

A man with dark hair and a beard, wearing a dark suit jacket over a white shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is looking off to the left. The background is a textured, grey wall.

THE  
BILLIONAIRE'S  
MAID

MAID  
TO Hate

D.C. Renee

# *Maid To Hate*

THE BILLIONAIRE'S MAID SERIES, BOOK SIX

DC RENEE

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*Babulya, we're waiting for you in our dreams. Love you.*

*Always missed, always loved, Baba and Deda.*

MAID  
TO *Hate*

**D.C. Renee**



## *A Smut Warning...*

YOU! Yes, YOU!

HOLD UP...

STOP!

RIGHT!

THERE!

SMUT AHEAD!!!

What? You like it?

No, no...you won't...

It's got sex (oh my!); it's got *graphic* sex (oh my, my!); it's got *kinky, graphic* sex (oh my, oh my!)

You still think you'll like it?

It's about a billionaire's maid...with, dare I say...a HEA ending...

Oh! And did I mention lots of sex?

You STILL think you'll like it??

GOOD! You're just my kind of people.

In that case...read on...for a safe, no cheating, alpha H, feisty h, with hate/love, and sex galore.

# *Blurb*

*MY FAMILY WAS EVERYTHING TO ME.*

*WHICH IS WHY I DIDN'T HESITATE. I DROPPED IT ALL—MY LIFE,  
MY CAREER, MY HOME—AND LEFT NEW YORK, WITH MY SISTERS,  
TO COME BACK AND RUN MY MOM'S BUSINESS WHEN SHE GOT  
SICK.*

*CLEANING WASN'T MY THING, BUT MY MOM WAS DAMN GOOD AT  
IT. SO MUCH SO THAT HER MAID SERVICE WAS DOING WELL WITH  
SOME PRETTY RICH CLIENTELE.*

*ZANE RICHARDS.*

*HE'D BEEN ONE OF THEM. I'D PICTURED A STUFFY OLD MAN  
WITH A TROPHY WIFE, BUT I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.*

*YOUNG. HOT. RICH. CHARMING. SINFUL.*

*THOUGH I HATED HIM ON SIGHT, THAT DIDN'T STOP ME FROM  
WANTING HIM.*

*SO, I TOOK HIM...AND THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALL. JUST SEX,  
NO STRINGS. AND I'D RETURN TO MY LIFE IN NEW YORK WHEN MY  
MOM WAS BETTER.*

*BUT THAT DAMN THIN LINE...ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY...*

*MAID TO HATE...OR MAID TO LOVE?*

## Prologue

“THIS MEANS NOTHING,” she said between kisses while her hands worked at the buttons of my shirt.

*This means everything.* I didn't say the words out loud. I was going to scare her off if I did, and that was the last thing I wanted. It was the last thing *my dick wanted*. It had been dying to be buried inside Margaret “Margo” Reyes since the moment I laid eyes on her, or I guess since the moment I laid eyes on her perky, round ass in tight leggings. It hadn't helped that she was bent over dusting the legs of my coffee table.

I'd gotten the message that a new cleaner was starting that day, so I wasn't shocked to see her, but my cock sure was. The last one had been an older woman, sweet and all, but let's just say she wasn't the kind of woman who would stir this kind of reaction from a guy like me.

I had cleared my throat, which caused the new girl to shoot up. One look at her face, her killer body...and I thought her ass was phenomenal, but it was just the tip of the iceberg. She was a damn knockout. She had no makeup on, but she didn't need it. Dark brown hair pulled up into a messy bun allowed me to stare at her face. Big brown eyes the same color of her hair framed by thick black eyelashes, full lips that I wanted to see painted a deep red color, and high cheekbones reminiscent of a model, but she didn't have the body of a model. Oh no, her body was that of sin. She wasn't some dainty little waif. She had curves, luscious fucking curves. The kind that made a man want to grab and use as leverage while he fucked her.

My mind had immediately gone to all sorts of different scenarios, but each one involved a very sexy and very

revealing French maid outfit. One that would allow me to watch her as she worked with that same plump ass on display and two round cheeks peeking from underneath, taunting me. Just as she'd be cleaning the small mirror in the hallway, I'd walk up to her, pull the little dress up from behind while pulling the front down, right under her breasts. Then I'd fuck her from behind as we both stared at ourselves in the mirror.

That was just one example of the many scenes my mind played out in the span of maybe a couple of minutes right after taking my first look at Margo.

"You're a pig," she said, her tone full of disgust and annoyance while she glared at me, forcing my thoughts away from the wicked images in my head. One hand held a rag while the other was now on her hip, clearly mad, and I was pretty sure that anger was directed at me. It only served to turn me on more. Did that make me said pig? Nah. Just made me have a penchant for feisty women. Nothing wrong with that.

I just raised my eyebrow in response. And then, for good measure, said, "Oink."

Was I playing with her? You bet. I couldn't help it. I hadn't even known her name yet at this point, but that had never mattered before. I took plenty of women to bed whose names I never knew. It might be a tad bit awkward with this one, considering she would be at my home several times a week, but we'd figure it out. Either way, something about the way she looked at me made me want to tease her a bit.

"Ugh," she said, wrinkling her nose. How she managed to look cute while being a vixen, I didn't know, but damn if I didn't want to figure it out...without clothes, of course. "Who the hell are you anyway?" she asked.

"I should be asking you that question. After all, you're in my home."

"*You're Zane Richards?*" she asked incredulously, and I was both taken aback because she hadn't heard of me—I was, after all, considered one of the most eligible bachelors, and because I was unreasonably offended by her shock. "Figures," she muttered right after. "I'm Margaret Reyes, your new

cleaner. And I'd appreciate it if you stayed out of my way and let me do my job." She didn't bother hiding her annoyance, and it only made me want her that much more.

"Should I point out that this is *my* home once more?"

"And you're paying me to do a job in *your* home," she replied. The way she spoke to me...if I were someone else, I would have fired her. But maybe that's *why* she spoke to me that way...because I wasn't someone else, and she could tell she could press my buttons, and I'd sure as shit like it.

"Well?" she asked when I was too busy staring at her with a mixture of anger and awe at her audacity. "You want a clean house or not?"

"What's your name?"

"What's it to you?"

"You have a key to my house, you have free-range, and besides, you know mine."

"You think I'm going to steal something?" She scoffed.

"I think I have a right to know the names of the people I employ."

"You employ the company, and the company employs me. You know the name of the company, don't you?"

"Are you always this damn difficult?"

"You seem to bring it out in me." I threw my head back and laughed. "What the hell is so funny?" she asked.

"You. It's just a name, sweetheart."

"I'm not your sweetheart," she tossed back.

"Give it to me or don't." I shrugged. "Just makes it easier to know whose name I'm calling when I picture your body on mine." Was it crossing a line? Yeah, okay, it was. But shit, if she could push my buttons, well, then I could push hers.

"Ugh, I hate you."

I just laughed and walked away, knowing she was staring daggers at my back. *This was going to be fun.*

That was just a few weeks back, and it was definitely the beginning of a love-hate relationship, with an emphasis on the hate. A maid that hated me...like she was made to hate me... *maid to hate, ha...sometimes I cracked myself up.* But as we all know, there was a thin line between love and hate.

Which is exactly how we got here. I didn't just cross the line. I annihilated it. I annihilated *her*.

# *Chapter One*

MARGARET



*ONE MONTH EARLIER...*

“WHY?” I asked my mom. “Why didn’t you tell us? We could have come sooner, helped you out more. I...I don’t know, just something.”

“I didn’t want you to worry,” she replied. I imagined she’d had this same, or was going to have this same one, with all my sisters. “Luna was too young to burden with this, and you all had your own lives.”

“Okay, fine, Luna I get,” I admitted. “But what about me? Cat? Meli? We’re the oldest. We could have figured it out.”

“That’s precisely why I didn’t tell you,” she replied adamantly. That was my mom. She never wanted to put anything on anyone but herself, which was how we’d ended up here.

Eight girls. Yep, you read that right. My parents had eight girls, basically one right after another, and who knows if they’d keep having more, except my father passed away when I was only nine, and Luna, the youngest, was just two. I remembered him. I remembered his laughter, his smell, the way he looked at us all, especially my mom, like he was the luckiest man alive. And then, one day, he was gone.

It was all on mom, and she managed and managed quite well. She had her own cleaning company with some pretty big accounts, and even a few employees under her belt. But let’s be honest, she tended to do more than everyone else. Which I bet didn’t help her at all this past year. She had cancer, breast cancer to be exact, and she didn’t say a word to any of us. It was easy to keep it from most of us, considering the seven oldest, myself included, had moved to New York to experience something different while Luna had stayed home with mom, mostly because, well, she had been too young to come out, but who knows if she would have joined us for the fun.

Between school and friends, I’m sure it wasn’t too difficult for our mom to hide it from Luna too, especially with the

treatment she was undergoing. She'd been taking an experimental pill for the past year. I had yet to truly process it all, but that meant the usual side effects of chemo or radiation weren't there. The treatment wasn't working, though, and she'd ended up in the hospital, which is how Luna found out, who then called us, and of course, we took the first flight back to be here for her.

It wasn't until we finally got home that we realized it wasn't just enough to be back here to be closer to Mom and to be near her for the sake of being near her. We wanted to help her in any way we could, which wasn't much, and it made us all feel incredibly helpless. Plus, we needed to be here for Luna because she shouldn't have to shoulder it all on her own...nope, we realized someone would have to take over her business. This was mom's livelihood, her baby. Forget the fact she had employees counting on her, when—and yes, when—she got better, she'd need to pick right back up where she left off, right? It would be too much for her to start from scratch.

Unfortunately, where Mom could manage several houses in one day, being the superstar she was, we weren't that gifted. We'd have to split up her homes, manage the business, take on new clients, and whatever else she did by ourselves while she focused on getting better.

I would be starting my first one the next day, but for now, I was going to spend time with my mom.

“Luna, Lily, Lilah, even Evie were too little to truly remember your dad,” my mom told me. “But I know they feel his loss nonetheless. But the rest of you...I couldn't put that on you again. This...this damn cancer...I'm going to beat it,” she said. “But the fact remains that there is always the possibility I won't. What good would it have done you to think about losing another parent this entire time? You would have rushed home sooner, would have put your lives on hold...for what? I was handling it. And I...I just didn't want you to remember how it felt to lose dad again.”

The tears had come at some point, and no matter how many times I slapped at my face, angry they were here, angry I wasn't being strong for mom, they just wouldn't stop.

“Oh, Margo,” Mom said with a sigh. “I’m not telling this to hurt you, baby. I’m just telling you why I kept it to myself.”

“We’re not losing you,” I told her vehemently. “You’re going to kick this cancer’s ass, and we’re going to take care of everything at home while you do. Don’t you worry.”

“With daughters like you, I never worry. Love you, Margo.”

“Love you too, Mom,” I told her before getting up to hug her. We talked for a little longer before I headed home.

“You ready for tomorrow?” Cat asked me as I plopped down on my bed in the basement we share, along with Melinda, the three of us being the oldest, Cat at age 26, me at 25, and Meli being 24. “Your first cleaning job,” she added as if I didn’t know.

I scoffed. I’d been cleaning—we’d *all* been cleaning for as long as we could remember. I just didn’t like it much.

“It’ll be fine, some stuffy, older richy-rich who’s probably too busy with his trophy wife to notice how good of a job I’ll do.”

“Margo!” Meli chided. They knew I hated cleaning, which meant I would probably do the least amount I could get away with. “Mom,” she said, triggering my instant guilt. I couldn’t let her down and lose this job for her.

“Don’t worry, Zane Richards’ place will be spotless,” I reassured them. “So spotless his trophy wife will be able to see every inch of his saggy old skin while she rides his crotchety old dick and pretends she likes it.”

Cat spit out the drink she’d just taken, and Meli just shook her head in dismay. Yep, that was me. I wasn’t known for keeping my mouth shut, which might have gotten me in trouble quite a bit, but hey, I was who I was, and I wasn’t going to apologize for it.

