

# K.C. MILLS

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THIS AIN'T LOVE

RHONI &

*areaux*

*rhoni & dreaux*

K.C. MILLS

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*meet the cast*

Rhoni – Ron-nee

Dreaux - Drew

## *reader note*

HELLO, beautiful people:

If you're returning, welcome back. If you're new... welcome to my crazy world.

Rhoni and Dreaux are new characters not connected to any prior novel/series. These characters are being newly introduced so you will be meeting them for the first time.

Trigger Warning:

**This is an erotica – all though there is a simple storyline the book is about a one-night stand. The focus is on their evening! If you do not like sexy, racy shorts this is NOT for you.**

**Language**

**Mature Content**

Please be mindful that this story is about throwing caution to the wind, enjoying the moment for what it is and instant attraction.

However, it is not void of my signature style with that alpha male who gets the girl and shows her she's worthy. If you're open to two people living life unapologetically, then please proceed!

As always,

Crafting Romance with an Edge!

Sincerely,

K.C. Mills ♥

RHONI.

“I thought tonight was supposed to be fun.” I sank the red three ball into the left corner pocket, straightened, looked at the pool table once more, and lined up for my next shot.

“Five, side pocket,” I mumbled before leaning back over the side and taking the shot. It went in. “This is fun.” I glanced at my cousin Tyren who groaned his displeasure.

“Losing two hundred dollars that I don’t have isn’t fun, Rho.”

“You have it. You just don’t want me to have it. Eight ball, corner pocket.” My cue moved forward, sending the cue ball across the table. It collided with the eight ball which spun, rolled, then dropped into the pocket.

“Game, make that two fifty.” I winked at him and he shoved his hand into his back pocket, removed a fold of cash, and tossed another fifty onto the table.

“I’m done.”

I lifted my Corona and grinned behind the bottle after I took some down. “You don’t want to let me round that up to an even three.”

“Three isn’t fucking even, Rho. Get the fuck outta here. I’m going to find some pussy to settle into to make me feel better about the money I just lost. You might want to do the same.”

“Pussy is not my thing and at the moment men aren’t either. In case you’ve forgotten, we’re here tonight to get my

mind off your sorry ass friend who decided I wasn't worth him being faithful."

"Man, it's been three months. You need to find a dick to hop on. It will make you feel better and will be a lot cheaper for me."

I frowned at my cousin, shaking my head. "Aren't you supposed to be protective of my honor or some shit like that? You're encouraging me to have sex with a stranger."

His lazy smile had my eyes rolling. I was about to get hit with some bullshit.

"You're grown, Rho. Thirty-two trips around the sun kind of grown. The fuck I look like telling you what to do with your body. And if I did, would you listen?"

I grinned and he shrugged. "That's what I thought." He removed another fifty, tossed it on the table, and pointed to the money. "You got me out the house. I kept you distracted while you beat my ass in pool and stole from me. Drinks are on me but the rest of the night you're on your own. If you decide to take my advice, be safe and make that nigga strap up. I can't imagine another one of you in the world. That shit would be tragic."

"Fuck you..." I managed to choke out after what was left of my beer barely made it down my throat.

"I'm just saying, Rho. You're a different kind of special." He winked, walked up to me, and dragged me into a hug. "I love you kid. Fuck that nigga, aight. Every man isn't a fuck boy like Wills."

"I know," I said lowly and hugged him back. I wasn't ready to try again with a relationship, but he was right, I needed to end this self-imposed celibacy. It just wouldn't likely happen tonight. "I love you too."

"I'mma head over here and see if I can make some shit shake." He pointed to a group of friends who had a table full of empty glasses. They were all pretty, sporting smiles and hooded eyes.

“Taking the easy route I see. Don’t want them turning your ugly ass down.”

He laughed, narrowing his eyes my way. “You look just like your momma and I look just like mine. They’re identical twins, Rho. If I’m ugly, yo’ ass is ugly too.”

He walked away and I reached for the two fifties, but a hand covered mine when I attempted to take possession of the money. My eyes shot up to find an unfairly handsome face, deep jet black waves on top of his head, attached to a very sexy body.

A chiseled jaw covered in a sheen of black, deep penetrating eyes, and delicious lips made him gorgeous. I had only enjoyed the one beer, which I’d just finished, so it wasn’t the alcohol. His ass was fine. My pulse quickened when his eyes lingered on my body, dragging over me in a lazy, unhurried manner until they landed on my face again.

“That money is mine?” I narrowed my glare and he smirked.

“It is. I watched you win it.”

“Then why is your hand on my money?” A stampede of butterflies took up residence in my stomach when he moved closer. He smelled really good and his body thrummed with a pulse of trouble.

“Because I figured since your boyfriend tapped out, you might be interested in winning some of mine.”

“Cute but seeing as how he’s over there in another woman’s face, you know that’s not my man. Rethink your pickup line.”

“Maybe it’s an open situation.” His eyes danced with amusement. “Maybe he’s in her face propositioning a night for the two of you.”

I snatched my hand from under his, taking the two fifties with me. “I don’t share.”

“Didn’t think you did, and you’re right, let me rethink my pickup line because I am attempting to get your attention.” He

rounded the table and leaned against it next to me, gripping the edge. His long body was angled, legs spread wide, chest expanded and shoulders wide. “You’re beautiful. I want your time. Play me.”

“I play for money.”

“Understood. Name your price.”

“One game, three hundred.”

“Don’t you want to start off easy. Feel me out. See if I can actually play?”

“No. Even if you can play, you won’t be better than me.”

“Confident, I like that.”

“Most men do.” I shrugged. “So you playing or what?”

He was nice. The money I’d won from Tyren was nothing to me. I could risk losing it. There was also the feeling of humbling this guy making me eager to rack up for a new game. He was just as confident, in a cocky way.

“So...” He lowered his eyes until they met mine.

“One game, three becomes six, when I win?”

“*If you win.*”

*Not if, I would win.*

“Yep...” I mumbled and angled my head to the side. “We playing or not?”

“Yes, but with one additional rule...”

“I’m listening.”

“If you win, I give you six hundred. If I win, you give me two hours of your time, completely alone.”

I reared my head back shaking my head. “You want to buy my time.”

“No.”

“You’re turning a game of pool into a proposition for my time. My pussy isn’t for sale.”

His smile was beautiful and taunting because he was amused and I was annoyed.

“I didn’t think it was...”

“Then keep it about the money,” I shot back.

“I don’t want your money; I want your time and I didn’t say I wanted to fuck. You assumed that’s what I was asking.” His eyes unabashedly traveled from my face down the rest of my body. “Not that I would be opposed. You are beautiful, but you know that.” He winked and my body agreed with the promise it delivered.

“If you want to play, we play for money.”

“Scared you’ll lose?”

