. There is no way that I can accept his money. Not after what I have experienced with him.

"Then what?" He asks softer this time, his cold expression cracking. He leaves the bed suddenly, and stalks closer to me. I move back instantly.

My eyes flicker rapidly all over his body. He's naked. Stark naked and standing in front of me. I can't trust myself. My throat dries, tentatively fluttering my eyes up to catch his heated orbs. I swallow, hard.

The angry Jeremy has fled. He's replaced by this smirking man who has a look that has the power to turn my legs all gooey. He licks his lower lip, getting closer, I draw backwards until my back slams against the wall. I fight not to stare down at his growing erection. If he touches me, I will succumb without resistance.

He smirks at my reaction and presses a hand on the wall near my face. He stares me down. I'm glad for

the distance he's keeping, I'm able to at least breathe.

"Why do you want to leave now?" His eyes hold my gaze.

Because I'm afraid you'll hurt me, I think but I do not dare utter it out loud.

"I-I have to," I breathe heavily, unable to control the hormones that are sparking up my blood.

He inches closer to my face and I close my eyes, ready to feel his lips. He doesn't kiss me. I slowly open them again and he's staring intently at me.

He closes his eyes, breathing in rapidly and when they open again, he's resolved. He draws away from me and moves over to a chair where his sweat

pants lie. I exhale a breath I didn't know I've been holding and watch as Jeremy puts on his sweat pants. After he moves to a set of drawers, opens it and I takes out another pair of sweatpants. He throws them at me and I catch them instinctively.

"Put them on," he says before walking towards a door.

"Bathroom is here." He taps the door. "You can shower, brush your teeth, whatever, everything is there." He moves and then frowns at something on the floor.

"Lunch will be ready when you're done." He picks up an object and I don't catch what it is as it's promptly shoved deep within his pocket. He saunters to the other door and just like that he's out of the room. I stand dumb struck, still befuddled at the turn of events.

So he's letting me go? I question myself. Shaking my head as if to revive myself, I walk towards the bathroom. Once I'm inside, I stand awestruck at how spacious it is. There's at least two sinks and in the middle a floor length sized mirror, a bath tub shaped of an egg sits on the far corner, neighbouring a huge walk-in shower.

Placing his sweatpants on a towel rail, I go to one of the sinks and stare at my reflection through the mirror. I look deranged. My curly dark brown hair is a tangled mess on my head. My brown eyes are wide and wary, obviously tired from all the events that occurred since last night. However, my body looks as if it's alive, as if it has woken up from wherever it has been and Jeremy is the spark that coaxed it.

I open the mirror drawer remembering when he said I'd find everything I need. I find an unopened pack

of toothbrushes and toothpaste. I brush my teeth quickly. It feels good, afterwards, that one part of my body is clean.

In the shower, the water is warmer on my skin and I let it run for a minute as my thoughts scatter. After a while when the water is hot, I grab a vanilla scented shower jell and rub it all over me. I clean all the dirt and grime of last night's and this morning's overly intense events. I wash my hair with his shampoo and once I'm done, I just let the water cascade over me for few minutes.

So, he's accepted that I have to go? I think. Why did he not want me to leave before? I just wish I knew what he is thinking. Why did he want to keep me for longer?

Our separating is inevitable, at the end of the day we are just two strangers who met in complete different circumstances, each with a different

purpose, but happened to have intense sex with each other.

At the end of the day, I'll be seen as a prostitute, even though I've vowed to myself never to take any of his money. At the end of the day he is rich and I am just... just a street poor girl with no family and home.

Getting out of the shower, I drape a towel over my body and the other over my head. I realize that I don't have any underwear. Where are my yesterdays' underwear? I hated wearing unclean underwear but given the situation, I don't really have a choice.

I return to his bedroom in search of my underwear but as I soon I step out of the bathroom and into his bedroom, I stop in my tracks.

Jeremy stands arms folded across his chest, his back leaning against the wall and one of his feet pressed against it. He looks up as I walk in and our eyes briefly lock. I watch as that devilish smile overtakes his features. My heart skips a beat. Is there any moment that he doesn't look so appealing?

"Looking for this?" He holds up something in his finger.

My underwear!

He smirks when he sees my reaction, "Come and get it. Baby." His tone of voice is playful but sultry.

My heart lurches at his term of endearment and I practically swoon, feeling my insides melt. I swallow the lump on my throat as I command my shaky legs to move.

His smirk increases as he sees me moving towards him until I'm at least three feet away from him, holding tightly to the towel on my body so it won't fall. I'm ready to grab my underwear, however he lifts the hand that has my underwear upwards and out of my reach. A small chuckle escapes his mouth.

I can't jump. I won't.

My towel will fall straight away and...that's when I realize that it must be his intention all along. I scowl at him and he stretches his hand up even more.

"What's the problem, Leyla?" He smirks. "Why won't you get your underwear?"

That son of a b... He wanted me to jump up like some dog.

No way.

Devising a plan in my head, I decide firstly to at least try and jump up. But he is at least six foot four, and I'm only five foot seven.

In my first trial jump, Jeremy promptly moves his hand down so that I looked like an idiot jumping for nothing. I quickly go for his hands but he swaps my underwear to his other. What I'm doing for the next three minutes is jumping and grabbing the air, missing my underwear while he switches his hands. He laughs indulgently and smirks at me. I fight the effect that has on my body and glare at him.

"Tired?" He twists his lips, trying to hide his smile. Amusement is printed on his eyes which are twinkling blue grey. Adjusting the towel in my body and the one on my head, I scowl at him. Two can play at this game, I think.

"You shouldn't fuck with me." I warn him, in my most boss-like voice.

He grins at my response, "Shouldn't I, seems counting yesterday and this morning that I already have."

I flush at his remark but immediately compose myself. "I can be very deadly," I tell him.

"Baby, I'm so scared." He laughs.

I narrow my eyes at him as I begin pursuing him. He freezes as he gazes at me. I deliberately lick and bite my lower lip while staring innocently up at him. I hear his sharp intake of breath and whether it's a good sign or not, I'm not sure. I stalk even closer to him and then I stand up on my tip toes grasping the hem of his t-shirt for support.

His eyes are wary as he anticipates my moves and I feel his body loosening, I feel his arm sag. This is good. I inch myself closer to his lips and what I'm doing right now, is taking me a force of will.

I can't hide the fact that already being this close to him is affecting me but I don't back down. I inch even closer until my lips are almost touching his. He hasn't closed his eyes and I haven't either and this proximity has me overwhelmed.

As I stare up at his intense eyes, I feel something tugging at my stomach and the feeling surges upwards, almost rendering me motionless, almost making me forget my intentions.

Just as I'm about to close the distance between us, his eyes briefly close and that's when I grab my underwear from his hand. I tug, triumphant when he

seems unaware of what I did. I draw backwards further away from him.

"Dammit, Leyla!" I hear him cuss and I watch as he closes his eyes, inhaling deeply. It makes me wonder.

Do I affect him, the way he does me? Impossible. We stare at each for a moment, both of us standing still and anticipating the other's moves.

"You're gonna pay for that." He growls but not angrily, there's a smirk playing on his face.

"Come get me. Baby." I reciprocate his earlier words in a sort of mocking tone. I soon regret it when he lunges at me, completely taking me by surprise. He picks me up by the waist and I squeal and try to trash away from his arms. I fail miserably.

"Jeremy, put me down!" I scream.

"Okay," I hear him say before he literally throws me on the bed. I fall butt first and I bounce back up.

The surprise of his force literally takes my breath away. The towel covering my naked body soon loosens, however I grip tightly on the hem before it completely unravels me.

Before I get into a sitting position, Jeremy is on top of me. His legs are astride my waist and taking advantage of my vulnerability; he takes both my hands and pins them up my head in a tight grip. The towel untangles, revealing my newly showered nakedness. I try shifting myself away but he's too heavy. I'm locked by his arms.

I look up at him in frustration but just as I do, I stop moving and stop breathing at the same time. My

eyes lock with his. I think he stops breathing too because his mouth is slack and he's staring at me in wonder.

"You are so beautiful." He whispers the words stoically.

My throat dries and I'm rendered speechless trying to assess his words and their meaning. His grip loosens on my hands as he shifts his body and inches his face closer to mine.

"Believe me, you are." He whispers and stares at me. His breath fans on my face before our lips touch. Once our lips touch, I can't stop myself from responding. I kiss him back eagerly, letting the fire boil in my blood, thick and ready.

His hand trails one of my arms which are still placed up above my head and tingles spurge sporadically

on my arm. His hands move to my arms pits and I fight the urge to gasp a laugh. When I do let out a small breathless gasp, he uses the opportunity to plunge his tongue inside my mouth, deepening the kiss.

My head swims as the hormones swirls and boil in my blood, moving all the way down towards that area. Unexpectedly the pain shoots up inside, reminding me that sex right now is a no-go.

I gasp against his mouth, pulling back as his other hand immediately finds my breast and squeezes.

"Jeremy," I protest but he continues his onslaught. He moves his lips to kiss my chin and then trails the kiss to my neck whilst his thumb and forefinger twist and pull on my nipple making it harden immediately. I throb below in protest.

"Jeremy, please stop. I can't. It hurts." I beg him and he stops nipping my neck, draws away as he stares at me in amusement. His hand has stopped on my breast.

"It's hard to stop, Leyla, especially with you. I'll try, baby, I will." He pecks my lips one final time and then gets off me and off the bed.

"Come, the food is getting cold. You must be hungry." He says, just like that before he trudges out of the bedroom.

I shake my head as my head swims with thoughts. Can he be more irresistible? I'm proud of myself. I didn't give in this time. What a moment. He definitely can be brutishly charming when he wanted.

I move myself off the bed and taking my disposed

underwear on the floor, I reluctantly put it on. Back to the bathroom, I drape on his sweats pants. They are too baggy for me, but adjusting the strings I make them fit. I realize then that he didn't give me a shirt to wear.

I saunter back to the bedroom, looking for any shirts or t-shirt. I'm afraid to open up his drawers, that will feel like trespassing. I reason with myself that I'm only taking out his shirt. Besides, I'm sure he won't mind. I open the first drawer.

I close it back instantly, too shocked at what I see. It certainly does not contain shirts but....

Money! There are tons of hundred dollar bills clipped together. My mouth goes dry. Why would he have this amount of money on his drawer?

Then I remember that this is his hotel. It is a seven

star hotel so yes, it's advanced with security. How rich is this guy and he is what, on his twenties?

I shake my head to clear the overwhelming thoughts about his wealth. I open the next drawer and I'm relieved to find t-shirts. Taking a grey plain tee, I clothe myself with it. Then clearing my head about finding his money, I walk away from the drawer and out of the room and toward the owner of this endearing hotel.

To be continued...

I know the drama is yet to happen but if you are a calm type, you would love the story

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and

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[03/07, 07:32] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE NINE

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LEYLA'S POV

I enter what seems to be the living area and once again, I'm overwhelmed by how luxurious the place is. I mean, never in my life would I even have dreamed of being in such place, never would I have been able to experience this too.

The first thing that catches my attention is the huge flat screen TV plastered on the wall on top of some gold plated or is it platinum looking fireplace.

There are two couches all wide and long in a reddish brown colour and a clear glass table with red stands in the middle. The place looks almost like a home instead of hotel penthouse.

On the other side of the room stands a huge dining table which is surrounded by eight sofa-like red chairs. I'm now guessing his favorite colour must

be red. Before I can fully assess the whole room, I've caught the owner of this whole luxurious room's attention. Jeremy Lawson.

He sits in the middle of the dining table with both of his elbows on the table and his face on his hands as he stares at me with that sly look, as if I'm some exotic creature to be fascinated about.

Immediately my stomach does a double flip and my cheeks redden. He holds my gaze for a few moments and I'm trapped in that bluish grey pool of his eyes.

It doesn't take long until I'm freed and that's when I realize the amount of food on the dining table. As if on cue, my stomach makes that embarrassing growling noise and I clutch it, in an attempt to subdue the noise. I know, however, that he has heard it because now his smirk has grown to full extent.

"Why don't you sit down?" He suggests after a while of me standing there awkwardly. I hesitate for a moment.

"C'mon I don't bite, you must know that by now. You shouldn't be afraid of me." He says sternly, the smirk on his face gone.

"I'm not afraid of y-you," I try to say it in my best serious tone but I fail as my voice wavers at the end.

I'm not afraid; I'm just intimidated by you. He frowns at me but his eyes tell me he's amused as they twinkle. He puts his index finger across his lower lip and smothers it. Once again my stomach does that butterfly dance as my eyes glue on his lips. My brain, obviously in a gutter, begins recalling the kisses we've shared.

I shut my eyes briefly, inhaling deeply just to get rid of these dark thoughts. It's completely disarming how much he affects me by just small gestures like that. I open my eyes at the same time exhaling out, my intentions resolved.

I avoid his burning gaze as I call in for courage and I confidently stroll towards his dining table and sit directly across him.

My eyes are set on the array of choices of food to choose from. There's plates containing breakfast meals; eggs, bacon, sausages along with waffles and pancakes and choices of breakfast cereal and there are also lunch meals; sandwiches and full meals; pasta with salmon and vegetables.

I look up to him, in confusion. Why so much food?

"I call it brunch. You can have everything you want."

He smiles lazily, the flick of blue glimmering in his eyes.

Is he being cocky because he knows he can afford hence how rich he is or he's just amused by my reaction?

I have no time to assess his mood, my stomach is growling like there's no tomorrow. I think he's laughing at me because of it. I'm afraid to meet his burning gaze as I fiddle my thumbs unsure of what to do.

"Do eat." He orders as if sensing my hesitation. I look up. He's opted for eggs, bacon and waffles and I watch for a moment as he eats. I'm entranced by the way his mouth chews. I blush momentarily, thinking of where his mouth has been on me. He smirks when he sees my blush.

"What are you thinking of?" He asks.

I blush even more, I don't even know why. I shake my head to answer his question. Picking out a bowl, I add Coco Pops in the bowl along with milk in the mix. He raises one of his eyebrows at my choice and I ignore him, as I take a spoon of Coco Pops into my mouth.

Chocolate. I've been longing for this. I close my eyes to savour the taste. I open my eyes and Jeremy is watching me heatedly. His eyes penetrate right through me, sending impulses to that familiar pull deep within. My stomach churns with butterflies and my insides coil with heat. I shift uncomfortably in my seat.

We stare at each other for a few moments each of us holding their breaths. A sudden ringtone from a phone somewhere in the room, disengages our contact. It breaks whatever pull that made us stare

at each other.

Jeremy moves away from the table and I watch as he walks toward his desk where the telephone along with his laptop and briefcase sat. I'm guessing that's his mini office area.

I look away when he turns to face me, shoving cereal into my mouth. I try my best to ignore the burning holes of my back from his gaze.

"Lawson." He answers. "Yes...Excellent... Brief me in my email...Okay." He hangs up.

Seconds later, he strolls back to the table and sits. His eyes never leave my sight as he continues where he left off with his food.

"You know you never answered my question." He

says casually.

I stare at him in confusion. What question?

"About your leaving," he answers my unspoken question.

I press my lips together in thought. What exactly is he implying?

"Do you really have to go or you want to?" He asks.

I look up and he's staring intently at me, with a new emotion on his expression. It's almost as if he's anxious for my answer.

"I have to."

"Why?"

"Because I..." I sigh. "Because the old woman will wonder of my whereabouts." I tell him.

"Are you close with this woman?" He frowns.

I shake my head, avoiding his burning eyes.

"Then that's not a reason why you have to leave."
He stabs a fork on his pancake and then eats, his eyes concentrating on mine.

"I owe her."

He frowns and cocks his head to one side. "Owe her what?"

"Money." I twirl the spoon on my half eaten cereal, the bowl now a chocolate milk colour.

"Is that why you--" He stops himself. I don't need for him to finish his sentence to know what he meant. Once again, I'm reminded just how I met him.

"Yes." I answer his unfinished question.

He chews momentarily and I think he is deep in thought. I avoid his gaze completely, staring only at my bowl of cereal. After a minute I hear him ask, "How much?"

My head snaps up at him, frowning at him. I shake my head. I don't know where he was going with this but if he thinks he can give me his money, I won't accept.

"How much?" He insists.

I press my lips together, shaking my head at him.

"Leyla. How much?" His tone is insistent but at the same time demanding.

"Five hundred," I lie to him, out of pure intimidation. He is even more intimidating when he is demanding.

I bite my lower lip and frown down at my cereal. He is quiet for a while and I can't help but look up to gauge his reaction. He looks to be deep in thought. His elbow is on the table as his index finger strokes his lips, while gazing deeply at me at the same time.

"I want to help you," he finally says after what seems like an eternity of silence.

I shake my head immediately. I can't accept his help. I won't allow it.

"Please, let me help you." He pleads and that my breath hitches. My eyes become lost on that pool of blue grey from his. They show true genuine concern. For me?

Why does he want to help me? I'm a trashy no good for no one girl. Why will he even care?

"Why?" I find my voice.

"Because, I can't just let you leave, only for you to go back out there on your own without even a cent. The world is dangerous out there." He says this as if it's the obvious thing.

"I've survived before," I tell him. "I know these

streets well enough."

He scowls at me. "I won't let you."

I scowl back. Whoa, sudden change of events. One minute, I'm nervous and intimidated by him and now I'm angry at him. We glower at each other for what seems to be a long moment before he speaks again.

"Why won't you let me help you?" He demands an answer.

"Because.." I trail. I almost tell him why. Because I will feel like trash if he gives me the money; I don't want to him to. Because what we shared impacted me deeply and if he gives me the money, it will just make me be exactly like what I came here for in the first place. It will make me a prostitute. That Monica woman was right, I definitely did not belong in that

category.

I sigh shaking my head at him, "I don't want your help."

He presses his lips together as he narrows his eyes at me.

"But you need it." He cocks his head to one side.

I do. I really do.

No I can't, not from him.

Then how will you pay back the old lady? My inner voice questions.

To be continued.....

In this kind of situation, I want you guys to give Leyla the best choice.

Y'all wanted two chapters, right?

I'll be dropping another chapter later in the day

So, don't forget to like, comment and share

[03/07, 07:32] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TEN

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LEYLA'S POV

What will you do for money? Go back to square one?

I shudder at the thought, there is no way, absolutely no way I will go back to those parts of the streets again. No matter how desperate I get.

So, accept his help!

He knows that I'm faltering and he takes this advantage, "Five hundred is nothing to me, Leyla, just let me help you."

I look up at him, considering. I think about how I will be free from the old lady; maybe just maybe she will stop harassing me now. But I can't accept it from Jeremy. I still can't quite rid of the word whore screaming out repeatedly in my head.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

I hesitate, should I tell him?

"Please take my offer Leyla, you need it most. I'm not paying you for sex, trust me. I just want to help."

How can he know that deep within my refusal is the fear that I will be seen as a whore for accepting? He really won't let it go. But I still... I just can't.

"For fuck sake. Don't be stubborn, Leyla. Take my offer, you need it," He bellows, the anger on his voice startling me.

I sigh; I don't want to make him angry. "Okay... but I owe you." I tell him.

He practically glares so angrily as if I've just offended him. "You owe me nothing, Leyla. I'm giving you this money. I don't want anything back." He employs, a cold tone still on his voice.

"But--"

"No, Leyla, no buts. You are accepting the money whether you like it or not." He says in a tone not to be trifled with.

I press my lips together, frowning at him. He frowns back. We are busy glaring at each other again that I don't notice the change in the atmosphere. Suddenly, I can feel the anger sag, becoming replaced but that scorching heat between us. My heart lurches and my stomach dances with butterflies.

I think he feels it too because his expression changes. His pupils dilate and his eyes burn heatedly at me. I squirm uncomfortably, the pain between my thighs shooting up. He closes his eyes, inhaling deeply and when he opens them again they

are resolved.

He sighs, "The food is getting cold. Eat." He commands.

My gaze never leaves his and my hands move in their own cord as they pick up the spoon of Coco Pops and eat automatically.

"Leyla, stop looking at me like that. Quite frankly, you are sore and I want you so bad right now." He tells me in a serious tone.

I gape, feeling my cheeks burn with heat. I break my gaze and then continue with my cereal. We eat in silence that when I finish my cereal I turn to the bacon and eggs, still not quite full. I think he's amused at the way I eat because I gorge myself with food, enjoying the flavours that burst in my mouth. When I'm done, I sigh in satisfaction.

Jeremy has been watching me eat for the past ten minutes because he finished long ago. It's been nerve-racking knowing his eyes were on me the whole time, but I'd been distracted with my food to merely care for that while.

"Done?" He asks trying to hide his smile as I put the fork down.

I nod. He grins unexpectedly, making me catch my breath. The change in features when he smiles are quick staggering. Seriously why isn't he illegal?

"Good. I'm gonna take a shower and—" he stops as the knock of the door interrupts him. He frowns for a moment before he goes to the entry way leaving the living area.

"Sir, I purchased the clothes you asked." I hear a

woman talking and by the shake of her voice, it tells me that she's either nervous or seriously intimidated by him as well. So it's not just me. I sigh in relief. He really is too attractive.

"Thank you, Samantha." I hear the smile in his voice. I can only imagine how red faced the poor woman must be.

A minute later he returns holding a branded plastic bag which I assume contains clothes. He smirks at me and hands out the bag towards me. I freeze in shock. That bag is for me. The clothes are for me?

"I thought the clothes you came in were sort of too unacceptable for public display in day light.. So, here." He hands me the bag. My hands move automatically to take the bag but my brain is still shocked.

He smiles wryly at my reaction and moves closer to me. He pulls up my chin in order to close my gaping mouth and then his fingers linger in my jaw.

This contact drives me crazy. Heat surges through me, making my heart warm up and swell. The skin where he is touching me burns and as I gaze unto his scorching blue gray eyes, I momentarily stop breathing.

I'm aware of his thumb stroking my lower lip but I'm also lost to my surroundings, I'm lost in that pool is his gorgeous eyes. With both of his hands, he takes my face up to his. In that moment I close my eyes, as I feel our nose touch briefly. And then I feel him whisper, "You're enticing, even in my t-shirt and sweatpants. I can't help but--"

His lips descends upon mine to finish his sentence. Desire pools in my blood. Impulses run wild everywhere in my body. My heart hammers in chest,

beating so fast that I think it will grind through my ribs.

I can feel it. I can feel how this kiss is different from others because I can feel it my heart. It scares me because my heart is so full with all of him and yet I hardly know all about him.

He breaks the kiss reluctantly, groaning in his throat. "If I keep this up then, I won't be able to stop and you're sore."

His forehead is pressed on my mine and my eyes are still shut close. I try calming my heart rate but it's impossible. I don't know if he can hear it but it's audible in my ears. He pecks my nose, takes a deep breath and then removes his hands from my face.

"I'm going to take a shower." He tells me. "I'll leave you to dress up." He continues but I'm still reeling

from the kiss.

I watch his figure depart from the living area, leaving me standing there trying to process what has happened. How has my feelings for him grown somehow in the last maybe fifteen hours or so that I've known him?

I can't feel for him. I barely know him and the circumstances we met at as well, shows me how I can't be feeling something for him.

It's lust, that's all. I reason with myself. It's just pure lust. I try to reassure myself but the other rational part of my brain seems skeptic.

Don't over think. Take steps.

He wants to help me? Why can't he just see that I

don't want him to? It's too much and the fact that I am really in desperate need of his help, doesn't help either. I don't want to feel like a whore, and him giving me this money. Well, it'll just emphasize that I am one.

I sigh deeply, trying to rid of these thoughts. The guy just wants to help you, Leyla, just accept it. My inner voice reasons with me.

I waned. I'm going to accept his help, but that's all. Besides, it means that I'll be able to pay some of my debt. Oh, how that woman irritated me with the money I owed her.

I am thankful, really thankful of Jeremy for offering, but that is all I will accept from his money and nothing more. Well, that and these clothes he bought me.

Speaking of which, I open the bag to see what sort of clothes he —well, the woman who came here to give him —bought.

Inside the bag, there's a summer dress. It's white and the material is soft linen. The dress isn't long it probably will reach my knees, it's a really nice dress. Absentmindedly, I check the price tag and I gasp.

No! No! No! Way! Seven Hundred?! What?

That's obscene and for just a dress? In the bag, there's also flat shoes and a pair of underwear. I blush momentarily. But my blush soon pales as I again check the prices.

Together in total, the dress, shoes and underwear costs one thousand five hundred dollars!

Oh Jeremy! I scream in my mind. This is too much. I can imagine what I can do with all the money he

used to buy me just a dress, shoes and underwear. I can buy a freaking store with that money. Well, maybe not a store but you get the idea.

It's too much! I stalk off to his bedroom angrily. If he thinks he will intimidate with his looks then I will put that off, right now I'm so furious that I don't even care. I won't accept this. At all.

To be continued.....

Is Leyla right, is it just pure lust?

You guys wanted two chapters and you got it

So appreciate by liking, commenting and sharing

the post

[03/07, 07:37] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE ELEVEN

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LEYLA'S POV

I can hear the shower running as soon as I reach the bedroom. Good.

I place the plastic bag containing the clothes he bought on top of the bed. I grab my jacket along with the corset and stiletto boots from the chair. I wear my jacket, hastily. I slip my feet into the stiletto boots and then cover them with Jeremy's long sweatpants.

My heart and mind are in a dilemma; each screaming something different. I ignore my ever pounding heart which is demanding me, asking me what I am doing, whilst my head is encouraging me to keep going.

I get up from the bed and still thankful that the shower is still running. I run to the living area,

heading straight to the coffee table containing his laptop and briefcase. I grab a pen and a blank paper and quickly I write my message; I borrowed your t-shirt and sweatpants, hope you don't mind.

After writing this, I run again back to his bedroom and place the paper on top of the plastic bag which contains the clothes he supposedly purchased for me. I don't allow myself to feel but just to think.

I quickly grab my corset and leave his bedroom, whilst he is still in the running shower. The only thought that is forming in my head as I exit the door is: thank you for the experience, Jeremy.

I breathe in the luxury of his hotel for the last time, knowing that this will be the first and last I will ever see, feel and smell such luxury. And then swiftly – so that he won't hear – I close the door only to face the corridor of the penthouse suite floor hotel.

Don't feel. Don't feel. Don't feel. I repeat this in my mind as I command my feet to keep going.

Once again, I find myself standing before the elevator and I quickly press the button and it immediately pings open. I can't help but feel disappointment tugging in my chest.

Don't think about it. Don't feel. Just go. My inner voice encourages me and so I submit. There's no one but myself in the elevator and I concentrate fully on the music to distract me from my thoughts and the emotion tugging in my chest. I know if let myself succumb to my feelings, I will find myself returning to him. The music is peaceful, an orchestra I think. I let my mind bliss on the instruments, refusing sorely to think over him.

Minutes later, the elevator pings to a stop and I'm

staring at the open luxury of the reception room. The crystal chandeliers are almost the same as in J erem -- I shake my head -- his room, but they're bigger. I don't have time to assess all the expensive equipment that's in there because I have to move quicker.

I ignore the frown and questioning look of the receptionist woman from last night. I'm one hundred per cent sure she's wondering why a girl like me is here. Maybe she doesn't remember me as the same trashy looking girl who was accompanying J erem -- ugh I should stop this; thinking about him at every moment.

Quit it now and move it! My inner voice shouts at me. I exit the hotel quickly and immediately take in the fresh promising air outside. But still I can smell him, I can smell his vanilla body wash, mixed with some cologne and some detergent. It's his smell and it's suffocating. I realize the smell is emanating

from the clothes I'm wearing.

Oh dear God, help me.

I can't do this. I want him already, I have to go back. I tell myself but my shaky legs head straight away from the hotel. I take in a few deep breaths to clear my thoughts.

I am being ridiculous. How can I miss someone I didn't even know; someone I only knew sexually, someone I only knew for half a day; someone who has somehow started to capture pieces of my heart.

Stop. I have to stop this. I have to leave and forget it. It would have never worked out or even lasted between us, whatever it was that we had for that moment. He is way, way above my league.

Deciding to stop thinking of J eremy Lawson for one final time, merely saving my thoughts of him to ponder for later, I realize that I don't even know this part of the city.

Where am I? I check the street name and I realize I'm at the south of the city while I live in the east. Now that I figured that out, the question remained; how am I going to get there? I find a solitary bus stop with buses that could take me to the east. Thankfully.

I sit myself on the rail, still refusing to let my brain open up thoughts of J eremy and what I've just done. I just hope the old woman is not in the apartment. She is usually out "shopping" by this time on Saturdays.

Why do I keep calling her the old woman? You may ask. Well, it's that her appearance and her attitude irritates me so much, she is not even worthy of me

giving her a character when she's so undeserving of one.

She's not exactly old, she's in her mid-forties and I know I've made her seem as if she's the stereotypical old sweet lady who spends her days knitting on a sofa. No. Miss Greta -- as she insists I call her by -- is the exact opposite.

She's a cougar. Yes. Hard to believe but she is. Her face is always, always dabbed with make-up to cover up her blotted wrinkles and her clothes are always tacky. She's dressed as if she's a teenager, in fact a lot less than how I was dressed yesterday.

Every day she has her manicured nails clutched on men way younger than her, some usually young enough to be her own children. Why -- I always wonder -- does she prefer men like this? Well, it's not me to judge and besides they're all consenting adults.

How she found me? -- you may ask -- or even took me in? Well it was by chance, I think she felt sorry for me at the time but now... now it's as if I'm her personal servant.

"I'm hungry, make me food; make me bath; clean these clothes, will you? Leyla, oh don't forget the dishes while you're at it; the living room floor is dirty; you're not living for free Leyla, I need my money."

I've endured since I was seventeen when I had left high school and had nowhere else to go. So I tolerate her overbearing attitude. I do everything she asks because I owe her immensely, more than the five hundred I lied to Jeremy about. Plus I'm much indebted to her for taking me in, so why would I complain when at least I have a roof over my head and occasionally if I'm lucky three courses of meals each day.

I breathe out a huge sigh as I see an approaching bus. I take out the hidden money from the side pocket of my jacket and pay for the fee. The bus takes off, moving away from what had seemed to be my hope.

I take one last glimpse of the vast hotel that held a huge part of my memories. Then as the bus enters town, I tell myself to let go of those memories because I won't be reliving them any more.

I enter the shabby apartment of Greta, my body tensing up and ready for her demands as I close the door behind me. I sigh in relief because she isn't in the apartment at all.

As soon as I figure this out, I venture toward my bedroom. Calling it a bedroom is an overstatement.

It's a small room containing a single matted small mattress which is the only thing that is bigger. I also have two small drawers which have all of my clothes. I don't have much clothes and most of them don't fit me anymore.

On top of the drawers are a few cheap toiletry essentials which I managed to shoplift from shops. I know how wrong it is. Please don't judge me.

As soon I step inside my room, I kick off the boots and jacket and then I fall on the mattress, pulling the comforter over me. Then the feelings I've been so desperately trying to repress start to fluttering out as the realization of what I've just done dawns.

I'm an idiot. A complete stubborn idiot. A sob escapes my mouth and I let the tears fall freely. He just wanted to help. That's all. You've just lost your chance to better yourself, a chance of freedom.

I sob for what seems a long time, as all the negative thoughts pile and pile in my head. I continue chastising myself over how stupid I am when suddenly my dark past that I have locked out a long time ago threaten to unleash but as soon as I realize where my thoughts are headed, I stop myself. I cease the ridiculous tears once and for all.

No way am I going to bring up the past now. I won't bear it. It will wreck me completely. I have been all my life trying to build myself into something good. No, I won't dare open those dark thoughts now.

As I wipe away the last tears, I take a deep cleansing breath and let it out slowly. That's it now. What is done is done. All I have to do now is move on. I have to start building those steps I needed to take again.

Firstly, I need a job, any job. I have to be persistent this time and no matter how many times they say no, I shan't give up.

"That's the first step," I murmur to myself as the drainage of my energy from all the crying starts to affect me.

My eyelids begin to drop, but before I can finally sleep, I take a whiff of J eremy's scent from his t-shirt. The scent is soothing. I revel in it as it helps me rid of all dark thoughts.

Goodnight, J eremy. I let myself think automatically. I wonder what he is doing at this moment, and then I let myself succumb to sleep.

To be continued.....

She left him! *Gasps*

Tell me, what you think?

Did she do the right thing or?

Do you hate her or not?

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and share

Sorry guys, I won't be able to post two episodes today... I don't have much data

Till tomorrow

[03/07, 07:37] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWELVE

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LEYLA'S POV

The sun from the small window illuminates the whole room and instantly as if it's my alarm, I wake up. I feel groggy and energy drained, and then the events of what I've done yesterday hit me.

I left him. I sigh as I try to imagine what he is doing at the moment. Probably sleeping. I tell myself. It is after all only six thirty in the morning according to the unkempt clock on the wall.

I can't help it when I automatically take another whiff of his scent from his t-shirt only to realise that his scent is somehow beginning to fade. I sigh again as I relive the memory of yesterday morning. His arms holding me closely as we made love -- well to him, it might've been just casual sex, since I had after all been there for that.

I touch my lips absentmindedly as I remember his

scorching lips upon my own, and everywhere on my body. And his tongue. I can almost feel it licking and nipping at my neck; moving down to my collarbone; trailing between my breast and teasing and sucking. I can almost feel that same tongue down to my navel; to that line of my pelvis, between my thighs.

I shiver and squirm suggestively, already feeling my insides moist up. I should stop this. It won't do me good. I am the one who left him. There is no point in trying to torture myself with these explicit thoughts.

Last night, I promised myself to clear my thoughts of Jeremy. Now, I'm not doing myself any good by bringing these memories up. I remind myself the first step I have to do, and that is job hunting.

For a third time this morning, I sigh once again. I have a feeling that there's a lot of sighing to come, at that thought I sigh. I remove Jeremy's clothes

from my body and then fold them in a neat pile before placing them on the bottom drawer which is empty due to my limited clothing.

Before I place them in the drawer, I take one last final sniff of his overwhelming scent. I am relishing in the aroma of vanilla, detergent and his cologne and also my sweat in the mix.

This is the last time I will do this. I promise myself while closing the drawer. I then take out my long tee which I use as nightwear, since the tee reaches my knees. I finally get rid of the underwear from last night as I put it in my plastic wash basket. I put the corset in the drawer along with Jeremy's clothes and close the drawer, just as I lock away those treasured memories I shared with him.

I move toward the broken long mirror near the mattress but I refuse to stare at my reflection, instead I shift it to one side. It reveals a small metal

container. It's decorated in mottled flowers and the paint is almost disappearing. The container has all my treasured belongings.

By treasured, I don't mean expensive stuff. No, just small things I have come to inherit from the eighteen years of my life. Inside it includes a photo of the fraud foster home where I spent dark twelve years of my life.

Why I keep this photo? I don't really know. Also in the container, there is a small number of jewellery I came to find from the streets; a fallen earring; a forgotten necklace or bracelet; and rings. I also keep my saved money, from all the pawning of these intricate treasures I found.

I just simply go to a pawnshop with a gold ring or necklace and I come out with thirty or fifty if I'm lucky. I've managed to hide this money from Greta all this long. I've never used it before. But today with

my plan on set, I'm finally going to.

"It's not much, but it's something," I mutter to myself as I place it on the secret pocket of my jacket.

I then tiptoe out of my room to the hallway. I faintly hear the snores of Greta coming from the room across. Good, she's still sleeping.

I go to the bathroom and risk using her hot water as I take a five minute shower. The water feels so good, it reminds me of the shower I took at Jer--no don't start with him.

I turn the shower off immediately only to then start brushing my teeth. I towel dry my hair since I don't have a hair dryer and then keeping the towel on my head, I run to the kitchen.

As I enter, I stop in my tracks instantly. Why?

Well, because there's a six foot four figure of man leaning against the kitchen counter as he engulfs on his cigarette. He has dark floppy hair which reaches his eyes and instantly I think; bed hair. His eyes themselves look dark from where I'm standing and as they lock with mine, I almost cower away.

His expression shows an element of surprise at first as he takes me in and his dark eyes travel down all over me. I now wish I wore something more than this stupid t-shirt. After he has assessed me-- more like undressed me from head to toe with his eyes -- he finally meets my eyes while casually taking a puff of his cigarette.

"Who are you?" He frowns at me.

I stare. Am I not the one who's supposed to be

asking him that? Since I was the resident of this so-called apartment. But with his tone, it's as if he's the owner of the place.

I scowl at him, my anger flaring, "Who are you?"

That makes him smile for some odd reason. His lips twitch into a smirk that doesn't quite reach his eyes. "I asked first."

The nerve of this guy.

"Well I am the resident of this place, so I deserve some explanation." I retort.

His eyes narrow. "So you must be the servant girl she talks about."

I blanch. Anger rises up my throat as his words sink in. Servant!

"And so you must be one of her boy toy she plays with." I counter angrily.

He blinks suddenly, his eyes murderous as he dare takes a step towards me. His nostrils are flaring. His eyes are in slits as he stares coldly at me and from this close I can faintly trace a colour in them. But they're not a warm blue gray from J erem -- I swallow. Stop. Why am I suddenly comparing him to J eremy?

"I won't be insulted by a servant girl." He puffs smoke right onto my face and I resist the urge to cough as I internally choke on the tobacco that's now hitting my lungs.

"I'm not a servant." I hiss. How dare he? How dare

he judge me?

He lifts an eyebrow. "Feisty one, aren't you."

He smirks as he moves closer to me, invading my personal space and I back up immediately. This makes his smirk increase and then he laughs a cold chortle.

At this rate, my heartbeat has long since spiked up. All my instincts tell me that this man should be feared, they tell me to run as far away as I can.

"Ah, not so feisty then." He chuckles and grabs the hem of my t-shirt with one hand as he pull me towards him. The other finds an ashtray and dabs his cigarette.

I jerk away from him immediately, and I manage to

break free his hold. But as soon as I move away, he has taken hold of both my arms. Adrenalin has spiked in my limbs, and at this case my instincts tell me fight not flight. I thrash away from his hold, trying to free my arms but his grip is stronger.

"Let go of me." I whisper in a raspy voice. I intended to shout at him but as usual my voice betrays me.

He pulls me flush against him, and I feel the rigidness of his chest muscles but they have nothing on Jer--goodness must you bring up his name again.

I wriggle away, trying my best to free my arms. My brain seems to have shut down on the little self-defence I came to know from years of living in the streets.

He frees my arms, only to pull me closer as his

hands move to the hem of my tee toward the back of my thighs. Suddenly, he grabs hold of my ass. I squeak out because I'm not even wearing any underwear.

"No underwear." He says approvingly, his voice is somehow softer than the harsh way he was earlier.

"Ugh!"

I use my now free hands to punch and slap his chest but he feels nothing. And so thinking my thrashing won't work, I stop.

This surprises him as his intense icy blue eyes glare down at me. He stops groping at my bare ass but his hands remain there. I look up at him, trying to ascertain his change of mood. Then he closes his eyes, his eyebrows still scrunched up when he finally lets go of me. He takes his lighter from the

counter, and lights up another cigarette.

"Don't just stand there, gaping. Make me breakfast, servant girl." He commands.

This, this man. Who does he think he is? And to, to just touch me like that!

To be continued.....

A new character .

Who the heck is the unknown?

Let's find out by unlocking the next episode with. as many likes, comments and shares as possible

Happy Sunday, guys

Don't forget to like, share and comment because I'll be dropping another episode in the evening

[03/07, 07:37] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

Suddenly, it isn't fear that I am feeling towards him now. It is downright rage and hatred. For some reason, I hadn't been afraid when he had touched me. Why? I really have no idea. Something had told me he wouldn't have taken too far, even if I hadn't stop he would have stopped somehow.

