



The Fittman's
OBSESSION

JAGGER COLE

THE HITMANS'S OBSESSION

AN AGE-GAP ROMANCE

JAGGER COLE



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The Hitman's Obsession

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A SPECIAL PRESENT



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SYNOPSIS

I was born into a dark kingdom. I'm a mob princess—a pretty little flower in a gilded cage. No boys ever climbed my tower. No men ever got through the walls built around me.

No one, except Vincent Cave.

My bodyguard, my shadow. My gruff, silent, watchful guardian angel. A teddy bear to me, but a savage to anyone who'd seek to harm me.

First he was my innocent crush. Then, it wasn't so innocent.

Eleven years older, and utterly gorgeous. Eyes that make my knees weak, arms I could get lost in, and lips that mine wanted to taste since I knew lips could do that.

I'm back after three years away at boarding school. I thought that would cure me, but there's no cure for Vincent Cave. Not when three years have made him hardened, and growlier, and even more irresistible.

When the danger he always shielded me from comes calling, it's Vincent and me, alone, on the run.

I've grown up. He's noticed.

It was just a crush. Now, it's just dangerous.

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“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!”

The gathered crowd screams the words at me as I blow the candles out. I should be feeling the warmth of the occasion. I’m nineteen and surrounded by easily a hundred people wishing me a happy birthday. But, they’re not here for me. They’re here for my father.

Half of them he employs. The other half that aren’t are only here because they’re terrified of him. You can actually tell their level of fear of him by how big the gift is they’ve brought. I guess when the acting head of the Sciammi crime family says, “come to my daughter’s birthday party,” you ask “Swarovski or Coach?”

I smile weakly as the candle smoke wafts into my face. I’ve been on the balls of my feet excited for weeks for this day. But not because it’s my own birthday. I don’t even know any of these people. What I’ve been excited for, is him.

It’s been three years. Before, when I was younger, it was a schoolgirl crush. Before that, it was something even more innocent, but just as fierce. First, he was my superhero. Then he was my best friend, like a teddy bear who could hug back. A teddy bear made of solid muscle.

But when I grew older, my forever-shadow and companion grew into something... else. He became something I knew he shouldn't be becoming to me. And just when I was starting to lose my mind over him, my father sent me away to boarding school, in France.

It's been three years since I saw Vincent Cave. But today, I'll lay eyes on the only man who's ever captured my heart. Even if he was never meant to. Even if he certainly doesn't know it.

My eyes move over the room again. It's like I'm playing "Where's Waldo" with a far more handsome and alluring Waldo. I've been on edge for this day for a month, ever since my father mentioned that he'd invited Vincent to the house for the party. I redid my hair three times this morning. I spent a fortune on my dad's credit card to get a particular scent sent over from Rome—one I know Vincent likes. I went through almost every dress I own to find the perfect one. My father's housekeeper, Pearl, jokingly asked who the boy was I was trying to impress. I held back on telling her no; no boy.

Just a man. A man I've loved for years.

"My beautiful Bellamy," my father beams at me. He strides to my side and embraces me. My father loves me, I do know that. But I also know that his work comes first. He's never ignored me or left me wanting anything in life. But, the "family" and the job come first. It's the tradeoff, I suppose, for living the life of opulence I live.

"Happy birthday, darling," he says gently. He presses a box into my hand, and I smile.

"Thanks, dad," I beam. I open the velvet box and gasp. The locket is huge, and gorgeous—solid gold and absolutely gleaming with diamonds. "This is beautiful!"

"It'll look more beautiful on you," he smiles.

He lifts it from the box and moves behind me. He drapes it over my collarbone and starts to fasten it in the back. I'm smiling my rehearsed, plastic smile to his guests. But then suddenly, everything pauses. The din of guests goes silent. It's as if a spotlight shines down on the man in the very back. Because standing there, is Vincent.

He towers above the crowd of party guests. His thick black hair is slicked back. The blue eyes of his that I fell head over heels for pierce my own. My heart pulses heavily, my pulse quick and excited.

I'd wondered if three years would diminish what I felt. I'd hoped and prayed that years away from him, in another country, would get him out of my system. I'd hoped in three years, time would have cured me of Vincent Cave.

But I was wrong.

My father finishes clasping the locket, but I barely feel its weight on me. I don't even register the other people telling me how pretty it looks. All I see is Vincent. He grins at me, his lips twisting into that crooked, smug look that made me giggle when I was younger. It's the look that stole my heart when I was older.

The crowds seem to part like the Red Sea. He moves towards me. It feels like it's in slow motion. Or maybe like we're trying to run underwater. Run is exactly what I want to do. I want to run into his arms. I want to feel his body against mine. I want to feel his muscles coil tight around me. And desperately, I want to feel his lips take mine.

I've been saving my first kiss, and it's all for him. Even if I know it's silly.

"*Mi Bella,*" he purrs through his sideways grin. I tremble from head to toe at the sound of his slightly Italian accented voice. God I've missed that voice.

“Mi Bella” is the nickname he’s had for me since I was a kid. Mi Bella; my beautiful. Bella Mi. Bellamy. It was silly when I was young. It was gasoline for the temptation fire when I was older.

“Vincent...”

I don’t have words. I’ve *had* words. I’ve had a million. I’ve had a thousand nights lying awake imagining what I’d say to him. Something elegant and poised. Soothing older sounding, and sultry. I’d show him how sophisticated and suave I am, and he’d instantly want me.

Yeah, right. In my dreams. Literally. In real life, I just say his name, and then draw a fucking blank.

“Happy birthday, Bellamy,” he says gently. His eyes twinkle. The dimples on his perfectly structured cheeks make my heart flutter. His perfect lips grin at me. “You look—”

There are men yelling and cursing outside the ballroom. My father and his goons are on their feet and yelling. Some of the crowd starts bolting—some for the windows even, like a mad escape from a sinking ship.

“What’s happening?!” I gasp. My father doesn’t hear me. He’s too busy yelling at his men. “Dad!” I yell. “What is it?!”

And then I hear the yells of “FBI!” from outside the ballroom.

“Vincent!” My father yells. Instantly, he’s holding me again. Vincent’s huge arms pluck me up and drape me across his shoulders. I should be incensed at the indignant way he just tosses me over his shoulder. But when he starts to run, I don’t mind at all. All I know is, Vincent Cave is holding me tight, his big hands on me and his muscles coiling under my stomach.

“FBI!” The doors crash in. Men in dark blue windbreakers and guns come pouring in. Vincent whirls and veers. We dart into the kitchen, and then down

a hallway.

“Vincent!”

“I’m here, Bellamy,” he growls. “I’m here.”

He zings and zags. We head down a flight of stairs, down into my father’s wine cellars. Vincent tears down rows of dusty old shelves. We run past a million dusty bottles before he stops in front of a partially ancient looking shelf. He reaches out and twists one bottle. The shelf swings in on hidden hinges. Inside, it’s dark, but Vincent plunges in. We race down a tunnel.

At the end, he grabs a fob off a hook on the wall. He clicks it, and car lights flash. A dark black Bugatti sports car rumbles on. Vincent runs over to the passenger side. He effortlessly opens the door with me cradled over his shoulder with one hand. He sets me inside, and I don’t even mind when he buckles the seatbelt for me. For the first time in three years, we’re really face to face. Almost intimately so.

“Vincent,” I gasp. “What’s happening?”

“I’m taking you away from here, Mi Bella, he growls. “I’m doing what I was born to do.”

“What’s that?”

“Keep you safe.”

He closes the door gently. I watch him run around to the driver’s side and get in. He revs the engine, shifts the car into gear, and it roars down a tunnel. We exit into the night, in the woods a mile maybe from my father’s country estate.

Behind us, I can see the flashing lights of the police and the FBI. But they’re soon out of sight. Vincent revs the engine hard, and we roar off into the night.

Just me and the beautiful, stone-faced man I've been in love with my entire life.

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VINCENT

I PACE the hall back and forth. I prowl, like I'm a beast. I'm usually a patient man, too. I've lain in wait for prey for days, barely moving or eating; barely breathing, lest the plume of breath in the cold give me away.

But today, I have no patience. It's been burned up over the last three years. And yesterday, the rest of it singed away.

Today, I'm back in Bellamy's house for the first time in three years, and it's turning my head upside down. She might not be here, but that girl is my reason for living. She was for years, at least. She gave me hope in a cruel world. She showed me that life could be more than death and the exchange of money. I'd say she was like an angel, but she's more than that cliché. She's more like my conscious. She's the little voice in my ear, soothing me. She's still the voice that I hear in my head when I need to calm down.

I was young when I came to work for the Scaliemi family. Leo Scaliemi was freshly dead, and his second in command, Micheal Genovisi, was the new acting head of the entire family. I was a nobody. My father had brought me to the states for a better life, then promptly gambled the rest of our money away and been shot for it.

Micheal became aware of the card game that ended his life, and of me that he'd left behind. He took me in and took me under his wing. He brought me into the life, and my fate was sealed. First, I stole for him, or played watch when his crews were pulling a job. But I grew up and grew stronger. And then came the day that changed my life.

I was eighteen when Micheal fired his daughter's bodyguard. He'd caught the man pawing through Bellamy's laundry. Micheal had the miserable piece of shit beaten and thrown to the streets. Years later, I killed him myself.

But that was the day I became guardian to an angel. I became her everything. I watched her grow, and I loved her with all of my heart. Not like *that*—I'm no creep or monster. But I watched her like an uncle, I suppose. Or maybe like she was the kid sister I never had. Micheal gave me a second life, and I watched his most precious thing like she was the entire world.

I did so until three years ago, when Micheal decided it was time for her to get the best education money could buy. And so, she went away to a private school in France, without me. I was meant to go with her, of course. But the school was an all-girls academy, and would have none of that, even with Micheal's money and power. And so, I had to watch, grinding my jaw, as she was flown away from me.

I channeled that anger and pain, though. I became ruthless, and unstoppable. It led me down a darker path, and I drew blood for the Sciammi family. In fact, I've become their most brutal, unflinching hitman.

The door to the office opens, and Nico, Micheal's top guy, nods for me to enter. I do so, and he leaves me alone with the boss.

"Vincent."

"Mr. Genovisi," I smile. "It's been a long time."

He chuckles when he stands at his desk. “Christ, Vincent. Always so formal. You’re practically a son, you prick,” he chuckles. “Let’s stick with Micheal, shall we?”

I smile. In a way, Micheal was always a second father to me. But I’m a professional to a fault. While working for him, he was always Mr. Genovisi to me.

“It’s been a while, sir.”

“Indeed! Indeed, it has. But I hear you’ve been making quite a name for yourself for us.”

“Thank you, sir. I appreciate it.”

He sighs. “I’m never going to get you to drop the formalities, am I?”

I smile. “Not likely.”

He grins. “Vincent, Vincent, Vincent. A man of principle. It’s why I’ve always liked you; you know. And why I always trusted you.” He smiles. “I have something for you.”

Micheal reaches into his desk and pulls out a box. He slides it across the desk to me.

“Sir?”

“Eh, a present. Call it a birthday thing, or Christmas. Whatever. I meant to give it to you last year. But...” He smiles. “Well, it has been a while, hasn’t it?”

I frown. “Thank you—”

“Goddamnit, just say Micheal, okay?”

I chuckle. I pull the sleek wood and brushed metal box forward and lift the lid. Inside is a gleaming, brand new Patek Philippe watch.”

“Micheal...”

“It’s a thank you. For all that you’ve done for me over the years. I’ve asked a lot, and you’ve always gone further than my expectations.” He nods. “Put it on, it’s yours.”

I slip the watch onto my wrist. I grin and look up at him. “I really do appreciate it, sir.”

He laughs. “Micheal! Micheal, for fuck’s sake, Vincent!” He sighs and beckons me closer. “Listen, I might need you today.”

I frown and nod. “Anything you need, sir.”

“My sources...” he sighs. “The Feds might be sniffing around more than I’d like.”

I frown. “Sir?”

“If they come, Vincent, I need you to do something for me. And they may come today, soon.”

I glance around me, my senses tuning. “Anything.”

“Take Bellamy away from here.”

I blink. My attention snaps back to him in a heartbeat. “Sir, Bellamy is away from here. Do you mean for me to fly to—”

He laughs. “Fuck. You weren’t told?”

“Told what?”

He smiles curiously. “Did you not see the decorations around the house when you came in?”

I frown. “I have.”

“Well, today is—”

“It’s Bellamy’s birthday,” I finish for him.

He smiles. “Indeed. Nineteen. Christ, where does the time go?”

“Is she celebrating with her friends?”

He smiles curiously at me again. “No. No, Vincent, she’s celebrating here.”

I freeze. My heart starts to race. “What?”

He laughs. “My God, Nico didn’t tell you on the phone when he had you come?” He chuckles. “Yes, she came home two nights ago, Vincent. She’s here. In fact—”

There’s a knock at the door. Micheal sighs. “Yes?”

It opens, and Nico enters. “Sir, we’re ready for the cake.”

I want to fall over. My heart swells. My very skin tingles with excitement.

“She’s here? Bellamy?”

“She is!” Micheal laughs. “And about to cut her cake. Come! I’m sure she’ll be thrilled to see you.” He beams at me. But then he draws close. “But, Vincent...” he puts a heavy hand on my shoulder and leans closer. “Should anything happen today, you know the wine cellar.”

I nod. “I do.”

“Take her away to the shore house. Keep her there and keep her safe. Promise me.”

“On my life,” I growl. “Do you really think they’ll come today?”

He shrugs. “Nothing in this world is a sure thing, Vincent.” He smiles. “Well, aside from you. Come, let’s go watch her blow out the candles.”

I can barely form words or think. Bellamy is *here*. And I’m about to see her.

“Happy birthday!” The crowd cheers.

I could barely form words before. I can’t at all now. It pains me that I can’t say happy birthday with the rest of them. I know she can’t hear me anyways over the rest of people. I don’t think she can even see me through the crowd. But I can see her. In fact, I can see nothing else but her.

Bellamy. My Bellamy. And fuck me, she’s... different.

I growl quietly. Different, and all grown up. She was always a pretty girl. But when I see her now, something dark ticks inside of me. Fuck. Now, she’s a stunning young woman. She’s beyond stunning. She’s temptation. She the kind of gorgeous that makes a man crazy and brings crazy thoughts to his head. And it’s turning me inside out.

I’m looking at the girl I’ve known for years. But looking back is a woman who... does things to me.

She’s grown taller. Her lips are full and plump. Her hips are full as well and built for my big hands to grab tight. That dress—Jesus fucking Christ, that dress. That Micheal has allowed a girl who looks like her to wear that dress might be a sign of insanity.

There are wolves in this world. Hell, there are wolves in this fucking room. There are enemies of his who look at her with filthy thoughts. I want to pluck them each out of the crowd and kill them here and now for thinking those

thoughts of her. For looking at her like that.

A possessive thought washes over me. She's mine. She's only mine. Those thoughts and desires are for me alone. Only my own eyes will drink her in.

I walk towards her, and she spots me. And her eyes light up. It's like my heart shakes off three years of dust and shadow.

"*Mi bella*," I say with a grin. She lights up like she always did.

"Vincent!" She gasps.

I want to tell her she's beautiful. Or happy birthday might be more appropriate given the circumstance. But that's the moment the sound of shouting hits my ears. I look at Micheal. His face grows tight and I know this is it. His sources were right. It's the Feds, and I need to get Bellamy as far away from here as possible.

I don't think. I simply grab her in my arms and throw her over my shoulder. She gasps in shock. I try and push aside the feel of her body under my hands; the thrum of her pulse so close to mine.

I protected Bellamy from the world for nine years. Stepping back into the job, with her, is as rote as opening my mouth to breathe. I grab her, and I run.

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Twelve years ago:

“HONEY?” I look up from my dollhouse. My father is standing in the doorway, smiling. I like him smiling. He doesn’t much these days, after my mom passed on.

“Bellamy, sweetheart, I want you to meet someone.”

“Who is it?” I go back to my dolls.

“He’s going to be watching you and keeping you safe.”

“Like Chris?”

My dad makes a growling sound that scares me. I look up.

“No, not like Chris,” he mutters. Then he smiles again. He turns and waves someone in. “Sweetheart, this is Vincent.”

A giant walks in. I gasp, and I stand quickly. But the giant smiles a small smile. He looks like a friendly giant. My dad looks at him, and then me. He smiles.

“Why don’t you guys chat. I’ll be outside.”

He leaves, and I'm alone with the friendly giant.

"What's your dolls name?" the giant asks. His voice sounds different, like some of the Uncles who come to visit my dad at the house.

I smile. "Kitty Cat."

The giant frowns and smiles. "Your doll's name is Kitty Cat?" He says, sounding amused.

"Yes," I snap.

He keeps smiling. "I'm Vincent."

"I'm Bellamy."

"Nice to meet you, Bellamy."

"Are you a giant?"

"Nah," he shrugs.

I nod. "Oh, okay."

"But my mom was."

I stare at him, my jaw dropped. "Really?" I gasp.

"Yep."

"Are you my new friend?"

"I am, yeah."

"Do you know how to make a good tea party?"

His brow furrows. "I don't think so."

"Oh," I frown.

“But maybe you could teach me?”

I smile. “Okay, you can stay then.”

He chuckles. “Thanks.”

“But no eating Kitty Cat.”

“I promise.”

“You’re part giant, so I have to say that.”

“Of course. Well, I promise not to eat Kitty Cat.”

I beam at him. “Good. So what’s your favorite kind of tea?”

Present:

THE SLEEK CAR speeds through the late afternoon. The sun fades and it grows dark. We’re driving in silence, but it’s not awkward. It never has been. Vincent has never been a huge talker. But I like that about him. And the silence is comfortable.

I check my phone, but Vincent shakes his head. “You should turn it off.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

I frown, nodding. “Okay,” I say, turning it off. “So, what was that? Back at the house?”

“I’m sorry about your birthday.”

“It’s fine,” I shrug.

“You didn’t get to open your presents,” he frowns.

I want to tell him that seeing him is the best present I could have opened. I don’t though, of course. “So, are you going to tell me what that was?”

