

EVERNIGHT PUBLISHING®



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Macie

~ CRAVE AND CLAIMED ~

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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CLAIMING MACIE

Crave and Claimed, 2

Sam Crescent

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Chapter One

Wilson Fitz let himself into the cheap diner, shaking off the cold and snow that had fallen when he'd walked the few feet from his car. The place wasn't too busy, which was a surprise. Considering how many restaurants were in the area, he figured this one would struggle. The food was what kept this place on top. Not the décor, which seemed like it had taken a step down from horror movie land.

The moment he stepped inside, he saw her. The only reason he came to this place. Macie Green sat at the counter, several books spread out, a cup of coffee to one side, and a furrow between her brows.

He should back away, leave this blasted diner, and never see her again. She was way too young. She was twenty-two years old, so sweet, so kind, and the world just kept fucking her over, left, right, and center. Like now, she had been diagnosed dyslexic many years ago. She had opened up to him late one night and told him every single detail of her life. So foolish. She had no idea who he was, or what he wanted to do to her.

Everyone in her life had called her stupid, dumb, and a waste of space. Here she was, working full-time at the diner, and studying at a local college, struggling through. She looked close to tears, and it was like getting punched in the gut.

Rather than turn away from her curvaceous beauty, he took a step toward her, knowing there was no turning back, not now, not ever.

Macie had gotten under his skin. She was all he thought about, and considering he was eighteen years older than her, that said something. He'd never been without female company. Whenever he had the need to fuck, all he ever had to do was call a woman, and she was putty in his hands. It always helped that he was a generous lover.

He loved to fuck, and he did so dirty and hard. Ever since he met Macie three months ago, there hadn't been any other woman in his life or in his bed. The only woman he wanted was Macie.

Sweet, sexy Macie, who would look so good spread out naked, taking his cock. He couldn't decide which part of her he wanted first. Her pussy was high up on that list, but her mouth, the fullness of her lips wrapped around his length, was nearly impossible to deny himself. Then, of course, there was her tight asshole. He doubted any man had ever fucked her at all.

She was so unaware of her sexual allure.

He removed his jacket and took a seat beside her.

“Wilson,” she said, looking up and smiling.

“Hey, beautiful.” He glanced down at her books. “What have you got here?”

“Nothing. It’s all stupid.” She slammed the books closed, got to her feet, and rounded the counter. She tucked strands of her brown hair behind her ears. “It’s so good to see you. What would you like?” She handed him a menu, and he nodded toward the coffee pot.

He pretended to look down, but the moment her back was turned, he watched the sway of her full ass. He couldn’t wait to run his hands all over that rounded ass. So full and juicy. He’d gladly sink his teeth into the flesh.

His cock began to swell, and as she turned around, he returned his attention to the menu in his grip.

There was nothing else he wanted but Macie’s pussy, but instead, he ordered a burger and fries.

Again, until he stepped into this diner three months ago, he hadn’t had a burger since he was a kid. Steaks were more his thing, but he figured a few greasy burgers wouldn’t kill him, at least not yet.

Tapping his fingers on the counter, he watched as Macie wrote down his order. The chef, Carl, was a sweet guy, and from what he understood, the only person in her life to adapt so she could have a job. No one else would take the time with her.

She poured him some coffee. No cream. No sugar. Just the way he liked it.

“How have you been?” she asked.

“Busy. You know how it is. Life happens. Contracts and stuff.”

“I’m so pleased you don’t do that bodyguard work anymore. You must have been so scared doing some of your work.”

He used to work as a bodyguard up until a few years ago, when his investments paid off. He was a wealthy man and had his fingers in so many industries. Being at the frontline of protecting celebrities and businessmen, he’d learned a thing or two, and with that knowledge, he’d made a life for himself. He was wealthy, and the only thing he wanted stood right in front of him.

Too young.

But he didn’t care.

Macie was his.

“You’d have missed me?” he asked.

“When you don’t stop by for a short time, I do worry. My imagination runs wild and I think of horrible men wanting to exact revenge on you.”

“My job wasn’t quite that adventurous.”

“Still, you’ve been shot on the job.”

He had and he’d told her in detail.

“You didn’t answer my question.” He reached out, taking hold of her hand, feeling the slight shake, and he hoped he didn’t make her nervous.

“Would you miss me?”

“Macie, order up,” Carl shouted from the back.

She licked her lips and glanced down at their joined hands.

What was going on in her mind?

He noticed her sudden indrawn breath, and he was drawn to it. He didn’t want to let her go.

Macie pulled away, and he watched her go to the window and pick up his food.

“Coffee, miss,” someone from the crowd said.

She grabbed the coffee pot, rounded the counter, and stopped beside him. “Yes, I miss you always.”

Macie stepped away before he could stop her and knew she had just sealed her fate.

What had she done?

Her shift was nearly at an end, and Macie hadn’t been able to stop once and talk to Wilson, to let him know she didn’t mean anything by it. That was a big fat lie, and she couldn’t stand lying to him.

Telling Wilson the truth, though, was out of the question. He didn’t need to know that every single day he arrived at the diner, he made her heart flutter. Nor how disappointed she was when he didn’t arrive. She kept an eye out for him every single day.

“Good work tonight, Macie,” Carl said. “Don’t stress about all that work. You’ll get to it.”

She forced a smile to her lips, but it wasn’t even close to what she was feeling. Schoolwork had always been hard. Teachers never had the patience for her, and she knew they thought she was stupid because she struggled to learn. Even now, she was taking forever to do simple math, but nothing made any sense to her.

“Thanks, Carl. I’ll see you tomorrow.” She gave him a wave and stepped out of the diner, into the freezing world. Her apartment was a twenty-minute walk away, and the snow was so thick.

She pulled her jacket tight around herself. It was a bargain at a thrift shop, which was the only place she could afford. City life hadn’t been kind to her, but she was making the most of it, determined to see only the positive in everything. There was no point in dwelling on all the crap she couldn’t change.

Snuggling into her jacket, she took a couple of steps only to come to a stop when she saw Wilson leaning against his car at the side of the road.

“Have you broken down?” she asked, moving toward him.

“No.”

Her heart fluttered. He had such a deep voice, hard and guttural. She loved to hear him talk.

Stepping even closer to him, she glanced at his car. The engine was running while he stood out in the cold. “I want to ask you something, Macie, and you have to be honest with me,” he said.

“Ask away.”

Did this man not know how mesmerizing he was? She could listen to him all day long.

He moved off his car and closed the distance between them. Macie didn’t know if it was possible, but she felt his heat surround her. Tilting her head back, she stared into his blue eyes. She felt safe and warm this close to him. Normally, there was a counter between them, but this felt good.

Macie had never felt this way with anyone before in her life. She’d never had sex with a man, or even wanted to.

As she licked her lips, her mouth felt dry, and heat flooded between her thighs.

Wilson cupped her cheek, his thumb running across her bottom lip. “Do you want me?” he asked.

Macie didn’t know what to do. “I don’t understand.”

“Yes, you do. You know I’ve been coming to the diner to see you, Macie. I don’t give a flying fuck about the food or anything about that place. The only person I want is you. Only you. Will you be mine?”

No one had ever approached her like this. Her heart raced.

Was this ... a proposition?

“Yes, I will.” She didn’t know if she’d just made the biggest mistake

of her life. Macie was many things, but she wasn't a fool. After years of watching men come and go out of her mother's life, she came to learn at an early age that they were good with words. Spewing whatever crap they could to get a woman into bed.

Before she worked at the diner, she did have a temp job at a bar, and she got to witness guys firsthand, and she didn't like what she saw, which was why she never gave in.

There was something different about Wilson. She had no idea what it was.

He was still a guy. Rich as well. From the clothes he wore and the watch, all of it screamed money.

At first, he'd made her nervous because she knew he was capable of taking care of himself. A fighter. He could clearly hurt her, probably kill her and dispose of her body, but with the way he looked at her, it was like she was the only person in the world, and there was no denying how much she liked that.

"Good," he said.

Macie gasped seconds before he slammed his lips down on hers. The kiss wasn't gentle. It was hard, possessive, demanding, and she submitted to him, feeling her body blossom beneath him.

Arousal awakened within her, and she couldn't resist wrapping her arms around his neck, holding him close, not wanting to let him go.

All too soon, the kiss was over, and Wilson had the car door open.

Macie didn't hesitate climbing inside, loving the warmth that enveloped her. He climbed into the driver's seat, and they were suddenly on the road, heading away. She didn't know where, and she kept stealing glances at him.

He reached over and put his hand on her thigh. Her skin was so cold with the small skirt of her uniform, but she felt the warmth of his touch.

Teeth sinking into her lip, she tried to contain her moan, but it had already released.

Wilson chuckled. He was so much older than her. Macie had no doubt she was out of her depth, but that didn't seem to stop her.

The snow fell thick and fast, the ground slowly disappearing. She started to feel a little afraid until he turned toward an underground parking facility. He pressed a button, and his window slowly came down. She watched him wave a keycard in front of a machine, the gates opened, and

they were safely protected in the parking lot.

There was no escape, not that she wanted one.

Chapter Two

Wilson closed the door to his penthouse suite and turned his full attention on Macie. She rubbed her hands together due to the cold. He already set the heating before he left to go and see her at the diner. His apartment would warm her in no time.

“Let me take your jacket.”

“Oh.”

He noticed her hands shook as she began to grab the fastening of her coat. Stepping forward, he touched her hands, pushing them out of the way. “I’ll do it.”

Slowly, he opened the buttons that hid the zip and then began to peel it down until he got to the bottom. He removed her coat from her, and he heard her slight gasp as the tips of his fingers brushed across her body.

He hung up the jacket and then turned toward her.

“Your place is great,” she said.

A chuckle escaped him. “Come. I will show you a lot more.”

She’d only seen his front hallway. With his hand at her back, he led her through his suite, stopping at the sitting room first before taking her through to his kitchen, dining room, followed by his small library that was also his office.

“The only other place to go is the bedroom,” he said.

“Your view is incredible,” she said, pointing at the windows.

“Have a look.”

He watched her as she stepped toward the view he got from his office. For as long as he could remember, he had always loved heights. There was just something about being up high, staring down at the city, that he loved.

“Wow,” Macie said as she took a step back. “That’s really high.”

“Not a woman who likes heights?”

“No, I don’t think I do.” She chuckled and turned toward him.

He noticed the way her gaze perused down his body, holding at his dick, but then suddenly sliding up to meet his gaze.

“I’ve never done this before,” she said.

“Done what?”

“This, with any guy.”

Wilson took a step toward her, then another, quickly closing the distance. Macie stood in one spot, not moving, as though she didn’t know if

this was a good thing of her, or plain old stupid.

He gripped the back of her head, tilting it back so he could look her in the eyes. "Are you telling me you're a virgin?" he asked.

Just thinking the words were enough to make his dick ache. A virgin. A sweet, tasty, untouched virgin.

He'd never been with a virgin, and if he was honest with himself, an innocent didn't appeal, but Macie was so much more than a pussy.

"Yes," she said.

"Fuck."

He slammed his lips down on hers, tasting her, sliding his tongue across her mouth, and she opened up to him. So naïve. He wasn't the kind of man a woman should lose her first time to, but after one taste, there was no way he'd be able to let her go. Not ever.

Plundering her mouth with his tongue, he heard her delicious whimper. He pushed her up against the wall, grabbing her hands, pressing them to either side of her head, and locking her in place, not wanting to let her go.

"Do you have any idea what you do to me?" he asked. To help her feel it, he pressed his rock-hard cock against her, and she whimpered.

"That's right."

Her gaze was on him, and with that one look, he saw the fire in her eyes. She wanted this.

"Macie, you need to tell me to stop." So far, she hadn't said a word, and he didn't know if he was going to be able to control himself, not with her.

"I don't want you to stop. I want this. I want to be here with you."

He growled as he took possession of her mouth once again. This wasn't gentle. It was hard, and she submitted to him. He felt it as she ran her hands up his chest, going around his neck and holding on.

Sliding his hand down her back, he gripped her ass, drawing her closer to him, not wanting to let her go, hungry for her body. Desperate for her, craving every single inch of her. He'd never felt this way before.

Picking her up in his arms, he heard her slight gasp.

"I'm too heavy."

"You're perfect." And he wasn't lying. He loved the feel of her ass in his hands as he showed her to his bedroom.

The bed was the dominant feature, large and inviting, and as he

dropped Macie down, he went to her feet, helping her to ease off the sneakers, followed by her socks. He took note of the sewn tips. She clearly couldn't afford new socks, and he made a quick reminder to delve deeper into her life. To find out everything there was to know about this woman.

With her feet bare, he helped her to her up and slid his hands to the opening of her uniform. It was a horrible blue thing that had so many stains on it from months of her working.

Hearing the fabric tear was so fucking sweet.

She let out a little yelp, but again, he'd deal with everything.

Macie wasn't going to have to worry about a thing from now on because he was going to be the one to take care of her. No questions asked. This woman was everything.

