



**BIG &**  
**ENERGY**

IMANI JAY

Imani Jay

## Big D Energy

*A Short, steamy, instalove, curvy girl, grumpy  
sunshine, workplace romance*

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# 1

## Amy

“Yo, Big D.”

I hear a loud male voice boom in the middle of our company’s cafeteria, and I brace myself for impact.

I’m sitting at our usual table. Close to the entrance so we don’t miss anyone walking in, but far enough that our ogling is hopefully not obvious. ‘We’ is the small group made of myself and my office girlfriends. We work in the accounting department of an up-and-coming electric vehicles manufacturer, Xpand.

Our main factory and corporate headquarters are on the same campus. Our company is innovative in the technology it uses but also in the handling of its human resources. We work on one of those small-town-like sites, with all sorts of amenities. And one of the biggest perks is the cafeteria, where the food is free for employees. The only requirement is we all get the same hour of lunch break during which most of the staff is to gather and mingle. And mingling there is. The large majority of the employees on the factory floor are men. And in the months I’ve been working for Xpand, this little ritual of

eating a delicious, freshly cooked meal while admiring fine male ass never gets old.

“Oh shit, he’s coming,” my colleague Lydia murmurs.

‘He’ is Damian King. The object of my naughtiest desires and the bane of my existence. Damian is colossal. Way over six feet tall and broad as a tree trunk. With deep olive skin, a permanent scruff, long, dark hair he wears in a haphazard man-bun, and a perpetual scowl that seems to intensify whenever our gazes meet. It does nothing to diminish his extraordinary features, though. The deep-set, dark eyes, straight, masculine nose and full lips, currently pinched in a flat line. His features are too rough to be classically handsome. Those prominent cheekbones, that cut jaw I’d love to lick...

Six months, I’ve been admiring this man from afar. Watching the way his clothes molds to his powerful body. The way his muscles ripple under the poor fabric that constantly seems on the cusp of cracking with each move Damian makes. Half a year, I’ve been daydreaming and fantasizing what-if scenarios. What if one day he smiled at me? What if instead of scowling at me while maintaining eye contact till I’m out of his line of sight, he stopped at our table and chatted me up? What if...

My reverie is interrupted by another loud, “What up, King?”

Damian briefly turns to the voice and gives the man a head nod. He doesn’t speak, doesn’t change his trajectory, and his dark eyes quickly zone back on me. Thirty seconds. That’s all I get. Each workday. Thirty seconds where I don’t know if he’s eye-fucking me or cussing me to hell and back. His gaze never leaves mine. He simply walks from the cafeteria entrance to the food counters, and I’m on his path. Well, our table is. But I’ve never seen Damian stare at anyone else the way he glares at me. With an intensity I wish I could read.

I'm so gone for this guy. Not only how beautifully masculine he is, but I admire the man. Damian is the head of our engineering department. He's involved in our core business, from conception to finished product. He works closely with the corporate side, but also spends a lot of time on the factory floor. So I never know which Damian to expect. The three-piece-suit wearing executive, or the man dressed in work gear and sporting smudges of grease.

"Good Lord, he did it again," my friend Sandra drawls fanning herself with her fingers, referring to the way Damian's burning gaze never fails to trace a scorching path all over my body.

I bury my face in my hands, shaking my head. "Not a word. I don't want to hear any of you."

When I look up from hiding my face, they're both wearing amused expressions.

"Girl, we need to get you out."

"I'm fine. I don't need to meet someone else. I just... I'll get over him."

They exchange unconvinced looks.

"I will. I just need time."

Lydia and Sandra burst out laughing, and I look from one to the other, shaking my head. But I can't hold back my own smile.

"Well, thanks for the vote of confidence."

"Girl, it's been months. You walked into this building, saw Damian, and got permanent heart-shaped eyes.," Sandra teases.

I can't help but giggle. "You stupid, I don't have heart-shaped eyes."

I feel my face heat, though. He's just so... *Gah!*

"I get it. We all have the hots for the man. But you got it bad, sis," Lydia adds her two cents.

"Seriously, let's go out tonight. You two are giving me blue ovaries. I

swear, one day he's gonna corner you and have his wicked way with you."

*If only.*

"I honestly don't think Damian is interested in me," I repeat my usual broken record song. "He looks more like someone who can't stand me."