I have a good hunch that I already know. My dad doesn’t totally hide what he does, but he also doesn’t have open conversations with me about it. And I’m not deaf. I heard people hissing “FBI” when they all scattered.

Vincent never answers, but I just look out the window. I wasn’t really expecting him to tell me anyways. We drive a little longer before the silence gets to me finally. I’ve always been comfortable with silence with Vincent. But I’m naturally a talker. Too much of one, probably.

“So where are we going?”

I turn to look at him. Vincent smiles a little. It’s like he knows I can’t help myself sometimes. “The shore house.”

I smile. I haven’t been there in forever. I mean I haven’t been home at all in three years. Boarding school was a full time, full year thing. Even though my dad never has frank discussions with me about what he does, I can read him pretty well. I can tell by his body language how things are going, and I hear whispers of course.

I knew that things have even tense with some rivals the last few years, and with the Feds. So when he’s come to visit me, it’s been in secret. I’m actually enrolled in four schools around the world. One in the States, one in Switzerland, one in China, and the one I actually attend in France. I’m even there under a fake name. The few half friends I have at school don’t know I’m Bellamy Genovisi. To them, I’m Mellissa Cartright, heiress to an emerald mining tycoon. When my father visits, it’s by way of multiple booked flights, with different connections, and sometimes body doubles flying to places like Moscow to throw off the scent. It’s been a weird three years, but I know it’s

to keep me safe.

But nothing has ever felt so safe as when I'm with Vincent. He's been my shadow, and my strength. And crush, of course. I turn to look at him in the darkness.

God, he's so good looking. He's gotten even more handsome, somehow. He's thirty now. Somehow, that makes the things I think about him even more tawdry or scandalous feeling. He's thirty. I'm nineteen. He works for my father.

But it's not really a scandal, because there's nothing here. I'm just Bellamy to him. I'm his charge. Perhaps at times I was like a niece or a kid sister. But he's never looked at me like, well, like the way I've wished he looked at me.

“For how long?”

He turns to glance at me. “Hmm?”

“How long are we there? At the shore house.”

“Until we get word that things have calmed down.”

“Things.”

He nods.

“Things like FBI agents busting down my dad's front door?”

“I—” he frowns. “I'm sorry this happened on your birthday.”

“You really should have planned it for another day, Vincent,” I tease.

He smirks as I grin at him. “Still the funny one I see?”

“Oh, I'm doing standup now.”

“In French?”

“No, in English.” I sigh. “I think it’s hurting my career though.”

He chuckles, and I like. I love the sound of his deep gravelly laugh.

“And how’s your career as a public speaking coach?”

Vincent turns and grins. “Good,” he grunts. It’s a one-word answer on purpose. I giggle, but then I frown.

“What have you been doing? For a job, I mean.”

“Stuff,” he grunts.

“What *kind* of stuff?”

“Work stuff.”

I sigh. “You’re impossible.” My mind wanders and then I pause. “Hey what were you going to say back there?”

“What’s that?”

“At the house. You said ‘Bellamy, you look’ and then the FBI came and all that.”

He frowns and looks at the road. “I don’t remember.”

“Yes, you do, c’mon,” I needle him.

He shrugs. “No idea, Bellamy.”

I sigh. “Were you going to say I look preeeeetty?” I tease.

“Sure,” he grunts.

I huff. “You used to be more fun.”

“And you used to be a kid,” he snaps.

I startle. “What?”

“Nothing.”

“No, what do you mean?”

Predictably, Vincent says nothing. I frown and glance at him. It’s getting dark outside, but I can still see that his jaw is tight. His hands are gripping the wheel and they clench tighter. What exactly did he mean by that? What about me being nineteen now, and an adult...

A thought hits me. It takes my breath away for a moment. I blink rapidly, and my pulse picks up. A devilish idea enters my mind. I glance out the window and drop a hand to my thigh. I pluck at the hem of my short dress. I glance at Vincent out of the corner of my eye, but he’s looking straight ahead.

I pluck at the hem some more, teasing it back and forth over my thigh. Then I tug it up. I’m not obvious, but I bring it up a few more inches, to mid-thigh. I keep looking out the window. But when I sneak a look, this time I catch him. His eyes dart to my leg, and his jaw ripples tightly. I tremble, and my core clenches.

I’ve had a thing for Vincent for years. He might’ve never looked at me like that before. But now, for the first time ever, he is. And I think that’s what he means by me being nineteen now.

“Are you cold?”

I frown, startled from my daydreams. “What?”

“Here.” He reaches behind him and drags a blanket from the backseat.

“Oh, no, I—”

He tosses it haphazardly over my lap, hiding my bare knee. Fuck. I look back at him, and he’s looking right at me. His jaw is still clenched.

“Stay warm, Bellamy,” he growls. It sounds like a warning. He turns back to the road, and we drive the last half hour in silence.

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Eight years ago:

“HAVE YOU EVER BEEN MARRIED, VINCENT?”

I snort. “Have you met me?”

Bellamy frowns. “I don’t get it.”

“Never mind,” I smile. “And no.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m difficult.”

She giggles. “So marry a difficult woman?”

I laugh. “Maybe I will.”

Bellamy shrugs and goes back to her drawing. “I’m going to get married one day.”

“Well that’s nice.”

“Yep. I even know who to.”

I chuckle. “And who’s that?”

“Jessica, from school. “

I smile. “Oh?”

“Yep,” she says matter of factly.

I stop for moment and ponder that Bellamy not actually being interested in boys might make my job considerably easier as she gets older. But I know at her age, it’s not about actual attraction. I’m surprised she didn’t say she’s marrying Elmo, or the talking snowman from that other movie.

“Well that’s nice. You can marry Jessica if you want.”

She shrugs. “Dad says mommy was his best friend. You’re supposed to marry your best friend.”

“And Jessica’s your best friend?”

“No.”

“Who is?”

She looks at me and scowls. “You, dummy.”

I smile. “Well, I don’t think we can get married.”

“I know. That’s why I’m marrying my second-best friend.”

I laugh.

Present:

CHRIST, this girl is going to be the death of me. We pull through the gates of the shore house at the touch of a button on the dash. But we wouldn’t have

made it here without me throwing that blanket over her. Not without driving off the road. I grit my teeth. We pull up outside the huge house. I turn off the engine and it's quiet.

Bellamy looks up at the huge house. "I haven't been here in so long."

"Neither have I."

Not in maybe six years. The last time we were here, Micheal foolishly let Bellamy throw her first boy-girl party. Which meant boys; boys like a little shit named Kyle who tried to corner Bellamy and steal a first kiss. When I stopped him, I wanted to let him have his first with the hot side of a frying pan. Micheal settled for a firm word and sending him home to his parents.

"Can't go killing every boy that looks at her, Vincent," he'd joked.

I still believe otherwise. And after seeing her now that she's grown and become this intoxicating woman? I mean it even more.

We step out. There's no luggage, but there are clothes stocked in the house. I push in the key code and we step into the dark house. Immediately she starts turning on lights. I frown.

"Bellamy," I warn.

She sighs. "Are we going to hang out in the dark? Besides isn't this house under a different name or company or something?"

I grin. She's smart, and correct. She can be a little brat sometimes, but she's a very, very smart girl. And she misses nothing. I only hope she's missing the way I'm trying not to look at her. I mean, it's Bellamy for Christ's sake, I remind myself for the hundredth time.

"It is."

"So? We're good. They won't look for us here." She frowns. "Vincent?"

“Yes?”

“Why do I have to run? I mean, my dad’s business...” she falters. “I’m not connected to it aside from being related to him.”

“Your father just doesn’t want you exposed at all. No, you’re not connected to anything he might be involved in.”

She rolls her eyes. “Might.”

I press on. “But even an innocent trip to the FBI office means you’re an exposed target. He’s done a lot to keep you safe over the years, you know.”

“You mean you have.”

I smile. “That too.”

“But they won’t be looking for us here?”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Well, then let’s throw a party!”

I roll my eyes. “I’m going to check out the house. Stay on the first floor, okay? And no phone. Keep it off.”

She rolls her eyes. “Booor-ring.”

“Bellamy,” I growl.

“Fine, fine,” she groans. When she wanders off towards the kitchen, I go back to the car for my gun. When I’ve got it, I make a quick check of the house. But the security system is state of the art, and I know we’re alone here.

All alone.

The thought has me both hungry and excited, and terrified of what that means. It's Bellamy, I tell myself. She might look like the most gorgeous, sinfully sexy woman you've ever laid eyes on. She might be all curves and sensual beauty. But she's still *Bellamy*.

The throb in my pants seems to disagree, though.

I'm almost done with the third floor of the sprawling, twelve-thousand square foot house. But suddenly the music booms over the home audios system. The Rolling Stones start blasting away into Gimme Shelter. I swear. The FBI and Micheal's enemies might not be looking for us here. But the neighbors and the local cops might if she keeps that shit up.

"Bellamy!" I roar. I run downstairs. The sound only gets louder. It's deafening by the time I charge into the kitchen. My jaw clenches.

"Bellamy!"

She turns from the fridge, just as the cork on the champagne bottle pops. I scowl and march over. I grab the bottle from her soft, small hands. Then I reach over and dial the music way the hell down.

"Oh, what the hell!?"

"Really?" I grunt.

"What?" She shrugs. "It's my birthday! I'm nineteen!"

"Exactly."

Bellamy groans. "I can drink champagne in France, Vincent!"

Images of this gorgeous little creature cavorting around drinking bubbly with French boys makes me livid. I shove it aside though.

"Well here, you can't."

“Vincent.”

“What,” I grunt.

“You work for the mafia.”

I say nothing. But she just smirks at my silence.

“Are you seriously worried about following the law when it comes to me?”

Jesus, I think to myself. That wording carries more implication than she even realizes.

“I mean my drinking,” she adds.

“Yes.”

She pouts. “That’s so unfair. Come on, it’s my birthday.”

“So I’ll make you an ice-cream sundae.”

She rolls her eyes. “Hold the ice cream, extra champagne on top?”

“How about the finest Pepsi I can find.”

She sighs. “You’re no fun.”

“I was never fun.”

She hides a smile. “Whatever. I’m going for a swim.” She turns. “Unless you think I need fucking water wings to use the pool?”

I bristle at her swearing. It sounds so... adult. And it reminds me that she *is* an adult. And that scares the fuck out of me.

“No diving,” I grunt. She rolls her eyes and storms off.

I dump the champagne and glance in the fridge. There’s frozen stuff in the freezer. But God knows how long it’s been there. I’ll need to go out later,

since we don't know how long we'll be lying low here. I think about grabbing a beer, but I'm technically working. And I don't drink and work. I'm certainly not drinking around a girl who looks like *that*.

A splashing sound makes me frown. But then I remember. I glance out the window. The pool lights are on, and there's new music coming from out there. It's not that loud though, and the neighbors aren't that close. I walk through to the sliding glass doors that walk out onto the veranda by the pool. But I suddenly go still. Shit.

It's not Bellamy in the water. It's a wet dream. A wet dream with dark hair, smooth skin, and the world's skimpiest, tiniest, little blue bikini on. She climbs out of the water via the ladder, facing away from me. But that suit... fucking hell. It creeps up her ass. It hugs every goddamn curve. And I'm hard in seconds.

Look away. I need to look away. Hell, I need to run away. But I'm just staring. Her arms rise, and she squeezes her hair out. She flexes her taut body. I groan, and I'm still staring when she turns and looks right at me.

She smiles. "What?"

"Nothing," I snap. "Making sure you didn't find the mini bar out here."

She eyes me, and that look is fucking... sultry. "Do you want to come in?"

Fuck no. Well, fuck yes. But if I do, she's not leaving that pool with any shred of innocence.

"Nope," I grunt.

"Oh, come on, Vincent!"

"I'm fine. Swim safe."

I need to get away. I turn. But that's when I hear the splash. I turn back, and I frown.

“Bellamy?”

She's under the water. She's sinking towards the bottom. And she's not moving at all. But I sure do. I move like fucking lightning. I charge over, shedding my shoes and gun. I plunge into the water, my heart racing.

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Seven Years Ago:

“SHIT.”

The word makes me gasp. It even pulls my eyes away from the bleeding gash on his hand, up to his face.

“Sorry,” Vincent grunts. He grits his teeth and covers the gash with his uninjured hand. My ice skate with the loose blade lies on the ice next to his knee. The ice blooms red around it from his blood. My bodyguard might be a huge, fierce, total badass of a man. But he’s never once sworn in front of me in five years.

“Are you okay?!”

“I’ll be fine,” he grunts. He glares at the offending figure skate.

“Fuck, Vincent that looks—”

“Language, Bellamy,” he growls.

I frown. “You just swore.”

“By accident, because I cut myself.”

“Vincent, I’m old enough to swear.”

“I disagree.”

“My dad swears all the time!”

“Your dad and I are adults, Bellamy,” he growls.

“So am I!”

He raises a brow at me and gives me a soft smirk.”

I frown right back. “Well, basically.”

“Give or take six years. And even when you’re an adult, a girl like you shouldn’t swear.”

“Why,” I sneer. “Is it not ladylike?”

“Because swears are cheap,” he grunts. “And you’re worth more than that.”

I purse my lips. It’s a compliment. But it’s also him telling me what I can’t do, which I’ve been having a bigger and bigger problem with these days.

“When I’m older, you won’t be able to stop me from swearing.”

“Watch me.”

I sigh heavily. “Well can I swear if I get hurt?”

“No.”

“Vincent!”

He shrugs. “I didn’t make the rules.”

“You literally just did.”

He grins and I shake my head. I turn and reach into my gym bag. I pull out a first aid kit and take out a bandage. “Here,” I mutter. I move to start wrapping his hand, but he frowns.

“I’ve got it.”

“Don’t be an ass.”

Vincent glares at me.

“Like a donkey?” I shrug. “You know, stubborn?”

His glare remains. But he looks like he’s going to let it go.

“Here,” I take his hand and start to wrap it.

“Figure skating, huh?” he grunts. “You couldn’t be into something soft like beach volleyball?”

“Look on the bright side,” I grin. “I could be on the fencing team.”

Present:

IT TAKES EVERYTHING I have not to move. Or laugh. Then his arms circle me, and his firm hands grip me. And it takes every part of me not to throw my arms around him too.

It’s a shitty prank. But I’m in a feisty mood after Vincent took the champagne. Under the water, he grabs me tight. His muscles surge as he kicks off the bottom of the pool.

“Bellamy!” He roars when we break the surface.

I almost break the act. God, he sounds really, really terrified. His voice has an edge of worry and fear to it I've never heard before.

“Fuck me! Bellamy! *Fuck!*” He pulls us both from the pool with one muscled arm. His other arm circles my waist, and I can feel his forearm clenching and tightening against my tummy. His hand is right on my hip, and I tremble.

Vincent drags me out of the pool and drapes me down on the ground. I jump when his fingers touch my neck, checking for a pulse. His huge hand goes flat on my sternum, and I almost gasp out loud when he shoves down. He does it again, screaming my name.

Okay, this prank is over. This isn't funny anymore. I'm about to break, when suddenly his hand pulls away. His huge body leans over mine. I'm just opening my eyes, when Vincent Cave's lips touch mine. After that, I know nothing but the feel of them against mine. Nothing else at all.

It's not a kiss. He's breathing into my mouth. And in a second, he pulls away. But I have what I have now. I have the feel and taste of his lips on mine forever seared into my subconscious. It doesn't have to have been a “real” kiss; not to make me feel what I feel.

“Bellamy!” He roars and slams a hand into my sternum, right below my tits. This time, it hurts. I gasp, choking and curling up into a ball.

“Shit!” I hiss and choke.

“Fuck! Bellamy!” he gasps. He cradles me in his arms while I choke for air. He lays me back down and leans over me. His eyes are brimming with fear and concern. I look right up at him, and I slowly smile.

Vincent's worry fades into a frown. “Bellamy...”

“Vincent Cave,” I say dryly. “You're my hero...”

Vincent goes still at my ripped-off line from Ferris Bueller's Day Off. His jaw clenches. Something burns wildly in his gaze.

"Are you fucking serious?"

I smile again, but it's faltering this time. He's not laughing. We're not joking about this. He looks *pissed*.

"*Bellamy*," my name grates through his teeth like gravel.

"I—you were being a dick! And—"

"So you *faked drowning*?!" He roars. He backs away from me and gets to his feet. Shit. This is not how this was supposed to go. He was supposed to laugh. I thought he might, at least? I didn't actually think it through very much. Clearly.

"Was that funny to you in your head?"

"A little?" I mumble. I get to my feet slowly, facing him.

He glares at me. But then his eyes drop. It's only for a second. But his gaze lowers down, over my tits in the especially small bikini I found upstairs. I haven't been at the shore house in years. This suit and all of my clothes here are from at least four years ago. So the fit is... scandalous at best. Deep down, I know that's maybe what I was going for when I put it on. I wanted to be scandalous. I wanted to provoke. I think it's working, and I'm not sure if that scares or excites me.

Vincent's gaze lowers even more, over the clinging bottoms of the bikini. His jaw clenches a little tighter. I see a look in his eyes I don't quite recognize. It's fierce, like he normally looks when he's pissed. But it's something more, too. There's a hunger or something there. It makes me tremble, and my core flutters with a tingly feeling.

His eyes slide back to mine. He frowns and stands. “I can’t fucking believe you just pulled that shit,” he hisses.

“I think I remember you saying all the time that adults weren’t supposed to swear—”

“They aren’t supposed to play fucking *dead* either!” He snaps. “Get in the house.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said get in the house,” he growls. “Now.”

I glare at him. “You’re not the boss of me.”

Vincent snarls. He moves towards me quickly, and I gasp when his hands land on my upper arms. I can feel the heat of him so close to my body. My core flutters again.

“Right now, you’re damn right I am.”

I jut my chin out defiantly. “Vincent, I’m a nineteen-year-old adult.”

“Then fucking *act* like one,” he snaps. “And you can start by getting your ass in the house, right now. Playtime is fucking over.”

“You didn’t used to be such a dick, you know!”