In two easy movements, he had her bra and panties on the floor, and Macie was completely naked where he could soak up his fill of her beautiful body. She was so curvy. Nice large tits, full hips, an ass he wanted to bite and grip with equal measure.

He wanted it all.

She went to cover her tits, but he captured her hands and shook his head. "No, never hide from me. You are beautiful, Macie. Don't let anyone ever tell you otherwise."

He'd personally destroy anyone who hurt this precious woman.

Macie couldn't believe she was naked in Wilson's apartment. This stuff didn't happen to her, ever. She nibbled on her lip, not exactly sure what happened, but knew she was happy that it had.

Her pussy was so wet, and her nipples were tight. She wanted to see Wilson naked, to touch him, but so far, all he did was look at her.

For many years, she'd been told to be ashamed of her body. No one liked the fat girl, but by the way Wilson looked at her, she was anything but in his eyes.

Being called fat wasn't the only insult she'd heard over the years. There had been plenty to take its place, mostly because of her difficulty in learning.

Wilson took a step back, reached out, and stroked her cheek.

"Come here," he said.

She moved closer to him, and he took her hands, placing them on his body. She felt how firm and hard he was beneath her hands.

“Take my clothes off.”

Her mouth felt dry, but she did as he asked, going to his suit jacket first, then to his shirt, peeling it off and revealing his impressive body. Every single part of him was rock solid, and she couldn't resist grazing her fingers across his chest.

He captured her wrist, and she quickly looked up into his eyes. He put her palm on his chest, where she felt his heart beating and the warmth of his body. With his grip still on her wrist, he pushed her hand down his body until she got to the edge of his trousers. “Take them off.”

His voice seemed even rougher than usual.

Sinking to her knees before him, she began to open the button and slid the zipper down.

“Oh, fuck, now that is a pretty sight.”

She glanced up at him. “What?”

“You. On your knees in front of me. So fucking beautiful.”

She couldn't help but smile as she put her hands on the edge of his trousers and started to pull them down.

The hard ridge of his cock was easily outlined through his boxer briefs, and it made her a little nervous. Just because she was a virgin didn't mean that she didn't know what having sex meant.

Wilson took her hands, putting them on his boxer briefs, and together, they slowly slid them down. His dick sprang forward, and even though she knew by biology they were supposed to fit, she didn't know if it was going to be possible. He was long, thick, and the tip was already slick.

Nerves assailed her, but she tried not to let them show, but she doubted she did a good enough job.

Her heart raced, and Wilson reached down, cupping the back of her neck and helping her to her feet. He drew her close to him, so they were flush, body to body. Wilson was so much bigger than her.

When he kissed her, she felt complete, and the nerves slowly ebbed away. They returned full force as the bed hit the backs of her legs.

She didn't stop it though. Not when he moved her onto the bed and then kissed her. This time, lightly, almost fleetingly before his lips moved down her body.

She whimpered as he captured one of her nipples. Never had she been kissed, licked, or sucked, so as he paid careful attention to her tits, she felt like her entire body was ready to explode from the sensation.

Nothing made sense, and yet her body told her exactly what she wanted, what she needed, and she was nothing more than putty to her needs.

Wilson moved to her other breast, devoting just as much attention to that one as he did the first. He used his teeth, creating enough of a bite that it almost was too much, but then the flat of his tongue soothed out the pain, and she wanted more, but he stopped, slowly moving down her body.

Down he went to her stomach, and his hands went to her thighs, spreading them open, but she wanted them closed so she could create some friction, to feel the pleasure of rubbing her clit.

Wilson held her open, and she watched in awe as he put his arms on either side of her legs and then used his fingers to gently hold the folds of her sex. The moment his tongue touched her pussy, Macie knew she'd gone to heaven. He was wet and hard, and soft. As he stroked over her clit, she'd never felt anything like it.

So much sensation in one small package as he stroked over and over.

The pleasure was intense.

She couldn't believe how good it felt, and as he worked her body, she also felt that spiraling sweetness of her orgasm as it began to build. Within seconds of his tongue on her pussy, Macie screamed his name as she came, rubbing herself onto his face as he prolonged her orgasm.

Macie begged him to stop, and then to continue, not wanting it to end but also feeling too much.

When he did, Wilson pressed a kiss to her thigh, and he moved up between her thighs.

Still on her orgasm cloud, Macie looked at him, not registering what was happening, feeling the hard probe between her thighs. Then she screamed as in one hard thrust, he tore through her virginity. All the pleasure came crashing down as the pain took over.

Wilson captured her hands and swallowed her cries, kissing her. Tears filled her eyes, and she couldn't believe how painful it was.

Of course, she knew it could be painful, but she hadn't exactly realized how much.

"Shit, fuck, I'm so sorry. I've got you, baby. I've got you. I'm not going to let you go."

His words soothed her pain, along with his kisses.

This was the best and worst experience of her life. Would Wilson even want her after this?

Chapter Three

Wilson lowered Macie into the bath.

“You don’t have to carry me everywhere. I don’t mind walking.”

“And I don’t mind carrying you.” He pressed a kiss to her lips as the bubbles engulfed her. He’d never forget the look on her face as he tore through her virginity. What he would remember, though, were the sweet sounds of her release as he held himself still within her and made her finger her pussy until she came on his cock. That was what he’d remember. “I’ll be back. Soak yourself.”

He left her in the bathroom and returned to his bedroom, where the evidence of what he’d just done glared at him.

The blood-soaked sheets. The stark reminder of what he’d done.

Running a hand down his face, he didn’t care that he’d taken her virginity. The only guilt he felt was at the sharp pain he’d caused her, and for women, that pain was necessary. There was nothing he could do to take it away.

He blew out a breath, gathered up the sheets, and each time he looked at the blood, he felt something primal fill him. He knew exactly what it was.

Macie was his now.

There was no way he’d allow any other man to touch her or make love to her, or to have anything to do with her. She was all his now, and he wasn’t going to let her go.

Once the sheets were gathered up, he took them straight to the laundry basket, filling it up. He’d need to pay extra for the stains to be removed. The firm he used was good at getting blood out of everything.

He changed the sheets, made the bed, and finally, he returned to the bathroom, to his woman.

She lay back in the bath, but the moment he entered the room, she sat up.

“You’re back.”

“That I am.”

There was enough room for him to climb into the tub and face her. Lifting her feet, he placed them on his lap beneath the water and stroked the indentation all the way up to her toes.

She released a moan.

“Feel good?”

“So good. Where did you learn this?” she asked.

“I got used to standing on my feet all day. Believe me, helping sore muscles and aching feet is something I’m used to.”

“Do you miss being a bodyguard?”

“Not a moment.”

“Why did you become one?” she asked.

“Simple. I’m good at protecting people, and I’ve learned I can dodge a bullet or two.”

Macie’s gaze dropped to his chest. “Not all the time.”

He had three pieces of ink on his back and on his chest, from the three bullets he’d taken. There had been many more shots, but none had gotten him. He had a few stab wounds as well.

There were a lot of crazy people in the world.

“Do they still hurt?”

“Not at all.”

“Do you have nightmares?”

“No.”

“That’s good.”

“It’s why I make one hell of a bodyguard. I don’t allow things to eat me up. I deal with it as it happens and move on.”

“Sounds nice.”

“It is.”

She smiled at him.

“How are you feeling?” he asked.

“Fine.”

He tugged on her leg, and Macie laughed, finally getting the hint after the fourth tug and moving toward him.

Wilson grabbed her ass and made her straddle him. The moan she gave was all he needed to hear.

Sliding his hand between her thighs, he found her clit and stroked her. He glided across her twice, and then a third time before stroking his fingers down toward her entrance. He pushed two fingers deep inside her cunt, using his thumb to stroke her clit.

Her brow furrowed, and the moment he touched her sweet nub, she arched against him, offering him her tits, which he couldn’t resist taking a suck on. Biting down on to one hard nipple, he tugged it into his mouth, using his teeth to cause just enough pain that had her squirming on his

fingers.

“Ahhh,” she moaned, and he smiled, releasing one nipple to attend to the other. He didn’t want to play favorites.

He felt the answering response of her pussy as she fluttered around his fingers, and his cock seemed to pulse as if it had a life of its own.

Wilson wanted to be deep inside her again. To be fucking her wildly, to take her, to drive his cock balls deep inside her again. With her virginity out of the way, there was nothing stopping him from taking her.

He felt this hunger.

This need.

It flooded him.

Macie filtered through the demanding need within his brain as she came. Her cunt clamped down on his fingers, she rode his hand with each second of her orgasm.

So beautiful.

So sweet.

She was perfection.

He couldn’t get enough of her as she took her pleasure.

Only when she couldn’t take any more did he remove his fingers and wrap them around his cock. Sinking her down onto his length, he heard her slight gasp and moan, but she took his dick all the way to the hilt. He cupped her ass with both hands and drew her up and down his length, filling her, watching her tits as they bounced with each hard thrust.

She threw her arms around his neck, moaning, gasping, and sinking her teeth into her lip. As he watched, he felt his orgasm beginning to build, and when it came to the point of no return, he held her perfectly still so he could flood her womb, filling her with each wave of his cum.

Macie took every single drop. She had no idea he was planning on keeping her.

Each load of spunk he slammed into her body was another mission accomplished. He wanted to knock her up, and the sooner he did it, the better.

The following day, Macie couldn’t quite believe how sore she was. While Wilson was busy in his office, she used the opportunity to sneak out, and at the same time, she wished she hadn’t.

This was the infamous walk of shame, but she had to get home fast in order to change her uniform.

The buttons had all been thrown over the apartment, and she'd struggled to find every single one. She had no choice but to settle for the five she found, knowing it wouldn't fix the dress.

She hated sewing. Couldn't stand it, but it was a skill she learned at a young age, especially when her mother refused to buy her any type of clothing until she had no choice. She was the girl who had trousers too short for her legs.

Stepping out into the freezing cold, she put her hand up and hailed a taxi. She climbed into the back and gave him her address.

She tried not to notice the strange looks she received. The coat she wore was buttoned up, so they shouldn't be able to see the uniform she wore was torn. She'd done her best to conceal everything. Each time she moved, she couldn't help but wince, and the most shocking thing of all was that she was still aroused. The pain didn't detract from her need.

Wilson had been an attentive ... lover.

She didn't know what else to call him.

His hands.

His touch.

It was ... she couldn't think of the right word for it. This was why she'd failed high school. Words were a mystery to her. She got by, provided no one needed her to understand big words.

Tears filled her eyes as she thought of the years of humiliation. Besides the fact her mother was known for screwing everything with a dick, some of the crueler people at school had made it their mission to make her even more miserable. She recalled one bully, and she couldn't think of his name, but he'd shoved her into a circle of all of his buddies, and they started to laugh at and mock her, throwing words she didn't understand.

At the time, she'd held herself together, simply facing him, or turning in a circle to see all of his friends laughing at her. She ignored all of them, not reacting.

That was what she learned. Bullies wanted a reaction. If she acted like she didn't understand what they were doing, or didn't care, they stopped.

At night, alone in her room, she reacted. Sobbing into her pillow, like it would help.

No! Stop thinking about that.

Macie pushed all of those negative thoughts out of her head. She didn't have time for them. Wilson would never hurt her like that.

Sinking her head back on the seat, she stared up at the roof of the taxi, feeling ... odd.

She didn't know if Wilson would follow her, or ignore her now that he'd gotten what he wanted.

"We're here, miss," the driver said.

After the way he looked at her, she knew she shouldn't give him a tip, but she did so anyway. She knew what he was thinking after she gave him her address. What was a girl like that doing in such a grand place?

After climbing out of the car, she didn't linger, wanting out of the cold, knowing her small apartment would still be freezing.

With shaking hands, she pushed the door open, not surprised to see the security lock was once again broken.

She took the steps, not even bothering with the elevator. It had been broken so many times, and often with people in it.

The stairs were a lot faster.

She got to her floor, and she tried the key in the lock of her room. It took her three attempts to finally get it in and flick the lock.

As she entered her apartment, there was no difference in temperature. She quickly moved toward the heating, flicking the switch and knowing it wouldn't be warm at all.

To get warm, she had to keep moving.

Bouncing on the tips of her feet, making sure she didn't actually make a sound, just moving her body up and down, she rushed to her bedroom and grabbed her spare uniform, which was just as stained as the one she wore.

In quick, easy movements, the dress was on the floor, and she pulled the other over her head. It was a little squeeze, but it fit.

Her tiny repair sewing kit was on the single, threadbare chair she owned, along with a quilt. After wrapping it around herself, she grabbed the kit and the thread, trying to find as close to a matching one as she could.

She didn't have the color and so settled for a light one.

Slowly, she started to repair the dress, reattaching the buttons. She couldn't afford a new uniform and she knew Carl didn't have any spares. When he put an order in for a uniform, they demanded a bulk sale.

