

*brio
&
tymber*

until forever

an opposite of forever novella

QUIRAH CASEY



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Contents

Chapter

Foreword

Epigraph

1. CONTENT WARNINGS

Contents

2. CHAPTER ONE: TYMBER

3. CHAPTER TWO: BRIO

4. CHAPTER THREE: TYMBER

5. CHAPTER FOUR: TYMBER

6. CHAPTER FIVE: BRIO

7. CHAPTER SIX: TYMBER

8. CHAPTER SEVEN: BRIO

9. CHAPTER EIGHT: TYMBER

AUTHOR'S NOTE

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Foreword

Hey guys, this is a quick read. Don't judge me or Tymber too harshly for her loose morals when it comes to love. And yes this will be extended eventually because Brio and Tymber definitely deserve more than eight thousand words.

-Quirah

Just a cute little something for the girls

(and everyone else too)

;)

If there's one thing I am sure of, I am sure that
you have always belonged with me. -Akif
Kichloo

CONTENT WARNINGS

If you don't like short stories or idiots who fall in love too quickly, this isn't for you.

Contents

CHAPTER ONE: TYMBER

“Dianna, would you say you’re for the streets?”
“Absolutely. This pussy is public property.”

Jesus christ.

I smother a laugh as I look at my two best friends. I don’t know what started this current round of banter, but I’d speculate it has something to do with the skin tight, fire engine red dress that Dianna has on.

Kristy is eyeing her, a finger under her chin and her lips twisted to the side in a smirk. She turns hazel eyes on me. “What do you think Tym?”

“I think we both know exactly who Dianna is for,” I tell her, rolling my eyes and adjusting my much more modest black dress.

“If you’re talking about my trash ass baby daddy, I already told y’all that I’m done with his ass,” Dianna says waving a hand at us. She turns from side to side as she looks at herself

in the mirror, her blonde braids sweeping right above the curve of her butt.

“Of course you are,” Kristy doesn’t bother to hide the sarcasm in her tone or the small wink that she gives me.

“Psh,” Dianna scowls at both of us, placing her hands on her hips. “I just barely got my mom to watch my kids for me tonight so I’m not wasting my time with Josh, especially if he’s going to continue to duck and dodge child support.”

We’ve heard it all before.

Dianna and Josh have been off and on ever since we were in high school and while the offs seems to last a bit longer with every new kid that Dianna pops out for him, they still end up back together, even if momentarily. For so long, my friend didn’t want to acknowledge how much of a piece of shit her baby daddy is, and now that she does acknowledge it, she’s still stuck on him.

If it weren’t for the fact that I’ve heard her complain about how wack his stroke game is, I’d think his dick was made of magic.

Kristy speculates she stays with him because she doesn’t know anything else after ten years and four kids. I’m starting to think she’s right.

Because not even good dick would make me stay with such a shitty person, *trash* dick would have had me out of the door ages ago.

But tonight Dianna is insisting that she's going to find some random at the club to fuck Josh out of her system. And since it's her twenty-eighth birthday, Kristy and I are going to allow her the delusion as a gift.

“What about you, Tym? Is your pussy open tonight or is it on shutdown?” Dianna asks, turning an eye on me as she smooths her hands over her dress.

Kristy lets out a chuckle. “You know Tym's a saint. She'll be sitting in one spot all night just watching instead of participating.”

“I'm not a saint,” I protest.

It's just that I see things differently than them.

While they're happy to have a one night stand any day of the week I'm the exact opposite. On occasion, I may have one, but in reality I know it's not going to lead me to what I really want.

Which is forever.

I don't want to just go home with some random man and let him fuck me just for us to never see each other again.

No, I'm looking for my future husband.

And I'm not going to find him in the places that my friends like to frequent.

Hell, at this rate I wouldn't have a great chance of meeting my husband, even at the fucking altar. It's as if God is playing some cruel joke on me these last few years.

No one's been interested in me and for its worth, I haven't been interested in anyone either.

I've gone on a few blind dates but since a majority of them were set up by Diana it was just a few of Josh's whack ass homeboys who wanted to talk about their mixtape instead of our common interests.

After the last date, Josh had sent a message via Dianna that I shouldn't be so snobby on a date.

I hadn't entertained him with a response, instead I'd just shut down anymore blind dates set up by Dianna.

I'd gone on a date with one of the guys at my office, and quickly realized there was a reason why I'd never dated another lawyer before.

Conceited, arrogant, and way too much of a narcissist, I hadn't been able to get a word in the entire time. The sex had been mediocre and I don't know what possessed me to agree to a second and third date when I already knew it wasn't going to work.

Actually, I do know.

It was desperation.

The vulnerability of chasing forever and dropping my standards just for a chance at a ring.

A ring that I swear is never going to come.

Sighing, I look at Kristy. "I'm not going to find my husband tonight and I'm not going to even try so tonight I'm taking

public transportation because I want to ride.”

“Amen!” Dianna says reaching over for a high five. I slap her hand.