Who knew that lack of filter was going to possibly get me in trouble the very next day when I realized the hot, okay fine, *insanely* hot, young douchebag—yes, douchebag... I mean, come on, he was visibly undressing me with his eyes like he

was waiting for me to take off my clothes and beg him to fuck me—was not, in fact, Zane Richards' spoiled rich kid son as I had presumed the minute I laid eyes on him. He was, in actuality, Zane fucking Richards himself. It was clear he was made to destroy women's hearts *and* panties...so of course, I hated him. He was made for me to hate...maid to hate, ha, I was pretty darn clever.

I just had to make it through this until Mom got better, and then I'd never see his too-handsome, too-chiseled, too-perfect face, with his stupid-perfect body in that stupid-perfect tailored suit. See? He probably annihilated women. But I wouldn't let him annihilate me.

## *Chapter Two*

“PUT SOME CLOTHES ON.” I heard from behind me, her voice dripping with condescension as I sipped my coffee. The old cleaning lady had a schedule, but this one didn’t seem to stick to one. On her first day, she’d been at my home after I’d returned from work. She hadn’t come the day before, but she was here now bright and early. For anyone else, I would have been annoyed by the lack of continuity, but I kind of liked that it had only been three days in, and she was already surprising me.

I turned slowly, letting her eyes trail over my body, knowing full well she was taking me in. I felt her eyes on me. She might claim to hate me, but she clearly wasn’t immune to me. I didn’t blame her one bit. After all, I worked hard on my body for precisely this reason—to be admired. Add that to the fact that I came from money, and yep, I could basically get any ass I wanted. My family had done pretty well for itself when I was a kid, but my dad worked hard, got a little lucky, and the next thing you know, he had created a major big-box chain store, and we were suddenly *more* than pretty well off. We were rich as hell, but that didn’t mean my dad just handed me my job. Well, okay, I definitely had my exec position because it was my family’s company, but I’d gone to school, shadowed my dad, and earned my place by his side. I knew the business like the back of my hand.

But that was neither here nor there. What mattered right now was the fact that my new cleaner looked just as fuckable as she did two days ago, and my dick was taking notice.

“Are you...oh my God, are you hard?” she asked, staring down at the tent in my boxers, and yes, I wasn’t fully naked. There was no point if I was alone. Now, if someone were sharing my bed, then they were off, too restrictive when I wanted to get down to round two, five, ten...I never counted, I just came...and so did she, so did she.

“Morning wood,” I said with a shrug even though that was not nearly the truth.

“Oh, uh...” she stuttered for a minute, looking anywhere but at me. If I had to guess, I’d say she assumed with certainty that my dick being hard was because of her—which, it was, but she didn’t know that, and when she found out otherwise, she felt embarrassed. Funnily enough, she didn’t turn red like most women did, which then somehow translated in my mind to watching her round ass turn red with my handprint as I slapped it, hard, squeezing, gripping it as leverage while I fucked her from behind, pulling her ass against me, driving deep inside her, over and over, her body on all fours, her back arching with pleasure as she came all over my cock, my name on her lips, but I wouldn’t be done...no, I’d be far from it. I’d keep pounding her, forcing another orgasm from her body, having her cry out because she was too sensitive, it was too much, but it was the good kind of too much. Still, I wouldn’t be done. I’d let one hand go from her hand, snaking it around her body, finding her clit and circling it once, twice, her moans echoing in the room, her cries music to my ears, and then I’d pinch it lightly between my two fingers. That was all she’d need to coat my cock once more, her cum running down my balls, her body bucking against me, torn between wanting me to go in deeper, ensuring her orgasm be harder, stronger, and pulling away because her nerves were standing on end. I’d make the decision for her, using the hand that was on her clit, to push her further against me, going so far in that my dick was consumed inside her, and I’d come hard, so fucking hard inside her.

“I wouldn’t have to see it if you had some clothes on,” she threw at me, bringing me back to watch her glare at me.

“Do I need to remind you again that this is my home?” I shot back. “Not to mention that I was enjoying a moment of silence and solitude before I had to get ready for work. And you killed that.” She hadn’t. Seeing her flustered and feisty just made my day a whole lot better, but she didn’t need to know that.

“Oh,” she said. “Sorry,” she muttered.

“What was that?” I asked, a teasing smile on my lips.

“Don’t push it,” she replied. “I’ll start in the guest bedroom,” she announced before she turned and fled, letting me watch her ass shake quickly as she sped away. I couldn’t wait to fuck that ass.

I finished my coffee, then rubbed one out to thoughts of the new maid, whose name I had yet to learn at this point. After I got dressed, I walked out of my room and right into... you guessed it, my new obsession.

“Watch where you’re going,” she snapped.

“Let’s point out the fact that this is my home yet again, and let’s remind you that you work for me.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, let me get right out of your way, kind sir. Please, oh please, forgive me for cleaning up after you, making sure your floors are spotless, your bathroom is devoid of stains, and your sheets are clean, and your bed is made.” If it wasn’t apparent, she dripped sarcasm, and then she added a little bow at the end.

“Somehow, I get the feeling you don’t talk to all your clients this way.”

“You’re my only client,” she replied.

“I can see why.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” She scoffed.

“Nothing, just your winning personality might be a little hard for some to swallow.”

“But not you?”



“The number of jokes I can make right now...” I replied, trailing off.

“God, you’re a pig.”

“Should I oink again?”

“I hate you.”

I smirked in response. “I’ll tell you what. I’ll head to work right now and let you do your thing if you give me your name.”

“What does it matter?” I just raised my eyebrow instead of replying. “That’s a firm no in that case,” she said.

“I could always call your company, tell them you’re being difficult, and ask for your name that way.”

“Cat will kill me,” she mumbled. “Fine, whatever, it’s Margaret.”

“Margaret,” I repeated. “Pretty name. Fits.”

She glared once more. I laughed and put my hands up in mock defense. “Alright, alright, I’m heading out. See you tomorrow,” I told her.

“I don’t work tomorrow,” she replied.

“You do now. Every day, in fact.”

“I’ll come when you’re not here.”

“I’d like to see that.”

“Oh God, you really are a pig.”

“Nah, I just know what I want.”

She didn’t reply. I smirked at my little triumph of making her speechless. I took my victory and walked out, making the call to request her to come every day, and just because I wasn’t sure whether I liked having her there more before I started my day or when it ended, I asked for alternating schedules. One way or another, I’d be seeing her every day, and one way or another, I’d have her...eventually...but getting there would sure be fun too.

# *Chapter Three*

“THAT NO-GOOD, SELF-SERVING, EGOTISTICAL ASS.”

“What about my ass?” he said, startling me. I turned toward him in time to see him smirking. “I mean, it’s not nearly as enticing as yours, but if you want to ogle my ass, all you have to do is ask.”

I’d been muttering to myself ever since I’d gotten to his home. Okay, fine, I’d been muttering since the moment Cat had informed me that I was going to be working at Zane’s home five days a week, alternating schedules.

“No,” I’d told her immediately, instinctively.

“Why not?” she asked, genuinely curious.

“Because he’s a playboy who wants to play with me.”

“Pun intended?” she replied with a chuckle. I threw a pillow at her. “Come on, Margo. Need I remind you of something...Mom.”

She hadn’t needed to. Like I could forget that our mom was in the hospital fighting for her life. And here I was, acting like a petulant child all because some hot guy in a suit decided to ruffle my feathers. I pulled up my big girl panties, nodded my head, promised Cat I wouldn’t fuck this up, called Mom so I could hear her voice, and then went to bed. Except that’s not where it ended.

Said hot guy had clearly ruffled a little more than my feathers...he’d ruffled my dreams too. Invaded them really. The dream started off much like reality, me cleaning his home, him pestering me, me basically shooing him away, except he

didn't leave. Nope, he smiled that dumb little smirk of his on that stupid handsome face.

*"I don't think you want me to go away," he replied, taking a step closer.*

*"Of course, I do," I told him.*

*"No, Margaret, you don't," he told me as he took another step and then another until he was standing directly in front of me. I hadn't moved. "I think that's what you want to want."*

*"What is it I want, then?"*

*"Me."*

*And then his lips were on mine, his hands in my hair, and he was inhaling me. His lips were fire, scorching me as his body pressed against mine. My body was flush with the wall behind me, and his dick pressed into me through our clothes.*

*"Oh, God, yes," I cried against his lips. It was all he'd needed to hear to pull away long enough to take off his clothes. I stood, fully clothed, taking in his body, his hard body, and yes, I meant in all places. His abs were stone, but his dick was harder, bigger, thicker, and pointing directly at me, begging me to touch it. I reached out a hand, gently wrapping it around his dick, his warm dick. My hand barely fit around. I moved, and he hissed. I moved again, and he groaned.*

*The skin of his cock was soft, so soft I wanted to run my fingers up and down, but I wanted to jerk him off even more. I let go long enough to spit into my hand, needing the lubrication in order to glide up and down his cock easily. I'd yet to take off my clothes, but I hadn't even wanted to. I wanted to watch him come. I wanted to be the one to undo him. I wanted to be the one to master him. I knew vaguely, in the deepest recesses of my mind, that this was all about power. That because in the waking world, I viewed him as a powerhouse—a player—and I wanted to be the one to turn him upside down.*

*"You're so fucking hot," he told me as he watched my hand move back down to his cock before training his eyes on mine. I moved my hand up and down his shaft, pulling it*

*toward me, then away, back and forth, up and down. He stood, his eyes staring directly at mine, his teeth clenched as I worked his dick.*

*“Fuck, Margo,” he said right before he came all over my hand, coating it. It had been enough, but I wanted more. I lifted my hand to lick my palm, my eyes still trained on his. One swipe was all I needed to make him realize I owned him. He moaned as I tasted him. And then he stepped even closer... and bam...I was awake.*

Who knew what the hell would have happened next, but I can tell you I felt utterly unsatisfied all damn day, which was why I was a tad bit crankier than usual when it was time to go to his house. Hence the muttering.

“I can’t believe you’re making me come here every day,” I told him instead of acknowledging his stupid remark, which was trying to draw me to my dream.

“Not yet, but I’ll gladly make you come every day,” he replied.

“Can you...not?”

“I could,” he said with a shrug. “But where’s the fun in that? Besides, Margaret, you stepped right into that one.” I glared in response. “More days means more money, so I’d think that would be a bonus.”

“It’s not about the money for me,” I blurted out before I could suppress the words. He didn’t need to know about my mom. I’d had a job back in New York. It wasn’t the best paying gig, but I worked for a marketing firm, think social media influencers. I was still on the bottom of the totem pole, but I was learning. I dropped it without a second thought when Mom needed us. But it still hurt a bit to know I wasn’t doing what I enjoyed...and I sure as shit wasn’t enjoying the present company.

*That’s because you’re unsatisfied.* That was inner voice one.

*Oh, shut it.* And that was inner voice two, apparently.

I was clearly losing it.

And it was thanks to too-hot Zane Richards. Why couldn't he have been ugly? Or sweet? Or both? No...he had to be a hot as hell bad boy...and yes, the damn cliché was true, women liked bad boys. Something was appealing about wanting to be the one to change them. Or tame them...or whatever the hell you called it. Didn't mean I was going to act on it, despite what my dreams wanted.

"So then it's about wanting to see me every day. Nice. Your wish is my command," he said, even doing a little mock bow.

"I have work to do."

"Seeing as you cleaned yesterday, I'm pretty sure you could spare a couple of minutes to chat with me."

"Is that what you're paying me to do? Chat with you? Aw, did your usual bevy of bimbos ditch you? And now you're trying to stick it to the help? Poor baby."

He threw his head back and laughed.

"I like you, Margaret," he said, and lo and behold, like my dream, he took a step closer. I didn't want him to see me back down, so I stayed put. Or at least I told myself that was why, and that it had nothing to do with reliving my dream a little and getting a bit turned on. "My usual bevy of bimbos, as you so call it, just take what I give. And that...well, it can get boring real quick. But not you. Nope, you have a smart mouth. And I like it. I'd also like to see that smart mouth wrapped around my cock."

My dream was about to become a reality by this point, as he was standing so close to me that I could see the bits of hazel flecks in his eyes.

I was equal parts appalled and turned on.

"In your dreams," I tossed back. *Or in mine.*

"For now," he replied. "For now...but soon, you'll be begging, and it'll be the reality."

It took everything in me not to breathe heavily, not to let him hear my racing heart, not to let him know how wet I was.