Why am I having this inclination towards him? And why am I obeying his order now by making him breakfast? I glare at him while he just stands there sucking on his cigarette like he owned the damned place. I didn't like this man, stranger or not. He gave off bad vibes.

He smirks when he sees me turning the stove on and I begin to make eggs. I feel his intense gaze on me the whole process of making breakfast.

"That smells good." He says appreciatively at the food. His voice mere inches near my ear and suddenly, I feel his whole rigid front against my back. I tense and momentarily stop breathing, anticipating his actions. In my head I'm screaming; Back off! Back off! I know that if I yell this out loud, he will just do the opposite and so I stay silent.

The tension is thick as neither of us says anything and then finally, I feel him move away from me. I breathe out a breath I didn't realize I've been holding.

Minutes later, I give him a plate of bacon, eggs with toast. I watch him gorge himself, moaning on each bite. After five bites, he looks up and I look away

immediately as I finish nibbling on my toast.

"Aren't you having any eggs and bacon?" He asks confused.

I glare at him, "Like you said, I'm a servant and servants don't feast on their master's food."

He blinks again as if I've struck him, but quickly as the expression came he changes it to a frown. However, the frown is not aimed at me for once. That's when Greta makes an appearance.

"Leyla, make me some too!" She demands already. Not even a good morning, how are you today, Leyla? I sigh as I start by beating the eggs. I eavesdrop on their conversation while I make her breakfast.

"Did I sleep last night, I don't remember much?"

Greta asks him.

"You passed out." He replies. I can detect a detached cold tone in his voice, as if he couldn't care less.

"I did?" She seems horrified. "So we didn't...?" She trails.

I turn over her eggs on the pan and then I move to a cupboard, sneaking a glance at them.

"No, we didn't."

I catch his eyes as he says this and he gives me an inconspicuous wink. I dart my gaze away immediately.

"Oh." Greta seems to be disappointed.

I take out a plate from the cupboard and I serve her the eggs and leftover bacon from before. The plate in front of her alerts her to my presence and for the first time since she came in the kitchen, she gives me a knowing smirk.

"Where did you go last night?"

I start to blush but then I frown. Why does she care, she has never been bothered about my whereabouts? Maybe it's because of this guy sitting next to her that's making her put on an act. It's too late to be bothered about being polite because of guests; he already knows I'm no one to you. I think.

"I went for a walk." I say, acting to be distracted as I move to take her guest's finished plate. I still don't know his name. I realize.

"All night?" She's skeptic.

"Yes." I say indifferently.

She frowns at me, not believing a word and I couldn't care less. She's never cared about what I do before, so why prolong the acts? I notice that her guest has been watching over our charade with passive interest. His eyebrows arch upwards with amusement.

I give them both blank stares as I move to the kitchen sink and begin to clean the pots and pans. I'm glad I've managed to rid the attention from me by moving out of their presence because now they pick up where they left off in their conversation.

"Do you want to do this again?" She asks him.

This surprises me. Not that I cared about her relationships before, but in the time I've been in this place long enough to observe her, she has never been with the same person twice in a day. She usually dumps them or they leave in their own accord the morning after.

I then realize that they actually didn't pull off their arranged night stand, so this might be why she wants to see him again.

"Hmm," is all he says and from the corner of my eye, I watch his form getting up from the chair and he does it so elegantly.

Elegantly? Where am I getting this from? Comparing such delicate word to this icy cold ghost of a man.

"I don't know." He continues. "I'll be caught up with

stuff this week."

A simple excuse, even I detected rejection in those words.

"Aw," is all she says. "I'm sorry I passed out, I usually don't..." She trails again.

He doesn't say anything and I imagine him giving her a smile or maybe a stiff nod. "I'm going now."

As he says this, I finish with the last pot. I wipe my hands in the dirty dish towel and then I face them. They are moving away from the kitchen to the hallway and I leave the kitchen too, intent on heading over to my bedroom.

But as soon as I step out of the kitchen, I'm met with an appalling image that will forever be

engrained on my mind. They are locked in an embrace. Not just a casual embrace but a full on, groping of private parts while their mouths eat each other. All I see are tongues ravishing each other, and Greta's nightgown slowly rising up to her thighs almost revealing her ass.

I look away immediately but not before I catch blue orbs opening and locking me in a gaze. One of his eyebrows has risen up as he takes in my surprised expression and then I watch as he gives me a snide look before winking at me.

That's twice he has done that!

I move away from the hallway quickly, almost running. I shut my bedroom door before I flop myself on the mattress. I begin by rubbing my eyes rapidly in an attempt to rid of the image I've just witnessed.

The audacity of this man!

Who does he actually think he is? And has he been trying to be flirty with me the whole time? I snort to myself. Yes, he might be attractive in his own dark way. I can only admit this. But it's his arrogance and the I-own-the-damn-place sort of attitude and the rude way he behaved by touching me, that's a turn off for me.

He is definitely going in my bad books.

I wonder where Greta met him. Probably one of those over-the-top clubs she always goes to.

Well, I am glad that I am never to see him again. I'm not stupid like Greta. She might have not taken his too-soon-exit as a no but I had. And that told me that he had no intention of ever being with her, even with their goodbye kiss or whatever it was I saw in

the hallway. Ugh, that image will haunt me forever.

Anyway it isn't my business what she does, and even if she sees him again, it wouldn't matter to me. I have other important pressing issues to care about. Issues like finding a job and trying not to think about Jeremy Lawson at every given moment.

I am quite glad for that whole breakfast, and pondering over Greta and her guest had quite taken my mind off him. Otherwise, I would have been wallowing in regret and self-pity.

I get up from the mattress and then take out my best-looking clothes I owned. All I have to do now is get dressed and go job hunting.

To be continued.....

What do you think?

Once again, share your thoughts in the comment box, even if it's just criticism or praise... comment away!

Thanks to all those who sent me Valentine's gift...
I love y'all

And to those who haven't sent yet, it's not too late to send it

[03/07, 07:37] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FOURTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

I stand in front of a five star restaurant, contemplating whether to get in or keep staring. I'm sure the people who keep passing in and out of it are wondering what was wrong with me.

It's now evening and I've spent the whole morning roaming the town; asking managers, employers in mostly cafés or cashiers just for a job and so far most have turned me down except for one café called Millie's. It had been past three in the afternoon when I had entered that café:

"Excuse me, who is your manager?" I ask one of the waitresses.

She looks at me up and down with an impassive expression on her face. She wrinkles her nose before popping the gum she is chewing.

"Who is asking?" Her tone detects annoyance but somewhere there's amusement playing in her tone.

I frown at her, "Me."

She burst out with laughter, "Oh really?"

"Yes, please I need a job".

"Don't we all, honey." She smirks.

I blink a few times at her and then she sighs and she motions to the back. She tells me to turn left and to keep on walking until I find a blue door.

And so here I am standing by the blue door, my nerves wrecking. I pray to divine providence that whomever is in that office will overlook the simple clothes I'm wearing and the tangled mess of my hair to at least hire me. I knock a few times.

"Come on in." A muffled feminine voice speaks.

She is a woman?

When I enter, I'm momentarily dazed into shock at what I perceive in front of me.

Darkness.

It's everywhere. The walls are painted a dark grey colour, contrasting the white tiles of the floor. But everything else in the room screams gothic.

Why I immediately jump into this conclusion? Well because in the midst of this whole room sits a frail but dangerous looking woman who is petting her black haired Yorkshire terrier dog.

Like the whole room, she wears a black plaited dress with all gothic accessories; on her face there are three piercings, one just over her eyebrow. There's a nose ring between her two nostrils and then another lip ring just on the corner of her bottom black coloured lip.

I then notice that on her neck, she has what appears to be a necklace which is coated in metal skulls. What surprises me the most is the fact that she looks as if she is in her mid-twenties. I move closer to her black coloured desk.

"What do you want?" She asks in a tone of boredom, dragging her words.

"I'm Leyla and I'm here to ask if you have a space for one more waitress." I introduce myself.

She looks me up and down with a blank expression

on her face. "And why would I hire you?" She sighs and I get a feeling she's always like this; nonchalant.

"Well...um...I...I'm determined to work and I can do long hours if you so wish and--" She holds out her palm in gesture for me to stop.

"Have you busted tables before?" She asks indifferently with the same tone.

I shake my head sadly.

She frowns. "Then why are you here?"

"I need this job." I plead.

She leans back at her plush black coloured chair as she regards me with her blank expression.

"Hmm, you're just in luck then...one of our waitresses bailed on us. I think you could fill in her places." She says, boredly.

I blink at her, still processing her words and when finally what she has said hits me, I gape at her.

"Really?" I ask in shock.

Suddenly she beams sweetly at my reaction, "No, not really." She says in a sweet fake tone.

Wait, what?

She smirks evilly when she sees my face fall. "I'm kidding. You have the job."

I sigh in relief.

"Oh it's fun playing with people." She smirks and I notice how her expression changes whenever she pulls it into a smirk. It's as if she something more than the gothic looks she wears. She is somehow beautiful.

"Thank you."

"Now, now before you go we have to discuss this. Firstly, I'm Millie as you can see from the café's name."

I smile at her.

"Secondly, how about you come on Monday and get the fill on waitressing, since you said you haven't before, is that fine with you?" She asks, her bored

tone becoming replaced by a business-like tone.

Is that fine with me? Of course it is, she needed not to ask that.

"Of course." I reply her, my smile bigger now just at the thought of finally having a job.

"Good. Since you'll be filling the last girl's place, you'll be working Monday until Wednesday, morning until mid-afternoon and then Friday and Saturday noon until evening." She regards me to see if that if that was fine with me.

Is she kidding, this is more than I bargained for, as long as I have something along the lines of a job. I nod eagerly at her.

"Then, I'll see you Monday and we will discuss the

payment then." She holds out her hand for me to shake.

There's a power in agreement. I think as I shake her soft hands. A complete contrast from the dark she displays. I have finally got a job after morning of begging and being turned down. I guess my luck has turned up.

Afterwards, I spend whole day roaming around town and for the first time, I actually appreciate life. It feels good to look forwards to something. Even if it was just minor, at least it was something. It'd been evening when I thought that my sudden change of luck could maybe help me get one more job.

And, I know I was pushing it when I thought of going begging for another.

That is how I'm finding myself standing in front of this prestigious five star restaurant and doubting if I will be able to even pull a job here. I mean, the intricate building itself stood alone and screamed expensive.

It's better to try. Just try. I tell myself as I enter the double automatic glass door. The interior is packed and buzzing. As soon as I'm inside, I find myself in a line of a waiting queue.

Inside, the walls look as if they're made of grey marble and they seem artistically constructed to give the place a medieval look. Even the paintings on the wall looked extremely expensive. Not to mention that inside of this restaurant there's a dining area and a bar area.

The dining area was on the far left where the walls

are made of windows that overlooked the city lights. And the bar area was on the right side. It's packed and looks as if there's a party taking place when a few already drunken people spew shouts over the noise of the music.

It's a complete contrast to the serene and calm of the dining area and this makes me wonder how the noise of the bar cannot be overhead by the people eating. They seem calm and in no way disturbed by it.

That's when I realize there's a glass wall suited in the middle which is dividing the two parts. How convenient, I guess it must be soundproof. I wonder who thought of this, hence the owner.

"You have a reservation?" The girl behind the desk interrupts me from my reverie.

I study her for a moment. She wears a black shirt with matching trousers which I assume is the restaurant uniform. She has her sandy blonde hair tied up in a ponytail and her blue eyes look expectantly at me. She really is beautiful in a natural way. Maybe she can help me.

"Um no actually...where can I find your manager?" I ask her.

She frowns and that's when she regards me up and down.

For a moment I stand uncomfortably. I remind myself, however, that I look presentable in my blue jeans and long grey sweater. I remind myself that I brushed my hair this morning so the natural curls I had this morning were wavy.

I also remind myself that Jeremy has called me

beautiful on a few occasions -- oh here I go again, I mean, I've kind of succeeded into avoiding him all day--so there isn't a need for me for me to feel intimidated by her.

"You have an appointment or something?" She asks with a frown marring her features.

"Or something."

Her eyebrow shoots up in amusement. Then she proceeds on calling someone on the phone. They have a brief conversation that I don't catch but I can tell it's about me as she shoots glances at me now and then.

After she's done she motions for me to follow her and that's what I do. We head across the bar and the noise is merely dominated by the chit chatter of the drunk people enjoying themselves. A few people

bump across me, almost making me lose the person I'm following. But with a few pushes and mutters of "sorry," I manage to escape.

She leads us to a set of stairs which is away from the bar noise and I find myself in a silent but gloomy corridor.

"Just this way." She motions to the door that says manager.

"O-kay?"

She smiles fleetly at me before she knocks.

"What!?" An annoyed voice on the other side of the door, bellows.

"Uh sir, it's Hallie."

So that's her name.

There's a gruff in response coming on the other side. She opens the door and motions for me to follow. I enter what seems to be the most prestigious office for a restaurant, I mean it even has a plush office chair and a mahogany table for a desk and everything.

The office overlooks the city from its open glass window. Hallie clears her throat before she says, "Sir, um I called before about--"

"Yeah, I know. You can leave now." A voice behind the chair which is facing opposite us speaks. I notice that whomever is behind that chair has a cigarette in his hands.

Before Hallie leaves, she taps my arm and her face almost looks pitiful at me before she whispers.

"Good luck."

I'm rendered speechless and before I can reply her, I hear the faint creak of the door closing, indicating that she is long gone. What is she wishing me luck for? I wonder.

"You asked to see me. Why?" The manly annoyed voice speaks behind the turned chair.

For some reason, his voice sounds familiar.

To be continued.....

Who do you think it is?

For those who want J eremy's POV, just calm
down

It might destroy the plot if it comes too soon.

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and
share before leaving

[03/07, 07:38] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FIFTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

"I'm looking for a job?"

"Really." I can almost trace sarcasm in his voice.

"Yeah." I mutter to myself.

Suddenly the chair swings to face me. I gasp... in

fact, we both gasp.

Because sitting in that plush chair looking almighty as he leans his elbows on the arm of the chair is none but Greta's man friend who had been in the apartment earlier.

"Well, well, well." He proceeds to smirk up at me as he regards me, while I stand there with my mouth agape, still reeling from the shock of seeing him.

Suddenly, the events of the inappropriate way he touched me earlier springs to mind and this flares up my anger.

"So you're looking for a job?" He gets up from the chair and moves so that he is half leaning half sitting on the desk table.

"I...Uh." It's one of those moments where I've completely ran out of words I can possible say.

Somehow, he finds my lack of response amusing to him because he has the most cunningly cold smirk that makes the bones of my body even shiver. No, I will not seem weak to him, not after what he did.

"So? You're just gonna stand there and say nothing?" He folds his arms, waiting for my reply.

I frown at him and then I do the most irrational thing... and trust me, I'm acting on instincts. Because in a few strides, I'm standing a breath away from him and as if on its own accord my hand collides with his face... in a harsh slap.

The smack from the contact is the only thing audible in the room. When it dies down, the only thing heard is the shocked gasp hissing from his

mouth.

Shît, my hand sting! But I don't let that derail my now fierce composure.

At first, shock registers in those cold blue eyes of his before they turn into an murderous glare. Before I can say anything or move away, he grabs my arm and pulls me even closer to him.

"What. Was. That. For?" He spits each word out.

I try to move my hand from his tight grip but he doesn't budge. "Let me go!"

He narrows his eyes so that they are in slits as they stare down at me, but then his gaze swiftly trails down towards my lips. That's when I start panicking. The feeble attempts to free my hand before now

turn to full blown trashing.

"Why did you slap me?" His tone is icy, not to be messed with.

Finally with one final yank of my hand, I'm able to be freed from his grip. I back away from him but he follows suit.

"For earlier, you had no right!" I manage to match his tone.

The glare printed on his face slowly turn to understanding and with this, the smirk on his face is back. "I had no right, eh?"

"No right!"

He subconsciously rubs the spot on his face where I slapped him. I notice that I left a mark of my fingers on his skin.

Good! But seeing this suddenly makes the sting on my hands throb. He had to have a hard jaw!

"Last time I checked, it was a free country." He sneers. He was really getting on my nerves.

"I will report you!"

"Will you?" He takes a step closer towards me.

"Yes!" I back away immediately.

"What exactly would you report?"

"It's called sexual harassment!"

"It's not sexual harassment when one responds positively." At this rate, he has a complete grin on his face and this time it's an actual genuine grin which reaches his eyes. It completely changes his cold hard features and it actually makes him look attractive!

Attractive!? I need to get a grip. Sure, he is extremely good looking but personality wise. Nuh-uh.

"I am not responding positively," I glower at him and that's when my back hits the door.

He smirks, that famous cold sneer as he closes in my personal space. He is merely inches away from me. I can smell his scent which is a mixture of cigarette and a tint of body wash. I hold my breath.

"You are, even now you're responding." His breath fans across me.

I scowl at him but inside I'm screaming and try to decide whether I should make a break for it.

"You know, I usually don't tolerate people slapping me, women or not -- if you touch me... well, let me spare the gory details." His voice has turned to somewhat husky.

Don't let it affect you. Do not let it affect you! I yell at my betraying body.

"But," he continues, "When you did, ugh. It was sexy as hell!" He half growls, half moans as he takes a strand of my hair and places it back behind my ear.

The skeletal muscles that are pulling my face into a frown begin to falter as he draws in closer but before I can succumb to the overwhelming feeling of his front muscles bugling towards me. I remind myself that he has kissed Greta today and that I'm supposed to loathe him.

"So am I suddenly supposed to feel special?" The tone of my voice is venomous and I can tell this is not what he expected from me because he draws away instantly as if realizing where he is and what is doing.

When he is at least a meter away from me, I finally relax and breathe. Before I can get comfortable, I feel cold daggers of his glare pointed at me. I look up and meet his icy stare.

"You know you act all feisty and controlled when in fact you're a fragile piece of cock teasing shit." He says this in the harshest way that I'm surprised I'm

affected by his words. I'm even more surprised that he can manage to shock me when I have known all along how callous he actually is.

However, I'm quick to change whatever shocked expression he has pulled out of me when I retort by saying, "You don't know me!"

He smirks coldly, "I know enough." He turns away so that I'm staring at his back as he heads for his desk.

Ugh! If I hated him before now I fully despise him.

"Oh so the toy boy not only sleeps around but he has a brain that knows." I say sarcastically. At this point, I'm beyond enraged I don't even care what I say. He turns to face me with an enraged glare.

"You're walking on thin ice, Leyla, thin ice!"

Before I can react, I'm rooted shocked on the spot. How does he know my name? He catches my falter and that cold smirks is back.

"You see, I know."

"Just because Greta might have filled you in with my name and my status doesn't make you the all-knowing," I glare.

"Oh? But I'm just proving my point!"

"You don't know anything about me, nothing."

"I know what I need to know." He glares at me.

I return the glare full on.

"So you think just because you manage a prestigious restaurant, you can go around groping people without their consent."

"Oh, but, Leyla, I don't just manage it, this is my restaurant and bar! And I don't go around groping people; no, you're the only exception to that." He smirks.

I am getting nowhere with him. What are you even still doing here? It's not like he's going to offer you a waitressing job anytime soon. My inner voice decides this moment to get involved. I'm certainly not taking it, now that I know who owns it. There's no way I'm going to work for him.

"You're too fragile, Leyla, toughen up a bit! Give me all you got." I know he's laughing at me.

"You know what. Fuck you!" I let out that angry curse. For some reason, this makes him smirk even more.

"I will, gladly, if you are the one I'll be fucking."

"Ugh!" I've had enough of his conniving attitude.

I turn to the door, ready to leave but before I can open the door, I'm stopped by firm cold hands gripping and pulling at my arm.

"Where do you think you're going?" His expression is different. Gone is a cold smirk that seems to be his permanent expression. He is frowning in a concerned look. The concern is alien in his callous personality.

"Far away from you, that's where." I yank my hand away from his hold.

"I thought you wanted a job?"

"As if you're gonna give me one," I snort. "And what makes you think after that, I'll be willing to work for you?"

His mouth twists in slight amusement and that expression somehow lightens up his features. Okay, I need to stop viewing him as good looking.

Sure, he is attractive in his own cunning way, but I will be confusing myself of how I should act towards him if I view him this way and right now he is in my bad books.

"Well first, yes I was actually thinking of offering

you one but now well, you proved you won't be capable of handling it." He says this as if he's talking of something else. Somehow, there's a double meaning in his words. And this results in me shivering.

Foolish body!

"And second," he continues, "From knowing how jobless you are and in great debt towards Greta, well, I would say you're desperate and would take anything that pays even if it means working for me."

That conniving son of a...ugh! I hate to admit that he's right. My eyes glare up at him in slits and he smirks proudly down at me.

"I can handle anything!" I retort, knowing fully that it's futile, that I've lost in whatever game he is playing.

"Really?" One of his eyebrow reaches for the heavens. "Then can you handle this--"

It happens so quick that even now I'm still processing it. All of a sudden, I find my face drawn up toward him by his hands and in that millisecond his lips crush upon mine in a rough but compelling kiss.

My eyes, however, do not close. They stare, wide eyed, at his closed lashes which fan on his cheeks. What's even more shocking is that I'm so stunned, I haven't broken away yet.

His lips feel soft against my own a complete contrast to his cold arrogant attitude. He lets out a muffled groan on his throat as he begins to part my lips with his.

It's the feel of his tongue meeting mine that pulls me out of my shocked state because just then, I see the face I've been trying all day to ignore and avoid. Just then, I see Jeremy's face.

I break away from him immediately before I slap his face but this time it's not as hard as before. Damn, my hand is going to really sting tonight! Before I can let him react, I run for the door, yank it open and run for the exit.

"You start work Monday night, Leyla. I expect you to be here. If not, I know where you live. I'll drag you here if I have to." I can almost trace the smirk playing on his face as I hear those words.

That son of bitch kissed me! How dare he? That arrogant asshole! Ugh! I run down the set of stairs that lead me to the bar part of the restaurant, and I immediately bump into people. Muttering my apologies, I manage to exit a throng of drunken men

who persist on holding me back for "some chat".

I mean how could he? Why would he? Ugh! I don't even know his name!

I find myself back at the reservation desk and I catch Hallie's eye. I don't know how my expression looks like but when she gives me a pitiful, almost guilty look, I can tell it's not really pretty. I am so enraged and at the same time, so hurt; I don't even care how I look.

My heart is screaming JEREMY! And brain compares that rough kiss to Jeremy's heart shattering ones.

I have to remind myself, however, that I'm no longer seeing Jeremy and probably will never see him again for that matter. I have to remind myself that even though I'm now stupidly feeling guilty, Jeremy

and I are nothing but a one nightstand. Well, excluding the morning after.

But he had wanted you to stay, my heart cries. Yes, he had. But it still doesn't change things. He would have got tired of me and then proceeded to rid of me, like how he had when he'd thought I lied about my virginity.

Just then, something, rather someone catches my eye at the dining area part of the restaurant. It's the chestnut brown messy locks of hair that catches my eye first and when I turn to get a full view, I gasp.

I'm standing behind the line of people waiting to be served, with my mouth agape at what I see, rather, who I see.

It's him!

Talk about speaking of the devil.

Jeremy is here!

And oh... wait, he's not alone?

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To be continued.....

Who is Jeremy with?

Who is the Mystery guy?

Why is he all over Leyla for no reason?

Like, comment and share to find out in episode 16

[03/07, 07:38] : DON'T HURT ME

IM A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE SIXTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

I admire the man that can only be described as a sex god before my eyes. He looks extremely attractive in casual black jeans and tight white t-shirt which hugs his perfectly toned muscles. I'm busy drinking in his familiarity that I do not notice the elegantly dressed woman sitting opposite him.

She's wearing a red strapless cocktail dress which shows off her amazing shoulders and long neck. The dress also accentuates her perfect full chest. Even from all the here, I can see through the outlines of her chest. The way she pushes her shoulders back effectively making her breast probe in full view, shows that she knows what she's got and she's not afraid to flaunt it.

Her outfit brings out her shiny 60's styled wavy blonde hair which makes her look even more beautiful, she can be Marilyn Monroe, herself. From all the way here, I can pretty much tell they're involved in a somewhat private conversation from the way they gaze at each other.

What's even more heart-breaking is the carefree laugh I hear coming from Jeremy as he leans both of his elbows on top of the clothed table. From the body language that can be easily read, one can tell that these two are not just on the first date but they know each other well.

My brain wonders if it's Cassie, the girl who cheated on him. If it's not her, then from now I'll be calling her Monroe.

"Are you waiting in line?" A man behind me asks. He

studies me as if I am some sort of freak.

I tear away my gaze from the perfect looking couple -- whom you could crop out of a 60's movie -- and stare upon the concerned looking man.

"No. Sorry." I move out of his way.

I notice that I hadn't been the only ogling at the attractive looking couple. A few women are ogling at J eremy whilst a few men have their eyes fest on Monroe's chest.

Men! I think only to distract myself from the piercing stab that is tugging at my chest. I exhort myself not to think about what I have just witnessed with my very own eyes. I urge my feet to walk away and ignore the gut wrenching twist of my chest.

I think I'm still in shock when I find my head glancing back at their table thinking that I might've just imagined the whole thing. Just as I turn, I catch Jeremy's head turning as well and our eyes lock in a millisecond. I promptly look away before he can recognize me and then I sprint out of the automatic doors.

The cold air hits me as soon as I step outside and I will my feet to run as far away from this place as possible. It's already dark outside so I half walk, half run to the bus stop because I'm now fully aware that I'm entering the dark parts of the streets.

I concentrate on keeping my feet moving and on my surroundings in an attempt to ignore the twisting pain that's slowly wrecking me. Don't think about it. Not now. I urge myself. I run toward the bus stop, thankful when the bus comes just as quickly. I concentrate on giving the bus driver my bus fare and then I go sit on the window seat, right at the back,

away from civilization as usual.

Once there, I finally succumb to the tears that are threatening to overwhelm me. You're pathetic coward, Leyla, simply pathetic. I brought this on myself so I don't even know why I'm crying. Do I think that highly of myself to have thought Jeremy would what? Chase me? Don't be ridiculous.

Why would he chase me? I am nothing to him but a girl whose intentions had been to sleep with him for money. After all I'm way in a lower class than him, why would he waste his time to chase a poor girl who is a nonentity in this world?

There you go again, wallowing in self-pity. We've been here before Leyla, many times just accept that you're nobody and deal with it. My inner voice makes an appearance.

Of course he will continue with his life, it'd been just casual fucking after all. And here I am thinking that we had shared something more than just sex, here I am just realizing that I'd over analysed his actions when he had said he wanted to help me. I've over analysed everything including my whole feelings towards our whole affair.

I get off the bus near the shabby sorted buildings and practically run to Greta's apartment. I'm acutely aware of the darkness, you never know what danger lurked in these streets. I am about to enter the building when I hear my name being called.

The reason my feet root to the ground is not because of recognizing my name. No. An unknown stranger would've called my name and I would've still kept on running, especially when in this part of town. The reason I stop is because that voice has been engrained on my head so thoroughly that I can even recognize it a mile away.

"Leyla!" His voice calls me again, closer now.

The hairs on my skin stand as every pore of my body relishes the sultry way his voice sounded. On his lips, my name is a caress, as if it's that delicate and the tone of his voice is a mixture of anxiety and what... relief?

"Leyla?"

I can feel him now, I can feel that tension between us radiating a meter away. I freeze in spot. Then I tentatively turn around to face him. I catch the instant sight of relief passing through his face as he observes me. My heart does a double flip at the sight of him, even though I last watched him twenty minutes ago.

"Thank God, I found you." He breathes a sigh and

suddenly in a few strides, he engulfs me in his arms.

This takes me by surprise for a moment as I stand there with my face pressed on his chest, however, it's his scent that is my undoing from my dazed state.

That undeniable scent of his triggers my response and makes me sag in his arms. My hands start snaking around him, returning the hug.

"J e-remy," I hiccup his name.

The tumbled emotions from the crying earlier still hasn't quite left my system. J eremy tenses when he hears my chocked up attempt to say his name. He slowly frees me from his hold and then moves his hands to cup my face.

"God, Leyla, you scared the crap out of me." A fleeting emotion passes through his eyes, those intense blue grey eyes that have haunted my thoughts for the past thirty eight hours or more. I close my eyes, feeling my heart slowly constrict.

"Are you well? Did anything happen to you? You had me so worried!" He splays his hands on my head, my face, my shoulders, my waist, as if to reassure himself that I am here and alright.

Why does it take him to be this close to me to make me forget that I left him; that I've just seen him with his supposedly ex and that I'm meant to forget about him?

The answers to these questions, I haven't a clue yet but for now -- to save myself -- I had to continue on like his presence hadn't affected me at all.

"Why are you here?" I finally ask.

He frowns at me, his hands on my face slacking and I take that as a cue to back a step away from him. Immediately, I lose the warmth from his bodily contact but I try my best to not let that derail my hard expression. I try my hardest to put on a straight face, but inside my body is yearning for him, for his touch.

"I saw you... At Cavelli's and you ran. Why did you run?" He says as he frantically runs his hands through his hair, in a somewhat exasperated gesture.

"You seemed pretty preoccupied." I shrug, trying to route for nonchalance.

He presses his lips together as he frowns at me and I feel out of sorts for a moment. Why is he

scrutinizing me like this?

"I was having casual dinner with an old friend." He shrugs. The frown on his face aimed at me, breaks me.

So it was Cassie after all. Oh this hurts. Why does it hurt when I am the one who brought this on myself?

"For an onlooker, I wouldn't say it was casual." My anger flares as I glare him.

He glares back. "Why are you angry that I was just eating dinner with someone?"

I continue glaring at him as if his question doesn't affect me.

"Not just a someone!" I hiss.

He presses his lips in a tight line.

"Leyla, the last time I checked, you're the one who left me, so why do you care if I have a dinner with another woman?" He continues.

My expression falls as realization dawns. "I...I don't."

"You're jealous!" His face complete changes as he realizes.

Stupid! Stupid! Why do I always have to wear my heart on my sleeve? His expression completely changes to one containing that playful smirk as he sees my reaction. It is that wry smile that warms my heart again.

"I'm not." I fail at a comeback.

"Yes, you're not. Why would you be when you're the one who left me?" He agrees with me, shrugging.

"Why did you leave, Leyla?"

I press my lips together to hold myself from spilling my guts out to him. What I would give to completely fall in his arms again and just tell him! I wanted that easy option.

Instead of replying his demanding question, I simply counter with my own. "Why did you follow me here?"

"Dammit Leyla, stop asking me what's obvious and just answer me!"

"What's obvious? What is so obvious is that we are completely two different people from different backgrounds, Jeremy. What's obvious is that I realized it sooner that we could never work, whatever we had, it was just that and nothing more. So I had to...I had to leave."

"Leave? Why? Because you were scared? Tell me, what exactly are you scared of, Leyla?" His voice is reprimand, and his eyes scorch grey – from anger – on mine, demanding me for an answer.

I'm scared of you, of this, of what you do to me right now. I think my answer.

However, I shake my head and break my gaze from him. I fold my arms around me, now aware that it is getting a little bit cold. I also know that I am doing this to subconsciously protect myself from him. I

fear he can read right through me. I fear he can see how much I want him at this moment.

My heart can't stop this ridiculous throbbing against my chest and the fact that he is mere inches from me, making me feel his bodily warmth and smell his tempting scent, doesn't help either.

"Dammit, Leyla, answer me!" His bellowing command shocks me for a second.

But upon seeing my reaction, he sighs deeply and runs his hand through his chestnut brown locks. This makes my hands itch to do the exact same. I close my eyes, holding myself tighter as I rid of these urges.

"Answer me, please. What are you afraid of?" He asks, softly, this time around.

"I'm--" My reply is cut short when a familiar screeching voice call his name.

Fuck!!

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To be continued.....

What do you think?

Who could have called out his name like that?

Find out in episode 17

Remember to like, share and comment before leaving

[03/07, 07:38] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE SEVENTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

We both turn around to face Monroe, or should I say, Cassie. She looks flustered as she's stares disgustedly everywhere around us.

"J er, who is this? Why are we here?" She strides along to his side and grabs hold of his arm.

I swallow the jealousy that's chocking me from my throat. I watch as J Jeremy's jaw clenches and his eyes cloud in annoyance.

"I told you to wait in the car." His tone is clipped.

She frowns up at him at first in confusion but then as she moves her gaze towards me, her frown turns to a glare. I stare blankly towards them but inside I'm slowly tearing at the seams. Even in the dark, they look remarkable together.

"You left me in a stranded car in these parts of town, I couldn't just wait. What exactly are we doing here?" She argues.

"Hails is there so it's not exactly a stranded car." He clenches his jaw in annoyance.

"What's with you, what's with your change of mood? And who the hell is she?" She casts a pointy finger at me, her face giving me daggers.

"She is no one of your concern, now please go back in the car, Cassie," the restrained anger in his tone goes undetected.

"No, I'm not leaving you." As she says this, she effectively throws her arms around him.

At this rate, I'm beyond agitated; I want nothing to do with them. I just want the solace of my small room, just to escape this jealousy that's eating at me.

"Cassie, what are you doing?" Jeremy unlocks her limbs from him.

She stares at him confusion. "I thought...J er, you took me to dinner, I thought you wan--"

I didn't let her finish when I cut by saying, "It was

nice knowing you J eremy," and began to turn away from them. It's obvious I'm the intruder in whatever they were having. But damn it to hell and back. This really hurt.

"Leyla, wait... For godsake, Cassie, I told you go back to the car, don't push me." I hear his bellowing voice.

"But--"

"Leyla!" I feel J eremy's hand grabbing mine to firmly pull me to a stop.

"What? J eremy? What do you want from me? Look, I'm sorry, okay. I'm intruding to whatever love fest you have with her. I don't know exactly why you continued with me the next morning when it was to obviously clear you were getting back at her. I'm just glad I left sooner before I really got tangled in

whatever relationship it is that you have. So please don't complicate things now, just let me go." I almost choke on the tears that are threatening to unleash themselves. His eyes aren't helping with my situation when they show a mixture of hurt and longing.

"Is this what you want? Pretend like it never happened?" He asks.

"If it's the easier option, then yes."

"Why are you pushing me away, Leyla?"

"Pushing you away?" I say in disbelief. "I'm not pushing you away, you've just gone on a date with your ex! Why would I push you away when it's clear that you're with her?"

A ray of conflicted emotions passes on his face as he regards me in, but afterwards his face turns to an impassive stony expression. "I am not with her." He says.

"Well, why the hell did you take her on date?" I hiss.

"It's complicated, if I explain it to you now, you won't understand." He clenches his jaw.

"Well then that's that...Goodbye, J eremy," I turn around and this time I run into the apartment before he can stop me again. Once I'm inside, I lean against the closed door and crumble down to the floor as the tears submerged me into desolate sorrow.

With my face in my hands, I cry myself out but it isn't minutes later before I hear Greta's footsteps.

"What's with you?" She asks.

I look up and almost scream for my life. She's wearing one of her beauty face mask which make her look like the green ogre, Shrek himself. She's wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her hair. I wipe away the last remaining tears before getting up.

"Nothing," I say coldly at her.

"Okay, if you say so." She shrugs, happily returning to the living area.

"Oh, by the way, the next rent is all on you. You have to figure something out to give me the money you owe me or else I'm kicking you out." She strides bouncingly through the door as she begins singing one of those quirky pop songs.

I hold in the anger that has me wanting to lash at her. And before I go into my room, I hear her mutter, "Don't even know why I keep her."

I flop on the hard solid of my single mattress and stare blankly at the ceiling. I vow myself not to cry, not to stupidly cry over him. He hadn't been yours in the first place. Of course, he had been using you to get back at her. It's a good thing you left sooner, before you tragically fell in love with him.

My inner voice reassures me. But did I leave sooner? Could it be possible that I already fell and fell hard for him in those blissful moments we spent in his hotel?

As for Greta, now that I have a waitressing job at Millie's, the rent is least of my concerns. I cannot believe I'm actually beginning to consider working for that despicable imbecile of man who owns the restaurant Cavelli's.

Maybe it's for the best no matter how I will suffer in his clutches. Because the sooner I get paid, the sooner my debt to Greta is paid and the sooner I get my freedom. I reassure myself with this as I close my eyes to let the darkness of sleep take over.

Before I can fully succumb into unconsciousness, I surmise how this would be a lot easier if I'd just let Jeremy help instead of backing out in fear of getting hurt and keeping my pride intact.

Millie's.

I found to be a welcoming café to work at. I've somehow made my way to fit in with my fellow waitresses. There was Julianne, Julie for short the waitress who I had asked for Millie the other day.

She's two years older than me and works part time for Millie to pay off her student loans. She's still at University studying Psychiatry. I found myself instantly becoming friends with her.

Despite her lack of incentive, she's bubbly with the customers. She helped me tremendously by filling me with who was who around here and which customer left the highest tips.

There was also Hilary, everyone called her Hilly. She's a year older than me. She's on her sophomore year at college -- studying the basis of neurology. She sounded very educational when she told me about her classes. She's very garrulous when it comes to the topic of the brain. One can tell her passion.

I learn that Hilly has a boyfriend whom was a regular customer at Millie. At first, I had found it sweet until I came realize that her boyfriend is

twenty-oh-so odd years older than her and still married with kids.

She had laughed at me as soon as she had told me this and I had soon softened my judgement when I realized how completely smitten they both were. She had told me that he and his wife were in the middle of a divorce so it was "all good". However, Julie had given me a pointed and almost protective look when Hilly had shared this with me.

Julie had later told me that everyone has been warning her about him when she'd first bedded him. Hilly on the other hand told me she couldn't care less what anyone thought, at that I began to admire her strength.

Then there was Effie, a dark skinned woman whom like our boss Millie, is sort of closed off. Effie, I learn is very restrained when it comes to talking to people. With her intimidating dark brown eyes, exotic

tattoos and piercings, no one actually approaches her to simply share a mindless conversation.

From Julie, I learn that Effie is twenty six and has a son who's an infant. She works here full time as a cook and waitress to pay the bills her partner -- who abandoned her with her son -- left piling in their rented apartment. After learning this, I began to soften towards her, she's no less like me and I realize we share something in common even if I didn't tell anyone of the misfortune that is my life.

Millie, our boss, rarely spends her time in the actually café area. Instead she locks herself in her office with her dog, which I found considerably weird.

I soon learn from Julie again -- Julie seems to be the know-it-all -- that she is suffering a heart break. It's a modern day love story. She fell in love too early and they'd been together since she was

sixteen. They were going to marry but only for Millie to ten years later find out about his ultimate betrayal with countless women since their relationship started. I instantly understood and felt something in the lines of sympathy for her.

She only came into the dining café to chat briefly with Julie -- since Julie was sort of her trusted manager assistant -- of how things were going and if anything was needed etc.

I'd become one of them instantly in the only one day of work. Julie had told me that the previous waitress who did my shift eloped from town with her supposedly "love of her life."

Millie appointed me with how I had been finding everything and I told her that it's been great. I thanked her for the job afterwards but she'd passed that aside with flick of hand and we settled my earnings.

I'm still shocked at the generosity she is paying everyone per hour that by the end of the day, I am seventy bucks richer including the tips.