Kristy’s nose wrinkles but her lips twitch. “I think your word play needs some work, but I get it. You’re on the slut train with the rest of us.”

“Absolutely.”

If I get a couple of drinks in my system, I won’t care about whether the man I go home with is husband material or trash.

CHAPTER TWO: BRIO

D *id you get it done?*

I look down at the bright green message on my phone and let out a snort, wrapping my fingers around my shot glass. Turning my screen off, I slap the phone down on the bar and toss my shot back.

It's the third one I've had in the last ten minutes and just like the others it goes down like water.

Decades of drinking your sorrows away on a nightly basis will do that to you.

I gesture to the bartender to bring me another round just as my phone starts to vibrate along the bar.

I stare at it, debating answering but I already know that if I don't, it will just ring again in another moment.

I snatch it up.

"Hello?" I answer.

“Brio.” My cousin, Tiziano, sounds just like the spoiled brat he is.

“What, Dizzy Tizzy?”

“Don’t call me that,” he snaps.

I only laugh at him.

Tiziano scares most people but considering I was there when he and his twin were still playing in their own shit and sucking their mother’s teat, I have no fear of him. Even if he technically holds more power in the family than me.

At the end of the day, he’ll always be my annoying little cousin whose parents should have whooped his ass a little more often as a kid.

“What do you want Tiziano?” I already know but I want to hear the words come from him. Maybe then he’ll understand how ridiculous his request was.

“Do you get the job done, Brio?”

“No.”

Plain and simple.

The line goes silent.

Tiziano’s ego is so ridiculous these days that I know the silence is from disbelief. Disbelief that I didn’t do what he wanted me to do. Because everyone does what Tizano Rossi wants, especially these days. These days when it’s unclear who’s going to be the next head of the family so everyone is kissing ass.

It's looking like life has caught up to Antonio Rossi, Tiziano's father, his arrest the beginning of his downfall. And with a conviction damn near already signed, sealed, and delivered, the power vacuum has started.

Tomasso, Tizianno, and Tullio all hold claims since Antonio never pointed out a clear heir for the reigns.

My bets are on the oldest, Tomasso.

Tullio likes the shadows too much, staying out of the public eye as plays in the dark with monsters,

And Tizianno, he's too fucking reckless, too bold. His head hasn't been on a straight since the moment he was conceived.

"Why the fuck didn't you do it?"

Case in point.

My cousin wanted me to kill a man tonight.

It's my job after all, the family's hit man.

But the job Tizzy wanted done wasn't business, it was personal.

He wanted me to kill a man he'd fucked.

Solely because he's scared that the man is going to out him.

"I'm not going to end someone because you couldn't keep it in your fucking pants," I tell him, tossing back another shot in annoyance.

Again, he's quiet.

I'm not supposed to know that my cousin enjoys the company of other men. Which is why he hadn't told me why he wanted me to kill my target tonight. But I hadn't gone in blind, I'd done my research trying to figure out how the young black man was connected to the family.

He wasn't part of Seven Quad or any other gang.

He wasn't a mule, dealer, or anything else.

He had no affiliations with any of the motorcycle clubs.

So as I'd held my gun between his lips I'd asked how he'd known my cousin.

I wasn't shocked when he'd told me that they'd been fucking around for the last couple of months.

It's not that I'd had any suspicions about my cousin's sexuality in the past, but it'd just made sense. The way he couldn't shut his damn mouth in his teens about every piece of pussy he got. The way I've only actually seen him with a woman once or twice. And even then his lack of interest was unclear.

“Brio.”

“I don't care,” I tell him shortly. “I understand why you don't want it getting out but having me end him is not the way to go.” I tap my fingers along the bar. “He was a pleasant individual when I spoke with him. I'm sure if you wanted me to pay him off and send him away, he wouldn't create a fuss.”

Silence again.

“Just think about it, Tizzy, now I’m trying to drink in peace, so leave me alone.” I end the call and set my phone to silent.

The only people who ever call it are my family and I don’t have time for them or any of the jobs they want me to do tonight.

After two decades I’m starting to grow tired of it.

Body after body I’ve taken people out for my family, dedicating my life to it.

And now at forty, what do I have to show for it?

A nice house and car.

I could do without both of those things easily.

I’d replace them for a wife and kids without batting a mother fucking eye.

Something nice and simple, something all mine.

Sighing, I prop my elbow up on the bar, placing my chin in it. With my other hand, I gesture for the bartender. “Just bring me a bottle,” I tell her and she sends me sad eyes but nods.

When she brings the bottle back, I don’t take long in chugging most of it down. Rubbing my temples, I try not to let my brain go wild but I can’t stop it.

Is it time to retire?

The question has been bouncing in my head for the last month, but you don’t just retire from the family.

Blood in. Blood out.

Exceptions have been made, but that's usually due to age and respect.

I'm technically still young and while I definitely have the respect of my family, it's not clear who I'd even be asking for early retirement.

Antonio?

While he's behind bars?