I didn't even like the damn guy, but fuck if our little exchange wasn't turning me on.

I think he knew, though, I think the fucker knew because his lips curled up slowly into a smile, which turned into a smirk.

"I'll leave you to it for now," he said and then turned and walked away. I let out a breath when he was just rounding the corner of the room, but I sucked it back when he turned back. "Foreplay isn't just about touching and tasting. Sometimes it's the anticipation. And the anticipation here...I have a feeling it'll make everything that much better."

Then he was gone, leaving me thinking about just what exactly would be much better.

Sex. Sex with Zane Richards. That was what. And fuck if my body didn't want it.

Good thing my mind wouldn't let my body give in.

# *Chapter Four*



YOU KNOW what a week of foreplay did to a man? It made his dick ache with need. I needed Margaret. Specifically, her pussy...wrapped around my dick. I'd been rubbing one out every damn day to thoughts of her.

We'd been playing this game of cat and mouse for over a week. She was a knockout, but it was her spice that really had me going. She didn't bat her eyes and smile coyly at me like all the other women had, hoping they'd have a piece of me. No, she claimed she didn't want me, but her body said otherwise. The little hitch in her breath, the way her chest rose and fell, even the way she looked at me—like she wasn't sure if she should slap me or kiss me. I'd take both, truly. Didn't matter how you looked at it. She wanted me even if she didn't want to want me. And I sure as hell wanted her. Maybe it was the chase, the challenge, or the push and pull. Whatever it was, I wanted her more than anyone else I'd ever wanted.

Every day, I'd see her, morning or afternoon, aside from the weekends, but she wasn't far from my thoughts then. We sparred, our words clashing. And I got a rise out of getting a rise out of her. She was so sweet, innocent, it seemed like even though her body was anything but. I was crude, and though she told me off, I saw she secretly liked it.

It was only a matter of time before she'd give in, but I sure as shit enjoyed this back and forth until then.

She had just left for the night, and I'd retired to my room, replaying the little match we'd just had.

“Do you need some help?” I’d asked her after I saw her trying to move the couch so she could clean under it, presumably.

“Yeah, no, I’m good, thanks,” she said, but it clearly was a brush-off.

“Contrary to what you might think, I was being genuine,” I replied.

“And get your pretty little hands dirty?”

“All I heard was pretty and dirty. And I got to say, I like both those things when they come to me. Although, I do prefer rugged or handsome. Hot works too over pretty. But hey, beggars can’t be choosers, right?”

“I thought you said you were genuinely offering help,” she countered.

“I was,” I said with a nod. “I never said it wouldn’t come with a side of my lovable charm.”

“Lovable charm? Ha, sure.”

“I’m glad we finally agree on something.”

“That was sarcasm,” she replied dryly.

“You hear what you want to hear. I’ll hear what I want to hear.”

“I hear the truth,” she told me.

“And what’s that?”

“That I hate you.”

“That may be so, but you also want me.”

“Look in the mirror, Zane. You’re clearly projecting.”

“I’m not denying I want you,” I told her. “It’s you that’s denying.”

“Whatever, I have work to do. And you’re keeping me here longer.”

I laughed at her feeble attempt to get away from the subject. “Okay, Margaret. Have it your way for now.”

In reality, I walked away. But my recollection went a lot differently. As I gripped my cock in my hands, I hadn't told her to have it her way before walking away.

*No, instead, I had replied, "I'm going to keep you here a lot longer."*

*"What's that supposed to me."*

*"It means you'll be spending the night here. In my bed, as you scream my name over and over again."*

*Her breath hitched, but she didn't deny my statement.*

*"Tell me I'm wrong."*

*"You're wrong."*

*"Now say it like you mean it." She didn't reply. "You can't. You want me. Admit it."*

*"I do," she replied like a quiet little mouse, but I heard her.*

*"Good," I said before I closed the distance between us, pressing my lips against hers. She moaned when I snaked my tongue in her mouth. One hand went to the back of her head, holding her face against mine, and the other gripped her ass, pressing her to me.*

*I know she felt my dick against her stomach, grinding into her. She moaned again. "Please," she whispered. "Please."*

*"Your wish is my command," I told her as I let go long enough to pull her clothes off, staring at her beautiful body.*

*She blushed under my gaze.*

*"No," I told her. "You're perfect."*

*She smiled, straightening her spine before boldly proclaiming, "Your turn."*

*"Yes, ma'am," I said with a crooked smile before discarding my own clothes.*

*She stared at me, her eyes full of lust, and I hadn't ever been prouder of my body.*

*"What do you want to do to me?" I asked her.*

*“I want to fuck you.”*

*“Then fuck me,” I told.*

*She pulled me toward her and then around, forcing me down on the couch that she’d just been struggling with. I sat down, and she straddled me, her wet pussy gliding over my cock but not taking it inside her.*

*“Suck my nipples,” she commanded.*

*“Gladly.” I took each one of her full breasts into my hands, holding them to my mouth as I bent forward and began licking and sucking each nipple, alternating between the two. I felt her pussy grow wetter against me as her body ground down on my cock. It begged to be inside her, but I let her control this, let her show me what she wanted because it was a fucking turn-on.*

*“Enough,” she told me. “I want you.”*

*“What do you want?” I asked.*

*“I want you to fuck me.”*

*I lifted her enough to slide her onto my dick, forcing her hips down so I went in all the way, one full sweep. She cried out, but I didn’t care. I was inside her, the place I’d been dying to be in for over a week.*

*I pulled her up, pushed her down, pulled her up, pushed her down, and with each movement, I spoke.*

*“I’m going to fuck you hard.” Down.*

*“I’m going to fuck you fast.” Up.*

*“I’m going to pound my cock into you.” Down.*

*“Until you cry out my name.” Up.*

*“And then I’m going to do it again.” Down.*

*“Until you cry out my name again, and again, and again.” Up. Down. Up.*

*She arched her back, her breasts right in my face. I bent forward and bit down on one of her nipples, not hard but enough to send a shiver through her body. I slammed her down*

*once more, and she cried out my name, her pussy clenching my cock, squeezing it as she came.*

*“Turn around and ride me,” I commanded.*

*“What?” she asked, her head coming back down so she could stare at me.*

*“Turn around and ride me,” I repeated, slower and with purpose. “I want to see your ass move up and down around my cock. I want you to slide all the way so I can watch as my cock moves inside you. “Slow, fast, it doesn’t matter, but I want to see you ride me.”*

*She nodded, got up, turned around, and sat on my cock, fast, swift, hard. I groaned.*

*And then her body bent forward, her hands balancing on my knees, as she moved up slowly, so slowly that I could see my cock move out of her, soaking wet, her cum dripping down it, glistening on my cock, and then she slammed down, and we both cried out. Again, she moved up so slowly it was borderline erotic. Like I couldn’t keep my eyes off my own damn cock. But how could I when I could clearly see how fucking wet she was based on how wet my dick was. Then down she went again, hard.*

*Up, slowly, down, fast. Up, slowly, down, fast. She did this over and over, eliciting groans from us both with each slam down. Until we could no longer hold off. We came together. My cum shot hot into her as she creamed my cock, dripping down over me.*

*I cried out her name in the safety of my room, my cum flowing over my hand.*

*Like I said, this foreplay was killing me, but I knew the wait would be worth it. I knew I’d destroy her walls, I’d destroy her pussy, and make her mine.*

# *Chapter Five*

I SHIVERED. It was involuntary. I would have shivered if anyone had brushed against my back just like that. *Liar. It's because it was Zane.*

Didn't matter how much I didn't want it to be true. It was.

I knew he'd done it purposely. Walked behind me in the kitchen to get to the refrigerator. He could have gone around the island on the other side, but he'd chosen to squeeze past me, causing his body to lightly brush against mine.

"Don't touch me," I said, turning around to face him once he was past and I was able to calm myself.

It had been a few weeks now since I'd started working for Zane. My mom was still in the hospital, still telling us she was going to be fine and we could go back to our lives while we told her to shove it—lovingly, of course. Sometimes, I visited alone, and sometimes with one or some of my sisters. Aside from that, and of course our jobs, life wasn't too much different than when we'd been in New York. We'd all worked, all shared a space, all had different schedules, but found time to chat, sit down for a dinner or two, ask for advice, or laugh. Those things didn't change with us being home. The environment did, and we were lucky to be able to share these moments with Luna too, but other than that, the only thing different in my life was Zane.

He was everywhere. Even when he wasn't home, I was surrounded by his scent, his face, even my own fantasies of him. *Come on, don't blame me.* He was fucking hot. I hadn't

ever denied that. I just didn't want to want him. But my traitorous body did.

And whatever thing we had going on—this back-and-forth love/hate thing, that same traitorous body freaking loved it. It was a lose-lose because if I started to be nice in hopes that he was too, and therefore, my stupid sex drive would no longer want the bad boy, then he'd probably take that as a sign I liked him. Not to mention he just made my blood boil, and I couldn't help but be snarky with him even if I *wanted* to be nice. But that was the other lose part of it. The more we argued, the more I wanted to tear his damn clothes off.

"It was an accident," he replied innocently, but we both knew it wasn't. His smirk was a dead giveaway. I just raised my eyebrow and put a hand on my hip.

He laughed. He seemed to do this quite often when I was ticked off. And goddammit, did his laugh have to sound so nice? Low, throaty, a bit of a rumble. Made my mind always wonder to what he'd sound like making those sounds as he ate my pussy. Would I feel them throughout my entire body if he moaned while his mouth was on my clit?

See? Freaking lose-lose here.

"Alright, Margaret," he said and paused for a moment. Did I mention how much it turned me on when he said Margaret? Those closest to me called me Margo. But there was something so formal, like he was about to command me to do dirty, dirty things when he said my name. I might have clenched my legs together. "I won't touch you again until you ask me to."

"I won't," I said without hesitation. *Are you sure? Yes, damn you.* Clearly, I was going a tad bit crazy.

"Don't worry," he said with that trademark smirk I wanted to slap off his face. "I won't say 'I told you so' when you do. I'll just enjoy every single moment of getting my hands on you."

I shivered again, and I pretended he didn't notice as he smirked a little more and then walked off.



Good thing he was a man of his word.

Another week passed...another week of teasing, bantering, desire, hate...it was delicious torture. He was eye candy, and it was fun. It also sucked balls. And I was constantly torn between telling Cat that I wanted a new assignment and keeping my mouth shut. She'd become the head of the business, not surprisingly so, considering that was always her plan. That was what she went to school for, and what she was always going to do eventually—come back and work with Mom, help her, and then take over when Mom was ready to retire. She ran a tight ship, and I knew if I told her about my secret desires about Zane that it would stir a lot of shit. We couldn't afford that right now, not with Mom still in the hospital and those damn cancer pills still not working.

“Oomph,” I said, very unladylike as I literally ran into Zane. I'd just come out of the guest room, closing the door when I turned right into him, almost losing my balance.

He must have just rounded the corner when we collided. His hands went to my arms to steady me, keeping me from falling, holding me in place...holding me close to him.

I was locked, frozen in place by the proximity to him, by his touch, by his smell, by the look in his eyes, by how much I wanted him, and by how tired I was denying myself.

I could blame it on stress getting to me...the stress of not knowing how my mom was doing, whether she was truly going to be alright or not, the stress of not knowing what my future held—I'd left a life back in New York, including a job I liked, the stress of just...being here, with him.

Call it human nature, call it just plain lust, call it what it was...I was tired of fighting the world in my own head. I no longer wanted to keep fighting myself.

I lifted my hands, forcing his hands to drop from mine, and his foot lifted as if he were going to take a step back out of my personal space, but before he could, I grabbed the collar of his shirt, pulling his back toward me with such force, his lips didn't kiss mine, they hit mine with a bite of pain, but it felt good, his lips on mine.

It took him only a second before he realized what I'd done, and he was kissing me, and I was kissing him, and our tongues were mingling as our breaths hitched, as our bodies touched from top to bottom. It was fire. Everywhere I felt him, *I* was fire.

Suddenly, it wasn't enough. I needed more. I needed him. Inside me. To release me of this pent-up energy, this tension, this desire. I had enough stuff building up inside me, I didn't need to have this burning inside me too. I needed him to give me this freedom...at least this freedom, if nothing more.