“*Abso-fucking-lutely not.*”

“Then why worry about what I’m asking for as payment. If you don’t lose, you owe me nothing.”

I wouldn’t lose. I had a pool cue in my hand before I could hold it steady. My father was a professional. He taught me. I loved the game, could have also been professional but it reminded me too much of what I’d lost.

*Him.*

I only played for fun. The games this guy had watched with me and Tyren presented a false hope. I’d played lazy, let Tyren get in some shots because I couldn’t rightly ask him to hang out with me, take his money, and not at least pretend he had a chance. I could have beat him with my eyes closed had that been what I wanted. Tyren knew that too. The night wasn’t about that, I only wanted a distraction.

“No thanks, I’ll pass.”

“Nah, she’ll play.” Tyren had ended back up beside me, with his arm draped over the shoulders of the woman he was with. She was tiny in comparison to his six four, two hundred sixty pound frame.

“He wants me to sleep with him if he wins.”

“Then you better not lose,” Tyren stated.

I shot him a nasty look and glanced at the sexy specimen who followed with, “Same thing I said.”

Tyren swung his eyes toward the guy. “She won’t lose but if she does...”

Tyren looked back at me. “Pay up. Take your car. Go somewhere you’re comfortable and if he acts like he wants to be stupid...” He lifted his hand and aimed at sexy like he was shooting a gun. “You better not fucking hesitate.”

I rolled my eyes and Tyren looked at him. “She knows how to handle that thang. I taught her. She will empty the clip and light your ass up.”

“Thanks for the heads up, but that’s not what this is about.”

“Just making sure you know what it is.” He turned to me. “I’m heading out, hit my line when you decide and keep your location on.”

I arched a brow. “Are you really pimping me out?”

He smirked. “This don’t have shit to do with me. You made the deal, you decide. I’m just saying, considering the circumstances, it might do you some good to get fucked.” Tyren leaned in, kissed my cheek, and glanced at sexy once more as a warning before he turned to me again. “Don’t forget, hit my line and location on.”

“It always is.”

He jutted his chin and walked away. Leaving me with a decision to make and a guy who was eager to know what that decision was.

Hell after what Tyren had just done, I was surprised he was still waiting but he was, which meant I needed to decide...stay or leave!

DREAUX.

“I’ll take the bet.”

I’d honestly expected her to bow out gracefully. I wouldn’t have been upset. I had other things I needed to be thinking about but it would be nice to have a distraction. Being real, that was the only reason I had approached her in the first place. She was beautiful, no doubt. Body was tight and I had a feeling she wouldn’t be easy to walk away from but I wouldn’t have a choice.

Watching her for the past hour and being privy to her conversation she’d had with her cousin was the other reason I’d approached. She had a bad break up. Hadn’t had sex in months. She was here with her cousin for a distraction because she was tired of sitting in her house being angry with the fuck nigga who did her dirty.

Tonight, I needed a distraction as well so why not try my hand with a beautiful woman in search of the same thing. Something temporary, no strings attached.

She hadn’t actually mentioned she wanted that, but her cousin seemed to think she needed it. I was game to step up if she agreed. Now all I had to do was win this fucking game. I was good at pool but so was she. She hadn’t been playing to her full potential when she challenged her cousin.

I could sense when she purposely missed shots. That was how skilled I was. Years of playing in bars while my old man fucked around on my mother and he fucked around *a lot*. While he cheated, I made money. When I got older, I made

money in a different way which was what had landed me here tonight in search of a distraction from my current situation.

“You sure?” I taunted. Not sure why because I wanted her to agree.

“I said I’ll take the bet, but I’m not having sex with you. So please let that go and focus so you can make this interesting.” She sounded bored already.

“I’ll see what I can do.” I pointed to the table. “I’ll rack, you can break first.”

She smirked and shook her head. “No, you break.”

“That confident?”

“I just told you I won’t lose.”

I started collecting the balls because she had no clue what was about to happen. I would win and when I did, she would be in my bed, or a bed, by the end of the night. If I wanted her, she would be mine and I wanted this woman.

*For tonight.*

“What’s your name?” she questioned, staring at me as I moved the balls into a group.

“Dreaux and yours?”

“Rho.”

I’d heard her cousin say it multiple times but I was curious to see if she would lie. After I finished and moved the balls into the triangle my phone vibrated in my pocket so I glanced at her to request a moment. “Can you give me a minute?”

“Girlfriend?”

“No.” She didn’t believe me but I stepped away anyway.

Shi *had* been my girlfriend of six years but that ended a month ago. She had a choice to make and chose wrong.

“What?”

“Where are you?”

“Doesn’t matter. I’m assuming you got my text.”

“I did and you can’t be serious.”

My brows pinched. “Yeah, Shi, I’m fucking serious. You have the rest of the night to be out of the apartment...”

“Where am I supposed to go?”

“Not my problem.”

“It’s that easy for you to write me off? You act like I had a choice.”

*Is she fucking kidding?*

“You had a choice, Shi.”

“They threatened to give me time.”

“And I said it wouldn’t fucking happen,” I growled. “I asked you to give me a week. This never would have touched you.”

“They said...”

*They*, the fucking cops who she’d known for an hour was who she chose to believe. Not her man who she had been with for six years.

“What did *I* tell you?” I questioned, cutting her off.

“That it wouldn’t touch me.”

“You didn’t listen. I was gonna do the time. I *am* doing the time because that’s who the fuck I am. It would have never touched you. You fucked up, I’m done. Tonight, that’s all you get. Have your shit out and have a good life.”

I ended the call and exhaled a sigh. In less than twenty-four hours I would be reporting to lockup. Four years of my life, gone. Could have been more but my lawyer worked his ass off. I was grateful but didn’t want to think about that shit tonight. I was sentenced today. Needed a distraction, now I had one.

I walked back to the table and picked up the cue her cousin left behind. “You ready?”

“Are you?” She eyed me cautiously. I wouldn’t be surprised if she’d heard the call. Not that I cared. I wouldn’t

discuss it with her. This would be sex only when we got there. Right now, I was about to hand her ass to her at this pool table.

Nearing the end of the game, she was annoyed. She watched me clear each ball like it was nothing. Her body was tense, damn near locked tight, and I was relaxed and amused. “Eight ball, corner pocket.”

She made a dissatisfied nose, as I moved around her to get a better angle. And after the ball dropped, I walked up behind her, pressing my body to hers, my lips moving close to her ear when I whispered, “That’s game.”

She wanted to renege on her promise. I could see it all over her face but to my surprise she didn’t.

“I guess I’ll have to pay up then.”

“I guess you will.” I pointed to a corner of the bar. “We can sit over there. What are you drinking?”

“Water.”

I chuckled, knowing she was trying her best not to curse me out. She was attracted, that was a give in, but she didn’t like losing. Neither did I so I couldn’t blame her.