Yeah fucking right.

None of my cousins have the power to make such a bold decision yet, not that any of them would release me anyway.

Not even Tomasso, who I'm the closest with. Because he's smart, more calculating than his brother and he understands how important it is to have someone like me on speed dial. Someone efficient and loyal who you can trust to come through no matter what.

Fuck.

Slamming my bottle down on the bar, I whirl around on my stool, deciding to watch the other people at the club tonight.

The lights are dim but not so much that you can't make out individuals and I let my eyes flit over the crowd.

I pause when a flash of black and brown curls flash in my vision. Followed by an ass that only god could bless so well.

Well damn.

I freeze, looking past the nicely rounded ass and wild curls as I try to look at the woman's face. Her back is to me, a tight

black dress pulled over her curvy figure. The top of the dress has a cut off that reveals her brown skin covered in black ink.

I think the tattoo is of flowers but from this distance it's hard to tell.

Not for much longer.

Because as of two seconds ago, I plan on getting close and personal with that skin before the night is over. She's dancing with another woman with a bright red dress on and long blonde braids. The woman with the red on is a couple shades lighter. She says something to the girl with the black dress on, causing her to throw her head back as she laughs.

I sit up straighter, squinting as I catch a glimpse of the side of her face and then all of it as she turns around.

Dark eyes under long lashes, a blunt nose softened by high cheeks. Her plump lips are dark brown and they spread wide into a smile that threatens to rob me of my breath.

She's absolutely gorgeous.

And she's going to be mine.

CHAPTER THREE: TYMBER

“Tym, go get us some drinks!” Dianna shouts as she tosses her hands over head. As she does her best impression of a squid as she wiggles, I consider telling her she’s already had too many drinks.

But I need to catch my breath for a few seconds and rest, so instead I shoot her a thumbs up and head to the bar.

Pin pricks dance along my skin and I swipe at my neck before turning around, frowning. I don’t find anyone watching me. I’m probably just being paranoid from the little buzz I have.

Not thinking anything else of it, I finish my trek to the bar, plopping down into the first seat I find available.

“Fuck,” I groan, rubbing at my back and the slight twinge pain in it.

“Surely you’re not old enough for back pain,” a low, husky voice says.

A stroke of heat moves down my spine and I swallow before slowly lifting my head.

Jesus.

Fucking.

Christ.

He's beautiful.

Whiskey brown eyes so bright they shine in this dim light. Soft pink lips that beg to be licked. His nose is narrow, accentuating a perfectly symmetrical face. The faintest smattering of freckles sit on the bridge of his olive skin and something about it is so damn endearing that I have to stop myself from running my fingers across them.

His hair is inky black white a few silver strands at the temples.

An up and coming silver fox?

Yes, fucking please.

His eyes are soft as he smiles at me and suddenly its so fucking hot in the club.

I fan myself and when his eyes follow the gesture, I quickly stop. "I'm sorry," my cheeks heat. He's asked me a question, right? "What did you say?"

His laugh could end motherfucking wars. It's just as beautiful as the rest of him, soft and easy.

"I asked if you're old enough to be having back pain."

“Oh,” I rub my cheek. “It’s from years of competitive gymnastics.”

His brows lift and I can sense the surprise. Most people have the same reaction.

Too many times I’ve heard the question of *aren’t gymnasts supposed to be skinny?* People looking at my curvier shape and coming to their own conclusions.

It initially bothered me the first year after I was done with gymnastics and my body started changing. But I’d learned to embrace my *grown woman weight* and the freedom of the lifestyle I now lead.

But it still strikes a little chord when people react negatively to it.

Except there’s nothing negative in this man’s eyes as he slowly rakes his gaze over my body, letting off a little soft hum. “How long were you a gymnast?” he asks.

“From two to twenty-two.”

“Two?”

I let out a soft laugh at the shock on his face. “Yeah, it’s called a jump-a-roo class and they start at 18 months. My dad says it was a money grab, mom says it’s the reason I had a great foundation.”

“What do you think of it?”

“That my kids are definitely going to do it,” I chuckle.

He smiles. “Yah? You got kids?”

I shake my head, sighing. “No, not yet, what about you?”

“Same boat.” He shifts his body slightly, tapping his finger against an empty shot glass. A bottle sits next to it and most of it is already gone.

I frown, looking at him. “You drink all that by yourself?”

His eyes move to the bottle and he sits up straight. “I’m not drunk if that’s what you’re asking.”

“That’s exactly what I’m asking.”

“I could pass a field sobriety test with flying colors right now.”

I study him again.

He has this presence that begs me to savor it, and as I look at him I can’t quite pinpoint what it is. Because it’s not just his good looks. I like to think I’m beyond those things being all that captivates me in a man.

Not that any of it should matter considering I told myself I wouldn’t come to the club looking for a husband tonight but a good, quick fuck.

Something about this man screams he could give me just that.

I let my eyes drop to his hand. There’s no wedding band or a tan line indicating one has been removed, but still I ask. “You married?”