I began tearing at his clothes, wanting them off, *needing* them off...now.

"This doesn't mean anything," I told him, hoping he knew all I needed from him was a release...physical, emotional...everything I didn't realize was stored inside me...it needed to get out...this way.

Didn't it, though? Didn't just that fact alone mean something...that he could give me something I desperately needed. I wouldn't think about that then, though...I wouldn't worry about it. Because I was too busy trying to undress him.

My hands were clumsy as I fumbled with his shirt, needing to undress him, to command him, to devour his cock with my cunt.

"Here, let me," he said, placing his hands over mine.

I nodded and stepped back long enough for him to take off his clothes...slowly...too slowly. I needed him...now.

"Your clothes," he told me after he'd gotten undressed, and I stared at his body like I'd never seen a man naked. Correction, like I'd never seen a piece of art naked. Clearly, I hadn't. Because, there, in front of me, was something akin to Michelangelo's *David* except Zane was hotter and way more hung. Goddamn, was his dick huge. So huge, I was torn between salivating at the sight and keeping myself from running away in sheer terror.

"You won't fit," I uttered in response.

He groaned for a second, then chuckled. “Shit, Margaret. You’re good for my ego. You’re also staring at me like you want me to close your mouth with my dick, and the longer I stare at that pretty little ‘o’ you’re making, the more I want to do just that. But none of that today. Today, I want inside you and only inside your pussy. There will be plenty more times when my cock will get acquainted with different parts of your body. I promise you, not only will it fit, but it’ll feel like nothing you’ve ever felt before.”

I gulped, nodded, and took my clothes off. When I was done, his expression was probably something akin to the one I’d sported staring at his perfection. He looked at me like I was an idol. I’d never been looked at like that. It made me feel powerful, it made me feel perfect, it made me feel...exposed.

“Better than all my fantasies,” he told me, not bothering to move as he took me in.

“Zane,” I whispered. “Please,” I added after I could no longer just stare at his beauty. I needed to feel it against me, inside me, moving with me, making me come.

He moved, pinning me against the wall somehow, one leg held up in his hand and the other still on the ground. My hands moved to hold his arms as I felt his cock at my entrance. He was bending down to meet me, I could tell, but I didn’t care. All I felt was his warmth against me, and I needed it inside. I bent a little, trying to get him to slip in. Lord knows I was so wet he could just glide right in.

“So fucking wet.” Like he read my mind. “For me.”

“Please,” I begged.

“Say it,” he commanded. “Tell me you’re dripping for me. Only me. Tell me no one turns you on like I do.”

“Yes,” I cried out as he moved, his cock sliding against my clit.

“Say it,” he demanded.

“Oh God, yes,” I cried out again with another slide of his cock against my clit.

“You want to come just like this?” he asked. “Or with my cock inside you?”

“Both,” I whispered.

He smiled. “My greedy little Margaret. I like it,” he added. “Tell me you’re wet for me, and I’ll make you come both ways.”

“For you,” I told him. “I’ve never been this wet than I am with you.”

“When we argue?”

“Yes,” I cried as he slid over my clit.

“When I touch you?”

“Yes,” I hissed. *Slide.*

“When I’m near?”

“God, yes.” *Slide.*

“Then come, Margaret, come. Let me see your cum drip down your leg. And I promise I’ll fuck you good and raw against the wall. Just what you need.” *Slide. Slide. Slide. Slide.*

“Oh God, Zane,” I cried out as I did just what he’d told me to do, coming with just the light touch of his warm cock gliding across my clit, my back still against the wall, and his hand supporting me.

“Good,” he said, and before I had the chance to come down from my high or process what was about to happen, his dick was so deep inside me, and I gasped at the sudden intrusion. He was big, and I had to adjust. But he felt so good. Maybe because I’d just orgasmed, maybe because I was so damn turned on, or maybe he had been right that I’d never feel anything like this, but my God, it was otherworldly.

He moved, his body bending up and down so he could move his dick inside me, pushing in so deep and so hard that my back managed to bang against the wall even though I’d been pushed against it with such force, I didn’t think I could move. But I did, and the harshness of his pounding for my entire body was a relief. Like when you had a papercut, and

you pressed down on it until you no longer felt the pain...this was similar, except there was no pain, just an overwhelmingness. I wanted to be in the thick of it, and there I was, getting fucked so hard and so damn good by Zane.

He pushed inside. No, he *drove* inside me, hurting me in the most pleasurable way.

“You feel that?” he asked as he fucked me. “That’s what we do to each other. We tease, we torment, we annihilate until all that’s left is the basest of desires.”

I’d once promised he wouldn’t destroy me, but if this was what destruction felt like, I ate my words. I ate them with glee.

“Then destroy me,” I told him.

He smiled and fucked me harder, slamming me against the wall, causing yelps to escape my mouth until they turned into moans, and then I screamed, coming harder than I’d ever come before right before I felt his come inside me.

He didn’t let me go. Instead, he pressed himself against me, his dick growing soft inside me until our cum was dripping down my leg.

“This is just the beginning,” he told me.

“But I hate you,” I countered.

“I’ll change that.”

“This is just sex,” I told him, knowing without a doubt this wasn’t over. Not by a long shot.

“Call it whatever you want. I’ll call it what it is.”

“And what’s that?”

He didn’t answer. He smiled that darn smirk of his and pulled out before he left me. A moment later, he was back with a towel and a warm, wet washcloth.

I never, in a million years, would have thought Zane would be a considerate lover. He was a player, I was sure. A spoiled rich kid who had women throw themselves at him. He didn’t need to think about their needs. But here, he’d surprised me.

But it didn't mean anything...except that this was not only going to be fun, it was going to be nice too...but that was all it was. It meant nothing more. Because, like I said, he was a spoiled little rich kid who had everything handed to him, and let's not forget he liked to torment me too...I hated him. I wanted him. I needed him. But still...I hated him. And I didn't think I'd ever stop.

# *Chapter Six*

“FUCK, JUST LIKE THAT,” I told Margaret as her mouth worked my dick.

I was sitting on the couch, and she was on all fours to my right so I could see her pretty pink pussy in the mirror to the side as her mouth moved up and down, one hand at the base, holding my dick to her mouth while the other worked my balls, circling them between her fingers, palming them, even running her finger up and down right underneath, that vein that ran from my ass to my dick, pressing down with her finger, causing sensations to flow both ways while her mouth sucked me so hard, I fought the urge to come.

“If you keep this up, I’m going to come in your mouth,” I warned her.

She let go of my dick, staring at me with a smile on her lips. “That’s the plan,” she told me.

“What about you?” I asked.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll think of something,” she replied cheekily.

Even during sex, she made the push and pull we had from day one a natural part of our lives. It was the biggest fucking turn-on.

I watched her mouth descend onto my dick, taking me in all the way. I felt her gag, but she didn’t stop, didn’t stop letting my dick hit the back of her throat with each swipe down, letting her tongue lick me in sync, up and down.



I turned my attention back to the mirror, her ass and her cunt on display, wide open, waiting for me to fuck her, but I was enjoying this way too damn much, enjoying her mouth on my cock while her pussy was in the air.

I snaked my hand under her body, finding her clit. I brushed it lightly and watched in the mirror how her body shivered, how her already glistening cunt became wetter.

I brushed it again, and I felt her moan, the vibration going straight through my dick.

Shit, I might come faster than she would at this rate.

I found a new sense of urgency. How quickly could I make Margaret come...or rather, could I make her come at the same time as her mouth got an orgasm out of me?

I pinched her clit, not hard, but enough to make her nerves stand on end, enough to make her try to squeeze her legs together.

“I’m going to watch as your pussy gets wetter and wetter, watch as you leak down, watch as my dick and my hand make you wish you could beg for me to let you come, but your mouth will be too full of my cock to speak.”

She moaned again, and I went to work, mimicking her rhythm. As she moved up and down my dick, I let my fingers move along her clit. I didn’t even need to stick a finger inside her. She was ready to come with just my light touches. But I wasn’t ready for her to come. Not yet. I wanted her to be on the verge of desperation. That was how she made me feel. Desperate for her touch. Desperate for her taste. Desperate for *her*. All of her. Yes. All. Not just her body. I wanted her to feel what she did to me...even if only physically because I didn’t think I’d get her emotionally.

I could feel her body shaking with need. And I felt her grow close. I stopped, pulling my hand away. She cried out in frustration, making my cock need to come so fucking badly, but I was too focused. I had a goal. And I couldn’t come until she did. And she couldn’t come yet.

I moved again, my fingers tracing her clit, sliding up the wetness, then down. I didn't need to circle, didn't need to pinch, didn't need anything fancy. She wanted this. She needed this. And I needed her. More than she even knew.

I felt her grow close. I stopped.

This time, she lifted her head, her mouth still on my cock, and then she glared. She didn't need to speak. I knew what she said without words.

"I want you to want to come from my touch like you've never wanted to before," I told her. She let her teeth graze my dick, a touch of pain mixed with pleasure. I groaned.

Then I chuckled.

"Okay, make me come. Suck me so fucking good and take me in until all I feel is your throat. Work my shaft with your hand, make me come down your throat, swallow me, and I'll let you come all over my hand."

She nodded, not letting go of my cock with her mouth. I took a second to admire the view of her head bobbing up and down on my dick before I turned back to the mirror. As fucking hot as it was to watch her suck me dry, it was hotter to watch her come.

I went to work, two fingers moving with the punishing rhythm she'd set with her mouth. And just like I predicted, just moments later, she was crying out, her juices dripping down onto the couch as her screams penetrated my dick, making me shoot my cum right down her throat. She swallowed, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, smiled at me, and then sat down next to me.

I pulled her to me, her head resting on my chest, my arm wrapped around her.

I'm not sure when she stopped cleaning my home, and when it became about this...about sex...about us...but it had. I mean, she still cleaned when I wasn't home, but there was no longer a set schedule, and she did basic work. But when I was home, and I seemed to be home quite often these days—from going into the office later to coming home earlier to working

from home altogether to simply taking days off...but we spent most of our days together...except the weekends. I wasn't paying her to clean then. And I hadn't asked to see her. Not because I hadn't wanted to, but because I knew I'd chase her away.

I knew before I touched her, before I tasted her, before I was inside her, that she was different. I thought it was the chase at first, the simple banter. But it wasn't. Something about her drew people in. And I was no exception.

But now? Fuck...I was royally screwed—literally and figuratively. Our sex? Shit, it was unreal. Wholly and fully unreal. Let's be honest. I'd had a lot of sex with a lot of women in my life. I'd experimented with different types, like light bondage, threesomes, and plenty of other things most people hadn't done. Yet, sex with Margaret felt like nothing else I'd ever experienced. It was hot, a little rough, and filled with hate but also passion. It was the perfect mix of everything I didn't know I wanted.

But then there were moments like right now when we just sat in satisfied content, not giving one damn that we were naked in my living room, not caring that right before she'd taken my cock in her mouth, we'd been verbally sparring. We still did that, but it was a bit of a game now, our type of foreplay.

The first few days were truly just about sex. I came home, I stalked her, she ripped my clothes off, and we fucked. But then after those first few days, we took a bath together after we'd fucked, and we talked while we washed each other. Then it turned into eating together, breakfast, dinner, lunch. Even sitting at the island and drinking coffee while I talked about work. It had been three weeks since the first time I sank myself inside her, and I knew more about her than I did most other people.

We spent time talking about things that came to our minds. I learned about her childhood. I learned about her likes, her dislikes, her dreams. And finally...two nights before, I learned about what brought her here.

“Whatever happened to the other lady?” I asked.

“Who?” Margaret replied, taking a bite of her pasta as we ate dinner together.

“The cleaning gal before you. Sweet, older lady. What was her name? Something with a c. Cynthia? No, wait. Cindy,” I said. I barely saw her, and I rarely talked to her, but she was good at her job and a nice woman. I never knew why she’d been switched out.

“My mom,” Margaret whispered, her voice faltering.

“Cindy is your mom?” I asked.

She nodded, and then tears began to fall. I stood immediately and picked her up, putting her in my arms like a small child, and hugged her. She cried on my shoulder, and then she told me how she’d gotten to be where she was. That her mom had cancer, was still in the hospital, and that she and her sisters moved back to help her business survive.