He had asked all of his waitresses to try to keep their uniforms for as long as possible. She hated the idea of being the first one who hadn't been able to keep hers for as long as possible.

With the five buttons secured, she looked through her tiny stash of

buttons and found a few more. They weren't an exact fit, but they would do for her.

She attached them and started to work on the hole that had been created when there was a sudden bang on her door.

She jumped, losing her needle in the process.

Glancing down at the floor, she saw it had slid between the slats of the floor, and she groaned. How many needles did the floor hold?

Getting to her feet, she went to her door. There was no way of knowing who was outside, and she opened it up, only to come face to face with a very angry-looking Wilson.

Chapter Four

Wilson couldn't remember anyone stepping out on him like Macie had. All he had to do was make a couple of calls. They'd been on his list of things to do, and seeing as Macie was sleeping, he figured he'd get them done. Seeing her gone when he was finished, and rewinding to watch the security footage, he was surprised.

She'd snuck out on him like a pro.

"Wilson," she said.

He pushed on the door, opening it wider and stepping inside.

The main door was broken. Anyone could walk inside, and he noticed the bare minimum in the heating. Her apartment was small.

He knew a great deal about her, seeing as he had his little obsession to deal with. Wilson had figured the more he knew about her, the less he'd want to do with her. That hadn't been the case, not by a long shot.

Now, he looked at her, and this place, it just wasn't good enough.

Slamming the door closed, he stared at her.

She wore the same uniform, but this wasn't one he'd destroyed with his need to see her naked. This was still an old uniform with plenty of stains. There was also a discoloration on the hem, but he had to figure this was the worst of the two uniforms.

"Why did you leave?" he asked.

Her face heated. "I have to get to work, and I needed to fix my uniform."

Wilson didn't want her to go back to the diner. He'd seen the way some of the traveling men had looked at her. They wanted her, and there was no way he was going to allow her to work there. Not anymore.

He noted the uniform next to a faded blanket.

"Your apartment isn't warm. There is no way you can live here." His mind was made up. It didn't take him long to figure out which one was her room.

Macie didn't have many possessions. She also didn't own a suitcase.

Dumping her few outfits on the bed, which again was laughable, he went to the kitchen, grabbed a bag, and returned to the bedroom. Each time Macie tried to talk to him, she ended up stumbling as he moved.

Within a matter of minutes, he had her few belongings packed into three small grocery bags.

“Wait a minute,” she said. She put a hand on his chest.

“Macie, this place is a death trap. I’m surprised you haven’t been sick. It’s not warm enough either.” He shook his head, disgusted by the state of the apartment. “How much rent do you pay a month?” he asked.

She gave him a figure that pissed him off. There were much better places that were secure and warm.

“I can’t come with you,” she said.

Wilson put her bags on the floor at the door and turned toward her. Her hands opened and closed, and she nibbled on her lip.

“Yes, you can, and I’m not taking no for an answer.”

“You got what you wanted, didn’t you? Isn’t this what men want? A good time and not to be bugged by the woman afterward?” she asked.

He hated that she thought that. Every other woman he’d been with, this was the outcome he wanted, the woman gone without a hitch.

Staring at Macie, he didn’t want her to be gone. He closed the distance between them, cupped her face, tilted her head back, and slammed his lips down on hers, kissing her hard.

She didn’t fight him. Macie wrapped her arms around him, and he couldn’t help but press her up against the wall. As he did, he gripped her wrist and placed it above her head, only to pause as the wall dented beneath his touch.

Macie broke the kiss, avoiding looking at him, and he wanted to hurt something. Instead, he took a deep breath.

“I’m not done with you.” He grabbed her hip, pulling her against him, so she had no choice but to feel the evidence of his erection. “Do you feel that? Feel what you do to me. I’m not done with you. I want to fuck you, Macie, and show you how good it can be.”

“And when it is over?” she asked. “What then? You cannot take me away from my home and my job. That’s not fair.”

He had no plans to get rid of it, but he also didn’t want to scare her away with his need for her. “I’ll help you,” he said. “I will not kick you out, nor will I let you leave.” He stroked her cheek. “I’ll make sure of it.”

She tilted her head toward his palm.

“But you’re not staying here, Macie.”

There was no way she could like it here. Sure, it was an apartment, but it was a death trap.

“Fine, but I have to be able to keep my job.”

“Macie,” he said, growling her name.

“No. I will not do this. I love my job, and Carl has been incredible and sweet.”

“He won’t give you clean uniforms.”

“There is a reason for that. Not everyone is made of money. We have to make do the best way we can. I won’t come with you, not without keeping my job.”

She had no idea he could just take her.

No one but Carl would miss her.

He’d be able to make sure no one knew she was missing.

“Fine. You can keep your job.” Wilson didn’t want her afraid of him. Not now. Not ever.

Macie pressed her lips together and frowned.

“Unless you don’t want your job.”

“I do want it. I do.” She nodded her head, looking around her apartment. “It’s just ... this place has been home for so long. I never thought I’d leave it.”

“A home is not a home until you have someone to share it with.” He opened the door and grabbed her bags, along with his woman.

There was no way he was leaving her.

Macie smiled at the sweet family who’d snuck in from the cold to eat their dinner. She didn’t recognize them, but with how amazed they were at the food, she knew they were going to have returning customers.

Carl had stepped out from the kitchen as she returned to the main counter. His gaze was outside at the very expensive car that sat waiting.

Wilson hadn’t wanted her to come to work. He’d wanted to inform Carl that she was leaving and never going back.

“I recognize that car, don’t I?” Carl asked.

She hummed her agreement.

“It’s that smart-ass, rich guy, isn’t it?”

“Wilson, yes.”

“He’s made his move then, has he?”

Macie glanced up at her boss. There was a smile on Carl’s face, and she knew hers was giving the game away as it heated. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t play dumb with me.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not playing dumb, not completely.”

Carl chuckled. "I knew it. From the moment he stepped foot into this place, there was no way he could say no to you. That guy was eating out of your hand, hundred percent."

Macie shook her head. "That's not true."

"I've watched the way men are. Some are here for a good time, Macie. I'm not a fool. I keep an eye on my girls. In the kitchen, I can see everything."

She knew he had several security cameras set up in the main diner, and he often kept an eye on things from where he was cooking.

"My girls mean a lot to me, and I'm not going to see any of you hurt. This can be a rough business, and I've got no time for assholes. I've seen the men as they pretend to slap your ass, or they do. You should slap them back when they touch you."

"They're customers," she said.

"No customer needs to be touching a woman in any way. My late wife taught me that," Carl said.

She stepped close to him, putting a hand on his arm.

Carl's wife had passed away before she came to work for him. He'd never been with another woman, but he respected women, and he certainly helped her out in so many different ways.

"Rich boy was different. He watched you, but he didn't touch. I knew what he was thinking."

"It's nothing."

"No. I know the way he looked at you. It's the same way I looked at my wife. I did so all my life. He hated other men looking at you, touching you. I felt that way." Carl smiled. "My wife loved it."

"I wish I could have known her."

"She'd have adored you," Carl said. "Now, go and take him some soup, or tell him to come on in. I don't want him to die of the cold."

Macie laughed. She moved into the kitchen, pouring out some soup before heading outside to his car.

The cold bit into her flesh, and she had to control her shaking as she got to the car.

Wilson wound the window down and she bent down.

"Carl said to have some soup or to come inside," she said.

He turned the car off, and she moved out of the way as he opened the door. Wilson took the soup from her, placed it on top of the car, removed his

long coat, and wrapped it around her.

“You don’t have to do that,” she said.

“Enough with your arguing. You’re enough to give a man a complex.” He picked up the soup, wrapping an arm around her waist, and together, they walked into the diner.

Once inside, she removed his jacket, and Wilson took a place at the counter, drinking his soup. She noticed Carl had come out of the kitchen, and a customer chose that moment to hold up his mug.

With the coffee in hand, she took a step back and had no choice but to leave Wilson and Carl alone, which didn’t feel like the right thing to do, but she did it anyway.

Her hands shook a little as the cold still seeped into her bones.

She managed to pour the hot liquid into the mug and put a smile on her face as she moved on to the next person.

By the time she returned to the counter, she saw Wilson had a cup of coffee and a burger dinner.

“How is everything?” she asked, a little nervous.

“Good. Open,” he said.

She frowned as he held up a fry.

“Open.”

She rolled her eyes, opened her mouth, and he slid the fry inside. Taking a bite, she winked at him, but another customer called for more coffee.

Leaving him to his food, she went to serve, only to return and Wilson to continue feeding her.

Carl was one hell of a cook, no doubt about that. He knew how to mix flavors, and they were amazing.

By her third return to the main counter, Wilson held out his burger for her to bite into it, which she did, and couldn’t contain her moan anymore.

He nodded for her to lean forward, and he kissed her cheek before moving toward her ear. “You’re going to make those sounds soon with my dick deep inside your mouth.”

She gasped.

Wilson kissed her cheek again, and her heart raced.

The thought of his ... dick in her mouth. She pressed her thighs together, thankful for the counter as she tried not to allow herself to become too aroused, but that was impossible.

He'd been able to make her putty with just a few words.

Licking her lips, she saw him smile and eat his burger.

This wasn't fair.

Stepping away from the counter, she tried not to think of Wilson naked, fucking her, or her fucking him, as she finished her shift.

Chapter Five

“Strip,” Wilson said.

Macie turned toward him. “What?”

“You heard me. I want you out of those clothes, now.” He had to watch her work, and now he needed to fuck her. To take her hard.

For a few seconds, she didn’t move, and then it was like she realized what he asked. She dropped the jacket he’d given her to walk from the diner to the car, then the car to his penthouse suite.

Next, she began to work on the buttons of her dress, removing each one, letting it open up, and as he saw her body, his cock hardened. The lingerie she wore was well-worn, and he’d already put in an order for something nicer. He’d gotten her sizes from her clothes, which were not good enough for anything other than the trash heap.

So many darned holes. This woman did nothing but repair stuff.

There was no need for him to ask her how her life was. He understood it. Desperation. Fighting every single hour of every single day to survive.

With the uniform off, she stood, hands clasped together.

He pulled off his jacket, letting it fall to the floor. “All of it. I want you naked,” he said.

She removed her bra and wriggled out of her panties. Seeing the sway of her tits hypnotized him.

Now she stood exactly as he wanted her.

He already had his shirt off. Next, he opened the belt, sliding it out and letting it fall to the floor, where his trousers soon followed. The boxers were gone as well.

Macie’s gaze went from his face, down his body, taking in every single inch of him.

He wrapped his fingers around his cock.

Already hard as rock. Hungry for the pussy that belonged to him.

“Turn around,” he said.

Macie turned.

Her movements were slightly awkward as though she didn’t understand him.

“Bend forward.”

She titled forward.

“Now, grab your ass, and I want you to spread your cheeks wide for

me.”

“Wilson?”

“Trust me, Macie. I will never do anything to harm you, or hurt you. You’re safe with me. All I want to do is give you pleasure.”

She gripped her ass and spread those cheeks wide, and he got to see the opening of her cunt, as well as the puckered hole of her ass.

He was going to enjoy both, but for now, he was only focused on her pussy. Wilson moved toward her and sank to his knees behind her.

She went to move, but he growled, giving her no choice but to hold her ass.

“Don’t move,” he said. “I want you to stay exactly like this.”

Macie nodded.

He traced the tips of his fingers from her ankle up to her hips, holding on to her. Gliding down, he moved toward the inside of her thighs, then over her pussy, teasing her soft folds.

She let out a whimper.

He pressed a finger inside her. “So wet for me. Have you been thinking about sucking my cock?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He kissed the cheek of her ass and smiled. “Good. You will be sucking my dick, but not tonight. Tonight, you’re going to be riding it.” Pulling his finger from her core, he slid his tongue across her entrance, pushing inside and tasting her.

She moaned.

He teased her clit with his fingers. Drawing back his tongue, he teased across that tender piece of flesh between her pussy and anus before stroking up toward that puckered hole.

She cried out, and he stood, lifting her up. He spun her around, cupping her face, and kissed her hard, marching her back until she was pressed against the wall.

Lifting her up was easy.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he moved them into just the right angle so he could slide balls deep inside her. With her secured between the wall and his body, he put his dick to her entrance and took her, inch by inch, until he was in deep enough to grab her hips.

Slamming her down on his cock, he heard her gasp, followed by the guttural moan.

“You’re so fucking tight,” he said.

He lifted her off his cock and slid her down, fucking her harder.

Macie’s arms were wrapped around his neck, and she moved with every single thrust.

Wilson held on to her and carried her to the living room, collapsing onto the sofa so she straddled him. He kept his hands on her hips and guided her over his cock.

“That’s it, baby, take your pleasure. Let me see you ride my cock.”

Her hands went to his shoulders, and she started to move up and down his length. He allowed her to get used to the feel of him filling her cunt, and only when she found a steady pace did he return his fingers to her pussy, stroking her clit.