His eyes hold mine. “Not *yet*.”

His words are said with such conviction I'd think he was marching down the altar in the morning.

“Engaged?”

“Same answer.”

“Hmm.” I've never been very forward but if it comes down to climbing out of my character in order to leave here with this man tonight then I will.

“I never caught your name,” he says.

“It's Tymber,” I hold my hand out to him.

“Tymber,” he tests it out, nodding as he takes my hand.

“What a beautiful name for a beautiful woman.”

My ovaries shriek in excitement.

It's not forever, Tymber, it's for the night.

How many times am I going to have to remind myself that tonight?

I'd bet a lot.

“I'm Brio,” he says as he pulls my hand up to his mouth, his lips warm as they graze my flesh.

Is this swooning? Is that what I'm doing?

Because despite the fact that I'm sitting down, I feel my legs go weak and my head feels clouded.

My heart beats quickly and I huff out a breath, trying to compose myself. “I'm... this is just... I'm not looking for anything serious.”

The biggest lie I've ever told.

But if I learned anything from watching Dianna and Kristy, it's that you have to make things clear up front before a one night stand.

Brio's lips press into a thin line for a moment, a crease forming between his brows before he relaxes. "Well then, I guess the next question is your place or mine?"

CHAPTER FOUR: TYMBER

*H*is house is nice.
It's the first thought in my head when we enter Brio's home but it doesn't have time to prosper as he pinpoints me with his gaze.

The intensity of it sends a shiver right down my spine.

The car ride to Brio's home had been silent. Since I'd rode with Diana and Kristy to the club, it hadn't been a big thing to ride with Brio. Just like his home, his car had been nice.

But even if they hadn't, there's no way that would have deterred me from this man.

Because materialistic things aren't important, but the way Brio keeps looking at me like I'm the only damn woman in the world.

That's extremely important.

Even if it's just for the night.

I lick my lips as he approaches me and his eyes follow the movement. Reaching out, he strokes his warm thumb along my lips, tracing the path my tongue just made. “Lovely,” he says, his voice just above a whisper.

He’s much taller than my 5’6 statue, easily over six feet, but it’s not a detriment as he leans down and places his lips against mine. It isn’t rushed, instead just a soft press that ignites me from my head to my toes, promising the pleasure that’s to come.

When he pulls away from me, I try to follow him, try to get more. But he only smiles and grabs my hand pulling me deeper into the house. “Come, *my Tymber.*”

My.

That one word sends me right into the stratosphere.

This isn’t forever, Tymber.

I repeat the mantra over and over in my head as he pulls me down a dark hall. He opens a door and flicks on a light, revealing a large bedroom. The California king is covered in a black comforter and a load of pillows.

The rest of the room is nice and neat, tidy. There’s nothing on the walls or on top of the dressers. The door that I’m guessing leads to his bathroom is closed, but the sliding door on the closet is slightly cracked.

“Tymber, look at me.”

I turn, looking up at him and again that damn gaze basically freezes me in place. “I want your eyes on me the entire night,”

he says as he brings his hands up to cup either side of my face gently. “I want to be able to see every ounce of pleasure that I bring you.”

My mouth suddenly feels dry and my legs... yeah, those damn things are nothing but spaghetti at this point.

But I still manage to get out, “Sounds like you’re promising me some things, I hope you make good on them.”

He lets out a soft laugh, his right thumb stroking my cheek before he moves closely, his breath ghosting across my lips as he says, “I promise I will.”

And when he kisses me, this time with more pressure, I know he isn’t lying.

I lean into his warm body, a moan slipping past my lips as one of his hands moves to my hip, holding onto me tightly.

He moves me backwards until the back of my knees touch the bed. I start falling backwards and I prepare to hit the bed hard, but instead I find Brio’s arms under my body, lowering me to the bed like I’m made of glass.

It’s not forever, Tymber.

I lean back on my elbows, looking up at him when he frees me from his arms. I think he’s going to go for his belt and shuck off his clothes, but instead he starts pushing my dress up my legs.

My lacy black underwear is revealed and he licks his lips as he looks at them and then he’s dropping to his knees.

Anticipation moves through me, hot and thrilling.

His big hands move over my thighs, rubbing.

When his fingers stroke along the outside of my underwear, I raise my head so I can see him. I do so, just in time to watch him as he drags his tongue along my lace.

“Fuck,” the curse leaves my lips without my permission.

His tongue continues to tease me until I feel him pulling my panties down my legs.

Cool air brushes my pussy but it isn't enough to cool me down, not even close. Especially when Brio's tongue grazes my clit, just enough pressure to let me know it's there but not enough to give me what I want.

I arch up off the bed, trying to move into his touch, but he uses his hand to hold my hips down. “Be patient, Tymber, I'm going to give you exactly what you *need*.”

Not what I *want*, but what I *need*?

What world is this man from and how do I keep him?

When he buries his face into my pussy, the question flies completely from my head. “Fuck yes,” I shout, my hands clenching into the cover as his tongue moves along my clit. “Don't stop,” I pant and he doesn't.