“And you didn’t used to be such a little brat,” he snaps back.

I whirl, and I march angrily into the house. But I can feel his eyes on me the whole way in. And I like it. By the time I get inside, I’m not even mad anymore about being cooped up in a house with Vincent Cave.

I’m excited.

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SHE'S out of sight when I get inside. Thank God.

I'm still on edge. I know it was a stupid prank. But my heart is still racing from it. The image of her lying in the bottom of that pool is etched in my damn brain. It's left me shaken, and remembering that however sassy and bold she is, she's still soft, and delicate. I need to be more vigilant. I need to be more protective.

Right now, I also need a damn drink.

Micheal keeps nothing but the good stuff in the liquor cabinet in the study. I'd be happy with cheap Irish whiskey. But the bottle of Macallan 28 Year Reserve will do, I guess. Still dripping wet from the pool, I pour a large splash. I knock half of it back. It burns fiercely, and my nerves calm. But only slightly.

That fucking prank. I really am shaken by it. Rattled, like I'm not usually rattled. But it's also what happened after: the feeling of her skin under my fingertips, her body cradled in my arms. And you can be damn sure I'm thinking of the way our mouths touched. It wasn't a kiss. It wasn't.

I take another large gulp of scotch. It was *not* a kiss, I coach myself.

But even if it was CPR to save her life, I still tasted the forbidden fruit. I tasted her lips, and I know my world is forever changed. I know from here on out, my life will be two eras: before my lips tasted Bellamy Genovisi's, and after.

It's been years and years since I was with a woman. That's by choice. My life just doesn't have room for that, even something one-off or casual. Before, my whole world was Bellamy. After she left, my whole world was learning how to refocus the anger inside to something else. It turns out that that was killing for the family, and I was damn good at it. I still am damn good at it. But murdering people for money doesn't lend itself very well to having romantic relationships. Not healthy ones at least.

But in this second era of my life, after tasting her lips? I know for a fact that I'm done for. I know no other lips, and no other woman will ever compare. I know any other girl, no matter how gorgeous, will always be a pale imitation.

I shake the thought from my head and finish my drink. It's late. I do a sweep of the house, lock up and set the alarm, and then I head upstairs. With each soggy step, I repeat the mantra. I will forget tonight. I will move past this idea of a before and after Bellamy's lips. Because I have to. By the time I reach the second floor, it's half working. But then my eyes see what they see, and my jaw ticks.

Fuck. It's the bikini top I see first. Two tiny blue triangles connected by a string. Just lying on the hallway floor. I look further down the hallway towards the big room that Bellamy always slept in when she used to come here. There, I see the companion bottoms; a tiny little blue scrap of fabric, just lying there.

My eyes focus on it. My cock throbs and surges. I tell myself to go to my room and leave it. But myself doesn't listen very good. Not when Bellamy is involved. I walk towards the bathing suit, not my own room. I pick up the

top. I tell myself it's to hang it up so she's not leaving wet marks on the floor. But I let my fingers rub over it. I walk further down the hall and hesitate when I stop at the bottoms.

Don't touch it, I tell myself. Leave it be.

But I can't and I don't. I pick up the bathing suit bottoms, and I groan. Christ, they're still warm. Warm from her gorgeous body—from that tight ass, and forbidden place between her legs. The place I shouldn't ever be thinking about. I rub my thumb over the seam of them. My head feels like its swimming, but I've only had the one drink. I hold the little bikini bottom in my hands another minute. Then I drop it quickly, like it's scorching hot. I grit my teeth and back away, staring at them lying on the ground like a crime scene.

Get past this, I growl to myself. Right now.

It's been so long since I was at this house. I try and remember where I slept before. But I think it was the suite over the garage. Instead, I turn and open the first door in front of me. Success, it's one of the huge guest rooms. I step inside and close the door behind me. I peel off my soaking wet shirt. My wet pants follow, until I'm naked. Naked and more than slightly aroused.

But I shake my head and walk across the room. The guest room has a huge, attached bathroom. Inside, I find crystal, white marble, and chrome everything. Including the spacious rain-shower. It's one of those 'modern glam' style bathrooms. The shower doesn't have walls, just an enormous rain shower head over a drain, all sculpted to look like you're in a mix of Hawaii and Restoration Hardware.

It's good to be King Micheal, I smirk.

I turn on the water and step inside. Fuck that feels good. I rinse off the chlorine from the pool. But my mind wanders despite every attempt

otherwise. I remember pulling her from the water and touching her barely covered body. I remember the way she felt in my arms. And then I remember her lips—full, pouty, and soft. So forbidden, and yet so sweet.

I groan, and my cock hardens. Harder, and harder it throbs, growing longer and thicker. My balls swell, and my length pulses thickly out from beneath my abs. I push a hand down. I tell myself to stop, but I don't listen. My hand pushes soap down my abs, over the grooves of my hips onto my shaft. I wrap my fingers round my aching thickness, and I slide them up and down.

My head drops back in pleasure. Water slides over my muscles. I imagine it's not my hand; that it's Bellamy's *lips*. It's her pouty, bratty little mouth sliding down my cock. I groan. The thought is so fucking wrong that it startles me. It pushes me to the edge in seconds, as if I could come instantly. I stroke my hand up and down again, and again. And then the second door to the bathroom swings open.

I didn't *know* there was a second door.

I whirl. Bellamy stops cold. Her eyes are wide as hell. Her face is pink and shocked. Her mouth hangs open, and she's staring right at my rock-hard cock.

"Bellamy..." I choke out.

"I—I'm so sorry!" she gasps. She turns, and she flees.

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Four years ago:

“I JUST DON’T GET IT.”

It’s raining slightly. I turn to look at Carson behind the wheel of his Ferrari. All said, Carson isn’t such a bad guy. He’s really sweet, actually. He’s a few years older than me in school, and the son of a billionaire oil executive.

“Carson, I just... I don’t know.”

“Bellamy, I’m not asking you to sleep with me. I’m just saying, we’ve been on four dates...”

“I know, and Carson, I have a really fun time with you.”

“But not fun enough to even kiss me?”

This conversation is a direct result of my rejecting yet another attempt by him. It’s the third one, in four dates. I think it’s Carson’s breaking point.

“I don’t get it, Bellamy. If you don’t like me, why are you going out with me?”

“I do like you,” I say softly.

“As what, a friend?”

Yes. But I shrug instead of saying that. “I don’t know.”

“You do. So just fucking say it.”

“Carson...”

“Is there someone else?”

Again, I want to say yes. The answer is immediate in my head. But I simply shrug. “No,” I lie.

“Whatever.”

My face falls. “Carson...”

“I think we’re done here, Bellamy. I know this is new for you. But I’m not asking for the world. You know I’m not that guy. I’m not trying to pressure you, and I’m looking for a notch on the bedpost. I just want to kiss someone I like, who I’m attracted to. That’s what people do, Bellamy.”

“I know.”

We sit in silence for a minute. Carson sighs. “I think you should get out,” he finally says.

I nod. “Thanks for dinner.”

“Yup,” he grunts.

I step out and close the door. Carson races off out of my dad’s driveway. I turn and jog through the light rain, up the stairs and into the house. Instantly, I spot my problem. All six foot four of him, sitting in a chair in the living room. Waiting for me.

“What were you doing, spying out the window?” I sneer.

Vincent looks up from his phone. He looks amused. “Maybe.”

He came on the first date I had with Carson. I mean of course he did. But then I complained to my dad. After that, dad sat down with Carson, and okayed him as a gentleman. With some of his own guards keeping distance, I could go out with Carson to agreed-upon places, without Vincent. Even I can see how much that thrills my bodyguard.

“Have fun?” He smirks.

“Oh, yep,” I shrug. “Lots of intravenous drug use and unprotected sex. I’m probably pregnant.”

He rolls his eyes. “Wonderful.”

“Yeah, Carson brought friends tonight too. I was with the entire football team. I was a very busy girl.”

“That’s great, Bellamy,” Vincent says absently, looking back at his phone.

I scowl. I hate that he doesn’t notice me the way I want him to. I mean I *hate* it. But Vincent’s twenty-six. And I’m... not. He never talks about his personal life. But I can’t imagine he doesn’t have a girlfriend, or several. Or girls that he calls friends. I hate thinking that though. So I do what I usual do: I take it out on him.

“Well, I’ll need you to take me to the clinic tomorrow for a full STD check.”

“Sounds great” he mutters absently.

My lips curl. “Hey, Vincent?”

“What is it Bellamy,” he sighs, barely looking at me.

“*Fuck you.*”

His eyes snap up. I glare at him, turn, and march upstairs. Wonderful. I've given up yet another opportunity for a first kiss, because I can't get over the brick wall sitting downstairs.

Present:

I'M SHAKING when I slam the door back to my room. My room that connects to the other guest room in the house via the shared en suite bathroom. The one Vincent was just showering in.

My face burns hot. Not just showering. Not at all just showering. My heart races. I walk quietly to my bed and sit on it. Slowly, I peel back the covers and get under them. My whole body feels like it's on fire. And all I feel is an aching, gnawing desire; like a need, or a hunger.

I know how it is with most rich kids in my position. The huge houses, money, and private schools. Girls my age in my financial and social standing usually have the experience of women twice their age. But not me.

I've had chances. Lots of them, actually, and twice as many offers. But I've never gone through with anything. Not once. Not a single kiss, actually.

I could make up an excuse. I could tell myself it's about not being ready, or not liking the rich asshole guys my age. But there's really just one single reason that's kept me from experimenting. Or dating at all. Or getting kissed, much less losing my virginity. And I just saw that reason totally naked for the first time.

I squeeze my legs together. I feel my core tighten, and desire sweeps over me. Vincent wasn't just naked, either. Desire burns hot inside. Desperately, I wish I was bolder. I wish I had the guts to walk back in there and tell him

what I want. Or show him. If I was brave, I'd go in there naked and tell him just what I want. But there's no damn way I'm doing that, and I know it.

The knock at my door startles me. My heart leaps into my throat and I sit up straight.

"What?" I gasp.

"Bellamy," Vincent growls gently from the door to the bathroom.

My pulse races. "I—what?" I ask again

"Can I come in?"

For a second, hope explodes in me. This is it. He wants me just as bad, and this is my moment. But I shake my head. That's is not why Vincent is coming in here, and I know it.

"Bellamy..."

"It's fine, Vincent!" I call back. "I didn't see anything. I'm going to bed." I close my eyes tight. Goddamnit, why am I such a pussy?

"Bellamy, I'm sorry for what you saw."

"I didn't see anything!" I blurt.

He sighs. We both know I'm lying. And we also both know I'm a shitty one.

"Look, Bellamy, we're both adults..."

I laugh coldly. "Are we? I thought I couldn't have champagne, or swim in the pool alone?"

"Swim all you want," he grows. "You just can't fake fucking dying. And do we really need to revisit why you can't drink?"

I scowl at the door.

“Bellamy, what you saw was a private movement. I didn’t know the door was unlocked, or that it went to your room.”

“It’s fine,” I mutter. My face feels hot, like I’ve got a fever.

“Can you open this so we can talk like adults?”

He keeps saying that, and it finally pisses me off enough to act. I storm over and swing it open. Immediately, I’m face-to-face with him.

“Like adults, huh?” I spit.

God he’s hot. Vincent’s dressed now. But what I saw before is forever seared into my subconscious. And I do mean all of what I saw before.

“You’re nineteen.”

“And?”

He gives me a look. “Adults have private moments, Bellamy.”

“No shit. So lock the door next time.”

He nods. “I’m sorry that you...”

“Whatever, it’s fine,” I mumble. I shrug casually.

Vincent eyes me silently. “Great,” he finally growls back. “So, goodnight.” He turns, and I frown. I suddenly don’t want this conversation to end. And I know him walking away puts a chapter end to this incident. I also don’t want that.

“Vincent,” I blurt.

He stops and turns. “Yeah?”

I swallow. Before I can chicken out, I let it rip. “What were you thinking about?”

His face turns dark. His eyes narrow on me. “Goodnight, Bellamy.”

“Just answer the question.”

“Private stuff,” he growls.

“What sort of private stuff?”

His jaw ticks. “I’m going to bed now,” he grunts. He turns again, but I keep at it.

“Was it me?”

I gasp, shocked at myself. Vincent is too. When he turns, he looks almost furious.

“Watch it,” he growls.

“Was it?”

“Careful, Bellamy,” he hisses tightly. He looks furious. But maybe it’s something else. It almost looks like he’s fighting with something inside.

“If it wasn’t, you’d just say—”

“Enough!” He roars. He strides towards me, and I gasp. He bristles in the doorway to my room, filling it. It’s like he wants to cross the threshold, but that stepping into my room means something more.

“Enough,” he growls. “Bellamy, you’re nineteen. You’re an adult. I don’t have to explain my private life to you, just like you don’t have to explain yours.”

“My private life?” I snort. “I wasn’t the one jerking off in—”

“*Stop it,*” he hisses. “I mean you don’t have to tell me about boyfriends, or whatever the fuck you had over there in school.”

Suddenly, I know the look in his eyes: it's jealousy. It shocks me, and my heart skips. But the brattiness he brings out in me is still there. I smile cruelly. "What's the matter, Vincent?" I sneer. "Jealous of them?"

He rolls his eyes. "Goodnight." He turns away from me and starts to leave.

"Fine!" I yell. "You want to know about my private life!?"

"Nope."

"Well here it is! You know how many boyfriends I've had at school!?"

He whirls. "No, and I want to fucking keep it that—"

"None!" I blurt. I take a breath. "None, Vincent. Not a single fucking boyfriend, hookup, or anything. Not before boarding school. Not during. Not now. Never."

He frowns.

"I guess that's the fun part about having a dick of a bodyguard following me around my whole life, scaring guys away! I've never once done fucking anything!"

He frowns. "Bellamy—"

"I'm a virgin, okay?!" I snap. "I'm nineteen, Vincent, and I've never once done a anything with any guy, ever! Happy now?!"

His eyes blaze. His jaw clenches tight. And I swear I hear a growl in his throat. His look is pure hunger, and God does it make me tremble.

"Bellamy..."

"So, go ahead and think about that the next time you jerk off." I step back, and I slam the door in his face.

My ears are tingling. My heart is beating so fast that I'm almost concerned I'm going to have a freaking heart attack. But slowly through the buzz in my ears, I hear the sound of his footsteps retreating. The other bathroom door slams. Then it's quiet.

I step backwards until my legs hit the bed. I sit and slide under the covers. My hands move slowly, but with a purpose. They slide over my stomach, pushing my t-shirt up over my tits. My hand squeezes one, pinching a nipple. I gasp and turn to muffle it into a pillow. My other hand pushes lower and slips under the waist of my cotton shorts. Then, under my panties.

I whimper when my fingers slide over my clit. I rub it slowly, feeling the pleasure sink into me. I close my eyes and press harder. I retreat into a fantasy land in my head. In this fantasy, I didn't slam the door in his face. I left it open for him to watch. In my daydream, Vincent approaches the bed and yanks the covers away.

I moan when he crawls over me. His tongue replaces my fingers. Even if I've never felt that, I know it'd be heaven with him. My roommate Celeste at school has snuck lots guys over to the room at night. I've never seen anything, but I've heard what happens when one of them goes under the covers. And that's what I want to feel, with him.

Fantasy Vincent licks my clit with his tongue. His big hands force my legs apart, taking what he wants and what I'm willing to give. I push a finger inside, and I moan into the pillow. Fantasy Vincent is pushing his cock into me, taking my virginity. I blush, knowing now for a fact that Vincent is enormously more equipped than my middle finger. But I keep going anyways.

He pounds into me, savagely taking me and making me feel pleasure I've never felt before. My body quivers and trembles. My pulse swells with the pleasure I'm giving myself. Fantasy Vincent is about to make me explode.

The real Vincent is in his room. I wonder if he's thinking of me. That single thought is more than I can withstand. I turn, and I scream into the pillow when I come for the fantasy version of him.

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VINCENT

Two years ago:

THE MAN SPUTTERS BLOOD. He gurgles on it, choking to death on his own blood before he can bleed out of the hole my bullet just put in his chest. I watch the light go out of his eyes. I feel nothing though. No remorse, no pity.

I've bunted feelings like those out of my system years ago. Years of killing for Micheal Genovisi and the rest of the Scaliame family has made sure of that. And besides, this man was a wife-beating piece of shit who was threatening to turn rat for the FBI. He had stolen information from Micheal that could have hurt everyone.

When the man finally stops his death rattles. I bend down. I pat his coat down and find what I'm looking for—the USB drive around his neck. It's made to look like an effigy of Catherine of Siena, patron saint of Italy. It also belongs to Micheal and contains very incriminating evidence.

The man I've just shot is a rat. He was turned by the Feds a few months ago after being busted for some stupid drug charge. Now he's trying to sell out Micheal. Or, was. I yank the chain free of his neck. "Rest in peace you dumb bastard," I grunt. I pocket the necklace USB. It's something Micheal is fond of doing—disguising important data on USBs as something else. Maybe it's

his paranoia about the FBI. But I also know he can't be too careful.

My phone rings suddenly. I frown and pull it out. When I see who it is, I smile.

“Shouldn't you be in bed?”

Bellamy giggles. “I'm not supposed to be on the phone this late!” she hisses quietly.

I chuckle. “No, you're not.” I smile though. It's been a long time since I've talked to her. “To what do I owe this call? At the risk of you getting in trouble.” She doesn't answer right away. “Bellamy?”

“I—to wish you a happy birthday?”

I frown. Fuck. “Huh,” I grunt.

Bellamy sighs. “Please tell me you didn't forget your own birthday.”

“Of course not,” I mutter.

She laughs. “Holy shit! Vincent how do you—”

“Language, young lady.”

She sighs. “You seriously forgot your birthday? Who does that?”

“It's just another birthday,” I mutter. “And I've been busy.”

“Doing what?”

I glance at the body at my feet. “Stuff.”

“What stuff?”

“Work stuff, for your dad.”

“How come you can't tell me what you're doing?”

“Because you don’t need to know.”