The moment he touched her, she faltered but soon found a rhythm, and he followed her, beat by beat, drawing her closer to an orgasm, wanting to feel her come all over his cock. He loved the way she tightened around him.

The sounds she made.

She was the woman he’d been searching for.

Wilson watched as Macie let go, riding her orgasm, driving her pussy down hard on his cock as wave after wave flooded her body, driving her wild.

Seeing her let go was a thing of beauty.

Only after she was finished did he push her to the sofa and fuck her hard, driving into her, going deeper, wanting her to never forget the feel of him. He wanted it so that with every step she took, she was reminded of being owned by him. There wasn’t going to be anyone else but him.

“Fuck. Fuck.” He threw his head back as his orgasm took him by surprise, and he filled her pussy with his cum. He wanted to make her pregnant.

Dropping a kiss to her lips, he smiled as he wrapped his arms around her. This woman was his.

Macie lifted up with a gasp. “A knife?” she asked.

“Yeah. It would seem guns are not the only problems that can happen. He wanted to gut this poor woman, and all she did was star in a movie.”

She shook her head. “I cannot believe you faced off with a guy with a knife. Weren’t you afraid?”

Wilson shook his head. “No, not at all. I was doing my job.”

“Is that all protecting someone is to you? A job?”

“It paid the bills.”

Macie chuckled. “I’d say with where you’re living, it paid them really well.”

“It did. Beware I invested well.”

She smiled. “I can see that. Do you ever miss it?”

“No.”

“You don’t?”

“Putting my life in danger every single day. Never having a moment’s peace. It’s not all it’s cracked up to be. Sure. I got to travel a lot. Met a whole load of people.” He reached out and cupped her cheek. “It’s why I know you’re such a good person.”

“You have a lot of people to compare me to?”

She frowned, realizing this man had probably enjoyed a lot of female company over the years. She wasn’t the only woman he’d fucked.

“Hey, I don’t compare you to anyone.”

“Have you ever been married?” she asked.

There was so much about this man she didn’t know, and she wanted to know it all. To understand everything that made him tick.

“No. Never found the woman I wanted.”

“Do you have any kids?” she asked.

“No. If I did, you’d have known about them right now. I’m not the kind of guy who dumps a kid on a woman and never gets involved.”

“You don’t know that. You’ve never had a kid.”

“I want kids.”

She smiled, sitting up. “You do?”

“Yes. I want lots of kids. I have this image in my head of a bunch of kids attacking me when I get in from work.”

“That sounds like a carefully organized event,” she said, laughing. “I bet you’d make a good dad.”

“You do?”

She nodded.

“Do you think you know me that well?”

Macie shrugged. “I get this vibe from you. You’re a good guy.” She shrugged. “I know I’m stupid, but—”

“Don’t call yourself stupid,” Wilson said, sitting up.

She held her hands up. “I don’t mind. I’ve been called it many times before, you know. There’s not a lot I can do about it.” She shrugged.

He shook his head. “You’re not stupid.”

“Come on. You know me well enough to know I’m not exactly the brightest person upstairs.” She tapped her forehead.

“I happen to like what goes on up here.” He stroked her head. “You’re not stupid.”

“I failed school, and I’m struggling through my courses.” She sighed. “I just have to accept that I’m stupid. I can’t learn.”

“First of all, not all people are academics, and believe me, we don’t want people to be either. You struggle to learn, so what? Who gives a crap? I know anyone who judges you based on education is fucking wrong.”

“Oh, yeah, and why is that?” she asked.

“Because I know evil, Macie. I know that evil comes in all different shapes and sizes, and intelligence doesn’t change who you are. You’re a good person, and that is all I need to know.”

He kissed her.

Tears filled her eyes.

“You and Carl are the only two people who have told me that.”

“Should I be jealous of you mentioning Carl in our bed?” he asked.

She shook her head. “No.” She laughed. “He’s a good man.”

“That he is. He has my respect.”

“He does?”

“Yep. He told me to treat you well. Told me that if I hurt you in any way, he’d come right out and kick my ass.”

She gasped. “No, he didn’t.”

“Yep, he did.” Wilson laughed. “I’ve got to give the man the respect he is due. He’s older than me by about twenty years. I bet he’d kick my ass though.”

“Ignore him. He wouldn’t do anything of the sort.”

“If I hurt you, Macie, I expect him to kick my ass.”

“Do you plan to hurt me?” she asked.

“No. Not ever.” He stroked his thumb across her bottom lip. “The one and only time I caused you pain was enough.”

She frowned. “You’ve never caused me pain.”

“Taking your virginity was enough.”

“Oh.” Her face started to heat.

“You’re blushing.”

“I can’t help it.”

“I never meant to hurt you,” he said.

“A woman’s first time is rarely pleasant, Wilson.” She leaned forward and dropped a kiss on his lips.

They’d been making love all night, and now they were waiting for pizza to arrive. Macie had lost count of the number of times he’d thrown her into orgasm.

She couldn’t remember a time in her life when she’d been this happy.

“I don’t like it.”

“Did your first time hurt for you?” she asked.

“No. I think my pride was hurt.”

“What happened?”

“You want me to talk about my first time?”

“Yes.”

He sighed. “I was sixteen years old. I can’t remember her name or what she even looked like. It was at a party. I was wasted, and one thing led to another, and before I knew it, I had done the deed.”

Macie laughed. “That is so not romantic.”

“I don’t remember the girl’s name, and I think she threw up on me afterward.” He shrugged.

“Wow.”

“Why were you a virgin this long?” he asked. “Not that I’m complaining. You’re all mine, and I hate the thought of another man touching you.”

She shrugged. “No one ... appealed to me. I don’t want to just have sex with random men, trying to make that connection, you know. It is probably kind of stupid.”

“I will start spanking your ass every time you say that word.”

Macie chuckled. “Stupid?”

She screamed as Wilson grabbed her around the waist and pressed her over his thighs. In the next second, his hand connected with her ass.

Chapter Six

Wilson respected Carl after his warning. It was one of the reasons why he allowed Macie to continue working for him. Each shift, he took her and stayed, either working in his car if he needed to make private calls or taking his laptop inside the diner.

He loved to watch Macie. Couldn't get enough of her.

Each time she came to bring him his coffee, he adored the slight smile on her lips as she served him.

"You know, I don't think I have ever seen that woman smile quite so much," Carl said.

Macie had been living with him for the past month, and he knew she was nervous about asking about their relationship.

Each night, he made love to her and fucked her hard. He couldn't get enough of her.

What he also knew was that she hadn't had a menstrual cycle either. He hadn't broached the subject as he didn't want her to panic.

He closed his laptop and looked toward Macie. She was filling the sugar pots and yes, there was always a hint of a smile on her face. He knew why. He'd been teasing her all day, touching her, stroking her, and this morning, he'd licked her pussy, but he hadn't brought her to orgasm.

Wilson had special plans for her tonight.

Macie was so responsive, and he loved that about her.

He asked her to trust him, and she did so without question.

"You're good for her," Carl said.

"She won't be working here all the time."

"I figured as much. You're a man who likes to get his way." Carl took a seat opposite him.

Normally, he sat at the counter, but today, he'd opted for a booth.

"Macie's a good woman, Wilson."

"I know."

"She is—"

"Carl, I'm going to take care of her, and I have no intention of hurting her."

"I looked into you," Carl said.

"You did?"

"Yes. I heard you telling Macie not too long ago that you were an ex-

bodyguard. Not a lot can be found out, but I know you're a man who has a lot of enemies."

"I don't have enemies. I helped my clients."

"And you think those kinds of interactions don't have consequences?"

Wilson didn't like where this line of questioning was going. He was aware of how dangerous his past was. Some of the criminals were still behind bars, but others had been released. He kept an eye on everyone in case someone wanted to seek revenge.

"Carl, she will never know an ounce of pain in her life," he said. "Macie is mine to protect."

Carl put both of his hands flat on the counter. "But do you love her?"

"Yes." He didn't hesitate once.

The man opposite him glared.

"You're a good cook, Carl, but that's not why I stick around. Macie is mine. She will always be mine," Wilson said.

He glanced up at the counter, seeing Macie biting her lip as she watched them. "Now, unless you want me to take your best damn waitress away, you better stop worrying."

Carl sighed. "I have done all that I can." He held his hands up in surrender and left.

Macie came to him seconds later with a smile. "What was that about?" she asked.

"He's worried that I'm going to steal you away." He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her against him.

Wilson had tried to avoid showing her too much attention at work. To any onlooker, they could have been mistaken for friends, but he needed to hold her. He put his hand on her stomach, curious as to whether or not she was pregnant.

He wanted her so badly. All his life, he'd gotten everything he ever wanted. A family hadn't been high on his list, but now, he wanted her so damn badly. He wanted Macie all to himself, and children. Anything and everything to bind her to him.

"Kiss me," he said.

"Wilson?"

"I don't care who is watching. Let them all know that you belong to me." He wrapped a curl of her hair around his finger and gave it a little tug.

She giggled but leaned down and kissed him. It was the lightest graze

of lips, and that wasn't going to do.

He wanted her kisses. To feel her passion.

Gripping the back of her head, he tugged her down and showed her exactly the kind of kiss he wanted. She released a moan but didn't push him away.

He wanted everyone to know this woman was his.

Wilson broke the kiss first. Macie's lips were red and plump. He couldn't wait for them to be wrapped around his dick, sucking him hard. He'd teach her exactly how he liked it.

"I better get to work," she said.

"You could quit. We'd be at my apartment, and you could be naked."

She chuckled. "You're a bad influence." She pressed her palm to his cheek and stepped back.

He wanted her back, but he allowed her to go, watching the sway of her ass as she moved away. His cock was once again rock hard. Whenever he was around Macie, it was a sensation he had to get used to.

She constantly aroused him.

No other man that was inside the diner at the moment made a move on her. He'd noticed the keen eyes on her earlier, but now they all knew she was taken. They kept their hands to themselves, which was exactly where they should be.

Macie glanced back at him and smiled.

He was the only one who was going to get all of her smiles from now on. Her sweetness belonged to him.

Glancing at the clock, he saw she still had another three hours of her shift.

Wilson sat back in his booth and watched. He had no problem filling the three hours with staring.

Macie laughed as Wilson chased her around his penthouse. They were both naked, and he'd insisted on doing a spot of baking. She had no choice but to take over, and then one thing had led to another. Now he ran after her, brandishing a spatula covered in chocolate brownie mix.

She screamed as she spun to face him, seeing him so close. Only the sofa was between them. He had chocolate on his chest, and with one look at the mess she'd made, all she wanted to do was lick it right off.

"You're not playing fair," he said.

“And you think you do?”

He moved left, and she took to the right. Wilson swapped, and then all of a sudden, he jumped over the sofa, and she didn't have enough time to get away as his arms wrapped around her waist. She dropped the spatula, laughter filling the room.

Chocolate brownie mix was smeared across her back and Wilson took them down to the sofa.

He kissed her neck. “I've got you.”

And she had stopped fighting.

Turning in his arms, she cupped his cheek and kissed him. He stroked some of her hair back from her head and smiled. “What is going on in that head of yours?”

She kissed him again, not answering, but then slowly started to kiss down his body. Flicking her tongue across each of his nipples, she trailed her lips down, going toward the brownie mix.

“Yum, tasty,” she said.

He groaned as she went down even further. His cock was already rock-hard by the time she settled between his thighs.

She gripped the base of his cock, amazed at how hard and yet at the same time, how soft he was to the touch. The tip was already wet with precum, and she couldn't resist licking the tip, tasting him. He was slightly salty, and then she covered the whole head of him with her mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” he said.

He gripped her hair, wrapping it around his fist and tugging on the length, and she loved it when he did this to her. Every now and then, it was like he couldn't resist giving her head a little tug.

Sucking the tip of his dick into her mouth, she tried not to use her teeth as she took only the head into her mouth, tightly.

He growled and she looked up at him, watching.

“Take more,” he said.

She did, sliding her mouth over him, just a little, teasing him. She saw him losing patience, but he didn't force her.

“You're so fucking good.”

This wasn't the first time she'd taken his cock. To get this perfect, to know what he liked, Wilson had taken his time, teaching her exactly what he liked. Then, when he couldn't wait a single moment, he'd pulled out of her mouth and had taken her hard and rough. She loved being with this man.

Feeling his hands all over her body, taking whatever pleasure he could have.

She dropped down, taking the whole of his cock into her mouth until he hit the back of her throat, and she gagged.

Wilson groaned. She eased up, but not for long as she set a steady pace. Up and down, she sucked on his length, using her saliva to coat his dick, making it easier for her to take as much of him as she could.

Wilson couldn't contain his need, and a few times, he tried to control her, holding her in place as he thrust into her mouth. She loved to see it when he lost control.

This time, she felt how close he was to the edge, his pre-cum leaving a constant trail for her to swallow on her tongue. He warned her seconds before he was about to explode, but she didn't stop.