She told me in more detail, gave me her background, how they’d lived in New York, and how they’d found out their mom was sick. She talked about how every time she went to the hospital, her mom looked frail. It killed her, but she didn’t say anything to her mom about it. She talked, and talked, and I listened in awe of her strength, her determination, and her perseverance. She was something else.

She let me be there for her, let me comfort her, let me be her shoulder to cry on and her ear to listen.

Margaret was something else entirely.

I think I knew that before she gave her body to me, but I sure as hell knew it with certainty when she did, and I knew something more now...I was in danger of falling for her.

Falling for the maid who vowed she hated me.

# *Chapter Seven*

“WHO’S THE BOY?” my mom asked.

“There’s no boy,” I replied.

“Sorry, who’s the man?” she asked with a wink. “I forget you’re not my little baby girl anymore,” my mom told me. “Although, in my defense, you’ll be eighty, I’ll be pushing one hundred, and you’ll still be my little baby girl.”

I might have shed a tear or two. What? The sentiment was sweet, but more so than that, it was that my mom counted on living until one hundred. Because right now, where I sat opposite her in her hospital room, her body frail but not giving up, I was scared of the future.

“Mom,” I replied, rolling my eyes. “It’s just work, downtime, and visiting you,” I told her.

“What about time with your sisters?”

“That too, but honestly, between all of our schedules, it’s been hard to really have quality time.”

“And their love lives too, I imagine,” she said with a pointed look. I wasn’t sure about my sisters, but my love life was starting to become...well...real.

It was just sex. Really...at least I kept telling myself that.

It was a physical release from the emotional burden I was carrying.

I didn’t know where things stood with my mom. I was working a job—if you could call it that since I barely cleaned nowadays—that wasn’t “my” job, I barely saw my sisters as

we all had stuff going on, we'd left our townhouse quickly back in New York, with all our stuff there, and no one taking care of it, and I had left a job I saw potential in. Did that take a toll on me? You bet.

And yes, if I was being completely honest, I wanted Zane. He was hot as fuck, sexy, charming, the teasing turned me on, and yes, he was exactly what you imagined he'd be like in bed.

A fucking beast.

*Just the other day, he had come home from work. He'd walked into his bedroom where I had been cleaning. I turned to find him in the doorway, leaning against it in his suit, looking like he belonged on the pages of a magazine. He smirked, then removed his tie and unbuttoned his shirt at the top, looking more and more sexy.*

*He came toward me...no, that's not even right, he stalked. When he reached me, he took off his suit jacket and tossed it on a nearby chair.*

*"Strip," he had ordered, and like the good little girl I was, I did so without hesitation. I knew that voice. I knew that command. And I knew it promised naughty things, dirty things, pleasurable things.*

*When I was fully undressed, standing before him, he lifted the tie he'd taken off.*

*"Turn," he ordered, and once again, I obeyed.*

*He covered my eyes with it.*

*"What the—?" I started.*

*"It'll heighten the senses," he answered before I could finish my sentence. Then he led me to the bed and helped me on it, gently moving my body until I was positioned with my arms over my head and my legs open.*

*And then it began. His sweet, sweet torment.*

*I felt his breath tickle the skin of my neck, a shiver chasing his warmth as I felt his lips on the top of my breast. I moaned. Like a magician, I felt a light lick by my other ear.*

*“Zane,” I breathed just as I felt his breath over my nipple, his mouth closing over it just moments later. My hands moved to his head.*

*“I know it’s difficult for you to follow orders, Margaret, but please, try to keep your hands to yourself,” he told me. I could hear the humor in his voice along with a threat of pleasurable punishment if I didn’t obey.*

*“Or what?” I asked, needing to spar with him no matter what. It was like a drug for us. He needed it too.*

*“Or I’ll have to pull another tie from my closet and tie your hands to the headboard to keep them in place.” That thought turned me on, and he knew it. He chuckled as goose bumps developed over my body without even a touch from him. “I knew you’d like that. My kinky girl. Maybe we’ll go ahead and do that anyway,” he said more to himself than to me.*

*And the next thing I knew, he was tying my hands together, and then to the headboard above me.*

*“Fucking beautiful,” he told me, and I could hear by his voice, he was standing over me. “But not enough. I think we need more.”*

*He was gone again, his weight off the bed, and the next thing I knew, he was tying my legs to each corner of the bed, stretched out like I was being offered on the altar.*

*“Perfect,” he muttered to himself, and then I heard him take off his clothes.*

*Just a moment later, I felt his tongue on me again, everywhere, licking, nipping, his mouth blowing against sensitive areas, his teeth grazing. He was everywhere at once and not enough. I pulled at my ties, desperate to touch him, to pull him closer, to force his tongue to stay on my body, but I was bound. And fuck if it wasn’t both a burden and a relief. I wanted to come, and I didn’t want this to end at the same time.*

*And then it came...the moment his tongue touched my clit. My body managed to lift itself a little off the bed, and I felt his chuckle against my already aching clit. I almost came right then, but sheer determination for wanting this to last made me*



*hold back. But not for long, his tongue worked my clit, and then his fingers plunged inside me, and between the sensations, the foreplay, the inability to touch him, to dig my nails into him...it was too much...too much goodness...overload...and I came on his fingers, his name on my lips, my cum soaking his bed, his hand, and his mouth.*

*I felt him untie my legs a moment later, but he didn't remove the blindfold, and he didn't untie my hands.*

*And then he was inside me, deep, hard, all the way. It was such a surprising move, I cried out again, on the verge of another orgasm simply because his dick was inside my pussy.*

*He held my body up like I was being exorcised, lifted off the bed, balancing on his dick with his hands steadying me. And then he went to work, fucking me, moving inside me, in and out, pumping his dick so far in that I swear I felt him inside my stomach. I couldn't see, but I didn't need to. I felt it all...I felt everything. And it was too damn good.*

*"Zane," I cried out, my cum coating his cock, my walls constricting against his dick, forcing his own orgasm from him.*

*He set me down gently before untying me and then removing the blindfold.*

*"Are you okay?" he asked.*

*"Better than okay."*

*Then he lay down next to me, pulling my head into his chest.*

*And then we talked. For hours.*

*That had become a routine of ours...we'd cuddle, we'd talk...and sometimes, it didn't include sex at all.*

*He wasn't...dare I say...the jerk I thought he was. He was sweet, attentive. He listened and asked questions. And he actually cared about the answers.*

*When I told him about Mom...he let me cry on his shoulder, let me soak his shirt, listening to my fears. He told me it would be okay, but it was more than that. He didn't*

sugarcoat it. He told me there was a chance shit would happen, but he believed in good things happening to good people, and me and my mom, and my whole family were good. He offered help, and I believed him. He even offered to pay for her medical bills, but luckily, my mom had good insurance, so she was okay.

But it was more than just him being there when I told him about the worst time in the recent past. He was...he was good. Damn me for admitting it, but he was.

He brought me food when he came home, he told me not to work too hard, and he meant it. He offered to help and even did plenty of times. He had coffee waiting for me in the mornings, the way I liked it, with two pumps of syrup and a splash of creamer. He joked with me, he told me about his childhood, and I told him about mine. We talked...a lot.

And he surprised me...in a good way.

And that was bad...because I was supposed to hate him because at the end of all this...I would be gone.

I had a life in New York, and when Mom got better, I was heading back...and his life was here. Not that he'd want any kind of life with me...I mean, I was a kid from a middle-class family, a widowed mom, too many siblings for the likings of most people, and I didn't have much to my name...not to mention my stellar attitude. I was awesome, but I also wasn't a peach, and yes, I knew this about myself...and he...Zane was everything I wasn't. He was polished, and rich, and every woman's fantasy.

He probably was only with me because I was there, and I was convenient, and goddamn, was the sex good. But when I left? He'd find someone else to replace me. Which I accepted...sort of...not really. But I had to because I *was* leaving. When Mom got better, I had a life to get back to.

I wasn't getting any younger. I was already twenty-five and single with no true career. I needed to figure out my life if I had any chance of finding the man I could spend the rest of my life with and start a family with...and sadly, as women, we had shelf lives.

Moot point...he didn't want me, just wanted what I could provide while I was there. I just needed to convince my heart not to want him either. Because it was in dangerous territory. When I left California for New York, I didn't want to leave my heart behind.

“Oh honey.” My mom sighed, bringing my thoughts back to her. “I'm so sorry that you and your sisters have to go through this.”

“Stop,” I told her. “Just stop. One, this isn't your fault. Two, we're not going through anything, you are. Three, we're happy to be home, and honestly, aside from Luna, it's not like we saw each other much back in New York anyway. This way, we at least get to see her, and you too. But I'll be much happier when you're out of here.”

“Me too, Margo, me too. But I promise, that'll happen. I'm not giving up.”

I knew she meant it. And I knew she'd beat this. Despite my doubts, I knew she would. She had to...which meant, I'd be off...back to my life...which didn't include Zane.

And that's why I had to keep hating him...or at least telling myself I did...even if it was far from the truth...far, far from it. Thin line, right? Damn that thin line...

# *Chapter Eight*

“THIS IS...THIS IS UNREAL,” Margaret told me when we stepped off the plane in New York. She looked at me like I was her savior, and I wholeheartedly approved of that look. Just days before, I’d overheard her talking to her friend about how sorry and sad she was that she was going to miss her birthday celebration.

I’d put two and two together and deduced it was a friend of hers from New York, and clearly, she was missing her birthday because she was, well...here, in San Diego.

I imagined that it didn’t make sense to go back for a weekend for her financially and just practically. But I could do something about that.

I called the agency, and when the woman picked up, I simply asked if her name was Catherine, knowing that was Margaret’s older sister, and the one presumably in charge of running the show while the sisters were back in town. When she said yes, I laid out my plan.

“So, you’re the reason she’s been less snarky,” she replied, and I could hear the smile in her voice.

“I, uh, guess?” I answered. Margaret seemed pretty snarky to me. Just the way I liked her.

“If you hurt her, I’ll break every bone in your body, and then I’ll feed them to the neighborhood dogs. Don’t forget, I know where you live.” Her tone had grown serious, deep, and low, so low, I was actually a bit afraid of her.

“It’s not like that. I care for her,” I admitted. “A lot. But more than that, I know what she’s going through, what you *all* are going through. I can give her this little respite from her life, so why not?”

“I think I might like you,” she replied. “Okay, I’ll help.”

A few minutes later, I had a copy of Margaret’s driver’s license and a promise that she’d deliver an overnight bag by Friday morning.

I had my secretary book us tickets, and when Margaret showed up on Friday morning, I was waiting for her in the living room, wearing a smile on my lips.

“Um...are you okay?” she asked, stopping in her tracks. “You have a goofy look on your face.”

“I, what?” I asked, taken aback. “My face is *never* goofy. But, yes, I’m okay. I do, however, have a surprise for you. “Out you go,” I told her, ushering her back out the door and then closing it behind us.

“What the hell is going on here, Zane?” she asked, suddenly infuriated, and God, did it turn me on. I wanted to kiss that frustration right out of her.

“Your friend’s birthday is tomorrow, yes?”

“Yes, wait, how did you know that?”

“I overheard you. And I know you wanted to go. So... we’re going.”

“I’m sorry...what?”

“Your sister packed a bag for you, and it’s waiting in the car. We’re running a bit late, so let’s go.”

I practically dragged her to the waiting car, her confusion endearing, but she let me pull her away.

It wasn’t until we were sitting in business class that I could tell she fully understood what the hell was going on.

“I’ve never flown business,” she told me. “I’ve never been whisked away for a weekend like this. I’ve never been surprised by such a sweet gesture.” She turned to face me, our

seats next to each other, but a bit apart as well. “Thank you, Zane, truly, thank you.”

“Oh, I can think of plenty of other ways you can thank me,” I said with a wink.

“I’ve never joined the mile high club either,” she told me.

“Then today’s all about firsts then, huh?”

“Yes, it is,” she replied, and her gaze went down to my cock...my aching cock. I couldn’t wait until we were in the air and she could do something about it.

One hour later...yes, dammit, one hour later, she’d found her way onto my seat. The way we were seated was that we were next to each other, but there was someone on either side of us that couldn’t see us directly, but if they wanted to, they could peek through a little window and see what we were up to. That made this all the more fun.