I calculate the four days I'll be working here each week and I figure by the end of each week, if the tips kept going as they, I'll be having enough for the rent Greta always bugs me about. Soon there will be nothing I that owe her, nothing in the upcoming months.

I revel in this as I say my goodbyes to the other waitresses. Only Julie and Effie were staying until the café official closed for the day. I am walking out of the café while putting on my coat as soon as I step in the rain dribbling outside, I hear my name being called.

Hilly is at my side in an instant.

"Hey." She smiles sweetly at me. "Where are you off to now?"

"Home." I frown at the word.

She notices this and looks at me questioningly but when I don't offer to elaborate she simply shrugs. I realize that she wants me to ask of her plans. "What about you?"

She smirks knowingly at her. "I'm off to eat at Cavelli's with Marcus and then after..." she trails as she blushes. Marcus is the man she's having an affair with.

Then I realize, Cavelli's. Shit. That son of a bitch said if I didn't come at famously popular restaurant in this town, then he will come dragging me there.

I scoff mentally. As if he will, he has probably forgotten about my being in his office in the first place. I batter myself as I realize even from this day I still don't know his name. Is Cavelli's his name then? I doubted it. I guess I won't be finding out anyhow.

"Have fun, Hilly, this is my stop for the bus." I tell her.

She waves at me as she crosses the roads. "See ya tomorrow, Ley, we should really hang out soon."

I smile genuinely at her nick name for me. "I'd like that." I wave and I watch as she crosses the streets and disappears in another road.

When I get to the apartment, for the first time getting inside my small room, I have a smile on my face. The tables are sort of turning for me, maybe finally the stars are favouring me for once.

I am beginning to enjoy my luck, maybe this can work. Maybe I can finally set my deranged life straight. Hopefully, Millie will continue to be this generous, hopefully I can be able to finally make friends.

However, just as my thoughts shift to somewhere else -- somewhere where I've been trying to avoid thinking of all day -- the unexpected tears soon slide down.

Why are you still crying for him?!

Seriously, I have to let this go, ever since he last appeared with her. My nights were spent wallowing

over what I could have had if I stayed with him. But I know that's wishful thinking. I know I should stop this; I should get a grip and just forget about him.

But how can I forget when his smell still lies in my small drawer? I then do what've been doing since the night he showed up. I take off the café uniform and fold it nicely and neat in my top drawer and then taking out his t-shirt and sweats, I drape them on. I succumb in the remaining scent that is left in his clothes.

By doing this, I picture him naked; picture him kissing me holding me, whispering how beautiful I am as he makes love to me.

It doesn't take long for me to get aroused by my thoughts and the ache in my belly ever since I gave myself to him begins to slowly drive me crazy. It is ridiculous how turned on I am just at thought of him doing unimaginable things to me.

Suddenly, the pounding of the door breaks off my day dream.

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To be continued.....

Ooooooh, so who do you think is at the door?

Share your comments on the comment box. I

appreciate every feedback I get. Thank you all.

To those who think I waste too much time uploading a new chapter, I'm sorry. I didn't have data yesterday.

I'll upload a new chapter later

[03/07, 07:38] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE EIGHTEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

He wasn't kidding! And what a perfect timing to choose to appear when Greta has left the apartment.

I stand dumb struck as I stare at his offending figure looming over me. His dark hair clings on his face from the rain. His dark blue eyes leer at mine in a cold calculated look. Then, as if I've invited him in, he makes his way into the apartment.

"Why aren't you at work?" He swiftly asks with a

cold tone that tells me of his anger.

It's been a full day since I last ran away from his office when he kissed me. That offending kiss that left pungent cigarette taste in my mouth. I shiver coldly.

"I meant what I said, I'd never work for you." My anger flares immediately. I mean, who the hell did he actually think he is to think he can dictate everything?

"And I meant what I said, I will come dragging you there." He glares.

I glare at him back and for a moment, my eighteen year old rebellious teenage hormones want to dare him to. But, I know he will actually do it and so I keep my mouth shut. "Why are you so intent to have me working for you?"

"Do you seriously want me to answer that?" He arches an eyebrow.

I frown, waiting for him to continue. He shakes his head as if in disbelief. "Well, for starters, it can actually help you get money to pay her off and--"

"I don't need your help or your money." I cut him off mid sentence.

He glowers at me as if I'm out of my mind, then he does something unexpected. He curses, "Stupid stubborn kid," he mutters angrily as he searches in his pockets for something.

He takes out a pack of cigarette but before he can light one up, I spring into motion; I haul the pack away from his hands and throw it out across the unclosed door.

"What the fûck!" He bellows.

"If you're going to smoke, then take it outside and while you're at it, leave this fucking building." I'm surprised at my outburst.

Instead of him glaring at me and giving me his piece of mind at what I just did, he does something I completely don't expect. He laughs.

His musical chuckle fills out the whole apartment and I catch genuine amusement in his eyes. But for some reason, this makes me even angrier. When his laugh dies out, he says in a somewhat serious tone.

"I tried to be reasonable with you, but you leave me with no choice."

Suddenly, he scoops me up by my thighs and hauls me onto his shoulders. I let out a frantic squeal as the impact takes me completely by surprise.

"Let me go!" I scream as I squirm away from his hold, trashing my legs just so he can let me go, but his grip is firm and tight and he doesn't seem to budge. My face is upside down staring at his offending back and I contemplate punching him but I know whatever fitful trash I manage won't result in any impact.

He strides outside the apartment and kicks the door shut. He continues walking swiftly down the few steps as if my weight is nothing but a sack of feathers to him.

"Put me down!" I howl, trying my best not to let the panic that's slowly seizing fully attack me.

He ignores me as he walks to the pedestrian and stops next to a sleek black car and from upside down I can tell it's an expensive make. He shifts my weight to one hand as his others dig in his pocket for keys.

"This is ridiculous! I'm not a two year old! Put me down!"

"Scream all you want, but it's not gonna happen."

"If you intend to drag me to your restaurant without any shoes on my feet, then what will the customers say?" I try to calm myself.

"Your feet are least of my concern." He simply takes out his keys and unlocks his car.

You must trust him. My inner voice conjectures.

You must trust him to let him keep this up.

"If I put you down, you won't--"

"Matthew?" A voice behind us interrupts him... not just any voice.

He freezes, in fact we both freeze.

"Matt? What are you doing?" I recognize J eremy's voice instantly. From upside down, my heart lurches at his voice.

In a few strides, J eremy is right before us.

"What are you doing to her?" This time, his anger goes unnoticed.

So Matthew is his name? What a way to find out!
Thinks my sarcastic side.

Matthew unceremoniously puts me down and I
slide off his shoulders and fall crouching on the
ground.

Jeremy is quick to react as he pulls me up and
immediately draws me into his arms. I'm too weak
to pull back and my senses are now hyperaware of
his bodily warmth so I simply melt in his arms.

"What were you doing?" Jeremy asks Matthew.

I move to stand beside Jeremy and his arm is on
my waist in a possessive gesture. Then the whole
thing suddenly dawns on me. They know each other?

"What are you doing here, Jerry?" Matthew frowns

at him, specifically on his arms which are around me. His condescending blue eyes travel to mine and I look away instantly.

"I asked you first." J eremy glares. "And why were you treating her like that!"

Then as if realizing, "Shit, Leyla are you okay? What did he do to you?" J eremy turns to me, taking my face in both of his hands.

My heart lurches at his touch, heat transcending on my skin and a deep ache in my abdomen tells me of how much his touch affects me.

"Let go off her." Matthew grasps my arms in an effort to pull me away from J eremy.

"Don't touch her!" J eremy hisses as he pulls me

behind him and he glowers at Matthew with his jaw clenching and fury printed in his eyes. They're the same height and the tension that's between them is ice cold.

Matthew's eyes are in slits as he frowns at Jeremy and for that moment my brain wonders how they possible know each other.

"I see you still haven't let go of the Cassie incident." Matthew rudely smirks at him.

Wait, the Cassie incident? Does that mean—?

"This has nothing to do with Cassie. Brother." I can feel Jeremy tense beside me.

That's his brother!?! I practically grow cold from inside.

"Or isn't it? Then why are you here specifically, you must've have followed me. How else will you know her?" Matthew points at me.

"What are you talking about?"

"Leyla." Matthew states my name. "How do you know her?"

"How do you?"

For a moment, they glare at each other as if having some sort of unspoken conversation. Then Mathew's demeanour changes as he shifts his glare towards me. "You know what? I couldn't care less, she's a whore anyway." He leers with a twitch from the corner of his lip.

I snap. I ball my fist up and in a few strides I'm before him ready to return his unforgivable behaviour with a punch, however Jeremy swiftly pulls me away sending me staggering a few steps back.

Before I can even process what is happening, I watch as Jeremy draws a fist on Matthew's jaw. There's an ear-splitting crack sound from the punch filling the air.

Matthew staggers back from the contact his hand flying to his newly bruised jaw in surprise. He winces as he sees the blood on his hand and then return his glare at Jeremy.

"Don't ever use that sort of term towards her!" He bellows and I watch his form shake with anger.

"Term? Really, Jeremy? Open your eyes, lil bro, and

just look at her. She practically lives like one." He sneers at me.

"That's enough!" I find my voice.

"Oh, are you denying it?" He glares with absolute hatred towards me.

I glare back but before I can do anything to damage his face, which I so want, Jeremy once again reacts.

"You're a fool, Matthew! Pestering on someone that can't defend on themselves."

"She's not just a someone now, is she?" Matthew gives me disgusted look.

My blood runs cold. What the heck is his problem?

"Yes, she isn't just a someone, she's more than. She's a better person than you are." Jeremy retorts right back.

Matthew only laughs coldly. "Wow I never took you for a whore defender, lil bro."

"Don't push me, Matthew!"

"Are you going to punch me again? Go ahead." He offers his other cheek.

Jeremy shakes his head. "I'm not going to punch you. I'm simply going to leave you alone in your blatant misery."

Great, Leyla! Just great. You're in the middle in sibling feud and you're standing there gaping at the

both of them in disbelief. Fantastic! My inner voice interjects sarcastically.

I have an odd feeling that their bickering isn't because of me. From what I've collected so far, it's as if the conflict between them has always been constant.

Wait a minute, if Matthew is Jeremy's brother and they weren't on agreeing terms even before the Cassie incident, then why the hell did Jeremy take her on a date specifically in Matthew's restaurant?

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To be continued.....

Matthew is J eremy's brother!!!

Cassie cheated on him for Matthew?

Drop your thoughts in the comment box and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:39] : DON'T HURT ME

IM A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE NINETEEN

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LEYLA'S POV

I watch Matthew sneer at his brother before Jeremy takes me by his arms and pulls me away.

The last glimpse from Matthew is when he is staring at our departing figures with pure utter aversion; his expression is as if he has swallowed something unpleasant.

Jeremy tugs on my elbow as he leads me across the street to his Audi, which is parked on a corner of a building. I don't think of anything as I let him. Before he opens the passenger door for me, Jeremy yanks me into his open arms and I can't do anything but succumb to him.

"Leyla? Did he hurt you before did he--?" His voice seems strained. As if he's dreading the worst.

I shake my head, still unable to find my voice, "No," I whisper.

He releases me from the hug but his hands remain on my shoulders as he looks down at me in confusion... or is it concern?

"Then what was he doing, hauling you in his shoulders like that?" His tone is calculated.

I shake my head. "It wasn't like that."

"Why are you defending him? The guy practically called you a living, breathing, smelling whore!" He frowns at me but before he can say anything more, I continue.

"He was trying to get me to work for him." I tell him because that is a simple explanation I can give towards Matthew's actions, although they were childish and uncalled for.

"Work for him?" Jeremy looks horrified as he scowls at me.

I shrink under his glare, feeling the intimidation once again.

"Tell me exactly, how did you two meet?" He drops his arms that were holding my shoulders and immediately, I feel stripped of his bodily warmth.

It's out of pure intimidation that leads me to explain exactly to him how I found him in Greta's apartment and then again at his restaurant when I'd been job hunting. After telling him this, he simply closes his eyes in a strained anger and when he opens them again, I feel as if I'm being swallowed whole by the intensity of them.

He sighs, "You shouldn't be looking for a job, Leyla."

I scowl at him. "I might not have been clear, before but I remember mentioning it to you how I am at disadvantage." My rage surprises both of us.

He scowls back. "Well if you weren't so stubborn and just let me help you, then you wouldn't be in

this situation." He shoots right back.

Here we are, both seizing each other with our glares, however within seconds, that same electric pull between us stems and our scowling shift into heated gazes. Before I know it, Jeremy is before me within a breath.

He grabs my face and pulls me hard toward him. Before I can even catch my breath, my lips are drawn to his in a passionate kiss. The flame explodes within me like a rocket.

My immediate response is to close my hands on his neck and pull him closer to me as possible. My fingers thread to the familiarity that is his neck hair, they fist upon his silky locks and yank.

He moans in response before pushing me backwards to the side door of his car, initiating my

moan. With the part of my mouth, he plunges his tongue inside and our tongues dance together in a game of seduction.

Inside, my heart is hammering in an intangible beat whilst my blood runs wild to the release of my nerve endings. I want him, now. His hands move from my face and roams down to my waist as he yanks me closer.

"Oh God!" I catch my breath when his lips releases me and begins the torture of nipping my line of jaw, tailing downward toward my neck. One of his hand grasp my inner thigh and places it around his waist. Instantly, I feel the bulge of his erection digging below my pelvic bone.

I'm already convulsing with need in my panties and knowing that he wants me just the same, deepens that ache.

"I want you." He kisses me behind my ear and then presses his arousal deeper in as a way of demonstrating how much he does.

"I want you too!" I groan in response.

One of his hands moves to my breast and starts kneading at it. I tense the leg that is at his waist, effectively pushing myself to him.

He moans at that and then launches his mouth against mine again. "Seriously, I could take you here and now, but I don't think the people passing by would appreciate that." He growls softly.

He dips one of his hands into the sweatpants I'm wearing and his hand finds my panties. I squirm and shiver when he cups me and his hand begins the motion of stroking me through the lace, making

me even wetter than I already was.

I gasp unexpectedly when he slides his hand through my panties so that his warm fingers contact with my heated flesh. Oh god, those fingers!

"Jesus, Leyla you're dripping wet." He hisses on my neck

I groan as he palms my throbbing clit whilst his middle finger and index finger strokes the folds of my flesh. The sensation renders me speechless and I find my breathing rate palpitating.

"Oh, Please." I beg.

I want him; all thought and reason have all been shred to pieces only to be replaced by this undeniable need for him.

"I know, baby." His breathing is strained. "I want you too, Leyla, but not here."

And at this declaration, he draws his hands along with himself away from me and leaves me hanging.

I scowl at him. Right now my hormones have taken over my mood and all I can think about is him being inside me. He has deprived me of that!

He smirks at my reaction. "Frustrating, isn't it?"

I arch an eyebrow.

"Being stripped of something you want so badly."
He explains.

I stare up at him in confusion. "That's what you did to me Leyla when you walked out on me."

I gasp as realization dawns.

"You've instilled a longing in me, a need that can only be met by you." He tells me as if, reading my mind.

"But I thought Cassie--" I begin but I stop when he glowers at me.

"Cassie? Cassie is the past, Leyla, she's nothing to me anymore." He scowls at me, his tone breaming with anger.

"Then why were you on a date with her?" I scowl back.

"It wasn't a date. I told you it's complicated." He dominates in a calculated tone.

I cower at his tone and frown at the ground. Don't push him Leyla.

He sighs when he sees my reaction, "Leyla, I'm not with her, if that's what you think. I don't want her, I don't want anyone but you." He tilts my chin up to stare at him.

His fingers leave a tingle on my chin and one of his finger strokes my swollen lips. "Come with me." He says, taking my hand.

"Okay." I answer without any restrictions.

I let him guide me into his car as he opens the passenger door for me. He is in the driver's seat

minutes later. He starts the engine and then drives us away from the dark building, away from the Greta's apartment and the misery of the whole place.

I sit in his car with awaiting anticipation to where he will take me.

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To be continued.....

They are back together!!!

What do you think about this episode?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:39] : Just a little warning : This chapter contains sexual content and if that's not your thing, please don't complain. You have a right to choose not to read it!!!

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DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY

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LEYLA'S POV

Jeremy drives us out the east and heads down south and for a moment, I wonder if he's taking us back to his hotel but when he blatantly miss the road to that part of town and takes the road to the freeway, my curiosity piques.

Where are we going?

Don't look to me like I have any answers! My inner voice shrugs.

I immediately berate myself for having a conversation with myself. I'm not crazy.

"Where are we going?" I ask him.

He gazes at me from the corner of his eyes, his whole face beaming with a knowing smirk. "Just a place." He answers.

I frown at that, it'd been twenty minutes since we left and we were now heading towards the outskirts of town. My frown is stripped off my face when Jeremy blatantly places his hand on my knee while the other stays on the steering wheel.

"What?" He asks, innocently as if unaware of how effective his hands were on my knees.

His fingers on my knee travels slowly, steering toward my thigh, tracing delicately through the fabric of his sweat pants. Even the layers of fabric do not elude the heat I feel radiating from his touch.

Immediately, I cross my legs as the ache from before stirs suddenly. In the process of crossing my legs, I effectively trap his hand between my thigh and the friction of his hand makes the fabric rub against my heated flesh. My breathing hitches and begins its frantic pant, all the while Jeremy stares at the road with a mischievous smirk on his face.

"If only you were wearing a skirt or a dress." He cast me a heated look.

I gulp. "It wouldn't make a difference." I dare tell him.

The heat in his eyes intensifies as he gazes at me and I'm most affected by the look.

"Eyes on the road, Jeremy." I smirk. The tables have turned.

I watch as he swallows making his Adam's apple do a flip and then he swiftly casts his eyes back on the road whilst cussing.

"You're exasperating." He smiles as he shakes his head. "Simply maddening."

I smile secretly at my audacity.

"Do you have any idea the effect you're infusing on

me now?" He looks at me quickly before returning his eyes on the road.

I shake my head.

He surprises me by taking my hand and placing it on his lap, moving it towards his ever-growing bulge. I gulp again for the second time, unsure of what to do when my hand stays there.

"That's the effect." Jeremy says as he gazes heatedly at me.

"Fuck!" He hisses when I move my hand over his bulge.

I don't know what makes me do it and I don't know where the courage I'm having now is coming from but by the strained effort to compose his face as I

move my hands on him, simply initiates my next move.

I begin rubbing against the fabric of his jeans. His breath hitches at the contact and this only makes me increase in effort. I'm aware of my own breathing rate increasing.

The ache inside me churns. The desire I feel clouds my thoughts, all I can think about is having him inside me. This only makes my panties liquidate even more.

"Stop. God, do you want us to have an accident?" He hisses and then takes hold of my hand and pushes it back to my own lap.

I pout at him but inside I'm turned on like there's no tomorrow. He gazes dangerously at me but there's also deep lust in his eyes. The pull between us is so

thick and heavy that I feel that the whole closed space of his car is heating up by it.

I'm simply consumed by him, that when he retracts his gaze back at the windshield, my breathing is heavy. I cross my legs ever so tightly in an effort of squeeze out this ache. However, it's within minutes that the car stops on some remote land where only one house resides.

Jeremy unbuckles my seat belt and pulls me to his lap so quickly that I find myself sitting astride on his lap with both of my hands resting on his chest in seconds.

In this position, we are face to face and he doesn't take a moment of recollection before he advances his lips on my mine. I let out a small gasp of pleasure and he takes this as an advantage to implant his tongue in my mouth.

My hands move along his chest tracing up to his neck. I draw my arms around his neck to pull him closer and his hands roam my back. The increasing arousal in his jeans rubs against the material of his sweat pants I'm wearing.

I moan when his hands move under the hem of his t-shirt and contact with my bare skin. I remember that I'm not wearing any bra so his hands move freely on my back without any restrictions.

"God, I want you so much. Right now. In my car." He groans when his head buries on my neck as he plants kisses there.

"What's stopping you?" I'm already breathing as if I'm having an asthma attack.

He growls, the sounds reverberating against the

skin of my neck which in turn sends tingles firing up my nerve endings.

"Maybe not today. Come, let's go." He orders as he opens the driver's door and swiftly untangles himself from me as he gets out. He holds out his hands for me to take while his eyes studies me.

"You're only in socks?" His gaze lingers on my feet.

What?

I have completely forgotten that Matthew had dragged me out of Greta's apartment without any shoes. I bite my lip as I stare up at Jeremy's disapproving face. Then his eyes move to my lips and his gaze liquefies with heat.

He clenches his jaw and then suddenly lifts me up

into his arms bridal style. I shriek from the surprise. I clasp my arms around his neck to keep from falling but in doing so, I move my face closer to his neck.

He pulls me out of his car and I face what seems to me to be the biggest mansion I've ever laid eyes on. In the dark, the exterior itself is stunning, with greyish blue paint. The colour that reflected his eyes. It made sense that he'd paint his mansion this colour.

I have no time to really assess the whole building when Jeremy hurriedly leads us to the porch. I gaze up two pillars architecturally crafted to give the walk-in a more medieval look to it. They guard the dark brown mahogany door.

Once we inside the house, the grand two sets of stairway which curve together to meet in the middle catches my attention before Jeremy set me down.

"Wow." I gape, transfixed at the crystal chandelier shining with diamond lights. Just below it, right under the curve of the stairs, there's coffee table holding two extremely delicate vases which have wild flowers on it. Beyond the entrance there's another entryway made of double glass doors leading to whatever is beyond that room.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Jeremy says as he gazes down at me with a look of wariness.

"It's... wonderful." I'm simply awestruck at the luxury in front of me.

"Is this your place?" I ask as I shift my gaze up to him.

He smirks at me while he nods. Both my eyebrows arch. How rich is he?

"But it gets lonely here, so I tend to stay in town more often." He continues.

"Then who looks after it?"

"Mr and Mrs Brown." He shrugs.

"The hired help?"

He nods.

I frown.

"What?"

"So they're here?" My curiosity piques.

He laughs indulgently. "No, I gave them a day off, they're not exactly inside the house." He explains.

"Oh."

What a change of topic, I think. Then I realize something.

"So, you must've have known that I will come with you?" I gasp.

He smirks, "I hoped."

I stare at him for a moment, my mind wondering so sorely what I possessed to make him want to take me here of all places. He wants me to be in his house, this mansion instead of a simple hotel?

My thoughts disappear when he cups my chin.
"What are you thinking?"

I shake my head.

"Tell me."

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To be continued.....

What do you guys think about this chapter?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

And for those who has been asking for my number, this is it: +2348106733350

I use mtn.... Thanks

[03/07, 07:39] : J ust a little warning : This chapter contains sexual content and if that's not your thing, please don't complain. You have a right to choose not to read it!!!

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DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY ONE

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LEYLA'S POV

"Tell me." He strokes my lips with his thumb. He smiles at that and my hands begin to move to his neck, bringing him closer to me.

He takes that as a cue to kiss me and kiss me he does. We both groan when our tongues meet as the kiss deepens. The flame from before ignites my blood once again and this time it comes wrecking my senses with a full on force.

Then he stops the kiss, suddenly. "Not here." He explains, as he pulls me to one of the stairway that leads us to the second floor.

I don't have time to take in my surroundings because Jeremy has pulled me to one of the rooms. When I take notice of how huge it is, I immediately assume it's his master bedroom, with the poster bed dominating the whole room.

Before I can take notice of everything else, Jeremy grabs my face and draws me into another passionate kiss. His hands move to my tied hair and he frees my ponytail.

"I want to feel you." He growls in my neck, his hands roaming in my hair so fiercely. I moan an agreement and he begins to slowly but torturously slide his t-shirt of me. Then he stops. I open my closed eyes to gauge his reaction.

"Is this mine?" He frowns at the t-shirt and then returns a dazed look toward me.

I nod.

He smirks mischievously. "Why, Miss Levy, I didn't take you to be sentimental."

I smirk and shrug.

"Why did you torture me by leaving, if you still wanted me?" He suddenly asks, changing course of action.

I bite my lip.

He sighs. "I'm sorry." He pulls at my chin so that I free my button lip.

"Christ, your lips!"

I bravely step towards him and taking his face, I kiss him.

"You should stop doing that...taking the initiative."
He growls as he grips my lower lip between his

teeth. This makes me shiver in a good way, the sensation travels downwards to that flesh between my thighs.

His kiss gets fiercer, then leans down and grabs me by my waist, lifting me up he before pushing me onto the bed. I fall on my back. His mouth leaves a trail of heat from the nape of neck to the skin under my breast. His hands work magic, by kneading the swells of my breast, his fingers pinch at my nipples making them quiver and harden even more than they were before. Then his mouth lowers on my abdomen, threading on the line where his sweatpants are.

"I want this off." He murmurs as he slowly peels the sweatpants down my thighs, my knees, my legs and eventually off my feet taking off the dirty socks along the way.

Once they're fully off, J eremy parts my thighs and

stands between them. His eyes are liquid grey-blue as they roam all over my body only to linger on my chest. I don't even have the decency to feel ashamed; my brain is too fired up by hormones to care about how my body looks in his eyes. My breath hitches when he starts stroking the skin of my thighs. His hands move in circles, journeying inwards.

"You look so sensual like this. Sprawled all over my bed, exposed and vulnerable." He whispers as he kneels down between my legs.

His words increase the ache building inside me. He kisses the inward of my thigh and his tongue trails north. I lean on my elbows to see what is doing and in seeing him between my thighs, feeling his tongue on my skin, increases the desire that is spiralling all over my body. He growls when his mouth meets me in between the apex of my thighs and the only barrier that's keeping him from ravaging me is my

panties.

He grabs the line of them and roughly peels them down and off me. Suddenly, his breathe hisses when he sees me naked. He doesn't take long to study me when he stands up and leans over to kiss me. All the while his hands work magic as they meet me there. I gasp.

"I've missed this."

"I've missed us like this." He murmurs when he kisses my jaw, my neck and moving down to the line between my breast. Then his tongue meets one of my nipples.

"Oh god." I moan.

His fingers start to delicately stroke me down there

and the sensations piques by the pressure of his mouth on my nipple. I let out an incoherent scream.

His teeth graze on my nipple whilst he inserts one of his fingers inside me, stroking me. "You're soaking wet, Leyla!"

I moan. The ache inside me increases and that familiar tightness of my body begins. A sign that my release was close. I think Jeremy realizes this too because he begins to increase the pressure on his fingers whilst his mouth sucks and nip at my breast.

"J erem--oh." I whimper incoherently when the building increases.

"Come, Leyla. For me." He murmurs and at his words I climax.

I shut my eyes tightly as I let the sensation override my body... taking me off reality for a moment.

"Beautiful." I hear J eremy say as kisses my lips and then with one swift movement he falls on the bed and shifts me with me so that I end up straddling him. I feel the not-so-subtle bulge of his erection pressing against my thigh.

"Take off my shirt." He orders as he places both of his hands on my thigh. His fingers are thrumming on my skin as if he's itching to touch me but is resisting. The thought of him inside me makes my hands move in their accord on his chest. They begin fumbling the buttons of his shirt. My eyes are trained on my hands in concentration and I can feel his smirk on me. I look up and his eyes are twinkling with mirth.

"What's so funny?" I dare ask.

"You." He simply answers.

I finish the last button of his shirt and he suddenly moves up into a sitting position. His blue grey eyes heating up when his faces draws closer to me until our noses touch. I'm trapped in that pool of his eyes which gaze at me with wonder. I then feel him shift as he lets his shirt drop on the bed. The shift also makes his erection press against me there and my mouth goes slack.

"Now my trousers." He bites his lips, his eyebrows quirking up but it is his intense eyes that hold me.

I move off his lap and off the bed as I beginning to unbutton his trousers. He shifts on the bed until he is on the edge and I kneel on the floor.

"Jesus!" He curses when I peel off his trouser along

with his boxers, making his erection bounce freely. My eyes bulge at his length as if seeing for the first time. How was it possible that thing has been inside me before?

"Touch me." He orders.

I look up at him with hesitation. I've never touched a man before. Ever! His eyes are molten blue gray when he stares longingly down at me.

"Like this." He says as he takes one of my hands and moves it along his shaft. He begins moving that hand up and down. I'm aware of his change of breathing as he lets go of my hand, leaving it to its own.

He hisses when I press my thumb on his head... feeling the moist of beed there.

He closes his eyes when I increase my speed, his

breath coming out in rough pants. I stare at it with wonder until an odd thought tempted me to use my mouth. I lick his head first before accommodating his length inside my mouth.

"Shit!" He hisses. He feels soft and tender but also hard.

He lets out a string of curses when I swirl my tongue around his head once more. It's upon knowing that I'm making him tear up at the seam that encourages me to continue. He fills me all the way to the back of my throat. He jerks inside my mouth as I move my mouth up and down on him. It doesn't take long to feel him tense up.

"Leyla, I'm about to come!"

Great! I think as I continue. It meant that I was doing it right.

"Stop! If you don't me to do it in your mouth!" He hisses.

I'm not thinking about what he said when I continue to torture him.

"Fuck!" He jerks up for one final time until he pours himself inside my mouth. I swallowed and cough immediately, cringing and frowning. When I see his reaction, I decide against it.

"Please, tell me that was your first time!" He growls when he pulls me towards him and in a few seconds I'm lying on my back against the bed.

I nod at him.

The look he gives me somehow manages to make

me blush. It's a look of pure adoration in a mixture with awe.

"You're a brave girl, Leyla." He smirks as he hands trails on my waist to my thigh. Thoughts shred into pieces as the desire once again pools in my body.

"I want to be inside you, my brave little girl."

"I'm not little," I complain but my tone is full with wanting.

"To me, you are." He says as he kisses me on my neck.

"But I'm not; I'm only like what five years younger than you?"

"Eight."

Oh. I cup his face when he looks warily down at me.

"You don't mind?" He asks as he moves himself between my legs. I feel his erection digging at my inner thigh.

"Why should I?" At this point, my brain was in a primary response, only a small portion of it is reasonable whilst the rest of is working on sending messages to secrete more these hormones that are raging inside me.

He smiles warily at my response and the smile lightens up his features. Then he dips his head between breasts. The gesture is quite intimate because he just breathes without as much doing anything else.

"Jeremy. I can't keep up with this. I want to feel you too. Please." I beg.

He laughs.

"Since you begged so nicely." He looks, his whole face filled with mirth.

He moves across me and opens one of his shelf drawers. When he returns he tears up the foil packet which contains a condom. Immediately he pulls it on his length and then returns to the position between my legs.

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To be continued.....

This type of scene is too weird!!!

I hope the next scene gets better and normal

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and comment

[03/07, 07:40] : Don't read if this is not your thing!
I hate seeing complaints about it when it's been stated what it contains.

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DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY TWO

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LEYLA'S POV

"Let's take a bath." J eremy murmurs against my breast, hours later after sensual love making. He lays on top of me with one of his legs draped all over my waist while his face rests against my chest. I run my fingers through his unruly chestnut brown locks of his hair enjoying the soft texture over my soft pads.

"Alright." I murmur, slightly opening my eyes.

He takes his weight off me and immediately, I feel deprived of his bodily warmth. I feel him moving about as soon as he gets off the bed. However, I shift to my front and hug the pillow to myself.

"C'mon, bath now," He commands as he swats my backside.

I yelp and jump from the contact and then I give him a disapproving look. He's wearing his boxer briefs with nothing else. My disapproving stare turn to one of lust as I marvel at his toned body. He bites his lips to smother his smile, but that makes him so appealing desire explodes within my body again. I still want him again even though we just did it.

Aren't you becoming insatiable. My inner voice snorts.

Suddenly, my stomach growls unexpectedly. Where the hell did that come from? I look up at Jeremy, hopefully thinking he didn't catch that but he frowns down at me specifically on my stomach.

"You're hungry?" His tone seems to be too calculated as if hiding his annoyance.

I shrug at him, the intimidation I feel from his anger making me speechless.

"When did you last eat?"

"Today."

"Don't be smart with me, Leyla. When? What time?"

I bite my lip. The only thing I ate had been the sandwich Julie had given me at our lunch break. That's another benefit of working at that café, you get free lunches. That's the only thing I've eaten all day.

"I ate a sandwich at lunch." I tell him truthfully.

He winces. "Please tell me it isn't the only thing

you've eaten all day?"

I gulp. Why is he making a big deal out of this? I'm used to it, in fact I bear it enough that hunger no longer matters to me.

He takes my silence as a yes. "Why didn't you tell me you were hungry all this time?"

He springs into motion as he grabs my hand and pulls me roughly off the bed. He then frees me as he moves to the other door connected to this room which I assume is the bathroom. He doesn't take long when he returns with a white bathrobe covering his body and on his hands another.

"Come here."

I do as I'm told and I let him put the bathrobe

around me and he even so ties the sash.

Seriously what am I... five? But I know his gesture is only intent to be protective so I don't complain.

"We'll eat, then take a bath." He takes my hands and leads me out of his bedroom.

"Isn't it past midnight?" I take this chance to lighten up his mood.

"Yes, it is." He smirks down at me. His anger has fled. Thank goodness for that.

"So isn't it a bit too late to eat and bathe at this time?"

"Who says we don't have to eat and bathe late?"

I smile at that. "Fair point."

Jeremy leads us down the stairway and this time I get to marvel at the intricate interior that is of this mansion.

Abstract paintings similar to the ones at his hotel room dominate most of his hallways. As we get down stairs, I count about seven coffee tables each holding flower vases or just vases without flowers, and then when he leads us to the double glass doors into the hallway. There's even more paintings, and two crystal chandeliers lights hanging artistically on the ceiling.

When we get to the other side, there are two rooms which look like living rooms as each have huge couches in them but I just get a glimpse of the room before Jeremy drags me to the kitchen.

I'm guessing there's a whole lot of rooms in this mansion to be counted, whether I'll ever get the chance to explore more, is up to this man who's now dragging us to the kitchen.

I stare, awestruck at the entrance marvelling at spacious of the room. I think the whole kitchen is probably the size of Greta's living room along with her bedroom and kitchen.

There's a six chair counter island suited right in the middle of the room surrounded by black rounded stools. I can't even begin to imagine how expensive the huge stoves cost along with a separate ovens hanging next to one of the cupboards that have no handles.

As I'm aweing the kitchen, I'm aware that Jeremy has dragged me to sit on one of the stools on the

island and then he searches for food on the double-door fridge.

"What do you want to eat?" He asks.

"I don't mind? Do you cook?"

"No, that's what 'the hired help' are there for."

"So you don't ever cook?" I'm curious.

He pops his head out of the fridge in order to look at my reaction. "I've never needed to before, not when I have people to do it for me, besides I'm always busy to be domestic."

"You're being domestic now." I smile mischievously. Of course he doesn't need to cook. He's rich..always

been, always will.

"I guess I am." His lips twitch in a smile, his eyes brimming with a knowing glance at me.

Then he returns to the fridge. "There's salad? Hmm, I don't think that'll be too filling."

"No that's fine. I don't want anything heavy." I admit.

He looks out of the fridge again to gauge my reaction. I laugh at him, actually finding it a bit funny how serious he's taking this whole situation.

I think my laugh is infectious because he smiles back. "You know it's so rare to see you truly smile or laugh. It's kind of refreshing."

I blush as I look away from his glorious scorching eyes. I feel his presence before I look up. He tilts my chin for my eyes to meet his. "You don't have to be shy Leyla. You really are truly beautiful and the fact that you're unaware of it just makes you more attractive."

"All my life, I've endured being told that I'm good for nothing by people and I've accepted this. No one has ever told me I'm beautiful before, so it's hard to believe you." I confess to him.

He grabs my face with both of his hands and its seconds later that I feel his lips brush upon mine.

"Believe me. You are breathtaking." He kisses me chastely.

When he is convinced that I have somehow accepted it, he turns back to the fridge and I hear

him ravaging through bottles.

"Okay, we'll have salad and maybe ice cream after."
He closes the door and in his hands he holds a wrapped bowl of salad.

"Ice-cream?" I ask in disbelief.

The last time I had ice cream had been probably on my eighteenth birthday when I treated myself to one and that was ten months ago.

"Yes." He smirks as he places the bowl on the counter and then he proceeds by pushing the drawer just under the counter. I'm dumb struck as I watch it open automatically. So that's why they don't have handles.

He takes out two plates and un-wrapping the tinfoil

off the bowl, he starts serving. The salad itself looks delicious with its mixture of prawn pasta along with easy light vegetables. My stomach growls inwardly.

"Dig in." He passes me a plate.

He sits next to me, effectively rotating the swing stool towards me so that his exposed leg from the bathrobe touches mine. My leg heats up at the contact. I take the fork he offers me and begin on the salad, but just before I put the fork in my mouth, he stops me.

"Wait. Close your eyes." He orders.

I do. I then feel his hands on mine as he takes the fork I'm holding.

"Open your mouth."

I open my mouth and he feeds me the salad.

"Chew. Slowly." His voice has now become sensual and dark.

My heart lurches at the sudden change of his tone. I chew tentatively and the flavours burst in my mouth. I moan suddenly, not from the food but from Jeremy's skilful hands drawing circles upon my thigh. The tingles that surge there ignite my blood and I revel in the taste of the salad along with the feel of these sensations running through me.

"Ever heard of the saying 'the food tastes orgasmic'?" I open my eyes at his dark words. I blush as I nod.

He smirks. "Eat." He gives me the fork back.

I watch him move as he places the ice cream along with the spoon on top of the marble counter near the bath tub. And then he quickly frees himself off his robe giving me a full view of his back.

I don't think I'll ever get tired of admiring his perfectly toned body, the rigid broad shoulders and the taut muscles which align his whole back. Moving down, I suddenly squirm as I feel myself getting wet when I catch sight of his butt. I can only imagine squeezing the cheeks as he makes love to me.

I swallow and forcibly shake the thoughts away as I watch him get in the bath. He turns to face me and my eyes instantly glue of his throbbing erection. I blush as I glance at his face.

"Come here," he smirks knowingly as he motions

with his fingers.

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To be continued.....

What were you expecting?

Find out in the next episode.

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and

comment

[03/07, 07:40] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY THREE

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LEYLA'S POV

As if my feet are attached to a magnetic pull from him, they begin to follow his fingers. Once I'm standing right outside the bath tub, J eremy leans down grabs me by the waist, pulling me into the steamy water.

I squeal from the contact and the sudden sting of the hot water at my feet. However, it's within seconds before I'm accustomed to the heat. I'm aware of J eremy's hand still lingering at my waist as he presses my body to his, making his growing erection dig against my stomach.

His breath has long since increased as he leans down to kiss me. I close my eyes upon feeling his lips against mine in a soft but sensual kiss. He draws back before the kiss deepens. "Turn around."

I do and he drapes his arms around my waist, his hands moving oh-s-o-slowly upwards until they reach my breast. He takes them into a cup and he squeezes them. I feel him dipping his head into my neck, his nose trailing down to the back of my shoulders. I tilt my head to the side to give him a better view of my neck. Feeling his masculinity makes me soak from below.

He kisses the line of my shoulder at the same time murmuring seducing words of how he wants to take me. Then he presses my waist closer to him so his that I feel his growing manhood digging at the back of my waist. I scream when both his thumbs and index fingers pinch on my nipples.

His lips move upwards from my shoulders and he kisses the skin of my neck all the way to the sensitive part that's the back of my ear.

"Sit." He whispers as he frees me and lets me sit

down on the scalding water. He follows me in the water. He sits with his legs on either side of me. He then shifts me closer to him as he flexes his knees.

"I love your back." He says as he trails his fingers upon the line of my spine. I giggle because it tickles and because what he has said is just so ridiculous.