“You might want to pick again. The way you’re dreading this, I would think you need something stronger.”

She narrowed her eyes then glanced past me at the bar. “What are you drinking?”

“Something brown.”

“Then I’ll drink that. Bring the bottle, unopened.” She turned and walked away. I watched her ass as she put distance between us. She had a really nice ass and thoughts of what I could do with it had my dick coming to life.

When I made it back to the table with two glasses and cognac, she pulled the bottle closer and did a thorough inspection. I almost laughed because she did not trust me for shit. Again, I couldn’t blame her.

“Satisfied?” I raised a brow and she pushed the bottle across the table toward me. I elected to sit facing her because I

wanted a full view.

“Yep.”

Once I had the bottle open and our glasses full, I leaned back, focusing on her pretty face.

“So your ex cheated?”

“And yours snitched...” She smiled smugly and I nodded.

“She did but wasn’t good at it.”

“So no time?”

*I wish.*

“Four years.”

“How? If she wasn’t good at it.”

“I used her credentials to gain access to other people’s accounts. I had to take the hit for that.”

“You stole money?”

“From very wealthy people that probably stole it from other people by manipulating the system.”

She stared at me for a minute before she moved on. “Then I guess you made out for the better.”

“If that’s what you want to call it. I’m still losing four years of my freedom.”

“For decisions you made. You had to consider that would be an option.”

“I did, which is why I’m going to do my time like a man who understands he played a role in putting himself in there. Now, back to your ex?”

“I don’t want to talk about him.”

“Neither do I but I am curious about why he was so fucking stupid.”

“Don’t do the whole ‘you’re too fine for him to cheat’ thing.”

I shrugged and lifted my glass, drinking her in as it met my lips. After the smooth burn I stated, “You are.”

“But you also don’t know me. Maybe I was the problem.”

“Were you?”

“No.”

“Then like I said, I’m trying to figure how how he was so fucking stupid.”

She lifted her glass and tipped it toward me. “Stupid is a part of male DNA.”

“Damn, it’s like that?”

“For me, today, right now at this very moment, yes.”

“I’m slightly offended because I have been stupid when it comes to women plenty of times in my life but today, right now in this moment, I’m not.”

“I won’t agree or disagree just yet.” She took several sips of her drink then placed the glass on the table. “Why aren’t you in jail right now? I thought that was how it worked. Sentencing, then you serve your time.”

“In most cases yes, but my lawyer requested a week for me to get my shit in order. It was a part of my deal.”

“Deal as in you snitched?”

“Fuck no.” I paused at the thought. That wasn’t me and would never be. Plus I worked solo when it came to getting money. No one to snitch on. “I paid a lot for my lawyer; he made shit happen.”

“Drugs?”

“Do I look like a drug dealer?”

She lifted her glass, finished what was left, and answered while she refilled it. “I can’t say for sure because I don’t know what a drug dealer looks like personally. If I’m gauging by TV then yes you do. The sexy face and body, tattoos, and expensive clothes.”

I laughed at how ridiculous that shit was. “Most are fat, bald, and nothing like Ghost Saint Patrick or Meech.”

Amusement danced in her pretty brown eyes. “That’s pretty disappointing because I believe you.”

“You should. It’s the truth.”

“Okay so since you’re clearly too fine to be a drug dealer, what did you do?”

“Wire transfer fraud.”

“Wow. Didn’t see that coming?”

“Neither did they.” I winked and she rolled her eyes.

“But you got caught.”

“Not completely.”

She perked up, seemingly intrigued. “What does that mean?”

“I’m not telling you that shit.”

“You don’t trust me?”

“Fuck no.” I grinned and lifted my glass. Once it was empty, I refilled it, thinking about how I’d gotten my hands on six point nine million. Untraceable and sitting securely until I finished this bid. The quarter million they knew about had been intentional. That was where Shi fucked up. Had she listened and let me do what I needed, she would have been a benefactor to my hard work. Too fucking bad for her.

“I guess I can’t argue that point. You don’t know me.”

“Yet...”

Her eyes rolled so damn quickly I was surprised them shits didn’t get stuck. We settled into a comfortable conversation that was less personal and the time rolled by without either of us paying much attention to how long we had been there, or so I’d thought until she made her move to escape.

“As much as I enjoyed your company and free drinks, I think it’s time for me to head out.”

*Now the fun begins.*

“Where are we going?”

“*We?*” She stood and gripped the back of the chair she had just vacated. “I’m going home. You can go wherever you want. My two hours are up. I even gave you an extra twenty-two minutes,” she asserted in a cocky manner like she was pleased to embrace a victory.

One that hadn’t been earned.

“The deal was two hours completely alone. For the past two hours and twenty-two minutes we’ve been here, in this bar, with all of these people.”

Her mouth dropped open then slammed shut. “Alone, in the corner away from everyone else.”

“But still not *completely* alone.”

“That’s not what I agreed to.”

“Is that not what I said?” I raised a brow, stealing her cocky grin.

“You said...”

“Two hours *completely* alone. If I’m wrong I’ll walk you to your car to make sure you get home safely, but if I’m not, you can decide where we’re going.” I stood and walked around the table. She watched me cautiously until I ended up behind her, hooking her waist with my arm, pulling her into my body. My mouth grazed her ear when I added, “And for the record, being completely alone with me will be well worth you being open to the idea.”

I eased my hand down her body but she caught my wrist before I could reach my destination, then pushed me away, turning so we were face to face.

“My apartment and not because you’re forcing my hand or promising to make it worth my time. I’m only agreeing because my father raised me with the understanding that honoring your word was about the only thing in life you can control. So you better keep yours and deliver.”

I smirked and nodded, closing the space between us but this time I kept my hands to myself. “Be careful what you ask

for.”

“I’m a big girl, I’ll be fine but you might want to be careful who you strong arm into your bed.”

I laughed, shaking my head. “I’m pretty sure I can handle whatever you have in mind.”

She lifted one shoulder in a lazy shrug. “Then let’s go.”

## *three*

RHONI.

I only lived ten minutes from the bar, so we arrived at my complex a lot faster than I could process. I would have loved time to thoroughly consider what I was about to do but unfortunately that wasn't happening. I parked in a spot near the front and a black Charger pulled in beside me. My eyes darted to the left but the tint was thick, so I wasn't able to see inside. My gut clenched with the feeling that he was watching me.

*Dreaux.*

The man was hard to deny with his sharp jaw and prominent cheekbones. The neatly groomed sheen of inky black hair covering the lower half of his face had my fingers curling into my palms to control the ache of wanting to drag my nails through it. I could just imagine those deep brown eyes paired with dark lashes that weren't aggressive but still visible and his body...