She grabbed a blanket and covered us both as she snuggled into me, seemingly just like two people in love, cuddling. But we didn’t cuddle...no, we did quite the opposite.

“Is it time for me to thank you?” she whispered naughtily in my ear as her hand went to the button on my jeans, opening it with ease before she slid the zipper down. She cupped my dick through my boxers, her hand cold, but I liked the chill, it made me want to warm her hand up with friction...specifically the movement of her hand up and down my cock.

As if she read my mind, her hand moved up and down, still through my boxers, and I groaned. It always felt good when she touched me. It didn’t matter how, but it wasn’t enough. I wanted her on my skin. I moved my hand over hers and then guided it inside my boxers.

I shivered as her hand touched my dick. I glanced down at her, just as she looked up at me with a wicked smile on her lips.

She pulled her hand away, and I groaned again, but this time for longing. And then she licked her hand, covering it with her spit, lubing it up. Then she winked and spit in the middle. It sounded dirty, but it was fucking hot. I wanted her

mouth on my dick, but if I couldn't have that, at least I'd have her spit coating it as her hand rubbed it up and down. Moments later, her hand was back, and she glided her hand gently over it, covering it with her spit before she gripped, a little hard, a little biting. I liked it. I liked her roughness. I liked everything she did. Sex, or not. But especially sex.

And then she moved her hand, up and down, her hands moving smoothly over my dick, her hand gripping just a bit to add a tug, and as she moved up, she'd guide her thumb over my tip, rubbing my precum over the sensitive skin, eliciting a moan from me each time she did.

I wanted to come. I wanted her to move quickly, to get me to come over her hand, to watch her lick her hand dry, but she was a tease, a temptress, and I knew she'd make this last as long as possible. Up and down, her hand moved, her thumb gliding, up and down, until I almost couldn't take it anymore. And then she leaned up, her mouth closing in on my neck, sucking just a tiny bit, not enough to leave a mark, but enough to cause sensations in multiple places on my body, and I went over the edge, my cum covering her hand. And just like I predicted, when it was over, she pulled her hand away, bringing it to her mouth. She licked, and licked, and sucked her fingers. My eyes fixated on her mouth, on the way she enjoyed my cum in her mouth, on the way she looked at me with a twinkle in her eye. God, this woman was perfection. She was everything, and she was the death of me.

"Fuck...I'm pretty sure everyone around us knows what we did," I whispered after I'd come to my senses.

She smiled, shrugged, and then replied, "Do you care?"

"Only that I'm glad I can access a new pair of boxers," I told her. Then I kissed her, my kiss filled with more emotions than I could tell her, more emotions than I could admit to myself. Because yes, sex with her was something else, but it wasn't just that. I'd never whisked a girl away for a weekend, and I sure as hell hadn't ever done it out of the goodness of my own heart just so she wouldn't be sad. And then it dawned on me that this would be the first weekend we would be spending together...and I would be meeting her friends.



That scared me a bit. But when I thought about the reasons, it was more so because I was worried about what they'd think, of what Margaret would think, of anything involving her, but I wasn't scared of the implications it meant for me. I established a while ago I cared for her...probably too much...because this...this wasn't a forever thing...right?

A few hours later, we landed in New York, and I couldn't help staring at Margaret when she stared at the city that she'd left just a few months before. She looked at the city in awe, and I looked at *her* in awe. This weekend was going to be fun...and you know what? It was.

Too much fun.

I'd been before, and she'd lived there, but still, we toured like tourists, and there was something different about the city that way, something different about seeing it with her beside me. We fucked like rabbits, of course, but that was to be expected. But, still, it was different. Better. Vacation sex was always better. Especially with Margaret.

And, of course, we hung out with friends, partied with them, talked. They were different than mine. Less pretentious and more full of life. They were happy, carefree. They were all responsible adults with careers; a few had families, but they still lived each moment like it was something special. I didn't think I ever had.

It was the last night we were there, and we'd returned to the hotel. Margaret kicked off her heels and turned to me with a smile on her face, her cheeks pink from alcohol and happiness, and I realized I was totally, one-hundred-percent screwed.

I loved her. I fucking loved Margaret. I didn't know when it happened, but it did. I fell for her. And she had a life here. A life she'd get back to when her mom was better. I'd witnessed that firsthand this weekend. And I didn't blame her because it was a good life, surrounded by good people. She had her family back home, but that was it. Family was family no matter what, but life was something that would pass you by if you weren't there for it. And this life...she didn't want it to

pass her by. I didn't want that for her either. Selflessly, I wanted her to be happy here. Huh. Guess what they said about love was true...their happiness mattered more than yours. It was a moot point anyway, because Margaret might have no longer hated me, I was sure of that, but she sure as hell didn't love me.

Like I said, I was screwed. Because I fell in love with a girl who was leaving.

And I couldn't do a damn thing about it.

# *Chapter Nine*

“HE’S A KEEPER,” Emily, one of my friends, said as we watched Zane talking to a couple of the guys by the bar as we hung back by the booths at the restaurant.

“Oh, it’s...it’s not like that,” I told her, but the words tasted bitter on my tongue.

It *was* like that...at least for me. This weekend had taught me that.

I’d dated before, and I’d had plenty of sex. This wasn’t the same, though. It was different. It was *more*.

*He* was more.

Or rather, he was more *to me*.

I liked the sex, my God did I like it. The perks of being with a guy who was clearly a player before. He’d obviously learned a few tricks. But at some point, we’d surprised the sex. We talked, we hung out, we cuddled. He listened; he took care of me. He was there for me.

But this weekend? That was on a different level.

How many guys would, if they could afford it, of course, surprise a girl they were sort of seeing with a weekend getaway? And how many of those would do it for purely selfless reasons? Meaning they didn’t want to just have a fuck session for a weekend, but they did it because said girl was missing her friends. And let’s not forget that he’d done it in secret, as a surprise. He’d had to call my sister not only to get her to sign off but also to help. He had to organize it all, and he had to do it without my knowledge just because he wanted

to. And I'm sure a bit of it was because he was afraid that I'd tell him no. I wouldn't, but my actions, my words, would have probably led him to believe I was entirely possible of throwing his present in his face.

I wasn't mean, per se, but I didn't show him how much I cared about him, and dammit, I did. I cared so fucking much... too much. And he clearly cared too...or maybe I just judged him too harshly at first? Maybe he was just a genuinely good guy. But did that translate to more? No. No, it didn't.

Did I want it to? Yes, dammit, I did. I wanted him to...lo-

No, no, I wouldn't say it because then I'd have to admit that I felt the same way. And I couldn't.

I couldn't feel that way. But I did.

It happened along the way. It was inevitable.

We hadn't even been on a date, hadn't stepped foot outside of his home together until now, and somehow he'd been the best boyfriend, except he wasn't. He was my employer and my lover, but nothing more.

He treated me better in our time together than anyone had, made me feel like I was special, listened to me, asked questions, and cared about the answers. He made me feel cherished and made me feel safe.

And then he whisked me away so I wouldn't be sad. Let's not forget he spent the entire time acting like we were a couple, cuddling, laughing, joking, bantering as we took in the city like a couple of love-sick fools on their first vacation together. The sad part was it was true...for me, but not for him.

I watched him blend in perfectly with my friends, make an effort to talk to them, to interact, to just enjoy his time so I could enjoy mine. He did that for me...because he was a good guy. And I wished it was more. I wished a guy like him could love a girl like me.

But it wasn't so. I was the flavor of the month, the girl he was seeing—to some extent—because I was there. There were

probably plenty before me, and there would be more after. That thought hurt my heart.

It didn't matter anyway. His life was in San Diego, and my life was here. And when my mom was better, I'd be moving back. I'd be coming back to this life I put on hold, this life he fit in so well with, this life I wish I could share with him.

"You love him," Emily said after I continued to stare at him. "He loves you too," she mused.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "He doesn't."

"I didn't hear you deny your feelings."

"I didn't admit them either," I countered.

"Touché," she said with a chuckle. "But you do, and he does. You won't believe me, though, stubborn Margo, so I'll leave it at that. But he does. It's obvious to everyone but you. Maybe to him too."

"It's just sex," I countered.

*Just before we came to dinner, we'd taken a detour down a dark alleyway. We'd walked by, and then Zane shuffled back, pulling me with him.*

*"We have to be quick, and we have to be quiet...just in case..." he whispered in my ear as he pushed my back against the side of the building. "But I need to be inside you, and I like the thought of taking you in a dark alleyway."*

*"Fuck," I muttered. Dangerous. Sexy. It turned me on.*

*He smiled knowingly and then unbuttoned his pants, pulling his dick out through the zipper. He lifted me, my dress riding up, exposing my underwear to the world, but there was no one around, just the distant sounds of people, music, and life all around. He pulled my panties to the side with one hand before his dick found its purpose—my pussy. He pushed inside me, hard, my back hitting the building behind me. It hurt. It felt good. I leaned in and bit his lip, hard, drawing blood, his pain matching mine—painful pleasure. He moaned, I moaned, and he fucked me hard. As he pushed inside me, one hand holding me up, the other keeping my panties to the side, his*

*thumb brushed against my clit with each thrust. It was mere minutes. That was all it took for me to come all over his cock. He was buried so deep inside me, I felt his cum as if it were a part of me, going deep, filling me.*

“Judging by that look, the sex is fucking fantastic,” Emily said. “But it’s not just about sex.”

“It has to be.”

“Why?”

“Because my mom is going to get better. She is. And when she does, I’m moving back here. This city is my home now. And it’s not his.”

“Well, shit...”

“Besides, he doesn’t love me.”

“He does, Margo. But it might be better to pretend he doesn’t. At least for your heart’s sake.”

Her words couldn’t have been truer because when we got back, I found out some good news. Not great, but definitely good. Mom was coming home. Well...sort of.

She was going to live with Lilah and her new man. Yeah... a lot had happened in the very short three months since we’d all come back home.

She’d found love...with...you guessed it, the man she was cleaning for. And she was moving in with him, and I wasn’t even sure how it was all decided, but Mom was going to go live with them while she continued treatments. That was the not-great part. She wasn’t done with all this, but she was out of the worst of it. She was scheduled to go home just a few days after I got back from my New York trip. I think, maybe because we were all busy, either working, running around, or just having lives—Lilah wasn’t the only one to find love. Most of my sisters had found their perfect matches with those very billionaires they were maids for and wouldn’t have time to take care of Mom when her treatments forced her to rely on someone.

And Lilah and her new man had stepped up. Not that any of us wouldn't have done the same, but somehow, she'd convinced mom.

"I promise I'm going to be fine, Margo," my mom told me when I came back and visited her. She'd been the one to deliver the news to me, having made my sisters promise not to. I guessed Cat had told her all about Zane whisking me away, and I think she, or maybe Meli, might have even hinted at my feelings toward him...and my feelings about New York.

Not that I admitted them to Cat or Meli when they pressed after I'd come back home, lying in bed, thinking about Zane. I told her and Meli all about New York, to which they announced I was not only in love with Zane, but I was destined to return to New York.

*"You light up when you talk about New York," Meli had told me.*

*"You also light up when you talk about Zane," Cat had added.*

I didn't deny either of those sentiments, but I didn't agree with them either. They knew, though, they knew. And one of them had told mom.

"Go back, honey. Go back. You're destined for a different career path than me and a different life than me," Mom told me.

"But you're here. My sisters are here. And you're..." I trailed off, *"not better"* left in the air.

"I *am* going to get better. I'm *already* better. And besides, Margo, what can you do for me here? Keep cleaning homes? If I need you, you're just a few hour-flight away."

"What about the business?"

"Cat will handle the majority, and we'll hire new girls if needed. Unless...you want to stay for him?"

"He doesn't love me," I announced quickly.

"I don't buy that for a minute," she replied. "Not for a minute, but I also don't want you to stay just for a boy."



Especially for one when you don't know where you stand. If you're meant to be, it'll work out. But for now, Margo, go, honey, go back and live the life I want for you. I promise you that I'll be fine."

I didn't agree with her right away. I was even tempted to stay to be close to her. But things had changed between Zane and me when we got back. They were the same, but different. Or rather, *I* was different. I hadn't wanted to admit it, but the fact remained...I loved him. I loved Zane. And I didn't think I could be around him without being with him. Being so close, yet so far. Touching him when he wasn't mine. Tasting him knowing I wouldn't have the taste for much longer. It was painful...too painful.