His tongue is a menace as he eats me out like I'm the best thing he's ever tasted. And from the groans, he's letting out I'm thinking maybe I am.

He continues to work me over with his tongue even as he glides into me with two of his fingers.

“Fuck, fuck.” My thighs clench and I fear that I may be about to smash his head but I can’t be bothered to care enough as he twists his fingers inside of me and my orgasm comes rushing at me.

My vision goes completely white and I bite my lip so hard that I taste blood.

When I come back, I can feel Brio’s fingers gently stroking my face. Opening my eyes, I find him hovering over me. His lips are wet with my arousal and it’s enough to have my clit throbbing all over again.

“I’m sorry,” I tell him, looking at the light red mark on his cheek. I’m pretty sure it’s from nearly killing him with my thighs.

“Don’t apologize,” he says, leaning down and kissing me. I can taste the saltiness of my arousal on his lips. “Not when I plan on leaving my touch on every part of your body before the night is over.”

CHAPTER FIVE: BRIO

I don't miss a single inch of her skin, letting my mouth and tongue explore. Every little whimper that leaves her lips is like pure ecstasy.

I glide my finger through the slickness of her arousal before kissing her once more. I love her mouth, its so soft, and the way she relaxes beneath me begs me to take more.

I continue to kiss her until the foreplay is too much, pulling back.

My hands go to my pants, but she sits up, stopping me. She looks up at me, "I go it." Her hands glide over me as she undoes the button on my jeans. Standing, she pushes my shirt over my head, tossing it to the ground.

Her touch is hot as she runs her hands over my chest and when she leans forward and runs her tongue along my neck, I groan. Clenching my fist, I allow her to continue to play with me. When she pushes her hands down into my boxers, stroking my length, I reach my boiling point.

“No time for that,” I tell her, removing her hands from my dick.

Her lips stick out in a playful pout and I can't help but to lean forward and nip her bottom lip.

She gasps.

Chuckling, I kiss her softly. “No time for games yet, I'm going to cum way too early if I don't get in your pussy.”

“Get to it then, you did make me a promise afterall.”

And I plan to make good on it.

I finish taking my pants and boxers off.

Her dress is pushed up to her hips and I reach out pushing it up over her head. I make quick work of her bra, taking her breast into my hands. Leaning down, I draw her dark nipple into my mouth.

She moans as she pushes up against me. Her pussy is soaking and hot against my leg.

Too fucking tempting.

Wrapping my arms around her, I lower her to the bed. Hiking her leg up and pulling it onto my hip, I push forward, rubbing the tip of my dick through her wetness.

“You on the pill?” I ask her.

She jerks her head in a nod. “Yes.”

Disappointing.

If she wasn't, I'd make sure she didn't leave this room without putting my offspring in her. It's crazy, we just met, but I know she's mine. There's not a single doubt in my head.

Even when she'd said she was just looking for a little fun for the night, I hadn't let it deter me.

Tonight, we'll fuck, and in the morning I'll make it clear that she's mine now.

I can't help but to press my lips to hers once more before leaning back. Grabbing my dick, I push the head through her wetness. I glide in with ease, but when she clenches around me I have to pause.

This isn't going to last long.

I can acknowledge it, but there's no way I'm not going to cum before she gushes onto my cock.

I keep the first couple strokes smooth and even, not too quick, not too slow. I roll her nipple between my fingers, pinching it. When she lets out a little yelp, I snap my hips quicker, catching her off guard.

"Shit." Her hand comes up to my hip. "Fuck yes." She rolls her hips to meet mine and as we fall into an easy rhythm, I like my hand before finding her clit and teasing it.

"Just like that," she moans out.

I pick up the pace, moving quicker every time she gasps.

"Oh fuck, that's it right there," she says as I rub circles onto her clit.

Watching her face, I can tell she's close and with my own orgasm threatening to take over, I rub her clit quicker, keeping my strokes even.

Her legs start to shake and the heel of her foot presses into my back. When I feel her arousal coating my dick, I slam into her twice before letting my own orgasm take over.

Round one done, many more to come.

CHAPTER SIX: TYMBER

Something smells delicious.

My nose wakes me from my sleep and I slowly open my eyes. Blinking at the man in front of me holding a tray of food, it doesn't take me long at all to remember where I am and what happened last night.

In the early morning light without the haze of alcohol, Brio looks even better.

And I still want to keep him.

I don't know if I should be cursing buzzed Tymber or thanking her because it definitely wasn't a good idea to sleep with this man last night knowing it'd be a one off thing.

Especially if he likes bringing his women breakfast in bed.

Because that tray is for me, right?

This time I ask the question out loud, pointing a finger at the tray. "Is that for me?"

That damn dazzling smile makes its first appearance of the day as Brio looks at me. “Yes, I’m not a breakfast person myself, but figured you wouldn’t mind.”

“Are you calling me fat?”

His eyes widen. “What? No.”