"That, my dear, is called blue balls," Lydia counters.

"Pffft. Not this again, please. We don't even have a non-fraternization policy. If Damian was interested in me in any way, he'd do something about it."

"Don't be so sure, babe. Remember, boys are stupid. That never changes."

"Amen, sister," Sandra agrees, raising a hand so they can exchange a high-five.

"So, about tonight. How about we go to O'Malley's?"

This girl will not be deterred.

"The Irish pub downtown? I'm down," Sandra agrees.

"Amy? You're coming with?"

I puff out air. "Yes, why not? Let's go out. Not that it will make any difference. But hey, what do I have to lose?"

If I knew then what I know now, I wonder if I'd have gone out that night...



## 2

# Damian

I take a deep inhale, rubbing my tired eyes with the tips of my fingers. *Fuck, I'm wiped.* Not only physically -*yeah, lack of sleep will do that-* but totally drained emotionally. I fucking need inside Amy Sene. Need to fill my big hands with her full ass. My mouth with her juicy tits. Need to plunge deep inside her tight, wet cunt and pump her full of my cum. *Fuck.* I feel like a fucking teenager. Months I haven't touched a woman. Not since I laid eyes on her gorgeous face and sexy curves.

Amy looks like she was molded straight out of my wildest fantasies. All dark brown skin, big brown eyes, fucking bee-stung lips, and an hour-glass shape that keeps me awake at night.

I was minding my own fucking business. Living a simple, uncomplicated life. Go to a work I love, hang out with my friends and family in my free time, date around a bit, exercise, travel. The perfect life of a thirty-year-old successful single guy. Then she fucking came in crashing, scattering around all my neatly stacked piles.

It's like I can't go on an hour without thinking about Little Miss Sunshine, who sits in the office at the end of my hall. At the thought of her proximity, my dick twitches in my pants. *Not now, asshole.* I rub my face with my hands, then stand abruptly, gathering the documents I was working on. I promised myself I would at least try to work in my office today. I refuse to let a woman who's at least a foot shorter than me chase me away from my space. But who am I fooling? I won't get anything done if I stay here. Just know wing that all it would take to see her is a few strides. A few strides to her office door. Lower the handle. Push the wooden panel open. Catch her surprised gaze when I walk in the room. Lock the fucking door behind me and stalk toward her. Pluck her from her seat, drop in it and settle her in my lap, on my aching cock... *Fuck.*

Before I know it, I'm back on the factory floor, in the small, poorly lit workstation set for us when we need to work in tandem with the manufacturing crew.

I've barely pulled my stuff out when Carlos, one of the team managers, pokes his head inside.

"Sup, King?"

"Hey," I grunt out, still in a state.

"Yo, what's up with you, big guy? Someone piss in your cereal?" he asks jokingly.

"Fuck off," I grumble, turning my attention back to my monitor screen.

But Carlos isn't easily deterred. "You coming out tonight?"

"Not sure, man. I have stuff to finish here."

"Oh, come on. When was the last time you came out with us?"

"I don't know, man. I just have a lot on my plate."

"Bullshit, D. You were just as busy and hanging out every weekend. I

don't know what's gotten into you, brother."

*Well, there's this little five-foot-nothing bombshell who's invaded my thoughts...*

"Fine, I'll come with. Where are you guys going?"

"O'Malley's."

"Okay, meet you there."

\*\*\*

I stop by my place to change after work, nothing fancy. I know O'Malley's is a casual joint. Just a quick shower, clean jeans and a black henley.

I find the guys at the bar. As loud and rowdy as any Friday evening. Out on the town, on the prowl. They're a good group. Good men, hard-working, reliable friends. I couldn't ask for better company. I scan the place, and as expected, no one catches my eye. There are objectively a lot of attractive women in the crowd, but my dick seems to have reprogrammed itself to only react to one and only woman these days. *Fucking pathetic.*

I laugh and chat with the guys, but part of my brain is still on the puzzle that's become my dating life. Or should I say, my non-dating life? *How the hell did I end up fucking pining for Amy Sene?* I take a sip of my soda, my brain starting to disconnect from the loud conversation around me. Retracing the past few months. The first time I saw Amy in her pencil skirt, heels and silk blouse, her cute glasses perched on her rounded nose. Almond-shaped eyes looking me up and down like she'd never seen someone as big and tall as me. I could read her like a book. She liked me at first sight. We could have jumped each other right then and there. The fast rise and fall of her chest, the way her full lips parted on a silent gasp, how her eyes widened behind the false cover of her glasses. Everything about Amy screamed, turned on.