She sighs. “Fine, whatever. What are you doing for your birthday?”

I look down at the rat again. Apparently, chopping up a body and dumping it in an outward flowing ocean current. “Nothing much,” I shrug.

“Okay, well try not to have too much fun.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem,” I smile.

She laughs. “Grump.”

“Brat.”

“Crap, I have to go,” she hisses.

“Alright, don’t get in trouble, and we’ll talk soon.”

“Okay! Oh, and Vincent?”

“Yeah?”

“Happy birthday.”

Present:

I DON’T SLEEP A WINK. I can’t. I lie awake the entire night, with one forbidden thought in my head. Or, many forbidden thoughts about one particular girl.

In the morning, I rise early. I walk downstairs bleary-eyed and make coffee. I sip it slowly when it’s done. My phone buzzes, and I glance at it. It’s a text from Jason Carbone, Micheal’s attorney. Apparently Micheal’s been

questioned along with a bunch of the guys from the party. He's out and back home. But he wants me to keep Bellamy off the radar for another day or so.

One more day or so of being cooped up alone with Bellamy. Bellamy of the tiny bikini and very adult body. And after what she saw last night? Well, shit.

I hear shuffled footsteps. I turn, and we lock eyes. "Morning," I mutter.

She just grunts, and I smile. Bellamy has never been a morning person, at all. I like that nothing's changed in that regard. She shuffles to the coffee machine and pours a cup in silence. Then she trudges over and plops into a chair at the breakfast table by the window. I stay at the counter, drinking coffee.

"Thought you were a cream and sugar girl."

She's been avoiding my eyes. But she smiles when I say that and looks at me. "They all drink it black in France."

"Well aren't we cosmopolitan."

She grins. Her smile falters for a brief second and she looks down at the coffee. "Vincent—"

"Bellamy, it's fine. We don't have to talk about anything."

"Sorry I walked in on you."

I nod. "Me too."

After that, it's silent while we drink our coffee.

"We don't have much for food," I eventually mutter. "I'm going to go to the store and grab some stuff, and I need you to stay here."

"Can I throw a party?"

“Hilarious. Are you going to be okay here alone?”

“Can you show me how to work a TV? I’m not sure I’ll be able to use the bathroom by myself.”

I roll my eyes and grab my car keys. “See you in a bit.”

“Byyyee,” she calls back.

At the store, I load the cart up quickly. I grab essentials, and some bathroom supplies. I noticed there wasn’t much in the way of toiletries at the house. I frown at the monstrous wall of women-oriented shampoo. I half remember that Bellamy used to use this orange scented stuff from Italy or something. The local grocery store isn’t exactly stocked with European toiletries. But I find one that looks close. The name is Italian, at least, and it’s got orange in it.

I drive home and drag the groceries inside. The house is dead silent.

“Bellamy?”

I finally spot the note on the fridge and storm over to it. I scowl at her handwriting: “Went for a run.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I snarl. But then I see the rest of note at the bottom of the page: “On the treadmill in the basement. Sucker.”

I roll my eyes. “Brat,” I mutter to myself. I put the groceries away. I go to the top of the stairs to the finished basement with the full gym. I can hear the sound of a treadmill, so I leave it be. Instead, I grab a guy’s bathing suit from the closet of my guest room. I head out to the pool and start doing laps. Honestly, I need something to make the time pass. Or else I’m going to go crazy being cooped up in a house with this girl for the next few days.

I come inside, just as she passes me out to the patio. I frown, but she answers before I can ask.

“Going for a swim.”

“Oh, I was just out there.”

“I know.”

I frown. Yeah, we’re not past last night yet. She’s avoiding me and giving me one-word conversations. I watch her walk out to the edge of the pool. She drops the towel she had wrapped around her, and I groan. It’s my old friend, the skimpy blue bikini. In the daylight, it’s even more scandalous and barely covering her. I have a sneaking suspicion she’s not wearing it by accident.

And that’s how it plays the rest of the day. We’re like ships passing in the night. It’s a big house, I’ll grant that. But it’s not that big. Finally, I settle on a strategy, and I camp out in the kitchen. Bellamy keeps poking her head in, and then making up an excuse to do something else. I grin.

Hunger. That’s how I’m going to break down those damn walls of hers. It takes most of the day. But finally, she breaks.

“I’m starving.”

I look up and grin at her proclamation. “Dinner?”

She looks away from me. Avoiding my eyes. “Whatever. Sure, I guess.”

“Just whatever?”

“Yeah, whatever.”

I smirk. “You can even have some wine.”

She whips her head around, grinning. “Really?!”

I smile. “Nope.”

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Two years ago:

“OH MY GOD, HE IS *HOT!*”

I jump and turn around. Celeste, my roommate, is looking at my laptop screen over my shoulder.

“Huh?”

“Who the hell is that?”

I don't have to look to know who she's talking about. I'm looking at a picture of Vincent. My dad's just thrown a retirement party for one of his guys. We still talk in code, but I know what “one of his guys” means. He sent me an email with pictures of him and some people I know from growing up—lots of “uncle so and so”s and that sort of thing. And of course, Vincent.

“Hello? Melissa?”

“Oh, that's just Vincent.”

“‘Just Vincent’?” She smirks. “There's no ‘just’ about him.”

I blush.

“Who is he?”

“Just someone who works for my dad.”

“Is he a model?”

I laugh. “No, he’s... no. But I have no idea what he does now.” I sigh. “He was my bodyguard when I was younger.”

She blanches. “You’re joking.”

I shake my head.

“That guy was guarding your body?”

I roll my eyes. “It’s not like that. He’s just Vincent. He’s like an uncle or something.”

She frowns. “Oh, he’s your uncle?”

“No!” I catch myself quickly. “No. I mean we’re not related. It’s just that sort of relationship.”

She grins. “You little slut.”

I frown. “What?”

“I knew you weren’t such a prude!”

I blush deeply. “Oh, no-no-no. No, not like that.”

“Oh, sure,” my roommate says sarcastically.

“Celeste, no,” I say louder. “It’s not like that!”

She finally shrugs. “Okay, okay. Calm down. Jeez.”

“Sorry,” I mutter.

“Does he visit?”

“What, here?”

“Yeah.”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Well, can he?”

I laugh. “Why?”

“So I can fuck his brains out?”

My smile fades to rage, quickly. “He’s never coming here,” I snap. I turn back to the screen, bristling with rage.

Celeste is seemingly unaware of the fury she’s awoken inside of me. “Oh, well that sucks. Can I get his number?”

“No!”

Present:

“How IS IT?”

I shrug. “Fine.”

Okay, it’s fucking delicious. It’s just pasta, but holy crap. It’s amazing pasta. And the sauce... shit.

“Just fine, hmm?”

I do my best to hide the smile. “Okay, it’s more than fine I guess.”

“Tough crowd.”

I grin. I look up and he’s looking at me.

“Are we done avoiding each other?”

“I wasn’t avoiding you,” I frown.

Vincent stares at me, making me blush.

“Want me to apologize for what happened last night again?”

I shake my head. “No.” Definitely not. Not at all, I think to myself. “No apology needed,” I say out loud.

“Well okay then.”

“How about a replay?” I grin.

He looks up sharply. His eyes look hard. “Bellamy,” he growls with a warning tone.

“Oh I’m just kidding, lighten up,” I giggle. Vincent glares at me. “How is it?” I mumble in a deep voice, imitating him.

“Is that supposed to be me?”

“Obviously.”

“Not bad.”

I laugh. Then I go back to stuffing my face with the delicious dinner he’s made. But the wheels in my head keep turning. I slowly put my fork down and look at him.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Is it about last night?”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Then yes.”

I nod, looking for the words. “What do you do for my dad now?”

Vincent frowns. “Stuff.”

“Bodyguard stuff?”

“You’re an only child. Mercifully.”

I laugh. “No, but for like, I don’t know, my dad? Someone else?”

“No.”

“Then what?”

“Nothing, Bellamy.”

“Oh fuck off!”

His eyes snap to mine. He growls. “Watch it.”

“I’m nineteen, Vincent. I can swear.”

He glares at me.

“Look, I know you watched over me when I was young. But I’m an adult now, you know.”

“I’m aware of that.”

“Are you?”

“*Quite*,” he hisses.

I tremble. “So tell me. I can take it.”

“Fine,” he finally snaps. “You want to be a big grown up and discuss grown up things?”

“Yes, I do—”

“I kill people.” I go silent. Vincent clenches his jaw. “That’s what I do, Bellamy. I kill people.”

“Like, a lot—”

“A lot of people,” he says quietly. “I kill a lot of people.”

I nod, my pulse quickens. I’ve always known Vincent was, well, he works for my father. I know what he is. He’s also a gentle giant, but I know he’s capable of things like that. Just maybe not quite this.

Vincent looks at his empty plate and mine. “Still hungry?” I shake my head in silence. “Great,” he growls. He stands and take our plates into the kitchen. I follow, watching him as he rinses them and puts them in the dishwasher.

“I mean, how many...”

Vincent growls quietly and turns. “You want to be an adult?” he growls. “Well this is it. I kill a *lot* of people, Bellamy.”

I nod silently. He looks at me intensely, in a way he’s never looked at me before.

“Does that scare you?”

“No,” I say quickly.

“Bellamy...”

I take a breath. “No,” I answer honestly.

“It should. I should scare you,” he says gently.

“You could never scare me.”

Vincent looks away. He turns back to me. “Not even after last night?”

I blush. But it makes me think. Does he still think I’m *mad* at him? Disgusted? I have to remind myself that he’s not actually a mind reader. Vincent doesn’t actually know that what I saw last night was the single hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

I slowly raise my eyes to his. “What were you thinking about?”

Vincent stiffens. “Enough of that, Bellamy.”

“No, I want to know.”

“Drop it,” he hisses.

“Was it me?”

“Bellamy,” he growls. “Enough.”

“Which is it?” I snap. “Am I an adult or aren’t I, Vincent?”

His eyes pierce mine. “Yes,” he snarls through clenched teeth. His shoulders are bunched and his hands close into fists on the counter.

“To which,” I say breathlessly.

“Yes, you’re an adult.”

“And the other?”

“And yes,” he suddenly growls. His face is lined. His eyes harden as they burn into me.

“Yes what?” I whisper.

“Yes, Bellamy,” he chokes. “I was thinking of you.”

He strides towards me. I gasp, locked in place and unable to move. His big hands raise, cupping my face. He glares down into my eyes, towering over me. He moves closer, and I whimper when I realize I'm enveloped in his arms against his chest.

"Yes," he hisses. He leans down, and his lips press to mine fiercely, kissing me. Not a CPR kiss. A real kiss.

The first kiss.

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One year ago:

“OH MY GOD, I love this car!”

“Thanks.”

Carla giggles for no real reason. “God, I love a man with a nice car.”

I smile at her again and keep driving. Dinner was fine. It was nice to go out, I suppose. But this is over before it begins. Nico, Micheals top guy, set this up. He said Micheal thought I needed to clear my head. And I’m on an “off” streak with my disastrous and toxic on-and-off-again relationship with Kelly. So, I got set up on a blind date.

But they’re wrong. My head is fine. But I can see why Micheal thinks I needed this. I did kill six people last Thursday: three with my bare hands when I ran out of bullets. It was supposed to be two, but the four others showed up and had to be dealt with. Apparently, even for Micheal, that’s a traumatic experience.

So, I got set up with Carla. Blonde, big tits falling out of her top, skirt too short Carla. Complete with a tramp stamp tattoo of a tribal heart. In locker room talk, guys would call her a “sure thing.” To me, she’s just a thing I

don't want. Today, especially.

"I had a nice time," Carla purrs.

"Yeah, me too," I smile. I'm a monster, but I'm a gentleman when I should be. I'm taking her home, to her own house. And I'm not staying there, either. But I can let her down nicely.

"You wanna come up when we get to my place?"

Yeah, there it is. I smile. "You know what? I got work in the morning."

"Aww, that's no fun."

"It is what it is."

"Well, how about some fun before we get there?" Her hand lands on my thigh. I frown. That's not at all what I meant.

On a good day, Carla would not be what I want. For years, I'm not even sure I knew what I wanted. I just didn't date. I didn't sleep with women. I had no time, and no desire to. Kelly was something, I guess. Except I don't even think we like each other. When we're together, we fight almost more than when we're split.

The truth is, I don't know what the fuck I want. It's like I'm waiting for it to jump out and let me know. But so far, it's not telling me shit. But I do know, I don't want Carla. And not like this for sure.

She slides her hand higher, but I stop her. "Gotta watch the road, Carla."

"Well then you watch the road, and I can put my mouth all over your fat cock while you do."

I grit my teeth. "That's not a good idea."

“Oh, live a little!” I gun the engine, making her gasp. “Ooh, go fast baby!” She reaches for my dick again. I stop her once again.

“I said stop.”

“Well we’re almost to my place anyways.”

“Good.” I pull around a corner and push her hand away.

She frowns. “What the fuck, Vincent?”

“I just said stop is all.”

“Yeah but why? I just told you I want to suck your dick. What guy says no to that?”

“Me,” I grunt. I’m getting tired of this entire thing.

“Are you into guys? I mean, if you are, that’s cool, just tell—”

“I’ve just had a rough day and a rougher week. And I have a big day tomorrow.”

She nods in silence. I pull up to her apartment building. Carla turns to me.

“You know what I think?”

I look out my window. I’m bored of this exchange, and I want to go home.

“What’s that?”

Her hand lands on my crotch. “I think you need to let off some steam.”

“Carla…”

She pulls at my zipper. “Let me just…”

“Enough!” I shove her hand away. This time, she looks pissed.

“What the fuck, Vincent? Look if you’re a fucking homo, just fucking tell people!”

“Goodnight, Carla.”

“Fuck you.” She gets out and then slams the door. I rev the engine and drive off. I don’t know what the fuck I want. But I better fucking find it soon, before I go insane.

Present:

IT’S HAPPENING LIKE A HURRICANE, and I can’t stand against the winds anymore. I don’t want to. I’m weary and worn down from fighting it. And I won’t anymore. I kiss her like a kiss is supposed to be. Like a man laying claim to the woman that’s his. Like I’m marking her with bruises on her mouth.

She tastes fucking sweet, too. Soft, full, wet lips. Her warm breath. Her gentle moan. I growl and pull her tighter against my chest. I push her back, almost tackling her to the ground before she slams against the big subzero fridge. I kiss her deeply, growling into her mouth. Her hands grip my shirt, and she moans.

“Fuck,” she gasps. And it’s all over. No more holding back.

I kiss her, and Bellamy kisses me right back. We gasp and moan into each other’s mouth. It’s like this is a routine we’ve done a million times. And yet it’s all brand new. My hand squeezes her ribs. Fuck, she so goddamn soft and curvy in all the right places.

My cock surges against her, thick and hard against her tummy. She knows what she's feeling. She saw it; she has the visual of the thickness against her skin right now. Bellamy only kisses me harder though.

"I want you, Vincent," she whimpers in a trembling voice. I've heard it in my dreams. But I'm not dreaming right now. I'm wide fucking awake.

I kiss her even harder, and my hand slides over her waist. I tease a finger over the loose hem of her cotton shorts. My hand slips under and my fingertips brush the lace of her panties. Her body trembles, and I feel her tummy tighten and cave under my touch.

I groan. I'm so close. I'm so close I can almost feel the heat of her pussy; so close that I can almost smell her arousal. My mouth waters at the thought of tasting her.

I'll be the first. I growl at the thought as I kiss her. No one else has tasted her or touched her. Or *fucked* her. Madness and lust overtake me. I push a hand lower, teasing under her panties and feeling smooth, warm skin.

My cock throbs, and suddenly, Bellamy gasps deeply into my mouth. It's like a slap to the face It's a wakeup. She's never done this. And what the actual fuck am I doing?

I pull my hand away quickly, as if I've been burned. My mouth leaves her, and I back away, horrified with myself.

"Wait, Vincent," she looks scared and confused.

"The fuck am I doing," I choke out loud. I shake my head. My eyes find hers.

"What the hell am I doing?"

"I want this," she pleads breathlessly.

"You don't know what you want," I growl.

“The fuck I don’t!”

“Watch your—”

Bellamy grabs me and pulls me hard against her. She kisses me, and I groan. I give in for a moment to taste those pillow soft lips. But then I pull away again.

“Fucking hell, Bellamy!” I growl.

“Language,” she sneers with a smirk.

I shake my head. “No games. And we are *not* doing this.”

“Vincent...”

“No, baby,” I say gently. “No. It can’t be me, and you’re confused. There’s no way it can be me.”

“Wait, Vincent...”

“This is fucking wrong, Bellamy,” I groan. I turn away. I need to get a bottle of booze, lock myself in my room, and pray to God Micheal never finds out about—

A hand grabs my wrist. I turn, and she yanks me back, hard.

“Don’t you walk away from me,” she hisses.

“Trust me,” I snarl. “You want me to walk away.”

“No, I—”

“You’ve seen the best of me,” I growl quietly. “Bellamy, you’ve only ever seen the best of me, because that’s what you bring out in me.” My eyes turn hard. “I am not a good man, Bellamy.”

“Yes, you are!”

“No!” I roar, startling her. “No, I’m not. I murder people.”

“It’s your job…”

“A bank teller is a job,” I snap. “Selling tires is a job. This is a corruption of the soul.”

“It doesn’t scare me,” she says defiantly.

“It should.”

“Well it doesn’t.” Her fingers grip my shirt harder. “I know what I want, Vincent.”

“You don’t.”

“Yes, I fucking do!” She yanks me down, and our lips crash together again. I groan. This time, I can’t let go. I can’t walk away, not now. I grab her and slam her into the counter. My hands grip her tight, and I pull her up into my arms.

Bellamy moans and kisses me. I’m running on pure adrenaline and desire. I’m off the rails. I’m crashing, and I can’t stop. There’s no stopping me, or this, now.

I storm through the house carrying her. There are million places I could set her down and take it all. The couch, the floor, the stairs. But I want her in a bed. This is happening. There’s no denying that, and there’s no stopping it. This might be wrong and fucked up. But it’s happening. And when it does, it’ll be in a bed.