"And the way you laugh." He murmurs near my ear. Upon this sudden invasion of his lips against my ear, I stop giggling.

"Hmm." I moan when he kisses behind my ear.

He then moves to the marble counter to take the ice cream and with swift hands he opens the tub and immediately dips the spoon towards me.

"Eat." He commands.

I lean back on him and he feeds me a spoonful. I let out a moan of pleasure when the flavour hits my taste buds. It tastes amazing and the fact that it has been a long time since I ate ice cream emphasises that lusciousness.

I feel his breath hissing next to my ear, "Don't do that."

"What?"

"Moan like that, it makes me want to fuk you." He kisses my neck.

"What's stopping you?" I ask and then with a swift move, I take the ice cream tub away from his hands and turn around to face him. I shift with the water, drawing myself nearer to him. I give him a cautious smile, when he watches my every move like a hawk.

"You're becoming brave, Leyla. I like it." I grin at his praise.

"Come closer." His voice deepens, so sensual that I can only oblige to his order. He takes the ice cream from me and feeds me again. This time I close my eyes to mute out my moans but inwardly, I'm groaning like there's no tomorrow.

I stare up at him as he eats his own share and after scooping some more to feed me. He blatantly misses my mouth and slides the spoon along my neck. The ice-cream melts and drips down my neck, my collar and down to the line between my breasts.

He puts the tub along with spoon back on the counter and seconds later, he pulls me flush into his lap so that my legs are astride of him. He buries his head on my neck as he kisses and licks after the

trail of ice cream. I grip on to his shoulders for support feeling his erection at my thigh.

The heat that's building inside of me becomes unbearable. When he licks the ice cream off one of my breasts, he pulls me up, positions his arousal at my entrance and then he pushes me down he slowly enters me. I gasp and moan out in pleasure and in surprise.

He groans on my neck as he thrust into me so that I bounce up and back down on him. Then his mouth is on my lips, his teeth gripping on my lower lip as I bounce up again and slowly down on him.

"You always feel so good Leyla." He murmurs on my lips.

My groan is blocked out when he launches his tongue on my parted mouth. I move my hands to

his neck and hair at the same working on my rhythm of moving upwards and downwards on him. I'm revelling on the feel of him stretching me inside.

The water sloshes back and forth, J eremy thrust in me and I grind down on him as our rhythm quickens. That instant pull tightens again, this will be the fourth time in one night that I will orgasm because of him.

"Fuck!" He groans when our rhythm picks pace.

"Leyla!" He feels it too; he feels that I'm about to...

J eremy drives himself into me so roughly it ignites my climax. I cry out his name.

"Shit!" He slams in me for one final time until he pours himself into me.

I bury my head into the crook of his neck, holding him so dire close. His face is buried in my hair as he breathes roughly in and out to catch his breath. He kisses my head and taking my hips he pulls me out of him. I fall back into the water and off his lap. I close my eyes as my back meets the other end of the bath tub.

I open them again when I feel him taking my leg. He rubs on them in a massage and instantly I feel relaxed. I catch his eyes and he's looking directly at me, in a look that's in wonder at me.

"What?" I ask, feeling anxious.

"You've never had someone massage you before?"
He ask.

I nod.

He frowns. "You've never had a lot of things, have you? Someone to look after you and just to take care of you?" He turns his attention to my other leg.

"No, but that doesn't mean I needed it. I may have when I was a lot younger but after that I became quite self-sufficient." I smile at him, trying to cheer him up because it didn't really bother me about what I missed out on.

It doesn't really matter to me anymore.

He shakes his head at me and then the wary look is on his face again. "What?"

"I want to take care of you." He confesses as he smiles tentatively.

It's my turn to frown. "Jeremy, you hardly know me,"

I protest.

"So? Besides I know you enough," he shrugs.

I swallow. "But--"

"No buts. The last time I breached this topic you walked out on me, I won't have you do that again. Just let me take care of you please."

My heart warms at his words and I sit up. "Jeremy, I'm fine really. I don't need to be taken care of. I've survived this long by myself seriously I--"

"You told me you owed the woman you stay with, has that changed or are you still indebted to her?" He cuts me off again.

I frown. "It hasn't changed, but I now have a waitressing job that pays well, in a few months I won't owe her anything."

"If you let me, you won't owe her anything by tomorrow." He states.

I scowl. Suddenly the tension is thick and this time, it's not from lust.

"I have a job, I'll be fine." I insist as I glare at him.

"Leyla, I have enough money to buy you a freaking island, just let me do this for you."

"Don't be stubborn about this." His eyes impale mine.

Just let the man help you for God's sake! My inner voice interjects.

I look down at the water, now aware that it's becoming a little bit cool.

"Why are you so reluctant?"

"Because..." I start and then I stop.

I sigh. "Because, if you pay her my debt then I'll be indebted to you and I can't help but feel like you'll be helping me because of sex." I confess my reasons to him.

He frowns at me, "You won't be indebted to me. I'm not looking for any repayment from you, I can afford it trust me. And I'm certainly not doing this because of sex. Is that reassuring enough?" He practically

growls at me.

I breathe out a shaky breath and I nod at him. However, inside, my heart is hammering ever so forcedly on my chest. He is doing this because he cares! Part of me says but a more reasonable portion of me doesn't want to jump too much into conclusion. How can someone care for the person who they've known not long enough and only known them sexually?

"Good. Now will you let me take care of you?"

My head nods again. "But on one condition."

He gives me the most breath taking smile. "Finally. What?"

"I'll let you help me on my terms," I tentatively move

closer to him.

"Name it."

"You can pay my debts but that's it." I start.

He begins to protest but I cut him off quickly.

"I still have a job to keep me up and running."

He glares at me. "What do you take me for, you'll need clothes--a new wardrobe, a new place to stay and won't you want to go to college? Last time I checked, you told me you wanted this opportunity but it'd been whisked away, part of being homeless?"

Oh, he fights dirty. However, my heart lurches at the

last part, I cannot believe he still remembers what I told him.

"I'll have the money for new clothes but a new place and college, I haven't thought about it yet." I frown inwardly.

He takes this advantage. "I'll help you with college and a new place." He begins.

"No, Jeremy. You can't. School is not on my to-do-list, at least not right now. And a new place, I'll just have to keep staying with Greta."

"You don't have to." He says in a hopeful tone.

I stare at him narrowly. "Why do I have a feeling you want me to stay with you?"

"Why not?" He smiles warily.

"Jeremy, I can't. We can't. We barely know each other. Let me keep the job for now and I'll see where it leads me." I plead.

"Fine, but this subject isn't over." He agrees reluctantly.

It really warms my heart to know that he somehow cares enough me stay with him; I can't help but fall and fall hard at this moment.

"Thank you." I smile at him to get him off his grumpy mood.

When he sees my smile, his lips reluctantly twitch up into one too. "Don't thank me yet, there's a lot I want to do for you. If only you'll let me."

My face falls.

He grins, "For now, I'll let you have your way."

"Come here, let me bathe you." That shrewd grin is still on his face.

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To be continued.....

Can someone tell this two sex addict to bathe?

And Matthew is still there to deal with

What do you think?

Please comment your thoughts and feelings and as always, don't forget to like and share

And I'm sorry for the late update, I had to use my sister's phone to post this chapter

And I don't think I can post another chapter today....
Till tomorrow

[03/07, 07:40] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY FOUR

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LEYLA'S POV

The next morning, I wake because I feel lips

pressing upon mine. My body feels heavy as if a stone is covering my limbs. My eyes flutter open to find Jeremy's face at my neck, breathing heavily as he kisses the skin there.

His wrapped arms around my waist tighten. He leaves a trail of heat from the base of my neck upward to the line of jaw, eventually finding my lips. I let out a soft mewling sound, the sounds against his lips. He parts my mouth, absorbing as well as plunging his tongue inside.

He breaks away as he begins to trail nips down my chin, my neck and my collar bone. I'm absorbed in each sensation I feel radiating from the contact.

"You're so irresistible Leyla. I need you." Jeremy croons between my breasts.

Suddenly, he shifts and sits us up so that I'm

straddling him on his lap, his member presses at my inner thigh. I feel myself liquidating even more with need.

"How about a morning wake up call." I feel his smirk as he takes one breast into his mouth.

I gasp at the contact, "I will be late for my job." I fail at a protest.

"Mmmh," both his hands grip the cheeks of my ass, teasing me and making me even more wanting. It is getting really difficult to find reason of why we shouldn't do this now.

"Are you still thinking of your job?" He asks as he grips my hips, moving me up and position himself between my entrance but before he can sink into me, he stops.

"Shit! I'm forgetting protection. I never forget!" He stares at me with a look of pure wonder and surprise.

"You're making me forget everything now." A smile is playing on his features. He then shifts us so that he can lean to the drawer to take another pack of condoms.

"Never liked them. Might call the good old doctor so that he can sort you out." He tells me as he rolls the latex on his length.

I frown at him, "Sort me out?"

"Yes, with contraceptive. I don't want you getting pregnant."

I gasp, inwardly freaking out. Pregnant? We barely

know each other, I am still young and my life is already a mess. Bringing a baby now especially in this situation with him will definitely complicate things. I mean, I don't even know what we are, what our relationship is.

"From your reaction, I can tell you don't want that either."

I nod. "We've only known each other for four days."

"Well. these past four days have felt like an eternity." He drags me into his lap and instantly begins sucking at my neck.

"Getting tired of me already?" I joke.

But instead of smirking as I expected him to, his face draws away from neck, he then proceeds to

take my face into both of his hands. His eyes is serious. "Leyla, I don't want to ever let you go."

He kisses me, biting my lower lip, making me squeal in pleasure. I start groaning as he slides my entrance on top of him in one swift thrust. Pleasure shoots inside me there and immediately, I begin moving upwards to get some friction but he stops me.

I gaze at him, our noses touching. Desire and something more is printed in his eyes. My arms are around his neck and his are holding me protectively from my back.

"Can you feel that?" He simply says as he thrust upwards, allowing himself to sink even more so inside me. I let out a groan of pleasure.

"That's me, baby. All of me." I feel him all the way inside and the pressure is getting too much that all I

can think of is getting some friction.

"Say you're mine." He orders as he swivels his hips around, his member rotating inside me.

"J er...Ah!" I moan.

"Say it!"

"I'm yours, always!" I groan when he hits my g-spot. I open my eyes and he has the widest grin.

"Do you any idea how much you mean to me?" He asks softly this time.

I shake my head, my thoughts swimming incoherently.

"A lot." His voice is husky and raspy. He kisses me for a longest time that in the end I feel as if I'm burning from fire of it.

"Okay. Move." He falls back down on his back. I grip on his upper arms for support as I allow myself to move up and down on him. We fall into a rhythm.

"I'm going to call the obgyn to schedule you an appointment." He says later when he discards the used condom.

I frown at that, I don't feel comfortable about this. I know I agreed for him to help me, but I'm not if this will benefit both of us. Plus, it means more of his money used on me.

"Another expense?" I sigh inwardly.

"Hey, it's not an expense, not when it comes to you. You know I want to protect you, right?" His eyes penetrate right through my soul.

I smile, "You're being too kind to me, for someone you met on the streets, Jeremy."

"What I feel right now, it's as if I've known you forever." He tells me as he wraps his arms around my front from behind. I enjoy this bliss for a few moments and then suddenly I gasp remembering that I should be at work. Instantly, I dart away from his arms.

"What?" Jeremy asks concerned.

"I'm going to be seriously late, and it's my second

day at work."

"Do you have to go to work?" He falls besides me on the bed and I sit to scold him.

"Yes. We talked about this." I tell him.

He sighs grumpily, "I know. We did."

"I cannot wait for the day you finally let me buy you things, just to prove you how worthy you are."

I smile shyly at him not entirely sure what to say to him. Does he know what his words are doing to my heart? Of course, he doesn't know.

"Come, let's go and eat before I decide to keep you here for the rest of the day," he offers his hand for

me of take.

Once I'm off his bed, I drape on the robe he gave me last night.

Once again, I find myself staring awestruck at his kitchen. We are both sat at the kitchen counter with our breakfast in front of us. After I had taken a shower while he'd been speaking on his ever ringing phone, we had gone down the stairs and I'd officially met the hired help, Mr and Mrs Brown.

Mrs Brown is a faired haired woman whose reticent character kept me thinking of how amiable she is in her own reserved way. She had already made us breakfast when we'd arrived. Her husband, Mr Brown, only offered his small greetings before he went back to their quarters.

I am currently gorging on the eggs and I'm conscious that Jeremy has his whole gaze fixed at me while he eats his share.

"When do you finish your work?" He asks me in a serious tone.

"Three." I answer, curtly.

He frowns at that. "I agreed I will let you keep your job as part of your condition but I have my conditions too," he starts. "I want you stay with me--"

I frown at him, ready to disagree but he continues before I can say anything else, he cuts in.

"Temporarily, until you find your place, how is that?"

He asks, hopeful at me.

I frown at my breakfast; inside inner voice begs me not overthink about this and just let him help.

I relent. "Okay."

That resulted in his surprised expression. He blinks at me a few times. It's obvious in his expression that my answer is unexpected.

"No arguments?"

I smile at that. "No arguments. But I'll stay until I find a new place."

I tell him with a smile on my face, however, inside I am trying my hardest not to let the fact that with

just a waitressing job, it will take a long time to find a place. I try not to let the fact that I will be in his debt, get to me. Besides, he's said I wouldn't owe him anything.

"Of 'course. And you are going to let me pay this woman off. If I am to have you--even if it's temporarily-- then I better have you all to myself."

I smile lovingly up at him. Such words, such emotion. Does he realize the effect his words are doing to my heart?

"Thank you, J eremy, for everything." I vacate my breakfast and move closer to embrace him.

My arms wrap around his shoulders and instantly he snakes his on my waist, his face burying on my neck.

"And you'll let me buy you a new wardrobe," he adds, testing. As if he's testing the waters.

I stiffen at that, remembering how much his choice of wardrobe would cost. "I can buy myself wardrobe."

He releases me to gauge my reaction. He bites his lip and his eyes stare up at me in mischief.

"What?"

"I sort of already purchased new clothes for you."

"You did what?" I screech.

"Don't bite my head off." He laughs at my reaction.

"Jeremy," I begin to complain.

"Please." He pleads and he moves his arms from my waist to clutch my hands.

I try to contain my sudden anger. He is just looking out for you, Leyla, you see he cares. He sees that you are short on clothes considering your status. He's being generous to you. How many people have bought you clothes before? My inner voice reasons with me. Obviously, the answer to that is none at all.

"What is your aversion with me buying you things?"

"It's not an aversion; I do appreciate what you are doing..." I trail, while sighing. "It's the price of the clothes you buy that I'm horrified at."

"What is wrong with the price?" He asks.

"It's too much."

He seems shocked, "Too much?"

I nod.

"Leyla, I'm a rich man. Believe me, I can afford anything."

"I know that," I free my hands from his to caress his cheek. "Jeremy...I am nothing, I've been brought up with nothing and I've accepted this. So you waltzing into my life and showering me with this much luxury," I wave my hands around the kitchen as an emphasis.

"Well it's a lot to take in and I cannot just accept it, not with knowledge that it will soon be whisked

away depending on how our relationship progresses and then I'll be back to square one. Plus, we've only met each other a few days and what you're offering, it's like you're jumping the stages or should I say rules."

He has been listening to my speech with a look of tenderness that I cannot comprehend. He takes my face in his hands effectively drawing me closer to him.

"Firstly, You. Are. Not. Nothing. Okay?" He kisses my nose. "You might not have everything but you're not nothing. Not to me you're aren't."

Such words, such passion. Such inflammation in my heart.

"Secondly, if I want to spend money on you, I can. And I will shower you with luxury, continuously in

fact. All you have to do is accept it, regardless."

"Thirdly, what I feel for you right now, Leyla, is beyond what I've felt with anyone. Every minute I spend with you is magical, I can't seem to want to part with you. All I seem to think about every minute is you. Of course it scares me that I've only known you a few days because what's in here," he grabs hold on my hand and presses it on his chest. I feel his ever pounding heart against my hand.

"What's in here is a whole world of you. You have bewitched me, Leyla and I am under your spell." He confesses.

If that isn't a declaration of love, then I don't know what is. My heart is beating so loud with each word he's said and I think I've fallen in love with him.

"I am scared too."

He smiles at me, his hands still on my face, "Then stay with me, please let me buy you the world."

"Okay." I close my eyes when he inches closer to me.

"Okay?" He teases me when his lips brush upon mine, leaving a tingly sensations.

"Mmh-hmm." At this rate, I am not even sure what I am agreeing on, all I can think about is his lips moulding with mine.

"Good." He says before launches his lips upon mine.

Back at his bedroom, I'm staring at the seven

hundred dollar outfit which consist of a white silk blouse and a grey pencil skirt along with the matching grey blazer; the perfect wear for office work.

There's a few more of the same clothes currently in his wardrobe and J Jeremy has told me that he had bought them yesterday only to be quickly delivered today since he owned the firm which provided these sort of woman clothing.

When I had asked exactly how many other firms he owned, his answer had been that he is the Chief Executive Officer of The Lawson Group, his company original inherited by his late father. The company itself majors in telecommunication along with marketing and other productions. The company currently employs over fifty thousand people in the US making J Jeremy one of the richest most influential man in country after his father.

The fact that my jaw had dropped after he'd told me this showed me just how much I lacked in expandable knowledge of the works of the world. How on earth did I find myself in the arms of one of the richest man in this country? Let alone sleeping with him.

So I put on the pencil skirt outfit along with the five hundred dollar heels. I brush my hair thoroughly and put on little make up he'd also purchased and all the while I am doing this, I'm aware of I will be starting work in thirty minutes and so I practically run down the stairs.

I find Jeremy standing at one of the coffee tables, with his phone on his ear. For a moment, I have to stop and admire him. He looks fresh and sexy in his dark blue trousers which hang low on his waist and his white tugged shirt which is opened a few buttons on his neck. He turns when he sees me and instantly his expression turn to one which is

mesmerised. He hangs up on the phone.

"You look...wow." He comments as I reach him.

"I look like I'm ready to boss everyone in my imaginary firm."

He laughs. "This makes you look older," he smirks.

He takes me in his arms and I hold his upper arms. He kisses me, his lips molding with mine. Instantly I get the butterfly fluttery feeling in my stomach that can only be ignited by him.

"Mmmh, you're so tempting." He murmurs between my lips.

I want to say that he is too but I hold my tongue,

knowing that we might not make it out of the door if I do.

"Come, let's go." He releases me and goes to take his blazer. Once he's done putting it on, he leads us out of the house and into the huge garage.

As the garage door opens, my mouth drops. There are two SUVs, one black and the other dark blue, next to these are the three small, sleek and sporty looking cars. At the far end, there are three motorbikes.

"You ride bikes?" I ask suddenly.

He smirks. "Yes."

I look up at him and the only thought forming in my mind is that there's a lot more I still need to

discover about this extraordinary man.

"I might take you on a ride sometime," he offers.

I blanch at that, my expression turning to fear as I gaze back on the sleek bikes which now look offending.

Jeremy chuckles at my reaction, "You don't like bikes?"

"I'm not sure, I haven't been in one. It's the possibility that I might ride with you that's scary," I admit.

One of his eyebrows quirks up, "Why? Don't you trust me?"

"It's not a matter of trust. I trust you fully, it's just that.." I trail.

He smiles, "I know, first time." He smirks.

He's laughing at me, I think as I follow him to one of his SUVs. He opens the passenger door for and I climb into the seat.

"So these are all your cars?" I ask.

His eyes glance down at me as he takes the car into reverse. He smirks, "Yes, but that's not all of them in total."

I gasp. How many more? I wonder.

"It depends where I am, which country or city I'm in."

He explains.

"So you have places around the world?"

"Yes."

We fall silent afterwards and I'm trying my best to take it all in. It is minutes later when we cruise away from his beautiful mansion and back to the city.

During the ride, Jeremy fills me in with his favourite things to do, which is mainly dirt biking and if possible when he has time, scuba-diving, surfing and other water activities including sailing, as well as snowboarding and skiing. I listen to all he says with fascination and I'm mentally locking away all this information.

He recounts a story when his father had taken him

and Matthew to Alaska on a skiing trip and he tells me how it'd been one his favourite moments. When I'd asked him what happened to his father, his whole expression had suddenly displayed an array of emotions; anger, loss, as well as cold, but mostly loss and so I had immediately retracted the subject away from that certain topic. He didn't have to tell me.

He parks the car near Greta's apartment and we both get out. The minute we enter Greta's apartment, we meet her by the door. As soon as she sees me her expression turns to surprise and as she looks at what I am wearing, she gives me a critical eye.

But when she casts her eyes behind me to Jeremy, the surprise is back in her face.

"Hi." She greets me curtly before asking, "Do you want to tell me why Matthew was here, wanting to buy you off?"

Wait. What?

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To be continued.....

Wait. What?

Matthew wants to buy her off? I can hardly wait
for Jeremy's reaction

A long chapter for yesterday's lack of update

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:40] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE TWENTY FIVE

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LEYLA'S POV

"He did what?" J eremy suddenly bellows, voicing out my thoughts.

Greta looks at him in surprise. "Who is this?"

"J eremy," I turn to him. "This is Greta, the woman kind enough to have taken me in."

"Hello, nice to meet you. Excuse me for asking but how do you know Leyla or even Matthew?" Greta interjects even though I hadn't introduced him to her.

Immediately she bats her eyelashes up at him as she moves closer to us, clearly blatantly ignoring me. Jeremy only frowns momentarily at her and I think he doesn't know what to make of her.

"You said Matthew came here to buy Leyla off?" He ignores her question.

"Yes, he told me he was willing to pay her debts to me and in return, she will belong to him." She answers him quickly and I think she's intimidated by him.

"And did you accept?" He clenches his jaw in anger or is it frustration.

"Of course I did." She fidgets with her hands.

My blood runs cold. She sold me! I am human being for crying out loud, not some piece of asset to be sold.

Jeremy glares at her, "You sold her off?" His voice is stoic but his expression screams anger.

"I-I..." Greta trails, speechless.

"What? Is Leyla some sort of slave, some sort of meaningless thing to be sold? Do you have any idea...you know what, forget it." He breathes in anger.

He grabs my arms to pull me closer to him in a protective gesture, at the same time it's as if he's seeking some sort of comfort because he kisses my head.

"Go and get your things. I don't want you near this place," he whispers tenderly only to me. I look up to his eyes and he's pleading with me.

"Okay." I tell him as I move away from his hold, away from Greta and walk toward my small room to fetch my possessions.

Once I'm there, I grab the bag pack I always had and I take the uniform for Millie's, I take a few clothes which still look in shape and are presentable and I leave the ragged ones, I also leave my toiletries. I take my box of possession and then I stand by the door, mentally saying goodbye to the room that had once meant so much when I'd first came here.

Back to the hallway, I find Jeremy on the phone and Greta standing there awkwardly as she ogles at him. It's clear she's attracted to him but at the same time she's intimidated. She also holds a stack of money on both of her hands, but her concentration isn't on

the money. It's on him.

"Yes...Molly, just tell them I'll be there in ten minutes... They can wait." He speaks on the phone.

Once Jeremy sees me, he takes my hand and hangs up on the phone. "You have everything?" He asks me, his eyes searching mine for confirmation.

"Yes."

"Okay, let's go." He opens the door and leads us out.

I look back at Greta wanting to say something, anything because I know this will be last I see her.

"Thank you, Greta, for everything." I smile at her.

She only presses her lips, her eyes still casting a critical eye and I can tell somehow that she's glad I'm leaving. I sigh and let Jeremy lead me to his car. My thoughts leave from Greta to Matthew. He bought me off? Why?

What exactly is he trying to achieve, he had been clear from that day that he found me disgusting so what is his motive for paying Greta my debts. Surely it isn't to help me? No, I'm the last person he will want to help.

But then what? Is it still some feud with Jeremy then? Why they are not in speaking terms? I wonder. There has to be some reason. But I know I am not that reason, no I just happen to come in between.

"I'll kill him." Jeremy revives me from my thoughts and I realize that we are back in his car.

He is holding the steering wheel so tightly; his whole body is shaking with anger.

"Don't worry about this, I'll sort it out," he says to me as he starts the car. And then he mutters to himself that he'll sort him out.

"Jeremy he's your brother," I argue.

He glances down at me for my reaction. The grey in his eyes has replaced the blue, they are screaming with fury.

"I don't want to be the reason for you to shred him into pieces," I say trying to light up his mood.

The corners of his lips twitch into a smile. He takes my hand and moves it to his lips. "I'm sorry you are in between this."

I frown at that.

"Don't worry about it, Leyla. I'll sort it." He repeats his earlier words.

But that's the thing. What exactly is he going to sort out?

We fall silent afterwards and then he asks me where the café is and so I direct him to Millie's. I am thirty minutes late for my work and regarding that this is my second day of working there, I'm sure Jules or Mille aren't going to be happy about this. I get out of his car once he parks in the lot. Jeremy has gotten out too.

"What are you doing?" I ask in surprise.

"Seeing you off to work," he smirks.

I'm glad his brooding has gone. So I let him walk me to the café.

"You are late, where have--" Jules is at my face instantly when we get inside but then she stops once she spots Jeremy. Her jaw drops as she blinks blankly at him. The usual effect he brings out on woman.

"I'm sorry Jules I--" I start but Jeremy interrupts me.

"It's my fault, sorry I kept her late." He smiles his dazzling smile.

This pulls Jules out of her dazed state and I think she blushes.

"No it's fine...it's um." She shakes her head.

I bite my lip together to hold in my smile.

Absentmindedly, Jeremy turns me around and his hand is on my chin as he pulls it down so that I release my lower lip. His eyes are staring at me warningly but also lust is printed there.

"I'll have Hails pick you up by three, you remember him right?" He caress my cheek.

I nod because I know I'm incapable of speech. My cheek is burning from his touch.

"Good," he lips brush on my cheek before moving down to lips. He kisses me chastely but that motion is thrown out of the window once he deepens the kiss. I completely lose my surroundings and track of time as I respond to him.

It is only when we hear a clearing of a throat from Jules that we break apart. My blush is evident and his eyes are full of desire.

"I'll see you later, baby." He says as he lets me go.

I practically swoon at his choice of endearment and I watch him exit the café and away from the building. I turn to Jules and I blush when she gives a quirky eyebrow, her eyes full of mischief.

"You never told me you knew Jeremy Lawson." She says.

I frown, "You know him?" I ask.

"Of course I do. Who doesn't? He's practically the richest guy in this city maybe in this whole country? His face is in every Forbes and Business

magazines."

Oh right, I'd forgotten. My jealousy soon dies down because I'd thought they knew each other intimately. I smile at her in response and then I move away from to the changing rooms.

I am conscious that the others are staring at me with curiosity, I'm sure they are wondering too how I came to know J eremy Laws on, CEO of The Laws on Group. I sigh; this will be a tough one to break. I can't possibly tell them that I met him while I had been contemplating prostitution.

"Miss Levy." Hails J eremy's driver greets me as I walk towards him. He's standing beside J eremy's black SUV, the same I'd notice earlier in his garage.

"Hi."

He smiles. "Please," he holds the backseat door out for me and I get in.

The car ride is awkward and is only saved by the light music playing on the radio. I mean, what do you say to the very same man who'd come to pick you up as a prostitute for his employer?

I glance out of the window to avoid his gaze through the review mirror and I think he is embarrassed too. His eyes are focused mainly on the road. He drives us into the other side of the city and we found ourselves next to tall apartment buildings.

He drives into one of the building's parking lot and stops. I'm about to get out when he opens the door for me.

"Thank you," I finally meet his eyes.

He seems genuine. "My pleasure."

He then walks us to the elevator, he puts some code and it pings open. Once inside, we ride to the very top of the building and I'm guessing we are going to one of Jeremy's apartment. My guess is correct when we find ourselves in a foyer of a penthouse. Hails dabs in some code and the door opens to reveal the interior.

He walks me across the hallway and I have a sense that Jeremy likes abstract art because they're everywhere in his homes.

I find myself inside a living area. The first thing I spot is white tiles and a white huge u-shaped couch and on the couch sits Jeremy with his legs crossed

and both arms of the back of the couch.

He's not alone. The other side of the couch is a small frail woman who sits with both arms clutching her bag on her lap. Her posture makes me think she wants to make herself as small as possible in this huge living area.

She wears glasses which frame her blue eyes and she has her black hair tied back. Her clothes are business-like and she rarely casts her eyes on Jeremy whose attention is full on her. Once Jeremy sees me, he springs into motion. He stands with a huge grin on his face.

"Hi." I greet him.

He only grins when he reaches me. He takes my face in his hands and then he kisses me instantly. Warmth and lust are soon swirling in my body.

"Hi," he says.

Then he looks behind me, "Thank you Hails." He dismisses him. He turns to me, his eyes gleaming.

"How was your day?" He asks. "I hope you weren't in too much trouble."

"No, not at all, I think me being late had soon been forgotten once everyone had seen you." I tell him with a smile on my face.

He smirks, "What can I say, it's only the looks."

"Jeremy," I scold but I'm grinning.

He laughs and he kisses me chastely before

releasing me. "I want you to meet someone." He turns back to the woman.

She has been watching our public display of affection with a passive interest and there's slightly gleam in her eyes as she gazes at me. I blush instantly.

"Leyla this Dr. Mason, Dr. Mason, Leyla," He introduces us.

My eyebrows pique up. She is a doctor?

"Hello." I offer my hands.

She smiles at me, "Please just call me Angela." She shakes my hand. And I take notice how tight her grip is.

Jeremy smiles at me knowingly, "She is the obgyn."

My eyes bulge at him and then at her. He actually called an obygn like he had said.

"Or Gynaecologist, as some people might prefer."
She shrugs.

I'm speechless. Jeremy turns me to him, he's trying to gauge my reaction and I don't really know how my reaction appears like to him.

"It'll be fine." He tells me his thumb stroking my lips.

I sigh inwardly, accepting this fate. He must've have paid her a sum to have here privately.

"Okay?" he asks me.

I nod.

"I'll leave you ladies to it then," he turns to Angela and then he leaves us.

I turn to her and she has determined look as if she's ready for business.

"Let's get to it then." She says as she places her bag down.

"I'll start by inquisition first to get to know you and your body."

"Um...Okay." I smile at her.

"Jeremy has told me your name, age and everything,

so I won't get to that."

I nod furtively.

"When was the last time you visited the hospital?"
She asks immediately once we are sat on the couch.

"A long time ago...when I was eight maybe. It was only in emergency when I had broken a knee."

"Have you taken any serious medication recently and are you allergic to anything?"

"No for both."

"How long have you been sexually active?" She stares intently at me.

I shift uncomfortably for a moment, "Only since Friday."

"And have you used any contraceptive pills or been injected with before?"

I shake my head.

"Have you used condoms in all your activities?"

"Um...yes...well...oh one time yesterday we didn't." I frown slightly.

"Hmmm, if you aren't certain, then we need to run some tests first just to be sure,"

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Pregnancy test, it might not be effective since it's only been four days," she moves to her bag and takes out the pregnancy pack.

I hesitate as fear slowly tunes in my body. I'm not pregnant.

"This is a very effectively pregnancy test that tells you when you've ovulated and been fertilised. You do know how to use this right?"

"Yes." I answer her stoically.

It's only been four days, it might not be effective... her words run through my head.

Yes, it's only been four days and we have used condoms in all our activities except for the bathroom incident.

I go to the bathroom to pee on the stick and once I'm done I return to her. I place the stick on top of the paper towel on the table and we wait.

I'm not pregnant. I can't be. It's only been yesterday... but does that mean yesterday may impact later?

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To be continued.....

What do you guys think?

Do you want her to be pregnant or you think it's too early?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:41] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

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EPISODE TWENTY SIX

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LEYLA'S POV

I can now understand why women feel like it's the longest minutes of their lives when they wait for the pregnancy test to show up.

Even Dr. Mason has been checking the time more often than necessary. When she finally picks the offending stick afterwards, my heart does a double flip. She stares at it for a moment and then she looks back at me in the same expression as before, not showing me an indication of difference.

"You have not ovulated yet but that doesn't mean once you ovulate, you are safe from fertilisation."
She tells me.

I can't help but let relief wash over me.

"I can tell by your reaction that you didn't want to be pregnant and so we should take precautions instantly."

I nod at her.

"Judging by this," she refers to the pregnancy test.
"Your next period is next week."

I nod again.

"Since you're new to this, I'll give you a shot and which should be effective at the beginning of your menstrual cycle and after that I'll advise you to take these pills." She hands me a packet.

"Thank you," I thank her as she gets a shot out.

I look away immediately when she takes hold of my hand. Before I know it, I feel the faint sting on my skin and then like it came, it quickly goes away.

"Remember, this will be effective in a week's time, so be safe until then." She tells me as she discards the used shot somewhere in the sterile equipment from her bag.

"Okay."

After that she gets her bag onto her shoulders and

gives me a friendly smile. "It was nice meeting you, Leyla, please be safe and remember if you need anything else do not hesitate to call me. I'm sure Mr Lawson has my number," she tells me just when Jeremy enters the living area.

His gaze is on me instantly as he walks towards me. His eyes are filled with concern and something more.

"Are you okay?" He asks worriedly.

I don't know how my face must've looked to him but I am pretty certain I must be pale faced from the pregnancy scare. I nod at him. He rubs his fingers across my cheeks, his thumb stroking my lips.

"I must make leave now," Dr. Mason interrupts us.

"Thank you, Dr. Mason, for the short notice," J eremy thanks her.

"Well, when a hotshot billionaire badgers my fax line for an appointment, who am I to turn him down?" She says this while winking at me.

I smile mischievously at her and J eremy chuckles. She smiles at both of us before she exits the living room just when Hails pops up to escort her out.

I turn to J eremy when I feel his burning gaze at my neck.

"Everything okay?" He asks.

I nod because I'm silenced by the intensity of his gaze.

"What did she say?"

"She thought I might be pregnant." I try to ascertain his reaction.

He blanches with a frown marring his features. He swallows.

"It was just a scare. She gave me a shot and said I should start taking the pills next week at the beginning of my menstrual cycle." I tell him.

He relaxes a tiny bit.

"So you can do anything you want with me until then." I smirk at him trying to lighten up his features.

This completely wipes the frown off his face. And

I'm not sure what to make of his reaction when I'd mentioned to him about the pregnancy scare. Obviously he doesn't want a baby, just like me.

"So using condoms until after your period?" He smirks, moving closer to me as he puts both of his arms around my waist, pulling me closer.

I blush at his remark but I nod anyhow, it feels weird talking about periods with him. It feels... intimate.

"Mmmh." He moans as he kisses me chastely on my lips.

"I can't wait until then."

He continues torturing me with small kisses on my lips and my body is begging him to enter my mouth, to feel his tongue against mine.

"Jeremy," I protest.

"Yeah, baby?" He blatantly moves away when I try to take action by opening his mouth.

I groan, "Stop teasing me."

"I missed you today," he ignores my complaint, ignores my pleas as he presses his forehead with mine. He closes his eyes and breathes in.

"I tried to concentrate what the meeting was about but all I kept thinking of was you and how much I wanted to see you, be with you, and be in you."

I close my eyes too at his words and smile too. My heart is palpitating with a new intensity for him.

"I missed you, too." I confess.

He makes a sexy strangled noise at the back of his throat, it's a half moan half growl and before I know it, he has launched his lips with mine again.

This time, he allows our lips to part and soon enough we are moulded together, tasting each, feeling each other. Burning sensations are soon running everywhere in my body, moving down towards the flesh between my thighs as they make me liquidate with convulsing need.

He breaks away afterwards but as soon as he does this, he pulls me away from the living area into the hallway. He leads both of us to a small set of stairs. I have no time to access everything and to get my bearings.

I want him just as much; I've missed him just as much. It's a minute later when we reach his bedroom. And I take notice that the decorations of this room is exact same as his bedroom at his mansion. With the exception of how this room is mostly dominated by his rich scent due to the fact that he resides more here than his actually mansion.

He begins unbuttoning my blouse with hasty finger while his head dips down to my neck. Lust pools in my blood even more and I begin to remove his shirt. Once the blouse is off, he dips down and grabs my butt cheeks with both hands. My legs instantly wrap around his waist. He backs us to his bed and we both fall on it tangled as we are.

"I've been looking forward to this all day." Jeremy mumbles between the skin of my neck.

Immediately as he trails the hot kisses to the line between my neck and chin, I feel my skin burning

not just there but everywhere.

I mewl at the sensations.....

I let the water cascade soothingly on my body as I wash myself using Jeremy's vanilla scented shower jell. I do this with a huge smile on my face as I go over the change that has occurred since yesterday. How did I find myself here in the arms of the wealthiest, sexiest man mankind can ever give to a woman?

The answer to this question, I haven't a clue as to how and even though part of my brain is reprimanding how I'm falling too fast and how these sort of situations never end good, I ignore the rebuke.

At this moment I am happy, in fact this is the most happiest I have ever been throughout my life. If my

happiness comes from being with J eremy then so be it. I could not care less if we are moving too fast with each other. I might as well enjoy this moment while it lasted.

I get out of the shower with a new acceptance and as I tie the robe around me and a towel on my hair, I venture back his bedroom.

The minute I enter his gracious master bedroom, that's when I stop in my tracks. My gaze locked on what is on the bed. There, sitting conspicuously oppressing on the edge of the bed are the Apple products.

At first, I am awestruck and dazed just staring at the glimmering sleek technology but once I realize that they are wrapped in a somewhat blue ribbon, my dazed stare turns to a menacing glare.

This reaction does not go unnoticed by Jeremy who stands near the offending products. No, he has been assessing my reaction the minute I'd step out of the bathroom.

I pull my eyebrow up as I point at the technology beside him, "What's this?"

Even though I already have a faint idea what the MacBook Pro laptop and the latest iPhone which is still in its context box is, I want to him to tell me what they are there for.

"It's for you," he answers testily.

At that, I know he is fully aware of how I become abhorrent whenever he spends his money on me.

"For me?" I say this as if it's a question not a

statement.

He nods while one of his eyebrows arch upwards to study my reaction.

"J er--"

"Before you refuse and before you bite my head off, just hear what I have to say." He comes closer towards me.

I take a breath as I wait for his reasons.

"You can use the laptop for anything you want but I want you to have it so that I can email you from work. I need to know how you are during the day. The same goes for the phone because I know you won't have the laptop with you all the time, so you can message me or even facetime with me. I have

to see your beautiful face." He emphasises this by taking my face in his hands and begins to stroke my cheeks with his fingers.

My cheeks burn from his fingers and as soon as what he has said sinks in, my heart begins its double pounding. He cares, he really cares. This knowledge softens my impending refusal.

"So do you accept these gifts I bought for you?"

I swallow the lump on my throat as I nod. And at that, he draws my lips in his in a soft kiss.

"Thank you." I tell him, suddenly feeling overwhelmed with emotion.

"Baby, you don't have to thank me just yet. I told you I wanted to buy you everything."

"You can't buy everything." I protest.

"But I can," he kisses me chastely and I swoon as the motion makes me warm inside.

I smile after that, finally accepting his gift without restraint. As I move towards the technology, I allow myself to be enthused by the thought of having a phone and laptop all to myself. I would never have even dreamt of such thing.

"You want me to teach you how to use them?" He asks, a small smile on his face.

I nod eagerly, a grin spreading across my face. This reaction does not go unnoticed by Jeremy, because he smirks and gives me a look of approval at my reaction. He grins himself.