And nothing has fucking changed. We can't be in proximity to each other without our gazes colliding, eye-fucking one another, eating each other up like it's our last encounter. So why the fuck have I not thrown Amy over my shoulder and locked us in a windowless office? I have my reasons, and although they seemed perfectly valid at first, I'm not so sure anymore...

# 3

## Amy

I pucker my lips before rubbing them together to even out the layer of lip gloss I just reapplied. Check my mascara in O'Malley's ladies' restroom mirror. Perfect. I take a couple of steps back and turn around. Yep, the silky fabric of my cute, little emerald green dress hugs my curves just close enough to make me look sexy, but not so tight that I seem on the prowl. Which I'm not! I'm out for a night of fun with my girls. And if I happen to stumble on a hunk hot enough to take my mind off the man who's been haunting me, that will just be a bonus. Satisfied with my post bathroom-business inspection, I push the door open with my elbow and step out. But instead of the empty hall I was expecting to step into, I slam against a wall of muscles. I let out a surprised gasp and brace my hands flat on the warm, hard surface. My wide eyes climb up the dark cotton fabric covering the wide chest, past a tanned, corded neck I would recognize anywhere. Yes, I have studied its strong lines for hours. My gaze takes in the neatly trimmed beard my fingers have itched to run through forever. *Oh Lord, here's the full, pink mouth.* I dare keep going to the sharp cheekbones and elegant nose. And when our eyes finally

meet, my dark brown plunge into his navy blue, and my knees give in. Damian King.

His long, strong fingers wrapped around my forearms tighten when I flinch on my feet. The scowl knitting his heavy brow intensifies. And he lets out a sound that can only be qualified as a low, deep, throaty growl. *Oh My God.*

“Hey Damian,” I chance. “Didn’t see you there. Sorry for bumping into you. Thanks for catching me,” I ramble nervously.

I’m surprised I have it in me to speak at all.

Damian’s eyes move away from mine to trace a burning path down my body. Sliding along the v-neck of my dress, my chest, stomach, thighs. All the way down to my heels.

When his gaze comes back to mine, he rumbles, low and menacing, “what the fuck are you wearing?”

Not ‘hi’, not my name, not ‘you’re welcome. But fucking ‘what are you wearing?’. Feeling my blood boil in my veins and my vision turn red, I take a step back and bring my hands to my waist.

“Excuse me?” I stretch out the words in a clearly feisty tone.

Damian cocks one of his stupid, perfect, thick, arched eyebrows, letting his gaze pointedly travel the length of my body once more.

“Listen, asshole. You don’t get to ask dick about me or even have an opinion.”

I poke a finger in the middle of his stupid, perfect, wide, muscled chest. *Shit, almost broke a knuckle.*

The beginning of a smirk pulls one side of his stupid, perfect, lickable mouth up.

*God, I need to get out of here.*

“And why is that?”

He crosses his brawny arms over his torso, making his biceps bulge under the cotton of his shirt, and the cords of his forearms contract. His somber eyes burning a hole into my head. Arrogant smirk growing in intensity. *Fuck, he's hot. No, no, no, get it together Amy!*

“Really? Really?!”

Damian rolls his eyes. Now, looking fully amused.

“Yes, really,” he volleys back with condescendence. “I’m not allowed to have an opinion about you?”

“No. You’re not. You don’t get to ignore me at work. Glare at me. Act as if I pissed you off every single time we see each other.” I punctuate this with stabs of my forefinger into his chest. “Then show up on a night where all I’m trying to do is have fun and forget about the stupid broody...” I cut myself off, clasping a hand over my mouth, feeling my eyes widen.

*Stupid big mouth.*

“Who is it you’re trying to forget about?” Damian drawls slowly, taking a step back to close the distance between us.

I shake my head and swirls on my heels, attempting to escape. But before I’ve made it even a foot from him, I feel a big arm wrap itself around my waist and bring me back to plaster my back to his front. My soft curves melt into his hard muscles. I try pushing against him, but the steel band wrapped around my middle doesn’t budge.