Handcrafted to perfection. The exposed skin was embellished with tattoos. One of my weaknesses but also one that tended to scream fuckboy. Not that any of this mattered. At the moment I was considering sex with a man who I never planned on seeing again. He was hopefully on the same page. He had to be since his immediate future involved a concrete cell.

I assumed he was waiting for my next move because when I stepped out of my car, he exited his, following me to the rear of my building where my unit was. I didn't say a word and

forced myself to remain quiet while I unlocked the door and stepped inside, gripping the door while he waited.

“You coming?”

“You didn’t invite me in yet?”

I rolled my eyes. “Are you a vampire?”

He chuckled. “No, but I am respectful. If you don’t want this to happen, then it won’t. Your call.”

“So *now* you’re being considerate of my choices?” I narrowed my eyes and he grinned.

“I’m giving you the chance to bail but I’m hoping you don’t.”

I cursed myself and opened the door a little wider. “You can come in.”

After the door was closed and locked, I glanced around my tiny space. A one bedroom, with a barely defined kitchen/living room combo. It was cozy and welcoming which, apparently, he seemed to agree with.

“Nice.”

My brows pinched watching him inspect my apartment.

“It’s just me.” I shrugged.

“Still nice.”

“So...”

My anxiety shifted into overdrive as we stood silently staring at each other. The reality of what was potentially about to happen erupted, tensing my muscles.

“This is not really your thing, is it?”

I frowned and he took a few steps closer.

“Is it yours?”

He chuckled softly. “Not exactly and you can relax. I’m perfectly content with your time.”

“You *had* my time at the bar,” I shot back.

“With an *audience*.”

“Which means if you want my time alone, you want more than *just* my time.”

“I do, but only if you’re willing to offer more.”

“You’re here,” I rushed out and my stomach flipped.

“But *you’re* over there.”

My teeth sank into my lip as I carefully considered my next move. If I didn’t want this to happen, he wouldn’t be here so...

“Then do something about it.” I exhaled a shaky breath seconds before he yanked me into him. His gaze darkened, lowering to my lips.

“Last chance to change your mind, Rho.”

I swallowed hard, taking in a slow, controlled breath. “I told you I’m a woman of my word.”

He smirked. “You didn’t agree to sleep with me. Just to give me your time.”

“Are we talking or are we doing th...”

His hand dropped to my ass and his mouth landed hard on mine and I let him kiss me. It took a minute before I fully engaged in kissing him back but when I did, his tongue swiped — tasting, exploring, sucking on my tongue before he pulled back and grazed my lip with his teeth. A low growl vibrated through his chest before I heard his voice again.

“You’ll be the last one I get to explore for the next four years.” He kissed my neck, slowly taunting and teasing my skin with soft, warm nips.

My stomach fluttered with the combination of his mouth and hands on me blended with the citrusy, woody scent clinging to his skin.

“Sounds like I’m in for a treat then,” I said on a quiet moan.

“You have no idea, Rho. No fucking idea.”

My pulse began to race as he walked me back to my sofa. I mentally processed how it would suffice holding us both because I didn't want him in my bed. The thought made what was happening here feel a little too intimate and all I'd agreed to was sex. Hopefully some really amazing sex, but just sex.

Before we got cozy, he unbuttoned my jeans, pushing his hands inside and downward over my hips. The denim and satin of my panties shifted down enough that when I sank into the cushions, and kicked off my shoes, all he had to do was yank them down my thighs and calves.

For a long intense moment, he stood over me, admiring his handiwork. I was naked from the waist down and grateful I wasn't self-conscious about my body because the way his eyes were focused and exploring would have had my anxieties spiking.

Another moment passed before he kneeled between my legs and his large, warm palms pressed into my thighs, spreading them painfully wide. He thrust a finger inside me, circling it twice before his mouth followed.

"Oh fuck..." I moaned, digging my nails into my palms. "No warning, huh?"

He chuckled roughly but didn't let up. Instead his fingers began to work in tandem with the rhythm of his tongue and the combination was far more than I was prepared to handle. When his lips curled around my clit and he pulled hard and his tongue lashed forward along with those deft fingers pressing into me as deep as they could go, I gasped. A wave of sensation crawled down my spine, circled my body, and landed right between my thighs.

Fire bloomed through every inch of me and blazed across my skin. I pressed my fist into the sofa and lifted my hips, wanting to move closer to his face. His eyes shot up to mine and a cocky grin curled the corners of his lips right before he yanked me up and forward, angling my hips away from the sofa.

I was desperate and needy but his arrogance let me know he was in control. Each time I was at risk of tipping over the

edge, he pulled away and slowed the pace of his fingers. When I frowned my disapproval, he smirked, barely touching me before his assault picked up again.

My pussy was so sensitive I wasn't sure I could handle another round of his push and pull but I didn't have to. His fingers were replaced by this tongue thrusting in and out of me fast and furious and, every so often, circling my clit. His teeth occasionally grazed my throbbing bud then he soothed it with a gentle tug from his lips. By the time I had his fingers again, my body convulsed, jerking violently until an intense orgasm crashed through me. I couldn't breathe, my eyes wouldn't open, and the entire moment consumed me.

*Oh fuck this is too much.*

Eventually, I managed a few shallow breaths while he continued slowly thrusting his fingers in me. My body pulsed to the same rhythm of my pussy gripping him while he watched me with a hard gaze that flared with confidence. When he removed his hand from me, licked those incredibly long and skilled fingers clean, and extended to his full height to unfasten his jeans, I sent a quick prayer into the universe.

*Because what the fuck had I gotten myself into...*

*four*

DREAUX.

As I removed my clothes and tossed two condoms on the table next to the sofa, Rhoni watched me with a slight bit of indifference. She was still settling into the way I'd just made her cum but the minute my dick came into view her body tensed.

She'd asked if this was my thing and the answer was technically no. I preferred one woman but hadn't been opposed to a few situations where I enjoyed a night for what it was and walked away. That was what tonight would be. My next four years would be in a cell counting down until I could walk into my new reality. A very fucking rich man who was starting over.

Tonight, I was fucking a beautiful woman. Tomorrow I would forget she existed.

I reached for a condom, but she grabbed it before I could. A challenging look flashed across her face when she inched to the edge of the sofa and curled the pack in her hand. When I lifted a brow in question, she smiled, dropped the condom, and with her hands on the back of my thighs, gently tugged me closer. "I'm kind of a sore loser so you get to reap the benefits of me needing a win."

I chuckled, lowering my eyes as she wrapped a hand around my dick but I still offered her an out. My dick in her mouth wouldn't be an easy win. "This isn't a competition."

"Maybe not for you..."

Lust filled her eyes as she gauged my size but she damn sure didn't hesitate. Her mouth closed around the head then slowly eased me in deeper. Her cheeks hollowed from how hard she sucked me in. "If you need a win, Rho, make sure you get me nice and wet. Take me as deep as you can. Don't play with this muthafucker..."