We crash into her bedroom. Bellamy moans, and I push her down on the bed. I crawl over her, kissing her madly. My hands grip her hips possessively. It’s like I’m simultaneously pushing her into the mattress and pulling her up against my body. I’m so fucking hard, and I can feel the hot warmth between

her thighs—her eager little pussy wanting what I want.

I kiss down her neck. Bellamy gasps when my hands push her shirt up. They touch bare, soft skin. I growl. She's not wearing a bra. I run my mouth over her tits, centering on a dusky nipple. I suck it between my lips, and Bellamy moans in pleasure.

“Oh God, Vincent!” she gasps. “Vincent!” She's tugging at my shirt. I pull up to look at her. “I've—I've never...”

“I know,” I say gently.

“None of it.”

“I know.”

She blushes hotly. “No, I mean...”

“Bellamy,” I whisper. I move over her and lean down, kissing her softly. “I know.” She nods. “Do you want to stop?”

Her eyes spark. “Fuck no.” Bellamy yanks me down and kisses me hard. I growl against her lips. Her legs spread wide and wrap around my hips. I move from her mouth and slide back to her tits. I push her shirt the rest of the way up, and she pulls it off herself.

My lips taste one nipple and then the other, until she's writhing for me. Then I kiss down her soft tummy. She whimpers as it caves beneath my lips. I nip at the waist of her cotton shorts. My fingers tug them down over her hips. Bellamy raises her butt, letting me pull them off her legs. I toss them aside and turn back. Only then do I growl lowly.

My eyes take in her little pink panties. Just a flimsy strip of lace between me and everything I crave. I focus on the dark wet spot where her legs meet, and I groan. I lean down, and she tugs at my shirt.

“Off,” she whispers. I pull it free. Bellamy moans when her fingers explore my bare shoulders. I go back to nuzzling her tummy, then I go lower. I nuzzle her pussy through her panties, and she moans. Her breathing is fast and raspy, and it urges me on.

“Pants too,” she whispers. The request is shy, but I nod and kiss her thigh. I stand up and pull them down. My cock bulges my boxers obscenely. I move back between her thighs again. I nip at the lacy waist with my teeth. She trembles, and I drag them down. I inhale the scent of her, and it enflames me. Fucking hell, I want to live right here between her thighs. I slide her panties all the way off. My gaze sweeps over her, and I blink in shock.

She’s perfection. She’s an angel. And she’s all mine.

I move between her smooth legs and push them apart. My pulse surges, and I lean close. I hesitate for one second an inch from her cunt. It’s like I’m savoring the moment or taking a mental picture of it. I’m carving it in stone—something I’ll never forget. Then she’s all mine.

I drag my tongue slowly up her lips. Bellamy almost jumps off the bed. She squeals and shudders under me. Her thighs clamp down on my head. But I grip them tight and push them open again. I growl into her pussy. My tongue swipes up and down, parting her lips. She’s dripping wet, and I lap at her hungrily. It’s like I want to lick her dry. But the more I lick, the wetter she gets.

I move up to her clit. I focus on the little button, sucking it between my lips. I tease it mercilessly, and Bellamy starts to whine with pleasure. I’m teasing, but I’m not cruel. I want to drag this out, but I don’t want her frustrated. And anyways, I don’t know if I could drag this out if I wanted to. I crave her orgasm too much. I’m dying to know what she tastes like when she comes, and I can’t wait.

I groan and suck her clit harder. I swirl it with my tongue until she's squealing and begging for release. Her fingers grip my hair. Her thighs fight my hands. Her pussy floods my tongue and lips with sweet candy cream. Her body tightens and spasms, and she cries out.

“Vincent!!”

It's just one word. It's my name, and then she's coming. She howls, and her body almost flies off the bed. But I pin her there with my tongue on her clit. I lick her and taste her deeply as she comes hard against my mouth.

I'm still licking her. It's like I'm in a trance. But I'm gradually aware of her hands gripping me tight. She's pulling me up, and I let her do so. I slide up between her legs, over her body. Bellamy attacks me, like a wild animal. She moans like she's possessed and kisses me like a demon woman. I hesitate because I've got her come all over my lips. But she kisses me just the same.

Her long legs wrap around my waist. Her hand slides between us and pushes the waist of my boxers. I groan when her hand slips inside. Her teasing fingers wrap around my thick cock, and I hiss.

“Bellamy...” I groan.

She strokes me and shoves my boxers down. She pulls my cock free of them, and she moans when she feels me against her thigh. Her hand keeps stroking me. She pulls me closer, and I hiss when my thick head pushes over her wet lips.

“We don't have to do that...” I growl. My voice is tight. My head feels like it's floating away.

“Yes, we do,” she says, her voice thick with need.

“Bellamy...”

“This was always meant to happen, Vincent,” she whispers. Her eyes hold mine, and she smiles. “It was always going to be you.”

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HE'S RIGHT THERE. This is about to really happen. I tremble to my very core, but it's pure excitement. Maybe I'm nervous, but I'm not scared. Not with it being Vincent. I look up into his eyes, and I know this meant to be. This was always meant to be.

Like I said, it was always going to be him. Even before either of us knew it.

He feels so hard and hot in my hand. And so damn big. That part actually does give me a small spike of worry. I look down between us. His defined abs clench, and his cock throbs in my hand. I gasp, feeling the hot muscle so hard beneath soft skin.

I stroke him again, and it twitches in my hand. I moan softly. He's right there; the head of his cock nudged right up against my pussy. No one's ever touched me like this, let alone been this close to actually doing this. And Vincent is *big*. It's not just that I've got small hands. His dick is huge. And I'm... small.

I worry for a minute about him even being able to fit. God, how embarrassing would that be? To let go and throw myself at the man I've always wanted. Only for him not to even be able to do what I want him to do, because I'm too tight?

But I look up into Vincent's eyes. And suddenly, I'm not worried anymore. He kisses me, and he pushes his hips. I feel his throbbing head slip between my lips against my seam. I tremble, and my breath catches tightly.

"I'm not going to hurt you, baby," he says softly. He leans down and kisses me. He keeps kissing me, pulling my attention away while he pushes his hips. His thickness begins to spread my lips open. I'm still kissing him, but I gasp when I feel him start to slide inside. His head slips in, and I whimper.

It feels so full, and I know he's barely inside. But as he pushes, I feel myself getting even wetter; wetter than I've ever been before.

"Vincent," I moan softly. I clutch his arms tightly, and kiss him eagerly.

"Just breath and let me in, baby," he murmurs. "Let me show you how good this can feel."

"I want you to show me everything," I whisper.

He growls and kisses me harder. He pushes his hips. His big cock begins to slide deeper, and I moan. For a second, it feels funny. But then he's through, and it only feels like heaven. My jaw drops, and my eyes widen. I almost can't believe how good it feels. It's like nothing I've felt before, and so much better than my own fingers.

"Oh my God," I gasp.

"Oh fuck, Bellamy," he growls. The lust in his voice and the desire on his face makes me want this even more. He's so much older and more experienced. And yet he wants *me*. I'm making him feel good. And Lord is he making me feel good.

"Deeper," I choke. "Please." He groans, nodding. He thrusts his hips. I gasp when it feels like a foot of him slides inside. "Oh fuck!" I gasp.

Vincent frowns in worry. But I shake my head. “Keep going,” I gasp. “Please don’t stop.”

His lips press to mine. I feel his muscles clench, and then I feel his thickness plunge into me. He keeps sliding more in, until I can’t believe there’s anything left not inside of me. But then he gives one last thrust, and I’ve got all of him.

“Jesus,” he groans. “Fuck, Bellamy, baby.”

“You feel so fucking good,” I gasp.

“We’re just getting started, baby,” he growls. He slides his cock out. I moan, and I can feel my pussy gripping him tightly. It’s as if my body doesn’t want him to leave. But he pushes right back in. This time, he plunges deep, to the hilt. I cry out, and I moan in pleasure.

“Yes!” I gasp. My nails dig into his arms. Vincent growls and begins to move his hips faster. I’m almost embarrassed by how freaking wet I am. It’s like I’m making a mess of both of us and probably leaving a puddle on the sheets. But God does this feel good.

Vincent growls into my lips. He pushes into me, making me gasp. We move slowly, but I like that he’s gentle. He’s so big, and he’s just such a huge man in general. Him going slow feels erotic, and sensual. And really, really fucking good.

His cock slides in and out of me. My clit drags over his shaft with each thrust. And when he grinds deep, his body rubs against it. I cling to him and moan. The pleasure burns hot inside of me, welling up like a volcano ready to blow. My nails dig hard into his skin, but I can’t help it. My thighs clench around him. My pussy feels so tight and wet around him. He keeps thrusting into me. I keep urging him on and pushing my hips to meet him. We’re moving slowly. But it feels like it’s been no time at all before I know he’s

going to make me come.

“Vincent,” I gasp.

“Come, baby,” he growls. I think it’s the “baby” that does it. It’s so tender sounding, and so intimate. Like he’s talking to me like a lover, not as my old bodyguard. Or maybe it’s because he *was* my bodyguard, and that us being together like this is bathed in scandal. Either way, or maybe it’s both, I’m going to come. And I’m going to come really, really hard.

“Vincent!”

“Come for me, baby,” he hisses. He thrusts deep into me. “Come on that cock like a good girl.”

“*Oh fuck!*” I scream and I cling to him. My nails dig into his skin and I drop my mouth to his shoulder. I bite down, and I scream over and over when I start to come. The climax takes my breath away. It’s better than anything I’ve ever given myself, times a million. It feels like I’m drowning in him. Like I’m totally surrounded by his warmth inside and out.

My body quivers and shakes. My breath comes haggard. I pull away from his shoulder panting. I see the teeth marks I’ve left on his skin, and I start to giggle. I look up into his gorgeous eyes, and he’s grinning back at me.

“Hey,” he growls.

“Hey you,” I whisper. He leans down. I moan when he kisses me. I feel utterly at peace and in total bliss. But yet, I’m not done. I’m not ready for this to be over yet. I frown curiously. “Vincent, did you...”

He smiles and shakes his head. “This wasn’t about me,” he growls. “This was about you.”

I shake my head. “No, this is about us.” He grins. I flex my core, and I see him groan when my pussy clenches him.

“Shit, Bellamy,” he growls.

“More,” I whisper.

“You want more, hmm?” He groans.

I nod. “Yeah, I do. And I want you to take me the other way.”

Vincent frowns. “The other way?”

I lean up and kiss his ear. “Hard,” I whisper. His cock surges inside of me.

“You don’t want me to go hard, baby.”

“Yes, I do.” I squeeze him again, and he groans.

“Bellamy, baby...”

“Fuck me, Vincent,” I whisper breathily into his ear. I want to goad him. I want to provoke him. I love that he was slow and tender the first time, for me. But part of my always having had a crush on him is that it’s him. He’s been my big teddy bear. But I know that teddy bear has muscles and claws. It’s the danger lurking underneath his skin that’s always made me excited.

“Fuck my little pussy like you’ve always wanted to,” I breathe.

It’s filthy. But saying it makes me feel so fucking hot and sexy. Vincent’s cock throbs so hard inside of me when I say it, and I know I’ve pushed him.

“You want me to fuck you, baby girl?” He growls. There’s a darker tone to his voice now, and I tremble. I’ve awoken the beast in him, and it thrills me.

“I want you to fuck the shit out of me,” I whisper thickly in his ear.

Vincent's hands tighten on my hips. He suddenly growls and pulls out of me. I whine, but then I gasp when he suddenly flips me over. I'm panting, and my heart races when he pushes me face down on the bed. I feel him move over me and grab my hips.

"You want me to fuck you, dirty girl?" he growls.

I can't even talk. I just moan and nod eagerly. God, if I thought I was wet before...

He pulls my ass up in the air with one big hand. He presses between my shoulder blades, keeping my chest to the bed. I feel his cock slide against my pussy. He eases the head inside, and he throbs thickly. His hand tightens on my hip, and suddenly, he thrusts. I gasp at the size of him.

"Oh fuck!"

Vincent's cock surges deep inside of me. He slides out and then pounds back in. His abs slap against my ass, and his fingers dig into my skin. He's not being really rough or anything. But he's not holding back either. His fat cock plunges into me. His muscles coil against me. I feel utterly and completely dominated by him, and I love how it feels.

I start to rush headlong towards another release. Vincent's hand slides into my hair. He tangles it in a fist, and I cry out. "Vincent!"

"Take my cock, baby," he growls. "Fuck, you're so fucking tight, Bellamy."

"You're so big!" I gasp. "Fuck me! Fuck me!" I'm squealing for him. I'm a whimpering, trembling mess for him. I'm begging for it, shamelessly. But I'm not embarrassed. I don't feel ashamed for wanting it how I want it. Because with Vincent, it just feels natural. It feels like he already knows what I want and wants to give that to me.

He thrusts into me. My ass bounces off his abs and my heart races. I can feel his cock swelling thick inside of me. I can also feel myself starting to tremble uncontrollably. It feels like it felt before, the first time. But it's so much bigger. It's a wave I can't stop, and it's going to drown us both.

“Vincent!” I scream.

I don't have to tell him I'm coming. He knows. And he doesn't have to say it either, because I can feel him let go. He roars my name, and I let go. I orgasm hard, my pussy clenching his thickness so tightly. Vincent groans and pushes deep. His cock spasms, and I feel it. His cum spills into me, hot and thick. I scream into the sheets. My hands are fists clenching them. And my entire body shudders around him as he holds himself deep.

Arms surround me. His lips are on my neck, leaving gentle kisses. He slowly slides out of me, and we roll to our sides. Vincent's perfect, muscled arms hold me tight. They hold me against his chest. I can feel his heart beating fast against my back, and mine is racing it.

I turn to look at him. He leans over, and our lips press together. I never want them to come apart.

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HER FINGER TRACES a scar on my chest. It's an older wound, from a knife when I was younger. She's seen it before, but she's never touched it. She's never touched me like this ever, obviously.

We've officially crossed the line. Fuck that, we've sprinted over it. Leapt. Rammed a fucking truck through it. I'm naked, in bed, with a girl eleven years my junior. My charge. The girl I swore on my life to protect.

And I intend to hold to that. It would be absurd to say this changes nothing. Idiotic even. Of course this changes things. This changes every single thing the two of us know and share, on a very fundamental level. But it doesn't change the way I'd lay my life down for her. It doesn't change that I'd kill for Bellamy, without blinking an eye.

I hold her tight. My hand drifts down the smooth expanse of her back. Touching her skin, getting to know her. It's as if I'm familiarizing my hands with her body. And I'm smiling. I'm genuinely smiling with happiness for the first time in a very, very long time.

I turn and kiss the top of her head. Bellamy smiles against my skin. She kisses my shoulder, right where she bit me. She looks up into my eyes. Hell does that feel good.

“Hi,” she whispers.

“You okay?” I growl gently.

“I’ve literally never been better,” she grins. But then she shifts and winces a little.

I frown. “I hurt you…”

She looks up at me quickly. “No, you didn’t.”

“Bellamy…”

“It’s a good sore,” she says softly. She grins. “A very, very good sore.”

“I never want to hurt—”

“You didn’t hurt me, Vincent,” she says. “You gave me everything I’ve wanted for a very—”

“Shh,” I shake my head. “Don’t tell me that.”

She giggles. “Fine. But you didn’t hurt me.” She leans up, and I lean down. My lips press to hers, and I kiss her deeply. She pulls back and snuggles against me.

“So, that was really fucking good.” I chuckle, and she looks up. “What, not going to admonish me for swearing?”

“I’ll give you a pass,” I grin.

She smirks at me smugly. “What, because I’m a woman now?”

I roll my eyes. Bellamy grins in that impish way that I know means trouble.

“You made a woman out of me, Vincent,” she says with a silly and dramatic sultry voice. “You popped my cherry.”

She's teasing me, and I know it. I groan. "You done yet?"

"You de-flowered me, Vincent," she says, again in that silly fake sultry voice. She giggles, and I groan.

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Very much, thank you." She kisses my chest and looks up.

"You showed me cardinal sin, Vincent."

I sigh. "So, not done."

"Not even close," she laughs. "How does it feel to have punched my v-card?"

"Jesus Christ," I chuckle.

"Stole my maidenhead."

I laugh deeply, smiling at her silliness. That is until she leans close to my ear.

"You fucked my little pussy with your big cock, Vincent."

After that, I'm hard again in about a nanosecond. And Bellamy can tell. She gasps and looks down at my cock lying thick against her thigh as she spoons against me.

"Shit," she says softly.

"You keep talking like a dirty girl..." I growl. I turn to her, looking at her fully. "And I might just have to treat you like a dirty girl."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" she whispers.

"Both," I growl.

Bellamy blushes.

"Tell me what you want," I groan.

“You.”

“Tell me,” I growl.

She trembles. She licks her lips tentatively. “I—I really liked your...” she blushes deeply. “Your mouth. Your tongue.”

I groan. I kiss her, and then I’m sliding down the bed, and down her body.

“Vincent,” she gasps.

I push her legs apart and slide between them. Her pussy is flushed pink and still slick from our love making. It’s puffy from my cock taking her. Time to kiss it all better.

I slide my tongue over her. She gasps, and I swipe my tongue up her lips, parting them. Bellamy moans. Her stomach tightens, and her hips raise.

“Oh my God.”

I push my tongue deeper, tasting the tangy sweetness of her. Jesus Christ I could live off the taste of her pussy. I groan and tongue her faster. I slurp at her clit, sucking the little button. Bellamy goes crazy and starts to moan loudly. She thrashes beneath me, but I pin her to the bed with my hands, and my tongue.

I draw the pleasure from her body as she moans and gasps for me. I bear down, adding pressure to her clit. I fuck her with my tongue and let my hungry growls rumble into her. She shakes and quivers. Her body writhes and twists. And soon enough, she cries out.

“Oh fuck! Vincent!”

She comes hard. Her little pussy floods my tongue with her cream, and I eagerly drink it down. Her hands grip my hair and pull me up. I oblige, sliding up her body. She pulls me closer and I kiss her. Bellamy whimpers,

kissing me back and licking the cum off of my lips.