He leans into me and murmurs at my ear, “you’re not going anywhere till we sort this shit out. I’m done fucking around with you.” Then he pushes his hips against my ass, letting me feel a long, hard shape that can not be mistaken, and finishes, “or maybe it’s time I started.”

# 4

## Damian

I bury my nose in Amy's soft curls and breathe in her scent. Pure bliss. And torture. I fucking knew it. Fucking knew I couldn't, shouldn't get close.

She just started working at Xpand six months ago. I'm not even sure she's been confirmed in her position. And I've never felt anything like the pull this woman has on me. The way her deep brown skin, her soft curves, her big brown eyes, her full lips, the roundness of her ass hit me straight to my core... The way I've known from day one that if I gave in, if I touched her, there would be no turning back. *Fuck.*

I press my lips on the tender skin of her nape, and she lets out a tortured sigh. And there it is. The other reason why I stayed away, avoided Amy. She's fucking gone for me, too. I could see it in her eyes from that very first encounter. The widening of her pupils when we shook hands. The dazed way she took me in. All of me. From my haphazardly tied long hair to the tip of my boots. Her breathing quickening. *Fuck me.*

I knew we would come colliding together if we ever gave in to our explosive attraction. I fucking knew it. So I kept my distance, ignored her



best I could. And only allowed myself that one gaze. Every day at lunchtime, I eye-fuck Amy during my short stroll from the cafeteria entrance to the food counters. Take in as much as I can, let my eyes touch what I didn't allow my hands to even approach. Soak in her own famished look. Barely holding on by a thread.

“You know how long I've been dying to hold you? Feel your body against mine?” I rasp into the crook of her neck, running the tip of my nose along the soft skin.

Amy lets out another whimper.

With one of my arms circling her waist, my other hand runs down the side of her body, caressing her curves. From the soft swell of her thigh, over her rounded hip, sliding between us to feel her full ass. *God, this woman.*

“You've been driving me fucking insane, woman.”

My voice is gruff against her soft skin, my hands a bit rougher than I mean to be. My dick rock-hard against all that wonderfulness.

“I'm gonna make you feel so good, baby.”

I nip at her lobe.

“So fucking good.”

Amy whines again. Then she takes me completely by surprise by turning around in my arms, gripping me by the back of my neck, and standing on the tip of her toes to bring our mouths together. And the moment our lips touch, it's like an electric current ignites between us. There's no soft, exploratory pecks, no gentle kisses. We instantly take possession of one another. Amy's lips are soft, full... delicious. Her tongue supple. She tastes so goddamn good. The kiss is deep, wet, ravaging, burning. It heightens my already raging desire. I lift her, wrap her legs around my waist, and press her back to the wall. Her hot core pressed against my erection. I'm tongue-fucking her mouth

and rubbing my hardness over the seam of her tight jeans. *She feels so fucking good.*

When Amy detaches her lips from mine, I'm still in a complete haze of lust. And I can only stare, lips parted, blinking at her. Her dark gaze is burning with desire. Her eyes roam over my face while she runs a soft hand over my beard.

Then she purrs, "get me out of here, handsome."

# 5

## Amy

The Uber ride from the bar to Damian's house is pure torture. Damian King, the object of my most carnal, dirty fantasies, is sitting in the back seat with me, his big, hot, rough hands all over my body.

After leaving the ladies' restroom and walking back to the bar, I felt like my entire body was vibrating. The way Damian kissed me. Touched me. I was not crazy. This man wanted me. The look on his face when he grabbed me and slammed his lips on mine had me panting. He looked feral. And hungry. I barely had the time to tell Sandra and Lydia I was leaving with Damian before he was tugging me to the door.

We got in the first Uber he could find, and now, here we are. Both looking out our windows, trying not to explode. Damian has one hand on my bare thigh. His thumb is drawing small circles, making me fucking wet.

The driver keeps eyeing us in the rear-view mirror, a knowing smirk on his lips.

Damian must be seeing it, too. Because he grunts out, "I swear to God, motherfucker, if you don't stop watching us, I'll put you in a headlock."

I giggle.

“I’m not scared, man. I used to wrestle back in college.”

Damian scoffs.

“I can still put you on your ass.”

The driver rolls his eyes.

“Fine. I’m stopping. Jesus.”