Wilson licked her to orgasm all the time, and this time, she wanted to feel and watch him come.

His cock tightened, and then her mouth was filled with his salty cum. Macie swallowed him down, drinking up every single drop. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, but she didn't mind as she watched him lose control.

She eased up, dropping a kiss to the tip of his cock and sitting back on her heels. "How did I do, teach?" she asked.

He groaned. "Star pupil."

She chuckled, getting to her feet and dropping him a kiss on the lips. "I live to serve." He went to grab her, but Macie stepped back. "I smell those brownies, and I'm not going to allow our good work to go to waste."

"I don't think I can move."

"Then more brownies for me." She swayed her hips as she walked away, knowing Wilson would follow. The man was a sucker for a brownie.

She was right. The brownies were done. There was nothing more disappointing in life than an overcooked brownie that tasted of burnt chocolate.

Macie placed them on the top of the stove, turning off the oven as she grabbed a cooling rack. She waited a few minutes, and then her patience ran out as she used the overhang of greaseproof paper to lift them out of the tin and place them on the cooling rack. The scent of chocolate made her mouth water.

Wilson entered the kitchen, and within a matter of seconds, his hands were wrapped around her waist.

This was what she loved. Being in his arms. Sinking against him, she felt his warmth and heat surround her.

Ever since he'd been coming to the diner, she had waited for him each day with anticipation. He was older than her, but age was just a number. She had no idea if this was a bit of fun to him, or if this actually meant a lot more to him. In the past month, he hadn't left her side, and she'd been able to avoid doing her studies, so he didn't realize how stupid she was.

He often broached the subject of her studies, but she had grown used to changing the subject.

"I don't want to wait," he said.

Macie cut the edge of the brownie and turned in his arms, feeding him a piece. "Then let's not wait."

Chapter Seven

Wilson wasn't an idiot.

He was aware Macie was hiding her college stuff from him. The answering machine message that was left by her teacher was a clear indication of that. In the past month, Macie hadn't gone to college once. She hadn't studied, at least, not when he saw her. Whenever he asked her about her work, she always had a reason or excuse not to do it.

She was failing. Her teachers were all concerned about her.

Macie was in the kitchen, cooking them dinner while he was in their bedroom, looking through the closet to find her bag. She'd hidden it behind his safe. He'd given her the combination. Inside his safe, he had two guns, a few files, and money in case of emergencies. He didn't like to go through life without being prepared for potential problems he might face.

Pulling out her old, faded bag, he opened it, and there inside was her work.

He grabbed her books and flicked through them. Her writing was legible but just about. Looking through each book, he saw she struggled.

Wilson got to his feet, dropping the bag on the floor and heading to the kitchen.

He stood in the doorway, his hand behind his back that held her books.

She smiled at him. "Dinner is nearly ready. Just waiting for the steaks to finish."

"Good. Then tell me about this." He clicked the answering machine message and dropped the books onto the counter.

"Macie, it's Professor Flint. I speak for all of your teachers when I say we are concerned. You have not been to a single class in over a month. I know you were struggling, and you were worried, but we do believe that we can—"

"Stop it," Macie said. The smile on her face dropped.

There was no reason to continue playing it. He deleted the message and looked at her.

"I don't know how they got this number," Macie said.

"Simple. When you moved in with me, I called everyone that would need your phone number and forwarding address," he said.

"You didn't have to do that, and you shouldn't be worrying about any

of this, okay? It's nothing."

"Macie, your education isn't nothing. I've asked you why you haven't been attending, and now I find out that you're lying to me."

"I'm going to quit," she said. "There, I said it. This isn't important because I'm not going to keep on doing the same thing. I ... I can't do the work. I'm failing left and right. It is ... impossible. I told you I was stupid and you've seen it. I can't do it."

"You're not stupid," he said.

Tears filled her eyes. "Yes, I am. Look at this." She picked up the book and held it open. "I don't understand any of it. I wanted to. I thought if I had extra time I could finally do this, but I can't." She threw the book across the room, followed by the next one.

He saw her pain, the desperation, and what upset him even more was her giving up.

Wilson rushed to her, pulling her into his arms.

"I'm thick. I'm stupid. I can't do anything, and you are going to hate me. You're going to see how dumb I am." She started to sob, covering her face with her hands.

He held her tightly against him. "You're not stupid."

"Yes, I am."

He kissed the top of her head. "No, you're not. Do you think math is easy for everyone? It's not. Believe me. There are so many dumb rules and conversions."

She nodded. "Yeah, what is all that about? Why does it matter what everything is? I can't remember it, and I try. I try so hard."

"That's the point, Macie. You're trying so hard that you're not remembering anything. There is no rule now that you're an adult on how long it's going to take. I know you, and giving up is not in your nature."

Macie looked at him, and a little hiccup left her. Her face was flushed from the tears. "You don't hate me?"

"Why would I hate you?"

"Look at who you are. Look at what you achieved. I have nothing. I am nothing."

"You're not nothing," he said. He cupped her face and forced her to look at him. "You're mine. Say it."

"What?"

"You're mine."

“I’m yours?” she asked.

“Yes. You’re mine. Now, finish those steaks. We’re going to sit down, and I’m going to look through your work and see where I can help you. You’re not going to quit school because you forget, Macie. I was there when you did pass a test. Remember?”

He did.

She had been so damn excited. She had shown him the results and held it against her chest with such pride.

“I remember,” she said.

“Then we’re going to do this together, and you’re not going to call yourself thick, stupid, dumb, or any other word that you want to use, got it?” he asked.

She nodded.

He stroked her cheek and pressed a kiss to her lips.

Macie stood, reaching for some tissue and wiping at her tears.

He grabbed her books and went to his dining room table. Opening one book, he glanced through, seeing the struggles his woman had.

Wilson was only halfway through the first book when she brought out their food. Each time he turned a page, out of the corner of his eye, he saw her cringe. He kept on reaching out, touching her hand, and offering her support.

He wasn’t going to get rid of her at all.

Macie had no idea how much he craved her.

“Do you understand?” Carl asked.

“Yes, I think so.”

“That is fractions, sweetheart, and when you see food, it is a lot easier to understand. All those numbers, they put it in the books to make it harder.”

Macie chuckled.

Carl offered her a piece of apple, and she took it, biting into the sweet fruit.

“Thank you,” she said.

“No worries. I will help in any way that I can.” He winked at her. “So how are you getting on with school now?”

“It’s fine. Wilson won’t let me miss a day.”

“If I’d known you’d been missing school, I’d have said something as well, missy. Believe me, I know how you were excited about this. I had to

listen to you talk nonstop about each professor, and every single day that you went.”

She winced. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Just don’t let another opportunity like this pass you by.” He winked at her and handed her another slice of apple. “How much apple have I just given you?”

“A quarter.”

“And the one before that?” he asked.

“Another quarter.”

“And the two together make?”

“A half.”

“See. It takes baby steps.”

She nodded. “Can I ask what you think of Wilson?”

He chuckled. “You want to know if he’s a good guy?”

“I know he’s a good guy, but we haven’t gotten much time to talk since I started ... dating him.”

Carl smiled and poured himself a cup of coffee.

They had just finished their lunch break rush. No one was in the diner, and so it was one of those few rare moments where they got the chance to catch up.

Wilson had to go to a meeting of some kind. He was rather vague that morning. He’d dropped her off at school for the first couple of hours. She had no lessons in the afternoon, and he’d picked her up only to bring her to the diner.

He wasn’t talking a lot, which did make her nervous, but she knew he was a busy man.

“You’re not sure if you’re dating him?” Carl asked.

“Everything moved fast. I don’t know. We haven’t titled what we’re doing.”

“Sweetheart, I hate to break it to you, but that guy is in love with you.”

Macie paused as she looked at her boss. She wasn’t sure if she’d heard him right. Surely, she hadn’t. “In love with me?”

“Yes.”

She shook her head. “No, you can’t be right.”

Carl chuckled. “I know the love look when I see it. I wore it myself for over half my lifetime. He looks at you the same way I looked at my late

wife.” He sighed.

Macie nibbled on her lip, not entirely sure if she should trust him. Carl spent most of his time in the kitchen as far away from people as possible.

“I ... er ... I don’t think he’s in love with me.”

Carl sighed. “Okay, let’s break this down then. The guy enters the diner. He’s never been here before, and let’s be frank, the guy stinks of wealth. This is the last place he is meant to be. Those fancy restaurants with candles and scented crap. That is more his style, where they wouldn’t dream of serving up a burger.”

She couldn’t deny it. Wilson was the only man she knew in an expensive designer suit. He didn’t belong in the diner.

“You were here, and you served him. From that day forward, that man made every single excuse to be here. He doesn’t come to the diner for anyone else’s shift, just yours. He also made it a habit to sit as close to you as possible as you studied. You’re living with him. He’s taking care of you.”

She nodded. All of this was true.

“Why would he love me?” she asked.

“Why wouldn’t he love you?”

Macie shrugged. “I’m ... nothing.”

“I wish I could meet the people who made you feel this way, Macie. I honestly do. You’re an incredible person. You’re sweet and kind. I’ve seen the way you are with the kids in this place who make a mess. I have also seen you helping out those families that struggle to pay for their meals.”

“It’s a few cents. It’s nothing.”

“And that is another reason that man loves you. To some, a few cents is a precious thing. You are not made of money, and every little thing you had, you’re willing to give to others. That’s something not a lot of people are willing to do. You need to learn to see what you’ve got, sweetheart. It’s a lot in this world.”

The doorbell rang, and Macie glanced toward it, feeling her heart race, but it wasn’t Wilson.

She forced a smile to her lips.

“And I think it’s also time you realized that you’re in love with that man as well,” Carl said as his parting words.

Macie couldn’t deny it. She knew she loved Wilson. It had nothing to do with his wealth and everything to do with the man himself. He made her

laugh and feel safe. Whenever he entered the diner, he made her heart race, and she always found herself looking forward to her shift at the prospect of seeing him again.

He'd gotten under her skin long before he took her home with him. There were some nights she'd lain awake, watching him sleep. She'd always been a light sleeper, and it was in those moments she had to refrain from pinching herself to confirm it was real.

Good things never happened to her.

Not that she went out of her way to test that theory.

Wilson was the only good in her life, apart from work and Carl.

She only wished she knew what was bothering him. He hadn't been short-tempered with her, or given her any cause for concern, but she wanted to help him in any way she could.

Chapter Eight

“What are you going to do?”

Wilson glanced behind Edward’s shoulder at the street before him. The last thing he wanted to do was to have a damn bounty hunter at his door, but Edward was a good friend. They had served as bodyguards together many times over the years. Where he retired and invested his fortune, making him wealthy, Edward had gone on to hunting for a price.

“What I usually do. Hunt the bastard down and deal with him.” He held his hand out to Edward. “I appreciate you giving me the heads-up.”

“Come on, man. You and I go way back. You’d do the same for me.”

Wilson pulled him in for a hug, slapping him on the back and meaning it. He did care about Edward. They had worked together for a long time. They’d taken bullets for each other. He’d probably describe the man as close to a friend as he’d ever have. That was saying something.

“If you need any help, let me know.”

“Let me know if he’s caught up with,” Wilson said.

“Will do.”

He stood at his front door and watched as Edward climbed into his car, pulled out of his driveway, and drove away.

This meeting hadn’t been a business one. He glanced down at the time and saw it was close to Macie finishing her shift, and he didn’t want her to be left waiting in the cold. Grabbing a jacket, he closed his home and made sure to activate the extra locks and security codes.

He got into his car, turned over the engine, and pulled out of his driveway.

Five years ago, he was bodyguarding for an heiress. Her father had real concerns about the death threats she’d been receiving, not to mention one of her bodyguards had died in the line of duty to protect her. Some maniac had tried to run her off the road.

He was brought in along with Edward, and for six months, they had worked side by side, trying to catch the bastard who was scaring the poor young woman. She’d only been eighteen, but had also made sure her whole life was about doing good.

They had no way of knowing exactly who she’d come into contact with.

He’d been the one to spot the car constantly tailing them. Without

alerting the young woman, he'd let Edward see what he saw, and then, they formed a plan. To lure the man out, they acted like they had no cares in the world. Like the death threats were a young girl getting attention.

The ploy paid off.

They had put the young heiress in a safehouse. Edward pretended to be drinking while Wilson stayed locked in the bedroom, as if he was the young heiress. All they had to do was wait, and sure enough, the man in question came right through the window, ready to steal the young woman away.

He hadn't been homeless, or helped in the animal shelter, but he'd been unstable. At some point, he'd come into contact with their young heiress and in doing so, had convinced himself he was in love.

He'd gotten thrown behind bars, but due to good behavior, he got out a week ago. Edward had stopped by to alert him. There was a chance he was going to hurt him for revenge.

Arriving at the diner, he saw his woman smiling as she served people inside.

There was no way he was going to let any harm come to his woman. She didn't deserve that.