"So what is facetime, you had me confused for a moment there?" I ask.

He laughs at that as he sits on the edge of the bed and takes out the white iPhone out of its context box.

"This is a reliable product. The sim card is already inside. You can download as many apps you as you want, it has the storage memory of sixty four gigabytes." He tells me with such an animation on his face that immediately I can tell his passion for technology.

At that, he begins taking me step by step as he teaches the basis of using this sort of model, at the end he has unravelled the inside and out of the offending phone.

Now we are both lying in his bed with both our phones in our hands. He has the same one but his is in black. We are currently facetimeing each other prior to one of my lessons of getting used to the phone. Jeremy is giving me funny faces and although he is beside me, I give him a growly face but I cannot help but giggle at how adorable he looks through the phone.

We spend an hour or so doing this, him putting music and pictures on my new laptop and phone. By this time he has gone through the tutorial of how to use the laptop with me and the many uses it comes along with.

At the end, I have only his contact details in my new phone so far. My new home screen consists of a picture of the both of us, with him pouting exaggeratedly and with me giggling beside him. There are more of the same pictures in my new photo album.

At the end, I have most of his favourite musicians and bands on my playlist and I cannot wait to listen to them. I could not have asked for better presents than the one he has given me. Even though he has warned me that there has more of where that came from and with my aversion of knowing he is already spending too much money on me, I don't complain. I simply relish in the moment.

Part of accepting this is by the help of my growing feelings I have for him, at this moment I am convinced that I am in love with him, it hasn't fully hit me yet but I know the feeling is hovering deeply in my heart.

It was night time, after we ate our dinner when we decide to head straight to bed. We now lay in his bed and Jeremy has business to attend to.

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To be continued.....

Well, what do you think?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:41] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

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EPISODE TWENTY SIX

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LEYLA'S POV

He has borrowed my new laptop to log in to his company. I lay beside him, my head resting on his

shoulders and I watch him work.

He is discussing with a corporation from Tokyo, he's interested in a land for the technology development as they have the equipment suitable to make it. At the same time, he has the next meeting in New York in two weeks where he'll be broached to about strategy for the company by the headquarters.

I don't know much of how businesses are ran, however, I can tell that Jeremy had been born to do this, to lead, because he does this so efficiently and effortlessly, he makes it seem so easy when in fact it's the hardest thing to do. I ask the question I'd been longing to ask him since I'd discovered that him and Matthew were brothers.

"How did you inherit the company instead of Matthew?"

He looks away from the laptop and meets my gaze.

"Sorry if I seem intruding, but I'm curious." I apologize.

He smiles softly, "You are not intruding. And it was on my father's will." He tells me.

I frown at that still not comprehending. "But Matthew is older than you, right? Isn't it by tradition for the eldest to get the highest?"

"Yes Mathew is older. And yes, by tradition, it is meant to be this way."

"Then, why you?" I persist and I can tell I am pressing because his facial expression tells me he doesn't like to broach the subject.

He takes a deep breath and sighs, "Well, partly because I'd majored in business in college and Matthew chose construction and mostly because Matthew has always hated our father's business. He wanted nothing to do with it and they were never in speaking terms." He tells me truthfully.

My heart constricts at his pained expression. "Matthew is my half-brother, his mother died when he was born. Our father was already having an affair with my mother and it was a few months after he was born that I had been conceived and so my parents married before I was born."

"Oh." I'm rendered speechless as I try to ponder the situation, his family situation. Inside, I am elated that he's sharing this information with me.

"So basically, my mother adopted Matthew and

raised the both of us, she's the only mother he's ever known." He smiles at that. However, as soon as the smile came, it quickly eradicated.

"Why did Matthew hate your father?"

"My father had expectations for Matthew, originally he'd wanted Matthew to take over the business but Matthew with his own way rebelled and refused. That's when he'd started being closed off. He'd always instigate a fight with me because to him I had been doing exactly what our father wanted and he'd call me all sorts of names. We brawled a lot. It was different once our father died." His jaw clenches.

I don't know why I am becoming overwhelmed with emotion but I feel it, every word he's sharing with me I can see his childhood as if it were a film playing on theatre and this has wounded him.

I can see the loss in his eyes, the loss of a father as well as his brotherly love. I can tell he loves Matthew but does Matthew love him? Does Matthew even have heart at all?

The moment I'd met him, my instinct had detected something detached about him and now finding out this from Jeremy, I can see why. But there has to be reasons for all of this, for Matthew's behaviour then and his behaviour now. What is his side of things? I wonder.

"I have given you a lot to ponder, haven't I?" Jeremy smiles fleetingly at me. My heart lurches for him and I snuggle closer in his shoulder.

"Just still processing." I tell him.

"Please, you don't have to worry about this, I know

you are somehow caught up with him but I don't want you to be."

"Jeremy, I want to be with you and if it means having to worry about the things that worry you, then I will worry, gladly," I kiss his shoulder.

He logs out of the company and shuts down my laptop and then placing it on top the side bed drawer, he returns to me.

"You are adorable, Leyla Levy. Thank you but I don't want you anymore tangled in this as you already are."

"Yesterday in the car when you said you'll sort it out. What did you mean by it?" I ignore his remark.

He press his lips tightly together, I move my hand to

his face, my fingers gently stroking the same lips.

"If you were concerned that I'll pummel him to death, then let me shed those worries away?" He smirks as he tries to shed some light in this intense conversation. I'm aware that he still hasn't answered my question.

"Now please can we drop this conversation." He takes my hand from his face and his thumb massages my knuckles.

"I want to do something more than talk." He says as he lays me down and starts kissing my neck.

"But before we can stop talking," he murmurs in my neck. "I want to take you on a date tomorrow," his mouth moves to my earlobe and bites it.

The burning sensation from the contacts travels all the way down in the right place.

"A date?" My mouth forms words but my brain has long since disconnected due to the amount of hormones that are now igniting my blood from his hands that are silkily rubbing my waist and thighs. I'm wearing the silk night gown, another item of clothing from his fund.

"Yes. A date," he replies while his lips move to my chin and follows the path to my lips.

I giggle before his lips presses against my own in a kiss. Then my giggling stops and the fire churns my innards.

"What's so funny?" He asks me as he moves the silk gown off of me.

"The fact that we've re-arranged the rules of dating."
I tell him.

"We've re-arranged them?" I can tell that he is curious but he is more concentrated in the swirls of my breast. He moves his head in between the swirls and then burying his nose he breathes in.

"Yes!" I say this in a moan; it's getting hard to concentrate of what I am trying to tell him. He's very distracting.

"It's meant to be a date first...." I groan when his teeth begin grazing on my nipple. "Then...then sex...then moving in together."

"Oh Jeez!" the pressure of his mouth on my nipple is getting too much, I am already convulsing with need.

"Mmmh..." He moans. "I see your point."

"We've had sex first, then I moved in with you, well temporarily, and now you want to...take me on a date," I shiver as his hands travel to my cup my sex.

"Well, who said we had to always follow the rules?" He says this as he kisses under my ribs and follows the line southward.

His mouth leaves a burning trail on my skin as the sensations hit me in the right places.

"No one." I answer his rhetorical question.

"Exactly."

That's when I finally surrender to him, finally let him

do what he wants with my body because it's begging him to touch me, it's begging him to enter me and fill me whole. It's begging for release. A release only he can deliver.

I chuckled.

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To be continued....

Well, what do you think?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:41] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

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EPISODE TWENTY EIGHT

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LEYLA'S POV

In the end, I end up skipping my Saturday shift just to spend the day with him. Julie called me and I had told her that I will make it up by using my free day the next week.

The plans Jeremy had made for us were simply spending our time together. He first took us to a public park where we had a picnic whilst basking in the sun. However, our time in there had been constantly disturbed by his ever ringing phone and a few people whom recognised him as the rich, philanthropist CEO of The Lawson Group one of the top grossing business companies in the whole of the country.

The people paid their respects, compliments but

most who were women were just overly flirty and being blatantly ignorant of me beside him. Like a good gentle man he is, J eremy had just given them brief smiles before paying his full attention to me so that they were forced to acknowledge me and the second they did, they started to discreetly back away from us. I was so grateful of his attentiveness that I had practically thrown myself in his arms, giving him a peck on the lips.

He smiles shyly in response and I relish in the way the smile brightens up his features.

"It's my mom's birthday next week on Saturday." He tells me out of the blue.

"Really?" The surprise isn't lost in my tone.

"Yeah, she's having a gathering of family and friends, she wants to meet you."

"Meet me?" The surprise on my tone shifts to horror.

He nods, nervously; his whole face is as if he's trying to make out my reaction.

"You told your mother about me?" I ask.

He bites his lip while he nods. "I didn't exactly tell her forthcoming, she beat me to it. Her very exact word were, 'Jerry, you haven't called or visited me in for two weeks. I know you are hiding a lady in that penthouse of yours. Why don't you bring her for my birthday party? I expect you here with her next week.'"

My eyebrows quirk up suddenly at this revelation. I am lost for words. "It sounds as if your mother has no knowledge of you ever having girlfriends."

"I know, I don't bring girlfriends to her."

"Why? What about Cassie? I thought you guys were together for a long time."

"Cassie again? When are you going get into your head that it's not Cassie that I want anymore. I told you before that we were over, and what made you think that we were together a long time?"

"You might not want her but from the last encounter, she seemed very much into you and you took her on date Jeremy, right after I had left. You haven't given me an explanation why. Plus, when I'd eavesdropped on your conversation back at your hotel, you had said you thought you loved her so I assumed you were with her for long."

I realize how my speech makes me sound like, but I

still can't shake Cassie off. He has a frown marring his face as he regards me.

"Firstly to answer your first question, no, I never took Cassie to my mother, we'd only been together a month and secondly I've made it clear for her that we were done. Thirdly, it'd never been a date, it'd been just dinner to finalise the end of our arrangement."

He has lost me. "What do you mean by finalise your arrangement, you sound as if you two being together had been a business deal."

He swallows nervously as he runs a hand through his hair. "Yes. It was sort of a business arrangement."

I frown not completely understanding what he is implying. "I don't... I don't understand."

He takes a deep cautious breath before he speaks.
"Leyla, Cassie is an escort and a hooker."

"What?" I completely disconnect.

"She is a paid high class hooker and escort." He repeats.

"But... How?"

He twiddles on his thumb which is a un-J eremy thing to do. He looks as if he's a petulant boy.

He sighs. "I don't do girlfriends -- well I never had until you came along -- I never liked the thought of being in a relationship and running a successful huge business made sure I never had time for it."

I blink at him, my brain trying to process this information.

"I was never celibate though," he continues. "I am a man with needs after all. So when women offered themselves to me, I'd willingly oblige. However, some of them got too attached and I didn't have time for them. So I looked for an easy way to have women who will be presentable enough attend social meetings with me as well sleep with me. There are quite a few businesses that do this, trust me."

I don't know how my face looks at this moment, but I am pretty certain my jaw has dropped and I am staring at him in a somewhat look of shock.

"That's where Cassie came along; there were other women before her, however, Cassie is the longest

escort I've been with. And so in order for them to keep this closed agreement a secret, I made odd papers for them to sign."

I close my opened mouth, my brain still processing the revelation he has thrust upon me.

"So, that's why I had been with her on that day, I'd been trying to convince her to sign off the arrangement. It wasn't a date like you thought."

I'm speechless. I am utterly rendered speechless. I have absolutely no remark nor any comment for what he has just told me. I watch as he shifts closer to me on the picnic blanket. He takes my hand and starts rubbing circles on my knuckles.

"Say something." He commands.

"I...I don't know what to say."

He purses his lips in thought.

"Why did she cheat on you with Matthew?" I finally ask.

He shrugs, his jaw clenching, "Maybe to get my attention, or maybe she was bored of me, who knows she may have liked the thought of a feud between us because of her."

"Oh."

"I don't entirely blame her; Matthew also has reputation of sleeping around with half of the city."

"So she had been with you for money and sex?"

He nods.

"Just like how I met you for the same thing?"

"No. That's different."

"How is it different?"

"Leyla, I told you I had an arrangement with her. You and I didn't. She had been with me for fame and money and so basically she'd been using me just as I used her, it worked both ways. But for you, you are different."

I shake my head. "How can I be? I got on that car with you for money." I look down at the grass.

He takes his other hand to tilt my chin up so that I can look at him. "And you walked out on me without even a cent. You left me in a tumult of confusion, you left me thinking how being with you was different from being with all those other women. You left me basking in your scent which had been all over my bed sheets as if it were a constant reminder of how much you left a mark on me.

You left me with thoughts of how alive you've made me feel for that day as if I hadn't known myself before you came along, as if I hadn't known happiness before. You just wrecked me into pieces only to then rearrange and mould me into something good, something better."

I gasp at his words. My heart lurches suddenly.

"From that day you left, I knew had to have you in my life, I knew I would never feel this way with anyone even if tried looking. I knew that I had to find

you again because I had to have you to myself. I knew you belonged with me and you gave me something so cherishable, so beautiful, no one else was to have you but me." He declares.

I am finding it really hard to breathe because my heart is pounding against my chest like there isn't tomorrow for it to keep beating.

"You felt this way after I left?"

He nods. "You were what had been on my mind every second. I couldn't concentrate entirely."

I swallow and lick my now dry lips. I stare at him with a new emotion, a new understanding. It must not be just an infatuation he has with me; it must be something more, something imperceptible and incomprehensible.

Can it be that he must feel for me just as much as I feel for him? Especially right at this moment of time because right now, I am more than just in love with, I am beyond that and I'm scared.

"That's why it's easy for me to shower with everything luxury..." he adds.

"Because I know that you've been brought up in hard situations and you have lived life in a constant struggle. The very thought of you begging pains me and I find myself angry with your birth mother and the man that owned that fraud foster home. Although, I am grateful to Greta to at least have given you a roof over your lovely head, I had almost lost it when she'd revealed she sold you off to my brother. I couldn't believe the thought. I had to get you out of there before I broke something off her and that would have been ugly."

"I guess what I am trying to say, Leyla, is that I don't

want to lose you and I want you sorely under my protection."

"You won't lose me Jeremy. Thank you for telling me this, you sure gave me a lot to think about. From now on, I will be a lot kinder into accepting your gifts in regard of your impeccable need to take care of me." I smile at him and I move my hand to caress his face, my fingers find the subtle of his growing beard and the feeling is rough but soft against my hand.

He grins back at me, as he takes my hand to his lips and kisses my knuckles.

Somehow for some reason, that kiss ignites my blood and the mark of the kiss he has left burns on my knuckles.

"Thank you for the regard," he smirks playfully.

"So back to my original question, will you come with me to my mother's birthday next week?"

"As if you need to ask again. Of course, I will come. I'd like to meet your mom too." I grin at him.

He grins back as if my grin is infectious. "You are adorably beautiful, do you know that?" He takes my face on his hands as he pulls me closer for a kiss.

The instant my lips meet his, my blood churns as fire explodes through me. I begin wrapping my arms around his neck and give him access to my mouth as I part my lips.

"Mmm, we should stop this now before we give these innocent people a show they are likely to never forget." I feel his smirk against my lips.

I laugh, the sound muffled and reverberating against his lips "Agreed." I tell him.

"Come, I think that's enough picnic for today." He breaks our kiss as he stands and offers my hand.

I start packing our basket and folding the party blanket.

"Where are we going?" I ask him when I let him help me to stand up.

"Some place more private, I need you. Now."

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To be continued....

Awwwn.....Who loves J eremy's confession?

Don't forget to like, comment and share before
leaving

[03/07, 07:42] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

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EPISODE TWENTY NINE

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LEYLA'S POV

Two weeks have passed so unexpectedly. I find myself unable to count the days of being with Jeremy, it seems as if the more I spend time with him, the less it dawns on me that I've known him scarcely that much.

He had kept to the promise on that day, two weeks ago, Wednesday to be precise, the day he'd taken me on a date. We'd travelled by his car to one of the most top notch prestigious restaurant; it hadn't been just any other restaurant but an expensive Italian restaurant which had served the most delicious of pastas.

During the date, we talked and talked about anything, mostly him filling me in with places he's been to and its habitants and wonders. I'd listened to him with undivided attention, absorbing and drinking in each word he said.

He'd persuaded me to tell him about myself and I'd told him that he already knew everything about me. However, I knew talking about myself will inevitably reveal the past I didn't want to open up to him just yet.

The rest of the date, Jeremy spent it teasing me,

making me wanting him, so we'd gone back to his penthouse in haste and the second we'd arrived, our limbs found themselves tangled together in a heated dance and by the time we'd entered his room, I'd already had my first orgasm in that night.

The next day that week, on my free day on Thursday, Jeremy had convinced and insisted I use to the time to go shopping. My reluctance to take the credit card from his hand didn't go unnoticed by him and so he'd called a clothes specialist to assist me with anything I needed and also to make sure I did not walk out of their shops empty handed.

So whilst he was in his office tower attending and running his empire, I was trying to handle all these famous brands of clothing and shoes that at end, I found myself with an entirely new wardrobe of different material of clothing I possible could have never even dreamt of possessing as my own.

Along with his overwhelming wealth came his overwhelming sense of possessive need over me. Whenever he got back from work, he'd instantly drag me to his bedroom saying that I was his source of relief from stress. I'd give into him easily without hesitation.

Because of my free day on Thursdays, I have to go to work Saturdays, the first week Jeremy didn't complain. But somehow this week he isn't having any of it.

"Who works on a Saturday? No one does, absolutely no one." He rants. "And what sort of waitressing job allows you to work full time every week, what happens if you start school or something?" He continues.

"J er--"

"No, Leyla, I refuse to let you walk out of that door, today. It's a fucking Saturday."

"Jeremy it's my job, I've only been working there just two weeks, I can't negotiate the arrangement now and besides, I am not going to college yet. I haven't even begun to think of what course I would want to attend."

He runs both of his hands through his hair in exasperation. "But I had made plans for us today. Pressing plans that can't backfire now."

"What do you want me to do, call to quit the job?" I ask him sarcastically.

"Yes!" His outburst surprises me.

He can't be serious.

"I am absolutely serious." He says, as if he's read my mind. "There's no need for you to be working. Leyla, please, you can live off me."

"Jeremy—" I begin with a displeasing tone but he cuts me off before I can say more.

"No, hear me out. You can go to college under my pay, figure out what you want and when you get your degree, you can then start on real employment."

I press my lips together. "Jeremy, I can't live off you. You've only known me two weeks and to be offering something this big, it's ridiculous. I have to have my own independence; I can't depend on you always. Who's to say that our relationship is going to last? What will I do then when you dump me off?"

"The very thought of dumping you off is atrocious to me. I need you too much to rid of you. I understand your reluctance, baby, I really do," he moves closer, his hands reaching for my face.

"But, I also can't stand the thought of you working your butt off for just meaningless money when I can give you a hundred times more than you receive as a waitress. To me, for you to be working right now is pointless."

I swallow the intensity of his fingers burning on my face. I love him, at this moment I really do. But he doesn't understand the level of my fears. We met in a very awkward situation and for him to be doing this now, it's as I'll be living up to the very role I first met him by. Even though I know what he's offering is coming from the heart and not just for sex.

I can't help feel this way. And who is to say that whatever infatuation he has with me now will die

soon enough for him to rid me of. I'll be then left with nothing like I started with at beginning but a broken heart added to that predicament.

"Please." He pleads with me. "Don't go to work."

"Jeremy I cannot do that."

He sighs, "Okay, let's make a deal. You'll keep your current job for the next month--"

I begin to protest but he holds his hand out to stop me.

"During the month, you'll decide what you want to do at college, and by the end of the month when you've figured it out, you tell me, then you quit your job and I'll make arrangements for you."

I close my eyes, praying inwardly for divine providence to give me strength to handle this impossible man, this impossibly brilliant, stunning and imperative man that I've fallen in love with. You have to admit what he's offering isn't that bad; he just wants to protect and take care of you. A part of me says.

"So do you accept?" He probes me with his blue grey eyes that are gleaming with hope.

I take a deep breath. "Okay," I accept not just to him but to myself.

Relief washes over his features and he takes me into an embrace. I let warmth of his arms wrap around me as I press my face into his chest, inhaling his deeply rich scent.

"Why are you doing this?" I find my voice speaking.

"Because I want to."

"That's not a reason." I object.

"Okay, because I want to fulfill your dreams and wishes, and by doing so, I want it to be less of a pain for you. I want you to achieve academically because I know you are capable of it, you're smart, in fact too smart for your age. Leyla, sometimes, I have to remind myself that you are just only eighteen."

I breathe in a shaky breath.

"I care about you."

His last sentence tears through my ribs, his words are now penetrating through my heart and the

intensity of them has me inwardly bleeding from the impact.

I am unaware of my mouth breathing out these words. "You should stop doing this."

His arms slack from our embrace and they move to my face, his hands drawing my face up.

"Doing what?" He asks in confusion.

"This. Making me feel this way."

There's a confusing frown on his face but it's masked by the nervous smile pulling on his lips. His eyebrows quirk up in question, "Feel what?"

And from his tone, I think he knows what I am

talking about.

"Making me fall for you, and fall hard in the process." The words splutter out in raspy whisper. Raspy because of the sudden intensity that has shifted our atmosphere. For that while as we both gaze heatedly at each other, time and place ceases to exist.

My words have resulted in his mouth slacking to form an 'O'. His eyes burn for a thousand degrees and his breathing rate has changed.

"You...you are falling for me?" He asks incredulously.

I nod, looking away in shame as I chew on my lower lip.

"Leyla, look at me."

I ignore his words, refusing to. His hand tilts my chin up forcing my brown eyes to be burned by his blue grey ones. He kisses me out of the sudden and the kiss is ground-breaking. It consumes my whole being like an earthquake, shifting and changing the very core of my being.

My heart is in cardiac arrest; butterflies are swirling and churning in my stomach, frolicking as if they will splutter out if I don't control this indescribable emotion. I'm in love with him! I've known this man for two weeks and already I've fallen in love with him.

As I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling myself even closer to him, I know that for sure that I will never feel this way about anyone even if this is my first love.

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To be continued.....

Woah.....

She has confessed her feelings to him

What do you think will happen next?

[03/07, 07:42] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY

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LEYLA'S POV

Of course his version of a private place is at his hotel, counting that it was the only place near from the park. We spent an hour there and the next hour with him convincing me to wear one of the expensive cocktail dresses one the staff of the hotel has brought instantly because he had failed to tell me beforehand that he had a charity event to attend to.

So I have now put on the strapless peachy coloured dress that hugs my upper body and from below, it leaves floral traces of lace, as if the lace has been cut in spiral pieces and left hanging from waist to below. The spiral piece reveals the front of my legs but also covers the back of them.

It's very beautiful and J eremy says it even looks more appealing when I'm in it. I blush at his comment, giving him a grateful smile. He has scrubbed up well himself. He has gotten rid of the dark jeans and white t-shirt he'd been wearing

earlier and now he's wearing a black suit, a white linen shirt with a bow. His attire makes him look even more stunning than ever.

"Like what you see?" He has noticed my gawking.

I bite my lower lip as I nod.

He smirks and then holds out black box set, which is leathery looking. "For you."

The very words have me reluctant to take the damn box, however, I will my hand to take it from him out of curiosity. He is appraising my reaction with a look of attentiveness. I tentatively open the leather set and within it, reveals two small shiny diamond-coated earring studs with gold surrounding them, there's also a matching necklace in the box.

I gasp at the beauty, my head snapping up instantly at him. He smiles shyly at me, his whole countenance is trying to ascertain if my reaction is positive or not.

"You like it?" He asks as he steps closer to me.

I stare back down on the jewellery in my hands, lost for words at the tremendous sparkly gift.

"They are beautiful."

"Put them on." He says.

I move to the mirror to put the earrings on, immediately they compliment my attire. Just as I am about put on the necklace, Jeremy appears behind me.

"Let me do it." He offers and I hand him the necklace.

I take the wavy curls of my brown hair and hold my hair out in order for him to place the necklace on my neck. I feel his fingers brushing lightly on the skin of my back and instantly heat radiates from my skin into my bones.

I watch him through the mirror and he is concentrating fully on the task on hand. Once he has locked the necklace together, it drops to my upper chest, fitting perfectly near my collar bone. I let my hair fall from my hands and I am still aware of Jeremy's fingers still at my neck. He is tracing his hands to my shoulders as he steps closer so that I feel him from my back.

He is a head taller than I and he dips his head on my neck. I feel his lips brushing on the line of my shoulders all the way to my neck. I close my eyes

for a moment as I relish in these sensations. His hands then drape around me as he pulls away from my neck resting his chin on the side of my head as he looks at us through the mirror.

"You look absolutely stunning today, not that you never have before." He compliments me as he begins to sway our bodies side to side as if in a dance.

I smile at him through the mirror, catching his eye. "Thank you. You don't look so bad yourself."

He kisses the side of my head as he breathes in a chuckle. I watch him closing his eyes and I do the same enjoying the moment. However, it isn't moments later when he reluctantly breaks away.

"Come. Let's go before I decide to bail the party."

"It's a party?"

"Yes, a fundraising charity party which my Publicist demands I attend."

"Oh." My eyebrows pique.

He takes my hand and begins to drag us out of his pent suite hotel room and onto the elevator.

The minute Hails stops the car at a building, I've managed to spot about hundred expensive looking cars. We stop right in front of the press that consist of about twenty people because according to Jeremy, this is a private charity event. As Jeremy helps me get out, the flash of cameras immediately commences.

There's a red carpet that leads to the interior of the building and we follow the carpet only pausing now and then when J eremy is asked a question. I try to disentangle myself from his side but his persistent hand holds me tightly keeping me by his side.

"Lawson, over here!" One of the paparazzi demands.

A flash of cameras follow our trail as J eremy leads us to the pap that called us.

"Who is the lady with you?" One asks.

"What happened to the other one?" Another asks.

Others just demands him to position right and left so they can get better view of him from their camera angle. He obviously ignores them.

"Jeremy, tell us about the leading role of you opening up a development in Tokyo?" The pap who had called us asks him and he is the one that Jeremy acknowledges and answers.

He explains his plans to them, talking passionately of his ambition of developing the next technology but not revealing too much of what it is.

"And this lovely lady, right here with me is, Leyla Levy." He announces and then he bids them adieu, stopping one last time for a few photographs before entering us into the building.

The interior of the building is prominently bright. Jeremy leads us to the reception where he signs off his name, adding my name to the guest list and after, we follow the path to the huge hall.

Inside the hall, the lights are lightly dimmed and I spot about three crystal chandeliers up at the ceiling which also consists of party decorations as well as a huge banner that tells us of the charity.

It's packed with rich looking people; ladies and gentlemen all dressed in different suits and cocktail dresses. From each side of the hall are the foods and drinks and tables and chairs as well as a line of waiters and waitresses ready to serve.

It's been a minute since I'd stepped into this hall and already, I feel intimidated by the wealth of it. Not to mention the fact that I'm stepping into a different territory that is way beyond my control and level of expertise.

"Jerry? Wow, I didn't think you'd come, man." A man, out of nowhere, suddenly greets Jeremy.

He has a navy blue suit on which reflects his pale blue eyes and his blond hair is floppy against his chiselled face. I detect that he is good looking but his features are nothing against Jeremy.

"Jack, long time-no-see." Jeremy flashes him a smile and they give each other a manly hug.

Afterwards Jack casts his eyes towards me, "And who is this sweet looking lady?" He smirks at me, eyeing me up and instantly, I shift closer to Jeremy.

They both laugh at my reaction, "Leyla this is Jack Herald, my long-time friend since college and rivalry in crime, Jack this Leyla Levy, my girlfriend."

Rivalry in crime? I question, does he mean business? So this guy must be as rich as him. I wonder which corporation he owns.

"Girlfriend? Really? Since when did you decide to start dating?" Jack asks him, obviously intrigued by this. It's obvious from his comments that he must know about the escort business.

"Since, I came back to my senses." Jeremy smiles snidely.

"Wow, I'd never thought I'd live to see this day. Jeremy Lawson finally dating," he seems genuinely surprised.

Then he turns to me taking my hand, "You, Leyla Levy, must be one special girl," he bows slightly as he kisses my hand. I don't why I blush at this.

"She is and you can stop fondling with her now." Jeremy cuts him off, pulling me closer to him.

This reaction does not go unnoticed by Jack because he flashes us his most amused grin.

"So what happened to Cassie, I heard the breaking news about her and you know who?" Jack asks.

"You know what happened, we broke off the arrangement." Jeremy's tone goes nosedive.

Jack shakes his head, "Your love life is a mess man, but I'm glad to see you with someone and for real this time."

"My love life is a mess?" Jeremy is shocked. "So I'm guessing Nicole is still tapping your pants?"

Jack laughs it off but I can see that he's blushing. "I am still with Nicole if that's what you are asking and we broke the arrangement long time ago, she's my

girlfriend now."

So they both had been digging this whole escort arrangement?

"I guess I'm not the only one who has turned on the bright-side," J eremy smirks at him. "Where is she? This, I have to witness."

J ack takes out a glass of champagne when a waiter passes by with a plate of them. "She's somewhere in the room." J ack takes a sip of his glass.

"I don't think she wants to see you though. You know she and Cassie are best friends."

J eremy frowns at this, "Why wouldn't she want to see me, Cassie is the one who cheated."

"You know how women are, they stick to themselves no matter," Jack shakes his head, "No offense Leyla," he adds.

"None taken," I whisper in reply. Really though, I knew exactly what he meant. Jeremy is still frowning as he grabs a glass of sparkly red champagne.

"You're not going to get a drink, Leyla?" Jack asks.

"No thanks." I answer him. Obviously I'm underage to be drinking alcoholic drinks, but he doesn't know that.

Jeremy pulls me to him from behind and instantly I feel his lips brushing near my ear, "I just asked the waiter for a non-alcoholic beverage, he'll be serving you for the whole evening." He tells me.

I smile at this thoughtfulness, and I turn my head slightly so I can give him a kiss on the cheek, "Thank you." I stare up at his eyes.

He has a mischievous look about his eye. "You're welcome."

Suddenly, an announcer pops on a small stage furthest from the hall. It's a woman.

"Welcome everyone, and thank you for coming to the Leading Children Charity. Please enjoy this party, drinks and food will be available throughout. Thank you all for your generous contributions. We hope to reach every child with the money you've raised tonight." She finishes her speech.

That's when the curtains behind her open to reveal a band. They immediately begin to play. Already a few people begin a throng of dance in the middle of

the hall.

"Miss Levy, your drink," the waiter offers me a nicely mixed exotic cocktail drink.

"Thank you." I tell him just as he bows his head slightly and makes leave.

Jeremy and Jack are chatting briefly, catching up and I watch them with fascination. The music is a bit loud for me to make out their conversation but to them they can hear each other.

"There you are!" A woman's voice shouts near my ear. I turn around to see a gauntly beautiful woman dressed in a blue floral dress that reaches up to her knees. She has blonde hair and green eyes which stare up at the men beside me in a disapproving manner, disapproving because they haven't yet acknowledged her presence.

"J ack!" She waves her arms until she catches his attention. His whole face lightens up as he sees her.

"Nicole!" Immediately, he moves towards her, and gives her a peck in her cheek. This somehow deflates her earlier disapprobation and annoyance as she blushes and smiles lightly at him. She turns her attention to J eremy and instantly, she narrows her eyes.

"Lawson, what are you doing here?" She says over the music.

He goes closer to her and I'm aware that he's pulling my hand in the process. "I am one of the sponsors, remember!"

"I didn't think you'd come," she forces a smile.

"But I have." J erylmy pulls me to his side.

"And I see you've brought someone."

That's when J ack pipes, "Leyla, I'd like you to meet my girlfriend Nicole. Nicole, this is J erylmy's girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?" She turns her attention to me, and begins regarding me with shrewd eyes.

"Yes, my girlfriend," J erylmy adds.

"It's nice to meet you, Nicole," I speak as I hold my hand out.

Of course her loyalty to Cassie has her looking at

my hand as if it were some sort of snake ready to strike her. I think Jack whispers something to her as he pulls her closer and she forces her hand to shake mine.

"Nice to meet a girlfriend of Jeremy," she stresses the word girlfriend out as if it's a term along with Jeremy's name were alien to her tongue.

Jack is now talking to another man near him and she turns her attention to his conversation.

Jeremy pulls me to him and he whispers to me, "Don't be intimidated by her, she's nothing. She just hates me because of Cassie."

I nod at him in understanding.

"Do you want to dance?" He asks and he nibbles my

earlobe. Instantly fire burns inside me from the contact.

"Sure." I reply him and I let him pull me into the dance floor.

Once we get there, the music shifts to a slowly tone.

I lock my arms around J eremy's neck and he locks his around my waist and pulls me closer. We waltz to a song sang by lead singer of the band describing the lamentations of his love.

J eremy's blue grey eyes are darker against the dim light and our close proximity has the atmosphere between us shifting to a more intense and desirous territory.

"I love this song." He says and he deliberately licks

his lips.

My breathe hitches as my eyes dart to his lips. I bite my lip in order to control these hormones that spiralling around my body, igniting my blood in anticipation. Now is definitely not the time to feel this need for him.

"Don't do that," he whispers huskily as he leans down closer to my level.

"Do what?" I ask.

"Bite your lip. It turns me on."

"Oh." Somehow I'm already turned on myself.

He moves closer that our nose almost touch.

"I want to kiss you," he says.

"What's stopping you?"

He shakes his head, smirking. "I have feeling if I kiss you now, I won't want to stop." He pulls me closer until my abdomen feels his pressing member.

"Oh!"

"Yes. That's the effect you have on me right now."

I bite my lip but then I remember his remarks so I quickly release my lip.

"I'm contemplating on how to walk out of this party."

I smile. "And?"

"As much as I want to take you home, I need to talk to a few people here."

My face falls in disappointment. He catches that.

"Don't worry, I'll make it up for you tonight." He winks.

My spirits lift up at the thought. He then pulls me into an embrace, all the while dancing to the rhythm of the song. I feel his lips pressing at my hair and he breathes in.

I press my cheek at his shoulder and I close my eyes inhaling deeply as I let this moment of bliss -- enhanced by the music -- wash over me.

When the instruments play off to an oblivion end and then stops at once, we break away and everyone on the dance floor gives the band applause.

"I'm gonna excuse myself to the bathroom." I tell Jeremy.

"You are not going in there to do what I think you'll be doing."

I blush instantly at his remark, knowing fully well what he is implying.

"Jeremy, your imagination fascinates me. I'm just going to pee," I rebuke him.

He smirks, "Good. Cos only I can give and have your pleasure, remember that. Only me." He kisses my

forehead and then he releases me.

I walk away from him, blushing uncontrollably as I follow the signs to the restrooms. The fact that my shoes are already slightly killing me shows how I am not used to this.

When I get there, I head straight to one of the stalls and pee. Afterwards when I'm washing my hands, I realize how equipped the restroom is. The fact that there's a sofa right in the middle of the room, shows that the people who designed this know fully well how women need their rest time.

There a few women occupying the bathroom mirrors and they talk animatedly at each. I take a sit on the sofa, and taking out my strappy heels, I begin massaging my feet. I do this for five minutes and then take another five relaxing and checking myself in the mirror.

When I'm satisfied, I leave the restroom. I'm walking by the corridor admiring the luxury of the place when suddenly I feel strong arms pulling my waist towards a gloomy dark room.

My yelp and my scream gets choked up somewhere in my throat that the end result is me letting out a muffled animalistic noise.

My senses go hyperaware as adrenalin sparks up in my body preparing for a flight or fight situation. But that's when a familiar scent of cigarette and body wash hits my nose.

I already know who this person is before I need a voice indication to justify my assumption. The voice simply says, "We need to talk."

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To be continued.....

Longest chapter ever!!!.....

I'm in love with this episode, what about you?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:42] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY ONE

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LEYLA'S POV

I quickly release my hands from his hold by yanking

them away. He flickers on the switch and the room bathes in light to reveal Matthew. He stands there with his condescending eyes which are staring down at me and although my body wants to shrivel away in fear, I stand poised as ever and meet his glare with my very own.

"There's absolutely nothing I have to say to you." I tell him, already vexed by his presence.

"You don't? Well, I have a lot, starting with how you are whoring my brother!" His blue eyes are filled with anger, but there's something else lurking there behind the orbit, something unfamiliar as his gaze shifts to my lips.

I wrench my hand away from his hold, feeling my stomach twist in revolt. "You can start by getting your facts right. And the relationship between me and your brother is none of your business." I glare at him.

"So you don't deny it? And it is my business when my idiotic brother spends his money on some cheap slut!"

Don't let the words affect you. He doesn't know anything.

"Wherever this is coming from, be sure to confront Jeremy himself on this account and get his better judgement because as you say that I am slut, why would you want my take on this?" I try to side-track him but he traps me to the corner.

"You think you're so smart, don't you? Quite ironic for a girl from the streets, No wonder, Jeremy has his head worshipping at your feet. You're deceitful."

"I am not deceitful. Stop accusing me. Look, I haven't a clue what your problem with me is but if I

ever done you wrong then I apologise. So please leave me be, let me go!"

I try to manoeuvre away from him but his hands grab my arm and he pins me back on the wall.

His blue eyes glisten with hatred and also something else within that hatred. "You want to know what my problem with you is."

I am ready to say, No, but he beats me to it.

"My problem with you is that you are a cockteasing bitch!"

"I am not cockteasing," I shift away when he gets closer to me.

"You fucking are!" He smirks his coldly smirk and reaching out he places his hand on my waist. I cringe away from him.

"Matthew, let me go!" My face scrunches up in disgust, his hands on me, make me shiver in a not-so-warm way. You mustn't show him fear, you mustn't show him fear. I repeat this mantra on head.

"But you don't want me to let go you, do you?" He stares at me, his eyes hinting something dangerous. I plead through my eyes for him not do what he's thinking of doing.

"You are delusional!" I glare panicky at him.

"Fuck it!" He growls suddenly as he pulls me towards him and before my brain can even process what's happening, his mouth his against mine in a rough kiss.

My whole body shakes in revulsion. This is so wrong. This is so very wrong! He tries parting my lips with his lips so he can deepen this kiss but my mouth clumps up together refusing sorely to give him the satisfaction. I try yanking myself away from his iron grip hold, but my attempts are thrown out of the window when he doesn't budge.

He groans in frustration suddenly as he pushes me roughly to the wall, pinning me with his hard body. The sudden impact has me gasping and he takes this to an advantage when he enters his tongue in my mouth.

I whimper in fear and disgust. Jeremy, please where are you?!

I watch his closed eyes and hatred slowly sip upon me. Adrenaline spikes up in my veins and my fisted

hand on his chest suddenly launches itself upon his hard jaw and at the same my teeth clump on his lips.

He releases me, instantly taking a step back. "You fucking bit me!" He groans, his fingers brushing on his lip that is now brimming with blood.

At least one of my advances resulted in an impact, because I know he doesn't feel my attempted punch due to his freaking hard cheek bone. No, he doesn't feel it but I now do.

But this doesn't stop me from hauling my hand again, this time slapping him.

"Don't ever touch me again! I am not Cassie or the whore you proclaim I am!" I scream at him, my anger reaching its optimum. I roughly remove myself from the corner and I am running towards the exit door when I feel my hand being yanked

back.

He stares angrily at me for a moment, his blue eyes searching mine for something. I glare back at him, my anger never faltering; however it's within seconds of staring at me that his anger gives away.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. "I'm sorry." He declares in a mutter that is so low, I barely hear it.