But I can still feel the man’s gaze on me.

“Dude, quit looking at my girl, or I’ll throw you out of your car.”

That seems to do the trick.

“Fine. Fine. No need to get crazy.”

“Yeah, no need to get crazy,” I repeat, poking Damian’s rock-hard abs.

He looks at me, and the smile spreading on his full lips has my heart fluttering.

“Your girl?”

“Damn right, my girl. I’ve been waiting a long fucking time to claim you, baby.”

“So, you’re not mad at me?”

His eyebrows pinch, and his gaze turns confused.

“What? Mad at you? Why would I be mad at you?”

“I don’t know, Damian. You kind of ignore me for months, give me the evil eye at work, and avoid being in a room alone with me at all costs. How is that not mad?”

“Well, that’s on me, babe. I didn’t wanna rush you.”

“I could have told you that was bullshit.”

He leans over, his warm breath fanning the side of my face, and whispers, “baby, you’re about to get all of me.”

When he presses his lips to my jaw, I’m lost.

“Please,” I whimper.

“I got you. And I’m not letting go.”

I feel Damian’s warm, large hand cup the side of my face, and when I look up, his dark, intense eyes are boring into mine.

“You hear me, Amy? I’m not letting go.”

I nod slowly and smile.

“All yours, big guy.”

Damian’s gaze grows darker, and he leans closer to brush his lips against mine.

“That’ll be a fucking long time, baby.”

“Promises, promises, King.”

He kisses me deeply, then growls, “don’t doubt me.”

Then he goes back to kissing and nibbling at my neck.

I’m panting and squirming in my seat.

“Please, please, stop. You’re driving me crazy.”

He laughs, then leans away.

“Alright, let’s keep it PG for now. Then I can have you on every surface of my house.”

I feel my face grow hot.

“You’re a dirty boy, aren’t you, D?”

“Babe, you have no idea.”

# 6

## Damian

I'm so turned on I could cum right in my pants like a pimply teenager. I've had my hand on Amy's bare thigh the whole ride. And all I wanna do is push it higher... and higher. Feel her pussy. Make her moan and gush all over my fingers. I'm fucking dying for her. Can't wait to have her.

I was going crazy keeping myself away from her, but it was the right decision. If we'd jumped each other from the moment we met, we would have fucked up. She's too special, and I can't lose her. She deserves more than a quick roll in the sheets. So that's what I've been preparing myself for. Getting used to seeing her around. And fucking dying wanting her like crazy, but not allowing myself to fuck her. Preparing myself to wait until the time is right. But when she crashed into my chest, and I had my hands on her soft, warm skin, I couldn't think. Couldn't breathe. Couldn't help but fucking claim her.

She's mine. And there's no way I'm ever letting go.

When we finally arrive in front of my place, I practically jump out of the car, pulling Amy with me.

She's laughing as we sprint toward my front door.

"Thank you," she says, looking at the car.

"Yeah, yeah," the guy grumbles before taking off.

Once inside, I slam the front door closed, take Amy's purse from her, toss it on the floor, and push her against the nearest wall. I cup her face with both my hands and bring our mouths together. I kiss her deep and slow, taking my time to taste her, devour her.

Amy moans, her hands flying to the back of my head, and she pulls me closer. Her nails raking through my hair, tugging and pulling.

"Fuck, baby. You feel so good," I groan into her delicious mouth.

She smiles and pushes her hips into mine.

"You too. Now, what's the plan?"

I laugh.

"Let's get the basics out of the way first. This is my place, I'm a Virgo, I'm clean, I always wear a condom, and I'm not seeing anyone. I'm crazy about you, and I want to be exclusive. So, what do you say, gorgeous?"

Her big brown eyes are filled with laughter.

"I'm an Aries, also clean, and I'm very single. I'm also crazy about you, and I've not seen anyone in months."

I can't help but growl, "you haven't? Really?"

"No. Haven't even been tempted."

"Thank fuck."

I lean down and capture her lips in another long, searing kiss.

"So, that's taken care of. What's next?"

"Next, I'm going to lay you on the nearest flat surface and lick your

pussy.”

Amy’s breath hitches, and she whimpers.

“Yes, please,” she says breathlessly.