He rubbed a hand down his face, climbed out of the car, and entered the diner just as Macie removed her apron.

The moment she saw him, the smile on her face lit up his entire world. She walked to him, but when she went to wrap her arms around him, he captured her wrists and forced a smile to his lips.

This wasn't what he wanted to do.

"Wilson, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing is wrong. Grab your stuff. I'll explain in the car." How was he going to explain a madman intent on killing him? Macie knew parts of his life, but not the full story. He wasn't always happy with the way his life turned out.

"Oh," Macie said. "Okay."

She was hurt, and he felt like a fucking asshole. Macie already had enough issues, and he didn't need to be adding to them.

With her gone, Wilson checked over the customers. He'd recognize his perp anywhere. Edward had shown him a picture, and nothing had changed in the man. He'd gotten older, but his eyes were still fucking cold and dead.

He stood at the door as Macie approached, jacket in hand, which he took from her and draped over her shoulders. “Wilson, what’s going on?”

“I’ll explain later.”

He walked her out of the diner, all of his instincts returning as if they had never left him. His gaze stayed focused on the surrounding area as he watched and waited. This wasn’t something he liked to do.

“You’re scaring me,” she said.

Wilson didn’t stop though.

Nothing could ever happen to Macie. He loved her more than anything in the world. She was the only woman he craved, and he couldn’t believe how long he’d waited to claim her as his own. Especially knowing the dangers of his past could be closing in.

With her inside the car, he rounded to the driver’s side, climbed in, and took off back to his home.

“Tell me what is going on,” Macie said.

“I will.”

“Wilson, you’re scaring me. You’re acting like a crazy person.”

No, he was acting like a man who would do anything to protect his woman, and that wasn’t wrong at all. He took her hand, locking their fingers together. “I need to tell you something important.”

Macie wrapped her fingers around the cup in her hand, feeling the heat warm up the tips of her fingers. Wilson had started his story in the car and finished it as they got to the house.

Lifting up the cup, she pressed it to her lips and sipped at the coffee. Wilson had offered her something stronger, but she’d declined it as she saw no reason to keep on drinking.

“Talk to me, babe,” he said.

“I don’t know what to say,” she said.

“Look, I know this is fucked up.”

She put the cup down on the counter and shook her head. “No. This is not fucked up.”

“You could be in danger.”

“You don’t know that. You’re the one that could be in danger, not me.” She lifted her hand and placed it on his before reaching up to press it to his cheek. “Nothing about this is fucked up in any way. You protected that woman. She got her life back, and he ended up behind bars. You have no idea

how proud I am of you.”

Wilson didn't look proud.

Macie stood and moved closer to him, forcing him to move out from beneath the table as she moved to straddle him.

He grabbed her ass, squeezing the cheeks.

She gasped.

“Macie, you should be slapping me silly right now.”

“No, I should be doing this.” She cupped his face, kissing him. “And this.” She moved her lips down to his neck, nibbling on the flesh.

He groaned. “You should be mad.”

“There is no way I could be mad at you. I thought you were getting bored of me.” At her words, Wilson tightened his grip on her ass. She couldn't contain her moan as pleasure rushed through her entire body, gripping her tightly.

“There is no chance of me ever getting bored of you.”

The hands on her ass moved up to sink into her hair. He pulled her down and kissed her hard.

The passion of his kiss took her breath away. She wriggled on his lap, trying to gain as much friction as possible, to rub herself against him, desperate to feel all of him, not wanting the moment to end.

Wilson lifted up, dropping her on the table. She still wore the dress uniform for the diner, and he quickly pushed it up her thighs, exposing her to him. He released a groan, and within seconds, he had her panties off, her legs spread wide, and his mouth was between them, licking at her pussy.

Sinking her fingers into his hair, she gasped his name. The sounds of her pleasure echoed off the walls. It was too much.

He nibbled at her clit, biting down on the nub before soothing it with the flat of his tongue. Each touch, each stroke only served to heighten her need for him even more. She didn't want him to stop.

Wilson grabbed her hips, holding her in place as he focused on her pussy. His damned tongue created a fire deep in her core, heightening her need for him. His name a constant mantra spilling from her lips.

He pushed her to the edge, thrusting her over it and keeping her dangled there as she rocked and thrust against him. Even before she had come down from her peak, she felt him. The tip of his cock pressed against her core, and then, inch by inch, slowly sank inside her until he held her hips and slammed the last of himself deep into her core.

“Fuck. You’re so tight. I’m never going to get bored of this. Of you.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck, not wanting to let him go as he took her on the dining room table. Cupping his face, she stared up into his eyes. The sharp blues penetrated her. “I love you,” she said.

She never wanted anything to happen and to regret not saying it at least once to him.

Wilson stopped with his cock still deep inside her.

Macie felt every single inch of him and wasn’t in a hurry to stop him.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” he said.

She smiled. “Why not?”

“Because I needed to be the one to tell you first.”

“You waited too long. I fell in love with you the moment you stepped into the diner.”

“Macie?”

“I would wait, you know. I couldn’t wait to see you, and when you started to come into the diner regularly, seeing you was the highlight of my life.” She pressed her lips to his.

“Macie, I fucking ... I love you so damn much, it scares me.”

Tears filled her eyes as she smiled up at him.

He slammed his lips down on hers, and his hard, rough fucking turned into gentle thrusts as he made love to her. It was slow, delicate, and he lifted her, carrying her through to their bedroom.

She moaned his name as he stripped her out of her clothes, and she lay before him, completely naked. Wilson took his time, kissing every inch of her before he finally made love to her, which lasted long into the night.

Each thrust, each moan, it all spoke to Macie. There was no doubting his feelings for her.

She didn’t know how she’d gotten so lucky. It wasn’t about Wilson’s wealth or the power he had. It was all about him as a person.

He was everything.

Feeling his release fill her, all Macie wanted was to spend her days with this man. Making love, fucking, and showing him how to love. In the back of her mind, she hoped more than anything that she was pregnant. She wanted to start a family with him. To have little Wilsons running around, or daughters. She didn’t care which, but she wanted it all with him.

“I’m not ever letting you go,” he said.

She smiled. How could she not?

“Good, because I want it all with you.” She lifted up and pressed her lips to his ear. “And I want to have a baby.”

Chapter Nine

There was nothing more erotic than listening to your woman say she wanted to have a baby. He'd already been paying close attention to filling her with his kid, but now as he knelt behind her, staring at the plump ass, there was something he wanted more.

They hadn't left the bed for the last couple of days. When Macie was sleeping, he'd made a couple of calls, and he hoped to deal with his problem swiftly.

No one was ever going to hurt his woman.

Macie glanced behind her. "What are you doing?" she asked.

He cupped the mounded globes of her ass, spreading them open. "I am seeing what belongs to me," he said.

She moaned as he let go of one cheek to cup her between her thighs. Stroking a finger between her slit, he relished each moan and whimper that escaped her. She was drenched. Their combined releases coated his fingers, and he pulled them back, stroking over the puckered hole of her anus.

Macie tensed up, but he didn't stop, teasing her tight little asshole. She released a whimper, and he smiled. Pressing his finger against her tight asshole, he pushed inside, and she gasped, rocking back against him.

"That's right, baby, take me."

"Wilson?"

"Trust me."

"I do trust you."

"Good." He pushed his finger in to the knuckle. In and out, he stroked her, feeling her start to moan and quiver beneath his touch. Adding a second finger, he worked her asshole, stretching her out, but knowing he needed more lube.

"Reach into the drawer. Grab the tube," he said.

Macie groaned but did as he asked, reaching into his drawer as he continued to fuck her ass with his fingers. Each movement seemed to make her stop as she took it all in.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"I'm not sure." She had rocked against him, so he had a feeling she wasn't hating it.

"Open the tube and pass it to me," he said.

With his free hand, he took the tube from her and used the pointy tip

to place more lubricant around her asshole, pushing it in.

Macie had stopped tensing, and now, she tried to rock back against him, taking as much of his fingers as possible.

When he got to three fingers, and her asshole started to open up beneath him, he knew she was ready, so long as he took his time. Coating his length in the lubrication, he removed his fingers from her tight asshole and placed the tip there.

At first, Macie tensed, and he leaned down, pressing a kiss to her neck. “Don’t tense up. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I don’t think you’re going to fit.”

“I will, baby.”

Her tight ring of muscles was determined to keep him out, but inch by inch, he slowly, and with care, sank into her anus, filling her up.

Each sound she made turned him on as she took more of him.

He stopped several times to allow her to become accustomed to the feel of him balls deep inside her. Once he was seated to the hilt, he held still, kissing her. He pressed a hand between her thighs and began to stroke her clit, feeling her answering tightness around his dick.

She gasped. “Wilson?”

“Yes?”

“Please, don’t stop.”

“I won’t, but you’re going to have to come for me.”

She screamed his name as her orgasm rocked her. Wilson had no choice but to close his eyes to try to control himself. She was so fucking tight.

Lifting up, he began to take her. Slow, deep, thrusts, working her body, letting her get used to the feel of him in her ass. His name spilled from her lips, and the feel of her tight asshole wrapped around his length was too much for him. He didn’t want to wait a second longer. Wilson let go, coming in waves inside her, filling up her asshole with his cum.

Afterward, his cock was still inside her, but he’d gone flaccid. He moved so she didn’t take the whole of his weight. Pushing some of her hair off her shoulder, Macie looked at him. Those big brown eyes of hers, looking at him with wonder.

“What’s going on inside that head of yours?” he asked.

“Lots of things.”

“Like?”

“I didn’t think I was supposed to enjoy that,” she said.

“Everything I do to you, I want you to enjoy.”

She cupped his cheek. “I do enjoy it, Wilson. I enjoy everything with you.”

Pulling her into his arms, he kissed her lips.

Wilson wanted to spend the rest of his life taking care of this woman. Loving her. Raising a family with her.

Breaking from the kiss, he eased out of her ass and climbed off the bed. After lifting her into his arms, he carried her through to his bathroom. He had no choice but to let her go as he filled up the tub, but it was the last thing he wanted to do.

With the tub filled, he picked her up again, even as Macie protested, and lowered her into the bath. He moved in to sit behind her, kissing her neck.

He had every intention of keeping this woman, of marrying her, and having babies. First, he needed to solve his problem, and once he did, he could then go back to his plan of claiming Macie.

She put her hands on his knees and rested her head against his chest. He stared down at her, feeling the love for this woman consume him. He’d never loved anyone or anything in his life. There was only ever Macie, and he knew without a shadow of a doubt there never would be anyone else.

Kissing the top of her head, he wrapped his arms around her. She had no idea the lengths he would go to in order to protect her.

Macie stared down at the pregnancy test kit she’d snuck out that afternoon to buy. She hadn’t taken the test yet, and the truth was, it was rather daunting.

This little kit could tell her if she was going to be a mother or not.

It was her break, and she had escaped to the bathroom.

Wilson had gotten a call that morning, and he’d been in a rush to drop her off at work and then head over to deal with whatever needed his attention. Staring down at the test, Macie pressed her lips together.

Nerves gripped her.

She loved Wilson more than anything and she wanted a baby, but ... what if this reality pushed him away?

He loved her, she got that, but a baby was a commitment.

Was he just having fun right now? Trying to say all the right things as

he thought that was what she wanted to hear?

She rubbed at her temple, feeling the start of a headache.

There was only one way to know for sure. Her last period hadn't arrived, and there was a very high chance she could be pregnant. Wilson hadn't used condoms once.

This was something she had wanted to do with him, but she couldn't wait. She had to know the answers now. Sitting down on the toilet, Macie read the instructions and followed them, feeling the nerves slowly eat away at her. Her hands shook a little. With the test done, she flushed the toilet and moved toward the counter.

There was a knock on the door.

"I'll just be a minute," she said.

She washed her hands and stared at the test. Grabbing some paper towels, she dried her hands, and the test had finished.

Positive.

She lifted the test, as well as the box, and checked the results.

Positive.

She was pregnant.

There was a second test inside the box, but again, she didn't see the reason for wasting the test. It was positive.

She was going to have a baby, with Wilson.

Sliding the test into the box, she left the bathroom, being careful to hide the kit from strangers. She moved toward the back, in the small staff holding room.

Macie pulled the stick back out of the box just before she slid it into her handbag. The lines didn't lie.

"Congratulations."

Startled, she dropped the test and turned to see Carl standing in the staffroom.

"Thank you," she said.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm okay."

"Does Wilson know?" he asked.

"No." She shook her head, lifting her gaze up to his. "No, he doesn't."

"Are you happy?"

Tears filled her eyes. "Yes, I'm happy, but what if..."

Carl stepped forward but then seemed to pause. "What if what?"

“What if he doesn’t want to have a baby with me? What if it is all just fancy words to get me into bed?” she asked.

Tears filled her eyes then slowly dripped down her cheeks. She swiped at them, not wanting them to fall. “I’m sorry. You must think awfully of me.”