I think I might've have heard him wrong. Did he just say he's sorry? What? I frown at him in incredulity. "You are sorry?"

His jaw clenches, "Yes. I know I'm being immature and unthinking with my words but that's always the case when you're within my radius."

What? Is he accusing me of making him immature?
"You being immature is none of my doing!" I spit in
anger.

For a moment, his eyes flare with anger too but then
he quickly looks away from me and shakes his head.
"I shouldn--"

And that's when the door bangs open cutting him
off his sentence. I turn around to meet an angry
Jeremy, but his anger isn't directed at me.

Jeremy takes one look at my agitated face and in
three strides he's right at Matthew's face. "What did
you do to her?"

Matthew's eyes for the whole while haven't left mine
and now as he stares at Jeremy, he frowns to
himself and presses his lips.

Why am I feeling sorry for him? Because that's what I'm doing at this moment, feeling sorry for Matthew. Jeremy's wrath is unpredictable and at this moment, I hoped to the all the goodness out there, that they wouldn't start a fight.

"Nothing." He says.

"Doesn't look like nothing to me," Jeremy's eyes are in slits as he glares at Matthew.

"Matt, I swear if you've hurt her and if you so by slightest have touched her--"

"J erry, you should know by now that I never take your threats seriously." Matthew cuts him off, folding his arms across his chest and a smirk playing on his lips.

Jeremy makes a hissing noise at the back of his throat, he fists his hands, his jaw clenching and unclenching and his stance tells me that he's about to punch him. Seconds tick by and the brothers still have their glaring contests.

"I know you wanna hit me, Jerry. Go ahead."

And at that, Jeremy closes his eyes and turns away from him. His eyes re-open to meet mine. He touches my hand at first while the other hand tilts my chin to look up at him.

"Did he hurt you, Leyla? What did he do to you?" His eyes hold an emotion that is difficult for me to comprehend.

I swallow a lump in my throat as the words leave me. I want to tell him but something has me stopping. I don't want them fighting and I don't want

to give J eremy a more reason to hate Matthew, no matter how much hate he deserves at the moment.

I take one look at the pompous ass himself and he has that mighty cunning smirk of his as he sneers back at me.

"Nothing," I tell J eremy even though he is not who I am looking at.

That instantly wipes the smirk of Matthew's face as he glares at me and that glare turns into a wavering frown. I turn my eyes back to J eremy. He doesn't look convinced and his eyebrows have scrunched up in suspicion.

Please let it go! I hate lying to him but I just don't want to be an instigator to their fighting.

"You sure, Leyla? You don't have to lie for him."
Jeremy asks me.

I nod and avoid his eyes.

"You heard her, I did nothing to her." Matthew speaks, a cold smirk on his face.

Jeremy turns back to Matthew. "I swear if you so lay a finger upon her head, just be warned."

"And I told you Jerry, your threats are feeble."

"I'm serious Matthew, she is not Cassie."

Matthew rolls his eyes. "What do you think I'm going to do, snatch her away from you?"

Jeremy clenches his jaw, "Matthew, that thought implies that you want to do exactly that."

His cold smirk increases, "You got me." he says sarcastically. "Please, street girls who would do anything to strive for a higher status even if it means selling their bodies, have never been my type!"

I stare at him in disbelief and I know I should feel offended but I feel nothing but remorse at him.

Jeremy is taken aback for a second and I think I am too.

"You see." Matthew says addressing me, "I know a lot more about you than you think."

"Who the fuck have you been questioning?" Jeremy

grows.

"I have my sources. But, seriously, Jerry, how did you ever stoop so low as to date a whore?"

Jeremy takes two quick strides and seconds later he has both of his hands cinched at Matthew's collar.

"She. Is. Not. A. fucking. Whore!" He hisses in each word.

Matthew only smiles snidely, "Of course she isn't, and Cassie isn't hooker-escort either." He says sarcastically.

"Leyla is my girlfriend and I care about her a lot. Yes, Cassie is hooker so what, you proved enough that she wasn't cut out to be loyal. But, if you ever so

threaten Leyla again, I mean it Matthew, I'll make sure your bare ass is rubbing on the next railway track while the train drags your lifeless body!"

This makes Matthew laugh. "Wow, J ermy. This is a first. You must love her."

J eremy swallows. "And what if I do?"

My heart stops for two seconds and then picks up hammering pace on the next beat. Did he? No. I must have heard wrong.

Matthew's laugh is wiped out of his face. He wrenches himself off J eremy's hold. "You are not serious, are you?"

J eremy doesn't say anything.

"Jeremy, she's a street girl, she's nothing. What will mom say when you bring an uneducated girl you picked from the street? No, scratch that, what will the press say? She won't even meet up your high life. You've really stooped so low, little bro."

"Nice to know you care about me, big bro. And as for your irrelevant statement, might I just say that you are the one who've stooped so low, in fact you stooped the lowest the moment you decided to live like this." He presses his lips.

"I'm surprised you say Leyla is nothing and uneducated despite your attempts to get her into a room with you, don't think I'm daft Matt. I know you too well." He smiles.

"And I cannot believe you will bring the press into this, you should know by now I don't give two shits about what the press has to say and as for mom, well she's been dying to meet Leyla since I

mentioned my relationship to her."

Matthew only narrows his eyes at him and then as he shifts his gaze towards me, his scowl deepens.

Jeremy returns to me, takes my face in his hands and strokes my cheek. "Are you okay?"

I'm not entirely sure if I am. I don't know what to make of their fight. I don't know what to do as it is beyond my control. I know that I hate seeing them like this, because even though I don't have sibling or any family for that matter, I know Jeremy needs his brother despite their years of conflict.

"I'm fine." I tell him, giving him a small smile. "But are you okay?"

He smirks, "It'll be better if we get out of here." He

tells me and I agree.

I let him lead me out of the door and I can't help but let my eyes look back towards Matthew. His expression is grim as he stares at our retreating figures. I sigh inwardly.

I know I should be worried about their relationship, I am. But all that's on my mind from their earlier fight is Jeremy's words.

What if I am?

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To be continued.....

Happy new month, guys

And sorry for the late update

[03/07, 07:43] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY TWO

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LEYLA'S POV

Had he really meant it? My heart is still beating rapidly at the possibility of him in love with me. I know how a low of a person this makes me, but I cannot help but rejoice over this revelation.

However, there's small part of me, a minor part that's warning me not to get my hopes up in case he'd been saying it for the sake of downgrading Matthew.

As he leads us out of the building, I catch sight of Jack and Nicole entering a car, looking all cosy with each other. I smile at their happiness. Jeremy opens the back door of his car for me. I go in and he follows after, as soon as we are both inside, Hails begin the ignition and we drive off.

I can tell Jeremy is still in state of anger with his hooded face and brooding expression. I look out of the window for some solace and try not to think of Matthew's words. However, I fail.

What if he's right? What if I cannot live up to the high life Jeremy has introduced me into? What if I'm degrading Jeremy's status by just being with him? Who's to say that whoever filled him with the information of how we met won't report to the public. And then I will be known as a whore by the whole city.

That's not what's worrying me, however. I don't really care about what people think of me, I have always been looked down upon in my entire life, so people can say whatever they want. As long as the man I loved thought otherwise, the rest can drown for all I care.

No, what's worrying me is Matthew. At this moment, I am confused by the man, one moment he's telling me he's sorry and then he's back to being vulgar towards me. But what's clear is his hatred towards my relationship with Jeremy. The man is infuriating, quite hard to empathise with.

It's the fact that he is Jeremy's brother that's making me somewhat docile, even though their relationship has some really oppressing issues. Otherwise, I will be throwing his words back at him with my own profanities.

I am not going to go around loving the fact that they

were not in agreeing terms even though I despise the man. No, my love for J eremy has me seeing more to that. I know despite J eremy's facade, that he loves Matthew and that he wishes their relationship were more stable, even if he won't admit it to hims elf.

"Earth to Leyla," J eremy takes my face with his hand and turns it to face him. "You okay?"

I nod at him.

He presses his lips together. "Leyla, I know you're not. Tell me what's going in that lovely head of yours?"

My eyes search his, they are worried.

"Please?" He pleads, feebly.

That compels me to tell him. "Okay...I-I don't like seeing you and brother fight."

I watch as the grey in his eyes overtakes the blue, telling me of his resurfacing anger. "Leyla, this is the way we are, the way we've always been."

"I know, you told me. But it's quite a package" I smile, trying to lighten up his mood.

The corner of his lips crinkles into a reluctant smile but just as the smile comes, it quickly goes away.

I take my hand to his caress his cheek. "And I also know that it's killing you inside, fighting with him."

His eyes spring to mine and I watch as the wall crumbles. For that moment, within that depth of

blue-grey, all of his fears are revealed to me. I gasp momentarily as I gaze into his overflowing soul.

"You are quite perceptive." He says in a raspy whisper.

I shift to hug him. He meets me halfway as he draws me to his lap and I sit sideways on his legs, my head near his neck. He buries his face in my hair and breathes in a long breath.

"Tell me about it?" I ask him, moving my hand to his face and tilting my head back to see his face.

He smiles sadly at me and shakes his head, "Not today."

"Okay." I bury my head back into his neck and close my eyes.

We stay like this for a while, just hugging each, giving each other some sort of comfort.

"Tell me, what he did to you before I came?" He asks suddenly. "And don't say "nothing" because I know Matthew."

I shake my head, knowing it won't really help.

"Leyla, tell me," he commands.

I close my eyes.

"Please."

I can never refuse that voice. Still closing my eyes, I tell him every word Matthew uttered before Jeremy

came and I tell him about his forceful kiss and that I defended myself by punching him and slapping him after.

His breathing rate has changed and he his arms around me now hold me tightly against his chest. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He apologises.

I look up at him, frowning. Why is he apologising? I meet his eyes and their filled with anger, sorrow but also tenderness for me.

"Jeremy, you don't have to apologies for your brother's actions."

He presses his lips, "I know. You don't understand."

I frown.

"Matthew has always had a habit to sleep with the women I'm always with."

I gasp. "You mean Cassie has not been the only one?"

He closes his eyes and nods.

"But why? Why would he do that?"

He opens his eyes again and now the grey and blue are meeting each other halfway. "I don't know, to piss me off maybe."

I swallow. "It worked?"

He cocks his head to one side in a what-do-you-think kind of gesture.

"I'm sorry." I tell him because I don't know what else to tell him. He shakes his head.

"Leyla, I just... I just don't want him to do the same to you, I don't want him to take you away from me." His body shakes on the last sentence.

"He won't... It's only you... no one else... I-I... I don't like him." My words jumble up because there are so much I want to say to him, to reassure him.

"Good." He says and I huddle up closer to him, only glad that his domineering self is back.

I hate to see Jeremy fearful of me cheating on him. He should know by now that he's the only one for me and that I love him. I want so much to reassure him how much I love him but the words just won't form in my mouth.

We stay this way until we exit the town heading to the out coast where his house is. When Hails parks outside the front garage, Jeremy drags me to the house and upstairs. And I know that he needs more than the words I told him to reassure him. The only thing he doesn't know is that I need him just as much and I want him just as much.

Later when the sweat on our bodies is cooling, I lay on top him, half of my body draped on him and he holds me tightly cooing me to sleep.

"I have to go to New York tomorrow." He murmurs while his hand works magic on my back.

I look up at him instantly, "What? Why?"

He smiles at my perfect recollection. "I have to go tomorrow to open up another firm."

I frown, hating this fact. "How long will you be gone?"

"Four days." He tells me.

My eyes blaze wide open. "F-Four days?"

"Yes." I swallow. What will I do without him for four days?

"Hey." He shifts our bodies and I end up on my back and him on top. He draws closer to my face and kisses my nose. "I wish you'd come with me but I know you won't want miss your work."

I smile at that, however my smile is isn't full. He's correct and part of me loves him for this perception.

"I'm gonna miss you." I tell him truthfully.

"I think I'll be the one missing you the most, especially at times like these," he tilts his pelvis up down for emphasis and I feel his growing member hitting at my inner thigh.

I gasp and then I giggle involuntarily.

"I'll miss that laugh too." He kisses my cheek.

"And this mouth." He trials his kiss to my mouth.

"And this chin...basically this whole face."

I giggle some more.

"And this neck." He trails kisses to my neck. And I burn.

"And these lovely ladies." He buries his head on my chest and takes a long breath.

I smile and laugh, however I stop my laugh when I feel tears threatening to unleash themselves. I really love him so very much, I feel as if my chest will burst any moment from these flowing emotion.

"Hey." He wipes my tears off the corner of my eyes.

"What will I do without you for four days?"

"Don't worry, I'll be back before you know it." He reassures me as he kisses my lips.

I love you J eremy! I want to tell him.

He kisses me for a short while before he falls back again, his strength giving away from our earlier exertion. He takes me in his arms again and I drape my leg over his waist and bury my face on the crook of his shoulder, near his neck.

"Sleep, baby. It'll be okay." He croons, his fingers stroking swirls upon my back.

And it's those deft fingers and his soft melodic voice that lulls me to sleep. My eyelids drop and I'm about to succumb to blissful sleep however before unconsciousness can fully claim me, I remember hearing J eremy's low voice murmuring, "I love you, Leyla Levy."

I fall asleep then and it will be the morning after when I'll recall these words and think that I dreamt

them.

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To be continued.....

Jeremy is traveling, hmmm.....

I hope Matthew won't try something stupid † ♀

† ♀

[03/07, 07:43] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY THREE

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LEYLA'S POV

He wakes me up early the next morning when he's fully dressed in his grey work suit.

"My jet boards in thirty minutes," he tells me as he kisses my nose.

My eyes instantly shoot open, "You're leaving?"

He nods.

"Why didn't you wake me earlier?" I try to hide the pang hitting my chest.

"You looked so cosy, I didn't want to deprive you from your sleep." He takes my hands and kisses each knuckle and then presses his forehead in them.

My heart can't take this amount of emotion that's

radiating everywhere. I don't want him to go. I really don't. I smell his cologne mixed with body wash, his scent and it overwhelms me.

I shift into a sitting position as he holds a narrow flat black box out for me. "What's this?"

"Open it."

I tentatively take the box out from his fingers and I begin to open it. Inside there's shiny silver looking credit card. My eyes instantly dart to him and he is studying my reaction. I stare back at the silver credit card as if it's offending. I take it out and there in shiny blocks of letter is my full name claiming that it's mine.

"Jer--"

"No, before you say anything. It's yours and I'm not taking it back. It's done."

I press my lips tightly together. He takes my chin in order for me to look at him.

"Hey, there's twenty five thousand in there. It's for you when I'm gone."

My eye bulge at the amount he's mentioned. "That's absurd and an obscene amount of money." I argue.

The corners of his mouth twitch into a smile but his eyes are serious. "I find myself being absurd and obscene when it comes to you."

I close my eyes, taking a deep breath and my heart is palpating at his words. They remind me of my perfect dream yesterday when he'd muttered his

love for me. It seemed too real, I almost believed he truly said those words. When I open my eyes again, I stare at him with a new emotion.

He smiles attentively at my reaction, "So you accept?"

He looks so very adorably handsome when he smiles this way. As if he's afraid that if he pushes too hard, I'd refuse. But at this moment, I'm feeling the exact opposite.

I nod in reply at him and then drape my arms around him in a hug. He reacts by tightly hugging me back, his head burying in my head and breathing in deeply.

I love you Jeremy. The words are at the tip of my tongue but I cannot bring myself to say them. As he releases me and stares intensively at my eyes, I am

quite sure the words are in full neon light revealing all that I feel for him.

"I have to go," he sighs and takes my face to kiss my lips once more.

I fall into the kiss, leaving reality for a moment. I am about to deepen the kiss when he draws back. His whole face restrained with emotion.

He shakes his. "I won't able to leave." He explains. "It's hard enough as it is."

I love you. Why can't I say the words? Say them! I command my mouth.

"Laptop and phone, please, every day." He takes my hands and kisses each of my knuckles.

"I am taking Hails with me so there's a new driver for you downstairs." He tells me.

My heart brims at his thoughtfulness.

"He will take you anywhere you want but I made sure he will always bring you back here. Mr and Mrs Brown will be here with you too," he continues.

I smile sadly at him, my smile eclipsed by the fact that it won't be the same without him for the next few days.

"Okay." My voice is small.

He checks the time on his Rolex watch and a frown appears on his face. "I have twenty minutes to get to the airport." He says reluctantly.

My heart palpitates at the inevitable but with confidence, I get out of bed and drab on a robe not caring if I haven't brushed my teeth and tamed the curls of my hair. Together, we make our way down the stairs. When we get there, he pulls on dark coat matching his suit and I take time to admire how darkly handsome he looks in it.

Folding my arms under my chest, I bite my lower lip to try and contain the feeling of wanting him to stay. He has to go, he has to work to do, he has to expand his empire. He is a business man after all.

I sigh inwardly. He turns around at my sigh and a small smile appears at his lips, however, his eyes tell me everything. They tell me how badly he wants to stay, how badly he wants me to go with him.

I then notice his loose tie and unconsciously I move to fix it. He frowns at my sudden movement, however, when my fingers move to his collar and

begin fixing his tie, he grins.

"Thank you." He says, his grin still plastered on his face.

I only smile at him in return, as I move my fingers to start buttoning his coat. I delight at how domestic the action is. Once I'm done, pat the dust off his shoulders and that's when I feel his hand on my chin, tilting my head up to meet his eyes. His eyes are gleaming with an emotion that makes me hitch my breath.

"I will miss you, Leyla Levy." He breathes.

My lips quiver "I'll miss you too, Jeremy Lawson."

He leans down and takes my lips in a warm and yet tenderly heart-breaking kiss. I fear the lone tear that

is running down my cheek will be evident, my weakness for him.

He groans in his throat and the sound vibrates through my mouth. The vibrations shake my very core, wakes up my heart allowing it to increase its beating rate as his tongue meets mine. He kisses me with his whole being, his whole body and I'm not holding anything back as I kiss him with my all.

He moans again in my mouth and releases me. "I've got to go." He says, kissing my lips.

He continues this manifestation whilst moving to the door and then finally he releases my lips and tortures my cheeks, my nose, and my eyes and eventually he just holds my face with both his hands, his fingers stroking my cheeks. He stares at me longingly for one final time before heading to the already purring car.

I watch him with a huge smile on my face -- partly because I've been kissed recklessly -- as he gets on the car and my eyes never leave the car until it's fully out of my sight.

Closing the door behind me, I am still grinning to myself as I make my way to the kitchen. I smile at Mrs Brown who's making me breakfast. But once I sit myself on the counter, it hits me. I won't see him for four days. My smile falters.

What will I do?

"Are you alright, Miss Levy?" Mrs Brown asks me. She still is so formal with me even though I've told her to call me Leyla. It feels weird for a middle age woman in her mid-fifties calling me so formally.

"Yes," I tell her and then thank her when she hands

me my favourite dish, waffles coated in chocolate as well as eggs and bacon to the side.

She smiles at me in response and then goes to clean the pots. I eat in silence, trying to not let the fact that the only man I ever loved is meant to be sitting next to me, at this moment and teasing the life out of me.

I smile at the memory when I first came to this house and he'd been so intent to find me food to eat when he realized that I had been hungry. Once I finish eating, I let Mrs Brown take my plate to the sink and we have small talk. I tell her my plans for today before I return back to the master bedroom to shower.

Once again, I find myself missing Jeremy already. So I tell myself that I have to get out of this house in order to stop thinking about him. After taking a shower, I dress in casual jeans and a blouse with a

small coat due to chill autumn weather outside. I make my way downstairs where I am met with Mrs Brown.

"I'm just going to pop out to town for a while." I tell her.

She smiles but there's a hint of worry in her eyes. "Okay, but please be careful."

I smile how at her mother-hen protectiveness. "I will."

"Okay, dear, Mitch will take you anywhere you want."

"Mitch?" I ask.

"Oh, I forgot, Mr Lawson appointed a new driver for you, he's also your bodyguard."

My frown increases. "Bodyguard? But I don't need a bodyguard."

What had Jeremy been thinking? I fume inside.

"I know dear, but Mr Lawson insisted you have one. He's very protective of you." She soothes my arm.

I swallow, still not sure how to feel about this new turn of events. Bodyguard? Seriously, Jeremy? He needs to learn that I can take care of myself.

"This new driver?" I ask her. "He won't...he won't follow me everywhere, will he?"

She only smiles sympathetically at me. "He will be there, but he will maintain a distance."

I sigh in relief but I am still annoyed, if it isn't for the fact that Jeremy is still up in mid-air in his plane, I will be bombarding him at this moment through the phone.

Mrs Brown catches my reaction and soothes me again, "He's only looking out for you, Miss Levy. I know it's none of my business to say this, but working with the Lawsons for years now, I've watched that boy grow and I've never seen him this happy as he is when he's with you."

My heart warms at her words. From what I can recall of what he has told me about his life, I can understand why he's never been happy; his relationship with his brother, his father passing away and the responsibility of taking over the company.

She smiles reassuringly at me and I smile back tentatively as I bid her adieu. Exiting the main door, I find that the driver slash bodyguard, Mitch is already standing and waiting next to one of Jeremy's SUV.

"Miss Levy?" He springs forth and pulls his hand out for me to shake.

"Hi. Please, Leyla is just fine," I allow him to shake my hand.

He smiles warmly at me and immediately I think we'll maybe get along in future. He looks to be in his mid-thirties with short cropped blond hair and warm brown eyes against his sun-kissed face.

"I'm assuming you've been informed that I am your new driver and bodyguard."

I give him a small smile as I nod.

"Can you take me to town?" I ask him after an awkward silence.

"Of course."

Then he proceeds to open the back door for me, I enter the car willingly.

The awkward drive to town is only saved by the music blasting on the car stereo. I feel uncomfortable. Getting privately driven to places without Jeremy with me doesn't sit well with me.

I know in order to avoid this again, I have to learn to drive as soon as possible and get a driver's licence. I take out the silver credit card Jeremy gave me and

I run my hand on the scripted letters of my name. I will have to use this money and get myself a car too. I cannot rely solely all on Jeremy. I know what his reaction will be sooner when he finds out what I am planning to do. He won't be happy, that's for sure.

But I have to use this money for good use. This gives me another idea. He did say that I had a month to decide what I want to study at college. Truth be told, I have always known what I wanted to do and that is to run my own caring Home where every child is treated equally, where there's no hurt, no abuse, no sorrow and no pain, but love and kindness.

Ever since I had been forced to live twelve years of my life in that god forsaken fraud foster home, those twelve years were spent living in pain and abuse, I had watched and seen others being abused. I had managed to avoid being the victim. I had always hid myself from pain, I had promised myself

never to be stripped of my sanity when the place I had lived in had been filled with nothing but agony.

I made myself invincible, however that didn't mean I was free from watching and feeling the other children's suffering. When I freed myself from that home, I vowed that one day I'll have my own home where every child is free and loved.

It hadn't been easy hiding in janitor's box whenever school ended, and sneaking to the gym showers every dawn of the morning to take a shower.

Eventually that became my ritual and then when I needed food and clothes, I stole. It'd been stealing that exposed me. That's when I found myself in the streets where I spent half a year in charity shops until Greta found me.

Looking back at my old life and comparing it to now, it's hard to believe how I got here. With this twenty five thousand worth of money in this account, I plan

it to use it for my college fund and the rest shall be saved for funding for the Caring Home I plan to create.

"We are in town, Miss Levy." Mitch revives me from my thoughts. "Where specifically do you want me to take you?" he asks me.

"Do you know any good place to go if you want a driver's license?" I ask him.

He smiles and nods through the review mirror.

"You want you learn to drive?" He asks.

Oh god, I hope I haven't offended him.

"Yes, I have always wanted to." I tell him, adding the

last part to make it less of an offence to him. I watch him smiling through the review mirror.

"I know a good place for starters, but it will probably take a quarter of the day for you to learn." He stops at a traffic light.

"That's fine." I smile sheepishly at him.

He smiles back as he continues to drive on.

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To be continued....

Well, what do you think?

Are you in support of her learning how to drive or not?

Drop your thoughts and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:43] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY FOUR

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LEYLA'S POV

It takes us approximately twenty minutes to arrive at the place. And when I get out, he follows me to the building. I frown at that but then I remember that he's supposed to be my bodyguard too. We walk together, with him maintaining a friendly distance until we enter Gordon's Driving School.

The place is packed with teenagers and instantly I feel self-conscious. For some odd reason, I feel a lot older. It's a wake-up call for me and I realise that I am in fact still an eighteen year old teenager.

I make my way to the receptionist to sign in and then when she gives me an application form to fill, I saunter towards the waiting seats with other students -- mainly sixteen year olds -- and I started filling my application.

When I'm done, I look around me and then finally what I am about to do has sunk in. I then feel the excitement and thrill of learning something new.

Five and a half hours later, I'm now holding a certified driver's licence that has my details on it. The fact that I had aced the mock test so quickly

hadn't gone amiss by my appointed instructor. He immediately took me behind the wheel and at first I had been nervous especially when I had almost plummeted the car into the building by forgetting to switch the reverse gear off. However after a while, I got the hang of it and driving sort of became natural to me.

My instructor had praised me and instantly given me his references in order to get my licence immediately. It's still surreal to hold my very own driver's licence. I mean I am now eligible to drive a car. How awesome is that!

It's a dream come true and only Jeremy has made this possible for me. If it weren't for him -- oh goodness if only he was here with me right now. I miss him already.

I am about to leave the building with Mitch behind my tail when I get a phone call. Not just any phone

call the ring tone itself tells me who is calling and knowing this my heart begins its rapid pace.

"Hi." I answer with a huge grin plastered on my face.

"Hey." His voice is smooth, husky and just so Jeremy. My grin increases.

"How was your flight? Did you get there safe? I miss you." I love you! I add in my head as I begin questioning him. My earlier anger at him getting me a body guard has long since fled.

He laughs and his laugh is a joyous sound to my ears through the phone. "The flight went well, we got there safe and soundly. Right now, I am sitting in the car being driven to a hotel and my only thought is how much I wish you were with me. I miss you." I can feel his grin through the phone.

I bite my lip, my insides swirling as the butterfly feeling takes its effect from his words. "I wish I were there too."

He breathes in sharply, "Dammit Leyla, why did you choose until now to tell me this? If only there was some force that will allow me to drag you here."

I grin at his words.

"I'd let you drag me willingly," I speak, only thinking of one place where I'd want him to drag me to. His bedroom.

He catches on my tone of voice and I hear his breath hitching, "Oh, the things I'd do to you... if you were here." His voice is husky and sexy, the only tone that makes me wet in the right places.

I bite my lower lip in order to contain this certain emotion. And I discretely back a safe distance away from the car, away from Mitch. "I am in a parking lot, Jeremy."

"Baby, it's almost evening here and the perfect time for me to be thinking of you in a certain way." I feel his smirk through the phone.

"Jeremy!" I scold him but he knows that I am more than smiling, he knows the effect he's having on me.

"Hey, I can't help but think of the many ways I could make you come," he argues, his voice going lower and huskier.

I am aware of how my breathing rate has rapidly increased and he knows it.

"Slowly and slowly making you scream my name."
He continues.

I shift my legs uncomfortably, feeling my insides churn and swell in that way for him.

"God, Leyla, I am seriously considering sending my jet back to get you here." He groans.

"Mitch is waiting for me..." I say vaguely, trying to make him stop making me picture these images.

"The new driver?"

"Yes."

"Hmm...where are you?"

"Gordon's Driving School." I reply, still recovering from that earlier teasing.

"Driving School?" He sounds incredulous. I faintly hear the shut of the car door in the background, only indicating that he's arrived at the hotel.

"Yes." I grin confidently. "I am now a certified driver."

"Really?" I can picture his eyebrows sprinting up in surprise.

"Yes."

"Wow, congrats!" I can hear his grin.

"Thank you, I told myself that I won't be a burden

anymore. I have to do it myself." I tell him proudly.

"Leyla you are not a burden, what are you talking about?" He sounds angry.

Damn. Maybe I should not have said the last part out loud. I bite my lip and then I faintly hear a voice of a woman informing J eremy about his pent room key and him thanking her. I am glad for this little distraction as it gives me time to decide whether to tell him my reason or just change the subject.

"Leyla, you there?" J eremy asks worriedly.

"I'm here." I reassure him.

"You still haven't answered my question." Damn.

I press my lips together knowing what I will tell him will surely anger him even more. I look over at Mitch who's still waiting patiently by the car. When he sees me looking up, his eyebrows shoot up questioningly at me. I shake my head knowing he is inquiring whether I am ready to go.

"Leyla?"

"Mmmh?"

"Well?"

I sigh. Prolonging the inevitable is never good. "Well... I hate the fact that you hired a driver who is also a bodyguard for me. I know that you have to protect me, but I am also a big girl. I can take care of myself. I don't like being driven, so I thought I'd learn to drive myself to be less of a burden."

I hear him taking a long deep breath. "I do want to protect you, Leyla. I feel helpless that I can't when I am away. I want you safe and I can't bear to think if something happened to you and if I were to lose you when I could've done something to prevent it."

My heart palpitates. I love you, Leyla Levy. His words from my dream choose this moment to echo inside me. What if he had actually said them? No. I shake my head to myself, he couldn't have, it's too much to wish and hope for. Too good for it to be true.

"I appreciate that, Jeremy. I really do but nothing's going to happen to me, I am not that important and I don't have any enemies that want to hunt me down." I reassure him.

"You are important. To me. You don't have enemies

but I do, I couldn't live with myself if someone were to hurt you because of me." I can almost see his harsh anger.

"No one is going to hurt me. Jeremy, you need to stop worrying about that. Nothing will happen to me, okay?"

He breathes as if he's trying to relax himself. "Okay." He accepts.

"And as for you not liking to be driven, that's fine. I'll get you your own car. Soon." He tells me.

I frown. "Jeremy you can't do that. I'll get myself a car. I can afford it, remember?"

"Leyla, don't start." His tone is not to be argued with. "We'll talk about it more when I get back, okay?"

"As for now please for my sake, allow Mitch, Mr and Mrs Brown to look after you for now while I'm gone. Baby, please?"

I can never refuse that voice, "Okay."

But I am still angry about the part of him buying me car. No, for this one I will sorely refuse to let him.

"Good," he sighs in relief that I didn't argue. "I'll call you later, maybe tonight."

Damn. How can he manage to change my fury to lust just like that?

"Okay," I breathe huskily.

"Bye Leyla, I will be thinking of you all day," I can feel his smile as he says this. My heart swoons at his words.

"You know you are always on my mind, Jeremy. I'll talk to you later." I tell him, already impatient for the impending phone call tonight.

He laughs and then tells me to hang up, in which I tell him to do it. Then he explains that he can't seem to find the will to hang up when it comes to me so I should do it. So with the last "talk to you later", I finally hang up.

I have a huge grin on my face as I walk towards Mitch to the car. His eyebrows shoot up inquisitively at my grin, but I just continue to smile ridiculously when he opens the door for me.

"Where to now?" He asks.

"Millie's Café, thank you Mitch," and then I tell him the address.

I need to eat lunch and I have been hooked at Millie's ever since she gave me that job. Her food is delicious plus I need to catch up with my fellow waitresses I considered my friends now.

Mitch drives us. It takes us another twenty minutes back to get there. When we finally get there, my stomach is growling uncontrollably. I run to the nearest ATM to withdraw a few cash out in order to avoid using the credit card to buy food.

Once I get to the ATM, I double check the balance and that's when I'm dumb struck. The only thought that is screaming so loudly and furiously in my head is: He lied to me!

There is no twenty five thousand with exclusion of five hundred from the money used to get my driving licence.

No. Of course he lied.

Because there's freaking \$124,500 in this credit card. That's one hundred thousand too much. There has to be some explanation to this. He either has lied to me or has put more money today, maybe after our conversation.

Of course. I should've have known. He thought maybe I was going to buy a car today without talking more about when he got back. Of course he will think this because that is a sort of thing I'd been thinking of doing when we ended our conversation.

But I had agreed that we'd talk about it when he got back and I never back out of my word. I should've

have known he would do this. That son of a... no, his mother doesn't sound like she's a bitch.

I swallow the reluctance that's eating at my being and withdraw the money I need for now. He is definitely in for it if he's going to call tonight. Right now, I am too hungry and angry to call or text him. And I know hunger and anger together were bad combinations.

I haven't realized that Mitch has been a distance away from me until I hear him speak. "Are you okay, Miss Levy?"

"Yes, I'm just hungry." I give him a wavering smile.

He smiles back but he looks concerned. "I can buy you lunch." He offers.

"Oh no, that's fine, thanks for offering. Let me buy you some lunch."

He gives me that warm smile as he shakes his head.
"Thank you, but I've already ate Ma'am."

"Oh." And I frown at the "ma'am."

"Mitch?"

"Yes, Miss Levy?"

"May I ask one favour?"

"Of course."

"Um.... can you just call me Leyla please cos
"ma'am" or "Miss Levy" kind of makes me feel like

an old woman or a... teacher?" I smile tentatively.

He only laughs, "As you wish, Miss-- uh...Leyla."

"That's better." I give him a warm smile.

He only shakes his head, still laughing and together we enter Millie's.

The smell of cooking instantly makes my stomach ache and give out a faint growl. The aromas are so delicious that I instantly dart to the counter where the lone people always sit to be served.

Julie and Effie are the only ones in and I catch sight of Effie's son, Miles, whom I'd been recently introduced to the other day she brought him here. When he sees me, he smiles and waves and I wave back at the six year old gorging his mouth with

waffles.

"Ahh, look what the cat dragged in!" Julie squeals in front of me with huge smile on her face.

"Hi, Jules."

"Nuh-uh, you are in huge trouble Missy," Effie speaks behind me but she has a small smile on her face.

"Why did you bail on us yesterday? It was so hectic and you weren't even here." Julie is already scolding me.

"I'm sorry, guys. I had to. Pressing matters needed to be attended to.

Effie only rolls her eyes as she goes to serve a customer and I catch sight of her walking over to Mitch who's in the far corner of the room by the window booth. I know why he's chosen that booth. It might be far away from people but it gives complete full view of the whole café. He smiles when Effie approaches him.

And that's when I make judgement of how friendly he is, considering the fact that he is bodyguard and a chauffeur.

"Ah, let me guess, pressing matters such as Jeremy freaking Lawson." She grins wickedly at me.

I smack her in a scold but I am grinning too.

"I still can't believe that you are actually dating that guy." She wipes the counter dreamily.

I only shrug. I couldn't believe it either but I'm in love with him. I really am and there's a slight possibility that he might too.

"What are you doing as a waitress when you are dating one the richest guy that has ever walked in this state?"

I only smile at her, taking her question rhetorical. "I'm hungry Jules. What's the meal of the day?" I try to change the subject.

"Oh Hah! I forgot you come as a customer today." She shakes her head. "Okay, what will you have?"

I look up at the chart whilst humming to myself. "I'll have a deli sandwich and chocolate muffin, please."

"Okay sweetie, be right back with it."

"Hey, is the boss in today?" I ask her before she leaves.

She shakes her head, "She won't be in for at all this week, has a family gathering or something."

"Oh."

"Yeah. So we need you this week. Every day in fact, you can't bail on us again, you promised me that Wednesday you'll work serving your off day yesterday, you still keeping your word right?"

"Of course." I tell her, smiling at her.

"Good. You better, no matter what that rich son of a beast says." She winks wickedly at me before she goes to fetch my food.

I roll my eyes at her but I laugh anyhow. I tap my fingers on the counter with the music, enjoying the banter of chit chat that's going inside the café as I wait for my food. Suddenly, my moment of peace is destroyed by a presence sitting next to me on the stool.

The only person that has never failed to flare up my fury and to make my instinct go hyperaware with tension. The faint smell of cigarette hits my nose before his other manly smell follows. Instantly, I grit my teeth in revolt.

"You know, you should stop smoking or your lungs will deteriorate and eventually you'll die." I tell him, my tone dripping with venom.

He shifts his body so that he faces me and he gives me his famous cold smirk. "I bet you'll love that,

won't you?"

I glare at him. "Of course I won't. I don't wish death upon anyone."

"Is that so?"

I glower at him. "What do you want this time, Matthew?"

He smirks as he appraises me, his eyes drinking me in and he simply says, "You."

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To be continued....

Matthew is here again † ♀ † ♀

You guys should improve on your likes and comments please. I'm begging you

[03/07, 07:43] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY FIVE

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LEYLA'S POV

I laugh. I don't know why, but I laugh at his words, at the ridiculousness of them.

He stares at me passively, smirking, "I am glad you find it amusing, Leyla."

I frown, my mirth gone. "Seriously, what do you want?"

"I told you... You."

I glare at him, my expression telling him fully well that I have no time for his games. Just as he is about to speak again, Jules makes an appearance with my lunch.

"Deli sandwich and chocolate muffin for you, Miss Lev--" Jules chides in, handing me my plate, however she stops once she casts her eyes towards Matthew.

"Hi." Matthew grins at her, a smile that doesn't reach his eyes before he moves back to staring at me. I ignore him as the hunger sets in and I give my full attention to my meal.

"H-hi," She stutters and clears her throat. "What can I get you?"

I gape at her. This was a first. She never stutters or falters when it comes to customers. I watch her stare nervously at him but the gleam I catch in her eyes, tell me fully well that she is attracted to him.

"I'll have what she's having." Matthew answers her, glancing briefly at her before going back to staring me.

"I'm trying to eat."

"And?"

"Can you not stare at me?" I glare at him.

He chuckles and my glare increase.

"Why are you even here, Matthew, are you following me? Why is your agenda always to ruin my day?" I lose it.

He frowns in thin air, looking away.

"Can I ask you something?" He asks.

I huff in fury, "What?"

He looks back at me, and I catch something in his eyes, a distant refrained longing.

"If...if it had been me on that night you met my brother, would you have..." He doesn't finish his sentence but I know exactly what he is referring to.

It is my turn to look away. However, Jules appears

again and I smile gratefully at her for her distraction. I don't answer him because he knows fully well what my answer will be? In truth, I would have gone with whoever would have paid me afterwards.

"Thank you." He smiles at Julie and I hear her inaudible gasp. If I weren't so tuned out by anger for him, I think I would have found this amusing.

He eats his share as I finish mine and Julie reluctantly moves to serve another customer. I feel bad, I should have made introductions. I feel his burning stare at my face.

"Would you?" He asks again.

I look at him, trying to gauge his state of approach. What exactly is his game this time? "What do you want me to say, Matthew?" I hiss at him.

"That yes, I would have? That yes, I would have went with any man that night? Is that what you want me to admit? That yes, I was so low and desperate I would consider prostitution!" My anger palpitates, and I don't realize there are tears in my eyes until they dribble in my hand.

I stand up quickly avoiding his eyes, and slightly affronted look. I storm away from him once I finish eating. I am about to walk out of the door when I walk right into a hard shoulder.

I look up and I am met with those snake-like yellowish brown eyes. The same eyes I saw that night at 'Whore station' corner. I gasp, fiercely wiping my eyes and I am about to move away to make way for him when,

"Leyla!?" I will never forget that voice.

"Leyla? Oh my, it is you." Sav screeches next to him and instantly she pulls me into a constricting hug! I smell her cheap perfume. I barely manage to greet her when she's off with her next sentence.

"Oh wow, look at you." She twirls a strand of my hair and strokes the five hundred dollar satire lace dress I'm wearing.

"You look good!" Her eyes sparkle at me and I catch a hidden remark that says, how did she get this?