I chuckle, pulling her back in, and we make our way through the entryway, living room, and dining area. When we get to the kitchen, I lift her up, and she wraps her legs around my waist. Her hot pussy presses against my hard dick. Fuck, that feels so good.

“God, Damian, I’m dying.”

I kiss her, my lips trailing down her jaw, to the crook of her neck, and nip at her soft, smooth skin.

“I can’t wait to feel you inside me,” Amy rasps.

My cock jerks in my jeans.

“I can’t wait to be inside you. All. Fucking. Night.”

Amy smiles lasciviously.

“Sounds like a plan.”

I’m about to set her on the marble island, but my gaze lands on the sliding doors that lead to my deck. I look back at Amy and grin.

“I have a better idea.”

I move to the patio doors, slide them open, and walk out, into the warm night. Amy has her arms wrapped tightly around my shoulders, and she’s nuzzling the side of my neck.

“Mmmm. You smell so good. So fucking good,” she purrs.

I let out a low growl.

“And you taste good.”

When I stop moving, Amy looks up and her gaze falls on the hammock set between two palm trees.

“Oh, wow. I haven’t been on one of these since I was a kid.”



“You wanna get in?”

“You kidding me? Yes!”

I let her slide down the front of my body. Fuck, the contact with her soft, warm curves makes me harden even more. When Amy is finally on her feet, she turns around and walks to the hammock. Then she bends over to push it a little bit, and I’m graced with a perfect view of her big, round ass. I groan, and Amy straightens back up, looking over her shoulder, and smiles.

“Coming, handsome?”

I grunt, “yes, I will be, very soon.”

She shakes her head, laughing.

“Come here, big boy.”

I close the space between us, and she steps into the hammock, making its ropes tighten. She moves a little, then stops.

“I can’t find a way to get in. The thing keeps swinging.”

“Here, let me help you.”

I grip her by the waist, lift her and settle her on her back in the middle of the woven fabric.

“My turn.”

I take a step forward, and Amy’s eyes widen.

“Don’t worry, baby. I got this.”

I get into the hammock, but instead of sitting, I spread out, straddling Amy’s curvy body.

“Oh, God. This is going to end up badly.” Her eyes widen, her hands gripping the edge.

I chuckle. “I’ve got you, baby.”

I run my hands along her body, her silky dress riding up, revealing more and more of her beautiful, smooth brown skin. My palms caress her round

hips, thick thighs, then my fingers dig into her flesh. I press her against the hammock and lean in.

“Now, I’m going to do exactly what I’ve been dying to do for the past six months. And if the hammock is smart, it’ll stay the fuck put.”

Amy giggle laces with a moan, and she bites her lip.

“If we fall, you better catch me again.”

“I’ll always catch you, baby,” I rumble.

I bring our mouths together and kiss her thoroughly. When I release her, she’s breathing fast, and her pupils are blown wide.

“I’ve never felt anything like this,” Amy breathes.

“Me either, baby.”

I kiss down her jaw, the column of her neck, her collarbone.

“You’re so fucking beautiful.”

I run my hands under her dress, pulling it up.

“You’re everything.”

I cup her big, round tits and squeeze.

“Everything.”

Amy’s moaning, arching into my touch.

“More. Please, Damian.”

“Patience, baby. I’m taking my fucking time.”

Amy’s wearing a black lace bra that gives me the best view of her full breasts.

“Jesus, woman.”

She giggles.

I growl, “take it off.”

“Not yet, baby,” she singsongs teasingly.

I rub the pad of my thumbs over her hard nipples. They’re pebbled,

pressing into the lacy material.

“So fucking responsive.”

Amy writhes under me.

“Fuck, Damian. I’m dying.” She pants, her chest heaving.

“Shhh, relax. You got what you need.”

“It better be your cock,” she hisses between heavy breaths, making me chuckle.

“Baby, I’m dying for you too. Don’t worry.”

I lower my face, nuzzle her tits, and kiss her nipples through the fabric.

“Take it off,” I ask again.

“Not. Yet,” she repeats stubbornly.

I slide down her luscious body and grip the hem of her dress, pushing it up. I look down at her, and fuck. She’s so fucking gorgeous.

“Spread your legs, baby.”

Amy opens her thighs, and I see the crotch of her panties is already damp. I rub the seam of her lacy black undies and look back up at her.

“So fucking wet.”