I laugh at the bewildered expression on his face. “I’m just joking,” I say, sitting up. I’d gotten up to use the bathroom in the middle of the night and had slid on Brio’s shirt. So I’m not naked as I let the covers drop, patting my lap, “Lay it on me.”

His lips twitch and he shakes his head but he puts the tray of food on my lap. He steps back, folding his arms over his chest as he looks at me. It isn’t a creepy look but one as if he’s in deep thought and it makes me pause.

“Yes?” I ask.

He shakes his head, unfolding his arms. “Nothing, just admiring how beautiful you are.”

There I go swooning all over again.

“How old are you?” I ask him, my jaw practically unhinged?

“Why, you calling me old?” he asks, returning the banter from earlier.

“No, just thinking I’ve been wasting my time with people my age.”

“Which is?”

“What?” *Why does it feel like my brain is always short circuiting around this man?*

“What’s *your* age?”

“Twenty-eight.”

“Ah, definitely the wrong men, I wasn’t shit in my twenties either.” His eyes drop to my lips and he licks his own before his eyes move to mine. “I’m forty.”

Okay, so there’s twelve years between us, I can definitely work with that.

Or at least I could if this was more than sex. But despite the breakfast and casual conversation, I know I shouldn’t be getting my hopes up. Instead, I should enjoy the food and then take a graceful exit.

I look at Brio, finding him once again staring at my lips. I swipe at my face, but there’s definitely not anything on it, unless... “Did I drool?” I ask him, swiping at my face again, while holding onto the tray with my other hand.

He shakes his head, grabbing my hand. “No, I was just thinking that I want to kiss you.”

My skin grows warm.

Maybe he wants a repeat of last night.

I definitely wouldn’t say no.

“Do it then,” I tell him, praying my morning breath isn’t too bad. Considering he’s been up long enough to fix me breakfast, I’m positive he’s already brushed his teeth.

His lips twitch at the corners before he places a hand on my face and leans in kissing me gently. Once again, he isn’t

forceful, but nice and sweet, addicting, as he kissed me.

When he pulls away, he taps a thumb along my lips before pointing to my tray, "Eat."

"Yes sir."

I watch as he disappears into the bathroom before I start shoveling the food into my mouth. Bacon, eggs, and purple grapes. It's perfect, but I barely taste them as I rush through my food, preparing for round two of epic sex.

I pause with the fork halfway to my mouth when I hear the bathtub running from the bathroom.

Hmmm, maybe he wanted to freshen up before we start back.

I start back eating.

It's as I'm finishing up that the bathroom door opens up and Brio steps out. He's still dressed in the same thing, his hands slightly wet. "The tub is ready. I'll get you a pair of my sweats and t-shirt to wear." He steps into the room, moving over to his dresser.

Confused, my brows pull together as I place my empty tray on his nightstand.

Okay, definitely never had a man draw up a bath for me after fixing me breakfast.

Either he's extremely nice to his hookups or this has the potential to be more.

Or he could be a serial killer and likes his victims clean before he kills them.

I dismiss the ridiculous thought, sliding out of the bed still.
“Thanks.”

He's just being nice, take the bath and leave.

I slide past him, moving into the bathroom. The tub is full of bubbles and there's a thick, tangy aroma in the air. I almost expect to see candles lit as well.

I toss the shirt onto the counter and step into the tub.

Sitting down, my eyes damn near roll into the back of my head. The bath is scorching in the best way and my skin tingles. “What's in the water?” I call out through the still open door.

Brio appears in the door, his eyes roaming over me. His gaze is so hot that I couldn't feel self conscious even if I wanted to.

No, I feel like a motherfucking queen.

“Essential oils, and epsom salt. It should help with your back.”

I think I want to marry him.

My longest relationship was with a guy in college. It lasted almost a year and yet he never did anything near as considerate as what this man has done in less than half a day of knowing him.

No one has.

And no one probably ever will.

This isn't forever.

But I'm starting to wonder if it could be.

“Thank you,” I tell him, my throat feeling way too tight.

I have to be reading way too much in this, I know it. I’ve been looking for Mr. Right my whole life, there’s no way he’s suddenly standing in front of me.

“Are you okay?” he asks, concern etched onto his features as he steps further into the bathroom.

“Yes,” I say, but even I can hear the way my voice catches slightly.

“Sorry,” I tell him, rubbing my throat. “It’s just... no one has ever done anything this sweet for me and I’m trying not to read too much into it. I know it was just sex and now you’re being nice to me. It’s okay.” All the words spill out of my mouth in a rush.

His lips part slightly and then he’s crouching down right outside of the tub until we’re face to face. “Tymber, you’re not-”

A shrill ring breaks off his words and he curses before reaching into his pocket, muttering, “I knew I should have kept it on mute.” He pulls his phone out, raising it to his head. “What Tizzy?” His voice is harsher than I’ve ever heard and it leaves me slightly puzzled as I look at him.

I can hear another man’s voice on the other end but I can’t quite make out what he’s saying.