If she wanted to please, who was I to get in the way?

Her eyes lifted and I swore she fucking grinned in challenge. She eased me out and ran her tongue up and down my dick bathing me in spit before she took me in again. This time a lot deeper but she still hadn't accepted all of me.

"More..." I demanded and pushed against her lips. A few gentle thrusts and she had taken all of me. Each time I pulled back and pushed forward again, she opened more, relaxing her jaw and her throat. I watched through heavy lids and I buried every inch of my dick while her nails dug into my thighs. I delivered shallow thrusts and she hollowed her cheeks, working her tongue like a goddamn savant. The tip of my dick grew sensitive so I pulled out completely and stroked the crown across her lips to control my pending orgasm then pushed slowly back between them. I did this a few more times and she kissed the head, caressing it with her tongue before opening wide, waiting for me to thrust back in.

*Fuck.*

She was gonna get that win because the more she lavished the warm, wet caresses over my dick the more she inched toward a victory.

"More, nice and deep, Rho..." I murmured. She worked her mouth, dropping her tongue which granted me full access to the depths of her throat. When she hummed her satisfaction, I forced myself deeper. My thrusts picked up, making my entry rougher and more demanding.

"I'm about to cum, Rho. You need me to pull out?" My voice was strangled and tight but I didn't pull away. Her eyes shot up to mine. Lazy eyelids fluttered with a gentle shake of her head.

“Good.”

I picked up my pace and she moaned her approval around my dick. I fucked her mouth three or four more times before a hot stream shot down her throat. I groaned through my release and she sucked harder. When the last drop left me, I pulled away just enough for Rhoni to slide her tongue over the crown of my dick until it was no longer pulsing against her lips.

My softening dick slipped from her mouth and she lifted the condom she'd dropped earlier and ripped it open.

“You need a minute?” Her tone was teasing. Yeah she'd gotten that win but I was the one celebrating.

“Do you?”

She shook her head and wrapped her free hand around my dick, jerking me firmly from the base to the tip. He immediately came to life and, after she covered me with the condom, I lifted Rhoni from the sofa and flipped her onto her stomach.

My arm snaked beneath her long enough to yank her hips back until she was up on her knees. Without a second thought I sank into her with one hard thrust.

“You really don't like giving warnings, do you?” She glared at me over her shoulder and I smirked, shaking my head.

“I already ate your pussy, that was your warning.”

I leaned into her back and her body trembled against mine. “You need a minute?”

“No, stop talking, more fucking,” she hissed.

I chuckled and granted her wish.

My pace was steady and my strokes were long, but Rhoni didn't seem to mind. She took each one like we had done this a million times before. The harder I thrust, the more she moaned her approval.

After a few minutes of her on her hands and knees, I yanked her up against my chest, wrapping my hand around her

throat. My other slid down her stomach until I reached her pussy and my fingers began to rub while I grinned into her from behind. The depth and angle had her face twisting in pain. The tighter I gripped her neck, the more she drenched my dick. She was chasing her climax and that had me fucking her harder to help her get exactly what she needed. Just before I felt her unravel, I pulled out and sank onto the sofa, dragging her onto my lap.

As she eased down onto my dick, she groaned in satisfaction. “You want to come, Rho, work for it.”

Her eyes narrowed on me and I thrust up, wrapping my hand around her neck again. Her body rocked harder against me, grinding and circling her hips each time I lifted mine. The harder I thrust into her, the lower and more guttural her moans became.

“Oh fuck I’m going to cum.”

“Then run that shit so I can get mine too.”

While I tightened my grip on her neck, I sent my other hand between her legs, letting my fingers find her clit—circling, pinching, rubbing with a focused pressure that matched my grip around her neck. Her eyes narrowed to slits and her pussy began to pulse and tighten around my dick. There was something so beautiful about watching her jerk and moan with my dick loaded in her to a painful degree. The minute she slumped into my chest, I chased my own release, fucking her hard from below until I filled the condom.

\* \* \*

After a quick shower together, I was in my briefs, Rhoni was in my shirt, while I sat on the counter next to where she made us sandwiches. My two hours had expired half an hour ago but she hadn’t asked me to leave and I hadn’t suggested it was time for me to go.

“I like you,” she said quietly. “But not enough to where I should be making you a sandwich.”

I threw my head back and laughed. “Then why the fuck are you doing it?”

She dropped a slice of sourdough onto the pile of lettuce, turkey, and cheese she’d carefully constructed then slid the plate closer to me.

“Because I know this is all you’ll get from me so I decided I might as well make it enjoyable. Amazing pussy and now great food.”

“You’re funny as shit.” I lifted the sandwich and took a huge bite. My stomach growled in approval, urging me to hurry the process along.

“I’m a woman who has been sexually deprived for months and just came more times in the past hour than I have in the past year.”

“Damn, so not only did he cheat, he wasn’t fucking you properly?”

“Nope.” She finished making her sandwich, stacked the items she’d used, and placed them in the refrigerator before hopping on the opposite counter. “What about the snitch?”

“What about her?”

Rhoni lifted her sandwich, taking a massive bite. “Was she fucking you right?”

I paused with my sandwich inches from my mouth and glanced her way. Those deep brown eyes were on me and there was a slight tilt to her lips, so I relaxed and nodded, lifting my sandwich again. “Yeah, she never really had a problem in that department. Trust was more of her downfall.”

“These hoes ain’t loyal,” she sang, causing me to chuckle.

“Apparently not.”

I left the topic there and we ate quietly. I finished first and after my sandwich was gone, I downed two bottles of water, feeling dehydrated from the half bottle of cognac and an hour of very intense sex with Rhoni.

I remained on the counter with her across from me while she polished off what was left of her food and for some reason, I decided to keep asking questions. Maybe because talking to her was easy or maybe it was the idea of knowing nothing I said would matter after tonight.

“Your dad taught you how to play pool?”

“Yep.”

“Is he as good as you are?”

“Better. He played professionally.”

“Damn, no wonder your ass is so cocky.”

She grinned and shrugged.

“Learned from the best, why wouldn’t I be?”

“You ever beat him?”

“Once.”

“You still try or was once enough?”

“Once will have to be enough. He died a few years ago.”

“Shit, sorry, I didn’t mean—”

She finished her food and shook her head. “It’s fine. I miss him but there’s nothing I can do about it and he would be pissed if I sat around sad that he’s not here.”

I nodded with understanding. I still had both my parents. We were close but at the moment they weren’t very happy with me. They didn’t agree with my life choices but I didn’t give a damn. They both worked too damn hard and didn’t have shit to show for it. I refused to let that be me. They loved me and would eventually get over it, even if it took the entire four years I was gone to do so.

“Are you nervous?” My eyes narrowed on her and she added, “About the jail thing?”