“That’s what you do to me, Damian. That’s how much I want you.” More hard breathing.

“The feeling’s mutual,” I huff out against her trembling skin.

I move between her legs and bring my face closer to her pussy. Amy’s watching me with hooded eyes.

“I want to make you come so fucking bad. You want that, baby?”

She nods, her full lips parted, and her chest rising and falling rapidly.

“Good girl,” I purr.

I press a finger on her clit and rub slowly.

“God, Damian.... Fuck...”

I smile wickedly.

“Just getting started, baby.”

I bring my other hand to her hip and hold her still.

“Please,” she whimpers.

I keep rubbing, pressing a little harder.

“You have such a pretty, juicy pussy, Amy, ” I rumble, eyes glued between her spread legs.

She’s bucking her full hips, trying to get more pressure.

“You like me rubbing your clit, baby? Like me playing with your pussy?”

“Yes, yes! More, please,” she whines.

“Patience, gorgeous. You’re not coming until you’re full of my cock,” I growl.

Amy throws her head back, and a desperate sound reaps from her throat.

“That’s what you wanted, dirty girl? Wanted me deep inside you?”

“Yes... God, yes!”

I run a finger along her covered slit.

“Look how fucking wet you are.”

Amy looks down and whimpers.

“God. Stop torturing me, Damian.”

“You fucking love it.”

I lower her panties and rub her clit, then her soaked pussy.

“Fuck, baby. Look at you. Your cunt is glistening. Begging for me.”

“I’m dying for you, Damian. Please. Give me more. Let me have it.”

“All in good time, Amy.”

I dip a finger inside her tight wetness, and her eyes roll into the back of her head.

“Oh, God!”

I pull my finger out, then in again, and she's moaning louder.

"Fuck. Yes. That's it, baby."

I add another finger and start pumping. Amy's writhing under me. Driving me wild, and I know I have to see her come unraveled.

"More. God, please."

"Not yet, babe. First, you come all over my hand. Then I'll give you my cock."

"Oh, Jesus."

I thrust my fingers in and out, rubbing her clit with my thumb.

"That's it, baby. Just like that. I want you to soak my fingers."

Amy's bucking her hips wildly now, taking my thick fingers like a fucking champ.

"I'm so close, baby. So fucking close..."

"That's it, love. Fucking come for me. Squeeze my fingers. Take all you can. Fuck, baby. You're so fucking hot."

She lets out a scream, arches her back, and her pussy contracts around my fingers, gushing all over them.

"Holy shit," Amy whispers when she's come down from her high.

I take my fingers out, and they're fucking soaked.

"Look how much you came, baby," I rumble.

She groans, hiding her face in her hands. "That's never happened to me before."

I bring my fingers to my mouth and suck. "You taste so fucking good."

Amy lets out a shaky breath. "More. Please."

I nod. "Stay put."

I climb out of the hammock.

"Damian, where are you going? I need you."

“Don’t worry, baby. We have all night. And the next one. And the one after that.”

I pull a condom out of my wallet, rip the foil open, and put the latex sheath on, then walk back to her, my dick pointing up at the sky.

I wink. “Let’s see if we can make the hammock move a little.”

Amy giggles.

“Come and get it.”

\* \* \*

Amy is lying naked in the middle of my bed, her soft skin contrasting with the cream-colored sheets. Her dark hair fanned around her face, her abused lips parted. I’m sitting next to her, admiring her beauty. I’ve been with a lot of women, but none of them compares.

We fucked for hours. I made her come with my tongue, my fingers, my cock. And now, I’m staring, fucking aching for her, and I can’t help the words that leave my mouth.

“I think I’m in love with you.”

Her eyes flutter open, and she smiles.

“You can’t say stuff like that when you have a hard-on, baby.”

“Why not?”

“Because. I’m not gonna let you have sex with me if you don’t mean it.”

“Not that kind of guy, babe. I fucking love you.”

“Say it again,” she whispers softly.

“I. Love. You,” I rumble.

She sits up, and the blanket slides off her shoulders, revealing her gorgeous tits.

“Then show me, big guy.”

I push her back on the bed, settle between her legs and sink deep inside her in one long, slow stroke.

“Fuck, you feel so fucking good.”

She’s soaking wet, her tight cunt squeezing my dick.

“So do you, D. I can’t believe you’re mine.”