"Leyla? As in Monica's distant cousin?" The skinny man with the yellow eyes speaks.

Sav smirks at me before she turns to him, "Yes, Devon. Leyla."

Devon only snorts and then casts those eerily

looking eyes all over me, but before I could shiver coldly, I relax when I feel a familiar body hovering behind me.

"Miss -- Leyla?" I hear Mitch's concerned voice behind me.

I turn to him, with a reassuring smile on my face, but I know with my puffy eyes -- from the earlier tears that escaped because of my stupid anger -- that he is far from convinced.

"Well, well, if it isn't the man himself." Sav says near me, her eyebrows crooking up.

At first I am confused but then I realise that she must assume that Mitch is Jeremy, the man who whisked me away from that night. Mitch frowns when she gazes at him.

"Leyla?" Julie is next me in an instant.

Her eyes cast worriedly at the obscenely overdressed couple in front of me. Sav has on a corset which barely conceals her chest; black fashionable ripped stockings with her high booted stilettos. Her floor-length fur jacket only manages to hide most of her skin. Devon, has on an gold suit which brings out his eyes and dark brown skin.

"Are you okay?" Julie asks me.

I only manage to nod at her. Seeing them, Sav and him has brings in some unwanted memories.

"Well, Leyla enjoy him while he lasts." Sav winks at me before pulling Devon towards the interior, away from all of us. Devon looks suspicious as he glances between me and Mitch. I also catch something in his eyes. Something I shouldn't and

that look chills me to the bone.

"Leyla? What's going on?" Mathew asks.

Why is everyone calling my name today?

I ignore Matthew and turn to the nervous looking Julie whose lusting eyes are inwardly swooning at the sight of him.

"Julie, I have to go." I tell her, moving to hug her.

"His name is Matthew and he's Jeremy's brother by the way," I whisper to her for her ears only as I break away from embrace.

She has a blush on her face and her eyes are inquisitively asking me if her attraction for him is obvious. I reluctantly nod at her, giving her a small smile. She shakes her head blushing again, as she

bides me adieu. I watch her glance briefly at Matthew before turning my gaze to Mitch.

"Are you okay?" He asks.

Seriously who else is going to ask me this question? In truth, I am still trying to process the unexpected meeting I just had, as well as my earlier outburst at Matthew.

"Can you take me home?" I ignore his question.

"Of course." He says as he leads me out of the door, out of Matthew's pressing presence.

Once I am outside, I falter for a moment. Home?

Have I just really referred J eremy's home as mine

absentmindedly? I mentally slap myself at how I am getting comfortable with this whole arrangement.

Yes, I love him, so much in fact that he is home to me. But does he feel the same?

Does he even love me? Here you go again. My inner voice chides in. He has repeatedly mention how you are the only one he wants.

Maybe it's meeting Matthew and that unexpected encounter that has reminded me how I have come to know Jeremy in the first place. How all I have now is all because of him, all because I decided one night I will give myself to a stranger.

In truth, it has been the best decision I have ever made, it led me to Jeremy. I miss him now and I want his reassurance that he cares about me. At this moment, as Mitch leads us to the car, I realise all my fears.

Jeremy not wanting me anymore.

I can't even begin to imagine the state I will be in if he decided to get rid of me. If I lose him. The very thought is abhorrent and it chills me to the bone.

"Leyla...wait!" Matthew's voice speaks behind us.

I look back to see him running after us.

"My answer is no." He catches up to me and then looks at Mitch pressingly.

My guess is that he knows Mitch is security. I realise that Mitch is hovering behind me, his guard up for the first time as he looks at Matthew.

"It's okay Mitch; he is Mr Lawson's brother." I tell him.

He frowns momentarily and then shrugs as he moves away, giving us privacy. Matthew is gazing intently at me and I frown.

He takes a huge breath. "My answer is no, I don't want you to admit it, because you are not that. You are not a prostitute or any other profanities I have ever called you by."

I gape at him. Have I heard him right? What is this, an apology?

"Yes, this is an apology," he answers and I realise I must've spoken my thought out loud.

"I am sorry for offending you, for accusing of all

those things at the charity party but mostly for being inappropriate since the first time I met you."

I gasp, completely rendered speechless.

"The truth is I wanted you. I wanted you from the first time I laid eyes on you in that apartment and you have tormented me since then." His voice lowers at the end.

I frown at his accusation but inside I am reeling and still trying to process what he is telling me. He wanted me? How? Why?

"I know my actions were uncalled for and well I was so caught with this ...this... I longed to torment you too, I didn't realise I was hurting you in the process and well..." He breathes.

"That day when Jerry came and I realised that he had you first...well I almost lost it. Why him again? Why was it always him that got to have everything... I realised that in order to stop this...this thing I had for you..." He flails his hand to his stomach.

"Well, it felt good downgrading you, it felt better. But, I know deep inside, I was only doing that to make Jeremy think twice about you and to make him leave you so that....well so that you'd be mine instead... I know how selfish and childish this makes me sound. But at the time I wasn't thinking... My thoughts were deranged whenever I was around you."

He stops looking at me to see if I am still listening. At this rate, my breath has been knocked out of me. I can't comprehend... I am trying to understand what he is trying to tell me.

"Matthew, I'm in love with your brother." I tell him,

confessing my feelings out loud for the first time even though he isn't the person I want to confess them to.

It's the only thing I can think of telling him...to make him understand that it would never happen between us.

He sighs, "I know."

What?

"You...know?" I am shocked.

How?

He nods. "One look at you with him and no will doubt it."

I twist my fingers together, trying to look for something to say to him, anything to say.

"Look, I'm sorry--"

He holds his hands up, "Stop right there....what are you apologising for? It's me who is trying to apologise here."

My lips twitch into small smile.

He moves closer to me takes my hand. "From now on, I will leave you alone. I know I shouldn't even be having these feelings for you since...well, you belong to my brother and I've hurt him before, many times with my actions. And it has taken me seeing you with him to make me realise this."

He swallows. "In other words, even though I was blinded with my jealousy and self-arrogant pride, I realised how happy you made him. I mean, I've never seen him that happy in such a long time and it has mostly been my fault and selfish reasons...So, as well as an apology, I want to thank you also."

I smile genuinely at him for the first time since I met him.

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To be continued...

MATTHEW APOLOGISED!!!

Well, what do you think?

Do you think Matthew's apology is real or fake?

Like, comment and share!!!

[03/07, 07:44] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY SIX

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LEYLA'S POV

"You don't have to thank me... I think you need to talk to Jeremy and sort it out with him. I know deep down he loves you." I tell him.

He looks at me warily. "Do you think so? I wouldn't love me after what I did to him."

"You had your reasons, and if you explain them to

him, maybe he'll understand. Matthew, you are still his big brother to him." I reassure him.

He smiles genuinely. "You are a good person Leyla, Jeremy deserves you. Can I apologise again?"

I shake my head but I smile kindly at him. "Matthew, you sort of shown me my fears...with your words... you actually made me stronger, you made realise that I can be better than that."

"They weren't the truth, though. I was out of line when I said them but they weren't the truth." He disagrees.

"It doesn't matter, Matthew. I've had my fair share of the tough life; I know what it is like to not have anything to live for. I admit I almost took my life once before because of this," I confess to him my deepest darkest secret that has been eating me for

days.

I don't know what has compelled me to do it but once the words came out, I can't take them back now and I can't stop myself from continuing.

"It actually was Greta who sort of stopped me, and it was through her pity that she took me in...After that, I never wanted to go back to that low point of my life. I avoided thinking about... about killing myself at all cost."

"And since I met Jeremy...well all those thoughts disappeared. He gave me... hope...something to live for. I love him more because of it."

"You should tell him this. I may have missed most of my brother's life events, but I know he'd like to hear you say those words to him and what you just told me."

I stare skeptically at him, trying to hide how scared I was to admit to J eremy that I love him. What if he didn't love me back?

I have never been loved before; no one has ever loved me or wanted me. The woman who gave birth to me didn't want me, the man who owned the foster home didn't want me, the school I attended didn't want me, people in the street I begged from didn't want me; Greta didn't want me either and it's only been J eremy that has uttered those words.

And now Matthew too. I am afraid to put my guard down and tell J eremy, I am afraid of his rejection because he is the only one that holds my delicate heart. He is the only one that can either love it back in return or crush it into pieces.

"Thank you, Leyla, for this for allowing me to

apologise, for this talk. And I am keeping to my word; I will never disturb you again." He says, smiling nervously at me.

"You're welcome." I tell him nervously too.

I know that this is a turning point here for the both of us. I am glad he has shared and apologised to me. Deep down I forgive him, but I know I still have my own predicaments to sort out before I fully can allow myself to let him in my life.

"I'll leave you now; I have a muffin to finish." He winks jokingly.

I laugh for his sake, knowing that Julie did catch his eyes too. I am glad for this and I know this feeling is stemming from the fact that if he gives Julie a chance, then whatever feeling or want he has for me will hopefully fled. Because we both didn't need

it.

As I watch him leave, I feel a sense of weight being lifted off my shoulder. "Home now, Miss...eh Leyla?" Mitch appears.

I smile at him as I nod. I let him open the door for me to enter and once I'm inside, I check my phone to receive a picture message from Jeremy showing me his sad puppy face with the caption saying he misses me.

It's that simply text message that wipes some of my earlier fears away and completes my day. I grin at my phone as I snap a picture of myself to reply him.

Later that evening, I take a bath, soothing my skin

with the suds from the bath oils. One of J eremy's playlist plays in the background and I am talking to the man himself on my phone.

In the screen, he is in his hotel room, the light dimly lit to catch the rays of his messy chestnut brown hair, and those dark lustful eyes of his which affect me even through a screen.

"Don't touch yourself..." His voice is husky and in the screen he licks his lips.

"J eremy." I whine, knowing fully well how heavily turned on I was just from his earlier manifestation. Even through the phone, he dominated me.

"Not until I say so," he grins snidely and then sighs. "I miss you so much."

"I miss you too; it's been a long day."

"I'm going to make it longer," he says sultrily.

"Show me your neck."

I giggle, moving my phone downwards so that the front camera catches the skin of my neck.

"Hmm," he hums sexily. "Imagine me there right now touching the base of your chin and moving down..."

My breath catches, my heart stops only for it to palpitate roughly in a fast endearing pace again.

"...to your collar bone, the skin on your chest. My lips replacing my hands now..."

I gasp his name, closing my eyes imagining and feeling exactly what his sexy voice is doing to me.

"...My lips kissing that valley between your breasts, my hands tweaking your nipples..." His breaths become laboured.

My nipples harden in response to his seduction and I feel them responding eagerly with the warmth water.

"Ahh..." I gasp.

"You feel it?" Jeremy asks.

"Yes..." My fingers are itching to touch my body, to relief it from this wanton throbbing inside me.

"Leyla..."

"Hmm?" I close my eyes.

"You're about to drop your phone in the water," he chuckles.

I snap out of my trance straightening my hand to hold my phone out of the water. Jeremy is laughing in the screen and I rejoice at the brightness of his features from his mirth.

"Ahh... perfect angle... I can see how tight your nipples became."

I scold him but I grin at him anyhow. We both laugh as he tells me about his day and I refrain on telling him about the conversation I had with Matthew, not

wanting to ruin this moment. And partly because Matthew himself wants to apologise to Jeremy.

I knew when he got back that they will have a very long heart-to-heart talk together. My heart, for once since knowing their conflict, feels slightly at peace at impending resolution in their relationship.

"The water is getting cold." I complain.

He smiles, "Then get out."

"I don't want to drop your call," I explain.

"So you'd rather freeze than stop talking to me?" He asks, astonished.

I nod. "Yes."

He grins. "Sounds like you have it bad, Leyla Levy."

"You have no idea how bad, J eremy Lawson." I grin back as I allow myself to admit this; it's not fully admitting all my feelings for him but this small confession doesn't kill.

He shakes his head, "Get out of the water, Leyla. I don't want you to get hypothermia," he tries to sound serious.

I giggle.

"Ah, the merriment of that sound."

"What sound?" I ask, confused.

"Your laugh."

I smile shyly.

"I mean it, Leyla. Get out. Call me when you are all cozied up in warm sheets of our bed." He grins.

I catch how he mentions "our bed" and inwardly, my heart expands and swoons. "Sir, Yes, sir."

"If only I was there with you and you'd be screaming an apology for that remark you just pulled." His words holds a promise and my insides tighten and liquidate.

I swallow. "I'll call you later." My voice is a whisper, husky.

"You better." He grins knowing how he just owned me in so many levels.

"Bye, baby." I grin.

I catch the surprise and frown that pulls on his face at my endearment for him. I laugh and hang up the phone not giving him any time to respond.

I dry myself off quickly, smiling to myself as I saunter to his adjoined master bedroom whilst towel drying my hair. I flop on the bed with my phone in hand and I cocoon myself in the warm sheets, trying to hide the fact that this will be the first time sleeping in this bed without him present.

I execute the thought with the fact that I will have his face on my phone all night if I have to, depending whether he is free tomorrow or not. Whatever the case, all that matters to me at the moment is the

knowledge that the love of my life still wants me even through all these miles of separation.

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To be continued.....

Oh..... oh, I smell an ending coming so soon.

Drop your comments and don't forget to like and share

[03/07, 07:44] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY SEVEN

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LEYLA'S POV

The next day seems brighter despite the fact that I woke up without another presence of a body beside me. It's scary how my body is now tuned in with his warmth being my morning clock only for it to be disappointed by the lack of his presence.

I prepare myself for the day, continuing with my usual routine of showering first, packing my waitress uniform as I dress casually in skinny dark jeans and allowing myself to sneak one of Jeremy's t-shirt that is slightly baggy but still fit.

The only reason I put it on is so that I can have his smell on me the whole day. Jeremy is so right; I have it so bad for him. I think as make my way down the stairs.

Mrs Brown greets me with her famous breakfast consisting of French bread, bacon and pancakes.

She greets me warmly, but soon leaves me to ravish her food, telling me how she will be busy today as the cleaners were coming in.

I take my leave afterwards bidding her adieu as I exit the house to meet Mitch in the car. My happiness seems to be infectious as he smiles back at me. Once inside, he soon drives me to Millie's cafe where I am greeted with a foul mouthed Hilly whom I hear has recently broken up with her boyfriend, Marcus. The man old enough to be her father.

"He lied to Hilly; he never was getting a divorce."
Julie fills me in.

"What? Really?" I stare worryingly at Hilly who is currently scowling at her customer.

"But she loved him, right?" I ask.

"Of course she did. It was a shock for everyone. The wife found out, she is divorcing him now, but Hilly refuses to put up with him. She might be in love with him, but she knows that his infidelity was wrong."

"Good for her. I wish I had her strength."

"Yeah...she is a tough one."

I smile secretly at her as I move away to serve a new customer. The café isn't as busy on Mondays and so I spend most of my time messaging Jeremy and grinning recklessly at everything that comes my way.

"You know I still don't get why you are working here." Julie catches up with me behind the counter where I am secretly relishing Jeremy's face.

"I want to." I explain.

"I see that. I can only imagine his disagreement for you to be here. I bet he wants you to become a housewife or something." She laughs at her comment.

I frown at what she says. Housewife?

"Julie, I've been with him for merely two weeks or so, marriage talk is very soon."

"But you love him right?"

I smile, secretly staring back at his picture. "Yes, I do love him."

"I can tell and does he love you too?"

I sigh. "I don't know. I haven't told him yet that I do. I don't think he does."

She looks at me incredulously. "Ley, are you serious? The way he looks at you, no one will doubt he doesn't."

I smile shyly at her. "You've only seen him once with me though and that was almost two weeks ago."

"Yeah, but he had his eyes on you only, I don't think he even glanced at anyone else."

I grin, her words making me feel warm and gooey inside. Then I remember how she had been yesterday.

I wrinkle my eyebrows. "So what happened with

Matthew when I left?"

I immediately catch her blush but the furrow of her eyebrows tells me something else. She shakes her head.

"What?" I press.

"Nothing happened, that's what?"

"Oh?"

"He's attractive that's for sure, but I don't think he even noticed me."

I frown. What exactly had Matthew meant when he'd said, "I have a muffin to finish?"

I had immediately assumed that he wanted to see Julie again. "He didn't talk to you?"

"Um...he did, he just came back inside, finished his muffin and came to me to pay. The only conversation we had was regarding the pay. That's it." She tells me.

"Hmm...I don't know what you mean by him not noticing you. I think he might just like you. I mean he sought you out for the pay, didn't he? He might have chosen to just leave the money on the table." I reassure her.

What am I doing? I know I wanted Matthew to shed whatever feelings he had for me, but I shouldn't assume things, let alone encourage Julie only for her to be disappointedly crushed afterwards.

"If you say so." She says skeptically.

"I know so."

Stop. I command myself.

"Okay... now get your butt up and serve the new customer." Julie, the commander is back. She slightly pushes me off the chair to the front entrance for me to greet whomever is coming in. My jaw drops at who I see.

"Well, well... we meet again?" Sav thrills, wearing a somewhat similar outfit from yesterday. Today, she's alone.

"Hi." I greet her, giving a small smile.

She smirks. "I didn't know you worked here...well, good for you. So what do you have here that's good

to eat?" She rambles on moving to a vacant booth, not giving me a chance to respond.

"Here's the menu." I hand her the menu brochure.

She takes it fervently and scans it.

"Mmmh all of this sounds good... So how have you been Leyla? Wow you guys do double chocolate fudge pancakes? I'll have that then." She babbles again, leaving me confused whether I should answer her request about my well-being or to take her order.

I choose the latter. "Do you want any hot drink with that?"

"Sure..." She scans the brochure again. "Which do you think goes perfectly?" She asks.

"I'll recommend hot chocolate." I smile slightly and take my leave quickly before she pulls me in to an unwanted conversation.

"Isn't that the same woman from yesterday?" Julie asks me as I place her order in the kitchen.

I nod and she frowns at me. "You know her?"

"Slightly."

Her frown deepens.

"What?" I ask, confused by her frown.

"How did you meet?" She asks me. Looking from me to her and I can tell she's trying to figure out how a

girl like me knows someone looking as trashy as Sav judging by her clothing.

"It's a long story. I'll tell you one day."

"You better, because there's something off about her, something I don't trust at all."

I only smile reassuring at her before taking Sav's food and reluctantly going to her booth to serve her.

"That looks delicious," she comments before digging in.

"So, how are you Leyla?" She asks again.

"I'm fine." I tell her, frowning slightly but she has her attention sorely on her plate. "How have you

been...and Monica?" I add just for pleasantry' s sake.

Sav stops eating and looks up at me a grave tension in her eyes. "Monica's dead, but I have been good." She gives me a fake smile.

My blood runs cold. Monica is dead? She had been the only person that had shown me some concern at that time. She and Sav had looked to be good friends.

"I'm sorry for your loss." I tell her awkwardly.

I had never been good at comforting; it'd been alien to me since no one ever comforted me in my own misery, before Jeremy. For a brief moment, I wonder how she died.

Sav shrugs and stabs her fork on the pancakes.

"Drug overdose...if you're wondering. Of course it wasn't in the news, no, she wasn't as important to make it to the news." She shrugs again and eats.

I shift in my feet, uncomfortably. At this moment I want to make a break for it. What she is saying, it's too familiar. Only I've witnessed this sort of occurrences during my dark days.

I've always managed to block those dreadful images of seeing people out on the streets dealing, children my age, getting so wasted that all that had been left of them had just been thin bodies on the side of the pavement. I had left that part of the streets soon after realising where I was. I headed straight to charity stores.

Sav is bringing those images back again. She only smiles at me again, but it doesn't reach her eyes. However, the grave look is gone off her face. "I have Devon taking care of me now. Everything is great."

For a moment I feel an ounce of pity for her, just an ounce. "Weren't you the one that told me I should be afraid of him?"

Thinking about it, I couldn't believe it has only been two weeks since that day. It feels like a lifetime ago.

She frowns at her food for a moment but then she giggles coldly, "Yeah I actually did, didn't I?"

She shakes her head, as she stares at me. "He's good to me. He'll take care of me. He promised."

Just as she says this, I catch a glimpse of fragility and uncertainty about her eyes.

"But, I am not here to talk about that, am I?"

I frown. What does she mean?

"You, how have you been Leyla? You seem so...so alive since I last saw you." She smiled.

"I have been better."

She smirks at me as if she knows something I don't. "So ... Jeremy Laws on er, you know I swore I recognised that face printed next to him on the newspaper."

I smile at her wearily, not fully getting what she is entailing.

"Oh...come on, you are like famous now. I can't believe how mistaken I was yesterday to assume that man had been the one that chose you instead

of us...only for Devon to later show me a picture of you with none other but, the richest man in this city."

I shift in my feet, robbed of any response to give to her.

"So what's it like to sleep with the rich man and to have him buy you luxury in return?" She asks, a snide smirk on her face.

My blood chills and I frown at her. I am ready to counter her comment with a reprimand but then again what business does she have to know my relationship with Jeremy.

Instead of replying her as she expects me to do, I instead ask, "Are you done?" Referring to her now empty plate.

She purses her lips but only nods. And taking this as a chance of an escape, I retrieve her plate and trudge away from her booth to the kitchen.

Julies notices my slight anxiety. "What happened?"

I shake my head at her and reluctantly head to Sav's booth for her payment.

She grins at me as she pays the right amount. "I notice you didn't answer my question but I take it that it is indeed fabulous to be treated with wealth."

"Sav, I am sorry but my relationship is none of your business." I hiss, my nonchalant posture gone.

"So you are his whore then?" She smirks coldly.

My eyes flashes warningly at her and I have to refrain the itch on my fingers to slap her. "I am certainly not. I was never a whore in the first place."

She hides her mirth, "But, sweetie, he met you just the same way I make my living. You can't ignore that." She puts on her faux sweet tone.

I glower at her.

"Leyla, I'm looking out for the best for you. I'm only warning that you shouldn't get too comfortable, believe me I know how it's like. But sooner or later, they just get rid of you like you're an old rusty car." She frowns at that. Her expression turning to a vague distant graveness.

I want to laugh at her audacity. "Thanks for the concern, Sav. But as I said it isn't any of your business and you shouldn't judge with just

misguided information. You have no idea of what my relationship with Jeremy is like."

She only sneers at me. "Haven't I? Then why does it seem to me that the paparazzi haven't a clue of how corrupt you are? What would they do or even say once they figure out exactly how you met Jeremy Lawson. I bet they'll pay me an equivalent amount just for me to spill the story."

I gasp. Where is she going with this?

"I am sure you know how when one is in desperate need of cash, one will do absolutely anything." She presses her lips.

My resolve wanes as realisation dawns "Sav—"

"They will pay me what I need unless you don't want

the story out."

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To be continued.....

[03/07, 07:44] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY EIGHT

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LEYLA'S POV

This goes back to that night Matthew had threatened spilling to the paparazzi. I hadn't cared then and still do not care now what the world would think of me, I had my own reasons for going to those part of the streets that night and the world doesn't need to know them. But I do care how this

will corrupt Jeremy, how this 'juicy tale' will affect his public image and maybe even his company.

"Why would you do this?" I hate how shocked and wavering my voice is. God, I sound weak.

She looks at me, and as I stare back at her, I see a twinge of reluctance, a small fear of something imbedded within her, compelling her do this. It's as if, if she doesn't do this, she'll face punishment. It's a small fleeting emotion crossing her eyes and it is quickly hidden with her resolve.

"I told you my reasons."

I frown, "You do know that blackmailing has consequences."

She presses her lips but doesn't dispense her

composure.

"And you do know that it's useless to blackmail me since I have nothing I have to give that's mine, right?"

She then smirks. "You do. I am sure Jeremy has been paying you well for your service."

"That's where you are wrong." I tell her and then I feel a presence behind me.

I turn to face Mitch's concerned expression. "Is everything alright?" He glances warily at Sav, his stone expression telling me fully well of his mistrust.

I nod at him. I can handle Sav on my own. He frowns, unsure by my expression.

"Oh, I get it now. He must be your body guard. Wow, a bit over the top just to protect a whore." Sav mumbles, sniggering to herself.

Mitch's stance freezes as he glares daggers at Sav, her blatant comment going unmissed by his ears.

I move towards him, putting my hand in his arm.
"She's just an old friend, Mitch."

He doesn't believe my lie as he scowls deeply. He doesn't say anything, however, as he accepts my lie and retreats.

I turn back to Sav. "As I was saying--"

"Stop. You're lying, he has paid you money, probably a lot."

"Sav, my relationship with Jeremy is not like that. I am not his whore as you proclaim and misguide me to be." I speak calmly which is rather surprising considering the annoyance and impatience brimming inside me.

That makes her hesitate for a moment. She narrows her eyes at me and I can tell there's belief in them. "So you'd rather me spilling to the paps, because I will do it, Leyla. Don't for a second fool me because I know he's at least given you money."

Impatience has slowly made its way. "Go ahead, Sav. Go and spill to the paparazzi. Don't for a second dare threaten me. I don't care how desperate you are but something tells me they won't believe you anyhow. Do you even know how powerful Jeremy is?"

My outburst surprises her as he moves back slightly. She swallows, obviously waned by how

dominantly calculating my voice sounded. I don't care at this moment. I feel good at standing up for myself. My annoyance at her seriously had peaked. How dare she actually try to blackmail me? Her of all people.

She presses her lips. "They'll believe me. They're paparazi right. They feed on this sort of stuff." She falters. Obviously, this hadn't gone according to her plan. Somehow, I had feeling she'd wanted Jeremy's money.

Somehow, I had a feeling it wasn't even her doing, I had feeling someone had corrupted her to come here to blackmail me. Someone like Devon.

A sense of pity washes over me for her. "Sav..."

She senses my tone and frowns. She begins rubbing her arms around her body as if it's a

nervous gesture.

"Sav?"

"What?" She starts breathing in pants, barely managing to stand up straight. What is happening to her?

"Sav, are you okay?" My voice is filled with concern.

She seems out of it. Her eyes lids begin to twitch uncontrollably as her fingers scratch her arms. And before I even know it, she's balling down, heaves of tears streaming endlessly from her eyes.

Her mouth is moving, forming incoherent words but I just manage to make out what she's saying before I hear the tell-tale sound of the door indicating a customer entering.

"Stupid bitch!" A menacingly familiar voice sounds behind me.

Julie, Hilly, Effie even Mitch are beside me in a moment at the scene taking place, in fact the whole cafe is watching.

"Is she having a seizure--?"

"Somebody call a doctor--!"

"Leyla--"

"What's he doing?"

I hear all the voices behind me as I am crouching down in Sav's level trying to ascertain her state of

discomposure. Then I feel firm hands grabbing my arm and pulling me roughly away.

I spin around and watch dumbfounded as Devon curse profanities at Sav who barely seems to be able to breathe. He roughly grabs her arm and she jerks up at him as he starts dragging her out of the cafe.

"Hey!" I shout as I follow and everyone follows behind me.

But we all stop as the ambulance and police patrol the parking lot, blocking exit for Devon whose scathing grip is on Sav's disoriented form. I watch the panic seizing him slightly as one of the paramedics approach them and take a hysterical Sav from his grip, guiding her through to be consoled in the ambulance.

For a moment, I want to go to her, with her. But a voice tells me it isn't my place. I watch the suspicious looks the police men give Devon as he enters the ambulance also. Somehow, I get a feeling that they must know of his business with those girls.

Minutes later, the ambulance and Police retreat away from the lot. And silence fills in the cafe for mere seconds before it erupts again with voices and activity.

"What happened?" Julie asks me and I have all four eyes gazing at me curiously. Even though Mitch is discretely spaced away, I know he's listening.

"You guys were having a heated conversation one minute and then she starts having a panic attack." Julie continues.

I am still stunned at what has just happened, that I absentmindedly say, "She was trying to blackmail me but it didn't go according to her plan."

"What?!" Julie is frantic and Mitch's face turns hard as stone. His jaw twitches.

"Long story short, I think the man with her was the one who forced her to."

"Forced her?" Hilly chips in.

"I don't understand, Leyla--"

"You can tell by what she was wearing Jules, what do you think I mean?" I cut her off.

Realisation dawns on her features and Mitch's hard

face glowers at the floor.

"Figures," Effie says after a moment of silence. "I smelt prostitution the minute she stepped in the café."

"Wait...wait a damn minute, Leyla?" Julie holds her hands up, confusion setting in.

"How exactly do you know her and what do you mean by forced her?"

"I'm not sure, but I think he has some sort of hold on her and not only her. I have a feeling the police knows about his 'business'." I shift in my feet, frowning momentarily.

At this moment, I wished Jeremy was here. He'd comfort me and reassure me not to worry about

anything. I fold my arms around me. I need to talk to him, to tell him what happened.

"Wow," Hilly says shaking her head. "That is lot of baggage, I did hear of something like that happening, but then it was at the other part of town, no one dares to go there."

Julie is still in a state of confusion.

"You have a lot of explaining to do." She whispers to me. As everyone else leave for their stations, I take note of how my shift is ending.

"I know, but not right now. I just want to go home and shed this off my mind."

She looks at me with a concerned expression.

"Okay. Tomorrow."

I nod at her as move toward the changing room. Afterwards, Mitch leads me to the car and we drive off to J eremy's house. His face is still hard as stone and I can tell he's angry.

"Mitch?" I look at him through the review mirror, probing his eyes with my glance.

"I'm sorry." I tell him. I know with my futile attempts earlier to not involve him has somehow insulted his job description.

His face loosens for a moment. "You have nothing to apologise for, Leyla."

"I do. I know it's your job to protect me."

He presses his lips.

"And I know, you can handle just about anything, learning from this previous example." He smiles reluctantly.

I give him a small smile. "Not anything."

He shakes his head but smiles anyhow.

When we get home, I don't realise how exhausted I am until I'm at Jeremy's bedroom looking at his bed longingly.

It isn't until I realise that I have napped for two hours until I hear a familiar ringtone pulling me from my dreary sleep. My eyes barely adjust to catch Jeremy's face popping in the screen before I answer.

"Hi." I say.

"Hi." His voice is grim as if he's exhausted.

I can't help the rush of warmth running through me, increasing my heart rate just by hearing him.

"You sound as if you just woke up." He comments.

"I have. Long day."

"Yeah?" He snorts.

I frown at my phone.

"Why didn't you call me?" He sounds worried.

"I...I slept. When I got home I didn't realise I was exhausted and I just forgot. I'm sorry."

He takes a deep cleansing breath.

"I was worried."

"I know."

"And angry. Someone was threatening you, Leyla. That's my worst fears realised."

"She didn't exactly threaten me, it was more like blackmail."

"Blackmail?!" He breathes sharply.

"With what?"

"Remember the night you met me?" I sit up, leaning against the pillows.

"Yes. What about it?"

I take a deep breath and then tell him everything. About meeting Sav and Monica even Devon; seeing them again yesterday, and again today. I tell him all that was said all the way down to my suspicions about her being forced to blackmail me by Devon.

Jeremy listens attentively on the other end of the phone.

"I'm coming home today." He says, his voice strained of emotion.

"Jeremy, you can't drop your work, really it's

nothing."

He groans. "Nothing? Leyla I won't have it, someone tried to blackmail you, who knows what else they could've planned just to get my money." His voice strangles at the end and I imagine him fearing the worst.

"They didn't. I don't think they would have. Anyhow, I made it clear for her and I think the police are suspicious of him."

"Damn right, they should. The fucker needs to be locked in bars for what he does!"

"I know. But I am fine, everything is fine. So no talk of coming home with your work unfinished."

He breathes exasperatedly on the other end but I

sense his smile.

"You sure you're fine though?"

"Yes and I'll be better when you come home safe and soundly tomorrow."

He breathes sharply. "I love the sound of that"

"What?" I ask.

"Home. It gives me hope Leyla, when you say home. I want to make a home with you."

My heart lurches and I swoon inwardly.

"So no temporary stay until I figure it out?"

"Do you really think, for one second, that I'll let you get your own place after what we've shared?"

"Maybe. A tiny bit." I confess.

"I'm telling you right now, I'm never letting you go."

"Jeremy, my home is wherever you are." I admit.
Giving him another small confession.

I can feel him grinning. "I can't wait to get back. I miss you too much, the next time I have a trip you're coming with me. No arguments."

I grin too, my heart lurching. "Okay."

"You'll allow it?" He sounds incredulous.

"Yes. I'll allow it." I grin.

I feel him grinning too and at that moment, I want to tell him. I want to pour my heart and soul to him. But saying it through the phone didn't sound much effective.

That's when I vow to tell him when he gets back. Yes, I am not afraid anymore. I'll tell him. If he doesn't say it back, I won't mind because I have enough love for him and for the both of us.

"I'll let you get back to your sleep, baby." He says.

"Okay." I swoon, his endearment never failing to send a warm shiver through me.

"I'll see you tomorrow evening."

"I can't wait."

"Me too."

"Night, J eremy."

"Night, baby."

I hang up, my heart pounding irrevocably fast as I grin in the darkness of the room. I go over my day and soon drift off, wondering what tomorrow may bring.

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To be continued.....

Few chapters to go....

Anticipate

[03/07, 07:45] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE THIRTY NINE

SEMI- FINAL

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LEYLA'S POV

I enter the café again the next morning and Mitch takes his usual seat at the corner while I head for the changing room. I find Julie there, grasping what looks like a newspaper. The fact that she doesn't see me shows how heavily engrossed she is in the paper.

"Morning, Julie." I greet her and she barely lifts her head to acknowledge me.

"What's that?" I ask as I change from my casual clothes to cafe uniform.

"Hmm?"

I frown and once I finish dressing, I move over to her to see what it is that has her so intrigued.

I see an image of Devon on the front page, with a caption saying, "Drug smuggler/ dealer/ Prostitution associate gets jailed". What's more shocking is how there's a lot of pictures on the front page of him doing all of the accused illegal activities in the caption. It's those pictures alone that lead me to think that somehow he has been known by the police for a while.

Julie finishes reading the last chapter and then with a grave face, hands me the paper. I begin reading. Apparently, the cops have had tabs on him for a while, with an undercover questioning anyone who knew him. They all said the same thing. "Getting involved with Devon, is like offering your life on a plate to him".

The undercover was able to take photos of him doing all those illegal dealings and it was with those evidence that he was brought to justice.

There's a lot of unidentified people having word against him but most importantly, "Savannah Samuels, 27, who was recently hospitalised due to "anxiety attack", has managed to spill every tad bit of evidence against him." Once I finish reading, I try to swallow the bile in my throat.

So that's it then. I won't be seeing either of them from now on. I think, with relief flooding my system. I look over at Julie who's pressing eyes haven't left me since I began reading.

"Leyla please, please, tell me you weren't involved with him?"

"What, no. No." I tell her horrified at the thought.

"Then how exactly did you know them?" She asks.

I sigh as I sit myself next to her on the bench. It's about time I tell her. I mean it's not like it's gonna kill anyone. I considered Julie as one of my great friends. She deserved to know the truth.

It's with that final thought that I begin to tell her everything. Starting with being at the lowest point of

my life, to meeting Greta and having to deal with her demands. I also tell her how I met Sav along with Monica and Devon the same night I met Jeremy. I tell her why Sav was here yesterday trying to blackmail me, and then my suspicious of Devon being the one that coerced her into it.

I also tell her how despite all the bad things that have happened in my life Jeremy is the only one that has made me see that there is truly a silver lining behind every dark cloud. When I finish, Julie looks at me with a new emotion. I see tears brimming in her eyes and she takes my hands and squeezes them.

"Gosh, and you say Hilly is strong." She comments.

I snort but smile anyhow. "I'm not strong." I protest.

"Oh Ley, you are. After all you've been through." A

lone tear escapes from her eye.

"Julie," I wipe the tear which is now making my own tears come. "Don't cry for me. It's all in the past."

"I can't help it. I wish I'd met you sooner, maybe I could have prevented some things."

I shake my head and hug her. "Thank you. But I believe all that's happened has been for a reason. I thank God everyday, for letting me meet Jeremy."

She laughs and release me from the hug. "I thank him too. Jeremy better love you as much as you do."

Worry pools my face.

"You have to tell him, Ley." She squeezes my hand.
"You never know he might just say it first."

I shake my head.

"Don't be stubborn about it, in fact I have feeling he's just as stubborn. If you both don't get to it, you'll leave me no choice but to intervene."

I giggle, however doubt soon wipes my smile away.
"Do you really think he might love me?"

She stares at me as if I'm out of my mind. "Leyla, what I saw two weeks ago, when he looked at you was pure adoration. He must love you to look at you like that."

I shake my head, however, a small smile forms in my features at the possibility. I truly missed him, so

much so that I feel like a part of my limb is missing without him.

"I miss him."

"I know." She smiles knowingly. "When will he be back?" She asks as she gets up from the bench.

"I think today evening, I'm not sure but I can't wait."

"And you'll tell him then?"

I take a deep breath. Yes when I see him tonight, I will tell him. I didn't care anymore; I loved him so much to not wait telling him. And so with that, I nod in response at Julie.

Her face cracks into a heart splinting smile. Then

she makes a squealing noise. "When you've told him, call me, you have to tell me the details." She grins.

I giggle again as I get up from the bench too. While we make our way to the cafe, for that splitting moment, I have a glimpse of what I missed out, having a girlfriend to swoon over guys with. It's refreshing and I am glad for Julie's enthusiasm.

As usual, the café isn't as busy and without customers as a distraction, I spend most of the hours, worrying, and contemplating my impending declaration of love to Jeremy. It's nerve-wracking and at the same time thrilling to think that in probably a few hours he will be back and hopefully safe and sound.

I can't wait to see him. Even though I am excited, I can't help but feel agitated because since last night, Jeremy hasn't contacted me. All various scenarios

are playing in my head at why he has failed to contact me. And all of them are worse kind of thoughts.

"Stop staring at your phone every five second Leyla, seriously. He's probably still in his plane. He will call. Stop worrying." Julie tells me after my constant ramble of outspoken concerns of why I haven't heard from him.

"You're right, you're right. He's probably still in the plane." I say out loud, more to reassure myself.

I shove my phone down in my pocket, away from my constant reach and then allow myself to become attentive at the going in and out of the café life.

Lunch time flees and the café becomes a dead zone as the hours goes. There are virtually no customers

except for Mitch who's sitting patiently by the corner, the local newspaper in his hands.

Hilly and Effie are being entertained by Effie's son the other side. And Julie is busy wiping the islands while I sit in one of the stools, repeating to myself not to look at my phone.

However by late noon, we are greeted by an unexpected and yet very much welcomed surprise.

"Damn, who died?" Matthew walks into the café frowning at the emptiness of it.

Instantly I hear Julie's sharp intake of breath, telling me just how affected she is by his presence. But he doesn't come alone. Behind him, there's a small fragile looking woman, probably in her late forties however looking at her, she may be thirty five or less.

The chestnut brown curls of hair trail down to her shoulders and there are no traces of silver or gray hair whatsoever. But what catches my attention the most are her eyes. Strong, vibrant blue surrounded by streaks of gray. Her eyes bring out the whole of her features and as I look at her, I can't quite help but see a face that has been nagging at the back of my head since morning.

With that, I internally guess that the woman I'm staring at must be Jeremy and Matthew's mother. Pulling myself out of my thoughts, I allow myself to get off the stool to greet them with one of my tentative smiles.

"Matthew, what a surprise, what brings you here?"

"Oh you know, was just around, thought I'd greet you with my presence." He smirks and winks,

however I am glad that his mood is playful and not as predatory as he's been before.

I think we've past that when we last spoke. I'm still glad for his informality though.