I shook my head. “Ain’t shit to be nervous about.”

“It’s jail.”

“You worried about me, Rho?”

She rolled her eyes and grinned. “Please don’t go adding me to your visitation list, I’m just making conversation.”

“Why, you need something to do with your mouth? I can help you out with that.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “Your two hours are over, sir.”

“But I’m still here.”

“Not by force, you can leave whenever you’re ready.”

“When I’m ready?”

She narrowed her eyes on me again. “You know what I mean.”

“I know what you said.”

“If you want to stay, tell me what you did that’s sending you to jail.”

“I already told you, wire fraud.”

“That’s very vague.”

“Intentionally so.”

She narrowed her eyes, leaning forward slightly as she gripped the counter. “You’re already sentenced. Me knowing why can’t change what’s already been done.”

She was right.

“My ex, Shi, worked for a bank as a regional branch manager. I used her information to move money into dummy accounts.”

“That’s why she snitched? To save her job and stay out of prison?”

“Yeah but she didn’t have to do that shit. I told her to trust me. I had it all figured out. All she had to do was give me the time I asked for. One week. She didn’t so fuck her.”

“But you got caught? Maybe she thought you were going to set her up.”

“I would have never done that. I got caught because I left them an opportunity to know what I was doing. It was all a setup. The money I took that they charged me with was only a quarter of a million. I moved it from one account. The money they don’t know about is six point nine million that I moved from multiple accounts and still have. The charges were small enough to go unnoticed in seven-figure accounts. The transfers were anywhere from a hundred to a stack. Once it moved, the transfer was no longer traceable.”

Her eyes went wide. “You stole six point nine million dollars?”

“I did.”

“How long did it take you?”

“A little over a month.”

“Fuck.”

“Are you like a genius or something?”

I grinned. “No but I’m good with tech shit and I’m connected to the dark web. The two-fifty was a distraction. I never touched it because the goal was to return it if I got caught. Returning the money and not having a previous record meant minimal time.”

“But why not hide the two-fifty to avoid getting caught at all?”

“That was the goal but it’s harder to hide larger amounts. I also needed something for them to focus on because there was really no way to hide that I’d used Shi to gain access to the money in the first place. They would have known about the hack. If they started digging too much, it would have complicated things.”

Understanding settled into her expression.

“And four years is nothing knowing that you’re coming home to that much money.”

“Exactly.”

I hopped off the counter, crossed the small space that separated us, and wedged my body between her legs, yanking Rhoni to the edge.

When my fingers brushed over her bare pussy, she moaned and caught my wrist. “You’re supposed to be leaving.”

“Am I?”

I pushed my fingers into her pussy and her palms landed against the counter as she spread her legs wider.

“You are.”

“Is that what you want? For me to leave?”

I twisted my hand and hooked my fingers at an angle, allowing them to glide in and out of her at a slow controlled pace.

“You can’t ask me a question while you’re doing that.”

Her eyes lowered to where my hand was between her thighs. “Then I guess that’s a no.”

Her teeth sank into her lip and she shook her head before confirming what I already knew. “Definitely a no.”

RHONI.

White hot heat rushed through my body. My core clenched when Dreaux yanked his fingers from my pussy and roughly rubbed them over my slickness then my clit. A guttural moan got stuck in my throat when he shoved them back in me.

Amazing sex.

Once was all this was supposed to be.

A pulse of electricity crept down my spine. “Dreaux...” I cried out, unable to help myself and feeling vulnerable because I didn’t want him to have that much control. His eyes found mine and a devious smile eased onto his handsome face.

“You want me to stop.”

I swallowed roughly and offered a tight smile. “Yes.”

He leaned in closer so his mouth was at my ear. “Then let go of my fingers and I will.”

Another moan traveled from my chest but this time it didn’t get caught in my throat. I released it and another finger pushed into me. I rocked forward when he hooked them at the perfect angle. His thumb pressed against my clit and what little control I was attempting to hold onto snapped.

“I can’t...”

“Then stop pretending you don’t want me to make you cum,” he said slowly, applying more pressure with his thumb.

“Fuck, I want it.” My heart was beating so fast and hard I couldn’t hear my own thoughts. My stomach clenched and my

breaths turned shallow.

“I know. I feel your pussy begging for it.”

His hand moved faster, with more intention. Two digits pumped in and out of me and I desperately needed him to get me there. My mind had already moved past cumming on his fingers. I wanted something else. Deep inside me and damn it...

“You want me to fuck you, Rho? Are my fingers not enough?”

*How does he know?*

“No, they’re not enough...” I rushed out. “No right now.”

“They can be...” He smiled arrogantly. “You want me to prove it?”

“Yes, prove it. Now...fuck...” I was spiraling with need.

His fingers jerked out of me and he rubbed them against me, hard and rough with so much intensity that my body jolted and shook until I tipped over the edge, then he kissed me. My climax was quick. The build lasted longer than the release, leaving me in need again.

I didn’t have to wait long for that need to be satiated because Dreaux lined up at my entrance and pushed into me slowly. It felt as if every one of my muscles seized but I opened for him.

My eyes rolled back slowly from the way my pussy tightened around him. We’d had sex several times already but the minute his dick entered me, I sucked in a sharp breath. He was big, too fucking big, but that was what made this so good. The force of his thrusts felt so amazing that each time he retreated my body vibrated, wanting him back in deep.

“Fast or slow,” his voice hummed low and deep.

“Both.” We groaned at the same time in response to my answer.

Dreaux thrust harder several more times then switched up, crawling in and out of me torturously slow. He was giving

me what I asked for and fuck. There was no way I would last long.

“More...”

“Shit, you feel so good,” Dreaux grunted near my ear and picked up his pace, fucking me harder. Slow didn’t exist anymore. Pleasure inched through me, moving through my body until I choked on it. But then my ass lifted from the counter and he reached a spot that made my pussy pulse more rapidly. My eyes rolled up, leaving me feeling lightheaded.

“Harder...” My voice was rough and tight because I was so damn close. He thrust harder—once, twice, and I was there. My body seized and I exploded in pleasure. Dreaux plunged hard a few more times, landing unbearably deep with his last one before he pulled back and emptied into his hand. After a few minutes my mind cleared and his eyes blazed across my face but I didn’t say a word.

I wasn’t confused about what this was, but that also didn’t mean I wouldn’t thoroughly enjoy every minute of him while he was here. After our round in the kitchen we ended up the last place I wanted to be...my bedroom. Something about having Dreaux in my bed felt both right and wrong.

*He’s going to jail.*

*There’s nothing to this.*

I kept telling myself that to the point where I was beginning to believe the reality of our situation but a small part of me remained unsure. Either way, I refused to allow what couldn’t be to stop me from enjoying what could.