Within seconds, Carl pulled her into his arms. “Don’t think that. I don’t think anything of you, Macie. Your life is your own, but what I will say is when it comes to Wilson, your feelings are unfounded.”

“But—?”

“No buts. That man is completely besotted with you. There’s nothing he wouldn’t do for you. All you would have to do is click your fingers, and he would come to you.” Carl cupped her face. “Now, congratulations. Wipe those tears and come and get to work before the other girls think I’ve got a favorite.”

Macie chuckled.

“And while you’re at it, call Wilson or text him. Tell him you need to talk, or better yet, tell him you’re pregnant and see if he responds.”

She felt a little sick. “What if he doesn’t come back?”

“He will, Macie. Trust me. That man will go wherever you go.”

Carl left, and Macie put the test back into the box. She would have to show Wilson the test if he came back.

Grabbing her cell phone from her bag, she pulled it out and found his number. She hovered over calling him and then settled for a text.

Macie typed the message, knowing she’d spelled several words right, and even the dictionary she had in place didn’t have any ideas. Gritting her teeth, she pressed the *send* button, and there was no way for her to take it back or to stop it.

The decision was taken right out of her hands.

She put the cell phone back, pressed a hand to her stomach, and stopped. There was a life growing inside of her. She was going to be a mother. Could she handle this?

“Don’t worry, we’ll figure this out,” she said, rubbing at her stomach.

Stepping out into the waiting diner, she got to work, aware of Carl keeping an eye on her. She served customers, keeping a constant smile on her face while also trying to keep an eye on the parking lot for a sign of Wilson.

Nothing.

The hours ticked by.

The text message seemed to ring in the back of her mind.

“Are you okay?” Carl asked after three hours and still a no-show from Wilson.

“Yes, of course. I’m fine. Completely fine.”

On the inside, she was dying a little. Wilson had said he loved her and she believed him. Taking a deep breath, she tried to gain her composure, but that wasn’t happening. Each minute that he failed to show up, she died a little more.

Every now and again, she’d put a hand on her stomach, and inside, she’d sob.

It’ll be fine.

It’ll be fine.

By the end of her shift, Macie felt sick to her stomach.

No text from Wilson, and no sign of him either. Carl made her a cup of tea and told her to wait, but even as she took a seat, she had this horrible feeling.

Chapter Ten

Wilson drove like a crazy man, navigating traffic and racing against time to get back to the diner. He'd been sent an alert on the guy's whereabouts, and he'd tracked him down. He had no choice but to call Edward as he got word the man had decided to attack a gas station, and the woman who'd been working there had disappeared. After checking the security footage, Wilson saw his perp grabbing the woman and dragging her out by her hair.

So much for good behavior.

Getting the text from Macie had turned his whole world upside down.

Instead of waiting, he'd charged in there, getting shot in the process, but he'd been able to apprehend the bastard, locking him up until the police and medical services had arrived.

He had to give a statement, get medical treatment, and he'd been very much aware of the time ticking by, letting him know that he was late.

Macie's shift had ended half an hour ago. His shoulder was killing him. He'd opted out of painkillers, much to the paramedic's annoyance. The bullet had done a through and through. It wasn't the first time he'd been shot, and he knew the drill.

He slammed his hand on the horn. "Get out of my fucking way."

He needed to get to the damn diner. He'd been so distracted with getting this guy, he'd missed Macie suspecting she was pregnant. He should have been there with her when she took the pregnancy test.

Wilson hadn't wanted to miss a damn thing, and now here he was, and he knew for a fact Macie was going to be thinking the worst. How he didn't want to have a kid and all his words had possibly been lies.

He knew his woman, and she had a lot to learn about him.

He hit the horn a third time, and people finally moved out of his way. The diner was less than ten minutes out.

Slamming his foot on the gas, he made it in less than five, pulling on the parking brake swiftly.

Wilson climbed out of the car and went to the door. The main diner was dark, and he hit the door hard. In the back, near the kitchen, he saw a soft glow, and he knew Carl wouldn't allow Macie to leave.

The man himself came out of the kitchen. He unlocked the door, letting him inside. "I was wondering when you were going to get here."

“Where’s Macie?”

“In the kitchen. I’ll give you two some privacy. She’s ... she is scared.”

Wilson nodded, and then he walked to the kitchen and stepped inside. Macie sat at the kitchen table. He was a little taken aback by how ... nice the kitchen looked. Carl clearly took pride in his work. It was probably another reason people kept on coming back.

Macie captured his attention as he stared at her. She swiped at her cheeks, and it broke his heart.

“You are never going to cry again, so long as I can help it,” Wilson said.

“Wilson?” Macie gasped and stood.

He went to her, cupping her face, staring into her eyes, and kissing her. At first, she didn’t respond, and then she wrapped her arms around him, kissing him back, and he couldn’t get enough of her. She was so fucking perfect. He loved her more than anything, and she was going to have his baby.

“You came back?”

“Of course, I came back. There is nowhere else I want to be in this world than with you.” He stroked her cheek.

She nibbled on her lip. “You got my text?”

He pressed a hand to her stomach. “It’s why I drove like a crazy man to get to you. We’re going to have a baby.”

“Yes. I ... I thought...”

He kissed her. “I know what you thought, and Macie, I’m not the kind of guy to tell a woman that I love them and not mean it. I love you. I have loved you for a long time, and you’re the only one I want to spend my life with.”

“I love you too.”

Wilson reached into his jacket pocket. “And I’ve been keeping a hold of this for some time, waiting for the right moment to give it to you.” He lowered himself down to one knee. He opened the box and lifted the ring. “Macie Green, I love you more than anything in the world. I want you to be my wife, the mother of my children. Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?”

Macie frowned, touching his jacket. “Wilson?”

“It’s nothing.” He hadn’t been able to contain his wince as she grazed

right over the spot that hurt like a son of bitch.

“No, this isn’t nothing.” She tried to remove his jacket, and he took her hands.

“Do you want the long or short version of why I’m a little late for you this evening?”

“Tell me what is wrong,” she said.

“First, tell me if you will be my wife.”

She chuckled, and he saw the tears in her eyes. “Yes, you know I will. I love you so much.” She cupped his face and kissed him, hard. “Now tell me.”

“Well, I kind of, sort of, may have, been shot.”

She gasped and instantly recoiled from him.

He saw he had no choice, and Wilson told her the complete story. About finding the perp, getting shot. He left out the part where he’d read her text and his patience had grown thin as he wanted to get to her fast.

“We’re going to the hospital,” she said, grabbing his hand.

“Wait, wait,” he said. He wasn’t going to deny how much he loved how protective she was.

With the ring in his hand, he slid it onto her finger. “Now, we can go to the hospital.”

Wilson smiled at her, and Macie stepped closer to him.

“See, I’m fine.”

Macie shook her head and then threw herself at him, all the while trying to be careful and not hurt him. “I was so scared.”

He wrapped his arms around her and chuckled. “Not as scared as I was,” he said.

She pulled back. “You were scared?” She glanced at the bandage on his shoulder. She hated the thought of him being terrified and her not being there.

Wilson put a finger beneath her chin and turned her head so she had no choice but to face him. “Not about the bullet. I wasn’t afraid of being shot.”

“That’s not normal.”

“I’ve been hit before. It’s all part of the job. No, what I was afraid of was you being alone. I got that text and I knew I had to get to you.”

She glanced down at his chest. “I’m sorry.”

“Macie, the way I feel about you, it’s not normal. I can’t stand the thought of other men talking to you or even getting close to you. I’ve felt this way from the moment I saw you in the diner. I’ve wanted you. You have nothing to fear about me wanting you. Not a moment goes by when I don’t think of you.”

Tears filled her eyes. She waved her hands in front of her face and tried to stop the tears from falling, but it was no use.

Wilson gripped the back of her neck, pulling her close. “You’re stuck with me, Macie. From now until eternity. Where you go, I go.” He kissed her hard. He let her go and took her hand. “This here, this is my vow to you. I keep my word. You’re mine.”

“And you’re mine?”

“One day, you will say those words and they will not hold a single ounce of doubt. I love you, Macie. Only you.”

She couldn’t resist kissing him, and feeling his arms wrap around her was the greatest feeling in the world.

The sound of a clearing voice forced her to pull away, and the doctor was there. She listened, trying to take it all in. Wilson, as usual, handled everything.

The doctor clicked his tongue, and then they were discharged.

Wilson grabbed her hand, locking their fingers together, and Macie realized this was exactly how she wanted to spend the rest of her life. She didn’t need or want anything else, just Wilson.

He pulled her against him as they stepped out into the cold, and she wrapped her arms around him, resting her head on his chest, feeling the heat and warmth of him surround her. It was still frostily cold out.

“Come on, baby, it’s time to go home.”

For the longest time, she had seen it as Wilson’s home, but now, she knew it was her home as well.

Their home.

Epilogue

Seven months later

Macie screamed as the pain rushed through her entire body.

“I’ve got you, baby. I’ve got you.”

She loved her husband with her whole heart, but right now, she didn’t like him very much. Their first baby, and the pain was unlike anything she had ever felt. This was even worse than attempting to take an exam. She had been studying like crazy the last seven months, and in fact, just as she was about to enter the exam, her water broke. This was her luck right now.

Wilson took hold of her hands, and she was so thankful because she didn’t think she was going to be able to cope. He had this power that always helped her to realize just how strong she was. He kissed her head. “You’ve got this, Macie.”

She nodded her head.

Women had been doing this all the time. It was the most natural thing in the world.

Another contraction, and the urge to push was so strong. The pain intensified, and she felt like she was going to burst.

The doctor between her thighs nodded, and Macie couldn’t stop. She screamed as the pain swept over her body, and then she heard it, the precious sound of their baby girl as she let the world know that she was born.

Seven months ago, Macie couldn’t believe how incredibly miserable she was. She thought Wilson had left her, and in fact, he’d been a hero, saving a young woman and putting a man back behind bars. This time, no good behavior was going to help him.

“You did it, sweetheart,” Wilson said.

They held hands, and Macie looked down at their locked fingers. They’d been married a month later in a sweet ceremony on a small Caribbean island. Wilson had paid for Carl to be there to walk her down the small aisle. Some women wanted big luxury weddings, but she’d only wanted her closest family. Carl and her man.

The last seven months had been ... insane.

She still worked for Carl, even though Wilson found every single reason to dispute it. She adored the older man so much. He was more of a father to her than anyone else.

Her life with Wilson had been perfect. Macie couldn’t believe how

lucky she was to have found him. The day he stepped into the diner, he'd changed her world.

Their baby girl was placed into her arms, and Macie stared down at the most precious person in their world.

"Holy shit," Wilson said. "She's perfect."

"Look what we made," she said.

"No, this one, this is all on you," he said.

Macie laughed, glancing up at him. The anger faded. "I love you," she said. "So much."

"I love you too. With all of my heart." He pressed a kiss to her lips, and she smiled, feeling the love consume her.

They had the rest of their lives. Macie was going to make the most of it. Not a day would go by when she didn't tell Wilson how much she loved him. Her feelings for him would never fade, and as he gripped her shoulder, she knew he felt exactly the same way. He'd spent the last seven months showing and telling her how much he loved her, and she had no doubt he'd spend the rest of their lives doing the same.

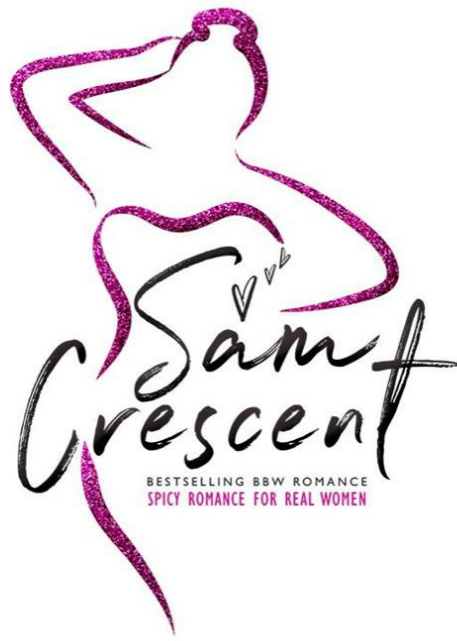
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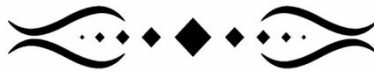
BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER

BRED BY THE BULLY

Breeding Season, 8

Sam Crescent and Stacey Espino

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Sample Chapter

Mira Davencourt knew he was doing this on purpose. Drake had told her to meet him at twelve o'clock on the dot. Now it was twenty minutes past. His PA kept on smiling at her, saying he'd only be a minute. She took a deep breath and flicked a blonde lock back. Her nerves were at an all-time high.

In and out, she tried to use her yoga breaths. She wasn't very good at yoga, even though she'd been doing it for nearly a year. If anything, her body was much more limber. She'd yet to lose much weight, but she wasn't one for cardio.

Why am I thinking about exercise right now?

She hated being here.