I thrust slowly, savoring the feel of her, the way she wraps her arms around my shoulders, the way her nails dig into my back.

“I’m yours, Amy. Always,” I grunt.

“And I’m all yours, baby,” she breathes.

We make love until we both come apart.

When we’re finished, we’re laying in bed spent, sweaty, limbs tangled.

“Promise me you’ll be here when I wake up.”

“Not going anywhere, big guy.”

Amy cuddles up to me, and I hold her tightly, my nose buried in her soft hair, inhaling her scent.

I kiss her temple. “Get some sleep, baby.”

“Sweet dreams, D.”

# Epilogue

## Five years later

### **Damian**

“Daddy, what’s my birthday present?” Our little girl, Fatou, asks in her sweet voice. She has me wrapped around her finger, just like her mom, but I won’t cave.

“It’s a surprise, baby.”

“Pwetty, pwease, daddy. Tell me.”

“Nope. But it’s a really, really good surprise.”

“Is it a giraffe?”

“What?” I chuckle.

“A giraffe,” Fatou insists.

“No, it’s not a giraffe.” I laugh again.

“What about a hippopotamus?” She scrunches up her cute face.

“Still no, baby.”

“Uggggh. You’re not funny, Daddy.”

“I think it’s very funny.” I can’t hold in my amusement.

“But why you’re not telling me?”

“Because it’s a surprise.”



“A giraffe or a hippopotamus?”

“No, baby.” This girl.

“Ugh, Daddy, you’re killing me,” she says dramatically.

“Well, that would be a shame. Since you’re my whole life, princess.”

I kiss her cheek, tickling her sides. Fatou giggles and snuggles into my chest.

“I’m tired, Daddy.”

I kiss her forehead, walking her to bed. The scent of her toddler soap fill my nose, making my heart swell with love.

She mumbles, “you’re the best, Daddy.”

I look down at my sweet angel, her head resting on my shoulder, her little arms wrapped around my neck. And my heart explodes in my chest. She’s the perfect blend of Amy and me. All creamy brown skin, big doe eyes, and curly locks.

“No, baby. You’re the best.”

She grins and closes her eyes.

“Okay, Daddy. Let’s go.”

“Okay, baby.”

We’re about to walk into Fatou’s room when I hear a voice behind me.

“Hey, big guy.”

I turn around, and the smile spreading across my face is so fucking wide it hurts my cheeks.

“Hi, baby.”

Amy walks up to us and leans in to kiss us both.

“Is somebody ready for bed?”

“Yup.”

“Sleeping already, uh?”

“I’m not sleeping, Mommy. Just resting my eyes.”

“Okay, my love.”

She presses a kiss on our daughter’s forehead, and I wrap an arm around her waist. We enter Fatou’s room, and Amy and I lay her on her princess bed, tuck her in, and each press a kiss on her chubby cheeks.

“Goodnight, angel,” I whisper.

“Sweet dreams, my love,” Amy adds.

We walk out and go to our bedroom.

“How was work, baby?”

“Busy, as always. But I’m home now.”

“Damn right you are. Get your clothes off and get in this bed.”

“Oh, really?”

“You know it.”

Amy smiles.

“I think I will.”

“Good. I’m dying to get my hands on you.”

“What about Fatou?”

“She’s sleeping. We’ll hear if she wakes up. ”

“Alright, big guy.”

She pulls her dress over her head, and a smile spreads across my face.

“Nice bra.”

“You like it? It’s new.”

“I love it. But I’m gonna love it even more when it’s on the floor.”

She giggles.

“Your turn, love.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I strip, and we meet in the middle of the room. My arms circle around her

waist, and I pull her flush against me.

“God, I fucking love your body.”

Amy wraps her arms around my neck, and we kiss.

“You wanna go on the deck, baby?” Amy rasps.

“What?”

“You know, the hammock...”

I chuckle. “I’ll take you anywhere, anytime, baby.”

“Was hoping you’d say that,” she breathes out.

I grab her hand, and we walk to the sliding doors.

“Come, beautiful.”

Amy smiles.

“Lead the way, handsome.”

And we walk out onto the deck, under the night sky.

The End.



# About the Author

If you like bite-sized, steamy romances with hunky alphas and their sassy curvy girls, you've found the right gal for your needs!

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