Him, his very impressive dick, and willingness to share it with me.

“Why you looking at me like that?” I hovered near my bedroom door with him seated at the foot of my bed. The perfect visual.

“You’re still here,” I teased, not wanting to be honest. I liked the idea of him in my room.

“I’ll leave.”

“You don’t have to.”

“No?” Amusement danced in his eyes.

“Tonight, I mean. It’s late. But you kind of don’t have a choice about leaving at some point.”

His expression turned dark, only for a split second, then that ridiculously sexy smile was back. “Come here.”

I raised a brow and he chuckled. “You don’t trust me?”

“In the words of a man I just recently met, *fuck no*.”

His eyes pinned me with a taunting glare. “Then if you don’t trust me, at least admit that each time I’ve touched you tonight, you enjoyed every single minute of it.”

I had. A little too much.

“Nope. Not doing that either.”

“Rho, bring your ass here because if I have to come get you, it will be ten times worse...” I narrowed my eyes and he added, “In a good way.”

“Worse is not good.”

“Depends on who you ask.”

“Since we’re the only ones here, I’ll just stand firm on keeping my distance.”

I took one step inside my room and attempted to lean against the wall next to my door but Dreux launched toward me. I was lifted into the air and slammed onto the bed. Before I could adjust, he flipped me onto my stomach and his weight pinned me down. His face lowered next to mine.

“Worse it is then.” He flicked his tongue over the shell of my ear and kissed a trail down the side of my face, over my jaw, down to my neck.

When he used his knee to wedge my thighs apart, I groaned in anticipation. “Doesn’t sound like you’re opposed to me giving you more, Rho.”

I smiled and angled my head back just enough to take in his waiting hooded gaze before I admitted, “My body has a

mind of its own.”

He chuckled and kissed my neck at the same time his fingers eased between my thighs. I flinched, feeling tender from the multiple rounds we had already enjoyed.

“You sore?”

“A little.”

“You still want me though...” He gently brushed his fingers over my pussy. Gentle enough to cause my body to shiver.

He was right, I still wanted him.

“I’m fine.”

“You’re not but if you trust me, I can make you cum.” His fingers moved again and my body tensed when he guided them higher and the tip of one grazed over a place that had never been explored.

“I haven’t done that before,” I exhaled on a sigh as he applied a little more pressure, kissing my neck again.

“Then let me be your first.”

He lifted and I missed the weight of him, but only a few seconds passed before he pushed my shirt up and planted kisses down my back. It felt like he touched each vertebrae until he eased his arms under my thighs, lifting me from the mattress just enough to slide his tongue over my pussy.

With an easy caress, he licked me with long hot strokes. It was sloppy and wet, while he sucked and licked every inch of me, coming up occasionally to circle his tongue over my clit until I shattered wildly with slow, jerky tremors. I don’t think I’d ever come so many times in one night, *ever*.

But he wasn’t done. Dreaux’s hands spread my cheeks and his tongue flicked out again, gliding up from my pussy until he was breaching another spot. I groaned in contentment from how good it felt. My body was still hypersensitive with the climax I’d barely recovered from but when he pushed his tongue forward, my core clenched, letting me know I was capable of cumming again. I felt it building, pooling in the pit

of my stomach, and my walls tightened with need. I released a sharp breath.

“Can I fuck you here, Rho?”

“Yes...” I said quietly when I felt the pressure of his finger ease into me. It was just the tip but fuck, it felt amazing. I clenched, moaning through the tight burn from the intrusion.

So damn good.

“You sure you can handle it?” His tone was dark but teasing.

“No.”

When he curled and pushed that finger in deeper, added another, then flexed both, spreading me a little wider, my eyes slammed shut. How could something so simple feel so intense?

“I’ll go slow. If it’s too much you tell me and I’ll stop.”

He flicked his tongue a few more times over my pussy, while his fingers kept prepping me, then he yanked my hips up and nudged my legs wider. When I chanced a look over my shoulder I saw him push his briefs down and stroke his dick. It was already thick and looked heavy in his hand. My stomach tingled and twisted. I almost changed my mind but I wanted this, with him.

My eyes lowered to where his large hand was still stroking his dick and I swallowed my anxieties. “I have something. In there.”

He frowned and glanced at my nightstand before his eyes rounded back to me with questions.

“I don’t use it for *that*. I use it with other stuff.”

He nodded and moved around the bed, rummaging but drew his hand back and paused. That’s when I remember what else was in that same drawer.

“Oh, your cousin wasn’t fuckin’ around. You really keep that thang on you.”

“I live alone and like to feel safe, now can you focus on what you’re supposed to be looking for.”

“You rushing me?”

*Yes.*

“No.”

He chuckled and moved a few more things around until he found my AH! YES. Dreaux grinned and shook his head.

“Are you really judging me right now?”

“Nah, I’m not. Just wondering if I should have started with your ass instead of your pussy.” He smirked and I narrowed my eyes.

“*Or* we can skip this.”

“Your call, not mine.” The smugness in his tone was proof he knew I wanted this. So when I pulled my eyes away, he moved back to the foot of the bed and I flinched when I felt his fingers spread me again. Cool liquid dripped between my cheeks which he spread liberally then eased a finger in followed by another. Dreaux kissed my spine then I felt him there. The slight pressure from his palm splayed at my lower back distracted me a little but not enough to ignore the stretch and dull ache from him pushing into me.

“Bear down,” he urged lowly, stroking his fingers over my skin. “It will help but you have to relax, Rho.”

I was up on my elbows, so I dropped my chin to my chest, forcing my eyes closed while he continued pushing into me a little at a time. It burned. Fuck, it burned. He didn’t thrust and barely moved, kissing my back to let me know he was okay with taking it slow.

“Should I...” I quickly cut him off. No, I didn’t want him to stop.

“Keep going.” I inhaled and released it slowly. The feeling of him in me was a warm burn that left me insanely full. My pussy throbbed and pulsed causing me to push a hand under my stomach until my fingers moved over my slick folds then dipped between them. “It feels good.”

Dreaux inched in a little more then pulled back slightly before he pressed in deeper. I felt myself opening for him and I hissed my approval. Sinfully good but a lot.

“Fuck,” I whispered trying hard to brace myself. I needed this. So badly.

“Getting there,” he teased, pushing in more.

One palm pressed firmly at my back and the other rested at my hip, kneading my skin in a soothing manner that helped me relax. The pressure was so intense. The mattress dipped and his knee pushed against the inside of my thigh, spreading me wider.

Then I felt his body curl over me. One hand braced his weight and the other slipped between my legs, tugging mine out the way. He rubbed my clit and massaged my slick skin but didn't enter me.

I felt him more from behind though. So damn full. He pushed all the way in and groaned as he stilled his hips but continued stroking his fingers between my legs. His lips grazed my ear and his warm breath fanned over the side of my face. “Now, I'm gonna fuck you.”