Mira hadn't seen this man in such a long time. Drake had made her life at school a complete misery.

She didn't understand why her brother would do this to her, but this was about family. Ever since their father died, Nigel had been trying to make the pawnshop pay for itself. The biggest problem was neither of them knew anything about rare goods. Nigel had invested good money into products that had absolutely no value. He took unacceptable risks. Then he had to go and get a loan from none other than Drake Eastwood. The man who'd bullied her throughout high school, who was one of the worst men in the city to even be around.

I can do this.

She'd gone to the shop to talk to Nigel about letting the pawnshop go, only to find the place smashed up and her brother with two broken legs. If he didn't pay a large sum of money to Drake by the end of the week, his hands would be next. They'd keep breaking things until there was nothing more than his neck to snap. This had happened on Monday.

So, on Thursday at lunchtime, the only available slot Drake had, she sat waiting to talk to him. She had no idea how she was going to do this. They owned nothing of any value. The pawnshop was so deep in debt that selling it would cause them to owe even more money. Their father's legacy had turned into a hinderance.

The migraine that started the moment she found her brother had gotten worse to the point of making her sick. She couldn't stomach food. Nigel had tried to play chipper, like he was in complete control, but she knew differently. Once they finished with her brother, the debt would belong to her.

No matter what her brother tried to do to protect her, he couldn't save her.

Taking a deep breath, she tried not to think about everything that would be lost. She knew her father had loved his pawnshop, and he'd had an eye for antiques, but it had missed her. She'd moved from job to job over the past ten years. She'd been a barmaid, worked in a bakery, a travel agency, and many other places. Right now, she worked as an accountant. The hours were odd, but the money was good.

She really thought she was happy, but now her brother was taking all decisions out of her hands. No matter what she earned, she couldn't cover the six figures he owed Drake.

After forty minutes, she was tempted to leave and even stood to go, but suddenly, the door to Drake's office opened. She expected him to be alone, but out came three men, all of whom shook his hand.

On the outside, he looked like a suave businessman, but she knew the truth. Not all of his businesses were legal. Nothing could be pinned to him, but his name sent fear through everyone.

His dark-brown gaze captured hers. He tilted his head, but she didn't complain, nor did she give away her annoyance at being kept waiting.

"Miss Davencourt is here to see you," his PA said.

"Certainly. No interruptions, Glenda." He held his door open.

Do not go in there.

He's a monster.

All it took was one thought, *Nigel*, to get her moving. One step in front of the other, she entered his office, walking toward the single chair in front of his desk.

Where had the other two men sat?

“Please, take a seat, Miss Davencourt.”

Did he remember her? Their school days had been a long time ago.

She watched as he rounded his desk. His suit jacket fit him snugly, showing off his broad shoulders. As he sat, the flex of his muscles gave away how strong he actually was. The man worked out. At the cuff of his jacket, she detected the merest hint of ink, but she couldn't make out what it was.

“What can I do for you?” he asked.

She clasped her hands tightly together, hating how nervous she suddenly felt. This wasn't good. Drake didn't have any control over her, not really.

“I'm here to talk about my brother.”

Drake leaned back in his chair, the tips of his fingers pressed together.

“What about Nigel?”

He hadn't given any indication of knowing who she was.

“I understand he owes you a payment.”

“He owes me a hell of a lot more, Mira. You know that or you wouldn't be here.”

He knew her name.

“Let's cut the crap, Drake,” she said.

“No formality with Mr. Eastwood?”

“What do you want?”

“On my last count, your brother owes me close to a quarter mil,” he said. “We can start with that, and I'm being generous without adding interest.”

She had no idea what her brother was doing with so much money. The shop wasn't even worth that. She closed her eyes as another wave of sickness washed over her.

I can do this. I'm not upset. I'm not going to give in.

“Why would you even loan him the money? What the hell did he want it for?”

“It's not my place to question the motives of my customers. I merely give them what they want and expect payment in return.”

“Are you stupid?” she asked.

His brow rose.

“There’s no good business sense in loaning out money to anyone who will have it. Nigel couldn’t afford to pay you back.”

“And you think I didn’t know that?” he asked.

Mira closed her mouth and watched Drake in case he did anything. He was a snake back in high school and time hadn’t stopped that viciousness from manifesting. He was even deadlier now.

Drake was rich, powerful, and feared.

She had to be careful.

“If you knew he didn’t have the means to pay, why did you lend it to him?”

“Do you want a drink?” Drake asked.

“Please, you’ve kept me waiting. I don’t want a drink.”

“Business ran on longer than I’d hoped, but as usual, I got what I wanted.” Drake stood and moved toward his drink cabinet in the corner.

She wanted to scream at him, but instead, she kept her calm.

“You know, everyone in this world has desires. They always want something in life that they might not be able to acquire. Some things are valuable and have a cost. I have an abundance of money, but what I want, I can honestly say cannot be bought.”

“You’re not making any sense.”

“Actually, what I want can be bought, but I like to have my certain brand attached to it.” He smiled, and it wasn’t a nice smile.

“Drake, just tell me what you want. You knew Nigel was my brother. Clearly, you wanted business with me. Stop avoiding. Just tell me what you want. You know I don’t want him to get hurt. Two broken legs is already too much.”

“My men do know how to carry out instructions. I told them to make him hurt.” Drake took his seat once again and continued to stare at her. “You were pretty in high school, but now you’re absolutely stunning.”

Heat filled her cheeks and she licked her dry lips. Compliments were foreign to her. She pushed some of her hair off her face.

“Tell me, Mira, what are you willing to do to save your brother’s life?”

“Anything.”

“You don’t want to take a minute to think about that?” he asked.

“Drake, you don’t have any siblings, so I get that you wouldn’t understand this, but I love my brother. I’ll do whatever it means to keep him safe. What do you want?”

He didn’t answer right away.

She gritted her teeth to keep the begs and pleads inside. This was a nightmare. Nigel’s life hung in the balance. Her brother would be pissed to discover her here, fighting for him, but there was nothing he could say or do that would stop her.

Drake leaned on his elbows, smiling at her. “I want you to carry my child,” he said.

“Excuse me?” She must have misheard him.

“I want a child. An heir. You, Mira, are who I want to fuck to get that. It’s simple, I’ll wipe out all of your brother’s debts. I’ll also take the pawnshop off your hands and even make sure your brother can start a life on his own. In return, you belong to me. Your pussy is mine to fill. I want babies, and I want you to be the mother of my children.”

Drake watched Mira’s reaction. On the surface, no one would ever have suspected what she was feeling. It was all in the subtle movements, the slight pinching at the lips, the fiddling with her hands. She wasn’t happy about what he’d asked for.

Out of all the women he’d fucked over the years, Mira was still the most expressive, and he’d never once seen her naked. Their only interaction had been at school, but in those days, he’d lived for each and every confrontation. Where most women threw themselves at his feet, Mira fought him.

She was not easily taken.

Over the years, as he’d built up his empire and his reputation, he’d always come back to thinking about the one who got away.

She was outraged but contained herself.

Clever.

He could have her hurt and no one would touch him. That was the benefit of being who he was.

Tapping his fingers against his thigh, he waited. She was incredibly beautiful, and he couldn’t wait to spread those juicy thighs and taste her sweet cunt. The background search he’d done on her before this meeting hadn’t given too much away. He didn’t know if there was another man in her

life, or if anyone had even come close to winning her over. She'd worked so many different jobs that no one knew who the real Mira was.

"You're crazy," she said, getting to her feet.

"Am I?"

The moment Nigel had walked into his office asking for money, he'd seen an opportunity he couldn't turn down. The money was no doubt a bad investment, but it wasn't enough to make him lose sleep over, especially as it had achieved what he wanted. Mira in his office.

"You want me to have your children?" she asked.

"Yes." He opened up his jacket and rounded the desk so he stood closer to her. Mira may hate him, and that was fine with him, but her gaze kept on straying. She was attracted to him, and as far as he was concerned, he was more than happy with that. He wanted to fuck her, and this was years in the planning. He would have her.

She pushed her hair out of the way. The long locks could never be tamed, and he loved that she'd never gotten it cut. He couldn't wait to run his fingers through the length or have it spread out across a pillow, or better yet, wrapped around his fist as he pounded inside her.

Fucking her was going to be a pleasure. He looked forward to having his name spill from her lips.

"This is crazy."

"Or it's a lifeline. You and I both know that pawnshop isn't going to make it. Nigel went to other people for money. Only my name and my connections are keeping him alive."

"You ordered to have his legs broken."

"I still have a reputation to protect." He winked.

She grabbed her head on both sides. "Oh, God, this isn't happening."

He watched her. The pencil skirt molded to her shapely hips and ass. He'd been with slender and curvy women. None of them even compared to Mira. He couldn't wait to see what kind of treasures she held beneath.

"You said you were willing to do anything to save him."

"Not have your children. I hate you."

He smiled and closed the distance between them. She stepped back and he followed. There was no getting away from him.

When her back hit the wall, he slammed his palms at either side of her head. "You can fight me all you want, but you and I both know you're turned on by me."

“You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

His office was a nice warm temperature and yet her nipples poked against the front of her shirt. The jacket she wore gaped open, and he knew she wanted him.

He put his fingers on her knee and slowly began to slide his hand up. She didn’t stop him, and he moved until he cupped her pussy.

Her panties were soaking wet. “Do I need to go any further to prove to you just how wet you are?”

“Drake?”

“I don’t believe in lying, Mira.” He slid her panties aside and found her wet slit. “Look at that. Soaked.”

She put her hands to his chest, but he stroked over her clit. Using his fingers, he moved up and down, preparing her, not penetrating, but getting her used to the feel. Her head fell back against the wall.

“I know what I want, Mira. I want kids, and I want you naked in my bed. Give me what I want, and your brother will be free. You’ll be the one responsible for his happiness.” He pressed his nose against her neck as he plundered her cunt with two fingers. She was incredibly tight.

She moaned, and the sound echoed around the room.

“I hate you.”

“Do you think I care if you hate me or not? I want what I want, and I’m going to get it by any means I have to.” He bit down on her neck, relishing her cries.

She started to thrust against his hand, and he groaned. He couldn’t wait to replace his fingers with his cock, but for now, he just needed to give her a hint of what it could be like.

Kissing down her neck, he didn’t care that clothes were in his way. He sucked on her beaded nipple, biting down.

When he thought he had her close to the edge, he stepped back, pulling his fingers from her pussy and his mouth from her tit.

He wanted to do more. To bend her over the desk and take her hard and fast. That would come soon.

Once she agreed to belong to him, her life as she knew it would cease. There would be no room for her to be anywhere else but at his side.

He had an insatiable appetite, and he’d been anticipating claiming Mira for some time.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

He lifted his fingers to his mouth, licking them clean, tasting her. Stepping back, he kept his gaze on her.

His cock pressed against the front of his pants, and it fucking hurt. He wasn't a small man, but years of restraint and control made him sit down. "I proved a point. You want me, and I'm saying you can have me, but it comes with a price. Everything in life has a price."

"My freedom for my brother's?"

"And he's getting a lot more than others would give him, believe me. I'm being more than generous."

"You're asking me to bind myself to you for life. There's no way in hell I'd give you a child and leave it."

"Do you think I expect only one child from you?" he asked. "I want four at least." He intended to bind Mira to him in every single way.

The girl he remembered at school was just as passionate now. He had to wait, to bide his time, but he could have her. He was the one with all the power. She would have no choice but to bend to his will, and fuck if that didn't turn him on even more.

He wanted her more than anything else in the world. Being close to her only served to remind him of all that he wanted.

Clasping his fingers together, he waited as she struggled to compose herself.

She tried to close her jacket, but the wet stain he'd left from his mouth was still visible on her shirt.

"When?" she asked.

"Excuse me?"

"When do you want me to start?"

"Immediately."

"Do I get a chance to think this over?"

"With every hour you take, the higher the debts are. Like I said, Nigel owes a hell of a lot of money."

She rubbed at her temple and he saw how pale she looked.

He opened the top drawer of his desk, removed two pain pills, and then grabbed a bottle of water from his fridge. He offered them to her.

"What are they?" she asked.

"The legal kind of painkiller. It will help your headache."

"How did you know?"

"I know a lot, Mira. I know you're desperate. I know you want to find

anyone else but me to save your brother. You also know that at the cost of your body and your womb, you're going to give yourself to me."

"You're so sure of everything. Why didn't you just take it?" she asked.

"There is a condition with all of this," Drake said.

"More conditions?"

Drake smiled. "I'm a businessman."

"Tell me," she said.

"I expect you to be willing."

"What?"

"You heard me. I expect you to come to my bed as a willing participant. I don't want a corpse in my bed, and I don't do rape. You will come to bed and play just as I will. Anything less and your brother's life ends." This was enough for today. He checked the time even though he didn't have another meeting, but he needed Mira desperate.

He'd wait for an answer, but they both knew what it was going to be.

End of sample chapter

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