“What are you talking about, Tiziano?” Brio’s voice is deathly cold as he speaks to the person on the other line and it

has me tensing up and pulling away from him as fear moves through me.

Brio's gaze snaps to mine and his face softens as he holds out a hand and runs it along my arm. "Sorry," he mutters softly to me, his touch gentle, completely different from his demeanor only a second ago.

"Tiziano." He says lowly just as the sound of glass breaking moves through the house. He closes his eyes, removing his hand from me as he pinches the bridge of his nose. "I suppose it's too late," he says into the line before hanging up the phone.

More sounds come from the living room and my eyes widen as I stare at Brio. "What's going on?" I ask him.

"My shit head cousin made a bad decision and now I have to deal with the repercussions. No matter what you hear, stay in here, please." His eyes are pleading with me as he rises to his feet. "I promise I have it all under control."

CHAPTER SEVEN: BRIO

Fucking Tiziano Rossi is a child whose head I could blood off right now if he wasn't blood.

And for putting the beauty in my tub in danger, I may just have to ignore that he's my cousin and put him out of his misery.

Because his hissy fit is the only reason I currently have people in my house attempting to kill me.

Tizzy has always been rash, but I think this one takes the cake, and the fact that he'd called and told me what he'd done makes it worse.

I'm sorry, Brio, I was drunk when I made the call. And you'd pissed me off because you just couldn't do what I asked of you.

Not once had he apologized for giving my address away to a group of thugs he'd paid to beat me up. Nor had he called the order off. No, the simple jackass said he'd apologize by buying me a new gun. Because that's the type of logic that the young asshole follows.

All because I wouldn't kill the man who's dick he sucked.

Jesus.

I gently close the bathroom door behind me, thoughts of the worry on Tymber's face moving through my head.

I hadn't meant to scare her, but I'd seen the fear in her eyes when I was on the phone with Tizzy.

I'm going to make him pay for that.

But first, I'm going to make sure that Tymber's safe.

Moving to my nightstand, I grab my gun, clicking the safety off. I slide my silencer on. It won't completely get rid of the sound, but it'll be enough that my neighbors won't be calling the cops.

Make this quick.

There's no way to avoid what I need to do and I know there's going to be a bunch of questions from Tymber. I can't avoid it.

I can't get her to be my wife with blood on my hands.

But there's no way I'm going to let go of that beautiful angel in my bathroom. The sex had been mind blowing but it'd been the inbetween, the easy conversation, the gentle laughs. *That's* what I'd wanted to keep more than anything.

That's what I want in the mother of my children.

A sound from the living room reminds me that now isn't the time to think about all of that.

Steeling myself, I move into the living room, slowly, quietly.

I quickly take in the three men in my home. All white, two with greasy hair, the third with a baldhead. They're all packing but only one of them has his gun drawn.

I take him out first, one smooth shot to the head.

The other two turn around, but it's too late, their friend's body already falling to the ground. Any other day, I'd draw this out. But I can't take any chances with Tymber here so I make quick work of the other two.

Two more bullets to the head before they're able to draw their guns.

I shake my head at the blood now decorating my furniture. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I dial Tizzy.

“Brio?”

“You better get someone over here to clean this shit up immediately, because I'm not doing it, and a new gun won't be enough of an apology.”

“Listen, Brio-”

“Fix it,” I snap at him just as I hear a gasp from behind me.

Letting out a deep breath, I turn, finding Tymber standing in the doorway of my bedroom. She's pulled on one of my t-shirts and it falls right down to the middle of her thighs. But I don't have time to take in the view, because her eyes are on the bodies on the floor.

“What the fuck? Her eyes snap to mine. “Are you a serial killer?”

CHAPTER EIGHT: TYMBER

H^{oly shit.}
I should have known it was all too good to be true.

Brio is standing in the middle of his living room with a gun in one hand and his phone in the other. All while three bodies lay out on the ground. I hadn't seen him do the actual killing, but fuck there's no one else here so clearly he did it.

My chest heaves in panic.

He was perfect.

And in my head, most definitely my future husband after the pampering I'd received this morning.

But he's a murderer.

My legs go weak and I have to hold onto the door frame to remain standing.

"TyMBER," he moves in my direction and I take a step back, watching as hurt flashes across his face. He presses his lips together before holding out his gun to me. "I just... I need you

to listen to me, if having the gun makes you feel safe then take it.”

Will anything make me feel safe right now?

In reality, though, I don't think I'm as scared as I should be. Because I should definitely already be running for the hills but that same thing that drew me to Brio keeps my feet planted as I stare at him.

Swallowing, I hold my hand out, taking the gun.

He hands it to me, barrel down. “The safety is off,” he informs me.

I take the weapon. It's not the first time I've handled a gun, but this one definitely feels heavier than the ones I've used at the shooting range.

“Do you want to sit?” he asks, gesturing to the couch.

My eyes move to where one of the men is laid out right in front of the furniture.