And it was after a couple of days. We'd just had sex, and he'd fucked me from behind. His hand pulled my hair, forcing my head up to watch him pound into me. He stared at me, a hungry look on his face, then it was followed by a smirk as I watched his hand come down, smacking my ass hard, once, twice, before his hand moved under us, and then I groaned as I felt his hand come up, hard again, but this time, smacking my clit. The sensation was almost too much. Then again, he smacked, light enough not to hurt but strong enough to give a sting.

"Again," I had cried out, and he smiled wider as he began to smack my clit, the bite of his hand mixing with the force of his fucking. "Again," I moaned. And he smacked, once, twice, he kept going, his other hand pulling my hair, pain, pleasure, escalating everywhere. And then I was coming, but he wasn't ready. He let go of my hair, both hands gripping my ass almost painfully as he began to pump into me with a force I didn't even know he had. I came again just from that, just from how much he clearly wanted me, how much he was dying to bury his body in mine as he came himself.

It was rough, and it shouldn't have made me think "love." But it's what he did after that I couldn't take being near him anymore.

"Did I hurt you?" he'd asked.

“No,” I said with a shake of my head.

He pulled me to him, hugging me, before he moved back long enough to grab my face in his hands, staring at me, his eyes searching for the truth. “I’d never hurt you; you know that? If I ever cross a line, tell me.”

I held back tears. Because he’d already crossed a line. Or maybe it was me. Maybe I’d been the one to cross that stupid love/hate line. And as a result, he *had* hurt me. He just didn’t know it. I loved this man, but I didn’t think he loved me.

My decision was made. I was leaving. Not even because I missed New York so much as I needed to get away from Zane before my heart broke even more. It was already breaking, bleeding for him, begging him to love me. The longer I stayed, the deeper I’d get, and the harder the fall would be when our arrangement would be over.

Guys like him didn’t love girls like me.

He was somebody. He was rich. He was powerful. He was sexy. He was hot. He was caring. He was loving. He was thoughtful. He was so much more. He was everything.

And who was I? A mouthy, snarky girl with baggage, a sick mom, and an on-hold career that hadn’t even taken off yet. I didn’t have anything to my name except my love. That wasn’t enough.

I went home that day, brave face on, but Cat saw through me. Meli was off with her man. So were most of my sisters. But Cat was there. The eldest, the most reliable, the one who held everything together.

She took one look at me and knew without words that I was leaving...not just my family, not just my mom, but Zane as well...before he broke me—because he would.

“Oh, Margo.” She took me in her arms and let me cry on her shoulder. “For what it’s worth, Mom is going to be okay. You’ll fly out here often. I’ll make sure of it. Everyone seems to be doing good, and I got the business covered. But more importantly, he loves you. I’m sure of it. You just have to tell him, and he’ll say it back.”

“I can’t.” Because I wouldn’t be able to take it if he didn’t love me back.

She just nodded and continued to hold me until sleep was ready to take me.

After I woke the next day, I made the plans and told my sisters I was heading back. They supported me, told me they loved me, and that they’d miss me. And then I packed my bags. I just had one last goodbye to make. He just didn’t know this would be goodbye.

I headed to Zane’s place, put on a smile, and pretended like this wasn’t the end.

He smiled when he saw me, kissed me passionately, and then offered me breakfast. We ate, chatted, and talked about the day. When he was ready to leave, he kissed me once more, but I held him.

“Can you be late?” I asked.

“I shouldn’t, but man, you make it hard to say no,” he replied.

“You’re the boss,” I told him cheekily.

“Damn straight, I am,” he said with a chuckle and then kissed me again.

I’m not sure if he knew deep down what it was, but this time, it was different. It wasn’t sex. It was love. It wasn’t kinky. It was safe. It wasn’t punishing. It was sensual.

He undressed me slowly, his lips trailing kisses along my body as my clothes fell. He didn’t even nip or lick, just kissed every inch of me lightly until I was naked before him. And then I did the same, my hands roaming softly, following my lips until we stood before each other, our eyes glued.

I didn’t look at his body, but I didn’t need to. I had every inch of his gloriousness memorized. Right now, I just needed to see him.

And then, like lightning, we crashed into one another, his hands on either side of my face, my hands on his arms, our tongues dancing, our lips moving together. I moaned. He

moaned, and then he lifted me, and my body was wrapped around his. He would have taken me there, on the nearest surface, but he didn't. He walked me draped around him to his room, our lips seared together until he set me down gently on the bed.

"You're beautiful. You're perfect. And you're mine," he told me as he looked down at me.

There was no foreplay this time, no sucking, no licking, no making me come with his mouth or fingers. I didn't take him in my mouth and suck him until he was this close to coming before he pounced on me and fucked me raw.

Instead, I pulled him down on top of me so that he hovered above my body, balancing on his arms as he stared down at me. That was how we stayed, eyes locked, mouths parted as he entered me, slowly, gently.

He lowered his head to brush my lips as he moved inside me, in and out, slow, painfully slow, beautifully slow, lovingly slow. I took his hands in my face, kissing him, marking him, claiming him as mine even though he wasn't. Even though it was a fantasy, a wish.

And we made love.

We moved together, our bodies colliding until we came together, screaming each other's names. We lay together for a short time until Zane had to go.

He kissed me before he left, a smile on his lips. "I'll see you later," he told me. *No, you won't.* "Goodbye." *Goodbye, Zane. A final goodbye.*

I waited until he was out the door before I allowed the tears to overtake me, and the sobs to control my body. I stayed in his bed, rocking back and forth, hugging my stomach, his sheet, his scent comforting and destroying me at the same time.

And then I pulled myself together, got dressed, and did one final thing before I left.

I walked out the door without looking back because if I did, I wouldn't want to leave. And when I closed the door, I

knew I was closing this chapter of my life...whether I wanted to or not. And then I whispered to myself once more. *Goodbye Zane. A final goodbye.*

# *Chapter Ten*

“MARGARET?” I called out as I got home. I’d purposely come home early to make sure I caught her. She waited for me sometimes, but not always. And truth be told, I wish she’d waited for me every day. No, more than that, I wish she’d been at my place every day...period. That sounded a lot like I’d wanted her to move in. And maybe I did.

Things had changed at some point. But they’d *really* changed after our weekend away. We grew closer, not just physically but emotionally too.

I wanted to take her on a real date when we got back, show her it wasn’t just a weekend by chance. Sure, I wasn’t an asshole, but it’s not like I’d take every girl I was sleeping with on a weekend getaway, especially one that served the purpose of reuniting her with her friends. I’d done that because it was Margaret and because of what she meant to me.

“Margaret,” I called out again, searching the house. “Where are you?” I asked out loud. I knew she hadn’t gone home yet; it was too early...unless there was a reason for her to leave. Oh God, had something happened to her mother?

I pulled out my phone, ready to call her, text her, anything, to see if she was alright, and make sure her mom was alright. I wanted to be there for her, bring her comfort, give her a shoulder to cry on, or a warm hug if things were looking up. I almost missed it, it was just a folded piece of paper on my bed, but I saw it from the corner of my eye.

I stopped dialing her number when I saw my name scrawled on the paper in Margaret’s distinct writing.

I picked it up, opened it, and began to read.

*Zane,*

*I remember meeting you the first time, thinking you were a cocky asshole, a player who thought he could have anything he wanted. I hated you then, simply based on my assumptions of who you were. How wrong those assumptions were...*

*I remember telling myself I wouldn't give into your charms, wouldn't be another conquest in your probably long-line of bedmates.*

*I broke my own vows when I gave myself to you...to the man I thought I hated, to the man I thought would use me. And I couldn't be happier that I did, and I couldn't be happier that I was wrong.*

*I don't hate you...far from it. And I don't think I ever truly did. You've proven to me, from the very beginning, how caring you are, how attentive, how determined, how hardworking, how damn near perfect. You've given me every fantasy I've ever wanted. Yes, yes, in the bedroom, but not just there. You've treated me like I was someone special, like I was your someone special. We might not have gone on dates, but we had plenty of them in the privacy and comfort of your home, from dinners to movies, to cuddling on the couch to talking for hours. You listened to me, truly listened. You cared about what I had to say and asked about my mom with genuine interest. I'd never had someone take care of me that way before. And let's not forget New York. Magical. That's the best word for it.*

*It was inevitable what would happen for me...absolutely inevitable.*

*And I don't think I'd change it for even a moment. They say it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. I can say, with one-hundred-percent certainty, that for me, at least, this is true. No regrets. None.*

*You're everything, Zane. You're everything to me...*

*Which is why I had to write this letter.*



*My mom is out of the hospital. She's not out of the woods, but she's better, getting a different treatment, and she's going to be living with one of my sisters for the time being. For lack of better wording, I'm not needed here in my childhood hometown anymore. I'm free to go back to my life in New York.*

*My life...funny...it's true, my life is there, my friends, career opportunities, even my sense of self...but there is more to life. I know this now, and that's thanks to you. There are some aspects that I won't get there. My family, for one. And you, for another. But it's where I belong. New York calls to me.*

*My family knows that, and they've wished me well.*

*I just wish...I wish I could keep this going, keep having a piece of you...taking anything you'd give me. But the longer I stay, the deeper my heartache will be...because, Zane, I love you. I've fallen for you. And I know you don't feel the same. But I couldn't leave without telling you.*

*You deserved to know I love you. And that's why I had to leave. I couldn't be close to you any longer without having you. Love's a bitch sometimes, but I'm glad I got to know that bitch...I'm glad I got to know you. I'm glad I got to love you...*

*I'm sorry I'm a coward and can't say this to your face, but I'd break, Zane. I'm already breaking writing this, telling you goodbye, knowing I'm leaving a piece of my heart here with you even if you don't want it...too bad, it's yours. And it'll be yours, forever.*

*Thank you for being the best non-boyfriend. ;) Thank you for being my everything. Thank you for letting me love you, even if you didn't know I did.*

*I do, Zane. I love you.*

*And I wish you'd find the kind of happiness I found with you in this short time.*

*Goodbye.*

*Margaret*

“But I do,” I whispered to the letter. “I love you, Margaret. I love you so damn much.” I breathed heavily, my chest aching painfully. I wasn’t a crier, never had been, but I’d wanted to break down, wanted to let go of the grief I felt at the loss of Margaret. And then determination set in. I wouldn’t lose her. I *couldn’t* lose her. She’d been right. I’d been a cocky asshole, a player who thought he could get whoever he wanted. But not with her. Never with her. She’d changed me. I’d changed because of her. Because I loved her. Because she loved me. Because we were made for each other.

And then determination overtook me. “No,” I said to the empty room. “No,” I repeated. I’d just found her, just found love...and I wasn’t going to lose it. I grabbed my phone, calling her, over and over, the phone going straight to voicemail. “No,” I repeated with each dead-end call. I called another number.

“Where is she?” I asked Cat.

She sighed. And then she spoke, her voice catching as if she were sorry for me, or maybe sorry for Margaret, I wasn’t sure, but she’d destroyed the vow I’d made to myself just moments ago...*I love you, Margaret. I just found you...and now I’ve lost you...*

“She’s gone.”

# *Chapter Eleven*

“I HATE HIM, I HATE HIM,” I chanted my daily mantra to myself in the mirror. “No, God. I don’t.” I sighed in defeat. It had been a month since I’d walked away from him, from my family, from my mom to come back to New York. The first few days were too busy for me to allow my mind to linger on the people I loved back in California. I’d gotten a hotel room while I looked for both a place to rent and a job. Do you know how hard that is to do in New York? There are plenty of people looking for jobs, and the rent...well...God knows you need that job first. I was too exhausted at the end of the day to even think about anything but sleep.

It wasn’t until I landed essentially my job back at a sister company, followed by the news that I was getting to sublet a rent-controlled apartment through a friend of a friend of a friend—got to love those connections, ha—that my mind relaxed. But then my heart broke.

Because my mind could now drift to worrying about my mom, missing my sisters, and loving Zane.

He hadn’t called. I didn’t expect him to. But still...it hurt. Did *he* hurt? Had I hurt him? Did he care? Did he miss me? My thoughts were centered on him, on how he took the news, on how things were with him, but I didn’t dare ask Cat, and she didn’t tell me, which was really the answer to all my questions.