“I want—” she blushes when she pulls away. “I want to do that to you.”

I groan. “Shit, Bellamy.”

“Let me,” she whispers. “And tell me... I... tell me what feels good?”

She rolls us over. She pushes me back into the sheets and slides down my body. I groan, watching her slide between my legs. Her lips kiss down my abs, following the trail of hair. Her small hand wraps around my thickness, and I hiss. She kisses slower. Her mouth hovers by the base of me.

“Bellamy,” I groan.

“You’re so big,” she murmurs. She gives me a stroke, and I gasp. She kisses the base with those soft lips, and I could die a happy man. She looks up, and her eyes hold mine. She sticks her tongue out and runs it up the length of me, never looking away from my eyes. Her lips slide over the crown, and she hums softly.

“Oh, holy shit!” I hiss.

She pulls away quickly. “Bad?”

“*Fuck no*,” I growl.

She giggles. “So, good?”

“Really, really fucking good,” I groan.

“Good.

She does it again, slipping her hot mouth over my cock head. She dances her tongue around the crown, and I’m putty for her. She doesn’t take me very deep. But she bobs her mouth over the head in this seductive way that has my eyes rolling back. My muscles clenching.

She strokes my cock up and down with both hands, tonguing the tip. She moans when she tastes a spurt of precum, and pulls away with a gasp.

“Did you...”

I grin. “Not yet. That comes out first.”

She looks at me and leans forward. Her tongue sticks out and laps at the drop.

“Jesus,” I hiss.

“Yummy,” she whispers. She slips her mouth over me, bobbing her lips up and down. My hand moves on its own accord, and I grip her hair in a fist. She moans louder.

“Show me” she murmurs around my dick.

I resist the urge to plunge my cock into her mouth. I have no interest in the world in forcing her or hurting her. But I guide her. I gently bob her up and down, showing her. She moans, sucking eagerly. My balls tighten.

“Bellamy,” I groan.

She moans and slides her mouth from me. “Are you going to come?”

“Yes,” I hiss.

“Do it in my mouth.”

Christ. That alone literally almost pushes me over the edge.

“Bellamy...”

“Come in my mouth, Vincent.”

She slips her mouth over my cock again. Instantly, I lose control. My balls spasm, and the cum spurts from my head. It spills hot over her tongue, and she gasps in surprise. But she moans and holds it in. I keep coming, lost in

the pleasure and filling her mouth. When my cock stops throbbing, Bellamy looks at me and swallows, my cock still in her mouth. She pulls away, giggling and wiping a drop from her lips.

“Holy... fuck...” I manage to choke out.

She blushes. “Okay?”

“Fucking amazing,” I growl.

“You don’t have to sugar coat it. Give me the honest feedback.”

I stare at her. “Bellamy, I can barely talk.”

“Is that a good thing?”

I laugh and pull her up. “Come here,” I chuckle. “Yeah, that’s a very, very good thing,” I groan.

She blushes as I lean in to kiss her. “Wait, I’ll go brush my—”

“Come here.”

I pull her down and kiss her, deeply and hard. I don’t stop, either. I keep kissing her, just holding her against me.

“What else can we do,” she hums softly.

I grin. “What else do you want to do?”

“Everything,” she blurts. Her eyes are hungry, and she wets her lips with her tongue. She leans close and kisses my ear. “I want everything with you, Vincent.”

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1 year ago:

“I CAN’T BELIEVE you actually came out!”

I shrug. “What, I like parties.”

Celeste rolls her eyes. “Sure. And I like knockoff clothing brands.” I laugh, and my roommate pulls my arm. “Come on,” she grins, pulling me into the mansion. I guess the appropriate name is chateau. It belongs to this rich guy Celeste knows named Etienne. I’m not clear on what he does. But his parents have money.

That’s really the only kind of person Celeste hangs out with. Our school is all girls. But once we turn eighteen, we’re allowed to sign out of the campus on weekends as long as we’re back before curfew. Correction: were allowed to check out of campus if we’re not the daughter of a mafia boss attending under a fake name. But what my dad doesn’t know won’t hurt him. And there’s no Vincent around to tell me I can’t have fun.

I’m not sure why I agreed. But it’s got a lot to do with being newly eighteen, and with wanting to explore more. Celeste pulls me through the opulent house full of fancy people. Some are a lot older than us, especially guys.

Some look like that's exactly why they're here, which is a little creepy.

"This is Etienne," Celeste says causally. A handsome guy in his twenties turns to smile at her.

"Ça va?" He winks. He leans close and kisses her. Then he just keeps kissing her. I blush and look away until I hear Celeste laugh.

"Melissa gets shy about PDA"

"PDA?" Etienne questions.

"Public display of affection."

He laughs and turns to me. "I see. Well, Melissa," he says. "What about private ones?"

I blush harder. Etienne glances at Celeste and arches a brow. She does the same to him.

"Her?" My roommate smirks at her friend. Wait, what? Etienne shrugs.

"If you want, baby."

Celeste turns to me with a curious look. It's like she's appraising me. "Noooo," she finally says with a laugh. "No, I don't think she could do that."

I frown. "Sorry, do what?"

"Threesome," she says causally. "You and me with Etienne."

My jaw smacks the floor. "Excuse me?!" I gasp.

She laughs. "See? Exactly what I mean?"

Etienne laughs too. I feel like I'm being made fun of for reasons I don't quite get.

“Maybe I should go,” I mumble.

“No, no stay!” Etienne smiles. “I have someone you should meet.” He turns and pulls on a man’s arm. Another good-looking guy around his age turns.

“Claude, this is Melissa.”

He smiles. “Ca va, Melissa?”

“Ça va bien, et toi?”

He grins. “American?”

“Yes.”

“She’s shy,” Celeste giggles.

“I don’t like crowds either,” Claude says. I notice Celeste and Etienne leaving me alone with him. “Maybe we could go somewhere quieter?”

Red flags go up in my head. “Oh, no thank you,” I say quickly.

He smiles curiously. “You’re a virgin.”

“Excuse me?”

“It’s okay if you are.”

I stammer. “I— I’m going to go.”

“Sometimes it’s easier if you just let it go, you know.”

I stare at him. Who the hell even talks like this?

“You’re waiting for Mr. Perfect, Melissa. But Mr. Perfect doesn’t exist. Maybe take Mr. right here, right now,” he grins. “I promise, I can make you come so good.”

I blanch again. “Yeah, I have to go.” I turn, and I walk away. I keep walking until I’m outside. I march over to the car Celeste and I came in and knock on the window. The driver quickly flicks his cigarette away.

“Oui?”

“L’Etoile, s’il vous plaît,” I say quickly.

He frowns. “You want to go back to school already?”

“Yes.”

“We just got—”

“Please.”

He shrugs and starts the car. “Okay.”

Claude is wrong. I don’t need or want Mr. “right here and right now.” Because Mr. Perfect does exist. He’s just eleven years older, on the other side of the ocean from me, and living his own life. And he’s completely oblivious to the way I feel.

Present:

I WAKE UP ALONE. The bed is empty, surrounding me in white sheets. For a moment, I feel sad that he’s not here with me. But I hear the sounds of something downstairs, and I smile. I don’t have to worry. I know I never have to worry about Vincent not being around, or here for me. He always has been, even when he wasn’t right there with me.

I shift in the bed and groan. Shit, I’m sore. Really sore. I was sore after the first time. But then there were three more times before we finally collapsed

into sleep. But I love the feeling. I love the reminder of him.

I pull back the sheets and look down. There are bruises on my hips and my thighs. Bruises that look like finger marks. But I just smile. I like that I'm marked by him; like tattooed reminders of something I'll never forget.

I slide from the bed. In the bathroom, I hold my own gaze for a long time in the mirror. I like what I see. I don't look different. It's not like yesterday I looked like a virgin and today I don't. But I sure feel different. And I like it a lot.

I take a quick shower and brush my teeth. I realize I'm pawing through clothes I haven't worn in years. It's like I'm trying to find the right outfit for a date. I stop and roll my eye at myself. It's just Vincent.

Well, it's not "just" Vincent. But it's Vincent. It's the man who's known me forever. I end up putting on whatever and going downstairs.

I can smell something delicious from the kitchen, and my stomach groans. Is that French toast? I freaking love French toast. And I love that he knows that about me. I walk in smiling, but the kitchen is empty. I frown. But then I look over to the patio off the kitchen. He's outside, on the phone.

I pour some coffee and sip it. I watch him, gesturing angrily. Not having his body near me feels weird after last night. I walk over and crack the door open a little. I'm not trying to eavesdrop, just reach out to touch and let him know I'm up. But the angry tone of his voice stops me.

"No! No, goddamnit, listen to me!"

I roll my eyes. It sounds like work stuff. It actually sounds like someone else in the organization, maybe someone under him, screwed up bad. Vincent's back is to me, and I don't think he hears me step out. I take a sip of coffee and walk towards him, just to touch him.

“Fuck you, Kelly,” he snarls.

I frown and pause.

“That is none of your fucking business! You know what? *Fine.*”

I stop cold. He’s not chewing out an underling. This is a woman. And this sounds incredibly personal.

“YEAH, you’re goddamn right. There’s someone else.”

MY HEART TWISTS. My mouth shuts as tightly as I’m gripping the coffee cup. Because it’s clear Vincent’s talking to a girl he knows. And it sounds like it’s a girl he knows “like that.” But he’s telling her off and saying there’s something else. That does make me smile.

“What?!” Vincent seethes. “No! Jesus Christ. No. Her? I used to be her bodyguard, Kelly! She’s nineteen for Christ’s sake!”

I freeze. The smile vanishes.

“Call me what you want, that is not it. And I don’t know how you could think that I’d ever touch her... *no.*”

I want to cry. My heart feels like it’s being torn apart inside.

“No, fuck off and stop fucking calling me, Kelly. I’m serious. This has nothing to do with you.”

He angrily punches the end call button and turns. Immediately, I can see he knows I’ve heard it all.

“Bellamy...” he growls.

“Gee,” I hiss. “How could it *possibly* be me?! How could you *ever* touch me?! Huh, Vincent?!”

His jaw grinds. “Bellamy, listen to me.”

“No, please. I don’t want you to be disgusted by me,” I snap.

“You know that’s not—”

“I don’t know anything, Vincent!” I scream. I turn and run back inside. He follows me into the kitchen. So I whirl on him furiously. “Stop it! Don’t you dare follow me—”

“I will *always* follow you!” he booms, startling me. His hand grabs my wrist, yanking me around. I fight him, kicking and pushing before he pulls me close.

“Get off of me!”

“Listen to me!”

“I don’t have to listen to shit!” I scream.

“Yeah, you do.”

I glare up at him. “Who’s Kelly, Vincent?”

He grits his teeth. “A woman.”

“Oh really, captain obvious?”

“I’m thirty years old, Bellamy,” he growls

“And?!”

“And I’ve...” he frowns. “Nothing.”

“No, what?” I snap.

“I’m thirty!” he hisses again.

“Just say it, Vincent!”

“Fine! I’ve dated women, Bellamy! I’m a picky guy, but I haven’t lived in a monastery my whole life!”

I look away. My eyes brim with tears. But I know he’s right. The age between us is huge. And with the age comes life experiences. I don’t like it, and in fact I hate it. But I have to acknowledge that at some point in his adult life, Vincent knew other women. It is what it is, even if it makes my blood boil.

Last night was my first time. It obviously wasn’t his. It’s a hard truth I’ve been trying not to dwell on. But it’s there, like a little match end burning the tip of my finger.

“Look at me, Bellamy,” Vincent says softly. I shake my head. “Please.”

I frown and finally turn back to him. “Who’s Kelly?”

“We dated.”

I wrinkle my nose and scowl.

“A while ago,” he says quietly. “Not for a long time, and it was very off and on. And it was over a year ago.” He sighs. “Kelly’s been having trouble letting it go, though. “

“She knows about me?” I whisper, aghast.

He hesitates.

“Vincent?”

“Not this,” he growls. A small smile curls his lips when he says “this” and wags a finger between us. “But she knows about you as my charge. From

before. We saw each other a bit when..."

"When I was still living here, and you were my bodyguard."

He nods. "She was always a little jealous of the time I spent with you, I think."

I frown. "Eww?"

He chuckles. "Yeah, well, she's insane." He sighs and gives me a hard, curious look. "You need to understand, Bellamy. Before, I mean, when I was your bodyguard, I never..." He frowns, looking for the words. But I understand what he's trying to say.

"I know," I whisper.

"I'm not..." he frowns again. "I wasn't ever hiding feelings or anything like that. You were like my kid sister. Like a niece."

"I know, Vincent," I smile softly.

"It's important to me that you know that. That I wasn't a predator or secretly creeping on you."

I giggle. "I know that."

He smiles. "This just feels..."

"Strange?" I whisper.

He shakes his head. "No. I was going to say perfect, actually."

My heart swells, and my smile grows.

"But you can't not think of the optics. Who we were, our ages... all of that."

I nod. "How come Kelly... she asked about me? I mean just now when you said there was someone else?"

He nods. “Yes.”

“You denied it.”

“I know,” he growls.

“Vehemently.” My lips purse. Vincent looks into my eyes.

“Listen to me, Bellamy...”

“That sucked to hear,” I mutter.

He growls. “I know, baby. And I’m sorry. Bellamy, if it were up to me, I’d shout about you on national televisions. I’d write about you in the fucking sky.”

“Except to Kelly,” I say bitterly. I know the logic in what he’s saying. I’m just being petty and difficult.

“Kelly is a manipulative, mean, vindictive bitch,” he snarls. He pulls close to me and grins. “I’m not ashamed of you, Bellamy. Not in the fucking slightest.”

“But?”

He smiles. “But I’m eleven years older than you.

I shrug.

“I used to watch you when you were younger. I work for you father, for fuck’s sake.”

“Who’s a mob boss.”

He chuckles. “There’s that too.”

We look at each other intensely. And then, I know I can’t hold onto the negativity. My muscles loosen, and I slink into him. His arms wrap around

me tight. Instantly, I feel like I'm a part of him again.

"What are we?" I whisper

"We're..."

"Just be honest with me, please." I look up into his eyes. Worry fills mine.

"Was last night just for fun? Am I going to be a big secret?"

Vincent's face grows dark. "No," he growls gently "Christ no, Bellamy. You're not a secret."

"Are you ashamed of—"

"No," he snarls intensely. He looks deep into my eyes. "Bellamy, I love—"

I hear a popping sound, and breaking glass. My eyes dart to the patio doors. One of the panes is broken and on the tile floor.

"What the hell?" I frown. "Vincent what—" I turn and gasp loudly in horror. Blood trickles from his arm.

"Vincent!!" I scream.

His eyes dart around wildly. He clutches his bleeding arm and red shirt sleeve. "Bellamy..." he groans. His knees give out, and he slips to the ground in front of me.

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Nine months ago:

“JESUS CHRIST, you’re like a bad penny, aren’t you?”

“Fuck you, Vincent!”

I hate this game. I hate it. Kelly calls, and I entertain listening to her because she’s upset with her life. She takes it as something more than just not hanging up on her. Then she whines about getting back together, even though it’s been so long. Even though I’ve made it perfectly clear I want nothing to do with her.

We dated years ago, and it was okay. Not awful, but barely good. Then she cheated on me with pretty much any dude with a dick, so I ended it. Since then, she’s done everything from breaking into my apartment to showing up on first dates and threatening the girl.

She’s insane, and an enormous pain in my ass. Tonight, she was waiting on my front steps when I get home from a job.

“Go away, Kelly. I’m not in the fucking mood tonight,” I growl.

“To talk?”

“To do anything. Leave.”

“So what if we don’t talk and…” she winks. “You know.”

“I do know, which is why I’m saying no as clear as I can,” I snarl.

She glares at me. “I don’t get it, Vince.”

I sigh. My temper and stress rise. “Get what?” I snap.

“What your bone to pick with me is.”

I stare at her. “Kelly you slept with like ten dudes while we were together.”

“We had an open relationship!”

I laugh, loudly.

“Is that funny?”

“Sure,” I shrug. “I don’t care.”

“You’re still mad at me, Vincent?”

I breathe and let my mind cool. “No,” I answer flatly. “Honestly I’m not. I just don’t give a shit. And I have zero shits to give to include you in my life. So I don’t know why it is you keep showing up here.”

She ponders that for a second and then smiles. “Well, what can I say. Good dick is hard to find.”

“You’d know.”

She glares at me. “Oh, why not!? It’s just some fun, Vincent.”

“Because I said no, that’s why,” I grunt.

“There another girl?”

“No,” I answer honestly. My phone chimes.

Kelly sneers at me. “Is that her? Is that your whore?”

I roll my eyes and look at the text I’ve just received. I grin; it’s from Bellamy. “Hey!” It says. I open it, and a big gif pops up of Dwight from The Office TV show. He’s looking bland next to a plain sign that says, “it is your birthday.” It’s one of Bellamy’s favorite shows, and I do remember this episode. I chuckle. But then it hits me.

Motherfucker. Did I forget my birthday again?

“Is that *her*?!” Kelly shrieks.

“Kelly...”

Bellamy sends another text that just says, “Happy birthday!” with a cute heart emoji. Kelly rips the phone from my hands.

“What the fuck, Kelly?!”

She stares at the phone. “*Her*?!” she hisses.

“What?”

“Her?!” She shrieks. “Are you fucking serious, Vincent?!”

I frown until I get what she means. I start to laugh.

“How is that funny?!”

“Because you’re absurd. Kelly, it’s Bellamy.”

“How *old* is she, Vince?!”

My face hardens. My eyes narrow at her. “Eighteen, but you’re reading this way wrong, Kelly.”

“You fucking pig.”

I roll my eyes. My “nice” tank is all tapped dry when it comes to Kelly. “Get the fuck off my stairs, Kelly.”

“Vince, I came here to—”

“It’s my birthday. Did you know that?”

She blinks. Then she frowns. “Yes.”

I laugh at how bad a liar she is. “Stay out of my life, Kelly.”