"This is her?" The woman behind him speaks with a soft thrill voice.

I shift my gaze from him to her. The moment she speaks is the moment when Matthew realises that he didn't come alone. He smiles knowingly at the woman whom is appraising me with an appreciative stare.

"Ah, mom. Yes, that's Leyla. The one you've been asking about." He chuckles to himself.

"Leyla, I'd like you to meet my mom, Doreen

Lawson."

All the hairs on my skin stand with attention as the nerves finally kick in my system. Holy crap, this is actually their mother. I am finally meeting Jeremy's mother but through his brother.

I clear my throat, quickly remembering myself and then thrust my hand forward for her to shake it. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs Lawson."

As soon as my words come out, I realise how shaky my voice sounds. All I am thinking of is what exactly is she seeing in me because she hasn't stopped staring at me, even through Matthew's greeting.

However after my pleasantries, the woman's face breaks into a full blown smile. She takes my hand and firmly shakes it. So firmly that it's surprising

how such strength can come out from such a small woman.

Her height is alarming. It makes me wonder, how such a petite woman had been able to breed such gigantic brothers, well in this case, just Jeremy since she wasn't Matthew's birth mother.

Nonetheless, they both were hovering on six foot and four inches tall and the poor woman looked to be only five foot five. I am startled out of my reverie when a soft laughter erupts from her mouth.

"Please you don't have to be so formal with me, Leyla, just call me Dory. It's nice to finally meet the girl who's caught my son's attention so much that he has thrice failed to acknowledge that he has a mother."

I open my mouth and then close it as I am rendered speechless. The knowing smile forms in her lips.

"He was going to bring me to meet you this Saturday." I mumbled, intimidated by her smile as I try to defend Jeremy.

"Oh I know that, dear." Her eyes crinkle. "I just couldn't wait to finally meet you, so I had to coerce my other son here, and see if he knew of this mysterious lady that has infatuated Jeremy."

I look at Matthew as she mentions him, and his lips are twisted in amusement, he winks at me and then soon leaves us, his attention now at the island where Julie is currently trying her best to ignore us. I turn back to the woman who's now staring expectantly at me. Her constant warm smile is so disarming that I find myself relaxing in her presence.

"So tell me -- now I don't mean to be so forward -- what exactly are you doing here?" She asks,

frowning slightly at the café.

I frown too at her question. What did she mean?

"I'm sorry." I excuse myself. "I don't quite understand."

"I mean why are you here working, Leyla? You're quite young you should be in college."

"Oh."

Her expectant gaze is regarding me again.

"Well, I should be in school, I know. But due to... well certain predicaments, I haven't had the opportunity to go to college."

She smiles shrewdly. "Don't worry Leyla you don't have to tell me everything. I already know. Jeremy has informed me of your situation in life, which brings me to this..."

"Now, I know my son is well too-rich-for-his-own-good if I must say. And since he's so infatuated with you, it gives you a chance to use his money to advantage." She states.

My breath hitches, my cheeks burn angrily. Calm yourself down, Leyla.

But this has to be the third person who's assumed I am with Jeremy for his money. Well get over it. It's not only three people who will think that in future.

"Mrs Laws--"

"Dory." She interjects.

I breathe in. "Dory... I am not with your son because of his money! I work in this café because I believe in self independence. I have been hard wired, since childhood, to not rely on anyone otherwise you're likely to become a burden. So if you think I am with Jeremy because of his money then please, let me assure that that's not the case. At all. I want to earn my own living no matter how small; no matter how many times your son has tried to coerce me into living off his money."

I breathe out, expecting my outburst to have made her angry. However, I'm met with yet one of her unfailing grins.

"I knew it. Its typical of him, really." She says.

Then I frown, not understanding her change of track.

"My son, philanthropic that one." She laughs, shaking her head.

"Jeremy, although a hard shell on the outside, he's so soft and sensitive. He tries to help as best as he can, even in the most unnecessary circumstances. You see he believes with just a few nudges here and there, he can fix everything. Do you know how many charities he has created?"

I shake my head, my breath hitching at this newfound information.

"Ten. You can imagine right. Ten and within those ten, he has spent all most of his time doing the nitty gritty, making sure that all of the money he raises and even donates himself, goes straight to the cause."

I swallow the lump in my throat that has formed because of my ever pounding heart that seems to have lodged somewhere in my bronchus. I don't know if its possible to fall even more in love with a person but at this moment, I did. I really did.

Oh J eremy. Baby, where are you? Why haven't you called me?

"So I am not surprised that he has tried to convince you to live off his money. But then again, I am quite surprised since well you're the first girl he seems to be serious about." She continues.

I gasp. "You know about the escorts?" I blurt out.

She grins. "Darling, nothing goes amiss through this Momma." She smirks.

I giggle suddenly, her grin is totally infectious.

"So this leaves me to my last and final inquiry. I know I've made you uncomfortable with these inquiries but then again I've made a lot of people uncomfortable." She muses.

I can't help my chuckle. This woman is full of surprises. I see why both brothers seem to adore her.

"Do you love my son?" It came so sudden, so unexpected that I'm left rendered not just speechless but motionless too.

"I...I...", I try to coax words out but nothing seems to come out.

I bite my lips and avoid her gaze, but she is giggling

again. I stare at her, she's shaking her head as if unbelieving.

"I knew it! Goodness me, could this day get any better? We have to go now." She grins at me.

Way change of track. This woman was brimming with surprises. Very full of confusing surprises, I think, yet again struck into confusing silence as I let her grab my hand and drag me out.

"Matt darling, you'll be alright by yourself right? I'm taking Leyla to dinner." She says, catching his eyes.

I don't fail to note the hidden knowing glance they shared just then. Then my eyes dart to Mitch whom I've completely forgotten about until now. But instead of prying my arm away from Doreen Lawson who's dragging me to what I assume is her car, he instead courteously opens the back door for us,

smiles at me and grins at Doreen as she gives him her car keys.

Something is off about this scene. How do they know each other and not just know each other but seem to be familiar with one another. I try not to assume too much as curiosity gets the better of me.

"Where are we going?" I have to ask.

"To dinner. You'll see." She grins. I'm beginning to feel quite wary of her smiles at this moment.

"But I was still working. And I'm in my work clothes. I don't think--"

"You look fine and dandy dear, don't fuss." She tells me as she takes one of my hand and squeezes as if she can't quite contain the emotion or is it

excitement inside of her.

Yup. Just flowing with surprises. I think as I watch Mitch drive off from the café to the interstate.

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To be continued.....

What do you think could be happening? Drop your thoughts!

Three episodes today because of yesterday's lack of update. So appreciate by liking, commenting and sharing

Will drop the final tomorrow... Anticipate

[03/07, 07:45] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FORTY

FINAL

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LEYLA'S POV

It seems to me like it's been forever since Mitch started driving until he finally pulls in front of a fancy-never-before-seen restaurant.

The exterior itself screams expensive and to be honest I'm not surprised, since, well, Jeremy is rich and his inheritance comes a little bit more from his parents side rather than his own entrepreneurship, hence Doreen Lawson is also rich.

The woman has been gripping my hand as if her life sorely depended on it. This got me wondering exactly why having dinner with me will be that exciting to her. I mean I'm sure she has friends of some sort that she has dinner with every day, so there really isn't any need to squeal like a teenager because she is finally having dinner with one of her son's date.

But then again to her, it's not like every day she gets to have dinner with one of her son's date, so maybe there is a need for her to be thrilled. I'm pulled out of my thoughts when Mitch opens the door for me and I gladly get out. I stare the building again and once again, I feel like an outcast.

The people entering the restaurant have on fancy expensive, attires and even Doreen herself has on an autumn dress with auburn coloured cardigan, enhancing her youthful looks. And then there is me

in my waitressing clothes. Black trousers with a dark grey "Millie's" logo imprinted t-shirt certainly doesn't go well with an expensive restaurant.

No, this type of restaurant went well with clothes such as cocktail dresses and tuxedos. I wait for Mitch to open the door for Doreen who seems to be in an animated conversation on her phone. From out here looking at her in the car, she looks like she's about to explode with excitement.

She talks for a few moments with whomever on the other line of the phone until she finally gets out. She walks over to me and together, we enter into the insanelly prestigious restaurant.

She clasps her hands together as she walks over to the reservation reception. I sigh as I wait for her but I don't wait too long because it seems like the reservation receptionists knows her and immediately she has a waiter at her side.

I catch the smile the receptionist gives to Doreen then for a slight moment her eyes dart to mine in a knowing glance. That has me suspicious.

Surely.... No Leyla you're over- thinking. I force myself to breathe in calmly and not think of the days I spent with Jeremy in one of the restaurants like this one. The waiter allocates us to a two-seater booth next to a window, where he instantly gives us the menu.

My suspicions rise again when I catch the glance Doreen gives to the waiter followed by a wink afterwards. I clear my throat and that pulls her attention towards me. She gives me her famous grin, but then discreetly checks the time on her silver watch, she frowns slightly. And so I begin by saying what has been nagging since Mitch stopped at this restaurant.

"Dory...I don't think I can afford the food... let alone even supposed to eat here, I mean look at me and look around, I don't belong."

She frowns at me for one fleeting moment. "Now, I have no idea where that came from. Who says you will be paying for the food? And I cannot believe you'll let clothes and even status get to you, I didn't think you'd be self-conscious Leyla."

"Well, its the truth." I tell her.

"Who gives a flying froot, just because you don't have the necessities these kind of people who dine here have. In life Leyla, you can belong anywhere the hell you want. All you have to do is stop caring what society has to say because let's face it our society stinks anyway." She nibbles on a bread stick.

That pulls a smile on my face. I think I am falling

into a trap of admiration for this woman.

"Now stop wallowing cos you deserve to eat here, regardless of how expensive it is." She grins at me.

I grin too as I stare at my menu, deciding what to have when I catch one of J eremy's favourite meal on the menu. Yes, that's what'll have because I miss him.

The thought of J eremy has me pulling out my phone but once again, I'm faced with the disappointing blankness of the screen. No new messages, no missed calls whatsoever.

Surely he must have boarded his flight by now. Where are you J eremy? Please be home safe. I sigh internally just as the waiter comes to take out order. It's that moment when suddenly Doreen flutters with activity.

"Oh gosh! I need to visit the restroom. Excuse me, Leyla, I hope you don't mind me gone off for a few minutes. You know how a woman needs her time," She says.

I swat my hand, laughing, "Of course, I don't mind."

She grins at me, and before she leaves she does something unexpected she pinches my cheek.

"You'll be a great addition to the family," she smiles all motherly at me.

Then off she goes leaving me contemplating her remark. Now exactly where did that come from? I wonder as I wait both for the food and Doreen.

After a few minutes of nibbling on the bread sticks,

she's not back from the restrooms. Surely she doesn't need ten minutes. What exactly is she doing? Nope. Nope I am not gonna try to imagine what she is doing!

Another five minutes later and the food has been delivered on the table, I take note of how we've both ordered the same meal. But there's still no sign of Doreen exiting that damn restroom. Another five minutes and it's been twenty minutes since she left. All scenarios are palying in my head.

Maybe she got lost...

No, that's not possible, the signs to where the restrooms are, are clear enough that even a two year old can get there by themselves. Maybe she got stuck in the toilet. Now that is a scene to behold. I shook my head internally, as funny as that will be, its highly unlikely. Maybe she got abducted whilst going to the toilet.

No I don't think so, if that's the case, her abduction would have caused a scene. Maybe she met a hot hot model toy boy and now they're driving in his motorcycle to the next state, completely forgetting about me. Definitely not likely.

Maybe she met a friend and they were catching up, not realising the time. Yeah, this one is plausible. I am in verge of standing up to get her when the music starts.

I stop in my tracks as I listen. The music sounds familiar, a song I've heard before somewhere...where? One of Jeremy's playlist!

Yes, that's where I've heard this song, in fact I even so have the song on my phone. Oh yes, its clear now. Dust to Dust by The civil wars. I look around me in search of where the music is coming from,

but nothing is in sight.

But it can't be from a track list. The instruments sound as if they're being played right now at this moment, not from a CD track. The people around are enthused at the addition to the music but are not interested enough to want to know where the source is from as they continue with their meals.

But I'm anxious. This song not only belongs to one Jeremy's playlists, we've made love to it before, repeatedly in fact. My breathing hitches and my heart rate begins its dance as the familiar pull twist between my thighs.

I shake my head instantly, crossing my legs in the process, desperately trying to find out where exactly she music is coming from. Then suddenly, way, way beyond the booths the curtains draw.

I haven't realised that there is a stage in this restaurant until the very exact moment the same band appear on stage, playing Jeremy's song. It's not only me who didn't realise there is additional space in the room because the whole restaurant is straining their necks to catch a glimpse of the band. But from where I am sitting, I have the perfect crystal view to the stage.

The woman who's singing catches my eye and winks at me. I gasp for two reasons.

One, being my moment of awestruck at seeing the band live.

Two, being the fact that she winked at me.

Winked at me!

As I sit in my seat with my mouth agape I can't help but feel confused at the same time.

I want to get out of my seat and find Doreen wherever she has disappeared to, but something -- a pull maybe -- is rooting me right back at my seat.

Then suddenly...

"...let me in the walls you built around..." a soft sultry familiar voice sings at my ear. My head wipes around suddenly... and there he is.

Heart palpitations, Panty breaths, shaking hands. Jeremy is here! He is here and he's singing to me! Singing to me! Oh gosh, I think I might just faint.

"...we can light a match and burn it down..." His voice so sexy voice, I might just combust.

My breath hitches and he grins as he moves closer to me.

"...let me hold your hand and dance 'round and 'round the flames..." He takes both of my hands and pulls me up flush against his front.

His arms spread around my waist and I tentatively wrap my arms around his neck and shoulder. And soon enough we are dancing to the song. His song. Our song.

"...Dust to Dust..." He sings in my ear and I instantly melt against him.

I've missed this man! Without sharing words, we silently dance to our song until it trails off to an end.

Even with it finishing, J eremy doesn't let go of me and I give no indication of wanting to pry my hands off him either. With my eyes closed, and my face pressed against his chest, I sigh contently, feeling at peace despite my raging hammering heart which reflects his own thudding chest against my cheeks.

It must be true what they say when they tell you 'absence makes a heart grow fonder'. I have never felt like I could literally take off right at this second and fly to oblivion, now that I'm finally in the arms of the man I love. Once the music has finally stopped, we both stop swaying to stare at each other.

"Hi." He grins. "S urprise."

I don't realise I have tears in my eyes until his face becomes a blurry mess.

"J eremy." I throw myself at him, resting my head in

the crook of his neck.

"Hey...hey why are you crying?" He releases me, wiping the tears from my eyes.

"I'm just so happy to see you... alive and well...and safe... and do you have any idea how worried sick I've been since morning because you didn't call or even text me to tell me you travelled safely!" My joy turns to an angry outburst.

A small smirk forms in his face, his lovely beautiful breathtakingly sexy face.

"Baby, all that matters is that I'm here now, alive, well and... safe." He grins.

The last of my tears fade as I try not to let his infectious grin get to me.

"Why didn't you call me back?" I ask, trying to be angry at him which ends up being a fail since I can't stay mad at him when I'm just so damn glad he's back safe and sound.

"I had to. It was all part of the surprise plan." He tells me.

"I thought something had happened--Dammit! Jeremy, I miss you!" I can't hold it back any longer.

I grab hold of the back of his hair and pull him down to my awaiting lips. The moment our lips touch, millions of sparks, a lot more than before ignite the fire that's already flaring deep inside my chest, the feeling hovering there for a bit before travelling everywhere else in my body.

The groan that escapes from his throat is disarming

as it sends vibrations through my lips. The instant that happens is when I gasp, parting my mouth, allowing his tongue to dance with mine. It feels like I'm melting from the kiss, my limbs becoming all languid and gooey and Jeremy's hand becomes the only source of my steadiness.

"Good God... I've missed you too damn much!" He groans afterwards pecking my lips before drawing away.

"You feel that?" He pulls me closer to him so that I feel his pressing arousal at my abdomen. Just by feeling how aroused he is, makes me even wetter below.

"That's the evidence of how much I want to take you right here... right now..." He trails huskily

I am so very glad that the second song being played

by the band is loud enough to drown out my moan of pleasure.

"Imagine that, Leyla." He breathes, moving a hand to my chin, his thumb brushing the lower part of my lip.

"Me inside you right now...pummelling you so hard and yet so slow, showing you just much I've really missed you?"

"S-stop, please," I cry, stuttering, feeling the effects of his words right between my thighs.

"You...you can't. Jeez, Jeremy we are in a restaurant. I'm sure people are watching." I state my reason but with his thumb brushing my lip like that... well let's say it's becoming incredibly difficult to see reason.

He chuckles. "Look around, Leyla, we are not the

only ones showing appreciation to The civil Wars' music by dancing."

That's when I finally realise that a few other couples have taken our example by sway-dancing to themselves beside their booths. It's this moment of clarification that I realise just how oblivious I've been to the whole restaurant since my eyes laid on Jeremy.

"You see." He smirks that sexy sly smile that leave a trail of fluttery spasm in my stomach. "No one is paying attention to us."

I shake my head but soon enough my face splits into full a blown grin. "Still, even though no one is paying attention. I wouldn't let you." I tease.

"Really?" He feigns surprise. "Well that's a challenge I'd like to accept." He leans closer, his eyes staring

predatorily towards my lips.

"N-No--" My protest obliterates into nothingness the moment his lips touches mine.

He nibbles on my lower lip until I can't even think of anything but how much I want him at this moment.

"That's not fair." I breath as soon as I manage to break free.

"I didn't say that I'll play fairly." He gathers me into a hug, his nose buried into my hair.

"I want to live in this moment for a lifetime." He tells me.

My heart expands at his words. "I won't mind that

too."

"I won't leave you again. Leyla, I can't bear it. I felt like a lost ghost in New York. All I kept thinking of was coming home to you."

I grin at his chest. "How was it anyway? Did everything go accordingly?" I ask.

"New York was okay, just fine and dandy. I'm not going to lie though, everything would have been fantastic if you've been with me."

I break away to show my grin. "As long as you are with me, Jeremy, I won't care where we are."

He caresses my cheek but then something about his words before finally rings in my head. Fine and dandy. Where have I heard that before?

"Shit!" I curse instantly.

That startles him. "What?"

"Your mother...did I mention I met her today...well I'm supposed to be eating now with her but she disappeared!"

Jeremy looks at me for one moment before bursting out with laughter.

"What? It isn't funny."

"I'm laughing at you... you've never had much surprises, have you?" That pales him as he frowns.

"I know you met my mother, love." He smiles, his

new endearment sending an electrocution to my heart.

"She disappeared because we planned this. Well more or less she did. She wanted to meet you today and also to throw you a surprise since I was coming back today. That's why I didn't call you all day, so that you'll think maybe I wasn't even coming until later... I'm sorry for worrying you though." He kisses my nose.

"She coerced you into coming here to have dinner with her, when in fact she was bringing you here... to me." He kisses my right cheek next.

Now everything made sense, her excitement, the subtle looks with the employees here even with Matthew. I now understood their knowing glances. They had known!

"I got the band here for you, love." He kisses my left cheek.

"I wanted to surprise you but also to tell you something..." the corner of my lips now, dangerously close to my lips.

"Tell me...what?" I ask even though I somehow have an slight idea of what it is.

"To tell you that, since the first time I saw you, you had me hooked from then on. And not just physically but mentally and spiritually too... I love you, Leyla..." He kisses me but so briefly and chastely before he gets down on one knee.

I hear the gasps people close to us but all I can think of are those three little magically words he's just uttered. He loves me!

"Baby, this isn't a proposal because I know if I propose to you right now, we'll end up having an argument... so before you even say anything..." He digs into his trouser pocket and produces a purple velvety covered box, so similar to the one he'd given me before that held my credit card and the necklace I've never taken off from my neck.

I gasps as he opens the box, and there... sitting ominously oppressing, is a diamond coated, platinum gold ring sparkling so temptingly at me.

"Leyla, I'm producing this ring unto you right now as a promise...a promise that I will be there for you through your quest to find your dream, that I'll be there not just as a friend to you but as a lover." His voices goes huskier than it already was. I think I have literally stopped breathing.

"...I'll be there remaining faithful to you, observant to your needs and wants, obedient to your demands...

and even if we may argue through it all, at least by the end of having had crazy make-up sex, I'll get to hold you afterwards, to reassure you that I'm still crazy over you."

I let out a splattering laughter through the tears that are now streaming down my face.

"...I want to be your everything, Leyla, to provide for you and care for you to make up for all the loss you've gone through. I want a life with you...and this ring right now stands as a promise to that future. When the time is right, you'll have to tell me so that I can propose to you in any way you want and finally marry you to make you mine forever."

The harder I'm trying to breathe the more of my breaths are becoming shorter. "So what do you say?" He looks up expectantly up at me, his blue-grey eyes glistening slightly.

It's those disarming eyes that coax to me to my reaction. In a fluttery of movements, I find myself kneeling in front of him and seconds later I'm throwing myself at him.

"I love you too. God, I love you so much..." I cry in his neck.

"So is that an assent?" He asks tentatively, releasing me to gauge my reaction.

"Yes it is. I want a life with you, Jeremy, these past four days I've tried not to go insane because of missing you that much."

"You and me both, my love..." He kisses me, pecking my lips, chin, and moving down to my neck

"...me and you both." He murmurs in my neck. "I'm so glad I finally let that out. It's been eating me for days."

I giggle and he sighs at that. "I love you, Jeremy Lawson."

"And I love you just as much, Leyla Levy, maybe even more."

That's brings out another giggle.

"So what now?" I ask when he doesn't let me go from his arms.

"Well, first we get up from the floor, we eat... go home and then I'll express to you just how much I love you...have missed you for these past few days"

I grin at him as I let him get me off the floor. "That sounds just about fine and dandy with me."

"I know it does." He smirks before planting his lips against my own.

"Can't wait till we get home." I say as I sit down to my awaiting food.

"Can't wait till you're my wife." He grins at me from the other table.

And although he doesn't know it yet, I couldn't wait for the same thing.

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THE END

Gosh gosh, I'm literally shedding tears right now

Finally, the story is over but anticipate for the epilogue

[03/07, 07:46] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FORTY ONE

EPILOGUE

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LEYLA'S POV

7 years later

"Have you checked in with security?" I ask Mrs Gilbert, a quiet sweet old woman, kind enough to

have wanted to do this; to take care of the children all the way through the holidays.

"Yes," she nods vigilantly.

"And the food and presents? Is there enough for everyone?" I ask her even though I made sure there was, but its always good to double check.

"Yes, ma'am, quite enough. The children shan't ever be hungry again." Mrs Gilbert says.

I smile." I know. I hope not." I say as I begin to pack the files into my briefcase.

"Let me help you, ma'am." Mrs Gilbert offers. And even though I've mentioned time and time for her to stop referring in such term, she still insists.

However, I have learnt to ignore the awkwardness of it and the fact that she is about twenty years older, so I am the one who's supposed to be calling her ma'am not the other way around.

I let her help pack the stuff I will need for next two week holiday. When every important document has been shoved in my briefcase along with packing the contents which belonged in my accessory bag, Mrs Gilbert then begins to tidy up my desk, despite my protests.

"Thank you." I reluctantly let her. And the woman just smiles warmly at me.

"I should be the one thanking you. Ever since you came here, a lot has changed and for the better too. Goldings Orphan Home hasn't been this merrier before, the excitement rallies in the children, they're very grateful."

I grin, her remark filling with much warmth inside. Of course she speaks the truth. When I was presented with this Home, I was appalled at the lack of staff, the impoverishment of the children and mostly the condition the building was in.

I started working on it instantly the next day and I didn't rest until everything was in set; until I made sure that the needs of the children we met, as well as improving the staff and the building, because then the Home could focus on the more important issue and that was aiding those poor, unfortunate children.

So to hear Mrs Gilbert's words, well she has just made my day brighter. I know the time isn't in my hands because its almost evening and I'm expected to be home safe and sound for this Christmas eve, but I just can't yet leave without making sure everything will be set for the fortnight of my

absence.

I linger a little bit longer in my quaint but warm small office gifted to me by Sir Lord Golding himself, the founder of this establishment. He is one of the most respected man whose philanthropic heart has him doing all things for the good of others. Since his retirement, he's spent his time dedicated in opening and creating charities works all around the globe, for the benefits of children.

That's where he met Jeremy, at one of the social events. Since I graduated college few years back, I have had my heart set on children. For the few months after my graduation, I had decided to teach preschool children, but soon had to quit the position when I fell pregnant. That was when I decided from then on, I would be a dedicated mother.

I didn't want a nanny prior to Jeremy's insistence, I wanted to experience motherhood and all of its up

and downs. So I quit work for a while and became a temporary housewife, until last month when Jeremy told me about Sir Lord Goldings and how he was looking for someone to rejuvenate one of his Homes since it had become neglected when the previous manager had quit.

The home had been neglected for a year without Sir Lord Goldings's knowledge since he was out of the country with other projects. When he returned and found out, well, let's say he wasn't too happy about it.

Jeremy told him about me, and one thing led to another and so here I am: the manager of this home. Jeremy knows about my dream to have my own Homes and so he thought this will be a great experience before he could actually gift me with my very own.

Even though he consistently acknowledges how I

am very much capable of handling everything, I still want to experience handling it first. This Home, at first, proved to be a challenge but by the love I continued to get from the staff and children, well I am becoming too attached to want to leave it.

"Ma'am, its half past six." Mrs Gilbert pulls me out of my reverie. I instantly snap to attention and inwardly cuss at the time.

Giving her one last goodbye, I head out of my office, greeted and farewell by a few staff I happen to pass by and then I exist the Home, smiling at the new rejuvenated building as I make for my car at the parking lot.

I locate my Ferrari, one of my many gifts from my doting husband, Jeremy. This car had been my nineteenth birthday gift. The first birthday I spent with him, also the first birthday I actually felt was a truly celebrated birthday.

As I drive my old car, feeling whimsical about it, I recount the past seven years of my life with J eremy.

Boy, has it been a long rollercoaster ride. I remember his promise, and I smile as I remember how hard he truly tried to give me space instead of demanding me to marry him instantly. I had worked for a month at Millie's before quitting to enrol in college, all by J eremy's influence of course.

Those college years were the hard ones: even though the college was the best in the state we were in, J eremy still didn't like the hours of separation. I had insisted at first that I drive everyday myself for a hundred miles but he didn't see the end of it. He practically had Mitch glued to my car every morning for the journey.

With that arrangement finally settled, the next

problem was compromising the hours I spent at school as well as with him. That was when Jeremy hauntingly decided to rent an apartment near the school for us, since he couldn't stand only having me at night and not all day, because within those night, I would be tired from the work and the four hour drive of going and coming back from the college.

As I recall this, my grin spreads on my face. I probably look like an idiot grinning to myself in my car. We had celebrated our first year anniversary together in that apartment he rented. It was that first year when Jeremy began to be much insistent on us marrying. Of course, he tried to keep to his promise that I would be the one to tell him when I was ready, but it never stopped him from grumbling and nagging until I finally consented.

We married after six months of our first anniversary in Jeremy's old home. Of course, it was Doreen's

influence to coerce us into using the house for the ceremony. She made all the arrangements and I never complained through it all, I was actually glad someone would do all the dirty work.

So we had a small ceremony with few of our friends to witness it. Julie had been my maid of honour since our friendship blossomed into more like being sisters rather than close friends: I adored her and she me. Hilly, Effie and a few friends I had made at college had insisted being the bridesmaids.

Matthew had been the best man. Once both brothers had finally sat down together and talked after so many years, they became virtually inseparable afterwards. Doreen has been so grateful to me ever since.

Most of Jeremy's friends were present and since I had only my fellow waitresses and my college friends, the ceremony had been mostly dominated

by huge names and faces which you only saw in magazines and television.

We spent our honeymoon travelling the continents of Europe, Asia and some parts of Africa. So it virtually became a three month honeymoon. After long nights in various parts of the world, we couldn't wait to get back home and finally start our life together as man and wife.

Life from then on hasn't been sweeter. Even through occasional volcanos and earthquakes in our relationship, I find myself even more at bliss with my life. Each day, I'm more surprised at how much I still grow to love my husband and our little family.

As I pull unto a familiar road, that same giddiness returns to me every time I think of home.

With the security key, I open up the gates that will lead me to the small road surrounded by ubiquitous army of now snow coated trees, draped with Christmas lights. I drive this arch ringed road until I spot the mansion I had first been introduced to that one night Jeremy had turned my life around, the night after finding out that Matthew was his big brother.

Those were bittersweet days where I was full of anxiety for my future and yet here I am; now parking behind the lines of cars I know belong to my family and friends. I go into the house that I now call my own.

However, before I enter the mansion, I stand in the snow and glance at the window which shows one of the living room parlours... and boy is it occupied.

By the huge couch sits familiar faces, Jack and Nicole are amongst the party in the couch. The

sight of them reminds of those days when I first got to know J eremy. I remember the hostility Nicole had given me at first meeting since she'd been friends with J eremy's previous lover, Cassie --Lord knows whatever happened to her. But according to Nicole she had fled the states with a new lover; she has ceased to hear from her, but I doubt Nicole is going to rehash that relationship with her.

I spot a few of J eremy's close business friends or should I say his 'Buddies'. Four of them are sitting by the other couch obviously discussing business. Matthew is amongst the party and he looks on the men with a serious face.

Since the turn-around of J eremy and Matthew's relationship, J eremy has tried to let Matthew into the company but of course, Matthew still has no interest in running the Laws on Empire. I found out once that Matthew had graduated with a degree in construction and engineering and if he was not

running his restaurant, he was working on adapting his own Construction company.

He started the business a few months back. So him, right now, sitting with those men, well it tells me he's taking a few pointers from them, even though his company is kicking well, prior to his known name.

I then spot a group of women on the far corner of the room by the Christmas tree. The throng consists of my girls. The friends I made at college who have stuck by me since. Of course one of them actually possesses a big name from her marital status to one Jeremy's buddy here. Julie is amongst them too, being the obvious spectator. There's also a new party in the group, Matthew's girlfriend.

I survey Julie's attitude and yes, my best friend is friendly towards the poor girl. Julie and Mathew had dated seven years ago only for two weeks and it

had become obvious that it wouldn't work out when the two realised they were two completely different people, wanting different things. They had parted ways in friendly terms.

Matthew has had a string of on and offs dates with countless women, of course that was until he finally met his match a year or two, maybe three years back. And since then, I've never seen him more loyal to his woman until she came along. But how their relationship came about? ...Well it's their story to tell.

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Second part of the Epilogue coming soon.....
Anticipate

But before then, like, comment and share
[03/07, 07:46] : DON'T HURT ME

I'M A VIRGIN

Rated: +

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EPISODE FORTY TWO

EPILOGUE 2

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LEYLA'S POV

I watch from the window as the group admire and gush over the decorations. Then finally, I spot Doreen seated over by the couch near the fireplace, in her lap she holds a little boy of almost three years of age with huge blue eyes and chubby cheeks, a dazzling toothy grin was spread on his little face. In her lap, the boy sits quietly but restless as he watches the fire with wondering, curious eyes. Doreen smiles adoringly at him and she strokes his mane of curly chestnut brown hair and kisses him

from now and then.

My heart lurches, but I shake my head in disbelief at the sight I see. How Doreen has manage to tame, the usually wild and boisterous boy, who now sits in tranquillity by her lap remains a wonder to me.

As my eyes rack at the sight of my family and friends, I begin straining my neck to look into the whole room so I can finally catch sight of the only person I really want to see after such a long day. I become disappointed by each passing second when I don't catch the familiar dark blue grey eyes -- the eyes that have never failed to disarm me ever since -- and the familiar features of a face whose forehead is now covered by long locks of chestnut brown hair, which in my opinion are needed to be cut very soon.

"Are you going to stand there, gazing through the window like an eaves dropper or are you going to

finally turn away and enter the den, Mrs Lawson?" That same deep sultry voice that churns and wrecks my insides into mush, breaks the silence of the night.

My eyes instantly dart towards the voice and the instant they do, they meet those disarming eyes that hold and trap my gaze. I watch as the figure rises from the swing seat located near the porch and begins to journey towards me.

After seven years, it still amazes how he can still look the same without any trace aging nor any change from the same strong, confident stance he always has. He walks over to me until he stands tall and erect before me. His shadow casting over me from the porch light. The huge coat he's wearing manages to hide how well defined he truly is under it.

"Good evening, Mrs Lawson." He greets me formally

like he has before ever since we exchanged our vows. And so with this usual greeting, I reply with my very own.

"Good evening, Mr Lawson."

He grins at this, the hands at his side twitching to touch me but he refrains. "You're finally home, well after curfew again as usual." Even though his remark is meant to rebuking, the grin still remains in his features.

"I'm not always that late." I protest, trying to put on a frown which ultimately fails since his grin is infectious.

"I had to make sure that arrangements for the children's this holiday will be extra special for them." I argue.

"Yes, I know. The one of many traits I love about you." His hand reaches out to return a free tendril of hair back behind my ear. The contact makes my heart jolt and my skin tingle from where he touches me.

"Now, tell me what were you doing, spying by the window?" He asks, the blue grey of his iris dancing with curious amusement.

I take note of how he hasn't removed his hand from my face, his fingers now trace my cheek. I lean my face towards the hand, closing my eyes.

"I wasn't spying." I reply him, opening my eyes to meet his.

"Then what were you doing?" His voice is laced with curiosity.

"Simply acknowledging the fortune that is my family and friends." I tell him, smiling as my hand finds his other hand and my fingers instantly interlocks with his, finding that I cannot refrain from touching him.

I always craved contact with him especially after a long day. His eyes radiate warmth as he gazes at me, his fingers moving to trace my lips.

"And what do you make of this fortune?" He asks.

"Oh I am very much fortunate indeed. I couldn't have asked for a more glorious life than the one my dear husband has given me." I grin at him.

He chuckles softly, the sound choosing to reverberate down towards my now churning insides. This dose of desire I instantly feel makes me shift closer to him.

He welcomes my body by draping an arm around my waist, whilst the other moves from my face to hold and caress the back of my neck.

"He sounds like a charming man, this husband of yours." He smirks.

"Oh, he is. He's also handsome too in roguish sort of way. But what I love most about him is his heart and how much it has to offer." I smirk back at him.

"Ah, wife of mine, you wound me." He frowns mockingly.

"Wound you? How?"

"By making me love you even more, I didn't know that my heart can have this much love for a person."

"Then I shall have to heal and reassure it that it's not alone in that aspect of loving someone so much it practically hurts." My voice becomes a soft husk because he has abruptly drawn me closer towards him; his face is now inches from mine.

"Leyla, I've missed you all day and I haven't been alone in that."

"I've missed you too, I've missed all--"

I don't get to finish my sentence because suddenly he can't wait any longer to kiss me. The instant he does, complete bliss washes over me. I close my eyes and wrap my arms around him to kiss him back with equal fervour.

We remain in this intimate embrace for a while until the cold wind begins to take its toll by wafting its bitter bite at us. We instantly run to the house,

kissing briefly like teenagers at the now closed door before entering into the company of others, we know once we are there, we won't have this chance again until deep in the night and it's not always guaranteed that we will have it all to ourselves depending if our little boy will really sleep tonight.

Speaking of which, the instant my presence is known among the party in the parlour, everyone greets me warmly with hugs and some with nods but the most boisterous of all is that of my baby boy.

Once he realises that I'm in the room, he struggles out of his Nana's lap and trudges over to me in a flurry of activity that only a two and three quarter year old can manage to achieve.

I grin at the running boy and kneel down to meet him and he flings himself at me, screaming, "Mommy! Mommy is back!"

"Hey, baby boy." I say, lifting him up, grinning at him as I shower his face with kisses.

He grins too, but then he says, "Gross, mommy," as he rubs my lipstick off his face in which the whole party erupts with laughter.

"I miss you." I cannot resist kissing his chubby cheeks again.

He giggles and this time he kisses me back. Looking at him, with those bright blue eyes he only could have inherited from his grandfather and that stunning baby grin which managed to melt your heart every time you looked at him, he was the exact replica of his father.

I move over to a vacant arm chair and sit myself on it with my boy on my lap. Once we are seated he

then begins telling me all about his day; Where 'nana' took him; what he did with 'Uncle Mattie'; how he got to wrap presents with 'Aunt J uyie"; what he and 'Daddy' did; all the way up to meeting everyone here.

I listen attentively, putting my remarks in the right place, kissing his hair, soothing him as well as telling him about my day when he had demanded me to do so. He is almost three and my baby boy not only resembles his father but he's just like him in every way.

My eyes dart in search of the man himself, and I find him conversing with his buddies. He looks back at me the instant my eyes find him. I grin at him and he has that same look of adoration and awe as he watches both me and his son converse.

It's after a while of seating with him that I then realise the excitement of the day has been too

much for my poor boy. His eyes start drooping and his head rested at my chest begins falling to one side. I laugh to myself, adjusting him as I stand up from my seat with intention to put him to sleep.

"No wonder he's been up and running all day, entertaining us in your place," Julie comments with a grin on her face as I pass my friends for a brief chat and wish them a merry Christmas eve.

I wish everyone a merry Christmas eve and then finally make leave, with my little man in arms to his room.

His father follows me, not wanting to miss the daily routine of putting him to bed. Jeremy takes him from my arms and together we head upstairs to his room where we place him in his cot.

The sooner Jeremy puts him down, my little man

springs awake not wanting to miss the day, but his father soothes him to sleep promising him another day full of bountiful playfulness.

A grin plasters on my face, my heart doing its usual dance when I watch father and son bond together. After a few minutes of cooing our boy, he finally succumbs to sleep. Jeremy turns the baby monitor on and together we silently close the door. As Jeremy turns to me, he has a huge grin on his face.

"He wounds me too, every time with pride." He says.

I laugh at his remark, hitting his arm in mock scolding.

"I love him so much, Leyla, even when he throws those tantrums of his. Today has been life affirming for the both of us." Jeremy takes me in his arms and instantly leans down to level with me.

I rejoice in his words, feeling as if I can flap my wings like a proud mother hen. "He is life changing, isn't he?"

"More than so, I can't believe in two months he'll be three. Sometimes, he acts like a three year old but most times it's as if you're talking to an actual intellectual adult who has his own opinions."
Jeremy shakes his head.

"Well, he gets his intelligence from his father." I comment.

Jeremy breathes in sharply before kissing me. "I can never thank you, Leyla for giving me him, for giving me a family; it makes me anticipate for the future in a more hopeful way."

I cannot contain my grin. "And I thank you for

keeping to your promise that first year, then for being too impatient to marry me. Thank you for being there with me, Jeremy, through the ups and the downs, the good and bad. Thank you, for giving me everything I could ever want and need, for giving me this life, for giving me a family when I'd never had one before." I kiss his cheek, followed by the corner of his mouth, then his lips.

He kisses me back, desperately, as if he's a starved man seeking for bread.

"For you Leyla, everything." His eyes shine down at me. "I vowed to give you the world, remember?"

I giggle as I hug him, my face pressing in his chest to feel his thudding heart echoing my own pacing beat.

"But you have given me the world," I tell him.

I feel his smile as he presses his lips in my hair. "I better have, because you deserve it all... now let's go and entertain our friends and family, like good hosts we are."

I giggle again.

"I love you, my wife." He grins as he releases me from our embrace, both of his hands now drawing my face to his.

"And I you, my husband."

And we seal this with one long endearing kiss.

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THE END.

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