I’d loved him, but he hadn’t loved me.

Yet he’d ruined me for everyone to come after him because his lack of love was better than any love I’d had before.

I cried those days, quite a lot, my heart in tattered pieces, my hands hugging my knees to my body, swaying back and forth, begging someone to comfort me, but there was no one. My friends wanted to see me, but I didn't want them to know, didn't want them to see how broken I was.

Then I was moving in and starting my job. I had to pick myself up. I scrubbed my face, wiped my tears, straightened my back, and faked it. On the outside, I was happy, cheery, grateful, excited. On the inside, my soul was torn.

I figured if I hated Zane like I once had—I hadn't, but I told myself I did—that things would get easier. So, each morning before work, I tried to convince myself I hated him. And each morning, my traitorous heart wouldn't listen.

The good news was my sisters were thriving for the most part, each in their own unique love stories, and my mom was doing alright. Lilah was taking care of her, and the new treatments already showed improvement.

I focused on that as I got ready for work.

One hour later, I walked into chaos.

“What's the panic?” I asked one of my coworkers whom I'd become friends with.

“Last-minute staff meeting called!” she whisper-yelled. “Check your email. They just sent it a few minutes ago, and we're expected in the conference room in five.”

“Shit,” I cursed. “That can't be a good sign, can it?” I asked as I plopped my purse down at my desk, logged in, scanned the email, and grabbed a pen and paper before all of us little people packed into the conference room.

Two minutes later, the director of the department came into the room.

“As you all know, we're a small company, but we've been growing rapidly,” he started. “And we want to keep that momentum going, of course. In order to do that, we need more capital, more key players, more people rooting for us to win at the top. So, without further ado, I'd like to introduce one of our new partners here.”

And then all the air left the room.

I gasped. My heart sank to the floor, my jaw following, as he made his way to the front. His eyes found mine, zeroing in on them as his lips lifted into a smirk. His eyes shimmered with mischief and relief...and something else.

“Welcome, Zane Richards.”

He spoke, something brief, something about how he was excited to be here, but I didn't hear anything. I was in shock, too stunned, too confused to understand what was going on.

“Girl, you're staring,” my coworker said with a nudge. “I mean, he's fucking hot, so yeah, I get it. But Margo...come on.”

I just shook my head in response, unable to speak, unable to say anything, my eyes glued to the man in front of me, the man I *didn't* hate. The man I loved. He was here...

A few minutes later, everyone filed out, but I was rooted to my spot, and so was he.

“What are you doing here?” I asked after I knew we were alone, the door somehow closed with only us two inside.

“I'm your boss...again,” he said with a chuckle.

“But...here? New York...I don't understand.”

“Your life is here,” he said. “I get that. But my life is with you.”

“Your...what?” I asked, shell-shocked.

“I love you, Margaret. I've loved you for a while, but I was afraid to tell you because I thought I'd scare you off. Turns out *not* telling you did the trick. But I couldn't ask you to leave all this behind. You're just starting off, and I've already got my career established.”

“Yes, back in San Diego,” I pointed out.

“Nah,” he said with a shake of his head. “We're opening a new location here. I'll be heading it.”

“But why?” I asked, still in disbelief.

“Because I love you. I love you, Margaret Reyes. You’re everything to me. And I couldn’t let you go. So, here I am. And I’m not leaving.”

And then it was like the invisible wall between us shattered. I dropped my paper and pen, or maybe I threw them, but we were suddenly pulled toward each other, our bodies colliding, our mouths connecting, kissing, grabbing, hugging.

“I love you,” I told him. “I didn’t think you loved me.”

“I thought you hated me,” he said.

“I couldn’t even if I wanted to,” I told him, and then suddenly, he pulled away.

“God, I missed you,” he told me, his voice low, deep, wanting. “One sec,” he said as he walked to the door, locking us inside the conference room.

“Zane?” I asked.

“I’m the boss,” he said with a shrug. “And this boss knows exactly what he wants from his employee.”

“And what’s that?”

“You. Always you. Just you. Forever.”

And then we were kissing again, showing each other how much we loved each other in the best way we knew how—through touch, through taste, through attention, desire, passion, and everything in between. When we had sex, it wasn’t just sex. Rough or slow, hard or gentle, it didn’t matter. It was our connection. We were one. And I wanted to feel that now. No, I *needed* to feel that now, and so did he.

He managed to unbutton the top few buttons of my blouse while his mouth was still pressed to mine, his hand snaking between us, effortlessly popping each button. He pulled away and stared at my exposed bra before he pulled it down so that my boobs were free...free for him to touch, to fondle, and then to kiss and lick and nip. I moaned. I missed his mouth on my body.

“Shh, Margaret,” he whispered, his lips still wrapped around one of my nipples. “As much as I don’t give a fuck

since I'm well...the boss, I know this job is important to you."

And then he went back to work, his mouth taking turns kissing each breast, his hand kneading the other, and then his hand began to trail down until it slipped under the hem of my skirt, his fingers dancing on my skin until they found my pussy, soaking wet through my underwear. He didn't even need to move them aside. They were paper thin at this point as his fingers glided over my clit. I moaned again, and he chuckled.

"I think the only way to shut you up is if I fill your mouth with my cock," he said, lifting his head to look into my eyes, his hand still moving along my clit through my panties. "But I've missed you too fucking much. I need to come inside your cunt, not your mouth."

"So this will have to do," he said as he captured my mouth...no, he consumed it. He led my body, moving us back until he sat down on the conference table, and I was between his legs.

"I want to bend you over this table, I want your breasts pressed against it, rubbing the wood with your nipples, shining the surface with each thrust of my cock inside you. I want this place marked with us. I want you to come in here every day and picture us fucking right here, picture me pounding inside you, coming inside you. I want you squeezing your legs together every time you pass by this room, anticipating and waiting until you come home to me. Because you *will* be coming home to me...and coming with me. At our home. This is forever, Margaret."

I squeezed my legs together at just his words, my lips parting, my breathing shallow, the anticipation of it all too much.

"I want to feel you inside me," I told him.

"Then ride me."

I got up on him, my legs planted on either side of him, firmly on the table, using him to balance, my skirt riding up, my breasts in his face, and then I sank down. We groaned in



sync. And then I moved up, and down, and up and down, my feet on the table, only my ass moving.

“I wish we had a mirror behind you so I could see your ass in the air, coming up and down on my cock,” he said, and I groaned again. I couldn’t understand how he was sweet and sexy at the same time, but he was.

Then he grabbed my ass, a handful of each cheek in his hands, and guided me, faster, harder, pushing me down until there was no space between us, my clit grinding down on his body. It was a punishing rhythm, one my legs would pay for later, but at that moment, it felt too good, too sinful, too amazing for me to give a damn. It took everything in me not to cry out as I came, and then again a moment later, when he pushed me down, way down, my still-too-sensitive clit brushing against him as he came inside me, hot cum filling me as his dick pulsed.

I almost came again.

“Fuck, Margaret. I missed this. I missed you. I love you.”

“I missed you too,” I told him. “I love you too.”

“Feels much better to hear those words from your mouth than to read them on paper, but it felt damn good to know you felt the same way too...except, you left me.”

“I had to. I couldn’t stay near you when I didn’t think you felt the same way.”

“I did,” he said. “Always did.”

“And now you’re here,” I said, in awe, our bodies still joined together.

“Now I’m here. And I’m not leaving.”

“What’s next?” I asked.

“Between us?” he asked and I nodded. “Everything.”

# *Epilogue*

MARGARET

*EIGHT MONTHS LATER...*

“REMISSION!” I yelled, running into the bedroom I shared with my fiancé. Yes, my fiancé. Zane Richards had proposed only about two months after he’d come to live in New York. We’d walked out of the conference room, and somehow, someone was watching over me because no one had been the wiser to what had transpired. Or, if they had, they never let me know, and I was thankful. As hot as it was, I would have been perpetually embarrassed to look my coworkers and my bosses in the eyes, knowing they knew I’d been thoroughly fucked in the conference room.

Zane spent that day making nice with everyone, and he’d stop by the office every so often, but honestly, he’d just been a silent partner. He never told me outright why he’d bought into the company, but I knew he’d done it for two reasons. The first was that he wanted my career to thrive, and he knew this company had potential, which meant I had potential if, and that was a big if, they could continue the path they were heading. The second was the sheer shock factor on my face when he walked into the room.

It was worth it, and so was our reunion.

He put all his effort into setting up, running, and being in charge of the East Coast division of his family’s store. So far, there was just the one, but they were already planning on opening two more in the coming months and plenty more in the future. He was hard at work, which was why, after just a few days, he announced that I was getting rid of my apartment and moving in with him.

“It’s too fast,” I told him.

“Bullshit. There is no such thing as too fast. I love you, and you love me. We’re going to spend the rest of our lives together, and I sure as hell don’t like this ‘my place, your place’ crap. It’s *our* place. That’s it.”

Then he made love to me, and I vaguely remembered saying yes in the middle of coming.

I was fully moved in within a few days, and then about a month and a half later, I visited him at the site of where his new building was to be. It was empty, save for a giant heart made of rose petals on the floor, Zane kneeling in the middle of it on one knee, and an open ring box with the shiniest and biggest diamond I'd ever seen in his hand.

“I want to christen this place with you, but I want to christen it with you as my fiancée.”

“Yes!” I screamed and ran to him, knocking him over as I bowled into him.

He laughed as I kissed him. “I had this whole speech planned out about how amazing you are and how much I love you, and how I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“I know it all,” I said. “You show me every day. I don't need the words. I just need you,” I told him as he slipped the ring on my finger.

If he could, he'd marry me that moment, but I wanted to wait until my mom was better.

And now...a year since this whole thing started, she was officially in remission. I'd just gotten the call.

“That's amazing!” he yelled as he scooped me up and twirled me around.

Then he set me down, smiling at me, and realized something. “You knew?”

“I did,” he admitted. “I found out yesterday,” he said. “Your mom called to tell me to start planning our wedding.”

My tears came, flowing freely.

We'd come back to San Diego quite a few times—the perks of having an insanely rich fiancé. My mom loved him, my sisters loved him, and their significant others loved him. And, of course, I met his family, and I loved them. I was pretty sure they loved me too. According to Zane, they were happy

he'd found a "humble" girl who got him to settle down. I think they were just grateful I wasn't a partying gold-digger.

And of course, they all knew we were waiting for my mom to get better before we took the next step.

"Why did she tell you to start planning?" I asked, a little confused why she wouldn't have told me.

"Because she didn't want us waiting anymore, and she knew you'd take your time to plan. So...surprise...we're going back to San Diego this weekend, and we're getting married."

I gasped, then I kissed him, then we fucked like animals after I sucked his cock because he deserved nothing less.

And then we went home that weekend and had a quiet and absolutely stunning wedding with our closest family and friends in his parents' backyard—which, of course, was a mansion.

It was at the end of the night, when I looked at my husband—it felt good to say that, *husband*—surrounded by the people we loved, my mom doing good, the business running well, and everyone happy, I knew the real meaning of happiness. And it was thanks to the man I *didn't hate*. I didn't hate him at all... never did, never would. No, I loved him. With an intensity I didn't know I was capable of. And he loved me too...fiercely and all in...he was mine, and I was his...his maid to love.

*Craving More of Lane  
and Margaret?*

Click [here](#) for a bonus epilogue.

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8. Maid To Love by KL Fast & Roxy Lynn Coming Soon!



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# About The Author

Never miss an update, sign up for DC's [NEWSLETTER](#).

DC Renee is a contemporary romance fiction author who tends to write standalone novels that always shock you with a twist. She's been writing all her life. It started with adorable rhyming poems as a kid for anniversary and birthday presents, moved onto monologues and short stories as a teen, then transitioned to fan fictions before she found the courage to publish a book.

DC lives in sunny and (mostly) warm Los Angeles with her husband and their two toddlers - a girl and boy that want to "work just like mama," often climbing in her lap and "writing" on her computer. She's very close with her entire family - extended included, and her sister is her muse.

When she's not working, writing, and spending time with the family, she loves watching mindless TV, tinkering with diy projects, and of course, reading.

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