“So you can fuck your eighteen year old slut?”

I snarl and whirl on her savagely. Kelly gasps and backs away.

“Do not speak about her like that, you fucking cunt,” I hiss. “Not ever. And don’t you ever come back here.”

Present:

I GRAB Bellamy and yank her to the ground. I’m wincing in pain, and blood flows down my arm. But I know it’s not a bad hit.

Bellamy screams when bullets pepper the fridge above us. I glance around the kitchen counter island and narrow my eyes. The man with the rifle is crouched by the hedges near the pool. Behind him, four more men start to slink towards the house with guns. Shit.

“We need to move!” I hiss. I drag her after me through the kitchen. I shove her into the living just as more bullets smash through the windows. I snarl and kick open the door to the office, with windows facing another direction. I

shove her inside.

“Stay there!”

I slam the door and reach for my gun. The kitchen door slams in, and two of the men come running into the living room. They get capped instantly, dropping face down on the hardwood. A third catches me almost by surprise. But his shot is wild, and mine isn't.

The fourth gets a few squeezed off into the wall right next to me. But I drop his knees, and then put two in his head. I grunt when the hit comes from behind. I whirl, and I recognize the sniper who was crouched by the pool.

I frown. I also recognize him from life, too. But I don't have time to think. He lunges, and I fall back. He tackles me into the kitchen, and I roll us over. The motherfucker punches me in the arm I just got shot in. I hiss in pain, and my hands go for his neck.

“Fucker!”

Another guy gets me from behind. His arm wraps around *my* neck, and I know my time is running out. I have to even the odds. I slam the guy under me into the tile floor, dazing him. Then I reach back and grab the guy behind me. I smash him across the counter into the range stove. He tries to get up, but I slam his face into the metal and then grab a kitchen knife. He gets up and reaches for a gun. But I sink the blade into his neck before he can.

I whirl. The man I dazed is reaching for his gun. I reach back and grab the one from the guy I just stabbed. I raise it and empty the clip into the asshole in front of me. My pulse is racing, but I'm calm. This is what I do.

But then Bellamy screams from the office. My heart freezes. I lurch to my feet. I run through the living room and smash in the door to the office. There's a man on top of her, his hands around her neck. He's growling, and

she's choking as she tries to scream.

I grab him up savagely. I realize his hands are on her damn locket, not her neck. But he drops it when I shove him away. He whirls, and I blink in shock.

"Nico?!" I hiss.

Micheal's top guy slides a knife from his belt. He glares at me warily. "Nothing personal, Vincent," he spits.

He charges me, but I'm faster. My senses are better tuned. My reflexes are sharper. I was always faster than him. I dodge, grab his wrist, and twist. The knife flips, and he loses his grip. I twist it and push hard. Nico gasps as the blade sinks into his stomach.

"Nothing personal," I growl. He groans and drops to his knees. Then he drops face down.

I whirl and rush to Bellamy. She's shaking and gasping when I wrap her in my arms.

"That's... that's Nico!" she chokes.

"I know, baby," I say softly. I hold her tight, stroking her hair.

"That's Nico!"

She's in shock.

"Are you hurt?"

"Vincent, that's Nico!"

"Bellamy, listen to me..."

"I've known him since I was five!"

“Bellamy!” I roar. My loud voice breaks her out of the trance. She turns to look at me.

“Are you hurt?”

“No,” she whimpers.

“We need to go, now.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere,” I mutter. I glance at the locket her dad gave her on the ground and pick it up. I frown and look at it more closely. I heft it in my hand. It’s heavier and bulkier than it should be. I groan suddenly.

Oh fuck. I don’t want to believe it. But I hate that I’m possibly right.

“Vincent?”

“We’re getting away from here,” I growl. I help her up. She stumbles, and I scoop her into my arms. I pull her face into my chest, covering her eyes. She doesn’t need to see the bodies I’m stepping over when we leave.

I carry her through the house. I grab two dish towels from the kitchen then carry her outside, and to the car. I buckle her up, get behind the wheel. I tie the towels around my arm to slow the bleeding. Then I turn on the engine, and we roar away.

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I'M numb as we drive. The day passes away into afternoon, but I lose track. At some point we pull off the highway to stop at a truck stop. But I'm still numb. I watch Vincent walk over to an old model pickup truck with a logo for a farm on the side. He's braces his elbow, as if to break the window. Then he frowns and reach for his wallet instead.

He walks back to the car. "Wait here," he growls.

He goes into diner. I watch him glance around then walk towards an old man sitting alone. The man is wearing overalls and a hat with the same logo as the truck. Vincent says something and slaps money on the guy's table. The man jumps up, but Vincent just crosses his arms. He says one more word, sternly. The man looks at the money and nods. He sits, and hands Vincent some keys.

Vincent comes back and opens passenger side door. "This way," he says gently. He helps me out. He takes my phone and his and puts them in the trunk of the Bugatti.

I frown. "What are you doing?"

Vincent ushers me to the pickup and helps me in. "Buckle up," he grunts.

"What was all that?"

“A car sale.” He gets behind the wheel and starts the truck up.

“Vincent, what are we doing?”

“The Bugatti is more than a little conspicuous. And probably tracked.”

I tremble. “Tracked? By who?”

“So I bought that man’s truck and paid him more to drive the Bugatti as far down the highway as he can before he runs out of gas. Or before someone asked him about it.”

“Vincent, who would be tracking the—”

“They might take it back, but he’ll have a fun ride. And I’ve paid him a small fortune.”

“Vincent!!” I yell.

He turns to me with a cold look.

“Who would track the car?” I whisper.

He grinds his jaw and takes a breath. “Your father, Bellamy,” he says thickly. “Your father would.”

I DON’T ASK because I don’t want to know what that means. So we drive in more silence. The day fades away, and it grows darker. Finally, we pull over to a motel as the sun is setting. The place looks dingy, but not sketchy.

“I’ll be right back,” he says quietly. Vincent goes inside and puts cash down on the counter. The front desk guy gives him a key and he steps back out. “This way.”

We walk down to a door and step into the room. Vincent locks the door and closes the blinds.

“I—I’m going to shower...” I mumble.

He nods. Then he frowns in concern. “Bellamy, are you—”

“I just need to shower.”

There’s blood on me. I’ve never had this much blood on me. It’s Nico’s I think. And Vincent’s too. I step into the bathroom and shut the door. The water runs hot, and I step under the spray. It doesn’t hit me until after that I’m still wearing clothes. Even then, I don’t step back out.

I sink to the floor, and I start to cry. The door opens, and Vincent steps in.

“Baby,” he says softly. I start to cry harder. “Come here, baby,” he says gently. He lifts me out and strips me. It’s not a sexy strip, it’s like he’s taking care of me. He wraps me in a big towel and carries me out of the bathroom and onto the bed. He cradles me in his arms as I sob.

“Did my dad...” I frown. “Did he send Nico and those guys?”

Vincent is silent.

“Vincent?”

“I don’t know,” he growls.

“Yes, you do.” He looks at me. “Please, Vincent.”

He nods. “I think so.”

“He... he was trying to kill me?”

Vincent hugs me tight. “He was also trying to take this.” He reaches for my neck and lifts the locket.

“Why?”

Vincent looks at it. Then he thumbs it. He pushes on the back, and a piece of it slides away. I gasp.

“You broke it!”

“No, I didn’t.”

He turns it and shows me the little opening. I stare at it. “Is that a... what is that?”

“A thumb drive. A disguised one.” He sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose. “Your dad is fond of hidden ones that contain important stuff.”

I curl up and hug him tightly. Vincent winces, and I gasp.

“Oh God, Vincent!” I gasp. “Shit, your arm!”

“It’s fine,” he grunts.

“No, it’s not. You’re bleeding!” I lift his arm gently and look at the blood through the soaked towels. I pull them back and wince. “Vincent, you need a doctor.”

He smirks. “Well that’s not happening right now. I could sew it myself. I’ve done it before.

“You’d need both hands.”

He frowns.

“I can do it.”

Vincent’s eyes snap to mine. “No, Bellamy.”

“I can do this,” I say softly. “Did the front desk sell toiletries and stuff?”

He frowns. “Maybe?”

“Stay here.”

“No,” he grunts. “No damn way.”

“You’re bleeding all over the place. Stay here.”

He frowns, but he knows I’m right. Eventually, he nods tightly. The front desk does have toiletries, including a sewing kit and a small first aid kit. The clerk looks perplexed by, but is silent about my wet clothes from the shower. I end up also buying an overpriced and oversized t-shirt and plaid pajama pants that say “Motor Lodge” on them. I thank the man and go back to the room. Vincent smiles when I step in. I smile back and realize it’s the first time I’ve done it all day.

“Check the mini fridge for alcohol. We need to—”

“Sterilize.” I smirk at him. “I’m not an idiot.”

He grins. “I know damn well you aren’t.”

I open the little fridge and look in. “Pick your poison. Vodka or whiskey?”

“Both.”

I nod and go over to the bed. I pour the vodka in one of the motel cups. I dip the needle and thread from the sewing kit into it.

“Rub some on your hands too. The rest you can pour over the wound” he grunts. “It’s a graze wound. So no bullet to fish out or anything like that.”

I nod. I try and prepare myself for what I’m about to do. “And the whiskey?”

Vincent grins. “That’s for me.”

I smile and twist off the cap. He swallows it back and hisses. “Okay,” he nods. “Let’s do this.”

I nod and lean in to start. I push the needle through and glance up at his face. But Vincent doesn’t even budge. He doesn’t flinch once the whole time. I sew up the wound one stitch at a time, until it’s tight and closed. I glance at my handiwork when I’m done.

“Not bad,” he grins.

“I think you’re going to have a weird looking scar.”

“Yeah, but from you,” he grins. “I like that.”

I take some bandages out of the first aid kit. I gently cover the stitching and tape it tight. When I’m done, Vincent pulls me into his arms. My heart soars when he does.

“What now?”

He frowns. “We stay here. Tomorrow, we’ll need to figure it out though. They might have gotten to the Bugatti by now. “

They. I remind myself that we’re talking about my own father. The thought makes me cold.

“But even if they did, the farmer doesn’t know where we went with his truck. We bought ourselves some time,” Vincent says.

“How long?”

“We’ll keep moving.”

I nod. I frown and reach for the locket again. “What’s on this?”

Vincent shakes his head. “No idea. But...”

“But he wants it bad enough to send people to kill for it.”

Vincent scowls.

“Even if that means me,” I say quietly.

“Bellamy...”

“It’s fine,” I say quickly. It’s not, obviously. But I can’t think about it right now. I think Vincent understands that. He doesn’t push the issue.

“Vincent?” I say softly.

“Yeah?”

“Before, with your phone call...”

He growls. “Fuck, I’m sorry, baby.”

I shake my head. “No, that wasn’t any of my business.”

He stares at me. “Of course it was.”

“No, that was your private life. And before...”

“You?”

I blush. “Yeah. If it was reversed, I know you’d have—”

He laughs. “Bellamy, if it was reversed, I’d be just as pissed as you.”

I grin. “Well, so there.” He chuckles and pulls me closer. “So I guess that means you like me.”

“No,” he shakes his head.

I start to look away, but he stops me. He touches my chin and gently turns me back.

“I think it might mean I love you, actually.”

My heart swells so big, I feel like it might explode. I sink against his chest. His arms circle me, and I moan. Our lips press together, and I gasp into his kiss.

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OUR CLOTHES SHED QUICKLY. But after that, I take my time.

I slip her panties down her legs and spread them wide. I move between them for my new favorite thing in the world: making her come on my tongue. I tease her slowly. I make her gasp and beg for more. Bellamy's sweet, pretty pussy is like candy on my tongue. And I'll never have my fill of it.

I suck her clit gently and tease it with my tongue. I spread her lips and dance my fingers over her slit. I grip her thighs tight and devour her hot little cunt until she's waking the neighbors. I slide up her body, already rock-hard and ready. I raise her legs and drape her ankles over my shoulders. I turn to kiss one calf. I press my hard cock against her wet slit, and Bellamy moans.

"Yes," she hisses. "Fuck, Vincent, please."

But I love teasing her. I drag my head up and down her lips. I push it over her clit, back and forth. I nibble the backs of her knees while she squirms and begs. But finally, I give in. I break, and I sink my fat dick into her pussy.

Bellamy gasps in pleasure. She pulls her legs back to her chest, letting me go deeper. I grind against her and slide out. Then I drive back in, burying my dick in her sticky wet warmth. I lean down and kiss her while I slowly fuck her. Her moans fill my mouth and surround me.

“You feel so freaking good,” she whimpers. Her eyes roll back. Her mouth falls open. I push into her, and I suddenly grab her and roll. She gasps, but then finds herself on top of me. My cock is still buried in her cunt, and she moans. She squeezes me tightly. Our eyes hold each other’s, and our fingers entwine.

Slowly, Bellamy starts to ride me. She raises her tight little ass up and then sinks back down. She takes all of me, with every single thrust. My balls ache for release. My hands move to grab her tight. I lean up to thrust into her harder, and deeper. She clings to me, and she moans when I suck a nipple into my lips.

Bellamy’s fingers slide into my hair. She grips me tightly and rides me hard. Her body clenches tight, and she gasps. “Vincent! Oh God, Vincent!”

I’m right behind her, though. She spasms and starts to come on me. I groan and slide my tongue around her nipple. My fingers dig into her skin. My balls twitch, and I groan and follow her into orgasm. My hot cum pours into her, spilling deep in her pussy. She clings to me, clenching and unclenching around my cock like a velvet vice. She sinks into my lap. Our mouths come together, and I get lost in her lips.

Then, we hear cars screeching to a stop outside the room. I freeze, and so does she. Multiple car doors open and shut. It’s muffled, like someone’s being purposely quiet. But it’s not silent. Men’s gruff, hushed voices follow.

I’ve lived through a whole lot of shit listening to my instincts. And this screams at me.

“We gotta move!” I hiss. She gasps, and we both jump from the bed. I grab my gun and our clothes and usher her into the bathroom. We both dress quickly and wordlessly. I check my gun and then open the bathroom window. There’s a bar across it, but I grunt and rip it free.

“This door!” A voice suddenly yells from right outside the room.

“Go!” I hiss to Bellamy. “Now!” I lift her and help her squeeze through the small window. I lift myself up and manage to squeeze out too. Just as I do, I hear our motel door crash in, and men yelling.

I grab Bellamy’s hand and pull her through the shadows. We duck down and run around the side of the building. We get into the truck, and I open the glove box.

“Bingo,” I growl. I grab the hunting knife and look at her. “Wait right here.” I run off through the shadows. I duck low and start stabbing tires of the black cars parked outside our motel room. Then I run back and start the engine. Men come running out of the room, but we drive away quickly. The tires squeal as we skid out of the parking lot, and race down the road.

My heart is racing. I’m terrified that all of this is breaking her. I worry that this ordeal is going to break the gorgeous, strong, vivacious girl I love. But when I turn to her, she looks back. She doesn’t look scared; she’s grinning and looks excited. Her hand snakes across the big truck seat to entwine with my fingers.

“You okay?”

“Holy shit, that was crazy!” She grins wildly.

I chuckle. It might be adrenaline. But she’s not freaking out or losing it. She’s so damn strong, even with how delicate and vulnerable she is. I love that about her.

“Now where?”

I hate staying it, but it’s the truth. “Now,” I turn to her. “I think we need to think about leaving.”

“Leaving?”

“The country.”

She blinks in shock. “Really?”

I nod. But she still doesn’t break down. She doesn’t lose it.

“Okay,” she says simply. “Then let’s leave.”

“We’ll head to my place. I’ve got a passport and I can get you one within a day.”

She stares at me while I drive. “Seriously?”

“Don’t ask.”

She grins. “So we’re on the lamb?”

“You and me? Seems like we might be.”

“How exiting!” She giggles. “Where are we going?”

“Anywhere,” I whisper. I pull her across the big bench seat in the pickup. I slide my arm around her. I grin when she leans her head on my shoulder, and we drive into the night.

“Anywhere, Bellamy. Anywhere with you is home.”

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BACK IN THE CITY, we pull up a block from Vincent's apartment.

"I think you should—"

"I'm coming with you."

He grins at me and squeezes my hand. I lean in and kiss him, slowly. I cup his jaw, and my pulse surges. I pull away, and we just stare at each other for a long minute.

"Fuck," he grins.

"Weird?"

"Not in the slightest," he groans. He pulls me back, and I feel like I'm floating when we kiss again. I felt it earlier too, in bed with him. But it's the same thing now: it's like this is all new and all old hat, all at the same time.

"I think you should stay here, though."

I frown. "Nope. We're in this together."

"I'm not going to get anywhere arguing with you, am I?"

I giggle. "Guess you know me too well."

Vincent smiles. “Fine, but I want you to have this.” He reaches under the seat and pulls out a second gun—a small snub-nosed thing. I stare at it. “I’ve never fired one before.”

“Good,” he says quietly. “But here’s your crash course. Point this end at the bad guys. Hold it tight. Pull the trigger.”

I swallow, and he looks into my eyes. “I just want you to have something to protect yourself with. Just in case.”

“I do,” I mumble. “I have you.”

He grins and hugs me close. But I feel him push the gun into the waist of my shorts.

“C’mon.”

We walk to his building holding hands. We take the elevator to the third and top floor. He unlocks the door to his place, and we step into the dark. I grin and pull him close.

“I’ve always wanted to come here, you know?”

“Oh really,” he chuckles. “Now why is that?”

“Because I had dreams about coming here with you.”

He growls. “Bad girl...”

“Yes, bad girl, Bellamy.”

I scream. Vincent snarls and hits the lights as we whirl.

“*Nico!?*” He hisses.

Nico looks awful. He’s bleeding from the stomach, and he’s got one hand holding soaked bandage to it. The other holds a gun aimed at us. His eyes are

darting everywhere. His skin is sallow and grey.

“Tut tut,” he growls. “Couldn’t keep your hands off the boss’s girl, could you, Vincent.” He coughs into the back of his gun hand. It comes away red and wet. “I always thought it was fucked up, you playing nanny like that.”