Dreaux shifted behind me and the next time he pushed back in my head was swimming. I blinked violently, trying to clear my vision while feeling the pulsing between my legs and from where he was lodged completely inside my ass.

“Fuck yes, Rho.” He stroked me nice and slow, and my body buzzed with energy that crawled beneath my skin, electrifying my nerves.

“Oh shit...”

His fingers from one hand dug into my hip, the other set, worked with a focused skill between my thighs.

He was touching me all over in my mind which wasn't physically possible. Dreaux fucked me with measured strokes that I hadn't quite adjusted to but it felt blissfully erotic. My body rocked with each thrust and I felt my orgasm building unfairly fast. The pressure in my ass, the smooth glide and

fullness of him as he brushed across something deep had my skin blazing and my mind swirling.

I moaned and rocked my hips back, which sent him deeper. I gasped from the pleasure mixed with pain that shot through me and braced myself which had him grunting behind me.

“Rho, fuck...”

He slammed into me again and again and I met him each time, greedy for more. I bucked and arched my back as my orgasm edged closer and closer each time he landed deep. My entire body burned and shuddered with the promise of relief I was sprinting toward.

“Keep going, please...” I choked on the words because my body was unsteady and then I was gone. I spiraled, tipping over the edge. My entire body lit up in a way it never had before and I loved it. I fucking loved it.

Dreaux’s pace quickened and I felt him each time he landed. His movements were loose and careless but hard as he rode me through his own release. His last thrust landed deeper than all the rest then he dropped his forehead against my back which was slick with sweat. The warm gush he released slowly oozed down my leg, reminding me of how intense the moment had been.

His breathing was harsh and rough and neither of us moved for what felt like an eternity. Eventually he eased out of me, slowly. He yanked me down on the bed and pulled me into his side, while he lay on his back.

After he kissed my shoulder, his hands moved over my skin in a way that felt intimate. I tensed and tried to pull away but his voice stopped me. “Relax, Rho. It was your first time. Lay still and let me make sure you’re good.”

The authority in his voice was enough for me to comply so I let my body unwind and sank deeper into the mattress, feeling satiated and content.

DREAUX.

I needed to get the fuck up out of her bed and apartment. This was a bad idea. A terrible fucking idea but no matter how many times I repeated the obvious in my head, I hadn't fucking moved. Instead, I opened my damn mouth to ask questions I had no business asking.

“How you feel?”

She turned her head toward me and offered a lazy smile. “My entire body aches all over but I feel good.”

I chuckled and nodded. “You'll be sore for a few days. We did a lot.”

Her eyes shifted and she smiled again. “We did. Is this normal for you?”

“Fucking strangers or how much we fucked?”

“Both.”

“Nah, it's not.”

“Which part?”

“Fucking strangers.” I winked and she rolled her eyes.

“And what we just did, is that normal for you too?”

“You having regrets? Was it too much?”

“No...” she said quickly. “I mean yes because you're *not small* so for my first time it was a lot. But no I don't have regrets, I was just wondering if...”

“I like sex and when I indulge, I like to make sure all parties involved are satisfied.”

“*All* parties.” She lifted her head and glared at me. “As in multiple people?”

“Multiple *women*, Rho. That’s all I’m interested in so if that’s what you’re thinking or is gonna be your next question, don’t even ask me that shit.”

“I wasn’t.” I lifted my head and glared at her and she grinned. “Okay maybe I was.”

“I don’t get down like that but I have been with multiple women at once.”

“How many?”

“Three was the max.”

“And you fucked them all?” Her eyes went wide.

“Did I not just make you cum enough to satisfy three women?”

She rolled her eyes again and I chuckled, lifting until I was planked over her, my body pressed between her legs, my forearms holding my weight while resting next to her head. “I like sex and I loved that shit with you. Stop thinking about irrelevant shit and let this moment be what it is.”

I kissed her lips and her neck, moving down to her nipples and flicking my tongue over them a few times before moving lower.

She placed a hand on my shoulder and when I lifted my eyes, she shook her head. “I don’t think I have anything left in me.”

I grinned, kissing just above her panty line. “Good, because I’m not trying to fuck you right now. Well I am, but only with my tongue. Then we’re going to take a shower and get some sleep. I have to be up early.”

“You’re staying?”

“You want me to go?”

I kissed the inside of her thigh but kept my eyes on her.  
“You can stay.”

I lowered my head and pushed her legs open, gently sucking her clit between my lips. The fucked up thing was I could see this being something, however time and place weren't working in our favor. When the sun came up, I would leave here with no intention of returning. But right now, I planned on eating her pussy until she gave me one last memory to take with me.

\* \* \*

At five the next morning, my phone vibrated on the nightstand. I was a light sleeper so I grabbed it, then swung my eyes down to Rhoni who was curled against my body. I exhaled and swiped to answer, hating that I hadn't met this woman before last night. Maybe if I had, she would...

Shaking the thought I answered the call. “Hang on just a minute,” I said lowly, hitting mute before I untangled Rhoni's limbs from my body. She released a sigh and flipped over onto her stomach, snoring lightly again seconds later. I climbed out of bed and carefully moved out of her room heading to the living room where I unmuted the call and held the phone to my ear.

“Seven thirty,” my lawyer rattled off like I hadn't been there when the decision was made.

“I know.”

“Don't fuck this up, Dreaux. The deal they gave you was a once in a lifetime. You should have gotten no less than ten years.”

“I promised I'd be there. I know what the fuck I'm dealing with. If I had no intention of following through, I wouldn't have paid you all that money to get me out of this shit.”

“Okay then. As long as we're on the same page. I'll meet you there.”

“Yeah.” I glanced at Rhoni’s bedroom and brushed a hand over my head.

“Seven thirty,” he mumbled again.

“I said I fucking know.”

“Just making sure,” he murmured tightly then ended the call.

I couldn’t fuck this up. If I didn’t show, the deal was off. I’d do ten years, minimally. The thought had me moving around her tiny place collecting my clothes from last night. After I dressed, I brushed a hand over my head again, bouncing my eyes from her bedroom to the front door.

After a short internal debate, I walked back toward her room, pulled up my camera app, and captured one photo. Her bare back was on display—sheet pooled around her waist; hair fanned out over the pillow while she slept peacefully. Four years was already a long fucking time but after last night, it was going to be ten times worse knowing these four years were going to cost me the possibility of *her*.

Locking my phone, I slipped it in my pocket and left her apartment, locking the door behind me. Time and place, I kept telling myself. I knew I would never see her again and one night would have to be enough. Pushing thoughts of Rhoni to the back of my mind, I walked to my car, settled behind the steering wheel, and drove away from the best fucking thing I was never meant to have.

The End

*stay in touch*

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