“Maybe in the bedroom,” he suggests.

I jerk my head in a nod, allowing him to move by me first before following him. I plop down onto the bed, keeping my breathing under control as I look up at him.

He stays about a foot in front of me, but his gaze is intense as his eyes hold mine. “You asked if I was a serial killer. Do you want the truth?”

Do I?

I nod.

“Yes,” he says simply. “If you want to be literal, however, I’ve never hurt an innocent person.”

Does that make this better?

Not really.

“Have you heard of the Rossis?”

“The mafia family.” Everyone knows of the mafia families in the city, the Costas, the Damones, the Rossis, and the Accardis.

“Yes,” he takes a visible swallow. “That’s *my* family.”

God’s definitely laughing at me now. He put the perfect man in front of me and he’s a damn mobster.

“Brio-”

“No, here me out. It’s... killing is killing, it’s not good at the end of the day, I know it. But this is the life I was born into. I’ve done my best to keep my integrity though, only killing people who are actually in the life. I don’t kill innocents. That’s why those men were even here.” He hikes a thumb over his shoulder.

The gun shakes as my hands tremble. “What do you mean?”

“My cousin ordered me to kill a man to hide that they were lovers. I wouldn’t, so he thought to punish me for disobeying him.”

TyMBER, you’re not a stupid girl, you can’t buy into the words leaving his mouth.

I let out a shaky breath shaking my head. “This is a cruel game God is playing on me. I’m a true romantic you know, as pathetic as it sounds. I look for love in every corner and despite telling myself that you were just a one night stand, I was already falling for you. Just like a fucking idiot. And now I find out you’re... you’re...” I can’t even get the word out.

“I know.” He drops to his knees in front of me, not caring about how close it brings the gun to his face. “I know its fucked up, but the moment I saw you I knew you were meant to be mine, Tymber.”

Jesus.

I want to be his.

*But how could I ignore this crazy shit that just happened.
The fact that he’s a mobster.*

I’m a lawyer for fuck’s sake, I’m supposed to have ethics, morals...

But I was lovesick before I ever picked up a law book.

“I think I’m going to hell because I don’t feel as conflicted as I should.”

And here I was talking about Dianna being desperate for staying with Josh.

But I’m considering getting involved with a killer.

The irony isn’t lost on me.

Brio grabs my free hand, stroking a thumb along it and igniting sparks along my skin. “I know it isn’t ideal, and I’m

not asking you to promise me anything, but I like you Tymber. All I ask is that you give me a chance. I'd never harm you or allow any harm to come to you."

Tymber, get your ass up and go to the police station, he wasn't meant to be forever anyway.

But he could be.

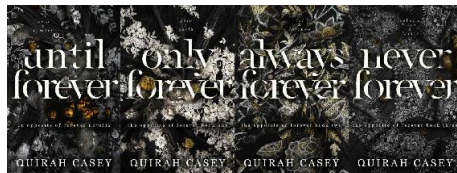
Mobster or not.

So like an idiot, I drop the gun, grabbing his other hand. "Okay, I'll give it a try."

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Y'all, I had to pull this story out of my ass. As most of you know, Daria and Polo's story was first, but I had to push it back. So last minute, I had to come up with a story. I came up with Tymber and Brio's names first, then the book title. The rest fell into place. They will definitely be getting a full, fleshed out story when my schedule allows. I'm already in love with them and I think their story will be a good introduction to the Rossi family once its expanded.

I hope you guys enjoyed. :) You can pre-order the rest of this series below.



Until Forever (Brio & Tymber) Novella

She wants to be mine until she finds her forever.

**Little does she know, I've already decided she's *my*
forever**

Only Forever (Polo & Daria)

**It's only forever that I have to see the woman I love
married to another man.**

I was never supposed to fall in love with Daria Accardi.

But I fell for her the same day that I found out she'd be
marrying

my boss, my brother, the one person I'd never cross.

It's *not* love, but she *is* his.

And there's nothing I can do about it unless

I want to break the only vows I've ever kept.

And for her... I just may do it.

Always Forever (Val & Lorenzo)

They say I'm not like the other mafia bosses.

But they hadn't seen what I'd do to have *her*.

Valerina was mine.

Then she was a ghost.

My first and only love was nothing but a stranger made of
ink, secrets, and heartbreak.

When we started as pen pals we were nothing but kids, sweet and innocent.

The older we got the less innocent the letters were.

And then they stopped.

But half a decade later, I've found her and I won't let her go.

Afterall, we were always meant to be forever.

Never Forever (Isabella, Tiago, & Javier)

I'll never be forever.

No one wants to keep the Accardi Bastard. I'm good for a good time and that's it.

It's exactly why Javier Jaminez forced my cousin into signing me over to him.

He wants to use me until there's nothing left, him and his right hand man, Santiago.

Little do they know I won't go down without a fight, because I'm going to change the rules of their games.

Maybe I'll never be someone's forever, but I'll make sure they always remember me.

DOUBLE CROSS MY HEART