Vincent slowly moves in front of me, shielding me with his body. “You really want to play games, Nico? You’ll be dead in twenty minutes by the look of it.”

“I’m fine,” Nico rasps.

Vincent smiles darkly. “Stomach wounds hurt, don’t they?”

“Fuck you. Always the fucking favorite,” Nico hisses. “Always the little lapdog doing tricks for Micheal.” He nods at Vincent’s hip. “Lose the gun, fuck face.”

Vincent pauses. But then he pulls the gun out and tosses it onto the sofa. “Let’s get to the point,” he snarls. He reaches behind to me and takes my hand tightly. “What do you want, Nico?”

“I’m amazed it took you this long, Vincent.” Nico grins at me. “If it was me babysitting that ass, sweetheart, I’d have had you on my cock years ago—”

Vincent snarls and moves towards Nico. But my father’s right-hand man sneers and raises his gun. “I’m going to enjoy killing you, you little fuck,” Nico spits. “Then,” he smiles at me again. “Then it’s your turn.”

The door suddenly slams open behind us. Vincent and I both whirl, and I gasp.

“*Dad?!*” I choke. My face pales. The same dad who just sent men to kill us. The same dad who’s second in command had his hands around my neck.

My father snarls lividly. He barges into the room and glares at Vincent. He raises a hand holding a gun. “That’s it!” he roars. “No more fucking games!” He cocks the gun, and I scream. I don’t think, because I don’t have to. I throw myself in front of Vincent, shielding him from my dad.

“No!” I scream. “No, dad! No!! Don’t you dare—”

“Move, Bellamy!!” he roars.

“Dad!”

“Move!”

Vincent suddenly roars and grabs me. He shoves me behind him and glares at my father. “You want her?!” he snarls. “Then you better come through me.”

My dad stares at him in confusion. “What the... What the fuck are you doing!?”

“Goddamnit, Micheal,” Vincent hisses. “You’ve been like a father to me. But I swear to God...”

“*Vincent!*” My father roars. “Get the *fuck* out of the way!”

“You’re not going to hurt—”

“I’m trying to shoot *him*, you stupid asshole!!”

I blink in shock. Wait, what? But then I hear the cock of a gun behind us.

“Too bad, sweetheart,” Nico rasps. “You and me could have had a good time.”

I turn. Nico is aiming a gun right at me, dead center. He smiles an evil smile. “This is me taking everything, Micheal,” he growls.

A gunshot echoes through the apartment. I scream and clutch my stomach. But then I realize there's no blood, and no pain. I look up just as Nico drops his gun and collapses to the floor. I turn, and I realize Vincent is holding the gun he'd tucked into my shorts.

"Rest in Hell, you son of a bitch," my dad spits.

I turn to look at him, and Vincent steps in front of me again. He reaches back to take my hand, and he levels the gun at my father.

"Vincent—"

"Drop the gun. I'm counting to three, Micheal," he growls. "Out of respect for you. But after three, you'd better have a fantastic reason why I shouldn't kill you here and now."

My dad frowns. He glances past Vincent at me and smiles curiously. His gaze drops to the way I'm holding Vincent's hand, and he arches his brows. "Huh," he grunts.

"One," Vincent growls. "*Drop the gun.*"

My dad starts to laugh. Then he starts to laugh even harder. He puts the safety on his gun and tosses it on the sofa.

"Two."

"Put the gun down, Vincent," my dad chuckles deeply. "Let's talk, because you've got this whole thing backwards."

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“I KNOW ABOUT THE LOCKET,” I growl at him. I haven’t dropped the gun, but it’s not aimed at his damn head anymore. I’m split. On the one hand, this man has been like a second father to me. I owe everything I have to him.

But on the other hand, there’s Bellamy. This man might have given me everything. But he sought to harm the girl I love. The very idea of it has me snarling in rage.

“The locket?” Micheal frowns.

“I know how you operate,” I hiss. “You knew the Feds were coming, and you knew I’d take her someplace safe. Except you didn’t give a shit about her,” I snarl. “You just wanted me to keep whatever dirty secrets are on that thumb drive safe.”

Micheal stares at me. But slowly, he starts to chuckle again.

“I fail to see what’s humorous about any of this,” I hiss through clenched teeth.

“Vincent,” Micheal chuckles. “That’s because you’re a not a humorous guy. But you’ve got this all wrong.”

“Do I now.”

“Yeah,” he growls, wiping a tear from his eye. He stops laughing and frowns at me. “Yeah, you do.” His eyes drop to my hand holding Bellamy’s. She’s standing next to me, glaring at her father too.

“Vincent, I didn’t—”

“Dad,” Bellamy croaks. I turn, and my heart almost breaks. She looks crushed, facing her father after what he pulled. I don’t blame her. And I hate him even more for giving her this hurt.

“Just stop,” she says quietly.

“Sweetheart,” he frowns, shaking his head. “Bellamy, honey...”

“Sit,” I spit.

He glares at me. “I prefer to stand.”

“Goddamnit, Micheal...”

“Vincent, I’m not what you think I am, and this isn’t what you think it is.” I glare at him and he rolls his eyes. “If I was going to make a move to kill you,” he growls. “Believe me, it would have been when I saw you holding my daughter’s fucking hand.” He frowns. “So, you fucking sit,” he snaps.

I glance at Bellamy, who looks up at me. She nods gently, and we both move to the sofa and sit down.

“Talk,” I mutter.

“Put the fucking gun down,” Micheal grunts. “You already shot the bad guy, Vincent.”

I frown. “One of them.”

He sighs. “It’s all Nico, Vincent. He tried to stage a coup. The FBI raid was all part of it. He tipped them onto some info, then used the ensuing chaos to

make his move in the organization to take my spot.”

“You sent Nico to kill her!” I hiss. I grip my gun tighter.

Micheal stares at me in anger. “To kill my own fucking daughter?! What the fuck, Vincent! You’ve known me since you were a kid. That make sense to you? Does that fucking check out in your goddamn head?”

It doesn’t, at all. But people aren’t rational creatures. I’ve killed enough rotten ones to know that.

“No,” I admit.

“Yeah, no shit.” He turns to his daughter. “Bellamy, I love you more than anything in this world, honey. You really think I’d do that?!”

She looks down at her hands. “Dad, Nico did know where we were.”

“He tracked you. Either that or he just guessed right about where Vincent would take you to be safe.”

“Well how did you find us after I ditched the car?” I growl.

He sighs. “I tracked you.”

I sneer. “There it is.”

“To make sure my daughter was safe, dumbass!” he grunts.

“How?”

He sighs and shakes his head. “The locket, Vincent. You think it’s full of incriminating evidence? You think I’d put something like that around my own daughter’s neck? No, it was because I knew shit might hit the fan. And I wanted to make sure the thing that was most precious to me in this world was protected.” He glares at me. “Which is why I sent her with you.”

“Is that true?” Bellamy stands.

“Yes, honey,” Micheal sighs. “There’s no information. It’s a damn locket!” He shrugs. “Well, and a tracer,” he adds sheepishly. “But for your own safety, sweetheart.”

“Dad...”

She steps forward. I want to be wary, but my senses aren’t tingling. I’m too good at sniffing out bullshit, and Micheal’s clean. He’s actually telling the truth. Bellamy rushes into his arms, and he hugs his daughter tightly.

“You’re all grown up, honey,” he says gently. “I can’t keep having people shadow your life and hounding your social circles. I can’t have you live your life with a fake name.” He sighs. “But I have enemies, and the world is a mean place.”

He pulls back from her and frowns. “But apparently, I don’t have to put people on you. Because some people...” he turns and glares at me. “Don’t know how to let go.”

Bellamy smiles. But she pulls away from her dad and reaches back for me. She takes my hand and squeezes. “That applies to me too, dad.”

Micheal glares at the hand holding. But then he sighs. “I’m not the bad guy here, Vincent. The bosses in...” he trails off and glances at his daughter. Micheal has always had a weird thing about not talking directly about the nature of his business with Bellamy. Even though she clearly knows what he does.

“Dad?” she sighs. “Please tell me you have a higher opinion of my intelligence, as if I don’t know what you do?”

He chuckles. “Like I said, you’re all grown up, honey. So be it.” He swivels his gaze to me. “The bosses in Sicily are aware of Nico’s betrayal. His

cohorts are being rounded up now to be dealt with.

“So, you’re still in charge.”

“Still the boss,” he grunts.

“And the FBI?”

He shrugs. “I used up a lot of chits and favors. But it’s behind us. They were acting on bullshit that Nico fed them anyways. And they didn’t find anything.” He grins. “I made sure of that when I sent it away with you.”

I frown. “So, it was the locket?”

He smiles and taps his wrist. I groan and roll my eyes.

“Fuck,” I grunt. The watch. The present he gave me at the party. I pull it off my wrist and turn it over. Sure enough, on the back, I can see the small lines of a piece that slides out.

“I’d say I’m surprised you missed that, Vincent,” Micheal grunts. His eyes narrow into a frown. “But I can see your attention has been pulled elsewhere.” He glares at our linked hands again. Then back to me. His jaw ticks.

“You crossed a line, Vincent.”

“Yes, I did.”

“This is my daughter, Vincent,” he snarls.

“Dad!”

“No, Bellamy! Honey, I know this is new for you. But he knows better!” He snarls at me. “Goddamnit, Vincent. I should kill you for this.”

“I love her.”

He stares at me. “You son of a bitch, don’t you dare try that bullshit. I know what this is. She’s nineteen, Vincent!”

“Dad!”

“What?” he snaps, still glaring at me.

“Dad, I love him.”

He blinks. His eyes pull from me, back to his daughter. “What?”

“I love him.” She blushes and squeezes my hand. I turn, and she looks up at me. She grins through her blushing face. “I’ve always loved him.”

Micheal swears quietly.

“Dad, he’s protected me since I was a kid. He’s been with me my entire life.” She turns to me, grinning. “How could I not fall I love with him?”

Micheal sighs. We all stand there in silence for a solid minute. He glares at me. “You got anything to drink?”

I nod. “Yeah, hang on.” I head over to the kitchen counter and pour us some scotches. Micheal takes his with a nod.

“And me?”

I smirk at Bellamy. “Yeah, no.”

Micheal chuckles and drinks a hefty swallow. “You’re thirty, Vincent.”

I nod.

“She’s nineteen.”

“I’m not a child, dad.”

“You’re my child,” he growls. He downs the rest of his drink. “Goddamnit,” he mutters. He turns and paces the room. I take Bellamy’s hand and pull her close. She leans into me, resting her head against my shoulder. Michael turns back and looks at the both of us.

“I want to hate this,” he grunts.

“I’ll understand if you do.”

He glares me. “But goddamnit, Vincent. I know she’s safe with you. I know you’re loyal to a damn fault, and I know you’ll never let a thing happen to her.”

I shake my head and hug her closer. “Not ever.”

“Am I supposed to approve this?”

“You don’t have to, dad,” Bellamy says softly. She smiles. “But I wish you would.”

Michael sucks his teeth. “Let’s do this. We’ll have dinner. All of us.” He shrugs. “Been a while since the three of us ate at the same table under the same roof.” He looks at me and then Bellamy. “No promises. I think things through, you know. But I want to sit down with you both. That work for a start?”

I smile. “It does.”

“Or else I could just have you walked,” he smirks at me. Then he frowns. “Except you’re the one I’d trust to take out a guy like you.”

I grin. “Guess that presents a problem.”

“I suppose it does,” he grins back. “Fine. Tomorrow then. Dinner at the house. That work?”

“That works,” I smile.

“Works for me,” Bellamy adds.

“Perfect. Now, honey, we’re leaving.”

Bellamy doesn’t move. “Dad, I’m...” she turns to me. I grin. She looks back at Micheal. “I’m staying here.”

He scowls. “Like hell you—”

“*Dad*,” she mutters in a warning tone.

Micheal growls. “Shit, when did you grow up?”

She smiles. “Right before your eyes, I guess.”

“No shit.” He looks at me sharply. “Be good to her.”

“For the rest of my life,” I answer truthfully.

He nods, like he’s finally putting the matter to bed. “Fine. Tomorrow then. Bring some good scotch.”

I chuckle. “Will do, Micheal.”

He smirks. “And I was just getting used to ‘sir.’”

“Who should I call about Nico here?”

He smirks at me. “Gee, I guess a dead body leaking blood on your floor would really put a damper on any romantic ideas for the night.”

I smile and shake my head. Shit.

“You made the mess, Vincent,” Micheal grins. “You clean it up. I’m sure you’ve got people to call.”

Bellamy gives him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek, and he shakes my hand. Then he's out the door. Bellamy turns to me. "Wait, do you really know people who can deal with this?"

"I do."

"Oh," she frowns. "Well, that's good."

I chuckle. "But we're sure as hell not staying here tonight. C'mon, we'll get a hotel."

"Not a motel?" She teases.

"As fun as that was," I smile. I take her in my arms and lean down to kiss her. "I want you wrapped in luxury. I want you in silk sheets."

"Hmm, that's funny," she whispers in a sultry tone. "Because I just want you in *me*."

I grin. "That can be arranged."

Our lips press together, and I pull her close. I kiss her deeply, and I lose myself in her. But the reality is, I lost myself in this girl years ago. It just took me until now to realize how that was going to play out.

"I love you, baby," I growl.

"I love you too," she whispers. "Now can we please get away from the dead body so I can jump your bones?"

I laugh, scoop her up, and carry her out the door.

The End.

EPILOGUE

BELLAMY

“OH FUCK, VINCENT!”

I moan, writhing on the top of the vanity. This dress cost a freaking fortune, and I know I’m putting wrinkles in it. But it’s hard to care with my fiancé’s tongue buried between my thighs.

“Shit! Shit! Vincent!” I grab fistfuls of his hair. He growls against me, and the vibrations tease through my pussy. “We’re going to be... oh fuck!”

He doesn’t stop. He just keeps licking my clit until I think I’m going to pass out from the pleasure.

“Vincent, we’re going to be late!”

He growls and pulls back. He looks up at me, licking his lips lewdly. “Then someone better hurry up and make this little pussy come on my tongue.”

He pushes back between my thighs. He grabs my ass and dances his tongue over my clit. I tense, and my body gives up the fight.

“Vincent!” I gasp. “I’m coming! I’m coming! I’m coooooomiiing!”

He sucks my clit between my lips. His tongue rides me through the pleasure wave until I’m gasping for air. Only then does he pull away. And only then,

after one last long lick.

“We’re seriously going to be…” I pause to try and catch my breath. “We’re going to be late for our own wedding.”

“Well who’s fault is that?” He grins.

My jaw drops. “Yours!” I giggle. “Don’t you blame me for that! You’re the one that set me down on the vanity and tore my panties off.”

He shrugs. “Well you’re the one who looked so fucking tempting in this lacy white dress, looking gorgeous and everything.”

I grin, blushing. “Flattery will get you everywhere, hmm?”

“Amongst other things,” he grins. He licks his lips, and I blush. I know exactly what he means.

So, I know us seeing each other before the ceremony is against the rules. At the least, it’s frowned upon. But so is marrying your former bodyguard eleven years your senior. So, oh well. Vincent pulls me into his arms and kisses me softly.

“Shall we get out there?”

“You should! It starts in two freaking minutes!”

He grins. “Alright, alright, kick me out. I see how it is. Wham bam, thank you ma’am?”

I roll my eyes. “Exactly. Yes. Leave your number if you insist, but I won’t be calling.”

He chuckles and kisses me again. “I love you, baby.”

“I know,” I grin. “And I love you so much.”

“See you at the altar?”

“I’ll see if I can pencil it in.”

He laughs and strolls for the door. He blows me a kiss, and then he’s out. I turn back to the mirror to try and fix my hair. Seeing my fiancé before the ceremony is bad enough. I don’t think I need to walk down the aisle looking like he just made me orgasm. But whatever. Today is a great day.

Things have turned a corner all around. With Nico gone, the rest of his crew was weeded out and... well, “taken care of.” Vincent was part of it, but then he hung up his spurs, so to speak. He’s no longer a killer for the family.

He did get a promotion, though. He’s now my father’s second in command. It definitely makes dinner conversation interesting. And when we get together as a family, it’s usually up to me to make sure things steer back to “off business.”

Clearly, my dad got past the idea of me and Vincent being something bad or tawdry. Now, Vincent is back to being the son he never had. Well, or something like that at least.

I’m going to college, but here in the States, under my real name. My father might still have enemies. But there’s a fierce protector who never lets me out of his sight for very long. And with him watching me, I know I’m forever safe.

I take a breath and turn. I walk out the door to the frantic wedding planner. She ushers me to the doors, just as the music starts. My dad smiles at me and takes my arm.

“Ready?”

The doors open, and I see my groom. I see the man waiting at the end of the aisle for me. The one I’ve been waiting for my whole life. And today, we

start our forever.

“Definitely,” I say with a big smile.

Dad walks me down the aisle. Vincent and I say, “I do,” and before I know it, my lips are on his. It’s exactly where they’ve always belonged, and exactly where they’ll stay.

The End.

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AFTERWORD

Thank you for picking up this copy of *The Hitman's Obsession*; your support means a lot! As a thank you to my readers, I've written a quick and dirty follow-up short to Bellamy and Vincent's story. This is **not** an epilogue or continuation to *The Hitman's Obsession*, just a steamy and fun "follow up" story about these characters that takes place after the events of this book. You can grab it for free when you subscribe to my newsletter. Existing subscribers can find the download link at the bottom of any of my newsletters.

Thanks for being awesome!

-Jagger



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



A reader first and foremost, Jagger Cole cut his romance writing teeth penning various steamy fan-fiction stories years ago. After deciding to hang up his writing boots, Jagger worked in advertising pretending to be Don Draper. It worked enough to convince a woman way out of his league to marry him, though, which is a total win.

Now, Dad to two little princesses and King to a Queen, Jagger is thrilled to be back at the keyboard.

When not writing or reading romance books, he can be found woodworking, enjoying good whiskey, and grilling outside - rain or shine.

You can find all of his books at

www.jaggercolewrites.com



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